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CONTENTS

EDWARD CARDINAL HOWARD

EDITORIAL

A DEARTH of articles and a dwindling bank-balance, they often say, just about sum up the normal state of a college magazine. If that be so, this journal is at least not at its most miserable, for a dwindling bank-balance has never been one of its woes. But as for the dearth of articles, we do seem to have reached something like a nadir. A year's gracious dragooning has left the editorial files quite as empty as before, and all our sufficiency is still from within—a dangerous position indeed if we are to avoid monotony. The support of our readers in the past has been most heartening, but we need it still more in the future: the exclusively Roman policy—which has always proved so popular—has created a difficulty that becomes more and more acute as time goes on. Once more, therefore, we make the old appeal, sincerely trusting that readers abroad and at home will come to our aid and help us to keep THE VENERABILE a true bond of union because truly representative. Only let everyone think of this appeal as something personal, and manuscripts will come down upon us like snow.

MONSIGNOR KOLBE

THOUGH the death of Monsignor Frederick Charles Kolbe calls for condolence with all those who were in any way connected with him, his work and his worth well merit congratulation to the Alma Mater of so illustrious a son.

Born of Dutch parents at Paarl, South Africa, in 1854, Frederick, nine years later, entered a London School for the sons of missionaries. His father was a Congregational minister. At fifteen he was home again—in charge of a mission school. At twenty, in consequence of various scholarships secured at Cape Town, he returned to Europe to continue his studies. So distinguished was he even then that the headmastership of the famous Wellington School was offered to him. He chose, however, to attend the University of London where he obtained his second degree. Visits to French ecclesiastical centres, personal acquaintance with Catholics and, especially, Newman's *Apologia*, gradually dispelled inherited and national erroneous notions about the " Roomse Kerk ". After much prayerful thought, he submitted to the Church, and was received in June 1877 at the Passionist Church, Highgate. Zealously aspiring to assist others up the slopes, unto the summit, of Mount Zion, Frederick Kolbe generously gave up a legal career of assured eminence and set himself to prepare for the priesthood. In the same year, Cardinal Manning sent the young convert to the English College. He was ordained on June

3rd, 1882, and though attached to Westminster the Cardinal generously allowed him henceforth to serve ecclesiastical needs at the Cape.

On January 13th, 1936, after the labours of more than half a century, the worn-out body of Monsignor Kolbe was laid to rest in the presence of his grieved Bishop, brother-priests and religious, as well as representatives of the city and the nation.

The press paid high tribute to the lamented " theologian, philosopher, poet, scientist, *littérateur*, and art critic ". This was versatility indeed. Impaired vision and defective hearing long since limited his early pastoral activities, nevertheless, he did well all within his power. For forty years he was an active spiritual director of the Children of Mary, and during a still longer period he taught catechism to the children—which was a sheer delight to him and to them. As a preacher, he had, in Cardinal Newman's phrase, " an intense perception and appreciation of the end for which he preaches : and that is, to be minister of some definite spiritual good to those who hear him ". If his thoughts were not too deep for words, sometimes they were too profound for the superficial hearer. This studiously prepared preacher expected listeners to accompany him along occasionally arduous ways, but those who did so, were well repaid.

Through writing, lecturing and negotiations with the Government, he rendered outstanding service to the cause of Catholic education. In season and out, he would stress that it was " a distinct culture " ; a thesis which was ably elaborated in a pamphlet. He founded and long edited the *Catholic Magazine*, and he was an almost weekly contributor to the *Southern Cross*. As a controversialist, he constantly crossed swords with Predikants of the Dutch Reformed Church. He often expressed himself with warmth, yet he never had any wish to wound. His simplicity was rather touchingly shown when it was feared in the editorial department that his thrusts in a certain article might gravely hurt the feelings of the other combatant. Hearing this, the dear old prelate immediately brought the contentious manuscript to the Predikant con-

cerned and, having read it to him, asked whether it might safely appear in print !

His most popular work is *The Art of Life.* Not less appreciated is his autobiography *Up the Slopes of Mount Zion.* Of *The Four Mysteries of the Faith*, Father De la Taille S.J., wrote: " This is an interesting and even fascinating book ". In an appreciation of his *A Catholic View of Holism*, General Smuts gratefully acknowleged his friend's " full and profound knowledge, clear and picturesque language and constructive aim which makes his criticism specially valuable ".

Once a noted mathematician submitted to him a quite baffling problem. Monsignor solved it ! His addresses on architecture were listened to and enjoyed by leading architects. One remarked that his discourses were more enlightening and informative than all previous studies and experience. When the University of Cape Town conferred upon him the doctorate of letters *honoris causa*, Professor Walker said : " He took the first place both in Literature and Science. During his subsequent career as a member of the Catholic priesthood, he maintained his interest in the twin domains of science and literature. He has lectured publicly on a wide range of subjects and has published several philosophical works ; nor has he scorned lighter writings and even *jeux d'esprit.* It is perhaps his destiny to be immortalised in the memories of University students, at least, as the writer of the words of the College Song which has sustained the patriotic fervour of successive generations since it was first sung in 1887 ; but the University as a body holds him especially in honour for the patient spadework which cleared the ground for the foundations of the Michealis School of Fine Art and Architecture."

Not least among his accomplishments was his knowledge of music. He had the ardour of an apostle in his efforts for the restoration of plain chant. In that, as in all else, he was an ecclesiastic after the Holy Father's own heart.

Such were the talents and brilliant success that the world saw. But to those who knew him, what came before all else was the personal character of the man. Colonna's comment upon Michelangelo is indeed applicable to him :

" Those who know only his works know the least part of him ". Like the boy Dominic, Frederick Kolbe once " gave God his love and never took it back ". When a Catholic he wrote : " I have taken a solemn resolution to be devoted entirely to the service of God . . . . I resolve to conduct myself as one dedicated to Him : my soul, my body, my good, my talents, my all, are mine no longer. I give myself to God wholly and unreservedly. May he accept the gift". We may well say that he personified the principle of truth. Verily, " Great things are done by devotion to one idea". With him, that was a unified devotedness to the Person and the Cause of Eternal Truth. Truth was his strength, his solace, and his mission : " For this was I born, for this came I into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth ". It was that attribute in Newman which so attracted him. In clarity of intellect, in courtesy, in power and charm of expression, in sensitiveness of temperament, in firmness of friendship, in the trials of, and loyalty to, truth, in filial piety towards the Holy See, inappreciation of the Catholic Faith, in " thinking with the Church ", there were compelling resemblances between the holy Cardinal and Monsignor Kolbe. The thrill of their first discovery of the Catholic truth never left them.

Though too humble to profess to be so, he was indeed a guide to God : that fact appeared not only in his treatment of the supernatural but also of the natural. To him the creation was an enthralling manifestation of the Creator. To him, like an Alice in Wonderland, this was a marvellous world. He " looked through nature up to nature's God ". How happily, almost exultantly, he would, in word, prose and poetry (frequently to enraptured pupils) glorify the Almighty. Thus too did he reveal himself a worthy child of the Catholic Church.

His tenacity to truth and his abomination of mere expediency, impelled his fearless championship of the Boers during the perils of the memorable war. Conscious of the righteousness of the Afrikaner cause, he upheld it with superb courage. That brave and noble defence touched the hearts of his countrymen and will never be forgotten by them.

By no means as popular yet no less emphatically conveyed were his thoughts on the native problem. " I cannot speak otherwise than I think," he said. " I shall have epithets flung at me. I am an optimist, yes. An idealist, yes. A doctrinaire moralist, yes. Yes, pile it on. A liberal, yes. A humanitarian, yes. I plead guilty to all, impenitent and incorrigible. I have a strong affection for the Bantu race and believe in their future. They are only beginning to have their chance in the world's story and they will go far."

A speech he made at Cape Town during the Great War, at a time when there was some unrest in South Africa, attracted widespread attention. Addressing himself specially to ex-President Steyn, he pointed out that the Orange Free State agreed to a generous peace at Vereeniging, and afterwards voluntarily entered the Union, thereby confirming membership of the British Empire. He said he refused to believe that they came into the Union with a lie upon their lips. Before the War ended Germany must be made to acknowledge her crime against Belgium, and no part of the Empire could be free from the honour of participating in compelling her to make that acknowledgment.

The speeches and attitude of Monsignor Kolbe had a great and far-reaching influence. He constantly demanded in the earlier years of the Great War that South Africa should do even more than she was doing in support of the War, and persuaded many Dutch speaking South Africans to take a fuller part under General Botha and General Smuts.

Though a formidable leader in the battles for truth, he sought no personal following, nor—admirably, one fancies—did he require his friends to be his disciples. He could respect those in honest disagreement. His polemic maxim was " Fight hard but fight fair ". Triflers with the truth were terror-stricken. Though patient and clement towards the erring, he found it hard to forget deliberate deception. If diplomacy means " lying in state " he was simply incapable of that role. He has left to the Cape Town University Catholic Hostel, Kolbe House, the realised ideal of the Catholic scholar. In

religion, mind, spirit, character, patriotism, he led the way. May the students " follow through ".

It happens sometimes that scholars have little interest save in their subjects and themselves. From the aloof heights of intellectual superiority, they look down on others. Thank God, it was far otherwise with Monsignor Kolbe. He was too catholic to be isolated, too humble to be elated, too human to be unconcerned about his brethren in the great fellowship of man. His warm heart competed with an amazingly brilliant intellect. That affectionate trait shone most radiantly in his association with children : in the *Southern Cross* (and, formerly in his *Catholic Magazine*) he was, as " Uncle Joe ", the beloved of the Children's Corner. Even those no longer young have a large and fond corner for him in their hearts.

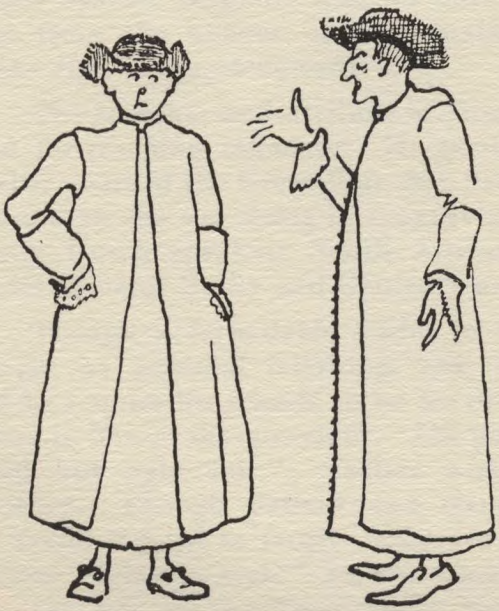
" Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven," said Francis Thompson. It is in that children's corner that we shall seek and see the charmingly companionable Monsignor Frederick Charles Kolbe.

J. MORRIS

ROMANESQUES

22.—THE SKETCH.

The things that really matter in a Roman's course are referred to in most minimising syllables—indeed, mainly in monosyllables. Rain, the Sheet, the Tank, Cam, Pam, Spag or the Box—they are an unlovely crowd philologically; but they live in the memory, enriched with a host of associations, instinct with the very spirit of the Eternal City; while the polysyllabic rhapsodies of the guide-book never penetrate nearer to Rome's heart than the Via Veneto.



". . . discussed the suppression of the Jesuits . . ."

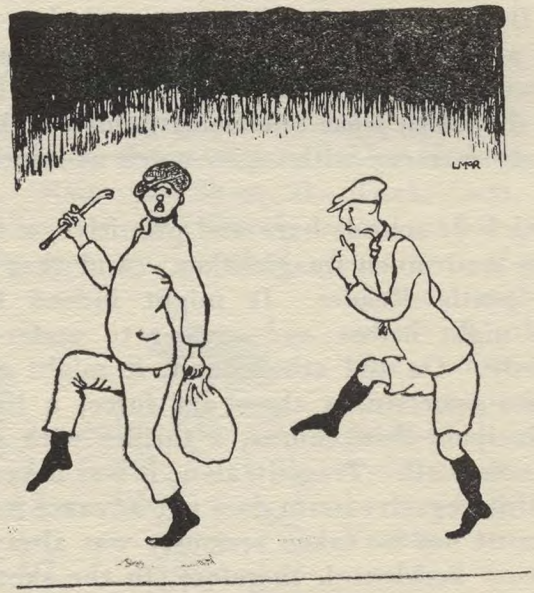
And to this incomplete list I would now add the monosyllable *Sketch*, as ugly a sound as any of its predecessors, a sneering sound if you dwell on it, a contemptuous explosion if you spit it out. But what a battalion of memories it commands! Whenever men forgather for a pipe

and a yarn, they shall remind one another of the night they gagged wildly together while the prompter made frantic search for a missing page. These are the extemporisations which remain in the mind, and not those others—perhaps equally wild—across the green baize to an audience of unimpressionable professors. There was no applause for those : they had their verdict, if not their quietus, when the Rector opened Father Sub-prefect's chastely blue envelope. With an effort we can recall our pleasure at the official *prosit*, or our sense of grievance on being asked whether we had worked conscientiously the whole year. But it needs an effort to recall these sensations, vivid enough at the time ; they are gone into a hazy land whence we must summon them resolutely. Whereas that ridiculous hat I had to wear one Saint John's night is always popping into my memory without so much as knocking on the door.

The Sketch ! It sounds bare and primitive, a thing of few lines and haste and much imagination. And that is where it deludes you, gentle Reader. It might indeed be sketchy, concocted the night before and—owing to under-rehearsal—all too obviously. On the other hand, it might equally well be an elaborate operetta, a three act farce, a light comedy with more principals than chorus, a thriller with grimaces on the stage and noises off. Tragedy alone it was never allowed to be : but even this negative norm does not advance its definition ; since that it must not be taken seriously was always the fault of the audience ; accidental, therefore, to the sketch and not of its substance. Beyond the fact that it came at the end of the programme, it is impossible to pen its definition. And even this modest attempt is not exact. There have been sketches which came in the middle—though then they were so ashamed of themselves that they masqueraded under the monstrous title of interludes. Yet all interludes were not sketches, even in disguise. You see, I know what a sketch is, but being no scholastic I am stumped for a definition.

Not that I am ashamed of being so stumped : the task is a deal more difficult than it may seem at first sight. If one tests the possible constituents, none of them works the oracle.

For instance, it is not just a matter of dressing up : fellows used to come on in uniform and sing things like the *Guards are on Parade*—but theirs were not sketches. Nor yet is it a question only of dialogue : as witness those turns when folk donned paper ruffs and reproduced a common-room circle of Shakespeare's time ; or sprouted lace at the wrists, wore three-cornered hats, took snuff and discussed the suppression of the Jesuits on an eighteenth century afternoon in Pam. Neither is it mere action : who ever confused the sketch with musical



" . . . when the burglars cracked their rhythmic crib . . ."

crambo, when the burglars cracked their rhythmic crib in time to no other noise than the delicate *pizzicato* of our pioneer violins—a jiggy, little tune, you will remember, tum, tum, tum, tum, tumty, tumty, tum ! Take the lot together, if you wish, players, dresses, make-up, dialogue and action ; but still you have not succeeded in pinning down this elusive definition. For I shall immediately remind you of the lanky humorist who gave out Christmas presents with the help (or hindrance) of the yak. There was plenty of action about that,

and talk, *and* dressing up. But it was not a sketch, nor within smelling distance of one. You agree ? of course you do !

Now, all this is really enlightening. It shows that the sketch is a very subtle something and that we must turn to its history, if we are to understand it. In the olden times, when the Venerabile first became a college and started to train up martyrs, part of its curriculum consisted of plays. There have been examples of these in the last two numbers of the Magazine. They were swell affairs and serious, couched in the classic idiom of Tudor and Stuart days, running to several acts and a multitude of scenes, presented before an audience both ecclesiastically and civilly distinguished. Like everything else in the Venerabile, they decayed towards the end of the eighteenth century, but returned with the revival after Waterloo. Gradwell strikes one as rather too austere to have had any considerable hand in their resurrection ; but plays suited the expansive Wiseman, and, without bothering to look up records, I do not doubt that he wrote many of them himself. Perhaps some of the success he won with his London lectures was due to his study of an audience, both as actor and as playwright, in the spacious Roman days. It is a pleasing thought, anyway. Thus tradition struck new roots, and things went merrily until the advent of Provost Manning in Westminster and of Doctor O'Callaghan in the Monserrato.

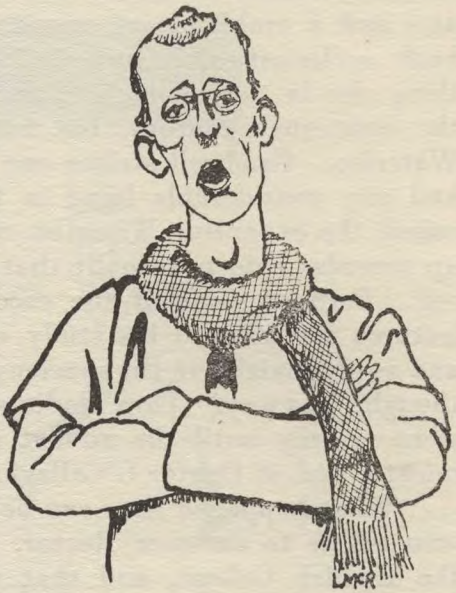
What happened then can be very briefly told in Manning's own words to the new Rector. " I am most thankful about the English College, and that you had the firmness to put down the vulgar and mischievous acting of plays. This will begin a new spirit."[1]

It did ! How curious it seems that the friction involved in absorbing the men of the Oxford Movement should have crossed the seas and have issued in such minutiae. But so it was. And when this delicate stage in English Catholic history was safely negotiated, the word *play* still remained taboo in the Venerabile. In the main, Monsignor Giles carried on the O'Callaghan régime during the whole of his long reign, but he invested it with a gracious mellowness, encouraging

[1] *The Venerabile*, Vol. V, p. 347.

concerts, for instance, at which he himself sang sweetly. This might seem the thin edge of the wedge ; but it was a stubborn wedge ; and hope for mime revived, not with him, but with his Vice-rector, Doctor Prior, who despite his later stateliness as Dean of the Rota " took the floor one casual evening and acted an Italian bargaining in the Campo, beginning with five hundred lire asked and fifty centesimi offered, and ranging the whole gamut of simulated passion including murder and suicide, until the symphony closed on fifteen lire taken by the vendor as though the organ bellows had all gone phut ".[1]

After this, the turn gradually reappeared in concerts. Just after the war, for instance, there was a brave man in the House who used to put a scarf about his neck and enact one of W. W. Jacobs' deathless epics of the longshoreman. But still the play halted on its way. And when it came at last, it crept in—imperceptibly, like an abuse—under the disguise of being a sketch. The very first that I remember satirised the debating society, and with bated breath the organiser asked leave to dress two students up as a nurse and her young charge. The measured reply of authority was : " Very well—but be discreet ! " And discreet they were. But the shades of Wiseman and of countless martyrs and confessors, who had themselves donned the buskins in their day, celebrated a victory in the courts of heaven. The sketch had come to stay.



" . . . deathless epics of the longshoreman . . . "

Now, notice the effect of history and perpend. Mime had returned indeed, but under the wing of concerts, and to

[1] *The Venerabile*, Vol. III, p. 10.

them it was indissolubly united for good or ill : first one might be the dominant partner and then the other, but the two could never be divorced. In the early days the sketch was an affair of ten minutes or so, which wound up a musical night. But even when it had swollen to the proportions of three acts, there was always a song or two as introduction, before the lights went up on the stage. And I cannot imagine anyone in his senses who would wish to dissolve so happy a mating.

