

# THE VENERABLE

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BISHOP EYRE

## EDITORIAL

It is a commonplace that in the twenty years that have passed since Monsignor Hinsley became Rector many far-reaching changes have been wrought in the College. To mention only a few, the buildings have been vastly modernised, our numbers have more than doubled, and historic Monte Porzio has given place to Palazzola. These things, it goes without saying, have not altered our fundamental traditions, but they have entailed many changes in our life, changes too that tend to destroy the memory of what was done in the past. Doctor Calnan, in an article which we print in this number, deals in full with the necessity for recording the full life of our predecessors before it is too late; and we would like to emphasise this point editorially. We would say too that all is fish to our net—diaries, songs, reminiscences, old letters—anything however fragmentary that will help us to fill in the outlines of our history with all the wealth of detail it deserves.

## CHARLES EYRE, ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW

To the average Englishman Scottish history is a series of unconnected and unrelated episodes. Robert Bruce, Flodden and the lusty struggles for independence, the chilling life and doctrines of John Knox, the gallant Stuarts, dour and uncompromising Presbyterianism—and then suddenly and incomprehensibly we have the Scotland of today, with the Church and Hierarchy established and the full fervour of Catholic life. In England we point to Wiseman, Manning and Newman as the men chiefly responsible for the present position of Catholicism. But who the main driving force was that inspired this resurrection of Rome in anti-Catholic Scotland is known to few. It can, however, in justice be affirmed that this man was Charles Eyre, Archbishop of Glasgow.

Charles Eyre, born in Yorkshire in the year 1817, came of an old English family that centred chiefly in Derbyshire. After a brilliant course at Ushaw he came to Rome to the Venerabile in 1839 and three years later was ordained priest. At this time, under the stern but kindly rectorship of Dr. Baggs the College was continuing to establish itself in the position of eminence to which it had attained under Wiseman. Wiseman himself was now in England, rapidly proving himself zealous and competent in his new sphere of life; but the

College and its students were never far from his thoughts, as his innumerable letters to Dr. Baggs amply testify. He had known Eyre at Ushaw, and was probably responsible for sending him to Rome. Certainly they corresponded frequently while Eyre was at the College, and Wiseman constantly refers to him with pleasure in his letters. About the middle of 1842, writing to the Rector, he asks that Eyre be informed "that I have a great surprise for him . . . of which he will be hearing soon"; this was probably news of an appointment in England, which followed soon after.

In Rome Eyre well maintained the scholastic reputation which he had won at Ushaw, crowning his success with a brilliant Doctorate in Theology. A great capacity for making friends, which he retained throughout his life, and a genial wit made him popular with all he met. The reigning Pope was Gregory XVI who had been one of Wiseman's dearest friends and was an especial benefactor of the College. The youthful capabilities of Eyre did not escape his vigilant eye; before he left Rome Gregory made him a Papal Chamberlain, a rare honour for one so young occupying no official position.

We can have no doubt that Eyre was dearly anxious to return to England and begin his work for souls. The College must have been filled with news and prophecies of Wiseman's amazing beginnings in those days and must have fired the enthusiasm and love of every young priest to return to play his part in the great struggle which was just commencing, the struggle for prestige, which was at least as difficult as that for Emancipation.

In 1843 Eyre was recalled to England and sent to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Very soon after he arrived came the plague and famine in Ireland and many of the refugees who fled to the Northern districts of England brought the germs of the disease with them, so that the plague broke out with fresh virulence among the immigrants. Eyre was among the first of a band of English priests who helped the people to fight the disease; many of his brother-priests fell dead in their labours, and the Bishop himself, with whom Eyre was living, was carried off by the epidemic. Still undeterred he continued to work until

stricken by the plague himself, and he recovered only after a long convalescence.

Meanwhile, in the ordinary parish work and local administration Eyre was making his influence felt. A genius for organization and control of men was quickly developing; by 1856 he was a member of the Diocesan Chapter and Vicar General of the Diocese. It was a period of rapid growth for the Church. Eyre took full advantage of all his opportunities and churches and schools sprang up all over the east of England. Nor did he forget that other department of activity which was so necessary at the time; he quickly won prestige as a cultured, intellectual, Catholic Englishman; he was one of those who fought so bravely for Wiseman and led the way out of the Catacombs.

Thus Eyre spent the first 25 years of his missionary life in England; one would have said that he had amply justified the promise of his youth, that he could do no better than to consolidate the work so ably begun. But in point of fact, the real task of his missionary life was just about to commence, among people and problems widely different from those he had hitherto encountered. In 1869 Eyre was appointed by Pius IX Delegate Apostolic and Administrator of the Western District of Scotland, and created Archbishop of Anazarba *in partibus infidelium*.

It would be hardly fair to proceed to an account of Eyre's new activities without having first considered what this great change in his life must have entailed. He had to cut himself adrift from his friends, associations and labours; in exchange for the control of a diocese well equipped and regulated by his own endeavours, he was given to administer a church yet in its infancy. He had to begin his life's work again, in strange surroundings, where he could not have recourse to a clergy who knew and trusted him. He had to prove himself once more. And all these difficulties were intensified by the abject poverty of most of the Scottish Catholics, poverty which hampered every scheme for the betterment of the Church.

There were other troubles, too. In Scotland at this time Catholicism was barely tolerated. Catholics were debarred

from almost all participation in public offices and posts of responsibility ; they were considered to be foreigners, suspected of disloyalty, and in all given a most grudging sufferance. To be an honest Scot one had to be a Presbyterian or at least a Protestant—certainly no friend of Rome. But on the other hand the Catholics were beginning to rebel against this state of affairs ; they were growing conscious of their social position and ashamed of it. The time was ripe for a man of Wiseman's stamp to bring about the great conversion.

There can be no doubt that Eyre's task would have been very much lightened if he had cared to adopt methods less efficient. But when he became Archbishop he entered into his work with characteristic thoroughness. The position of a super-imposed and extraneous administrator was repugnant to him ; so to his new flock he became a true Father in Christ. The conversion of Scotland was now the ideal nearest to his heart, and he devoted all the powers of his intellect, and all his amazing energy to realisation of this ideal. He knew that to understand his people and govern them well he would have to make Scotland his true home and be regarded as one of her sons. Thus in him was worked that great change by which an English parish priest became a Scottish prelate. It was a change of the kind many eminent men had made before him ; he became to Scotland what the English monk Alcuin was to the court of France, and the Italian monk Augustine to the Saxon English ; it was a change like that of Wiseman, the polite scholar, to Wiseman the Cardinal Archbishop. All of these realised that to win over a people it is of no avail to be an outsider, however competent and distinguished. From the very beginning, therefore, Eyre made the interests and problems of Scotland his own. It is easy to imagine the difficulties he had to face at the outset of his career as Archbishop. There was anti-English feeling to cope with as well as the grim realities of the " No Popery " demonstrations. He had to fight every inch of the way for recognition in all circles and among all classes. How he succeeded is evident from the remarkable tributes paid at his death, even by the most hardened enemies



of Catholicism in Scotland; he had won the respect of all as a saintly and learned prelate and a loyal Scotsman.

And now let us consider what he accomplished in his thirty-five years' work in Scotland. His first care was for his priests, and he founded St. Peter's Seminary in 1874; the education and welfare of his students was always engaging his attention and he personally supervised the curriculum and life in the seminary and was a frequent visitor within its walls. The numbers of priests and churches increased enormously throughout his District and before many years had passed the administration of the District was completely renovated; it was mainly owing to his efforts that the re-establishment of the Scottish Hierarchy took place in 1878. So thoroughly was his work carried out that his successor, Archbishop Macfarlane could with truth make this astonishing statement "He introduced so complete and perfect an organization that the Archdiocese of Glasgow<sup>1</sup> is looked upon as a model of a perfectly equipped and regulated diocese." Eyre's ambition was to raise as high as possible the prestige of his clergy and people. The Catholics themselves were at first alarmed at the length to which he went in claiming for them equal rights in everything. Naturally tolerant himself, he could never abide bigotry in any shape or form, and fought against it all his life with a great measure of success. He urged upon his priests the necessity of interesting themselves in all things that pertained to the welfare of the nation; study and application of Catholic Social principles he especially advised. He sent young Catholic laymen to the universities and exhorted them to strive with all their might for a worthy reputation and high position, asking them to labour not for themselves, but for the glory of their Faith. Many Catholic social movements were fostered and all the time Eyre worked with an eye to all Scotland and its conversion, for he knew that true reform and conversion can come only from within and that it was his people who must convert Scotland by becoming apostles and not recluses.

In all these things the Archbishop gave an eminent example. His opinion soon carried great weight on the most diverse

<sup>1</sup> Eyre was nominated Archbishop of Glasgow upon the restoration of the hierarchy.

subjects. He bore his intellectual capabilities, in the form of lectures and addresses, to the doors of the universities and won ungrudging applause from highly critical and sceptical hearers. His advice was sought and valued in most matters of public interest, particularly in social and moral questions. Especially did he ensure just treatment for the poor, and in this regard was looked upon as a prime authority in questions of public housing. Thus Eyre soon attained a position of eminence before the people of Western Scotland.

If we examine the means whereby he reaped this large measure of success, we find that it was his character rather than his external capacities that were responsible. True enough he possessed to a high degree that elusive quality which the moderns term "personality," and his very figure and carriage were sufficient to arouse comment and admiration. But such external things can cause respect; not necessarily do they compel affection. The means whereby Charles Eyre found his way into the hearts of his people were kindly charity, unconscious dignity, and gracious charm. His hat would be swept off with a cheery salute to the poorest beggar-woman who curtsied to him in the street; he would travel miles to an obscure corner of his diocese to visit a sick priest. His lively interest and participation could be secured for the humblest causes; discussions were once taking place regarding the erection of a public path near the Archbishop's house, and meetings of neighbouring householders were held; no sooner had the hour struck for the various meetings, than promptly arrived the Archbishop's carriage and in came the courteous prelate to discuss along with his neighbours all the details and difficulties of the small matter; and when the lane was successfully completed unfeigned was his pleasure.

Again the fascination and geniality of Eyre's private life won him respect and love in unexpected and naturally hostile quarters. Frequently he played billiards at the house of a Presbyterian elder; and the elder's wife, a typical unemotional Scotswoman afterwards often confessed that she never felt so near true sanctity as when in the same room as Archbishop Eyre. The death or bereavement of a mere acquaintance or

opponent would be the occasion for the kindly man to send a message of sympathy or regret. Small wonder, then, it was affirmed that his courtesy had shamed Protestant Glasgow into toleration of the Catholic religion. Upon his death it was said in tribute in the Old Cathedral, Glasgow, "I cannot but think today of one to whom the very dust of this Venerable House of God was dear, who knew and loved well its history, its traditions, its memories of olden times . . . No envy or ill-will deformed the gracious charity with which he saw others occupy the place which he had been taught to rightfully regard as his own . . . A loyal son of his church, he knew no sectarian bitterness. He was gentle, courteous, enlightened and tolerant. He never made an enemy or lost a friend".<sup>1</sup>

Another factor which softened the rugged simplicity of his nature was a kindly wit and keen sense of humour, though this was known only to his more intimate friends. His chaplains, it appears, were more often than not the unfortunate victims of his sallies. He would insist upon their reading the *Times* thoroughly every day, and would question them minutely upon it; woe betide the unwary secretary whom he found to have learnt his daily lesson badly!

These virtues that were known to others were but the external signs of a deep personal sanctity typical of the man, a constant, simple, profound piety. All who saw him celebrate Mass owned that they had never before beheld the Sacred Mysteries performed with such concentration and devotion. His life was but the outpouring of this lively and manly faith, a life saintly and distinguished among the many noble figures of his day.

It might be interesting in conclusion to compare briefly the capacities and merits of Charles Eyre with his friend and contemporary, Wiseman. Their aim in missionary life was almost identical—to raise the status of Catholics in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen by discovering to all that loyalty, culture, courtesy and piety were native to and founded in Catholic Faith and philosophy. They pursued their ideals with corresponding energy and determination, both meeting

<sup>1</sup> Tribute of Principal Story.

with much opposition ; it is probably true that Eyre made far fewer enemies than Wiseman, but it must be admitted that his work did not involve problems so great, nor did it meet with such a far-reaching measure of success. Intellectually Wiseman was superior, and looms a far larger figure in the political background of his time ; but he would seem to have lacked the kindliness and tenderness which is often so foreign to a man bred to think and act in the "grand manner." It was these latter qualities which earned for Eyre more love than Wiseman ever received and, as has been well said, "earned for him the regard and esteem of men of all classes and creeds."

L. G. HANLON.

# SOME PAPERS OF BL. ALEXANDER RAWLINS

[Bl. Alexander Rawlins is one of the many martyrs about whom we know very little. The Douai Diaries tells us that he entered the college at Rheims in December, 1587, that he was ordained on March 18th, 1590 and left for England on April 9th; and Challoner gives the further information that he was born somewhere on the border of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire, that he was apprehended in Yorkshire, tried in York with the Martyr Bl. Henry Walpole, and suffered with and before him in the same city, April 7th, 1595. He was beatified in 1929. And that is the sum total of our knowledge of him. Consequently we are printing here a selection from some autograph papers of his that were discovered recently in the College Archives (Scritt. 21. 2.). We print them as they stand, making changes only where the original spelling renders the word difficult to understand, and punctuating throughout—changes that we are emboldened to make since the Martyr was most inconsistent in his spelling, and since he punctuated letters with only a very infrequent full-stop. The words printed in square brackets are added by us where the sense seems absolutely to require them].