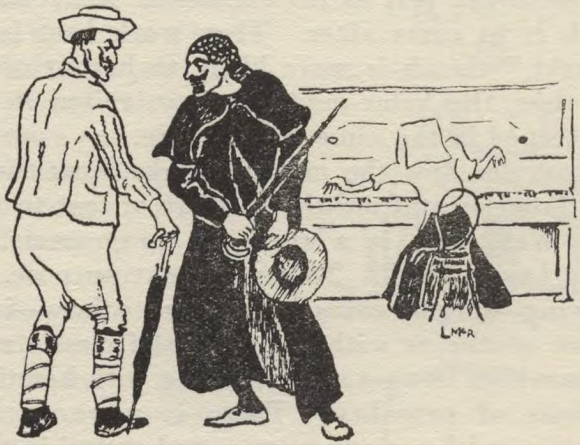
To vary the metaphor, a concert is like the *hors d'œuvres* with which a master chef prepares one's palate for the meal's crowning glory. Which is what the sketch is, of course—or should be. But you cannot have the best course without the meal. And therefore the really successful sketch studies the concert before it, just as the successful concert studies the sketch which is to come after. They work best in harness : and a " bought " sketch is more likely to be out of step with its partner than the home-made variety, raised in the same school and steeped in the same Roman lore.

Would you see how the method works, how the audience is cunningly lured away from the tyranny of fact to the liberty of fiction ? Well, here is a specimen programme. Perhaps the orchestra begins it all. To my present purpose, the point of their playing—for, of course, there are others—is that the men who now soothe us with the repose of classic melody are the very men whom last we saw wrestling with heretics or with the aberrations of causality. There is more to life, then, than the dust raised by controversy ; and secure in that knowledge, the community's lungs give cry in some rousing chorus of the moment. Already the intellectual grind has lost its dulling grip upon our imaginations, and we sit pensively sipping our wine while a quartette hymns in rhythmic harmony the plaintive world of picaninnies and their coal-black mammies. Then, lest we lose all touch with the passing moment, comes the parodist to rake us broadside with his patter-song ; and on the rebound a swaying fiddler will enchant us anew with a Beethoven concerto or something Viennese by Kreisler. And now, when the last song is done, the music stands put away, the piano pushed back into its corner, and the lights have gone

out, it is an expectant, receptive audience that stares at the glowing red curtain, which shall rise in a moment upon the sketch. See the elaborate art of it all! It makes no matter that the thing has come about by accident—if it is an accident at all. I should call it a natural growth.

This, then, is what makes the sketch unique. It is not merely a short play, but a play in a setting. It weds the eye only after the ear has been wooed and won. Then on with the motley! *Pagliacci's* clown proved himself a Solomon among sages when he came before the curtain to sing the prologue.

So the sketch started, diffidently enough, as a tail-piece to the concert. And naturally, it was a primitive thing at first. Its sense of innovation and its lack of appurtenances



". . . Dov' è Lei ? . . ."

combined to impress modesty upon it. In *Dov' è Lei ?*[1] the props consisted of a red spotted handkerchief, several zimmaras, a purple dressing gown, two cushions (one fore and aft) and a panama. The piano and a screen formed all our stage, and the actors had to lie flat behind them when they made their final exit. But we had stumbled on the real thing: all the essentials were there: an excellent concert had been capped—it was finished to the last detail—it had the right sort of rotundity

[1] The primitives who made this up called it *Dove è Lei ?* but purist editors have since "corrected" it in accordance with the axioms of Sauer-Arteaga.

about it, with none of your sharp edges sticking out like the elbows of a vixen.

This early success led to further experiments. They were too hurried to be more than occasional pieces, but the experience was valuable. It showed, at least, that the topical could be over-done, that this is one of the things in which sketch and concert should study each other. So, at Palazzola we met two stage-Yankees visiting the place—the only sketch ever accorded an immediate encore—and a weird admixture of Chinese laundryfolk and gangsters, though then we hardly knew the name. These sketches won such official approval as to capture recruits from those in high place. Bishop Burton took the stage, his guard momentarily lowered, and revived old triumphs :

> Secundum quid was a safe remark
> And bred the reputation of a well-read clerk,

while an eminent dignitary of the Curia, now lording it benignly over the peoples of the New World, unbent in an anglicised version of the *stornelli romani*, which blasted the reputation of every Superior in the house.

> Once on a time the Rector woke at five to six :
> Meditation in five minutes ! What a fix !

And with these concerts the Props first raised a blushing face amid Venerabile institutions. Today they have several cupboards and bulging wardrobes to their credit. When Monsignor Hinsley arrived at the College during the war, he found all the paste and tinsel of Wiseman's time bequeathed to him by Neve, the deposed. It was depressing litter, covered with the dust of ages ; and the Rector, being a new broom, swept it all away. So when poor Mime returned, she had nothing wherewith to deck herself. And then arose the first genius of a long line, who said : " Behold ! I will make something out of nothing ". It was not merely that he could turn a ferraiuola into a skirt, a *scendiletto* into a hat, a biscuit tin into the coif of a Sicilian *contadina*. But to this executive ability with his fingers he added the campaigning eye of a general, and walked the house spotting things which might possibly come in useful

some day, whether the impressario chose Arabia for his background or the Arctic. And come in useful they always did, though not always for the purpose first intended. Indeed, I wrong his eye by likening it to that of a general; it was far too intuitive, and looked on everything as prime matter capable of many forms.

For the sake of those who may not know it, I must tell the classic story of the day when he knocked respectfully on the Rector's door, and walked in to find his Superior busy upon the student's reports—awful thought, possibly upon his own!

"Excuse me, Sir, but could you lend us a bright pair of pyjamas for the sketch?"

"Pyjamas!" Authority glared at him for a moment, and then, rising reluctantly, went across to the chest of drawers and rummaged half-heartedly among its contents.

"That's very good of you, Sir"—this with his intuitive eye weighing the garments in its own peculiar scales and finding them singularly wanting—"but haven't you got anything a bit more daring?"

"Daring! Gr—r—r—r!"

"I mean brighter, Sir." He was a little breathless at this point. Authority still glared and made angry noises in its throat, noises which subsided slowly into something suspiciously like a purr. Another pyjama jacket was produced and displayed with an ambiguous mixture of shame and defiance.

But the imperturbable youth still stood his ground. "And very nice too, Sir: quite tasteful, if I may say so. But if you don't mind, I think I'd rather have the pair under your pillow!"

So, the nucleus of the Props came into being, a collection of amorphous clothes that could be taken in or let out indefinitely, turned upside down or inside out, and still come back for more. There was many a length of stuff which did duty in its time as the Queen's train, as the Laird's kilt, as the matador's trousers, as the bridesmaid's bustle. One such veteran appeared quite recently and took me back to the first Katisha, who now exercises her mature charms upon the members of

the Senior Service. I sometimes wonder whether, as the seas heave and strain, she still sings mournfully :

Oh living I—
When hope is gone
Dost thou stay on ?
May not a cheated maiden die ?

Cox and Box was the next step up in the scale of perfection. If we did not yet know our Gilbert, it at least introduced us to Sullivan, and the House responded by chairing the astonished actors. Sketches were ceasing to be the work of a few, for nothing succeeds like success : and when summer came round, there can have been few in residence at Palazzola who did not have a finger in the operatic pie.

After that came the stage, with all the helps a stage affords, curtains, lighting, the intangible separation from one's audience, not to be measured in terms of feet and inches. Progress afterwards was along the lines already mapped out : each generation made its contribution, every year saw something bettered. But the essence of the sketch was by now so well understood that there could be no danger of any radical change there, and all these improvements affected only its accidental qualities.

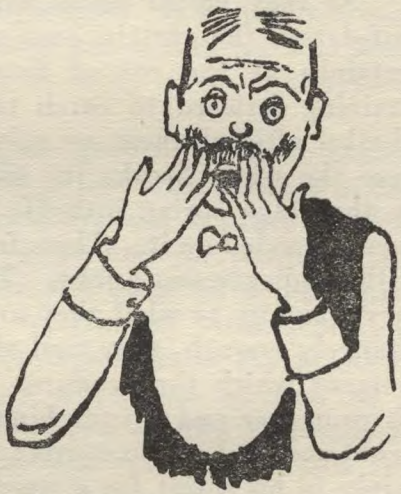
So much for the sketch as seen across the footlights ; now I want to take you behind, into the wings and the green-room, to introduce you to the stage hands, the scene-shifters, the electricians and the effects. Once upon a time, amazing backgrounds were manufactured out of coloured tissue paper pasted on the cinema screen ; the sea of *H.M.S. Piecrust*, with a gull which followed the ship for an hour and a half without even once moving its wings ; the lagoons and San Giorgio of *The Gondoliers ;* and in *The Mikado*, Fujiyama looking like a monster *mantecato*. Then fashion veered round to Victorian box scenery, book-lined walls and an unbelievable window, always apt to stick at the crucial moment. The long awaited artist also appeared, who could paint village streets or lordly parks or rolling downs, all to be seen through this same ambiguous window. But even now the setting might still be ultra-modern, shell-green curtains and just one

chair, the sort Savonarola preferred when giving audience to a reformed Signoria. There is no fixed tradition about these trimmings : why should there be ? One never knows what to expect, Drury Lane or the Old Vic. And this is as it ought to be, variety within wide but determined limits. Oh that some of the modern schools of music and of art would take a leaf out of the sketch's book !

Then the electricians. They have advanced from two crude reading lamps, to foot-lights, spot-lights, coloured aureoles and the dimmer, which they first produced for the ghouls of *Macdagger*. They are a patient tribe, who twine wires in and out as a woman knits her wool. Almost their latest achievement has been to centre the switch-board by the famous hole in the wall, whence they can watch effects with the eyes of the audience, and, incidentally, get a good view of the sketch themselves. They deserve it. The noises-off-man may be the producer or the electricians or some-one commissioned for the occasion. He is to be envied when his duty bids him imitate the breaking of much crockery ; he is to be pitied when he has to keep up a stormy night throughout an entire scene. Asked for a fall of snow, he has been known to take his instructions literally and bury the actors under one sharp, glorious cascade of torn-up paper. But usually he is a genius at filling out inadequate instructions, and will stand patiently in front of his battery until the harassed producer barks out, " train ", " clock ", " whistle ", " storm ", or " dickie-birds "—and then he runs berserk until they stop him by main force.

The wings are a narrow passage on the floor at the side of the stage, so narrow that there is barely room for the producer and the prompter. Should they lift the curtains even a trifle, prancing feet imperil their noses ; and when the chorus is doing the one and only step known to Venerabile opera—a tentative toe heel, heel toe movement—or when the heroine is tearing her passion to tatters at left centre, their whole persons stand in proximate danger. Luckily there is a window recessed behind them, but as this also usually holds the effects, space is sadly congested. From this coign of vantage, too, the producer can keep an eye on his unemployed actors, strolling

nonchalantly about the corridor outside. Their nonchalance is assumed to hide the fact that they are suffering from the needle, but it is apt to make them ignore their cues : hence the vigilance of the producer, who will poke an outraged face round the door and demand their silence or their entry or their attention at regular intervals during the performance. Between stage and corridor the link is a flight of steep steps, a veritable trap for anyone cursed with long draperies, and calculated to pitchfork the most dignified character unceremoniously into the orbit of the spot-light. Here too the producer must be ready with a helping hand, and many a tragedy Queen has balanced on the top step, surrounded by perspiring officials unhooking her train from a multitude of nails, while the actors on the stage stand to attention and repeat despairingly " But see, she comes ! " until the audience is helpless with hysteria.



" . . . told to press it tightly until further orders . . ."

The green-room is chaotic and overflows into the infirmary and on to the billiard table. As people stand about in various stages of disguise, as the make-up artists hand you a jar of revolting grease and bid you spread it liberally over your face, as a moustache is clapped over your mouth and you are told to press it tightly until further orders, as the Duke complains that he really cannot go on in this pair of trousers, as the black pencil falls into the rouge, and as everyone wants something else, all at the same time, a round of applause comes from the common-room and a call-boy bursts into the mêlée with the news that there is only one more item before the sketch. At that, the last

touches are applied indiscriminately ; the dressers work like men demented : people don hats—any hats—and cloaks and swords, and rush out pell-mell, only to discover as they run that a wig has come unmoored or a skirt slipped from front to back or that their clothes are so tight that they cannot run at all. And then, all out of breath and dishevelled, they meet a grim-eyed producer, full of last-minute hints about the bits they have muddled every rehearsal, about the need for standing well forward, of speaking slowly, of keeping their heads and of waiting for the laughs ; and at this last the cast groans despondently.

So they crowd on to the stage and while they are still half-dazed, the curtain goes up and leaves them blearing uncertainly at the sea of faces before them. The audience, straining forward to catch the first words, begins to wonder whether after all these are only tableaux, until a hoarse whisper from the wings breaks the silence, and with a jerk the figures on the stage spring into life and begin to gabble as if their lives depended on it. Then, for some obscure reason, a member of the audience sees a joke. That laugh gives the actors pause : they wake up to what they are doing, to where they are—and, strangely enough, they find they rather enjoy it. This is the moment which the producer chooses to turn a white face to his prompter and favour him with a watery smile. " It's all right now," he comments ; and the prompter, searching vainly in his script for a word of what they are saying on the stage, wonders why. But the producer is quite right. He can even leave his post for a moment to hold curt conversation with the electricians : the sketch has taken the reins into its own hands, and from the almost uninterrupted ripple of laughter, that comes to him across the foot-lights, the producer can gather that it is riding hard for victory.

That is a specimen of the sketch in the concrete. But are there no pigeon-holes into which we may neatly sort its various types ?

The full-length professional play, somewhat potted to save time, is an admirable finale to a concert, and therefore fulfils all the requirements of the sketch. Indeed, the short-

ening often strengthens it, and as the actors have the confident knowledge that it played so many nights in London, they go at it with a will from the very beginning. On the other hand, those one act atrocities, published in collections for concert parties, are mostly beyond the pale. For one thing, they often need bowdlerising to the pitch of disembowelment ; for another, both plot and dialogue are witless to a degree surpassing belief. That these are not genuine sketches is abundantly clear, for they cap nothing and theirs is a misalliance with poor concert. See what a world of meaning lies behind this ugly sounding name ! The sketch is a thing apart from the experience of the professional playwright. If he produce one, it is by accident ; and the member of the committee who finds this needle in a haystack is quite as lucky as he is clever—if not more so.

I shall always maintain that the good home-made sketch is the best of them all. It can salt a plot with pinches of the topical ; it knows its audience exactly, and because itself it looks at life with very similar eyes, we find the footlights are no impassible frontier, but rather the glass of a piquantly distorting mirror, wherein we watch—not strangers—but bizarre reflections of ourselves. So it is that in the hands of such a sketch *Cinderella* becomes a parable as well as a pantomime : that Webster and Ben Jonson and Shakespeare and Rafael Sabatini and Hans Andersen and Paul Claudel and even Edgar Wallace are made to write for our especial benefit: that Grimm's suitors for the unwilling princess emerge as the last four lecturers to the Literary Society : that an unobtrusive footman turns out to be the man who did weak conjuring tricks for us only the week before. And the audience, skilfully prepared for all this by the concert which has gone before, seizes each point almost before the actor can make it, a great magnetic target for the darts of parody and satire. This is the sketch exploiting all its possibilities, no artificial stimulus, but a roisterous commentary on our own life taken at the flood. And for so large-hearted, so catholic an entertainment, who shall attempt to word the definition ? Why try to peg down the elements that make this rich com-

pound, when the thing itself will always burst the bonds of our futile categories ?

The truth is, of course, that time has charged the name *Sketch* with meaning far beyond the compass of any definition. Which only goes to show that a minor logician can lose his way in the maze of his own contriving. And that conclusion is rather fun, don't you think ?

RICHARD L. SMITH.

LA MAGLIANA

I.—J. O'CONNOR (1889—1895)

THE quidnuncs of the College used to say that a small and ugly piece of more or less real estate at the base of the Palatine, facing the Gas-works, had been exchanged for the excellent bit of ground and solid farm-house, with tall stone-pine thrown in, sloping from Tiber's right bank to a flat top about two hundred feet above. This is a faulty sentence, for the farm-house stood on the flat top, it did not slope from the river. In our time it was all scheduled in the ordnance as belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, and the tubs had a coronetted N branded on to them as this scribe averreth. Due south, very near the bend of Tiber back towards St Paul's etc. was, we used to opine, the much-neglected cemetery of Calepodius, surmised to have originated from the bodies of martyrs floating down from the Babylon of the Seven Hills. They were more readily retrieved at the bend of the Tiber. If any learned man says this is moonshine, beware. He may be bringing out a new book, and we were up to all those donnish tricks.

At the bottom of the main vineyard the state exit gave immediately on to the high road; next to that, parallel, ran the railway and next again the Tiber, yellower than ever, and eddying so extensively as to impress a boy more accustomed to the slow pulse of canalized French rivers. Quite afraid of the Tiber I became. The embankment of the hill over

the road was in brick, and it made a good place for basking after dinner, weather being in favour. It often was, as on my first Magliana day in November '89, and it was even better on my last, May 1st 1895.

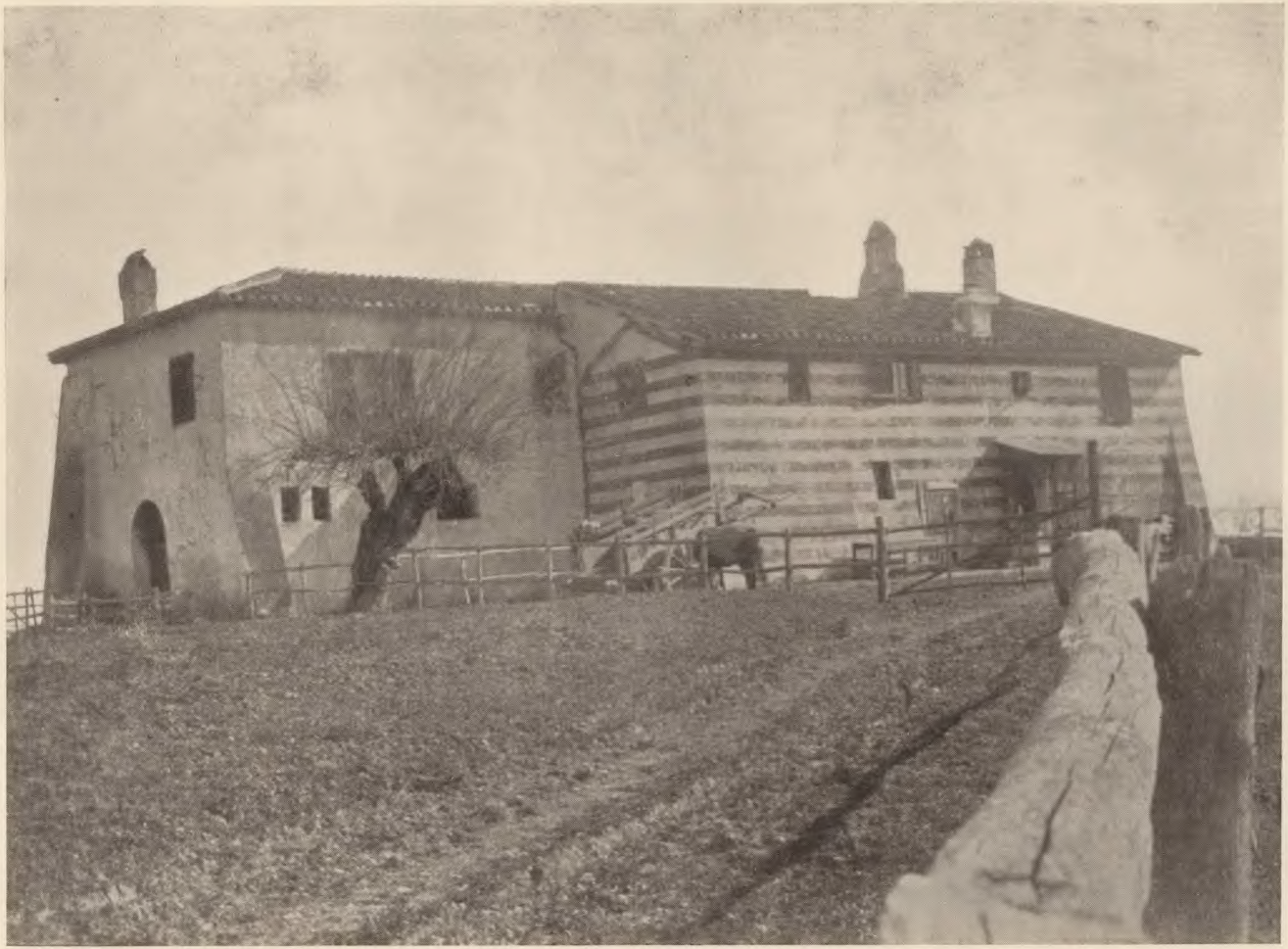
Across the railway some six hundred yards to the north the river went away again, and in a flat space which looked very subject to overflow, was the ancient villa of the popes. Some said Leo the Tenth, others Clement the Seventh, had been bold enough to build there, but Burton gave it to the boldest of them all, and indeed his blazon was over the grand staircase. No sign other did we see of bygone majesty except the beautiful proportion of the staircase and the inimitable lintels of the doorways. The farmyard too was noble, with a noble fountain in mossy stone, quite dry and lifeless.