## I

The examination of Alexander Rawlins before the Lord President Thornborowe the Dean Mr Rooksbey et Mr Stannope.

Firste being asked my name I sayed it was Alex. Rawlins. Then my Lord President asked me how manie names I was called bie & whether [my ?] name were not Willm. Mushe, for he knew I was not Jo. Mushe. Whereto I sayed I was sumtimes called Francis Yeale for that my mother was a Yeale before mariadge, & moreover, as his honor knew I was not

Jhon Mushe, so I knew I was [not ?] Willm. Mushe. Then he asked me if I were a preeste, whereto I sayed I nether coolde nor wolde denie but thanked God I was a preest. Then sayed ye President: What name werthe thow of beyond the sease? Answere me, were thow called Francis Ferriman? Tell me trewlie yea or no werthe thow made preeste at Reames. I know that all readie, but thow received the orders first at Laowne & afterward at Swessowne: is not this trewe? Then I answered I needed [not ?] make anie answer to this examination but onlie confirme what his honor showlde say, if there were no more to confesse but this; for I knowe rightwell (quoth I) that your honor hathe a sufficient explaner of all sutche matters in your howse. But youer honor shall finde I beinge subiecte to the lawes will not † refuse to answer to anie thinge that I may ether say or confirme the which may not hurte not iniure my selfe nor anie other manne; for I may not accuse my selfe mucche lesse an other, for I dought not but I shall finde sufficient to answer for my selfe.

Then my Lord demanded an othe of me, whereto I sayed it was [not ?] for a preeste to be sworne; if it pleased him to take my worde as I showlde speake it, so it was; if not, I cowlde not mende it, for swere I wolde not. Then he caused Mr Secretorie to write what was spoken as is afore written, worde bie worde, & havinge written all the secretorie asked why I had changed my name, for [he ?] had knowen [me ?] yeaes by the name of Alex. Rawlins, why I was called Feriman. I sayed firste for that I wolde not have my owne name knowen. An other cause was for when I tooke that name I desired if it pleased God I myght be a meanes to ferie and carrie sum soules to heven. Whereat they all laughed and were verie merrie, and I smiling the Lord President sayed I should have somewhat now to carrie my owne thether: † Thow arte verie pleasant now but thowe shalte have cause to crie er long be. Then I sayed I knewe no cause of sorrowe but rather of greate Joye (I thanked God).

Then the President: Whent (sic) I sent for thee thow wast verie stubborne and wold oft not knele as thow sholdest on both knees without forcement, and therefore thow shalt

fare the worse. I sayed I wolde give his honor that which was dewe to his honor, but bothe my knees were dewe to God a lone ; if my prince were in place I for my parte wolde give no more than one knee ; if he coulde challenge anie more I wold give it, being his dewe. And then he was content with on knee, & then I came to the counsayle table and all beinge written as before he asked me agayn how I had spent my tyme and how olde I was, where I had conversed all my life untill this tyme. Then I beganne as before, first that I neede not but his honor shoulde here if he wold give me sum tyme to consider of it, for my yeares were manie, nere unto fortie or rather above fortie ; I was not certayn of my yeares but so might as I coulde I wold speake of them that I needed not to trouble his honor anie farther nor be troubled my selfe with anie farther examination.

Wherto they were all content & I rested a quarter of an hower & then beganne as followethe : Firste I acknowledge my name to be trewlie called Alexander Rawlins and that I was borne in the Citie of Oxford, where I remayned a tyme of nurceinge & then was carried vi miles from thense to a place called Handborowghe, where I continued as I think the space of vii or viii yeares and then came to Oxford one yeare and thense went unto Winchester to schole where I stayed about viii yeares & thense I went to Oxford agayn and stayed a year or there about in Stable Haule [Hall?] and Harte Haule. Thense I went to London & placed my selfe with an Apothicarie where I continewed allmost ix yeares. Thense was I committed to prison where I continewed tossed & turned to & fro the space of iiii yeares that I never coulde rest quiet nether in minde nor in bodie but continewallie vexed : if I had libertie a little tyme I was acused presentlie agayne, so that in those iiii yeares I was in prison viii several tymes & to divers prisons. And therefore I resolved with God and my selfe that it were better for me to live in a forayn cuntrie with harde fare & serve god than to live in prison at home being so muche troubled in bodie and minde as I was ; & in the ende I concluded that it was better to travayle for phisicke & then I might profit my selfe & others where as nowe I coulde

not. And then I travayled over the seas for phisicke for the bodie & it pleased god to turne it to the phisicke for the sole. Where I continewed all most iiiii yeares & then came into my cuntrie & continewed ii yeares allmoste, & then travayled agayn over the seas for ii yeares or more & then came into this cuntrie agayn, where I have now bin allmoste an other yeare. And thus have I spent my tyme unto this day.

All this being written by Mr Rookesbye the secretorie as I spake it in order, the Lord President asked me where I was first a recusant, & where I was reconciled. I sayed I thanked god I was borne in the catholicke faythe & broughte up in the same all my tyme; yet I confessed I was not so carefull for my soole his healthe as I showld have bin, but I fell a little tyme which I thought too longe when I remembered my selfe the state I stood in & the promise made for me at my baptisme, & was right sorrie for it & desired God that I might sum parte of recompense for that which was paste. Then the Lord President asked me to swere who reconciled me. I sayed a preeste was to rebuke others for swering & therefore not be a swerer him selfe, & desired pardon for it.

Then sayed the President: Say but of thy preesthoode & it shall suffice. I sayed my yea and nay shuld suffice, for my preesthood belonged to God our savior as well as to my selfe & therefore I myght not swere by it vaynlie, nether wold I by god his helpe, & desired his honor to be contented. And then he asked me whether I was a recusant when I was abidinge in the Citie of London. Wherto I answered I was a christian catholicke at that tyme—if it pleased him to call me a recusant for the profession of that faythe I was a recusant then and ever sence. Then he asked me where I went over & I sayed at Southehampton & landed nere St Mallowes in France & travayled all by the sea coste untill I came unto Pickardie, & then I did returne backe agayne to Ewe, thense to Rome, then to Paris & then to Reames, stayinge at everie place sumtymes more & sumtymes lesse as occasion served ether for cumpanie or sumtymes for weriennesse, for that I travayled all by foote & never came on horsebacke but when I travayled



the highe mountaynes or the deepe waters where no manne coulede travayle but by horse.

Then the Lord President demanded who was the president at Reames when I was there. I answered first Mr Bayley & then Mr Docter Barret. Then he asked me what I took for my viaticum, where tooke shippinge, where I arrived, whither I went being arrived & what companie was with me in all my iorney. Whereto I sayed I had but ii freanche crownes for my viaticum because the colledge was poore & I had sufficient of myne owne, & if I had had anie more I had loste all, for I was imprisoned and spoyled of all I had the first day after I parted from Lawonne, & almoste starved by the enimies of god & man to deathe & ii other preestes with me, the one called Mr Hughe Shewell, a northern man who died in Scotland afterward, & Mr Edmund Gennings, a Southern man & died afterward in London. And after I was delivered out of prison I went to Deape & stayed there untill I receyved my owne monie which was above xl poundes, the which hath mayntayned to this tyme, & there I say at Deape I was inbarked by a freanch man & none other with me but the Northern preeste Mr. Hughe Sewell who arived with me; & we bothe landed by nighte I nether knowe the place nor haven more than this; as I thinke it was betwixte Tynmothe & Hartellpoullle; & there we parted & he went northward & I went toward London. Then the Lord asked howe longe I stayed by the way, & especiall how long I rested at Thornley with father Holtby, what other howses I came to untill I came to London. Whereto I sayed I supposed he was not at Thornley nor anie other that I knewe of, for if there were it was a place to me unknowen, for I nether was in anie parte of the Northe before, & therefore his honor mighte thinke well for me to venter into a strange place to be acquaynted never heard of afore were to indaynger my selfe, & therefore I did assuer him I went with all speade I coulede from thense to Sylborrowghe & from thense to Yorke where I provided my necessaries, & thense I tooke my iorney to London & there about I stayed so long as I thought I myghte not be knowed, & then travayled over agayn & rested ii yeares as before sayed & then tooke shippinge at Hull when I went

over & when I came into England agayn I arived as before betwixte Tynmothe & Hartellpoullle and then I happened to be acquaynted with the gentillman with whom I was now taken. Whose losses I lament for his wyfe & children but not my owne lyfe. And then I requested his honor to be good to them howe hardlie so ever he used me.

But he gave me this answer that if I wolde be as conformable as Maier Bell & Hardestie I shoulde find as muche favor as them, otherwise I shoulde smarte for it. moreover he sayed both Bell & Maier that he knewe were as earnest & obstinat as ever anie can or coulde be, & yet in the ende were content to do as obedient subiects shoulde do & he sayed in the end he doughted not but I moughte do as muche as well as they, for I had no reason to the contrarie more than they. I requested patience with my Lord President and leve to say for my selfe : I am not so learned as manie of my profession & yet hetherto God hathe geven me grace firmelie to believe as a trewe catholicke shoulde & learninge by humilitie to knowe what may satisfie a contented minde untill God pleased to instructe me farther, & if this coulde not satisfie his honor it should by God his grace content me. Then the Lord President & all the rest sayed I was a Traytor bothe to God & my Cuntry & was not worthie to live under so gracious a queene who dealt mercifullie with everie of us. Wherto I stood up, being kneling all this tyme on a knee which was I think ii houres, but was forced to kneele downe agayn & then they gave me leve to speake & then I sayed that I never committed Treason in my life nether by worde nor deede & therefore no traytor. If anie could accuse me of Treason I wold willinglie sufer for it but I was suer I never entered into anie matter of State or anie thinge agaynst our maiestie or anie thinge that might be hurtfull to our cuntry ; & therefore for anie to call me Traytor I thoughte they did me great iniurie unlesse it were treason to be a preest. But if to be a preest were to committ Treason then by there lawe they might make me a Traytor, althoughe I was suer by God his lawe I was suer it was no sinn at all. Wherto the Lord President being moved to anger stood up & sayed : to be a preeste was no treason ; what

sinn it was he knewe not. But he sayed I should knowe it was treason that I had committed & granted to be so at the Parlament by men of my owne profession as well as of there religion. Then I asked in what sorte whereto he sayed agayn : to be a preest is no treason if I had kepte my self out of this Countrie of England. But I being an Englishman to departe out of this cuntrie without leve & to ioyne my selfe with all that professed themselves enimies to our Cuntrie, as example father Holt, father Parsons, father Worthington, Doctor Clifford & Sir Willm Stanlie & the rest who had latlie sworn certayn to conspire her maiesties death & then called for a new printed book which came from London & read a great deale.

Therof I was werie in heringe & sayed that I was cum thether to be examined & to answer for my selfe & not for othermens matters which appertayned not to me ; for I was a preest & his honor myght read long before I wolde believe anie of that to be trew. If he had ought to say to me I requested he wolde make shorte for I sayed I began to faynt. And then he sayed he cared (?) if I & sutche as I all confessed (?), & wished he had them all as fast chayned in Irons as I was there, he wold make short worke ; & sayed agayn I was a notable traytor. Wherto I sayed if I might speake for my selfe I coulde satisfie his honor if anie reason myght satisfie him. And first, for iii of them I nether knewe nor so muche as ever once sawe that I knewe, muche lesse ether converse or be acquaynted with them. The other ii were bothe my readers, Doct Clifford & Mr Worthington, for my lecturs, & then, I knewe, they nether taughte nor wrote anie such matters unto us schollers ; what since was donne I knewe not & untill I did see the event I nether could nor wold beleve, for that an honest man ought not beleve everie rumor that is spread to discredit an other. Withall I sayed it was so in our religion, what there religion taughte they shoulde suerlie answer for, as I looked to answer for all my actions before god & man.

Then the Secretorie spake & sayed : Be obedient to our Maiesties Lawes & I hope that my Lord president will grant you as muche faver as may be showed. Wherto I sayed if he showed me anie faver God wold reward him where I coulde

not. Then the Lord President sayed: Tell us how often wert thoue at Thornley, how manie howses in Northumberland, Bushepricke, Richmondshere & Yorkeshere & so sotheward hast thoue continewed in, & I shall shewe thee the faver I can; I meane all those that ar recusants ether the gentillmen them selves or there wyves. To which I sayed I was nether acquaynted at Thornley nether at anie catholicke house in anie place; if I shoulde accuse anie man I should iniurie them & must hurte my selfe, & it was now for me sufficient to answer for my selfe. If anie can charge me for trublinge his house I shall answer him if I can to his contentment; if not, let it be my punishment. Then the Lord President asked how often I was at Peter Knaresbowwe house with Jho. Mushe or at Nid. with John Pullin, for he did knowe that I did resort thether verie often. Then I required my accuser, for I coulde not accuse my selfe of that I was not giltie in. But he sayed he knewe it & was suer, but I sayed that coulde not satisfie me to make me say it was so, knowinge the contrarie.