When Burton sought companionship in novel enterprise, the older Venerabile he failed to energise. He rather threw alluring flies above the very young, whose views on risk were generous, whose withers were unwrung. 'Twas thus he got a party to adventure out of bounds, to that most malarious ruin near our Magliana grounds ; and when they'd pottered round it to the summit of their bent, them he immortalised in song, at least to some extent :

> Pope Julius built a villa by the Tiber's tawny tide,
> And feasted there with Cardinals and Princes in their pride.
> This we explored while others snored, the weather being dry,
> The Reverend Mark and able Clarke and Monganese and I.

Mark Habell, Albert George Clarke, Stephen Mongan. Not so young either, but new to Magliana.

On the Monday before the first Thursday of the month we used to take the vote at breakfast for Magliana. Alfred Spurrier almost always galvanised the opposition. It won or lost according to the degree of hump among the boys. If Magliana won, we set forth between nine and ten, dividing as taste inclined, to right or left of Pamphilj. Left was popular, but right brought us out on the Campagna and past the forts, adding a mile to the distance. The left road soon passed the *Osteria di Sant' Amazzà e daglielo come viè* (be damned and



Magliana Farm

let 'em all come). A mile before the turn to the left again for our destination, was Via dell'Affoga l'Asino, called Choke-Ass Lane by Burton, who loved to anglicise. Frascati was Twigsby, Montopoli was Griffin Hill, Ruffinella was Ruffian Hall, and the Master of the Apostolic Palace, Della Volpe, was MacVixio. Joseph O'Connell, a Benedictine, was the Black Monk, but on becoming known as a Scot, he was at once the MacBlunck.

Before dinner we lit two candles in the tiny chapel (holding about six or eight persons with care), and sang the Litany of Our Lady for the Conversion of England, as we had no books of the regular Wiseman prayers. The tune was traditional, sacred to Magliana, and it was a *gaffe* of the first order to use it in the city or to intone any other enactment by the Gi.

Dinner upstairs in a fine spacious room, big enough for our largest muster of those days. *Abacchi* hash, flavoured with rosemary, and usually very well cooked. Then pie of plum or apple, pastry designed by Michelangelo, and with the *peperino* cheese an entire salad in a great wash-bowl, covered deep in the richest and darkest mayonnaise I have ever seen or heard of. Worth writing home about. Wine *ad libitum* and *quantum suff.*, and very good because from a fresh barrel. In fine weather Burton had a tree round the corner which he used to climb and sleep in the fork of. (I know this is an error of style, but what could one say of Burton's manners and customs ?) Hammocks once were slung, but soon fell away. Under the pine was a favourite resort. I read Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations* there once, but that was before dinner. Our field of asphodel intervened between us and the highway, and on my first visit I remember the mellow autumn sunlight and the scuttling of the lizards and the countless blind-worms wriggling away in the grass. Some called them vipers ; maybe they were. Asphodel I thought disappointing as Oscar Wilde found the Atlantic, but ever memorable abides the thrill when Corioli was pointed out so near and clear against the sky, on the last spur of the Alban Hills. Even those who voted against Magliana were seldom sorry they lost.

The winter of 1889 was quite incredibly fine in Rome, and one impression that remains is that we got back to the

College pleasantly worn out with sun and air. Magliana days were an asset, whether the place itself was or not; I have heard that it was not. Our great need in winter-time was the zenith-light as the Doctor said, because our winter time-table was the same as for the summer when one has to shelter from the noon-heat, and being under cover during the liveliest hours of day-time was highly detrimental because unnatural. But stupidity and inertia are the main rulers of human conduct, if I may be allowed to generalise on such a scale.

II.—J. McNALLY (1910—1916)

Memories of Magliana must be thawed from the ice age into which they have frozen. The request for a few notes on Magliana "by one who knows" lest the memory thereof should perish with the age that knew it, suggests the query: "Would there be much loss?" I know that this is heresy and the unforgiveable sin, but looking back it is hard to realise that one could so explode with enthusiasm, as one often did to the strains of its musical name. Magliana will be an unknown quantity to the present generation and to others before it, for I recall that it passed out of our hands with the slump that came in with the war in 1917.[1]

What was it? "Vote for Magliana on Thursday" was the First Year man's introduction to this new *ens*. It might be one of Andrea's specials for a *pranzone*, until enquiry elucidated the mystery that Magliana was the name of a palatial shooting lodge owned by the College on the north bank of the Tiber out Ostia way. No, I'm not confusing it with the papal shooting lodge of Leo X on the south of the Tiber hard by. We were as papal as the pope in those days. The place was called La Magliana from the tiny village Borghata Magliana just down the hill. It came into our hands somewhere round 1614, I believe; it had rich vineyards in those days and was a useful source of revenue to the College. But not much is known of its history nor ever will be.

I have a strong conviction that we voted for Magliana at

[1] One of the first acts of the present Rector was to sign the deed finally disposing of it. As things stood legally, the land had inevitably to pass out of our possession.—Ed.

breakfast on a Tuesday or Wednesday morn, and if successful the vote could be repeated fortnightly. On the whole it did not work out to much more than three or four visits per year. I recall the boisterous canvassing by the Maglianaites of the Fourth Year priests, who after Mass were often late in for breakfast. It was always a near thing, and the scale was often turned in Magliana's favour by the votes of the two priests (1910—1911), one because he was an idealist, and the other because he went in the Rector's *carrozza*. The Rector enjoyed Magliana and when the vote was a tie, his was always cast in its favour.

The first vote of the year was always successful. The *Seniores* in their charity would not deprive the new men of the wonders and thrills of this first visit. Thus early in November we were privileged to feast our dilated orbs on the illusion. A square, squat, inelegant looking, two storey building, covered with discoloured stucco, roofed with Roman tiles above ponderous gutters, which seemed ever ready to crash down upon the unsuspecting. A visit to the shippen under the guidance of the *padrone*—the economo's son (whose name I forget)—and a chaperon, always a Second Year man, and you beheld the kine that were his (the padrone's) and the kine that were the College's; and you thought instinctively of Pharao's dream—seeing the fat and the lean.

The wee chapel at the rear of the building was sacred despite the accumulated dust of ages, and the ever present artificial flowers. Here before dinner we met for prayer, and, as one knelt on the cobbles outside, chanting the one and only Magliana litany, *more Giliano*, while the *tramontana* cooled your heated ribs, after the jaunt from the city, one felt that the conversions at home were hardly won. Memories of the ante-prandial prayers have served well more than one ancient, who, on week nights in his lonely mission without organist or choir, has been left to begin and sustain at Benediction the Litany B.V.M. He recalls but the rose tree hard by with the grovelling pig tethered by a hind leg, or the restive goat likewise tethered to a chestnut in the field behind, and the Magliana tune would flow Orpheus-like from his lips.

Prayers over, the new man was permitted to stir the macaroni under the watchful eye of Andrea in the smoky kitchen above, while the old Gi went through his ritual of preparing English mustard in the adjoining roomy dining chamber. (He always brought it out with him in his pockets). At Magliana it was quite correct to take mustard with any course on the menu, which in our days consisted, *inter alia*, of cold beef, or pork pies, mosaic or cartwheel, macaroni of course, frat's beard and 'formadge'; dinner done, one felt one must rise to the occasion, and you declared Magliana the Mecca of your life: even the non-smokers would risk a half tusk on Magliana days, and weather permitting—not always—the sunny brow of the hill would find groups, some somnolent, some almost drawing knives over such life and death problem as 'actio in distans'.

The Tiber on the other side of the railway (the one you go home to England by) was always an attraction, and many were the proposals to master its current in days when the weather would be warmer. I never remember any actual attempt, though there were in the house worthy successors of Horatius: either one arrived at Magliana too near to prayer or dinner hour, or after dinner the repleted inner man would not respond to the call of the adventurous spirit. The papal shooting lodge was, as far as I remember, only raided once, when Sunny held the leading strings of a party of Bambini. The rest of the house were content to admire (or otherwise) the gloomy looking edifice from the hill-top.

There were a variety of ways of approaching Magliana from the city. The Via Aurelia by the right of Pam took one past the forts, the road by the left, past the "Scarpone", was the shortest route. Often on Magliana days parties were organised for the Catacombs of San Callisto, and, after Mass down under, followed by a breakfast of bread and cheese washed down by the world's best chocolate, one took the road by San Paolo, Tre Fontane and the Iron Bridge. There are men who saw the Jubilee Jamboree at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, in 1930, and its memory to them will be mud, mud and more mud. I can hardly recall a Magliana day, no matter how fair the sky

above, when one had not to wade through mud and more mud to reach this Paradise of Pleasure ; be the track by St Paul's or Pam, it was inevitable. By the time Magliana was reached there was mud everywhere. It was almost traditional that the Phils voted for Magliana and the Theologians against, though there were exceptions on both sides. Rivalry grew and feeling with it, and out of both was born the famous 'Blocco', of which the present Rector was a member. The Blocco defended Magliana, as long as there was opposition in the house to keep it in being. Then the war came, and the epicurean feasts gave way to lean days, interest in Magliana waned, and the property passed out of our hands.

I can recall one old tradition ; on Magliana days rosary was recited in parties on the journey homewards ; rosary was not said publicly that day, but we went straight to spiritual reading at 7.45.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE ROMAN COLLEGE

IT is tantalisingly difficult to write the story of the suppression of the Roman College. Biographers and the like often complain that whereas much is known of distant events, great difficulty is often experienced in discovering facts more proximate. The historian of the suppression of the Roman College may well echo their complaint. As far as we have been able to discover there exists no circumstantial account of the event. The facts are hard to come by, and once obtained are even more difficult to explain. None of our sources explained everything, and many explained nothing. We trust, however, that we have provided something like a coherent narrative and that none of the main moves in the story will be found puzzling. We have based our account mainly on Gallerani's short life of Father Peter Ragazzini, Rector of the Roman College from 1867 to 1872, and for the protests of the foreign rectors we have used the copies of the letters preserved in the College Archives.[1]

The story of the suppression of the Roman College may properly be said to begin in the August of 1870 when the French troops evacuated Rome. The Pope was left at the mercy of

[1] O'Callaghan correspondence. Gallerani's life was published in Rome in 1898. It is little more than a pamphlet and has long been out of print. We are very grateful to Father Welsby, S.J., who kindly obtained a copy for us from the private library of the Father General.

the Piedmontese, and it was clear to all that they could not be long prevented from taking Rome. Their rabid anticlericalism was well known, and the religious communities of the city were naturally in a state of the most painful expectation. In the Roman College the very worst was feared, and the Rector, Father Ragazzini, immediately began to take what steps he could to ensure the safety of those under his care. Despite the opposition of many of the community who said Rome could never fall, he provided against flight by mortgaging some of the College property, and thus acquiring a large sum of ready money. He also had secular dress bought for the whole community, while the Provincial made full arrangements for sending the scholastics to houses of the Society outside Italy.

On September 20th the city fell, and on the 23rd the scholastics began to leave in small parties for Brixen, their appointed meeting place. By October 4th they had all left the College. The Rector and the professors, meanwhile, remained behind to look after the College and carry on the schools for the sake of the foreign colleges. In the afternoon of the 20th, an hour or two before the *Ave*, a battalion of Piedmontese *bersaglieri* replaced and took captive the Pontifical troops stationed in the atrium of the College. The Rector barely prevented them from entering forbidden parts of the building, and it was only after a fierce argument that they were restrained from lodging their prisoners for the night in S. Ignazio.

Three anxious weeks passed by and then on October 12th, since the date for the beginning of the new term was approaching, the Rector wrote to General Lamarmora, Cadorna's successor as Lieutenant Governor of the City, asking that the *bersaglieri* should evacuate the schools. In reply, some officials came with the following terms: " Dateci luogo in casa per un battaglione, e noi vi lascieremo libere le scuole ". This ridiculous proposal was, of course, rejected, and Ragazzini decided to go and see Brioschi, recently appointed Counsellor to the Governor for Public Instruction. He had expected at least a civil reception, and perhaps some sort of explanation. In-

stead, he was greeted with a torrent of abuse, and told that the soldiers were of secondary importance and that the real point at issue was whether that part of the Roman College should be converted into a new state school. Lest he should have any doubts as to his own personal feelings in the matter, Brioschi did not fail to repeat several times that he had already voted in the Senate for the suppression of the Jesuits, and would continue to do so in the future.[1]

Brioschi was a mathematical scholar of no mean order, but he thought proficiency in this subject entitled him to give an authoritative opinion on everything else. As soon as he came to power, he had cast an envious eye on the Roman College and marked it down as prey, for it was an international institution and did not belong to the municipality of Rome or to the State, but was completely the property of the Jesuits. The upshot of the interview was that on the 26th October, he sent a peremptory note ordering the immediate closing of the schools. Despite strong protests from Ragazzini, supported by the rectors of the foreign colleges, the soldiers left their quarters and preparations began in early November to adapt the buildings to the needs of the new school. It was inaugurated on the 4th of that month under the name Reale Ginnasio-liceo Ennio Quirino Visconti, and among the first scholars were a hundred and fifty Jews.

The day after he received Brioschi's note, Ragazzini, accompanied by the Provincial, went to see the Pope. They were agreeably surprised to find that he was following their affairs very closely, and had, in fact, already appealed on their behalf. While Brioschi was writing to the Rector, Lamarmora was communicating to the Pope an excuse for not being able to satisfy his demands. The Pope exhorted them to give lectures in the professors' quarters of the College, which, unlike the school part, were still left to them. This, at the urgent request of the rectors of the foreign colleges, they had already decided to do. All sorts of places such as the professors' common-room and even their private rooms were used in the

[1] This account is taken from a letter Ragazzini wrote to one of the scholastics who had taken refuge at St Beuno's, North Wales.

emergency. Only the theological and philosophical schools remained open under these unpromising conditions, and although not strictly forbidden, secular students were not encouraged to attend.[1] The Rector's main anxiety was to provide for the foreign colleges.

In the *Gazetta Ufficiale* of November 6th, there appeared the formal announcement of the closing of the Roman College on the ground that it was contrary to some law or other which had been specially invented for the occasion. If this was an attempt to legalize the Government's action, it failed miserably : the law was not in force because it had not yet appeared in the *Gazetta Ufficiale*—that was their own ruling.[2] In the same publication, a day or two later, Brioschi wrote a most insulting official report, six columns in length, in which he maintained that the people of Rome ' a maximo usque ad minimum ' were a set of illiterate dolts, and pointed out that it was one of the objects of his enlightened régime to rectify this sad state of affairs. " Nel latino stanno male, nell' italiano peggio, nel greco pessimamente ; in geografia confondano Milano con Palermo, e in istoria Colombo con lo Spirito Santo." As for arithmetic, the only people who knew any were the people of the Ghetto. The Roman College and the Apollinare were said to exist "col proposito ultimo di formare delle teste che non pensassero ", and they were clearly pointed out as the chief source of the ignorance of the city. Ragazzini replied very simply by publishing the names of the professors of the College, the majority of whom had also been students there. Tarquini and Franzelin, who later became cardinals, Perrone, Ballerini, Palmieri and Tongiorgi were but a few of the long and distinguished list.

Ragazzini's biography has a very enlightening story to tell of one of these critics of the Roman College. One of the professors, Father Paria, was attacked as an ignoramus, and in replying had occasion to quote his traducer's letter. After each solecism he wrote *sic* and in one single line *sic* appeared four times ! Meanwhile it was desirable from the Government's

[1] In those days there was a lay side to the University. The well-known Ixstituto Massimo near the Terme is the continuation of this.

[2] *L'Università Gregoriana del Collegio Romano*, Roma, 1924, p. 30.

point of view that popular animosity should be aroused against the Jesuits. Accordingly, a violent campaign was conducted in the press, and the mob were encouraged to assemble outside the Roman College and cause disturbances. It was during one of those ' popular ' demonstrations that the coats of arms of the society of Jesus and of Pope Gregory XIII were torn violently from the building. Mgr Canon Barry writes in *Memories and Opinions :* " The Jesuits were suppressed and their escutcheon over the great door of our Roman College was hammered to pieces while we could only look on ".

On August 29th, 1871, at the last premiation held in the old building, Father Angelini, Professor of Sacred Eloquence, delivered a stirring declamation against the injustices they had had to bear. Though Ciceronian in style, the passage is reminiscent of Tacitus' condemnation in the *Agricola* of the suppression of learning under the tyrant Domitian. " Nunc vero omnia silent, omnia squalent, poetarum voces obmutescunt, astronomiae phaenomena, quae in medium proferebantur, theologiae concertationes, quae in penitiora dogmata inquirebant, conticuere." He concluded with a warning that the worst ills had yet to come. He was given a sympathetic hearing not only by the students and rectors of the foreign colleges, but also by crowds of educated Romans. Events proved that Father Angelini's worst fears were to be only too fully realised.

With the confiscation of the schools in October 1870, the first phase in the story of the suppression comes to an end. The final disaster belongs to the year 1873, but before going on to that part of our story, we may conveniently pause here to give some account of the protests of the rectors of the foreign colleges. The protests relating to this first phase are four in number. The first is dated November 11th, 1870, five days after the closing of the schools. It is addressed to Lamarmora, Lieutenant Governor of Rome, and is signed by the rectors of the German, English, Irish, Scots, Illyrian, French, South American, North American and Polish Colleges. Copies of it were sent to the ambassadors of all the countries concerned and to the students' bishops. As in all the protests, the main point urged was the international character of the College.