Then he asked me what cumpanie used to me when I was taken. I sayed I lived solitarie & when anie came to ye gentillman I kepte me close & wold not be seene by them as they can testifie, & the gentillman him selfe ever since my cuming kepte him verie close & wente not abrode but on his urgent businesse. Then he asked for one Mr Dalie. I sayed I knewe him not, what others did I coulde not tell. Then in the end the Lord President spake verie frendlie before he reade all my examination, & promised me greate frindshippe if I wolde be an honest man & ruled, & so did the rest Mr. Secretorie Mr Stannop & the Bishope, & havinge reade unto me my examination requested my hand to subscribe my name, the which I did subscribe & yet I forgot to reade it my selfe before I set my name to it. Then partinge he sayed he wold provide I should never say masse more & asked how manie tymes I had sayed masse there or anie where else, & whether I cam not to Mr Warcop. onlie to say masse. I sayed I cam to use the function of a preest, but what I had donne I wold not say; if anie can accuse I am to answer & so we parted & was com-

mitted prisoner to the Secretorie him selfe who hathe used me verie courtesse.

Manie other frivolousse questions were demanded which I account not, as whether I were at the castill of Yorke, what howses in London or ther about catholicke I sayed masse, how manie I had reconsiled; I sayed I could accuse nor tell them &, asked who most mayntayned me, I sayed my selfe; & the like. And so we parted to prisone.

## 2

[This letter is addressed on the back to his fellow prisoners in York Castle.]

## Salutem in Christo

My frendes & even christians. I having receyved sutche acceptable comfort that I cannot but I must in worde sumwhat requite that which in this worlde I am not hable to performe in deed. For this I assure my selfe & likewise unto everie on in my case, that God is moste nighe unto everie prisoner deprived of all wordlie comfort. For he sayethe by his holie servant *confide in domino et dabit tibi petitiones cordis tui*. I coule write manie thinges for my owne comfort & youers, but let this suffise bothe you all & my selfe, first that *Deus iustus est iudex, patiens, multum misericors, et in fine reddet unicuique secundum opera sua*; so that if I worke accordinge to my vocation I doughte not but God will pay me a perfect penie, not so muche for my owne desert as for the tender love & mercie he shewethe toward all that serve him as they shoulde do. And I for my part by his helpe who geveth all good thinges hope to performe in deede what I have professed by promise before bothe god & man, otherwise the reproche & shame will be myne bothe in this wordle & in the nexte, deathe everlastinge. Youer good prayers therefore everie one I earnestlie requiere while I am in this life, & by God his grace I shall pray for you all bothe in this life & in the nexte.

My state & condition for my mayntenance is verie smalle. To increase the same I do not knowe the way or meanes, onlie this, that I hope God will move the hartes of sum charitable creatures to helpe as necessitie shall constrayn me for my life

tyme. When I came to prison I had but xs & xid or xis id & it is almoste all spent. I wolde gladlie knowe what order you thinke beste for me to followe, & that I shall performe by god his helpe as tuchinge all manner of matters bothe for diet, beddinge, washinge or anie other thinge that appertaynethe to a poor prisoner, for I yeald my selfe wholie to you & your directions, & wolde willinglie be at the least charge because I know not how nor when to repay. If it please you to provid me anie gowen or longe cassocke I shall sende you my cloke & bootes for it & I suppose my keper will be well contented. I beinge a lone prisoner do knowe I spende more for my parte than anie other, & therefore for Christ his sake write what may be best, & if I followe it not let me be blameworthy. And thus I committ you for this tyme to the tuition of God almightie & the prayers of God his churche this present friday the 3 of Januarie. Commend me I pray you to all as you may agayn & agayn.

youers as suer as deathe  
Alexander Rawlins, preeste.

## 3

[There is no indication to show us to whom this letter is written.]

My deare childe whom God hathe so dearelie bought with his moste pretiouse bloude now beware and earnestlie take heede least that your cruell enimies take holde of you, I meane the wordle, your owne frayltie, and the allurements of Suttell Satan, for they have allreadie opposed them selves, there hookes & ingents [engines] ar bayghted & layed, & the Tempter hathe cunninglie procured you the libertie to Swyme into the wordle where you can not but necessitie will constrayn you to see & behold the manifolde miseries which ar colored under the deceyghtfull flie. Agayn I saye take heede leste when you hunger after the colowred pleasurs of false fantasies you be sodanlie taken to sutche distresses that you knowe not which way to turne you. I write thisse, lovinge childe as a fatherlie warninge and not as anie mislikeinge of anie thinge

that I have found or hearde of you, knowinge the wordle to be more deceyghtfull to those that ar simple in trewe simplicitie, which is a singular vertew, than it is seeking or fosteringe those whom it joyethe allreadie. Remember, I beseeche you agayn & agayn, to beware by the harde hazarde of others & descier obedientlie of God the gever of all goodnesse especiallie that you be not tempted above youer capacitie, & that you never yealde to anie thinge that may be dishonor to God, an evell example or a scandall to youer vertuose neyghbours, or an Iniurie, blotte or blemishe to youer owne Sole. Let youer spirituall Eye of youer hart looke into the lovinge lyfe of holie Jobe, whom nether enimie spirituall nor Corporall coulde corrupt, having receyved by God his permission as manie iniuries as anie mortall man coulde possible sustayn, & yet did he not once open his hart to blame God, but thanked God for all he sent. I may compare youer life (I hope without offence to anie) unto that holie life of holie & Joyfull Jobe: joying rather most of all in iniuries than in all prosperities, for they ar the messingers which carefullie do call us unto the knowledge of God & the beholdinge of our owne selves what we were, what we are, and what we may be. All the inhabitan-  
 ce about you did, & do, see howe you have lost almost all youer living, now youer goods, & have also hazarded youer life (whom God hathe yet prolonged for sum greater good as I verilie believe) and all for the enjoyinge of a quiet Conscience (which God of his goodnesse with youer perfect perseverance will pretiously preserve, I dought not) to the honor of his name, the profit of youer neyghbour and the weayle of youer owne sole his healtie.

I supposed you had been called by the pitifull prayers of St. Marie Magdalayn unto the Contemplative life, but by the cruell cries of wyfe, children and frends you have betaken you to more labouresum life of Martha which is mixed with manifolde miseries and yet is a happie life, for our Savior sayeth *Unum est necessarium*. Harken unto me yet, my love, my hart & Joy, in whom I tooke as muche and more pleasure in than in all the wordle besydes, and in whom I did repose all my trustes & confidence, and, for confirminge of all those thinges

which your hart desired, am content to suffer willinglie what it shall please God to permitt anie of our adversaries to lay on me, yea if it be deathe it selfe assuringe my selfe that it is God his quarrell and my comfort whatsoever they do unto me, saying: *Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter iustitiam quoniam ipsorum est regnum coelorum.*

And now, allthoughe you suffer not imprisonment of bodie, yet content your selfe to sequester your minde from too muche meddling with wordlie affayres leaste that you be thereby iniured & utterlie overthrowen. I should thinke a life lead with small companie were fittest for you, for then you might sumtymes the better beholde your selfe & your state, & the quieter a littell looke into the life contemplative, that if happilie you be werie of the one you may the more willinglie become the other. God grant you your hartes desier and then I doubt not but all shall fall out well to God his pleasure, your owne contentment and the desired expectation of your faythfull frends. Thus commending you & yourers to the Tuition of god and the hevenlie prayers of the Church militant & triumphant, and my selfe to yourers I feare to trouble you anie farther.

Yourers as you know so suer as deathe,

Alexander Rawlins.

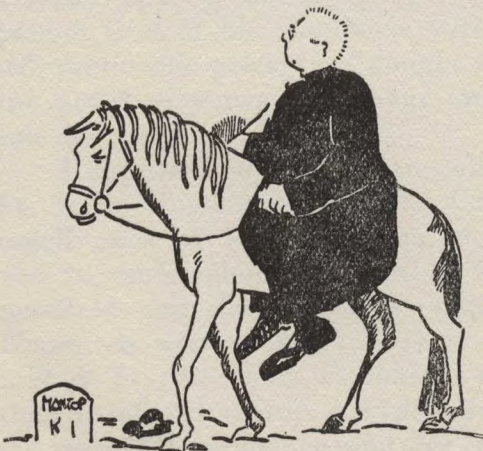


## ROMANESQUES

### 25.—ROMAN HORSES

IMPROBABLE as it may seem, it was a heart-breaking journey on the West Clare Railway that lately set me thinking of Roman horses. For trains on the West Clare line do not run: they merely stop incalculably. And that maddening performance recalled the distant story of the Stopping Steed of Sutri, an adventure that happened to the Archaeologist and me during the gita when we went all Etruscan. But proverbial wild horses would not drag that story from me.

And after all it is not to provincial horses that these lines are dedicated. Otherwise, much loving labour might be devoted to the delineation of the portly cobb bestridden, inadequately, by the portly curate at Montopoli; or even to digressions on those singular beasts men ride in the Maremma, so saddled that the rider faces the tail, a remarkable custom for which



THE PORTLY CURATE OF MONTOPOLI.

the Archaeologist can vouch; for we walked through the Maremma one gusty day together.

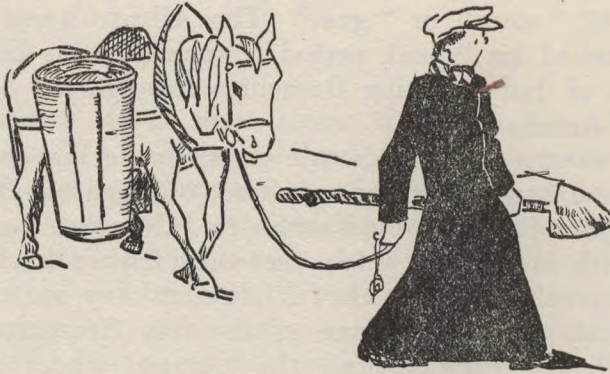
Sagas might be sung on the privileged Albano horses that in their later years achieve the distinction of spending their *villeggiatura* with the lordly *Inglesi* at Palazzola. I am divulging no secrets when I disclose that there is much competition in Albano hippic circles for that honour. It has, indeed, been seriously maintained that the selection of the horses for Palazzola is the real object of the Whit-Monday races that you can enjoy any year at Albano, if you are cowardly enough to desert Fregene, and brazen enough to join the gourmands on the list for the villa. In commercial England, a horse's loftiest ambition is often nothing more exalted than some hundreds of "sovs" or "gns." The Albano horse considers he has reached his "peak period" when he wins the coveted distinction of daily trotting Domenico through the home-town along the Ariccia road.

And what a line of historic nags, appearing endlessly in the College Diary under the sobriquet of Pegasus, Bucephalus or Bellerophon! They would arrive in July, shuffling skeletons covered with indifferent hide; but they frisked back home in October in such *bon point* that I felt sure they must soon end in that little shop down one of the less frequented streets between Piazza Farnese and the Campo, where an ogrish butcher straddled beneath his sign, "CARNE EQUINA."

Such must have been the fate of all but one, and he, poor wretch, had the misfortune to be with us for that awful summer when an ultra-progressive First (or Second) Year set about making a handball-court in the garden. They soon discovered how pozzuolana from the bed of the old coaching-road to Marino might be conveyed with better speed and greater comfort to the site of their labours. A pack-saddle on the old nag; a couple of hard but capacious tubs well loaded and cunningly disposed; the journeys doubled and re-doubled through a parching August, with all the relentless rigour that characterised those builders—this was how the horse of 1931 grew so embittered that when he was trotting the Infirmarian and a patient to Rocca (the patient, believe it or not, having been

stung by a horsefly) he, Bucephalus, calmly lay down in the middle of the road with the *biga* on its side behind him. An ill-fated spot was that, just beyond the Tufo; for there, twelve months before, Pegasus, his predecessor, on a similar mission of mercy, had wrecked a *villeggiante's* car, to the great distress of the writer.

Both those beasts, too, if memory serves, had their blissful hopes of Palazzola sadly soured by reckless riders, unfairly weighted with Domenico's gita-fare, who rode them bareback wildly round the Sforza through those blazing Wednesday afternoons before the real gitas began. But of all these horses this is not the time to write.



THE HORSE OF 1931.

Rather let us confine ourselves to the horses of the City, Romans of the Romans, true descendants of the noble breed immortalized in bronze under Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol or Victor Emmanuel on the monument. And, even here, one must prescind from two Roman "horses," so called, who inhabited the Venerable English College itself within living memory—both honourable men; and another steed of flashing eye and gallant mettle, that appeared on concert-programmes as "?" and almost literally, as well as metaphorically, brought the house down. These were merely horses by courtesy.

The authentic Roman horse may be seen any morning from eight o'clock till mid-day (and for all I know even later)

in the Campo de' Fiori or Piazza Farnese. His sole occupation during those long hours of the Roman day is to restore his negligible tissues from a meal of broccoli stalks. All Roman horses discovered long ago the secret of the Hay Diet, chiefly because they never even smell a truss of hay. From cock-crow till early schools they draw incredible loads into town; from mid-afternoon till nightfall they struggle back with similar loads to obscure stables; but in the long hours of the forenoon they lounge leisurely in Campo or Piazza, just as their lords and masters will later collect and chatter in the village square. Only, the horse must make his meal at the same time. Strip a stalk of stalwart broccoli or Brussels sprout of every vestige of leaf, scrape away every gleam of green, dry it till the fibre gapes, and you have prepared a succulent meal that is apparently the Roman horse's ideal regimen for slimming. Little wonder that once, rushing through the Campo to an engrossing lecture on Error, I was startled to feel a Roman horse's teeth snatching at the lustrous curves of my best Silvestrini hat. Could he smell the straw foundation thereof, or did he, colour-blind, mistake the luxuriant nap for a meadow of lush grass? I always gave him a wide berth afterwards. Horses such as these more than earn their meagre living; and to do it all on one broccoli stalk per diem and, at most, one Venerabile hat per annum argues a high level of asceticism amongst them. True, I have seen a Sybarite of the breed feasting sumptuously on the inside of an old straw mattress that had been thrown down from one of the top windows of the Cappellari. But he, I fear, never came to anything.