> Witnessing [they concluded] the outrage about to be committed against the centuries old and truly Catholic teaching of the Roman College, the only College of its kind in the whole world, the glory of Rome and of Italy, the undersigned representatives of the rights and needs of the Catholic countries could not but be profoundly grieved. They deprecated the injustice that threatened the cause which they represented, and would consider themselves wanting in their duty were they not to protest against the public violation of rights at once so manifest and ancient, so sacred to the Catholic nations. They considered it their obligation to ask in the name of the international law that the proposed injustice should not be committed, and that the Roman College should return to its former status.

No reply was ever made to this protest. But three months later, disturbed by a rumour that the Jesuits were going to be driven out of the building altogether, the rectors again protested. The government of one of their countries, they said, had taken up their cause, and had been informed by the Italian Government that it would act with all justice and was, in fact, leaving the Jesuits full liberty with regard to the education of foreign students. This, the rectors pointed out, coming immediately after the suppression of the schools, was a plain contradiction. Four months later, on May 6th, 1871, having been informed by Ragazzini that from the beginning of the year the Government had refused to pay the monthly rents due to the College, they protested once more, pointing out that the endowment which provided the rents was of international orgin and that to suppress it was equivalent to suppressing the College itself.

The last and greatest protest was made on 17th January, 1873, as a result of the findings of a royal commission which had been set up in 1871 to examine the juridical position of foreign religious institutes in Rome. Concerning the Roman College its verdict was : [Il Collegio Romano è] " da tenersi per un istituto destinato alla città di Roma e non un stabilimento internazionale ". The carefully reasoned reply of the rectors completely disproved this statement.

If the Roman College had been established for the use of the city of Rome, they said, then, since the institution was mainly for ecclesiastics, it was natural to presume that the clergy of Rome would have attended it. But the Pope had ordered them to attend the Seminario Romano. Let the Government consider the following points. The purpose of an institution is judged from the intention of its founder. Now the Council of Trent, learning that the Roman College had nine hundred students from sixteen different nations, asked the Pope in 1560 to give it a secure foundation. Consequently, Pius IV wrote to the various rulers of Europe (the Emperor Ferdinand, the Catholic Electors, Charles IX of France and Philip III of Spain), warmly commending the Roman College and its interests, and asking for money for the young university, " ut omnibus Ecclesiae membris prodesse possit ". The result was a liberal supply of money from Spain, Portugal, Austria and several other countries. The purpose of the College was clearly shown by the inscription on the foundation stone of the new College laid by Gregory XIII in 1582 : " Religionis causa, Gregorius XIII Pont. Max. Bonon., Collegii Romani Societatis Jesu, amplissimo redditu aucti, *aedes ad omnes nationes optimis disciplinis imbuendas . . .* ". The municipality of Rome had contributed nothing towards its upkeep. Since the Popes had enriched it with sums of money, not from the public treasury of Rome but from ecclesiastical or private funds, and vast amounts of foreign money had helped to build and endow it, the foreign nations could not let themselves be deprived of their rights in the College they had helped to build. The foreign colleges were incomplete in themselves and had to rely on the Roman College for lectures. If the Roman College failed, it would be the end also of their colleges which had cost their countries so dear. They concluded their protest with a very confident expression of the hope that their respective governments would come to their aid and prevent so grave a violation of international right.

The last phase in the story of the suppression of the College is dramatically brief and does not take long to relate. On the 19th June, 1873, the law suppressing religious orders was

extended to Rome and the minister Bonghi took possession of all that was still left to the Fathers in the Roman College—their own quarters, the great library, the scientific laboratory, the Kircherian Museum, and the famous astronomical observatory. The Rector of the College, now Father Cardella, told the Government that he submitted to the suppression of religious communities but could not possibly acquiesce in the closing of a pontifical international university. The Government replied that it had lost its international character after the restoration of the Jesuits under Leo XII, but Cardella had no trouble in showing that this was a change in personnel and not in object. He was strongly supported by the rectors of the foreign colleges who wrote two letters (October 21st and November 19th).[1] The law suppressing religious orders, they said, had nothing to do with the Roman College, which was protected by international rights and by the Law of Guarantees. In the first protest, they begged for a speedy reply as the scholastic year was just about to begin; in the second, they complained that since the year had now begun, they had been obliged, with very serious inconvenience to themselves, to hold lectures in one or other of the colleges which received for that purpose the students from the others.

In the encyclical letter *Etsi multa luctuosa*, published four days after the rectors' final protest, Pius IX bitterly deplored the wrongs committed by the Piedmontese Government in Rome, and singled out their injustice against the Roman College for special mention. "Illud etiam nuper vidimus quod nunquam futurum suspicabamur, sublatam et abolitam Universitatem Nostram Gregorianam ideo institutam, ut ad eam (iuxta veteris auctoris effatum de Romana Anglo-Saxonum schola scribentis) iuniores clerici e longinquis etiam regionibus in doctrina et fide catholica erudiendi venirent, ne quid in suis ecclesiis sinistrum, aut catholicae unitati contrarium doceretur, et sic in fide stabili roborati, ad propria remearent." But religion and natural justice were unknown to the newcomers.

[1] In our archives we have also a sworn statement made by Dr O'Callaghan before an ecclesiastical notary in the name of all the rectors It is a very brief protest stating that the suppression of the religious orders had nothing to do with the Roman College; accompanying it are similar protests by Cardella and a representative of the Cardinal Vicar.

They only recognised one power, and that had completely failed the supporters of the Roman College—diplomatic protest from abroad. Few things annoyed them more than the way the rectors sent copies of their protests to the various embassies. But, as is well known, the foreign powers, when they were not frankly hostile, were completely apathetic.

The Jesuits therefore were suppressed as an order and ejected from their old home. But they were not expelled from the country—a motion to that effect had been defeated by a narrow margin in the Senate—and the suppression itself was more legal than real. True, the General and his assistants were driven out of the country, but if the other members of the Society went about their work quietly, there was nothing to prevent their carrying on just as before. And so it was possible for the Fathers themselves to continue the Roman College instead of letting it cease to exist or handing it over to the secular clergy as they had been obliged to do when the Society was suppressed in 1773. Their first task was to find a new home, and very naturally they chose a house which enjoyed the protection of a foreign flag—the German College in the Palazzo Borromeo. The schools were soon established there, and on December 4th, 1873, we find Pius IX permitting the College to assume the title Pontificia Università Gregoriana which had appeared in some ancient document.

The bare facts of the story of the suppression of the Roman College do little to reveal the great heroism displayed by the Society of Jesus throughout. The loss of an institution which had cost the Society over three centuries of labour, and which had become dear to them through a hundred noble traditions, was no easy blow to sustain. But though the edifice was gone, the spirit of the Roman College remained and inspired the community to continue its great work. The crisis was over. It took time to repair the damage done, but it was not long before the Roman College left behind this sad page in its history and entered upon a period of even greater prosperity.

J. D. Key

AN ENGLISH CARDINAL IN CURIA

I WAS presented to Edward Archbishop Howard in the spring of 1875, soon after my reception into Holy Church, and have many recollections of his kindness to me, both before and after his elevation to the cardinalate. He was at that time in the prime of life, about forty-five ; and I well recollect his tall, burly form, handsome ruddy features, and military carriage (it was almost a swing), recalling his service in Her Majesty's Life Guards, before he entered the priesthood. I think his last military duty had been to ride with his troop at the head of the great procession at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. He had been ordained on the great day (Dec. 8th, 1854) of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception ; and much of his life, as a simple priest, had been devoted to the service of the sick poor of Rome, towards whom his zeal and charity never flagged.

I had the honour of receiving confirmation at the Archbishop's hands, and of dining with him on the same day at his beautiful residence the Villa Negroni, in the new quarter of Rome (a district not in favour with the Papalini, who nicknamed t " Buzurropolis "). He was an accomplished linguist as well as a most agreeable host ; and nothing pleased him more than to preside at his own table, supported, perhaps, on either side by a Greek Patriarch and a Spanish Archbishop, with a French royalist marquis opposite and a couple of English monsignori round the corner. After his elevation to the cardinalate he,

though personally of simple tastes, kept up considerably more state than his Roman colleagues. Subsequent to the occupation of Rome by the Italians in 1870, the Cardinals had, by the Pope's wish, abandoned the use of their famous gilt and bedizened coaches, and drove about in lamentable-looking black carriages, drawn as a rule by the sorriest of steeds. Even when they took their walks at the back of the Pincian Hill (their favourite promenade) they were supposed to dispense with all insignia of their rank, and to go habited as simple priests.

Cardinal Howard did not pay very much regard to these conventional sumptuary regulations. He went out for his drives, not, certainly, in a gilded coach, but in a handsome landau from Longacre. I remember him, after one of his cosmopolitan dinner-parties, speaking to his guests of the fine carriage horses that he had just imported from England, and insisting on the whole party coming down to the stables to inspect them. It was a picture which Rembrandt might have painted—his Eminence, in scarlet sash, stockings and cap, striding into the stalls, and regaling his favourites with big rosy apples ; a bearded Armenian bishop, a dignified protonotary-apostolic, and two domestic prelates, standing ankle-deep in the straw, holding up their violet skirts and muttering " E proprio originale, questo cardinale inglese ! " ; an amused and irreverent Oxonian (that was I !) laughing in the background ; and the bright Roman sun shining from a turquoise sky on the picturesque figures, the medley of colours, and the two grinning grooms (one English, one Roman) who stood in their shirt-sleeves looking on at the quaint scene.

The Cardinal (who was above all things unconventional) never troubled himself to disguise his identity when he took the air afoot. I used sometimes to see him coming home from a visit to some church, perhaps the *stazione* of the day ; and a notable figure he was, walking rapidly along (as his custom was) in his red-buttoned cassock and scarlet sash, big hat with gold and scarlet tassels, and silver-buckled shoes. A liveried lackey followed him at a respectful distance, bearing his breviary, prayer-books, and other implements of devotion ; and the little Romans would gaze up at the " gran cardinale

inglese" with mingled admiration and astonishment. A splendid apparition of that kind had, in truth, already become rare in the Rome of 1880; and his Eminence attracted nearly as much attention in the raw unfinished streets of "Buzurropolis" as he would have done had he taken a noonday stroll in similar costume from Charing Cross to Ludgate Circus.

I was present when Cardinal Howard received the *biglietto* announcing his elevation to the sacred purple in 1877, and also when he took possession of his titular church, SS. John and Paul, which, two centuries before, his kinsman, Cardinal Philip Howard, O.P., had acquired for the English Dominicans, and had spent large sums in restoring and beautifying.

I think that almost my last glimpse of the kind English Cardinal was seeing him in some recreation-hall in the Vatican, whither Pope Pius IX used to come down after his solitary dinner for half an hour's conversation with his cardinals. We chamberlains had the privilege of standing, mute as mice, behind the high-backed seats on which their Eminences sat in due order and talked, the Holy Father in the centre of the circle. Cardinal "Ovardi" (the nearest that the Romans could get to the noble name of Howard) was seated as a mere cardinal deacon, furthest away from his Holiness, who, however, I remember on one occasion called him to come and sit beside him, and tell him the news from England, especially what that dreadful "*Glad-ston-ey*" had lately been saying about Rome and the Pope. During this brief recreation the Pope always circulated his snuff-box (with a magnificent cameo on its lid) round the distinguished circle; and if any one passed it on without taking a pinch—Cardinal "Ovardi" never did—the Pontiff would call out playfully, "Eminenza! non prende? perchè?".

The last five years of Cardinal Howard's life were spent in England, and clouded by trying and incurable illness. But he never lost the love and respect of his devoted relatives and friends; and this was abundantly testified at the great gathering which attended his impressive funeral in 1892 in the historic Fitz-Alan Chapel at Arundel Castle.

✠ D. O. HUNTER-BLAIR, O.S.B.,
Abbot of Dunfermline.

NOVA ET VETERA

A TOPICAL PEG

In the last few months so great has been the interest taken in the kingdom of Ethiopia that even the most staid of our quarterlies have been publishing articles on the subject. It may come as a surprise to our readers to learn that we, too, can provide an article.

From Grace Ramsay's Life of Thomas Grant, Rector of the Venerabile from 1844 to 1851 and first Bishop of Southwark, we quote the following[1]:—

" It will, perhaps, provoke a smile of incredulity in some of our readers if we tell them that Dr Grant was indirectly, but by no means insignificantly, concerned in the success of our rapid and brilliant campaign in Abyssinia. Many years before the event, a missionary, who had spent some time there, came to see him, and amongst other peculiarities of the country happened to mention that the only European coin current among King Theodore's people was the old silver Maria Teresa dollar, a number of which had been left in the country nearly a hundred years ago by some Portuguese settlers, and which, owing either to its size, weight, and ugliness, or to the fact of its being the first they had ever seen, approved itself to the savage mind, and continued to be the only one they accepted, the native circulating medium being blocks of salt. The

[1] pp. 193-194. Since preparing this article, we find the story has been noticed slightly in one or two sections of the Catholic press.

fact engraved itself on Dr Grant's faithful memory, and when the expedition was decided, he went to ask if they were aware of it at the War Office. It so happened that they were not. After many changes and much anxious discussion, two other coins had been adopted ;[1] the Bishop's information led to further inquiry, and being proved accurate, all the Maria Teresa dollars within call were bought up. It turned out, however, that the natives exacted, over and above the Bourbon-like effigy of the queen-king, that the coins should be bright new ones and bear the date of 1787 : this latter point was indispensable. The only way of compassing these difficult conditions was to obtain the die from the Austrian Government, upon which the needful supply was immediately coined at the Indian mint. It would be idle to speculate how far, meantime, the absence of available money might have changed the course of events with our troops ; but we may safely affirm that, had they arrived in the midst of a savage enemy's country unprovided with the sinews of war, they would have found the situation uncomfortable."

THE HOLY FAMILY PICTURE

One day last year the Rector was showing a gentleman of artistic distinction round the College. In the Martyrs Chapel the visitor stopped beneath that obscure blackish painting that hangs over the sacristy door : " Ecco, Monsignore, roba di valore ! " In his opinion it was painted by the school of Raphael and was certainly very old and valuable. So the picture was sent to Signor Ridolfi, the painter of our pictures of St Joseph and Cardinal Zurla, to be restored.

When we returned to Rome from Palazzola we found it hanging once more in its old place over the sacristy door. But what a transformation ! Formerly it was so blackened with age that you could not look at it without wondering why it was not thrown away. But now even to the unaesthetic eye it is a striking picture : still rather on the dark side, but that

[1] The Spanish dollar and the silver five-franc piece, as far as can be ascertained.

only serves to show up the figures in the foreground. They are, Our Lady seated with the Child on her knee—beside her St Elizabeth and St John the Baptist—and in the background a faint figure that is presumably St Joseph. The general tone of the picture, as we have said, is on the dark side, but not unpleasantly so. Rather is it a rich harmonious gloom. The only trouble is that the Martyrs Chapel is so dark (unless the sun is shining in the cortile) that it is not always easy to view the picture properly.

A ROMISH PLOT

Here is a delicious little philippic, taken from an appendix to a sermon preached in Canterbury Cathedral about 1838 against Papists, Jesuits and the English College, Rome, by the Right Rev William Grant Broughton, D.D., Bishop of Australia.[1]

" This design for reviving the Roman Catholic Faith in England has been thought deserving of more than domestic encouragement. It has attracted the attention of foreign states, and has its branches extended especially to Rome . . . . An institution of more direct influence is ' The English College ' at Rome, which is carefully cherished and mainly relied on, as an effective instrument for advancing the cause of the Romish Church in this country. A very remarkable proof of the deep policy by which it has recently been thought worth while to attach the students of this institution by redoubled ties to the service for which they are destined, was afforded in October 1827 ; when, for the first time during several centuries, the Pope himself visited their summer retreat about fourteen miles from Rome. A very striking account is extant, written by a former student of Stonyhurst, but then a member of the English College, who was present on the occasion. A most animated picture is drawn of the extreme affability and condescension of His Holiness, allowing them to kiss his foot and his hand, blessing their beads, dining at their table, conferring

[1] Published as *An Outline of the Present Condition of the Romish Religion in this Kingdom.* Cf. the reprint and translation of *Constitutiones Societatis Jesu,* London 1838, p. 132.

upon them as they knelt before him the very significant appellation of 'the hope of the Church,' and after his departure sending them as a present a beautiful young calf, ornamented with flowers, and moreover issuing directions to his masters of ceremonies that in the procession of Corpus Christi the students of the English College should carry the Baldacchino, or hangings, which are borne over the Pope as he carries the Blessed Sacrament. Such attentions are not lavished without an object; and when the period for this manifestation is considered in connection with other well-known circumstances, but slender doubts can remain as to what is 'the hope of the Church', or how it is to be realised." The well known circumstances were, he says, "the work of proselytism" carried out from Stonyhurst "through the exertions of those judiciously planted agents who were issuing yearly from the College"; the placing of Peter Kenny "partly educated at Stonyhurst" as Vice-President of Maynooth; the establishment of Clongowes with Fr. Kenny, "since admitted S.J." at Palermo 1808, as President &c. "All these, with any augmentation, which may have taken place during the ensuing five years, have grown up as suckers from that, in appearance exanimate, root which was planted at Stonyhurst not forty years before."

"These, among many other indications, furnish the ground upon which it is assumed that a design is now in progress of execution, for re-establishing in England the Roman Catholic Religion. The chief agency is evidently entrusted to the Jesuits."

"SANCTIFICATION"

[This account of the canonization of St John Fisher and St Thomas More is honestly compiled from a sheaf of cuttings from leading English newspapers. Each piece it taken from its context without any alteration and is used in its intended sense.]

Imagine a glorious May morning: the bells of the Holy City rang out at 6.30.

A priceless damask covered the walls of the Basilica and

the Papal altar in red tissue was floodlit. Myriads of lamps gave the interior of the church an unearthly aspect. About 10,000 British pilgrims were present, together with the British clergy and American visitors.

At nine o'clock are heard salvos of firing outside.

At last with a great flourish of trumpets and military shouts of the Swiss Papal Guards, the first part of the procession, headed by representatives of the mendicant orders, then the monastic orders, followed at about ten paces by the Canons Regular of the Lateran of the Holy Redeemer, poured into the Basilica. Then followed the vast procession itself.

His Holiness was carried from the Vatican in an open palanquin with two privy chamberlains holding the enormous fans that are called *flabelli* (they have got handles about fifteen feet long).

In his left hand he held the Shepherd's Crook.

The great basilica rang again and again with cheers and shouts of " Long live the Pope, our King ".

The Pope takes his place seated in the *sedia gestatoria*—the chair of state of his Papal Sovereignty.

Mrs ——— sat beside the Pope as a direct descendant of the great Lord Chancellor, who was beheaded by his King for his allegiance to the Catholic faith.

Then followed the actual petition of canonization addressed to the Holy Father by a Master of Ceremonies dressed in black velvet robes in the Medici fashion.

The Pope donned the robes of Doctor of the Church.

He said *ex ecclesia*—as Head of the Church—that the names of Sir Thomas More and Bishop John Fisher had been added to the catalogue of sacred names as Saints.

Sir Thomas More is the only speaker of the House of Commons to be so honoured.

The Pope showed his regard for English Catholics by celebrating the Solemn Papal Mass in person.

During the canonization ceremony the Congregation will all hold lighted candles and the culminating point, as well as the most picturesque, will be reached half-way through the Mass, when the Pope attended by his cardinal deacon and

cardinal sub-deacon is about to chant the Offertory. Then will be brought to him by attendants gifts of immense candles, thick as scaffold poles, stamped with the initials of the blesseds and bearing the papal arms.

Then follows the traditional gifts of the symbolic keys.

From time immemorial this ritual, with a touch of the orient in its splendour, has been followed.

All is according to early Christian usage.

Every detail from the papal invocation of the Holy Spirit to the presentation of the miniature aviary is laid down precisely in the Code of Canon Law, the Codex of the Catholic Church.

Then St Peter's empties itself into the sunshiny Piazza.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 12th. *Friday*. The *villeggiatura* really begins on that surging corner of Rome near the railway station. For it is there that there comes at last to our weary senses that peculiar hoot of the Castelli tram, an unmusical screech indeed, distorted and imperative ; and yet with an influence potent to drive from the minds the thought of turbid Rome and to bring to sudden, sweet reality the vision of the distant hills. So here we are on the same old road and bent on the same old mission. Of course, I must keep a watchful eye for new details, but be assured, everything is much the same as in your day, and just as you would wish it. The brown Campagna still rattles along, and the aqueducts still march in stately splendour ; while neither the old woman with her water-pot nor the gravely twitching mule with his bundles of firewood show any trace of modernity. The tram begins its climb to Rocca, and the good breeze that rustles the cane-brakes from top to toe quickens the blood from its lethargy and sends it dancing to the music of the hooded wine-carts. From Rocca—O worn and honoured phrase !—"home through the woods", to find the new motor road from Marino to Velletri still in the initial stages of construction and fulfilling our worst forebodings : for it cuts through the orchard and runs along the old De Cupis road by the Sforza.

13th. *Saturday*. A swift look round the Villa tells you that those very necessary repairs in the old wing are at last completed. The flooring of ugly, dusty brick has given place to polished tiles, and the roof which used to let in a generous supply of water has been completely restored. Very neat the rooms look too with their red floors, white walls and ceiling and green woodwork of door and window. The architect has added just the right amount of beauty to a necessary and very useful innovation. But though we are all new and glorious within, without the grey, monastic tranquillity of our Villa remains unspoilt. In the chapel we are sorry to see that the Portuguese have claimed their Madonna from behind

the high altar, especially as we are now left with a curious view of two angels and half a dozen cherubs, kicking their legs in plaster clouds of glory, and staring ecstatically at an empty square of white cement.

14th. *Sunday*. *Prosit* Messrs Malone and Nesbitt who were ordained deacons today by the Cardinal Vicar in the chapel of the Lateran Seminary.

15th. *Monday*. Despite examination pressure, there are many public spirited men who find time to spare for work on the Sforza, clearing the tennis-court of its wealth of undergrowth and cutting down that forest of giant ferns which even Carnevale's cows find indigestible. A campaign, too, has started against the moles which in years past have ruined our most cherished greens, and here are two traps hanging from the ruined timbers of the Golf-house. No moles have been caught as yet, but the Villa is still young.

16th. *Tuesday*. "O dulces comitum valete coetus." We said goodbye to Messrs Jones, Grady, Fleming and Lyons who, faithful to the end, left for England in a camerata of four. The solemn ceremony of weighing-in took place after dinner.

17th. *Wednesday*. It is distressing to see men still pacing the garden, thesis sheet in hand, but it must be so for three more days yet. If only the University would adopt a system of merciful decimation! To open the 1935 golf season the Senior Student shyly and secretly topped a golf ball off the first tee today; something similar happened on the cricket pitch. The tennis-court is gradually being razed to the ground.

18th. *Thursday*. This morning a refreshing breeze was moving through the cypresses, and as we looked mockingly over to the right of the Campagna we saw a heat mist swallow Rome from sight. In the afternoon it was pleasing to hear the yells of half a dozen cricketers at net practice. Even the disappointing sound of your own collapsing wicket has a certain charm in the first week of the game.

20th. *Saturday*. An extra glass of red at supper tonight set us all busily speculating, but it was no more than a general *prosit* on getting the examinations over. The things finished today so the Villa has begun properly at last.

21st. *Sunday*. A cricket match was played this morning in honour of Mr Purdy, a noted member of the V.E.C.C.C., who for a second time made his final appearance in Sforza cricket. To dinner Brother Roche of the Irish Christian Brothers.

22nd. *Monday*. All is feverish activity. Strong men who only a few days ago groaned in the summer heat and allowed exam-fever to sap their energy, arise today with a strength which knows no limit. Paths must be straightened and weeded, walls mended and plastered, the Pergola above the garden, the Sforza steps, the Wiggery and the much frequented Golf-house, must be made to recover the freshness which they have lost during the months of our absence. The tennis committee are still fighting against fearful odds.

23rd. *Tuesday*. *Ad multos annos* to Mr Purdy who left us today. He all but missed his tram to Rome and then found that he had not the money wherewith to pay his fare.

24th. *Wednesday*. The first Sforza gita day. In the morning the Latin Vale, Faette, or Monte Cavo, and back to the Sforza at midday. To dinner George, the Palazzola beggar, dressed in a handsome green jersey, and voluminous trousers.

25th. *Thursday*. Another cricket match. One complete innings was played, and then six wickets of the second fell before lunch. The bowling is magnificent.

27th. *Saturday*. The Sforza is practically deserted nowadays. Not one golfer was to be seen on the course today because the golf balls, which were ordered in good time, are now in the hands of some unsporting postal official. Net practice, however, is very popular. The committee have done excellent work in mending bats, gloves and pads, but the problem of laying out a satisfactory pitch is still far from a solution. Late in the afternoon, the distant flashes of lightning which we had noticed over the Campagna gradually became more and more frequent, and a low rumbling of thunder rolled across towards Palazzola. Rain—we blush as we write it—has disgraced "pretty maid July".

28th. *Sunday*. Congratulations to Mr Malone and Mr Nesbitt who were ordained this morning at S. Ignatio. We were glad to see at dinner Mgr Heard and Mr Montgomery, British *Chargé d'affaires* to the Holy See ; both stayed with us the whole afternoon.

29th. *Monday*. First Masses of the new priests, and in the evening Solemn Benediction and Kissing of Hands.

30th. *Tuesday*. A man went to Albano today to get a tooth out, and came back with eighty golf balls. From now onwards golf news starts.

31st. *Wednesday*, and therefore another Sforza gita day. But we could see great banks of cloud frowning down upon us from the heights of Monte Cavo. Soon they drifted down gloomy and threatening over the lakeside, and rain fell for the fourth time this Villa. Late in the morning, dinner on the Sforza was declared impossible and we had to dine indoors—not in the refectory but on bare, cold, and unromantic common-room tables under the grey stone arches of the cortile. A walk to Castelgandolfo in the evening, where the Holy Father was due to arrive at 7 P.M., soon restored any fallen spirits. The town was in an uproar : all the shops were closed by order of the *podestà*, bells clanged incessantly, enormous crowds thronged the main square in front of the papal palace, and gaily coloured *arazzi*, and Papal and Italian flags, hung from every window. We could not stay for the blessing which the Holy Father gave from the balcony of the Palace, and though we ran all the way back to Palazzola, none of us, alas ! arrived in time for supper.

AUGUST 1st. *Thursday*. The first mole was caught to-day: the sleek, handsome animal was impudently making straight for the cricket pitch.

2nd. *Friday*. Great work is being done on the hand-ball court. The uneven wall which was faced with *pozzuolana* three years ago has cracked up so badly that play for this year at least seemed quite impossible. A few days ago, however, it was decided to reface the wall completely with cement : scaffolding has been put up in a very professional manner, and three of our number have turned *muratori*. Trowel in hand, two of them splash on the wall a mixture of *pozzuolana* and cement, while the third watches for the waste and sees that it is scraped up and duly thrown back on to the wall.

3rd. *Saturday*. We welcomed the Rector back from his holiday in England.

5th. *Monday*. *Feast of Our Lady of the Snows*. The *romanità* of our hard-working sacristans has evidently triumphed over their aesthetic sense : this morning the floor of the church was thickly spread with bay leaves, and the statue of our Lady festooned with a chain of marigolds. High Mass at 7 A.M., an hour which was much too early for the Schola but just right for the rest of us. Our lunch was shared by Mgr Clapperton and Father Stevens of Ushaw. *Prosit* to the Rector who arrived five years ago today and thus completes exactly one lustrum of rectorship.

6th. *Tuesday*. Goodbye, till October, to the Vice-rector and Mr McNeill.

7th. *Wednesday*. Sforza gita and cortile practice for the Opera. All the new steel mole-traps have disappeared from the Sforza.

8th. *Thursday*.

> Uff ! Che bafa d'inferno ! che callaccia !
> Io nun ho arzato un deto e già so 'stracca.
> Oh che lasseme stà ! Sento una fiacca
> Che nun zo' bona de move 'le braccia.

Thus Belli on such a day as this. Let him who dares to prance in the heat of this August sun do what he will : today only the lotus-eater may win the sober man's praise. Nemi pines was just the right place to go to. As we sat and looked across the lake towards the old ruined castle of the Colonnas, we saw down below us among the lake-side vineyards and orchards the skeleton structure of an ugly museum which is gradually rising just above the old water line. It is to house the Roman galleys, we hear.

10th. *Saturday*. Our morning breather on the terrace was cheered by an interlude from " piccolo Bill ", the *custode's* son, who though not yet old enough to speak, wobbled perilously along the garden, pushing a wheel-barrow five times as heavy as himself. Proudly conscious of our applause, he dropped the barrow and ran for the hose-pipe, turned it on to the flower-bed, and then full on his father's face. Welcome to our old friend, Mr Montgomery, who will stay with us till Monday.

11th. *Sunday*. To dinner Mr Philip Nichols of the British Embassy to the Quirinal.

12th. *Monday*. The Opera played the rest and won easily.

13th. *Tuesday*. One of those days when you are distracted in the mornings by the sanctuary curtains sweeping wildly in the breeze, and by the fitful spurts and flickerings of the dancing candle flames. The high wind blew from morn till eve and did much to spoil our Sforza gita. News comes through of the death of a boy of thirteen, drowned in the Lake near the Gabina.

14th. *Wednesday*. Febo disappointed us today and fell from those high ideals we have trained him to attain. He is only a dog, but he has shown hitherto a perfect and deferential respect for all things ecclesiastical. Yet this afternoon on the way to Rocca di Papa he was most threatening towards Cardinal Pacelli, and had to be driven off by the Cardinal's escort.

15th. *Thursday*. *The Assumption of Our Lady*. A storm of rain came across the Campagna and brought us the coldest day we have had at the Villa. Ice cream at dinner.

18th. *Sunday*. From time to time our peace is disturbed by noisy, frivolous and gaily costumed trippers, who disport themselves on the terrace before our front door and strew their crumbs and papers untidily on the ground. They are sometimes allowed to take a peep at the cortile and the church, but in spite of their repeated requests, nowadays they are kept away from the garden and its reputed national monument. Two such *villeggianti* came this afternoon, and showed great interest in the church, which they had not seen since they gained the Portiuncula indulgence there in their youth in the days of the *frati*. They recalled the desolate wilderness which prevailed here in those days, and compared it with the state of order and cleanliness which reigns there at present. Is it not probable, by the way, that the Portiuncula indulgence still attaches to the church ?

19th. *Monday*. Of late everyone has been evincing a truly profound interest in international politics.

20th. *Tuesday*. Luigi, our *custode*, is a curious gardener. His mind runs in a groove : last year it was onions, this year it is beans. The reader at dinner was so relieved at bringing Sir Henry Hawkins' reminiscences to an end that he read us immediately afterwards an extract from " The Obit Book of the British Martyrology ".

21st. *Wednesday*. Penultimate Sforza gita. As we woke this morning in the bright sunlight, the tower clock struck twelve, and the house clock struck five. " In dubio," however " standum est pro ordinarie contingentibus," so we gave ourselves the benefit of the doubt, turned over again and went to sleep. This clock confusion has been going on for some time—the tower clock has been put on to electricity and it is taking it some time to settle down. The Senior Student, we

regret to say, has been taken ill and had to leave tonight for the Blue Nuns' Hospital in Rome.

22nd. *Thursday*. A high wind is ruffling the surface of the Lake and sending white horses charging over its surface. But despite the wind we had our best game of cricket today.

23rd. *Friday*. Tomatoes for breakfast—all different shades of green. Theologians are busy making their gita plans and looking around for cheap excursions; news comes through of a twenty-eight lire pilgrimage to Loreto.

25th. *Sunday*. A dozen of us have been appointed to go over to Castelgandolfo tomorrow to meet some English pilgrims who are leaving the Catholic Cruise at Civitavecchia and coming to have an audience with the Holy Father.

26th. *Monday*. Early this morning it looked quite clear and fine but far away in the distance we could see the grey Sabines flecked with the dark shadows of swiftly moving clouds. Consequently it was raining hard when we arrived at Castelgandolfo, and we found the merry pilgrims from the Catholic Cruise not a little disconsolate. But after their audience, lunch in the various hotels and cafés of Albano and Castelgandolfo soon set them on their feet again and they were very sorry to have to leave so soon to join their boat at Naples. One met with pleasure several old Venerabilini. On our return to the Villa we found Dr Gowland in our midst with Rev M. Thorp and Rev S. Dickenson, both old friends of the Ushaw men.

27th. *Tuesday*. Tonight, as

> The goodnight blush of eve was waning slow
> And Vesper hidden star began to throe
> In the dusky heavens silvery. . .

the brilliant glow of the spot lights in the cortile revealed a scene on board H.M.S. Pinafore. We are too shy to say how good the Opera was, and must leave the criticism to an official hand.

"The cortile has in its time played many parts and ever scorned the shadow of a disguise: now a corner of the Tower of London, now a piazzetta in Venice, it seemed to be possessed of infinite versatility. But this year it became apparent that its unaided powers had been exhausted. Not even the imagination of the Elizabethans could have changed its dusty stones and rusty iron-work into a British man-of-war. Something had to be done. And done it was, done so well that when the shades of Opera night came down it was scarcely possible to walk the cortile without a roll. The well-top, strong with massive iron plates, had been transformed into a gun-tower, dreadful by reason of its two belching guns, and patriotically surmounted by the Union Jack. The atmosphere was complete when a chorus of gallant sailors came merrily on to the main deck with the emphatic assurance that they sailed the

ocean blue. If in one or two instances their white ducks lacked that generosity in length and breadth which is a characteristic of the naval state, their singing, at least, was a breeze from the sea, jolly and rollicking.

" When the Captain appeared from the realms of the gun-tower, the mutual good-wishes and appreciations fairly made the deck resound. He was a right good captain, too. His songs were sung most convincingly, and his rendering of *Fair Moon, to Thee I Sing*—apart from the fact that the real moon was shining conspicuously behind his back while he was dealing with the imaginary moon in front of him—was one of the more special joys of the evening. In conversation he showed a surprising facility in substituting synonyms for the original Gilbertian text, sometimes for better, sometimes for worse. The bosun was superb and the way he expanded his chest left no doubt of his pride in being an Englishman. Buttercup, in this performance at least, was not at home ; we could not help feeling that her genius was cramped in the part. But Dick Deadeye seemed to take malicious satisfaction in being so revolting and limped around really malevolently.

" If Cousin Hebe and company had not assured us on their arrival that they were ' gaily tripping, lightly skipping ', there might have been some doubt on the point. They really enjoyed themselves and brightened the stage considerably. Cousin Hebe particularly played up admirably to the portly Sir Joseph and gave that deft touch here and there that makes all the difference. Sir Joseph was beyond praise. He had a fine command of the stage and his songs rolled out with a magnificent swish. If a little severe at first, he gradually took a lighter vein, and his ridiculous caperings during *Never Mind the Why and Wherefore*, could not have been bettered. Ralph and Josephine reached a very high level. Ralph acted and sang better than ever before ; the excellence of his singing especially was altogether out of the ordinary. Josephine carried off her part in a most realistic fashion and her singing was never a disappointment ; the very difficult song at the beginning of the second act was perhaps the triumph of the evening.

" It is the first time that Pinafore has been staged here, and there can be no doubt that it has come to stay. The general excellence of the principals has rarely been so good, and the chorus, although a little ragged in its grouping, attained that vigour and expression in singing that we now almost take for granted. It is scarcely necessary to add that the dresses and electrical arrangements were splendid as usual ; as for the orchestra, it is hard to imagine now how we ever staged an opera without it.

" The next morning the glory of the cortile was departed, the two belching guns stood revealed as a couple of thick wooden poles, the massive iron-plates as thin grey paper, and music-stands, odd chairs, and programmes made disconsolate groups. But memory does not go out with the stars and the mind can still go back with real enjoyment to one more great evening, to one more unforgettable Opera at Palazzola."

H.M.S. PINAFORE
or
THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR
by
W. S. Gilbert. A. Sullivan

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. (*First Lord of the Admiralty*)	Mr Roberts
Captain Corcoran (*Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore*)	Mr Gallagher
Ralph Rakestraw (*Able Seaman*)	Mr Doyle
Dick Deadeye (*Able Seaman*)	Mr Curran
Bill Bobstay (*Boatswain's Mate*)	Mr McKenna
Bob Becket (*Carpenter's Mate*)	Mr Nesbitt
Josephine (*the Captain's Daughter*)	Mr Loftus
Hebe (*Sir Joseph's First Cousin*)	Mr Pitt
Mrs Cripps (*Little Buttercup*) (*a Portsmouth Bumboat Woman*)	Mr Elcock
Chorus of Sailors	Mr Leahy, Mr Grasar, Mr Coonan, Mr Goldsmith, Mr Gannon
First Lord's Sisters, Cousins and Aunts	Mr Mitchell, Mr Iggleden, Mr McNamara, Mr Storey, Mr Weetman

Scene : Quarterdeck of H.M.S. Pinafore off Portsmouth
Act I Noon Act II Night

Producer : Mr Jackson
Music and Conductor : Mr J. S. Malone

Orchestra :
First Violins : Messrs Ekbery and Wilcock
Second Violins : Messrs Gallagher and Malone (G.)
'Cello : Mr Harrison
Piano : Mr Molloy

Dresses : Messrs Browne and Carlile
Electrical Arrangements : Mr Connolly

28th. *Wednesday.* In spite of a half-hour's extra sleep, it was hard to rise this morning. Those Opera melodies vibrate in the memory and banish sleep till well into the morning. Look at the cortile now, and see how faded is its tinsel glory. And what a prosy sight are those goal-posts which yesternight were guns. Photographs of the cast took all the morning—far too long. Today was the last of the Sforza gitas.

29th. *Thursday*. We witnessed the bitter humiliation of one of our guests, who took the mendicant friar's outstretched hand and shook it warmly.

30th. *Friday*. A very good game of cricket, and because it was the last, a beneficent captain consoled his players with a bar of chocolate.

31st. *Saturday*. Goodbye Fathers Gowland, Thorp and Dickenson. In the evening an impossible film, *Caccia ai Millioni*, with chocolate and cigarettes kindly provided by our guests.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Sunday*. The great exodus began today. Central Italy is becoming less and less popular for gitas—in these days you can get fifty and seventy per cent reductions to the frontier. Most people are going to the Italian Tyrol ; a few go beyond the border to Bavaria and Austria, while others, like Keats, " have felt a languishment for Italian skies, and an inward groan to sit upon an Alp ".

2nd. *Monday*. A score or so of Philosophers and a scarcely perceptible sprinkling of Theologians alone remain. Wherefore—presumably—nobody went any further than Algidus.