I never set much store by those delicate high-stepping creatures that drew coronetted broughams through the Borghese gardens: they had clearly had all their Romanità groomed out of them with a curry-comb. Nor was I much impressed by the cavortings of the old aristocrat that pranced from café to café between the shafts of the Little Sisters' van, though he was reputed to have spent a hectic youth in the Quirinal stables. And I positively dislike the skittish, overfed hack in Pamphilj, whose only joy in life was to charge down through the *pineta* bestridden by a certain Tom Mix, with the bad news that the

football pitch was still unfit for play. Even the horses of the wine-carts, to be seen any morning as you walk along the Appian out to S. Callisto, driven by a puny mongrel dog whilst the carter sleeps, are poor specimens compared with the denizens of the Campo and Piazza Farnese. The Trasteverini claim to be the only genuine autochthonous Romans; and, as a matter of fact, the characteristic Campo horse has something about him that smacks of the farther bank.

But, of course, the Roman horse κατ' ἐξοχήν was ever the carrozza-horse. Banished by an unappreciative municipality in these degenerate days to the back-streets to make way for



THE ROMAN HORSE κατ' ἐξοχήν . . . . THE CARROZZA HORSE.

the taxis of the S.T.A.; compelled to amble noisily over cobbles past the Tortoise Fountain and sternly interdicted from his heritage, the Corso, the carrozza-horse, nevertheless, has maintained an unruffled dignity through all the upheavals of the *Piano Regolatore*. He stands, in the few dim corners where they now permit him to stand, a solid monument to the old, undying Rome. Can one ever forget the sight of a rank of carrozzas, with or without capacious umbrellas? The horses, with or without sun-bonnets; head buried between knees in thoughts too deep for tears; legs crossed one over the other, backwards, forwards, sideways, unbelievably; the jagged line of the spine, recalling the rougher horizons of the Abruzzi; one eye closed in meditation, and the other roving desperately

round the piazza in search of a fare. And should a fare arrive, oh, the friskings and curvettings, the tossing of the tail and shaggy mane, the proud rearings of a head that needs no plume, the deafening clump of four heavy hoofs on the *peperino*, and the stealthy peep over the shoulder to see how the *tariffa* grows within the meter!

Fate once ordained that I should grow very familiar with one of the noblest of these noble creatures. Authority had ordained that lameness was no excuse for missing schools in a city where carozzas abounded; and for one glorious week I hobbled out to my chariot and swept off, *cum socio*, to the Palazzo Borromeo. Every morning and afternoon the wily *cocchiere* tried to vary the route in search of an extra *centesimo*; every morning and afternoon we galloped proudly past the toiling cameratas of the sane and sound; but the delight which never cloyed was the last rattling dash up the Via del Seminario, while startled masses of the world's seminarists scattered before our Juggernaut on either side of that inadequate thoroughfare.

Less happy was the experience of one P—S— who, suffering from the ministrations of the chiropodist of the period, was compelled to take a carozza to keep up with his camerata during the evening walk. The horse he usually affected was a snow-white charger of fabulous age and very uncertain mood. Sometimes he would canter along at an alarming rate; sometimes he would droop into a no less alarming slow stagger. He was also afflicted with incipient glaucoma of the right eye, and betrayed a corresponding tendency to move along all roads diagonally, and even to describe complete circles if the driver failed to keep a strict vigil. This the driver, who was beyond his prime, frequently failed to do. It was a sight never to be forgotten, the swaying conveyance with the old white steed wandering from side to side and the driver nodding peacefully upon his box, while a pair of wild eyes under a Venerabile hat peered over the side in a vain endeavour to catch a glimpse of a swift-moving camerata.

The greatest degradation that the Roman Horse suffers in these days is his dependence for harness on the cast-offs of his hated rival, the motor vehicle. It is a source of permanent

mystification how Roman horses were harnessed at all before the discovery of the pneumatic tyre. Albano horses on festal days rise to unexampled heights of sartorial grandeur. They glow in tinsel and spangles and multi-coloured ribbons; they sweep the streets before them with a drapery of tassels worthy of a Cardinal's hat. And of course the better class of carozza-horse, with his sparsely sprinkled brasses newly polished and his best sun-bonnet donned for a festa, is far from dowdy. But the less prosperous carozza-horse and the humble cart-horse of the Campo have no finery. What is worse, you will scarcely find one whose harness has not been patched with odd scraps of Michelin tyres; and that sorry strap, which all too often galls his heaving breast as he strains upon his burden, is inevitably encased, for his greater comfort and greater shame, in a stretch of inner-tubing. A sad degradation, this! Yet why should he care? Was it not of his own distant forebear that Virgil wrote:—

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.  
That is the music, doubtless, that is ringing in his flickering ears as he struggles through an unregarding city under a Roman sun.

THOMAS DUGGAN.

## THE END OF AN ERA

It is instructive as well as interesting to watch the reactions of various minds to the suggestion that the Venerabile today is not what it was thirty years ago. To some the suggestion is a commonplace, threadbare and rather tedious, too well known to bear further discussion; to others it seems to border on a domestic heresy; while others again find in it not only a fascinating personal interest but a certain wider significance too.

This last group will of course include a good many middle-aged Venerabilini to whom those old days are precious, and are still fruitful in vivid memories sedulously cherished. But it includes also, as experience proves, certain layfolk, within and without the Fold, whose general interests are sufficiently catholic and cultured to enable them to see the significance of the historic Venerabile. What some of us, therefore, may see as a commonplace and little else, because we are standing too close, these others, standing farther away, and seeing in deeper and wider perspective, may very reasonably wish to examine in further detail. And after all, it is a commonplace that the obvious and familiar frequently repay examination.

Having erected this modest shield of defensive generalities, I venture now to declare that the fact of the change being granted, and the details of the *terminus ad quem* being familiar, the details of the *terminus a quo* should be formulated and



collected and collated without further delay ; so that when the time comes for the history of this change to be written, we may have not merely a record of event following event, but a clear-cut picture of the process itself. Cardinal Gasquet brought his History of the Venerable English College down to 1887 ; and in the half century that has passed since that date, with a rapidity surprising for an institution like the Venerable, events have solidified into an entirely new state of affairs. That is the fact, be it commonplace, heresy, or fascinating and significant occurrence, of which I want just to scratch the surface here.

To describe the development is no part of my purpose. I have not the material, nor the time, nor the wit to attempt it. My purpose is very diffidently to suggest some of the directions in which that *terminus a quo* should be examined without further delay.

Consider the building itself. Externally it remains the same, but the interior is greatly changed. A considerable portion is shut off for the use of the nuns, and there are galleries, rooms and doorways by the dozen, all new to the mind of the middle-aged Venerabilino, who may wander among them and be completely baffled in his efforts to identify their place and their use in the days of his youth. On the stair-case he finds that a bathroom containing a gigantic marble bath of conspicuous record has completely disappeared ; on the *piano nobile* the whole of one wing seems to have been faced about ; and upstairs, what some of us knew as the playroom has gobbled an enfeebled and neglected neighbour and become (thereby ?) "the common-room", neat, cheery, polished, inviting relaxation. In fact the whole house has an air of comfort which an older generation finds strange, vaguely troubling, and certainly a sop to the superior consciousness of having been trained on sterner lines. Central heating : spring beds instead of a mattress of *canni* on a few planks and a couple of iron trestles : bath-rooms round every corner : carpets along the ambulacrum : carpets on the stairs : curtains to the staircase windows !

Walk into the garden. How shall a man play *boccie* here now ? Where are the *boccie* ? (In the month of May of the year

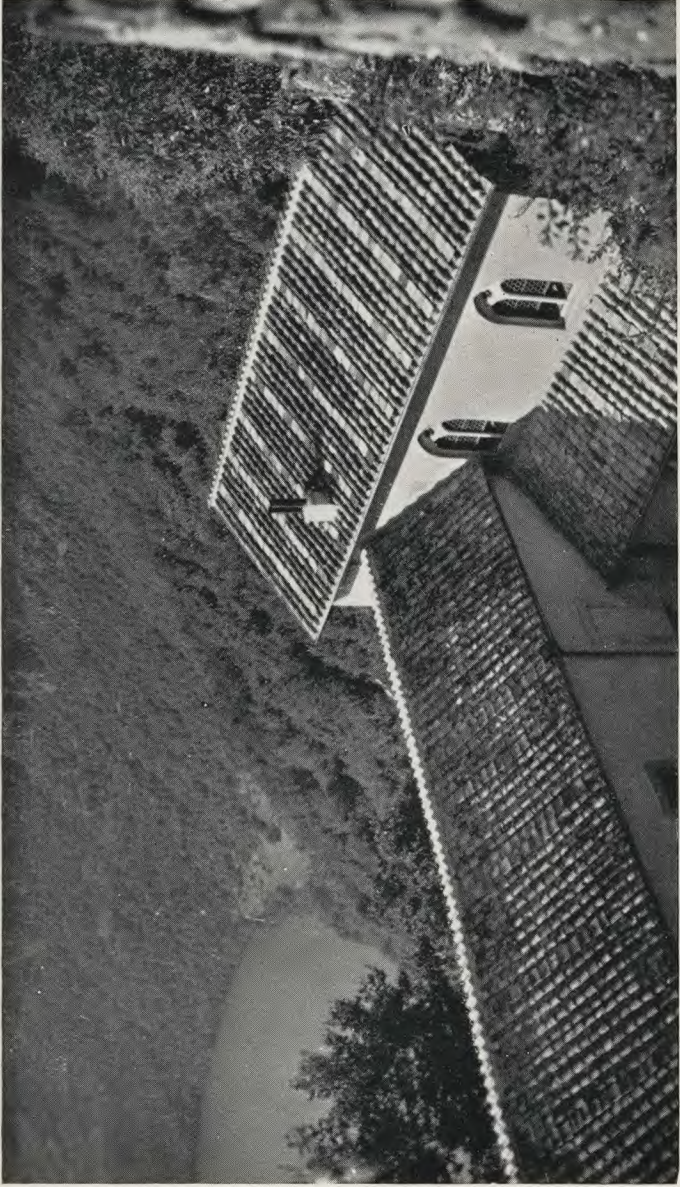
1935, a Venerabile student standing in the garden, being asked that question, replied, "What are the *boccie*?" The garden certainly is a garden now; and the swimming pool is at once an inspiration and boon. But it all represents important changes and the disappearance of quite important objects such as the sarcophagus, for instance, and, I believe, the tortoises. I know that most of these things are already on record somewhere. What I plead for is that the scattered bits be gathered into one complete record, desirable in itself, and required to round off Gasquet's History at the evident end of a period, of which the close is clearly identified by precisely these and similar happenings. Even the College Chapel is different. When came these prosperous looking benches? When were the altars differently placed to throw old associations out of joint? Gone now is the platform where of old, beside the Sanctuary, ten, seven, five, even three of us have stood, *Liber Usualis* in hand, to sing the plainchant proper of every Mass that occurred, Sunday after Sunday, Festa after Festa, Requiem after Requiem for years. Tuneful we were and unashamed. Nor were we flattered by being called a "schola"; the memory of what they called us shall never be revived.

The great increase in the number of students also belongs to this period of transition. And increased numbers have brought increased changes in the life of the students. For instance, there can be no difficulty today in making up a camerata for schools. Think of the days when there was! Certain of the consequences will be evident to the mind of any good Venerabilino. Also, years ago we did occasionally achieve cricket and association football; today they have these, and rugby and tennis and golf too! We played at Pamphili; now they play at Pamphilj. All these things are significant. Years ago we inherited a Debating Society, and founded a Literary Society and a Photographic Society. Today we hear of a Literary Society, a Debating Society, a Wiseman Society, a Catholic Social Guild, an Orchestra, besides much activity in such directions as mountaineering, the drama, and, I suspect, dressmaking. Since our day also there has been, perhaps still is, a Mezzofanti Society (or Club?). Above all, there is

this periodical itself, THE VENERABILE, the contents of which touch a standard of literary and scholarly excellence (apart from lapses like the present) which makes at least one of its readers regard it not only with delight, but also with sincere respect. All these activities offer evidence both of general development and of a surprisingly rapid deepening and enrichment of culture and talent, to the advantage of the Church in England, and to the honour of the Venerabile. Therein also is demonstrated the wisdom of a bold increase in the number of students. Also powerful influences in the life of Venerabilini years ago were Monte Porzio and La Magliana.\* And they too belong to the period that is past. They too are in danger of becoming mere names in a list, unless the remaining history of the period to which they belong be set down in writing before their living memory shall fade. Moreover, if there is no harm in mentioning it, a separate college formerly flourished within these walls. The Venerabile housed and cherished and guided and developed the Beda and Bedamen in the way good Bedamen should go; and thereby contributed powerfully to the distinguished work since done by Bedamen for the Church in England. And yet, though the good Venerabilino doubtless still sings "Et a Bhoedis me sequestra" and is consciously careful not to misname the Martyrs' Chapel, there is little within the building today to suggest the existence of a separate college within its walls so short a time ago.