3rd. *Tuesday*. We began the college visits by entertaining the Americans. After dinner a short concert, the chief items of which were selections from *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and the last movement of Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto*.

8th. *Sunday*. *The Nativity of Our Lady*. It is useless, I suppose, for us to shake our heads and point our fingers at the navvies working on the new road above the Sforza ; it is useless to say : " I told you so ". But it is true. They are finding the work more expensive and long drawn out than they bargained for, and they cannot finish it by October.

11th. *Wednesday*. An adventurous gita party taking a short cut from Velletri to Nemi suddenly found themselves in the middle of a film production, all complete with hero and heroine in an expensive Rolls Royce, and a raucous producer standing by the camera. To the great disappointment of the party, all operations were suspended till they passed.

12th. *Thursday*. The Scots were our guests at Palazzola. After dinner a surprise visit from Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi. The first gita party returned today, and kept alive the venerable tradition of spinning clever yarns about all they did.

13th. *Friday*. Third Year Philosophers took Dr. Park away for a ten day gita in the Casentino. Florence—Arezzo—La Verna, we believe, is their proposed route ; where they will actually get to we shall hear next week.

14th. *Saturday*. More worn out, hungry and slender-pursed gita parties returned to Alma Mater. A letter arrived tonight for the Superioress of The New English College. Welcome again Mr Montgomery.

15th. *Sunday*. To dinner Mr Ingram, of the British Embassy to the Quirinal.

16th. *Monday*. At last the House is full of smooth-tongued Theologians who, if you are not careful, will tell you all about their gitas. Vivid descriptions come lightly to the tongue of scrambles in the high Alps, of the number of kilometres walked or churches visited in Tuscany or Umbria, and of the intricacies of the German tongue. There arrived tonight a new friend, Mgr Cenci, *minutante* to Propaganda, who is to stay with us a short while in order to learn English.

17th. *Tuesday*. The Subdeacons left for Rome where they will have their diaconate retreat from Fr Welsby.

18th. *Wednesday*. Mgr Cenci's English lessons proceed apace. We have already given him several very amusing ones in the common-room. Pearls of phraseology dropping from our lips are immediately written down in this exemplary pupil's notebook.

19th. *Thursday*. Gita day. The evenings grow darker and darker, and the *Ave* slips round towards six o'clock, but on these days one stays out late awalking, or sits round fires in various cosy nooks of the estate.

21st. *Saturday*. A terrifying telegram comes from the Third Year gita party : " studente ammalato arriva mezzanotte ". *Prosit* Fourth Year Theology who were raised to the diaconate today in the Chiesa Nuova by Archbishop Palica.

22nd. *Sunday*. Fr V. Fay arrived today in the company of Fr Watterston of Salford. The sick man arrived too ; he was not so bad after all.

23rd. *Monday*. To dinner Father Croft-Fraser.

24th. *Tuesday*. Gita day, anticipated because of tomorrow's festivities. A dozen of us slithered and bumped down almost as the crow flies to Acqu' Acetosa, and had an alfresco meal among the pines by the lakeside. It was fairly late when we started back, and it was not long before the last rays of the setting sun smote through the thin lattice work of the branches. As we wound up and down and in and out along the vague, overgrown, mule-trodden paths, we saw Castelgandolfo finely silhouetted in clear dark outline against a gold-red sky. We were back in time to splash about by moonlight in our delightful tank, and ready by supper time to hear about those other parties who had " sunk down to the dusky cave again ", or had gone to hear " the surgy murmurs of the lonely sea " at Anzio. The Rector set off to walk to Velletri, but feeling unwell, had to come back by car to Palazzola. The mishap, fortunately, is not serious since on

25th. *Wednesday*, his birthday, he was down betimes for mental prayer, and was able to grace the festive board and receive our congratulations after dinner in a speech from the acting Senior Student. *Ad multos annos !* Many thanks to our guests Fathers Fay and Watterston, who provided English cigarettes after dinner. Everything round

us at the Villa now speaks of the transitoriness of our pleasure. Long gitas are all finished and day gitas soon will be; the mule-paths in the woods are becoming softened and moistened by the more frequent falls of rain; and in our own garden, especially at the end near the cypresses, " keen fitful gusts are whispering here and there among the trees ". Yet is not this a time sacred at the Villa ?—a time of Golf-house fires and roasting chestnuts, of glorious sunsets and unforgettable gita days when, after the full measure of a cloudless day, you trudge wearily home, sending up long snatches of song to the faint, cold starlight.

26th. *Thursday*. A good number of us went over to Castelgandolfo to return the American College visit, while the rest, unattracted by movies or cookies, had a no-bell day, sang Opera after dinner, and smoked an exotic brand of cigarettes, generously provided by Mgr Cenci.

27th. *Friday*. The Sforza is at its best on these late September mornings. You can leave your hat behind you and brave the heat of the midday sun with impunity; the turf is springy and green again, and the heat no longer quivers above a brown stubble of grass and fern. Consequently the notice-board becomes hidden by notices of golf and tennis tournaments. Up to date eighteen moles have been caught, and several wasp nests have been scalded or burnt out.

29th. *Sunday*. A game of football. The golf tournament too is in good swing. One of our best golfers was thrashed by one of the rabbits: the rabbit, when interviewed, squeaked his joy and hoped his handicap would remain as high as ever.

30th. *Monday*. Twenty of us went over to Marino to enjoy the hospitality of the Scots Villa. Instead of taking the narrow and rocky path you have been used to in the past, you go nowadays by the half-finished Marino-Velletri road. Part of this, we hear, is to be opened in late October. The notice-board sported an illustrated gita list this evening. The illustration showed a merry, though ugly crowd, perched in a variety of ludicrous attitudes in and on and out of Giobbe's lorry. It was that fated Practica gita again, and fifteen signed the list in the first five minutes.

OCTOBER 1st. *Tuesday*. Opening our window tonight to look across the Lake, we were blinded by a cloud of dust swirling up from the garden paths and deafened by the noise of a hurricane rolling and roaring through the trees. The door flew open, the window banged to, and all the loose papers on the table were sent flying round the room. October indeed has come to stay.

2nd. *Wednesday*. The annual Subiaco treat for the First Year Philosophers started today, and we jeered them off into cold, black clouds. On account of the rain and fog our own gita day was postponed till tomorrow, and our portion of *prosciutto*, still an excellent privilege of the gita-morning breakfast, was carefully put back on the shelf. But...

Ch' aria serrata ! Oh dio che temporale !
Oh che tempo da lupi ! Oh che tempo fragello !

Eh qua sémo ar diluvio universale.
Fa un acqua a vento, un piove a mulinello,
Ogni goccia che viè pare un canale.

Forked lightning flashed across the dark sky, and was followed by the crashing and rolling of heavy thunder, while sheets of rain swept down across the garden, curved and twisted by a powerful wind. The Rector took a car to Rome, and had to be towed along the Appia by a heavy Roman lorry. After tea bells and sirens told us that the long expected *Adunata* had at last been summoned. News came through too that the war with Abyssinia had begun.

3rd. *Thursday*. Gita day—Monte Porzio, Nemi, S. Silvestro. The Practica jaunt has been postponed for this week. A saddened group brought back the news that the entrance to Nemi pines has been blocked by a wooden gate and plenty of barbed wire. Goodbye Mgr Cenci.

4th. *Friday*. The Rector took two of our number to dine with the pilgrim Philosophers at Subiaco, and we were able to have tonight more precise news of their shower-bath gita. Apparently they spent the first day in a sort of mud crawl, getting wet and dry alternately, but as usual all are sure now that it was an experience one should never miss.

5th. *Saturday*. The Philosophers returned from Subiaco. Welcome back, too, to the Senior Student after seven weeks in the Blue Nuns' Hospital. That full-throated bellowing which was heard coming from the common-room was produced by a chorus of sopranos—we are to have the Opera once more on Thursday.

6th. *Sunday*. Opera practice all morning, followed by a sermon on grace. This afternoon a siesta.

8th. *Tuesday*. Opera rehearsal, when lots of things went wrong which "would be all right on the night". The twenty-eighth mole has just been caught. Welcome the Vice-rector back from England, looking very fit.

10th. *Thursday*. Second performance of the Opera. All went well except for just a spot of rain as the chorus sang "Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen, for now the sky is all serene".

11th. *Friday*. Clouds of *pozzuolana* dust rose from the tennis-court as the Rector sought to recapture the fiery services of his youth.

13th. *Sunday*. *St Edward's Day*. High Mass, sung by the Rector in the small hours of the morning, was followed by a genuine no-bell day. Before dinner the Cardinal Protector addressed us in the chapel and told us among other things that the Rector "cut a most beautiful figure" whilst in Malta. Our guests at dinner were the Cardinal Protector, Archbishop Palica, Mgr Clapperton, Mr Montgomery and Dr Sabatucci.

14th. *Monday*. A letter arrived for the Spett. Collegio Etiopico, 45, Via di Monserrato—the little witticism perhaps of some gay and frivolous office boy. Welcome back the first of the Englanders, Rev B. Grady, straight from Brixton Gaol.

16th. *Wednesday*, the date which has trembled on the lips of anxious new men, and has caused the returning brethren to breathe a sigh of resignation, the day when all roads lead straight to Palazzola. This was our last gita day as you must have guessed if you heard the noise this evening coming from merry gita parties cosily sipping tea or wine round blazing fires in the Golf-house, Wiggery or Pergola. Voices were strained to their utmost in the effort to do justice to well-worn songs, and as one party tried to inform another that " they were the boys who made no noise ", a third group gave a soulful rendering of the well-known sentimental piece : " I leave Palazzola with a tear in my eye ". Then by a strange criss-crossing of sentiments, Rome was loudly apostrophized in a boisterous chorus of " O Roma nostris cordibus ". Finally the new men came and stopped their mouths with English cigarettes. The new men, by the way, a set of " plump and pleasing persons ", are P. Firth (Lancaster), D. Seward (Northampton), B. Keegan (Leeds), L. Hanlon (Salford), G. Auchinlech (Westminster), T. Regan (Birmingham) M. Abbott (Shrewsbury), P. McEnroe (Middlesbrough), I. Clarke (Shrewsbury), B. O'Neill (Lancaster), J. Key (Nottingham), and H. Reynolds (Salford).

17th. *Thursday*. Was it the wind that tore the goal posts up last night, and left them broken on the ground ? Glib tongues wagged freely today and we had innumerable mission stories of prisons, asylums and hospitals ; we learnt how well the First Year Theologians had comported themselves on holiday in England, and of course we were told much that we already knew of the old schools of the new men.

18th. *Friday*. The nerve-racking ordeal of choosing rooms for the coming year in Rome, when friends spring up around your elbow and point out in a careless and disinterested way the numerous defects of the room they have in mind. But hark at the noise of singing and shouting in the common-room ! While everybody is having his last fling before the retreat, your poor Diarist hastily scribbles a final note. The Retreat Father is Rev B. Leeming, S.J., of the Gregorian University. Let us hush, then, till

25th. *Friday*, when we came out of retreat and found that one of the new men had flown. How nice everybody is, but we shall be normal again soon. It rained every day last week, and it is still raining now, but of course I am not grumbling.

26th. *Saturday*. The rain and cold have brought about a revival of log fires in the common-room and billiard-room. You remember well, no doubt, the smoke that these fires caused, and the valiant eyes that wept round the billiard table. But we have changed all that, and now the smoke goes out through the chimney.

27th. *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*. This is probably the first time we have been in *villeggiatura* so late in October : the reason is the sad and much to be lamented fact that the dispensation given to

the Deacons for an early ordination will not allow them to be ordained before the end of December. A gentle walk after tea revealed the distressing fact that the Ponticello, as familiar to walkers here as the Ponte Sisto in Rome, has disappeared to make way for the new road.

28th. *Monday*. Alas ! the wheel has come full circle and we are here : tomorrow we leave Palazzola with a tear in our eye. However—the Velletri half of the new road, which is turning into a very picturesque country drive, was one of the many public works which, in keeping with Fascist tradition, were officially opened today, the anniversary of the March on Rome. We, too, had our celebrations. In the evening the Senior Student was stitched up in an old dressing gown and thrown on a blazing fire near the Wiggery. A torchlight procession surrounded the untidy bier, and the effigy, dressed in rags and remnants, was carried along the garden paths, round the cortile, and then back up the Sforza steps to the Wiggery, where, after a sad dance about the ashes, and the traditional medley of nostalgic chaunt, the solemn ritual brought the Villa to an end.

29th. *Tuesday*. Rome once more, now for us, as Milton says of Hades, " by contrast more severe ". The political situation does not seem to have cast a gloom on the affairs of men and it certainly has added a spice of interest to life. A camerata of carabines are standing on our doorsteps, guarding us they say, but from what is not quite clear. Life in the city goes on as usual, but you see regular war-bulletins plastered on the walls, and every shop exhibits a map of East Africa. There are plenty of soldiers about too, in colonial outfit—khaki with heavy brown boots and trousers tucked in at the ankle. The price of soap has gone up, alas ! and in the Roman trattorias there is some restriction in food allowances. But most terrible of all, there is a rumour of a second meatless day per week. In the afternoon where else could one possibly go to but Peter's and Pam ?

30th. *Wednesday*. One of the joys of returning to Rome is that you have plenty of elbow room everywhere, but especially in the refectory and the chapel. In the chapel, however, the view is rather spoilt since you see the faces of the people in the opposite stalls, instead of the nice round tonsures which you got used to at the Villa. There have been some useful things done while we have been away. To mention only a few : the exterior of the House on the garden side has been completely repainted ; the inside walls of the " slums " have been cleaned and distempered ; and in the refectory those poky little wall lights have been replaced by eight handsome iron-work lamps hanging from the ceiling. The glare of the light is softened by round, white shades, the bald whiteness of which is somewhat relieved by circular iron bands bearing appropriate texts from Scripture.

31st. *Thursday*. Arrival of Rev R. Birley (Lancaster), a new man for Seventh Year. He will join the Historical Faculty: this year, therefore, the College will be represented in four faculties at the University.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Friday*. *Prosit* the Rector who celebrates today the silver jubilee of his first arrival at the College. There was no illuminated address or ceremonial of any kind. The prize for originality must go to the thurifer, who at High Mass incensed the congregation on his way out after the Gospel. The congregation, the Rev R. Foster of the Beda College, solemnly rose and politely humoured this altogether new ceremonial lapse.

2nd. *Saturday*. It is quite a strange experience for us to feel that we are of some importance in Rome—the police have demanded a list of our names, ages, antecedents etc. Headlines in the papers report fresh action among the troops in Abyssinia, and we are following European politics with still greater interest. The Pontifical colleges have been urged by the *Osservatore Romano* to carry on as usual.

3rd. *Sunday*. Something like a University rag ended in damage to an English shop in the city ; Via Marna has become Via degli Italiani della Marna, and Piazza di Spagna Piazza Maresciallo de Bono. Needless to say the Hotel Eden did not escape the attention of the lively undergraduates. Mr Montgomery lectured to the Literary Society on " Queen Victoria."

4th. *Monday*. Italy's Armistice Day. The Rector went with two invalids down to Capri. The rest of us went to Pamphilj.

5th. *Tuesday*. *Lectio brevis seu prolusio*, Mass of the Holy Ghost, and premiation. The latter was no different from usual, and we won no prizes.

6th. *Wednesday*. Back to dreamy journeys through Denzinger. You soon settle down quite comfortably at the Greg, but there is the old crushing and crowding even in these palmy days of generous spacing. At dinner an old and trusted friend, Dr Ludvig Von Pastor—on the restoration of the " Papal Pah " if you believe what the reader says.

7th. *Thursday*. Requiem at S. Ignazio. After dinner we had the usual coffee and liqueurs to toast the new doctors. To the recently laurelled doctor, Mr E. Weldon, *ad multos annos*.

8th. *Friday*. In these days of a fallen sterling when we have to buy our own text books, the book auction starts much earlier in the year. One of our brightest boys showed a wonderful detachment from study. But he still has a Bible and a Denzinger.

9th. *Saturday*. We lost all faith in the University when we saw a talkie machine carried into the Aula Maxima, and a huge white screen put up and decorated with luxurious red curtains.

10th. *Sunday*. The mystery was explained. A sacred film *Golgota* was shown at the University for some charitable purpose : evidently not for us, as tickets were obtainable only at six and ten lire and the film was shown after the *Ave*. Consequently on the

11th. *Monday*, before early schools, the floor of the Aula Maxima was littered with a mass of distorted chairs and a debris of programmes and coloured paper-wrappers. Today is the birthday of the King of Italy, a national festival. Thirty thousand soldiers were reviewed on the Via del Impero by Signor Mussolini, and after it was all over, the Romans rushed to the Piazza Venezia and joined in a great cry of " Duce ! Duce ! ", till the windows of the great balcony were opened and he gave them the Fascist salute.

12th. *Tuesday*. The winner of the Stanley Scholarship, Mr L. Alston of the Liverpool diocese, arrived today.

14th. *Thursday*. A game of Rugby. Election results at tea set busy tongues forecasting the future of England.

16th. *Saturday*. This evening the Fascist Grand Council met in the Palazzo Spada to decide their contra-sanctions policy, and during the meeting a regiment of soldiers was drawn up across the Via di Monserrato between the College and the Palazzo Farnese.

17th. *Sunday*. Our second talkie film, Laurel and Hardy in *Muraglie*, provided one of the most entertaining evenings we have had for a long time.

18th. *Monday*. All the city was beflagged as a demonstration of the national resistance to sanctions which come into force today. A troop of soldiers stationed in the nuns' cortile until late in the evening shouted and sang lustily all day.

20th. *Wednesday*. Twenty new cardinals !

21st. *Thursday*. Young Philosophers are running feverishly hither and thither preparing a concert and speeches for St Catherine's.

23rd. *Saturday*. The volume of Dr Pastor was soon finished off and replaced by Lord Howard's *Theatre of Life*.

25th. *Monday*. St Catherine's, the day on which you are expected to wish the First Year Theologians a happy feast. The after dinner speeches given by the new men were, of course, models of eloquence, treating of their journey out and of our magnificent welcome. Of their concert in the evening we may quote the placard on the way to schools : " Non è più un successo, è un clamoroso trionfo ". We should like to emphasise the second last word rather than the last.

1. First Year Song.	(Music, Vice-rector)	
2. Sea Shanty	*Three Men in a Boat*	Mr Martindale
3. Violin Solo	*Tango* (*Albeniz*)	Mr Pitt
4. Song	. . . . .	Mr Hanlon
5. Duet	*La Dove Prende* (*Mozart*) (*From " The Magic Flute "*)	Messrs Loftus and McKenna
6. Piano Solo	*Novellette* (*Schumann*)	Mr Molloy
7. Sketch		

SANCTIONS

Episode 1 Bemused

Characters :

Fascist Officer	Mr Coonan
Joe Mac	Mr Hulme
Pi	Mr Loftus
Tec	Mr Curran
Mick	Mr McKenna
Another Fascist	Mr Goldsmith
Carabiniere	Mr Hiscoe
Hank	Mr Weetman
Buddy	Mr Gannon

Scene : Guard Room, Venerabile

Episode 2 Abused

Mr Pearson	Mr Firth
Mr Walsh	Mr McEnroe
Mr Roberts	Mr Auchinlech
Mr Gallagher	Mr Hanlon
Mrs Grundy	Mr Clarke
Geoffrey Grundy	Mr Abbott

Scene : Station at St Pancras

Episode 3 Fused

Scene : Venerabile

26th. *Tuesday.* Alas for a meatless day !

28th. *Thursday.* Mr Ingram, Secretary to the British Embassy to the Quirinal, spoke to the Literary Society on China.

30th. *Saturday.* A spell of bitterly cold weather, combined with the central heating, threatens to fill the infirmary with 'flu patients. The problem of keeping a fairly even temperature throughout the whole body was solved for one man by stealing a pair of spats from the green-room.

DECEMBER 1st. *Sunday.* The Vice-rector's reputation for preaching has gone abroad and today he started the course of Advent sermons at S. Silvestro. A gaudy note on the notice-board invites, exhorts, urges and implores us to think of something for *Chi Lo Sa ?*

2nd. *Monday. Feast of the College Martyrs.* High Mass at 9 o'clock. The text of the proper Mass and Office was not ready for this year. The Rugby Committee thought that this special occasion called for a particularly solemn and important match ; accordingly the Laity challenged the Clergy to a game in Pamphilj. The Clergy won of course. Perhaps the reader was distracted at dinner by the thought of the coming match when he read from the *Obit Book* of a Venerabile confessor who " died on his knees in goal ". In the evening Veneration of the Relics.

3rd. *Tuesday.* Another holiday—for the Feast of St Francis Xavier. We had an ordinary soccer game this time, but Pam pitch was deluged.

Conditions were so bad that you could not even see those hoary roots which show slightly above the ground and land every second player on his face in the mud. All English papers, religious and otherwise, have stopped coming through.

4th. *Wednesday*. Conflicting accounts from Abyssinia leave us very vague about news of the war, and there is only slight evidence now and then in the city to show that something extraordinary is occupying the attention of the country. One sees constantly in the streets great loads of scrap iron—old bedsteads, perambulators, tin baths, and various nondescript parts of old machinery, hurried along on beflagged motor-lorries, to be melted down into metal likely to be of use to the *patria*.

5th. *Thursday*. Rain again to emphasise the dull cheerlessness of a Roman December. One lucky member of the House has been sent to the infirmary for a temporary rest and will rise daily at 8.30 A.M.

6th. *Friday*. We made history by finishing a public meeting in one session.

7th. *Saturday*. The city is full of smart, gold-braided army chaplains home on leave. At night the usual monotonous roar which comes up from the Monserrato is relieved by the shrill cry of news vendors selling the " ultima edizione " containing, or purporting to contain, all the latest war news.

8th. *Sunday*. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception*. A talk from Dr Moran on the experiences of an Australian Catholic doctor proved to be a very instructive lecture on pastoral medicine.

9th. *Monday*. *Tu potes insolitas, Cynthia, ferre nives?*—A foot of snow at Palazzola, says the Rocca cobbler : in Rome a *soupçon*, two or three flakes which melted immediately.

10th. *Tuesday*. The warm-hearted infirmarian is still pursuing a weary round, unbroken now since the Villa, of doctoring a steadily increasing number of colds and broken voices.

11th. *Wednesday*. But the cause is a grand one, for the concert committees are on the track of all singers. And if you haven't a voice, don't worry : the sketch committee have a little list, and you may be sure that they have something for you—a butler or a boot-black perhaps.

13th. *Friday*. Eugh !—and we mean it. As we made our way out to schools in the rain the carabines, standing back in the shelter of the doorway, smiled comfortably upon us as we brushed past. Politically the sky certainly seems more serene ; an important peace note has been drawn up by England and France and sent to Italy.

14th. *Saturday*. We provided the ceremonies at St Paul's, where a triduum is being celebrated in honour of the centenary of St Bede. This is only one of several ways in which the twelfth centenary has been honoured in Rome. On the following day,

15th. *Sunday*, Cardinal Pacelli crowned the celebrations with a learned and eloquent discourse in the same basilica. It is pleasant to see that the Piazza di Spagna has recovered its old name after these few weeks of change.

17th. *Tuesday*. At this time of the year practices for songs and sketches sadly deplete the numbers in the common-room. However, the few survivors manage to keep their end up. Tonight to vary things a little they started charades—dumb charades, figuring many notorious mimes.

19th. *Thursday*. Cardinal Lega died this morning. He will perhaps be remembered by an older generation as Mgr Lega, the friend of Mgr Prior who worked with him on the Rota. R.I.P.

20th. *Friday*. The stage arose. Another stage, too, is arising, in the Aula Maxima of the University. There are rich red tapestries on the walls and the floor is all becarpeted—quite the most luxuriant in Aula Maxima decorations we have ever seen. The unwonted splendour is for a cardinalitial reception to be held in the University tomorrow.

21st. *Saturday*. A lot of news today. Congratulations to the newly ordained priests : Messrs E. Neary, D. Leahy, T. Fee, M. Pearse, J. Walsh, E. Wilcock. The ceremony took place in the chapel of the Lateran Seminary, and was performed by Cardinal Marchetti. *Prosit*, also, First Year Theology who received the tonsure. Quarant 'Ore started at the College, and the chapel as usual was opened to the public. We were glad to hear that most of the English newspapers are now going to be allowed through. *Punch*, however, is still under the ban. The Gregorian gave a reception to six of the new cardinals, four of them old alumni of the University, the fifth Cardinal Jorico, and the sixth, Cardinal Boetto, of the Society of Jesus. The German College orchestra provided musical items. Also (this is the last bit of news) it rained and rained all day.

22nd. *Sunday*. Congratulations to Mr McCurdy, who for reasons of health was ordained privately this morning in the Martyrs Chapel by Archbishop Palica. As it was the First Mass day of the new priests, there was the usual ordination dinner, followed by *Ad multos annos* with musical honours.

23rd. *Monday*. First Mass of Mr McCurdy. The Forty Hours finished this morning.

24th. *Tuesday*. Christmas Eve. The frayed edges of last year's decorations are being carefully renovated ; the common-room committee are putting the finishing touches to the stage, and all looks well for tomorrow. Down in the chapel the sacristans are busy, and there is some devoted soul giving up his sleep to gather together the scattered remnants of last year's crib.

25th. *Wednesday*. *Christmas Day*. We went through matins and lauds last night quite smoothly and quickly, and, of course, sang the *Benedicite* with the usual gusto. One of the big " six " spurted into

an unhealthy flame and threatened to burst like a Christmas cracker. Finally it drooped penitently, and just when it was about to pour flaming grease all over the altar, the sacristans rushed quickly to the rescue. After lauds mutual Christmas greetings in the refectory over thin soup and hot wine, and then we sat up in the common-room round the fire, shouting insistently for *Chi Lo Sa?* At three o'clock in the morning it appeared, neatly typed—a very welcome innovation—and kept us alive and awake for a few minutes more. It was as hard to rise this morning at eight o'clock as it is at half past five. To share our turkey and plum-pudding came Mgr Heard. The concert was enjoyable all through and in the best Christmas night tradition. Here is the programme:

1. Orchestra .	*Second Symphony, Beethoven (Second Movement)*	
2. Violin Solo .	*L'Invitation à la Valse (Danbé)* .	Mr Gallagher
3. Song . .	*Forgiven* . . .	Dr Park
4. Duet . .	*Spanish Dance (Moszkowski)*	Vice-rector and Mr Ellison
5. Sketch		

ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL GAMP

Argument:

There is a war between China and Italy. An English College student has discovered a tunnel between Rome and China. He decides to go through the tunnel and bring back some Chinese to blow up Rome. Aladdin with his Wonderful Gamp introduces some strange complications.

Characters:

Aladdin (a very simple soul) . .	Mr Grasar
Sir Jasper Montatuke (a deep-dyed villain)	Mr Curran
English College Student (alias Cecil Rhodes)	Mr Gallagher
Roman Lady (alias Florence Nightingale)	Mr Abbing
Abdullah (the Genius of the Gamp) .	Mr Martindale
Old Umbrella Vendor	Mr Goldsmith
Cenci (the villain's aide-de-camp) . .	Mr Coonan
Martha (a stallkeeper)	Mr McKenna
John (ditto)	Mr Gannon
Chorus of Peasants, Chinese and Yokels	Messrs Nesbitt, Iggleden, McNamara, McEnroe, O'Neill, Alston

Act I	*Scene I :*	Campo dei Fiori
	Scene II :	Third degree at the P.U.G.
	Entr'acte :	The Magic Carpet
Act II	*Scene I :*	China
	Scene II :	A cavern underneath the English College
	Entr'acte :	The Railway line between Rome and Florence
Act III	The " Cat and Cauliflower," Loamshire	

26th. *Thursday. Boxing Day.* After tea an excellent talkie film, George Arliss in *The Working Man.*

27th. *Friday. St John's.* We welcomed a few of the Americans and Beda men to our entertainment, which set a very high standard. All the items gave great pleasure ; the play was ably produced and smartly acted, and there were none of those awkward pauses while the prompter strives desperately to find the place.

1.	Octet . .	(a) *King Arthur* . .	Messrs Malone, Loftus, Grasar, Curran, Grady, Iggleden, Stanley, Gallagher
		(b) *Simon the Cellarer* .	
2.	Piano Solo .	*Sonata in D. Major* (*Mozart*) (*First Movement*) .	Mr Molloy
3.	Item . .	" *The Revivalists* " . .	Messrs Jackson, Gallagher, Lescher
4.	Song . .	*For You Alone* . .	Mr Doyle
5.	Sonata for Piano and Violin (Vice-rector)	(*First Movement*) .	Messrs. Ellison and Ekbery

6. Sketch

Characters :

Mac (*a Stage-door Keeper*) . . .	Mr Key
Billie Dore	Mr Cashman
George Bevan	Mr Firth
Lady Maud Marsh	Mr Pitt
Percy, Viscount Totleigh . . .	Mr Abbott
A Policeman	Mr Hiscoe
Albert Keggs	Mr Auchinlech
Lady Caroline Higgins . . .	Mr Grady
The Earl of Marshmoreton . . .	Mr McReavy
Albertina Keggs	Mr Hanlon
Alice Faraday	Mr Ford
Reggie Higgins	Mr Roberts
Miss Mould	Mr Hiscoe
Austen Gray	Mr Harrison

Act I	*Scene I :*	The Stage Door of the Regality Theatre
	Scene II :	Totleigh Castle

Act II	The Same (a week later)
Act III	Tea Shop, Hanover Square (next morning)

(The curtain drops for a short time during Act I, Scene II, to allow Keggs to show the tourists round the Hall)

28th. *Saturday.* The usual Fair. Cock-shy, telegraph office, pillow-fighting, boot-black, *bombe* stall and tea shop—all still appear every year. Last year's innovation, " Ye Olde Fighting Horse ", remains a very popular attraction.

29th. *Sunday. St Thomas of Canterbury.* At dinner the guests were Mr Montgomery, Bishop Hayes—the new Rector of the American College—Monsignori Duchemin and Clapperton, Fathers Welsby and McCormick, S.J., and Messrs F. and J. Birbeck. The Scots College were our guests at the concert in the evening. The playing of the Sketch thrilled even those of us who had seen it before, but when Sherlock Holmes with lens and foot-rule proved that the curtain scenery was genuine oak panelling, the gravity of the very thrilling *dénouement* was only just preserved.

1. Orpheus .	(a) *Priests Chorus* (" *Magic Flute* ", *Mozart*) (b) *The Old Brigade*	
2. Song .	*The Cobbler's Song* . .	Rector
3. Piano Solo	*Automne* (*Chaminade*) . .	Mr Ellison
4. Duet .	*Fairings*	Messrs Malone and Grasar
5. Sonata for Violin and Piano (Andante and Scherzo)	(Vice-rector) .	Messrs Ellison and Ekbery

6. Sketch

Characters :

Sherlock Holmes . . .	Mr Lescher
Doctor Watson	Mr Ashworth
Billy (*Holmes' boy*) . . .	Mr Regan
Doctor Grimesby Rylott . .	Mr Jackson
Enid Stonor	Mr Mitchell
Ali (*an Indian, valet to Rylott*) .	Mr Storey
Rodgers (*butler to Rylott*) . .	Mr Wells
Mrs Staunton (*housekeeper to Rylott*)	Mr Clark
Mr Scott Wilson . . .	Mr Storey
Mr Longbrace . . .	Mr Sweeney
Mr Brewer	Mr Carlile
Mr Armitage	Mr McDonald
Coroner's Officer	Mr Regan
Jury	

Act I		Hall of Stoke Place
Act II	*Scene I :*	Same (two years later)
	Scene II :	Holmes' Rooms, Baker Street
Act III	*Scene I :*	Hall of Stoke Place
	Scene II :	Enid Stonor's Room, Stoke Place

30th. *Monday*. While some of us went to spend an evening at the Scots College, the rest played cards in the common-room.

31st. *Tuesday*. In the evening Mr Montgomery kindly invited the priests to an informal old-year reception. We who stayed at home saw a thrilling detective film, *The Kennel Murder Mystery*. After supper a very crushed and dry-eyed *Auld Lang Syne* brought the old year to an end.

JANUARY 1st, 1936. *Wednesday*. At midnight, while we slept, the harsh harmony of bell-ringers and raucous shouts of " buon capo d'anno ", ushered in the New Year. In the Via de' Capellari they welcome the New Year well. To dinner Mr Montgomery, Father Mills, O.S.M., and Father FitzGibbons, S.J. The concert in the evening was well up to the standard set at Christmas. The Octet gave two very pleasing items, and the violinist, especially in his encore, showed really admirable technique. The Vice-rector's original renderings on the theme of *Three Blind Mice* as interpreted by various schools and composers, was assured from the start of its loudly emphasised welcome. The songs, too, were well done ; but it seems as though we must be getting near the end of our supply of solo songs, and one felt they were rather unworthy of the voices.

1. Octet	*The Frog*	Messrs Malone, Loftus, Grasar, Curran, Grady, Iggleden, Gallagher, Stanley
2. Violin Solo	*Molly by the Shore* (*Grainger, arr. Kreisler*)	Mr Wilcock
3. Song	*Ideale* (*Tosti*)	Mr Loftus
4. Octet	*Good Night*	
5. Piano Solo	*Three Blind Mice*	Vice-rector
8. Song	*Old Man Noah*	Mr Roberts

7. Sketch

Characters :

Clara	Mr Loftus
Dr Richard Neville	Mr Hulme
Lady Joan	Mr Foley
Countess of Sawbridge	Mr Henshaw
Basil (*Lord Drayford*)	Mr Duggan
Mr Villiers	Mr Reynolds
Sir Henry Buckby, J.P.	Mr G. Malone
Nurse Rounce	Mr Clarke
Sir James Gumley, M.D.	Mr Weetman

Scene : Smoking-Room, Sawbridge Hall

Time :	Act I	Afternoon
	Act II	Night of same day
	Act III	Next morning

2nd. *Thursday*. In the morning the Scots Match. As you will read elsewhere, we did not win this time. In fact we lost again, but the standard of play was high and it was a good game to watch. In the afternoon the Rector, the Vice-rector and two of our musicians graced a reception held by the Irish Christian Brothers in honour of Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni.

3rd. *Friday*. Lectures again. But merriment and good cheer do not die so easily as all that. Opera practices held at every spare moment tell of the Epiphany's joys, and the stage and a profusion of seasonable greenery still lend to the common-room that erstwhile air of gaiety. After supper, in retrogressive mood, snippets from the various sketches, shamelessly snatched from their contexts, and gloriously butchered in a contrapuntal uproar that brought the blush to many a promising young actor's cheek.

5th. *Sunday*. Twenty of us were the guests of the Beda and saw a magnificent performance of J. B. Priestley's *Laburnum Grove*.

6th. *Monday*. *The Epiphany*. Our very Christmassy dinner of turkey and plum-pudding was shared by Mgr Hurley of the Secretariate of State and Fathers Leeming and Keeler, S.J. Solemn Benediction was no sooner over than the Opera casts were driven to the green-room to collect their costumes and start making up. The stage shook and trembled as the chorus entered " gaily tripping, lightly skipping ", and the captain's cabin on the quarter deck rocked perilously and had its paper panels ripped in a trice. But all went well and once again the Opera was unspoilt enjoyment the whole way through. But now " the hour of gladness is dead and gone " ; tomorrow we plunge afresh into the mighty conquest of hundreds of uncut pages, and your weary Diarist, retreating with what grace he may, gladly tolls his knell—" Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire ".

E. DOYLE

PERSONAL

On the 19th of September last, his Eminence the CARDINAL PROTECTOR celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. The public celebrations took place in Rome in mid-November, and on Sunday, November 17th, his Eminence celebrated a Mass of thanksgiving in the church of S. Marcello al Corso. We have already offered his Eminence our congratulations and we offer them to him once more, praying that the College may long enjoy the kindly patronage which has been so great a help to it in the past.

REV W. ALLANSON (1882–1887) will celebrate his golden jubilee on June 19th, and REV A. BUTLER (1905–1912) will celebrate his silver jubilee on August 10th. Our best wishes and congratulations to them both.

We are very happy to be able to publish in this number the little memoir of Cardinal Howard, and we thank its distinguished author most sincerely for his kindness. Cardinal Howard, it will be remembered, was a Protector of the College, and on his death bequeathed his library to it. Most of our strange assortment of Eastern literature comes from him.

Prosit our new parish priests, REV B. WRIGHTON (1923–1930), REV J. BRISCOE (1921–1926), and REV E. CAREY (1925–1932). Fr Wrighton goes to the Sacred Heart and Holy Souls, Birmingham, Fr Briscoe goes to St George's, Whitchurch, and Fr Carey to St Edward's, Wareham.

REV A. BENTLEY (1919–1925) has resigned his position as classics professor at Upholland to take over the onerous duties of procurator there, and REV E. H. WAKE has been transferred from the St John Fisher School to Wonersh as professor of dogma and prefect of discipline. We wish them both every success in their new work.

Welcome visitors at the Villa were MGR CENCI, *minutante* of Propaganda, and REV V. FAY (1925–1932) who brought with him a new friend, REV P. WATTERSTON of Salford.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

We regret to record here the retirement of our secretary, Mr Nesbitt. Mr Nesbitt produced five numbers as secretary and negotiated with great success the change of printers in 1934. We thank him very sincerely.

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Mullin — Secretary : Mr Foley
Sub-editor : Mr Swinburne — Under-secretary : Mr Pitt
Fifth Member : Mr Firth

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following exchanges : *The Cottonian*, *The Downside Review*, *The Lisbonian*, *The Oscotian*, *Pax*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Wonersh Magazine*.

We gratefully received *The Roman Association Report*, *The Scrip* and *The Chesterian*.

SPORTS

CRICKET

A few days ago we received a postal order for 2*s*. 6*d*. from an old friend whose style of playing must have considerably increased our seasonal bills for bats. We presume it was sent as conscience money. A peep into the cricket bag, however, would ease his qualms. The generosity of several old Venerabilini, whom we have already thanked

personally, and now thank publicly, has enabled us to procure another bat and a new set of stumps. The customs at Ventimiglia became an umpire for a few weeks and pocketed not only the bails but the stumps, and the ball which had secretly been dropped into the package by Mr Lescher (Sen.). The College lawyer, however, appealed with such pertinacity that the umpire retired and the goods were sent on to Rome.

The men coming from England increased our stock considerably either with their own gifts or with gifts from old cricketers in England, and to do justice to our friend of the 2*s*. 6*d*. postal order, he has started the ball rolling for next season by sending us a very generous donation—all off his own bat.