Lastly, consider how development at the University has left its mark on the Venerabile. The doctorate courses have been stretched and tightened; the lectures re-grouped; subjects formerly optional made compulsory. The process began, fairly generally, as far back as the early years of Pius X; and the effect on the Venerabile was instant and somewhat disconcerting. Since then the demands of the University have steadily increased, both in volume and in urgency. And the

\* Here let me mildly chide McNally for the blot which disfigures his colourful article on La Magliana in page 311 of the VENERABILE for April 1936. Dear Tickle was indeed an idealist; God rest his gentle soul. But it is sheer libel to suggest that the other man always went in the Rector's carrozza. He can remember walking there at least twice! He was not a member of that disreputable "Blocco"; but he will always give it full marks for defending La Magliana.



THE NEW CHAPEL FROM ABOVE

Venerabile has risen to the occasion, and established its prestige anew. And older men, conscious of their good fortune in having struggled through before conditions became quite so fierce and searching, have watched the achievement of the Venerabile and of its later men, with frank admiration. It is a new period, of new vigour meeting new conditions with richer promise. And the past should be chronicled before its subtler contrasts are lost. The mere move of the Gregorian from the Via del Seminario must necessarily have brought many changes into the habits of the Venerabile men; changes trivial, perhaps, in their isolated detail, but far-reaching in their cumulative results over a stretch of time. In that hour between schools and the Ave, for instance, Venerabilini of today cannot do certain of the things which were done of old; and they doubtless do many things which formerly could not be done—simply because the Gregorian has moved. The breaks between lectures seem to be spent very differently now; today we read of students standing on the front steps. The very idea! Modern facilities in the new premises seem to make the professors more easily accessible to the students than they were in our day. And it would be hard to measure the importance of that improvement. These and a dozen other contrasts should be made clear before they fade completely.

If this work is done now, it will probably produce not a mere record, but a clear-cut picture. And that is what is wanted. A History such as Gasquet's must have the defect of its qualities; it cannot but tend to be a record rather than a picture; an ordered statement of events, and of dates, and of men and their work, and so forth. Nor can one fairly expect it to be much more. Cardinal Gasquet used the sources at his disposal with his own scholarly efficiency and success, and to such good purpose that his *History of the Venerable English College* will remain a standard work. It is what he set out to make it: a reliable and reasonably complete record of the rise and establishment of the College; it gives some account of the shaping and development of its character by men and events, some account of the priests whom it sent to maintain the Faith in England at whatever cost to themselves.

And for the world at large such a record is sufficient ;—apart from the accidental circumstance that it ended just thirty years too soon.

But the Venerable man has a deeper, more intimate interest ; for him no detail in the history of his predecessors is trivial. And even for the general public, including non-Catholics, the Venerable English College has an evident and quite remarkable fascination. The general interest too, therefore, could be fruitfully stimulated if it were suitably fed.

I may be permitted one last illustration. There is surely room for regret that it is too late now to hope to know with any exactness the interior “lay-out” of the Venerable in the days of the Martyrs : too late to identify many of the rooms, and corners, and galleries, and corridors among which our gallant predecessors walked and worked and ate and slept and prayed, and doubtless grumbled a little as any decent Venerabilino should. We cannot now know the details of the life as they led it in the College. What was the horarium ? How many, and where were their lectures ? When and where did they practise those plays ? Where did they spend the summer ? Were their beds really like ours before hard lying gave way to springs and decadence ? And so on.

Such things are not trivial. The answer to any of these and a score of similar questions, would throw light in many directions where now is obscurity. To us these details are precious : the more precious, perhaps, for being obliterated. And objectively, these details have contributed to the making of the English College men of the past, and to the Venerable itself as it is today.

Similar considerations are proportionately true of the details of life in the College, during the period which ended when the great expansion took shape under the direction of Monsignor Hinsley. If the work is done at once, these details can be preserved in vivid actuality. The desirable thing is not a dry record of names of men, and of places, and of things, in a collection of fragmentary lists of events ; what is wanted is a vivid and coherent picture of a period uniquely complete in itself.

How is this to be done ? There is no need to be intimidated by the fact that it will be a considerable undertaking. It will need some organization, particularly for the collection and collation of material. Best suited to that task is probably the Editorial Department of the *VENERABILE* itself. The chief sources would include various contemporary official records ; College diaries, official and unofficial ; Minute Books of College Societies ; those reminiscences which, however disjointed, unfailingly provide such huge joy and entertainment wherever Venerable men foregather ; the anecdotage of the dodderer should be encouraged (within limits) if only for its value in producing for record knowledge of customs and conditions which will never recur. Gradually thus the material will accumulate. The Editorial Staff of the *Venerabile* could then collate and co-ordinate it, from time to time, perhaps, publishing extracts at its discretion, for the interest and the stimulus of its readers. In the end should emerge a series of descriptions, enlightening, vivid, cleverly packed with relevant detail, and relevant detail only, of what Venerable men did in those days, and how they did it.

The urgent affair is to get that material collected. The personnel who shall sort it, and compress it, and work it into final shape, need cause no present anxiety. The achievements of the College during the past five-and-twenty years are evidence enough that there will always be, within its walls, talent capable of the task set here.

H. E. CALNAN.

## THE CASE OF THE NOISY ARTISAN

“ We have always been accustomed to think that there was in the city but one university, the Sapienza. Now it is asserted that there are two, the Sapienza and—the college of the English boys. Nor are these but dreams : they are the very words of our adversaries. A fine university indeed ! Are not such claims palpably absurd ? ”

And here the writer pursed thin lips, and, carried away on the tide of his own eloquence, stabbed a vicious question-mark. Then, taking another sheet, he headed it with a long, quavery 16 and within half-an-hour had his rescript ready and signed—Septimius Cedrus.

The very name suggests a dried-up little wisp of a man, one who could write with all the bitterness of a nature in which the milk of human kindness had long since curdled. Especially could he spend himself against those “ English boys ”—notoriously disrespectful to authority, of which he, Septimius Cedrus, felt himself to be the embodiment. Some very strange tales leaked from the College occasionally by means of indiscreet servants ; mere gossip perhaps, but where there is smoke there is usually fire, my dear sir. And anybody who had half an eye knew that their respect for the laws of the camerata made their attitude towards the Rector seem by comparison dove-like docility. But just at the moment there was no sympathy to be wasted on Father Neri, the Rector. He was



responsible for the present law-suit. Of course the Jesuits had been suppressed, and in that matter the Holy See undoubtedly knew best; but at least while they had ruled the College they had not quarrelled with their nearest neighbours. Why, the two houses were linked by a friendship of two hundred years' standing, a friendship cemented by the martyrs of the Venerable now enjoying Heaven with Pippo Buono.

And here the little man, after such an incredible concession to human weakness as a sentimental reverie of at least ten minutes, gathered together his papers, tied them with a decorous black ribbon, and, giving his cravat a pull and his wig a poke, went off to get his rescript signed by the Master of the Arch-Confraternity of S. Girolamo, and, as he went, continued to muse, not on sentimental points of no legal import, but pigeon-holed in his tidy little brain the various circumstances of this unusual law-suit.

It was the year of grace 1775. The Bull *Dominus ac Redemptor*, suppressing the Society of Jesus, was still imprinting its disastrous effects upon religious and academic life, not least in Rome, where the Roman College had lost its staff—another example, some said, of the sacrifice of a noble name to expedience, though Septimius Cedrus had always disapproved of these self-contained men, so unlike the common type of rash-spoken clergy who could give a man of law cause to preen himself on his own excellence. The English college was a case in point. These young men, whose antics, Rumour loudly proclaimed, brought little credit to the proud nation which they represented in Rome, had lately come under the well-meaning but misdirected government of Italian secular priests—for Signor Cedrus flattered himself on the broadness of the mind that was housed behind his narrow brows, and would be the first to admit the incompatibility of temperament between the present government and the governed of the Venerable English College.

And now what had the new Rector done? Started a law-suit with the Arch-Confraternity of S. Girolamo, whose works of charity towards orphans, widows and prisoners should have sufficed to shield it from the irritation of petty attack—whose

church, opposite the college, had for years sheltered Philip Neri, and on the steps of which church had knelt for much-valued blessing the gallant young men on their way to England and death. The little man absent-mindedly stamped his foot at the idea of so unprecedented a step and nearly overbalanced into the gutter.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Your Eminence hardly needs to be reminded that the reverend fathers of this worthy society obtained no small part of their funds from the rents of divers houses”. Septimius Cedrus sat back in his deep chair, finger-tips together in approved style, his head cocked to one side.

The Cardinal Protector nodded judiciously. Even he sometimes felt a slight ebbing of his own by no means scant dignity, as this little man stared appraisingly through him, and he felt that he must summon up a consequential manner, if he were to uphold the scarlet against this fusty but formidable black.

“Among others, are two shops in the Via Monserrato, which—I say it with all deference to my client—(he inclined slightly to the Master sitting nervously nearby) are even more insignificant than most of the distinctly unimposing shops in that street. They were rented by two cabinet-makers at the time when the Roman College suspended lectures and his Eminence Cardinal Corsini erected schools within the college of the English. These schools, you must notice, were not inconvenienced by the inevitable and prolonged noise inseparable from the work of a cabinet-maker who makes—ah—cabinets with—ah—no little commotion. Imagine our surprise then, when, on the shops changing hands and being rented by a blacksmith, a worthy man named Vincenzo Ancidonio, the college declared that the noise was disturbing the sleep, study and prayer of their daily life and asked for his removal. My client was too thunder-struck, your Eminence, too appalled to do anything immediately, but, as the demand continued, he very wisely sought the protection of the law under my auspices !”

“Have you prepared the customary declaration of your arguments?” enquired His Eminence, whose many engagements combined with his discomfort when with the withered little lawyer to make an early end to the interview more than desirable.

“My lord Cardinal, it is here, but we—my client and I—for I may say I take a personal interest in the case—considered that the specious argumentation of our opponent, Erskine, a Scottish man, whose reputation in the profession is far beyond his deserts, must needs be counteracted on our part by a personal explanation, for I always maintain, my lord Cardinal, that the—ah—personal touch is irresistible.”

“So I would imagine,” answered the Cardinal dryly, “nevertheless time also is valuable.”

“Of course, but I have here not only the rescript but a summary of the case which will doubtless be of service to your Eminence;” With a gracious wave of his hand he checked the effusive thanks which he felt (quite erroneously) were about to gush forth and handed to the Cardinal the summary which we find the most fitting means of presenting the facts of the case.

“The Venerable English College asserts that at its foundation Pope Gregory XIII conferred on it all the privileges of a University—privileges confirmed by Paul V. For 200 years these privileges lay unclaimed because the students attended the Roman College. Clearly then they have lost their rights through non-use.

The right is based on the law of the Emperors Theodosius and Valentinianus which declares that teachers of Philosophy and their classes should be so located ‘ne discipuli sibi invicem possint obstrepere, vel magistri neve linguarum confusio permista vel vocum aures quorundam aut mentes a studio litterarum averat.’ Clearly then, the law, as it stands, refers only to interference from another class. Yet our opponents turn to glossaries which extend the privilege to all colleges and professional men and interpret the ‘*confusio*’ as applying *a fortiori* to all ‘noisy artisans hammering for private gain’ even though the worthy craftsmen thus discourteously alluded

to, be working in what we have always regarded as the inviolable sanctity of their own homes. The glossaries on which our adversaries base their title affirm very frequently that '*Faber non potest malleare juxta scholas.*'

Against this we assert

1. That the privilege, if it ever existed, is lost by non-use.
2. That the privilege, if not thus lost, refers only to a public University—whereas the college is a private school.
3. If it be not a private school, still worse, seeing that the students even now attend the Collegio Bandinelli.
4. In any event the shops are not '*juxta scholas.*'
5. Finally, the custom of the city sanctions the opening of forges near Curial offices, houses of professional men and even near colleges and the University of the City itself."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was at a winter evening's soiree—if such a phrase can be applied to any assembly of old bachelors, professional men, enjoying what in a less dignified sphere would be termed a busman's holiday. An evening of relaxation from law-court or laboratory was spent in arguing over new diseases, in the defence of a novel solution of an old case, in weighing the pros and cons of many a famous legal squabble and in general talking nothing but "shop."

Charles Erskine was present and Septimius Cedrus, the latter resplendent in a new hair-ribbon and buckles brightly polished. Victory shone in his eyes, for that very day judgment had been given by the Sacred Tribunal that the Venerable English College had no right to eject the tenant of the Arch-Confraternity. Two years had passed since the astute old man had first waited on the Cardinal Protector with his crushing list of arguments, arguments which he since had amplified and supported so effectively that now he had won his case. But it would appear that the English College intended to appeal, and Septimius Cedrus, the battle-light glinting in square spectacles and deflecting off stern iron rims, approached the neatly dressed, somewhat lofty Scot, seized him by the button-hole and was soon deep in argument.

“So you call this college a University,” he was heard to say in derisive tones, for it was part of his general tactics to lead his opponents on to rash statements by provocative or even abusive language.

“Certainly, for so it was constituted by Pope Gregory XIII, and you know as well as I that only a University can confer degrees, a privilege which we enjoy.”