The season opened on May 4th in Pamphilj when the Theologians challenged the Philosophers. At the end of the afternoon the Theologians, with only one wicket down, had nearly equalled the Philosophers' score. The return match at the Villa was rather a tragedy. The Philosophers had difficulty in fielding eleven men and their opening batsmen were unlucky : a collapse followed, and the Theologians soon knocked up the required number of runs.

The first few matches at the Villa were rather disappointing ; scores were low, not because the bowling was outstanding but because we lacked reliable opening batsmen. There were several men who showed promise, and one or two improved and occasionally shone ; but there was no pair who could be depended upon to give their side a good lead and inspire them with confidence. It was not until later that scores began to rise ; in the last few matches they were quite good. The pitch played well on the whole, but there is this excuse for the batsmen that the venomous ' shoot ' was always liable to snatch a wicket or two.

The bowling was better perhaps than the batting. The proportion of bowlers was rather large and some of the averages at the end of the season were very good. Our fast bowlers at times relied more on speed than skill and thus became erratic, although on the whole they had a very successful season. The fielding was quite up to standard. Fielding at the Villa can be exciting, even dangerous. Despite the spherical shape, the cricket ball can bounce as defiantly as any rugby ball ; and if it happens to be rolling along the ground, generally speaking it is just waiting to spring. But the players were keen and that is half the battle.

Mr Purdy was very loath to leave the cricket pitch. Up to the last minute he had fondled it lovingly with spade and lawn-mower and kept it well supplied with *pozzuolana*. Fortunately he just managed to have a game with us, knocking up an appreciable number of runs and taking several wickets. Our three guests, Fathers Gowland, Thorp and Dickenson, honoured us by taking part in one of our games. Father Gowland is an old cricket captain and his contemporaries had warned us what to expect from his bowling. But one game could not satisfy them and they spent an hour at the nets after stumps had been drawn.

Net practice was very keenly attended; even the Rector was tempted—and fell. Games, too, were very popular. Sometimes we played with short sides, but out of the fifty-four men at the Villa over thirty took part at some time or other. This is encouraging. It was not difficult to find helpers when the pitch needed attention. Some heavy work always has to be done, especially at the beginning of the season, and we are very grateful to all who lent a hand.

W. E. GRASAR, *Captain*

TENNIS

Once more we were fortunate in being allowed the use of the two courts at the Knights of Columbus ground during the Roman year. Unhappily, adverse weather conditions forced us to abandon all thought of tennis until comparatively late in the year; and even then it was found that the courts had suffered so much from rain and continual heavy frost that the usual smooth top surface was almost non-existent. One happy consequence has been, however, that both courts were completely resurfaced during last Villa and now give promise of splendid games in store.

During the Villa the Committee was provided with a golden opportunity, perhaps not altogether appreciated, of extending the scope of its scientific activities. It is well known that the Palazzola Tennis Committee has, for some years past, filled, *ex officio*, the rôle of expert Technical Adviser to the Bulb Growers Union. This year further progress was made in the realm of living creation and a degree was taken with highest honours in zoology. Future committees will now be able to discourse with fluency and precision on the manifold habits of the ant, the leather-jacket, and of a particularly obnoxious type of wasp which burrows deep down before depositing its eggs.

An attempt was made to repair the ravages of many seasons' raking, digging and burning, by providing a deep top dressing of fine shale; but we found that the foundations were being undermined by the busy animal world we have already described. In fact the present condition of the court is such that the question of its complete reconditioning and re-orientation is one of very actual importance. We hope that the succeeding committee will not find it too difficult to find a fairy-godmother who will work the wonder for them. Such an undertaking is far beyond the present limited resources of the club.

Membership during the Roman session fell considerably below the usual strength, perhaps because of the adverse conditions already described; at the Villa, however, the usual keenness was shown in spite of difficulties botanical and zoological. The season ended with a doubles tournament which was won by Messrs Ekbery and Smith.

J. G. DAWSON, *Secretary*

ASSOCIATION

On our return from England we found that the season had opened with a cheerful enthusiasm that augured well. Seven games at the Villa with full numbers satisfied even the most fervid of our supporters. Perhaps it was the glib tongue and persuasive manner of our able locum tenens—at all events after the return to Rome the temper of the House developed an uncertainty that almost brought us to despair. Support has been as variable as a weather-cock. One day has found as many as thirty-six eager to play, the next it has taxed all our arts of persuasion to coax the required twenty-two. But we played our normal quota of games, with vigour, if not with skill. The *custode* is more forbearing nowadays, and it is but rarely that rain prevents a game. "Tom Mix" would turn in his grave (if that is his present abode) to see us splashing about a water-logged pitch.

The Scots match, played on January 2nd, again brought defeat. And how bitter it was this year! Rarely have we played so well and spiritedly. We had their measure in the first-half, playing good robust football, but our shooting, when we could persuade our forwards to shoot at all, was weak and ill-directed. Half-time found us a goal behind—scored following a corner, after a loose raid on the left wing. We sprang into the second-half with a thump and a decision that promised goals, and before long Key scored at close range. More even play followed, but neither team seemed to think goals of any importance until twenty minutes from the end. Then we laid siege to the Scots' goal: Key got in a fine cross shot which hit the far post and came back across the mouth of the goal; twice the ball was kicked off the line, and then Cassidy shot hard and accurately just inside the post. How the goal-keeper saved we never fathomed; whether with feet or hands we do not know; we cannot even say how he came to be there. We saw the ball and a yellow sweater get at odds with each other, and both finished the argument round the post. Shortly afterwards the Scots scored. The attack threatened no particular danger. The centre-forward seemed to be well covered, but as the ball came across almost breast high, he hit as he swivelled round and sent it at great speed just in the angle of bar and post. The reaction after our previous attack was too great. Our incentive and spirit went with that goal, and though we were never overwhelmed, the dark spectre of tradition haunted our play and we conceded a third goal just on time.

Just a word in closing in praise of our halves. A rare game they played, thorough, but with a dash of fine abandon that made you feel their enjoyment of the game, with McDonald the player of the match. The Venerabile was represented by Wells; Ekbery, Hulme; Smith, McDonald, Cassidy; Gallagher, Dawson, Key, Henshaw and Grasar.

English College 1. Scots College 3.

Our thanks are due to Mr T. Fee (Sen.) for his very able refereeing of the game.

L. WELLS, *Captain*

RUGBY

The club emerged from the season 1934–35 with flying colours, having won all the outside matches played—three in all. These victories have without a doubt provided a most useful stimulant as is evidenced by the healthy tone of superiority and the pleasing sparkle and dash which have characterised our games this season. This year, however, it appears we must be content to limit our activities to the domestic quietness of Pamphilj, though rumour has it that our American friends are " all pepper " to avenge their defeat of last year and are practising hard.

On November 31st the cup-tie spirit invaded the College. The clergy, with the air of superiority assumed by men mindful of their high calling, had challenged the laity. The arrival of the Lord Mayor and suite to inspect the teams the night before the match had been preceded by a rival campaign of intense advertising, so that excitement was at a fever pitch. The clergy supporters wore blue rosettes ; those of the laity cassocks. The day dawned crisp and fair, the struggle was prolonged and tense. The pendulum of fate hovered undecidedly over the combatants through many tense moments, then a quickly executed wheel, a desperate forward rush, a try by the corner flag, a whistle, and the Church had triumphed over the State. Players and spectators alike left the field exhausted.

Meanwhile the games proceed with a very satisfying regularity, made possible by the general enthusiasm of the House and a welcome influx of new talent. A lecture given on the game was very well attended. This year we tried, most successfully, the experiment of transferring our pitch to the other side of the "altar", where we now play at right angles to the old one. This gives us a full size pitch and frees us from the menace of those roots.

Messrs McKeever and Gannon complete the staff : we make a charming and efficient trio.

During the first game of the season the teams wore black armlets in memory of Mr G. W. Tickle, a veritable colossus of the pack, who has at last passed from our midst. For many years his ample frame has grunted beneath the trials and difficulties of those pioneer days. To him and to Mr A. Newton, our late Vice-captain, we offer our best wishes and thanks for their valuable service in the past.

S. G. Lescher, *Captain*

GOLF

Last Villa we had the usual competitions in which Dr Park and Mr Roberts proved their worth for the second time. Mr Leahy was his usual brilliant self in the singles.

The Sforza was rendered a little more beautiful by the introduction

of a few mole-traps, which caught, in all, thirty-five moles. Mr Storey was the chief mole expert. But to balance this we lost a few of the traps.

A more serious loss was the lawn-mower which was dropped down the steps by an otherwise useful worker. It is rather beyond the Club's resources to replace it, so for the first time in our history we are forced to issue a tentative appeal for funds. Ex-committee men especially welcome.

J. McDonald, *Secretary*

OBITUARY

Dean Kenny

Memories casting back over a period of forty-four years are recalled to the writer by the name of James Kenny. The latter arrived at the Venerabile just one day later than the former. They sat side by side in the College refectory at all meals during their course. For seven years twice daily they sallied forth to schools and were companions in camerata. For seven years they moved slowly round the College refectory until they found themselves the first two at the upper end.

Tales of early college life, of masters and priests and boys they had known, were told and retold, mutual interests discussed, hopes and fears communicated, sympathies exchanged, until there remained nothing unrevealed, nothing more to say.

Throughout those years a remarkably even temperament, a keen sense of humour which was never unkind, and a deep appreciation of human values, made him a most desirable companion. He was at all times an ardent student, plunging with zest into the intricacies of the work, yet a lover of sport, especially of football at which he excelled. He was of a truly sporting nature, as unruffled in defeat as he was modest in victory. His generous appreciation of the work of others was remarkable. The writer cannot remember a single story told by James Kenny to the discredit of another. But he remembers a whole volume of sayings and anecdotes which were eulogistic of priests and students and erstwhile companions. He could chaff with the most facetious, but no one was ever wounded by his shafts. His academic successes enhanced the dignity of his character because of the absence of elation or vanity.

He was ordained in the year 1899 ; and from that date until his death in 1935, he remained unspoiled, a scholar, a sportsman, a true friend, but above all a good priest. His life's work began in August, 1900, at St Mary's, Wigan, where he spent five strenuous years, and thence in 1905 he was transferred to St Peter's, Lancaster. There he left

memories that are cherished to this day. While in the full ardour of this work he was asked by the Archbishop of Liverpool if he would consent to relinquish it and go south to St John's Seminary to teach philosophy. With characteristic detachment he consented without demur to the will of his Ordinary. There are many priests in Southwark who have passed through his hands, and all are eloquent in praise of the clearness and interest of those lectures. All, too, speak of his charm as a man. The work was congenial to him and he earned for himself a reputation for profound learning. Again at the call of his Bishop, he cheerfully resigned his professorship in September 1913 to exchange it for a chair at Ushaw. This was not to be for long. In August 1915 he was appointed to the parish of St Gerard Majella, Liverpool. This is the poorest district of that great city. The writer visited him while he was there. Dr Kenny gloried in the work and delighted to lead him through the congested streets and show him the beautiful faith of those thousands of men, women and children as they welcomed with love the priest of God.

After eight years of apostolic work in this parish he was once more transferred, this time to St Bede's, Appleton, Widnes, where he was to end his life so full of labour and zeal for souls. May he rest in peace !

ST GEORGE KIERAN-HYLAND

ARTHUR CANON POWNALL

Arthur Hyde Pownall, son of the noted church architect of that name, came to the Venerabile in 1878 but was obliged to leave only eighteen months afterwards on account of ill-health. He continued his studies at St Thomas' Seminary, Hammersmith, and was ordained there three years later by Cardinal Manning. He served missions at Ogle Street, Shepherd's Bush (where he founded the parish), Clerkenwell, Warwick Street, Staines and Welwyn Garden City, and in 1924 was appointed a canon of Westminster. While at Staines his health broke down and he retired to a quiet chaplaincy in Welwyn Garden City. Realising the need for parochial development in this district, though he was then within sight of his seventieth year, he volunteered once again for mission work and personally laid the foundation stone of the present church of St Bonaventure. But four years later, in 1930, a second failure in health compelled his final retirement.

He died in September last, aged seventy-eight years, crowning a life of great apostolic toil with a death indeed precious in the sight of God. R.I.P.

With reference to our notice of Dr Spurrier in the last number, Archbishop Hinsley writes :—

" A tribute to the memory of Dr Spurrier fittingly appears in THE VENERABILE. He and Dr Kolbe of Cape Town were among the most prominent men in Africa. Both were Catholics to the core, and both

were Romans through and through : both were a credit to the Venerabile, the one a priest, the other a layman. No two men of my acquaintance were better known and more universally esteemed in Africa. For nearly six years I was his fellow-student and friend, and our friendship was renewed when I reached the shores of the Dark Continent. His ardently Catholic life then became known to me, as I had most fully known it before even in Rome. He was keen about the missions, and was parsionately devoted to the poor native Africans for whom he was ready to make any sacrifices. A great and good man has passed to his reward : the Venerabile may add to her roll of honour another famous son whose name is in benediction wherever he was known, in England and along the East Coast of Africa."

OUR BOOK SHELF

Robert Southwell the Writer : A Study in Religious Inspiration, by Pierre Janelle, Docteur-ès-lettres. (Sheed & Ward.) pp. 332. 16*s*. net.

THIS work is undoubtedly the best that has yet appeared on the subject of Robert Southwell considered from a literary point of view. It is not in any sense an edition of his collected works, but a very full study of his spiritual, intellectual, and poetical development. The thesis set up by the author maintains that the martyr-poet was the outstanding figure and the most influential force in the literary-devotional activities of the Counter-Reformation in England. Accordingly, we are given an ample biographical account of his early training, educational and ascetic, as a member of the Society of Jesus, first at Douai, and later at Rome. Altogether he passed nearly five years at the Venerabile, studying philosophy and theology, and for a time acting as *ripetitore*, and later as prefect of studies. He left for the English mission in May, 1586, about two years after his ordination.

The growth of his literary faculty is carefully traced, from the earlier years when the Jesuit theory of using poetry as a pleasing means of inculcating moral truths, ever with a sober calm and reasoned moderation, guided his compositions, and when his youthful style was as yet cramped by euphuism and conceits ; to the riper years of individual and heart-felt sentiments expressed in beautiful and moving verse, and " almost perfect prose ". In particular, Professor Janelle discusses at considerable length the borrowings from, and imitations of, the Italian source of Southwell's poem, *St Peter's Complaint*.

Every single work by Southwell, whether in verse or prose, in English or in Latin, is here treated and duly criticised. In the main these criticisms are very sound and remarkably well expressed. We agree with M. Janelle that the well-known *Burning Babe*, much admired by no less a wit than Ben Jonson, has been somewhat overrated and is marred by trite conceits. On the other hand, few, we think, would en-

dorse the opinion that in *The Vale of Teares* the Elizabethan poet's lines have a " harmony more austere perhaps, but no less full and rich than . . . Gray's famous Elegy ".

Indeed the thoughtful and discriminating student of English literature may well ask himself what degree of greatness is to be allowed to Robert Southwell as a poet. Professor Janelle writes of him (p. 287) as " one who, while up to then [the time of his death] a poet of the second rank, was bidding fair to take his place among the greatest ". But is this the pardonable over-estimate of an ardent admirer ? Certainly Southwell had true poetic gifts : beauty, tenderness, strength, cadence, imagery, and noble thought. Nor should we forget that successful religious verse is especially difficult to write in that its appeal is less natural and direct than in the case of profane subjects. Yet has he left us one poem truly worthy, from a purely literary point of view, to be set beside the best things of such poets of the second rank as Jonson, Dryden, Marlow, Byron ? Has he anywhere any lines to compare with the famous lines on St Teresa by his co-religionist Crashaw ? May we add that some of the stanzas in his verse translation of the *Lauda Sion* are thoroughly bad ; with poor rhymes and poor scansion ? Again, had he lived several years longer would he indeed have taken his place among the greatest ? We think not. By the time of his glorious martyrdom at the age of thirty-four he had produced no poem of such intrinsic worth and high promise as are to be found in some which were later given to the world by Milton, Keats and Shelley while still in their twenties.

Southwell's prose, however, is indeed a glory and a joy. Here we have just and firm phrasing, pleasing harmonies, balanced clauses, and thoroughly satisfying sentences. *The Epistle to his Father*, pleading with him to return to the practice of the Catholic faith, well illustrates all these qualities ; while the truly noble *Humble Supplication to Her Majestie* must rank among the finest pieces of apologetic pleading in the English language. It deserves to be far better known.

Although Professor Janelle is only indirectly concerned with Southwell as a saint and martyr, he gives us abundant opportunity of understanding and appreciating the beauty of his character, perfected by grace, and the magnificent courage of his trial and death.

A thoroughly scholarly work, with numerous footnotes, an excellent index, and an exhaustive bibliography, occupying eighteen pages of small print.

R. Wilfrid Finnesey

One Small House of Nazareth, by " Lamplighter ", illustrations by B. A. Rutherford, preface by Archbishop Goodier, S.J. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne.) pp. xviii, 95. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

There can be no doubt of the importance of Our Lord's command to His followers to become as little children ; but, we ask ourselves, what does this command mean ? " Lamplighter " answers the question by drawing a picture of the Holy Child at Nazareth. *Children of the Lantern*

showed the writer's deep knowledge of children, and here this knowledge is brought to bear on the Holy Child's example to us, thereby guaranteeing a sympathetic treatment of the subject. Since limits must be set if the book is not to become merely the effusion of an unbridled imagination, " Lamplighter " proposes the limits of Holy Scripture and those few topographical and ethical details which are known to us. The result is a well balanced and vivid portrait of a living Child Whom all can strive to imitate with the knowledge that this is Our Lord as He was and as He would have us be.

The most pleasing part of this little book lies undoubtedly in the " Nazareth Prayers " which are a practical guide to the tyro in the spiritual life, as well as a summary of the spirit of the whole book. For their child-like simplicity combined with deep spirituality, these prayers must have few equals.

W.G.F.

Our Lady of Montallegro (Harding & More, wrapper 1*s.* 3*d.*, gilt cloth 2*s.*) is a very pleasing little account of Rapallo's mountain shrine from the pen of Mr E. Vincent Wareing of the Catholic Association. The book is beautifully printed from Veronese type and there are twenty illustrations. Intending pilgrims and all those interested in Rapallo would be well advised to acquire this cheap and very interesting little history.

INDEX

Volume VII

OCTOBER 1934—APRIL 1936

INDEX OF AUTHORS AND ARTICLES

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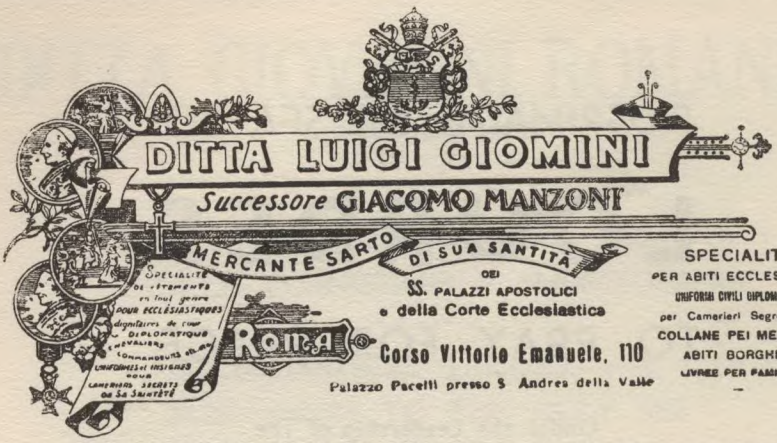

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