“Indeed,” the little man concealed with stoic calm any reverence he may have felt for this unique status. “Then where is your right to teach a public course of Law? University fiddlesticks!”

“Since you broached the subject,” returned Erskine, “I would be more than interested to hear what justification you have for the apparently gratuitous statement that privileges are lost by non-use. You know well that Papal decrees from their very origin do not depend on custom, nor are they abrogated by non-use. Privileges granted in this way are lost only when their holders have the intention of surrendering them.”

The cunning old lawyer, cornered on this point, prepared for a fresh attack by a prodigious pinch of snuff, and, while Erskine and their listeners were still unbalanced by the resounding sneeze that followed, he began, “I am amazed that you should so confuse the meaning of the word ‘*juxta*’ as to suppose that it can with any justice be used of the relations between your schools and our shops. You deny, I believe, the well-supported view that it is applicable only to buildings situated in the same block, but, my dear sir, with the whole width of the Via Monserrato between your college and the shops of my client, how can you still claim that noise penetrates to the rooms, where these boys are studying their Phaedrus and Trojan Wars.” We will leave Charles Erskine speechless at the effrontery of this remark, an insult which meant that the unscrupulous Cedrus had no good arguments to hand at the moment.

Indeed the point cost him much thought; the legal glossaries appointed 40 palms as the limit of what could be regarded as “*juxta*” (4 palms constitute one foot). His point that the distance to the college door measured 63 feet was met with

laughter and the remark that the professors were not accustomed to lecturing on the door-step. It was asserted that a direct line from shops to the college measured 34 palms. Yet on his side he had witnesses to attest that the distance was 230 feet. How could he prove this essential point? He had never yet been beaten; but he had never before been matched against Charles Erskine. After some careful thought in the seclusion of his room, he touched a little gong which brought to his presence a shifty person with long, yellow face and frousty bob-wig. A few instructions given, he settled back in his chair with a triumphant chuckle. With a man actually in the college as a servant, he should find all the weak points in the defence—at least when that was the object of the man's visit.

Nor must he neglect the more rhetorical point to be gained by insisting upon the custom of the city (strange to find Romanità in a law-suit, even though duly clad in forensic garb). Where was there to be found a single instance of the dismissal of smiths from the neighbourhood of scholars? All cases cited by his opponents he had shown to be connected either with the disturbing of Divine Office or to have depended on the question of health—for instance the confectioner, whose oven emitted insanitary fumes, could not be regarded as a parallel to the worthy Signor Ancidonio, whose forge was probably a most healthy place—I mean, my good sir, just consider the physique of the average blacksmith! While even to suggest that all students' houses ought to be isolated from the workshops of "noisy artisans" meant the exile of the latter to the country outside Rome—a preposterous idea, considering that they were every bit as necessary as the average student!

\* \* \* \* \*

But many aspects of the case had still to come to light and be discussed before the last rescript was placed in the bulky files of Septimius Cedrus. The college won its appeal and a fierce battle waged over the counter-appeal of the Oratorians. The College complained that the whole life of the students was interrupted by this "Vulcan come from Etna." It was answered that the smith ceased work at sun-down and doubt was expressed whether the students spent sufficient time at

their study for it to matter what noise they heard ; besides, the privilege granted to the schools could not arbitrarily be extended to the whole college—a plea which brought forth the derisive remark that it was small advantage to listen in silence, if peace was not ensured for the thinking that must follow. We detect the influence of Septimius Cedrus in the bold assertion that, even if the College rights were not lost through non-use, these could not be claimed as long as its members attended the Collegio Bandinelli—but in this instance it was quickly shown that only three students did so and these only to learn Italian, pursuing the usual course of studies at home.

The Arch-Confraternity put more and more stress on the right of a man to do as he pleased in his own home, provided that his occupation was lawful *in se*. Since a lax interpretation of the law (such as that found in the Glossaries) meant grave loss to the other party of the suit, the sense must be taken very rigidly. Finally official interest was again aroused by the statement, which the English College authorities did not deny, that the schools had originally faced the Via Cappellari, 230 palms from the shops ; change in position had occurred *during the suit*. For this information the man in the frousty bob-wig was suitably rewarded (the adverb is Cedrus's) and was able to scatter a double quantity of snuff over his thread-bare waistcoat for several weeks after making this valuable report.

A new hearing, opened on May 5th, 1779 led to a final decision on June 14th. The University privileges were not allowed to embrace private studies or cubicles ; the English College must expect no better treatment in matter of privileges than any other ; the accounts of the noises were exaggerated ; the bulk of the college did not face the shops ; a man's domestic liberty could not be curtailed without grave cause ; in a word the Venerable English College had lost its case and was enjoined to pay damages.

The documents end abruptly. We too will hurry abruptly from the presence of our triumphant enemy, Septimius Cedrus, before he taunts us with our failure, as he sits taking luxurious pinches from a jewelled snuff-box which was certainly not his when this unfortunate case commenced.

J. PLEDGER.

# NOVA ET VETERA

## THE CORONATION

WE reproduce here a letter that the Vice-Rector received from Mr D. G. Osborne, British Minister to the Holy See, concerning our Coronation celebrations.

MY DEAR VICE-RECTOR,

Having reported to His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs on the manner in which the occasion of Their Majesties' Coronation was celebrated by British Catholics in Rome, notably at the Venerable English College on May 12th, and at San Silvestro on May 14th, I have now received by the King's Command, instructions to convey to those who by their presence and assistance contributed to these observances an expression of Their Majesties' sincere appreciation of the manner in which the occasion was observed, and of Their cordial thanks for the kind sentiments thus manifested towards Them.

Yours sincerely,

D. G. OSBORNE.





## “THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH . . .”

The new baths started work last January and have given proof of their worth during a particularly muddy football season and an unusually hot summer ; for to each of these ten new porcelain baths is attached an efficient shower. We are glad that we knew the less elaborate tubs of former times ! The geography of the rooms off the vestibolo has changed ; the bootroom is now a candle-sacristy, while opposite is one of the doors leading to the new bathrooms and lavatories through a large washroom, officially known as the changing-room. This title was more than justified during the swimming and daily shower season by those of us who find our cassocks and socks imperilled in the watery vicinity of the swimming-pool.

Also jutting onto the nuns' cortile we have a new sacristy of truly generous proportions ; while in furnishing it with a chest of vestment-drawers as handsome as any we have seen, and wardrobes for albs and the many appurtenances of a sacristy, that are so much more appreciated when out of sight, the college carpenter has excelled himself. The lighting, too, is most satisfactory—being introduced through a skylight above which are concealed powerful bulbs. The lighting in the Martyrs' Chapel has been improved ; the wall-brackets have been replaced by lights which, besides being most efficient, enhance the beauty of the chapel, becoming in the daytime part of the pilasters to which they cling : we shall be surprised if old Venerabilini can detect them at a glance.

Recently a flat opposite the balcony was evacuated, so the Rector decided not to rent it any more. To avoid some of the zealous but unwelcome attention which he receives from people with something to sell or a unique charitable scheme to expound, he has selected a sanctum in this remote wing. The work has taken shape, after much shouting and hammering, in four new rooms, apart from the Rector's. We must not forget to mention the renewed infirmaries, which positively invite people to go sick. The even temperature maintained and the professional, dispassionate manner of the infirmarians are said to be soothing, if impersonal.

Palazzola is aged but hers is the enigma of eternal youth (Sorry, Walter!). The latest addition is a chapel for the nuns, built over Luigi's house, pure and serviceable, with Gothic arches which help to maintain the studied simplicity which is its great charm. White walls, red-tiled floor, the windows, especially the rose-window, combine with little Gothic touches, such as the monstrance throne behind the Blessed Sacrament altar, to produce an effect pleasing and reverent. In fact, we rather envy our nuns their chapel.

Our own church has improvements to show for her long winter sleep. The altar has resumed its position against the wall of the sanctuary; although we shall not be sorry when it gives place to one more suitable to the prevailing note of simplicity (and it is but temporary), yet there is great charm in the way in which it all points to and reaches for the new Gothic window behind. But few changes are now required to bring all into harmony with the dominant Gothic atmosphere.

The sanctuary being closed to traffic, there is now a tunnel under the porch of the church to the new wing, highly successful, too, though it can conveniently be blamed for a certain amount of unpunctuality.

The cloisters are looking more serene, more dignified, more ancient, now that they, too, have been scientifically treated. The pillars were bared to the stone and re-finished in stucco. Walls and arches have been plastered, painted and chemically treated to show their age and (Deo Gratias) there is a new tiled floor which gets a clean daily. The whole has been compared to Camaldole. Whether that is so we cannot say, but here is certainly a refutation of anyone who denies the positive value of stucco in building. Verily we live among green pastures! Shall we not remember 1937 as a year of grace?

#### WHY ST. CATHERINE ?

Or, for that matter, why Blessed Raymond of Capua ?

Last March it was that we began to wonder whether the College had any connection, hitherto unsuspected, with St

Catherine or with her holy confessor. Somebody in reading a life of Bl. Raymond had noticed an illustration entitled "The Meeting of Bl. Raymond and St Catherine", an illustration that seemed vaguely familiar. And then he suddenly realised that the illustration was a reproduction of a fresco in the College chapel. This fresco is the first of the five lunettes over the door of the chapel—probably most of our readers will not remember it, since it is the central lunette that grips the memory to the exclusion of the rest, the picture of St Philip blessing the early students. The other three frescoes represent incidents from our early history, and so we naturally concluded that St Catherine and her confessor must have been connected with the Hospice. Was it possible that they were among the founders?

Luckily we were able to trace the connection, though it is not so close as we could have hoped. The Lord Bishop of Shrewsbury kindly answered our enquiries as follows:—"In October 1893 when we came back from M. Porzio we found the lunettes all filled in. I at once asked Mgr Giles what St Catherine was doing there with Bl. Raymond. He said that St Catherine was asking the Friar to write to Sir John Hawkwood to help to escort the Pope back to Rome from Avignon, or to clear the way of the many little armies that were then fighting in Central Italy. I then asked why he had put in Sir John Hawkwood. 'Well,' he said 'Stow in his Chronicles said Sir John left money to the Hospice.' He added in a grumpy voice 'I've never found any evidence.'"

#### A MARTYR'S EXPENSES

Anthony Ashby (real name Turner) was twenty-two when he came to the College on October 27th, 1650. He stayed till 18th April, 1653, when he went to the Jesuit "tyrocinium" at Watten. In the Lib. Rub. he signs himself *Antonius Bainesius* and took the oath "*sub veteri tantum forma*" on 18th May, 1651. He was hanged on June 20th,

1679. Whilst in Rome he was confirmed, and received the tonsure and all minor orders.

His accounts are in lib. 314 p. 66.

	Antonio Ashbaeo. Dare for six Spanish pistols <sup>1</sup> borrowed at Placentia . . . . .	S. 18.60
	The 8 of Sept. a crowne and a halfe for Mount . . . . .	1.50
	The 1 of Oct for divers things 4 Julyes . . . . .	0.40
	The 18 of November gloves 4 Julyes . . . . .	0.40
	The 17 of December ffor a primer and a booke 6 Julyes . . . . .	0.60
	The 30 of December for perfume in ye god 6 Julyes . . . . .	0.60
1652	The 19 of february for gloves four Julyes . . . . .	0.40
	The 6 of April one pistoll for masses . . . . .	3.00
	The 13 of August two pistolls for ye sodality . . . . .	6.00
	The 13 of August two testoons to poore English man . . . . .	0.60
	The 8 of December twelve Julyes for Monte Porcio . . . . .	1.20
	The 4 of November for a penne knife a testooone . . . . .	0.30
	The 4 of December for a poore man a testooone . . . . .	0.30
1653	The 4 of January a Julye for Maluezzi a testooone <sup>2</sup> . . . . .	0.10
	for perfume for ye cribbe . . . . .	0.30
	The first of February a testooone for recreation . . . . .	0.30
	The ninth of February a testooone for bookbinding . . . . .	0.30
	The 8th of March two giulies . . . . .	0.20
	19 of March for an Itinerarium and F. Beater <sup>3</sup> . . . . .	1. -
	Compendium a crowne . . . . .	1. -
		<hr/> 36.10 <hr/>

Most of the items are obvious enough. Placentia seems to have been one of the recognised places of call for students journeying to or from Rome. In lib. 309 p. 76 there is mention of another martyr "Giovanni Farringtone", whose real name was Woodcock. "Dare Twenty crownes payed for his horse and dyett from Constanza to Milan to ye suffragan of Con-

<sup>1</sup> Pistol—a gold coin first minted in Spain at the end of the 16th century. Worth over 17 lire at par, whilst a scudo was equivalent to our English crown, being worth somewhat over five lire at par. Hence the word crown seems to have been a common alternative for scudo. A testone was a silver coin worth three "Julyes" or "Pauls".

<sup>2</sup> It seems obvious that the words "a testooone" really belong to the next entry. There is no clue as to who Maluezzi may have been.

<sup>3</sup> This word is hard to decipher. The F. preceding it seems to indicate that it is the name of some priest. I doubt if it could be read as "Bellar" for Bellarmine or "Beator" for Beatorum.

stanza 5 Jan 1630 besides ye Sdi 8 taken up at Placa. being not of S. Omers." This student came to the College in October 1629 and later joined the Capuchins in Paris. "Perfume in ye god" means perhaps the same as the later entry "for ye cribbe" Was this the predecessor of our imitation snow? It sets one's imagination working.

This account is closed with an autograph note. "I underwritten doe acknowledge that all accounts are made even betwixt me and the Colledge. In witsesse etc. this eleventh of Aprill 1653 Anthony Ashby Baines manu propria. Ita est Edward Courtney manu propria". It will be noticed that both aliases are combined in this signature.

#### EASTER AT MONTE PORZIO 1890

*April 7. Mon.* Saw Raphael's "Sibyls" in S. Maria della Pace this morning and liked chiefly the two angels with tablets at the arch's summit. Travelled to Frascati in same carriage as Fr Rooney, Scotch Vice, and a Scotch priest. Went over Tusculum with Aabell after dinner.

*April 8. Tu.* Grubbed on Tusculum in morning: rain after dinner.

*April 9. Wed.* Walked a little on the Compatri road before dinner. Went up to the village church after dinner and said therein Vespers and Compline: Saw altar built by "Tho. Keitloens", an Englishman converted there in 1650. Fearful night last night: such howling of wind and pelting of rain and hail: heard thunder too amid my broken sleep.

*April 10. Th.* This morning I paid a final visit to the ruins of Castle La Molara, and on reaching Tusculum on my return, found in the theatre Delval and Dothey, and the Scotchmen: Goodrich was of the party too. Went up to the cross with them and took leave of them at the amphitheatres. After dinner went up Monte Catone and on to Monte Salomone, descended its farther side, and passing beneath Rocca Priora got down into the Alban Vale and then walked up Monte Fiore, where I enjoyed a splendid view. Saw Artene again and

Valmontone and Anagni in the distance. Span along the Vale homewards at a rapid rate: said Vespers and Compline as I came down from Tusculum and began to mount the hill of our village as the sun was sinking into the Mediterranean. I am so elated with this walk's success that I am thinking of trying Algidus tomorrow. (7 p.m.)

*April 11. Fr.* Have just paid a farewell visit to Camaldoli—both Church cells and grounds, into which I entered by the far back gate that leads out of the avenue. Clouds are blowing over Tusculum and I am fearful about my intended walk to Algidus. (11.15 a.m.)—Got my Vespers and Compline over after Confession and before dinner. At two o'clock I left the house, taking with me my "big brown gamp", although I hardly thought that I would need it, for the clouds were high and the atmosphere was warm. I took the road over Tusculum by the gulley, and passed the Inn of La Molarà, and after passing the point in the Via Latina where the road to Rocca Priora breaks off to the left, struck across the boundless expanse of green sward bending my steps direct towards the foot of Algidus. After much rapid walking I began to fear that I would never reach its base, especially after I found myself entangled in a thickly matted wilderness of broom into which I had recklessly plunged, but from which I at length succeeded in extricating myself. Getting on to a decent pathway which runs between railings on either side, I soon came across the two road-menders whom I had met the previous day on the Via Latina, and was by them directed to the "fontanella" from which I should find a path leading to the ascent. They said I should need another "oretta" in order to get up. I told them I would wave my cap in air to them when I was on the summit, they wished me "buon viaggio", and we parted never to meet again. I soon got to the rude huts inhabited by the poor wretches who till the maize-plots at the foot of the Algidus chain, and arriving at the fountain, drank largely whilst two peasant women of the settlement looked on and asked for coin or anything I could give them. I clomb a rail and marched sturdily across a broad slope of loose mould, lately dug, and then got into the woods that clothe the side

of the shaggy monster I was bent on climbing. The ascent, made partly only by regular paths, must have taken me half an hour or less. When nearly up I noticed the extensive remains of walls which I had seen in September 1885, and passed the spot roughly traced on page 39. Arriving on the small plateau above, I mounted again to my right and in a few moments was standing on the mountain's topmost point and waving my broad hat to the road-menders, whom I doubted whether I discerned. I next turned my gaze to enjoy the view from the other side of the range, but oh horror! The Volscian mountains and the greater part of the plain were completely hidden, and thick black clouds which were pouring their watery burden to earth were driving towards me fast and would in a few minutes envelop the mountain peaks. I took a look at Velletri, searched in a cranny of the rock for a piece of white marble I had hidden there in '85 recording in pencil the visit of the "Collegium Anglorum", but not finding it, and the rain now coming down, I began my descent as rapidly as I could and didn't even pause to gather some wild flowers, as I had intended, to place within the leaves of my Holy Week Office book, that I had brought in my waistcoat pocket for the purpose. The rain came down faster and faster, and I was compelled to put down my umbrella, since, as the path more than once misled me, I had to plunge down the mountain side amidst the trees, burying my feet at every step in the wet dead leaves and loose earth. Suddenly and sooner than I had hoped, I came upon the maize-plots and made instantly across them for the fountain, from which I drank copiously the stock fish at dinner and the rain having made me consumedly thirsty. The good old wretch who had pestered me for a donation came up and sympathised, but my friends the road-menders I found had decamped from before the storm, when I got farther on. The path joins the old and wretched Via Latina at the Casale di Ca(gl)iano, as a man looking out of the window called it, and here I drank again. I saw not a living soul upon the road until I got to Molara, except two large dogs with bushy tails, from which I expected an attack, but which upon seeing me turned quietly round and trotted on



gently in front. I took only five minutes more from the Molara to Porzio upon the return than I had in setting out. At home I took a warm bath, imbibed a glass of hot wine, and went to enjoy the cheery blaze of the huge olive-wood fire that burnt in the playroom.

## TIME-TABLE.

Start from Porzio	2.0	p.m.	Leave Algidus	4.35 p.m.
Osteria of La			Casale di	
Molara	2.40	„	Cagliano	5.30 „
Fountain under			La Molara	6.0 „
Algidus	3.50	„	Porzio	6.45 „
Top of Algidus	4.25	„		

*April 12. Sat.* Rested all the morning. In the afternoon walked down to the "Laghetto" beneath Colonna, one of the sites, I believe, fixed for Lake Regillus. (v. Arnold's Hist. of Rome :) It would seem to be naught but a large quarry in the hillside, the lake, if ever there existed one here, being enclosed by high banks, except where the Via Labicana runs alongside of it. I walked all round the banks on the fragments of lava stone, and where the bank is highest, noticed the remains of old, probably Roman, substructures. Men were working in the quarry on the side nigh the road. As I reascended the long slope up to the Colonna road, I looked back several times upon Pantano, where the Campagna on every side slopes down to a broad level. I believe Nibby fixes there the site of the lake. Our Prior informs me that the people around here call the broad basin under Mondragone the Pantano Secco. Until this year I looked upon it as the site, though I could never satisfactorily explain the large opening dividing the cliffs at the far end: an opening that doesn't seem artificial. Day fresh, but very cloudy.

*April 13. Low Sunday.* Villagers are solemnly invoking a blessing on the fields. Day is sunny, with some loose clouds floating across the welkin. I am thinking of scaling Algidus again after dinner.

Domenico tells me that the people around call the ruins on the Colonna road the "Pallottaccia" from a Cardinal Pallotta who once lived there—look him up.

After dinner at two o'clock precisely I started a second time for Algidus, taking with me Taylor's field-glasses. Went by the Casale di Cagliano, which, as I learnt from the keeper on my return, belongs to Count Vannutelli, a relative of the Cardinal. The denizens of the maize-hamlet were very clamorous for "soldi" as I passed through them both going and returning, and I surrendered to them my last remaining couple. I beheld with joy, when now at the fountain, the summit of Algidus lit up by the sun and backed by the purest blue heaven can show, but could not help fearing somewhat from a vast extent of cloud which threatened soon to shut out the sunlight. Up, however, I went and gathered some snowdrops on the way which I had meant to gather on Friday on my way down, had I not been compelled to beat so precipitate a retreat from the summit. I examined more leisurely the remains of walls on the far side, both mounting and descending, and when on the topmost point took out the glasses and gazed on the delightful panorama outspread before me—a panorama embracing all the country from Zagarolo and Gallicano to Velletri. Anagni I recognised in the dim distance: Rocca di Cave stood out from the mountain ridge, but the sky was cloudy in that direction. Valmontone was very plain, so was Artena with its lime-quarries, and to its right, above and behind it towered Segni—which appeared a rather large place; Beneath Monte Lupone on the hillside I saw Rocca Massima, and below it Castel Giuliano on the plain: then farther on, sliding down the slope, Cori, and farther on still, Norma. Velletri stood out very clearly on the side of the range on which I stood, and with the aid of the glasses appeared so near that I fancied that I could jump on to the top of the large palazzo that towers over the rest of the town. I missed the tall spire, it being hidden behind a promontory of the mountain chain. As I came down I examined the little circular ruin I noticed in '85. I fancy Nibby looks upon it as the remains of a temple of Diana. Is it not more probable that a larger temple of Diana higher up on the open area—out of the blocks of which temple may have been formed the mediaeval Castell' Arriano or Lariano? I noticed some bits of marble, grey and white, near the circular ruin—a ruin

by the way which is but a few feet in diameter. Traces of walls, evidently belonging to dwelling houses, are seen as you descend further and the rock is hewn out into hollow spaces that may have served as habitations. On my way back I often looked up at the steep and lofty ridge I had quitted standing out so imposingly against the clear blue sky, and thought of the dark clouds that had enveloped it and hidden it from my view, as often as I had looked back during my homeward retreat on Friday. At La Molara I overtook O. R. Taylor who had been as far as Gasparoni's pass, and joined Brown and O'Loughlin who had just come down from Rocca di Papa. Got in at 7.10.

*April 14. Mon.* Got into Rome again after 1 p.m.

(This extract is of course from Bishop Burton's Diary, and records his last visit as a student to Monte Porzio).

## COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th. *Thursday*. "Full winter programme continues as usual." Thus Authority provides a fitting tail-piece to the varying notices of the Christmas horarium. A former diarist once scoffed cynically at the traditional sentiments of this day—but he found refuge in the hard reality of the University benches, whereas we were condemned to pass the morning disconsolate in our rooms, listening to the obsequies of the common-room decorations. Down the corridor a stentorian voice cast doubts upon the popularity of stage-managers and their like who leave debris scattered to trip the unwary foot, while a distant voice (alas! not distant enough) echoing last night's opera invited the world to hate him because he always ate peas with a knife. The last straw was added when some iconoclastic maniac hurled a tray of wine-glasses down the stairs. As we reached the door *en route* for the refuge and quiet of Pam we saw a taxi depart bearing two of our guests, Drs McMillan and Ibison—another twist of the knife. And when we reached Pamphilj we could not persuade the porter to admit us—our *permesso* had not yet come. Diplomats and Church dignitaries we have seen turned away, but a Venerabilino never. It is enough to make the portraits of the Rectors turn in their frames.

8th. *Friday*. Two more guests, Drs Dwyer and Purdy, left for England. And a deadly scirocco added to the depression—we feel like the Ancient Mariner;

The many men so beautiful,  
And they all dead did lie,  
And a thousand thousand creeping things  
Lived on; and so did I.

9th. *Saturday*. When you borrow a cigarette these days you are liable to meet the reply, "Well, I don't know whether you like Americans,"—a hint of course that he doesn't want to be paid back in Tre Stelle.

As in your day when the pound was at a hundred, Chesterfields, Camels, and an occasional smuggled Gold Flake add spiciness to the customary fug of the common-room.

10th. *Sunday*. Feast of the Holy Family. As we passed shivering along the Via del Impero on the way to the Little Sisters' for the annual function we counted as many as eight funerals, victims no doubt of the flu that continues to ravage Rome. The function was the usual pleasant old-folks-at-home gathering, and our polyphonic rendering of the *Adeste Fideles* roused a gradual crescendo accompaniment of sniffs and sobs from the old people, while two old timers at the back mimicked the Müller-like contortions of our versatile conductor.

11th. *Monday*. Our conversational powers were momentarily flagging owing to the interval between the second and third Test Matches and to the apparent deadlock in Spain, but the appearance of the first gita list quickly had our tongues wagging again.

12th. *Tuesday*. The Queen Mary, as our new luxury suite of bathrooms has been christened, made her maiden voyage this evening.

13th. *Wednesday*. We are divided into three camps, those who have had flu, those who have it, and those who are waiting to get it. But despite this depression there is a flutter of excitement in the air in anticipation of to-morrow's dawn,

14th. *Thursday*, which broke in due course—and what a breaking! As the mountaineers and other tough specimens tripped down the stairs with their ice-axes and nailed boots those who hold definite views on the subject of early rising were more convinced than ever that *vanum est ante lucem surgere*. As for our mode of travel, we have become car-minded. Gone are the old footslogging days, the days of the long tramp down the dusty road, the frugal days of the cup of water and the *salame* sandwich. We have persuaded ourselves that to be packed like sardines in a car is not only as cheap as train or bus travel, but quite as comfortable. Be that as it may, it is certainly much more convenient. Today the Rector followed the fashion, taking a party of eighteen (complete with deadly appetites, discordant voices and strong rosary beads) in a *torpedone* to Viterbo, and, of course, Monte Fiascone.

15th. *Friday*. A day of rejoicing, despite the morning-after feeling, for our *permesso* has arrived and Pam once more receives us.

16th. *Saturday*. Today we kept the month's mind for Fr Welsby, and a solemn Requiem was sung by the Rector. Monsignor Duchemin and Canon Marshall dined with us, and Father Leeming arrived in time to preserve the symmetry of the burnished board. After supper some disgruntled debaters attempted to attribute the leanness of their post-gita purses to the evils of the capitalist system. They were severely defeated.

17th. *Sunday*. Our friend Mr Munro of *The Morning Post* paid us a second visit, this time to initiate us into the secrets of journalism.

His inside knowledge combined with his decided flair for mimicry sent us to bed chuckling and highly contented.

18th. *Monday*. Mr Trappes-Lomax popped his head in at the door this morning to take a peep at the managerie. Will his impressions appear in *The Tablet*?

19th. *Tuesday*. The first disputation of the year. The affray was brightened in the theological faculty by rounds of applause meted out with the most Christian impartiality. Our most versatile Vice has shown us another side of his artistic make-up by blossoming out into a film-producer, and tonight the secrets of the *Viterbo gita*, the first fruits of his new Ciné Kodak, were shown to an appreciative audience.

20th. *Wednesday*. Are we a pampered generation? We found it hard to defend ourselves against this accusation as we watched two carrozas, bearing the *assistenza* for Benediction at the *Riparitrice*, escort the Rector's car down the Corso. At the same time a second party set out to do the honours at S. Paolo alla Regola, but these remained faithful to the traditions of their forbears and covered the three hundred yards on foot.

21st. *Thursday*. Mr Leahy returned to the fold after a week's convalescing on skis among the snows of the Terminillo. After supper he told us incredible stories of how he had ski-ed with, swopped stories with, had his photo taken with, and shared the hotel with—the Duce. As a result

22nd. *Friday*, the Rector paid a visit to the snows with the usual willing bodyguard.

23rd. *Saturday*. A large map of Spain dotted with red and white flags appeared in the common-room yesterday. This morning there was great consternation when we discovered that Gibraltar had become a red stronghold overnight. As a result the map has disappeared, its owner no doubt being anxious to preserve our national prestige from further outrage.

24th. *Sunday*. On our way to Peter's and Pam these days we make a slight detour to inspect what progress the week has brought about in the demolition of the Borgo. So far two blocks of flats have disappeared, and the result promises to be magnificent.

25th. *Monday*. A most efficient new system of lighting has been installed in the Martyrs' Chapel.

26th. *Tuesday*. Rain. And we have lost our umbrella.

27th. *Wednesday*. A party went to S. Giorgio to supply the *assistenza* for Benediction, and, since the Rector was preaching, picked up a few practical hints for their own sermons. They then adjourned for refreshments, and rumour has it that they spent the evening crooning hymns.

28th. *Thursday*. The first meeting of C.A.P.A.C. since the appearance of the Bishops' Pastoral on Catholic Action enabled us to get down

to rock bottom principles. This evening yet another *assistenza*—our services have been much in demand of late—this time at the convent of the Holy Child, where Cardinal Canali was installed as Protector.

29th. *Friday*. An uproar from the Vice's room after supper betokened not a rough-house but a new edition of the Vicetone News, featuring Ourselves. For comic types Hollywood cannot hold the candle to us.

30th. *Saturday*. To dinner Monsignor Hurley and Father Sylvester, O.S.F.C.

31st. *Sunday*. Mr G. Kummlein, fresh from the battle-front in Spain, gave the Literary Society a most vivid and informative account of his experiences.

FEBRUARY 1st. *Monday*. Celebrations for the anniversary of the capture of Addis Ababa made our approach to the University about as difficult as the taking of the Alcazar. Marching to the strains of the various military bands we made good progress as far as the Corso Umberto, but here a row of bayonets forbade any further advance. A strategic movement through a labyrinth of backstreets with a view to outflanking the enemy was no more successful—the troops seemed to be lining the full length of the Corso. We were preparing, not unwillingly, to abandon the attempt as hopeless when the leader of the cam approached an officer and uttered two mystic words, “*Università Gesuita*,” an Open Sesame that procured us an instant passage through the ranks.

2nd. *Tuesday*. The Rector with Messrs Elcock and Foley presented the College candle to Cardinal Pacelli, who was acting in the place of the Holy Father. Mr Marsh came to dinner to share our *cheese soufflé*.

4th. *Thursday*. Bad news from Australia so depressed the sporting element in the house that the Rigger list failed to gather enough names.

5th. *Friday*. The triumphant return of a large body of troops from Abyssinia coincided most conveniently with our afternoon walk. They marched down from the station to the Piazza Venezia, there to be welcomed by the Duce, and the enthusiasm of the people could not be controlled. We saw the crowd break through the rather listless line of soldiers keeping the road clear and surge across the piazza, with our old friend Father Rosadini well to the fore. Father Philip Langdon O.S.B. was our guest at dinner.

6th. *Saturday*. Every street corner, and of course every *osteria*, harbours two or three Abyssinian soldiers in their stained and tattered uniforms, who with many gestures explain to the crowd how they won the war.

7th. *Sunday*. Tonight we ushered in the Carnival with a magnificent film *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, which sent our spirits soaring as Hollywood showed what fine British officers the Americans make. So ably did they acquit themselves in the defence of our Outposts of Empire that we readily forgave the young hero when he so far relapsed

from the rôle of the strong silent Englishman as to shed tears over the horse of his dead comrade. Once more our talkie machine worked without a hitch, so that we went to bed well satisfied,

8th. *Monday*, and awoke ready for anything on this gita day with the strains of *Land of Hope and Glory* still ringing within us. Once more cars were very popular, and we watched seven big-boned enthusiasts pack themselves and their ice-axes and rucksacks into a four-seater. The brickers went to Toscania and Tarquinia, those who ever favour the Castelli journeyed to Tivoli and similar resorts to fortify themselves against the lean days ahead, a band of young hopefuls set out to walk to Bracciano, and yet again the Rector took a bus-full of typical Bank Holidaymakers to Anagni and Segni. As usual we spent the evening demonstrating the superiority of our own particular gita.

9th. *Tuesday*. We washed down the Madre's pancakes with an extra glass of wine. In the evening the Theologians performed with great success before a most receptive audience. The items were light and lively (the Quins, by the way, were five of our most raucous voices, and the topical song described some adventures of Dr Park in the hotel on the Terminillo), and the sketch was a thriller which depended upon atmosphere and the tension of the audience for its success. A word of praise is due to the back benchers for their valiant attempt to switch over from an atmosphere of unrestrained hilarity to one of resigned seriousness.

1. Seventh Year Song

Chorus: Ecce nos onerati tam-tam-tam-tam graviter  
 Pondere et aetate aequa-qua-qua-qua-qualiter;  
 Conlegii gigantes! Avete vos infantes,  
 Mox nobis abeundum est.  
 Quare vos conservate aequa-qua-qua-qua-qualiter  
 Atque nos, neque unquam-quam-quam-quam-quam-quam aliter  
 Traditiones nostras, traditiones nostras  
 Memorabilissime.

2. Song . . . *Joggin' Along the Highway* . . . Mr Gallagher

3. Instrumental Item *The Teddy Bear's Picnic*

Vocalist: Mr Leahy

4. The Quins . . . *Holsteiner's Band*

5. Song . . . *Who is Sylvia, what is ski?* . . . Mr Duggan

6. Song . . . *Speed on, Sweet Song* . . . Mr Loftus

7. Sketch THE BOXER RISING

Characters:

*Professor Mercer* . . . . . Mr Ronchetti

*Colonel Henri Rameau (of the  
 French Army)* . . . Mr Jackson

*Jack Ainslie (of the Diplomatic  
 Service)* . . . Mr Pitt

*Mr Ralston (engineer on the North  
 China Railway)* Mr Roberts



Mr Patterson (a missionary) . . . Mr Carroll-Abbing  
 Mrs Patterson . . . . . Mr Gallagher  
 Jessie Patterson (their daughter) . Mr Duggan

10th. *Ash Wednesday*. Another free day at the Vatican Press Exhibition attracted a large contingent from the College.

11th. *Thursday*. The pruning of the trees in Pam, now finished, has been so drastic that from the gate right up to, and right round, the football pitch the trees look like so many dead trunks. What about our shade in the summer?

12th *Friday*. A game of Rugger on a waterlogged pitch was more amusing for the spectators than the players. As the fifteens wallowed from pool to pool the crowd hurled criticism, abuse and encouragement at their heads with no respect for persons or merit, making almost as much noise as did the forwards in the scrums. After the conflict the new bathrooms restore the battered and grimy warriors to respectability, and "the benison of hot water" more than makes up for the discomforts of the game. A great improvement on the basin of cold water process that perforce was the fashion until this year. To dinner came Monsignor Peccin, Rector of the Canadian College.

13th. *Saturday*. *Docetur*. We forgot to say that the rest of this week has been off, on account of the number of exams that fall due towards the end of the first semester.

14th. *Sunday*. The reading in the refectory of "Le Sacre Stazione" is the latest of the trials to be undergone by second year, who see in it a mere governmental ramp to improve their Italian.

15th. *Monday*. A general holiday in honour of the new-born prince freed us from lectures. We celebrated the occasion by a soccer match in which the Philosophers received their annual defeat at the hands of the much less enthusiastic Theologians.

16th. *Tuesday*. Knock, knock—yes, the craze has arrived in Rome at last. So, temporarily at least, there is no peace in the common-room, and we hear that the Superiors are knock-knocking each other all round the Salone.

17th. *Wednesday*. The *Osservatore* each night brings us good news that the improvement in the Holy Father's health is being steadily maintained.

18th. *Thursday*. The Rector revived an excellent custom by taking a party of ten out to the Villa. The place was unlike its dreamy summer self; and snow on the slopes of Cavo, and a frosty wind that whistled down through the bare woods and whirled round and round the lifeless cortile kept us within doors throughout the day—not that the leaf-strewn garden offered any attraction to us to venture out. A log fire in the billiard-room and one of Mrs Luigi's dinners soon thawed out those of us who had come by tram, and thereafter we sat and talked by the

blaze until it was time to descend to Rome again. Rome celebrated our return with an air-raid practice that plunged the city in darkness, or rather should have done, though from what we could see of the Capellar' and surrounding districts the black-out was not a success. We felt most mediaeval as we ate our supper by candle-light.

19th. *Friday*. The editorials of the Italian papers today severely lectured the people for their failure to observe the black-out last night.

20th. *Saturday*. And today a parcel arrived at the College from the Italian government, containing a candle for each of us. Next time, it seems, the lights are going to be cut off at the mains. The arrival of the candles in the common-room gave rise to a most un-liturgical procession.

21st. *Sunday*. A striking talk on Social Justice from Father Coffey S.J. of the University.

22nd. *Monday*. At 7 o'clock this evening the sirens screamed out to announce the approach of enemy planes. At once the lights went out throughout the city, and we were faced with all the horrors of modern warfare. However, the activity of countless searchlights and anti-aircraft guns soon indicated that we had the situation well in hand, so we lit our candles and carried on with the work by their fitful light. As we stumbled down to rosary we noticed the Vice standing by his room waving a candle over his head with a grim 'blow-it-out-if-you-dare' expression.

23rd. *Tuesday*. Today's little thrill was provided by a letter from Valladolid which arrived almost obliterated by the Spanish censor.

24th. *Wednesday*. We have arrived at that period of the Lenten season when, the stational churches lying a long hour's walk from the University, the station cabs begin to dwindle and Pam comes into its own again. The usual fight with conscience takes place in front of the steps until someone happily saves the situation by announcing that by now there isn't really time enough to trek all that distance; and then, the necessary formalities having been observed, we stride off cheerfully down the well-beaten track.

25th. *Thursday*. The top floor of the College flats are to be turned into additional rooms for our growing numbers, and building operations have already commenced. To dinner Count de Sibour.

26th. *Friday*. Owing to the mid-year examinations we have been freed from lectures today and tomorrow. The Theologians rose to the occasion and challenged the Philosophers to a game of Rigger—and speedily regretted it. Stiff-boned experience was no match for young enthusiasm. And to add insult to injury a camera man kept popping in and out of the fray, filming the more undignified episodes of the game.

27th. *Saturday*. Certain minor written examinations are rendered more nerveracking this year by a new procedure. The questions are fired out from the rostrum at four or five-minute intervals; you then

work out what it was the professor said, what you can remember about it, and how you are going to put it into Latin, and just as you set pen to paper the next question is announced.

28th. *Sunday*. We sang Compline instead of Vespers, a most popular variation. And quite a social evening followed, with a French film, *L'Appel du Silence*, at the Angelico, and a piano concert by Rubinstein as the rival attractions.

MARCH 1st. *Monday*. St David's, but no daffodils were to be seen—presumably the Welshmen were so anxious to begin second semester that they forgot about the *festa*.

2nd. *Tuesday*. Cardinal Caccia Dominioni honoured us with an informal visit and made a thorough inspection of the College. Unfortunately we were all out at the University, but no doubt His Eminence was greatly impressed by that atmosphere of peace and quiet that denotes serious application.

3rd. *Wednesday*. The puckered brows of Seventh Year and the desperate way in which they despatched their breakfast showed us that serious business was afoot. But on investigation we found that they were more put out by the accidental absence of the traditional fried egg than by the important Scripture exam that was to come. This exam, by the way, is now written, and takes the place of the old written exam in dogma that all would-be Licentiates had to survive.

4th. *Thursday*. The feast of B. Christopher Bayles, the accepted patron of our cricket club. Fate decreed also that this day should be the day of the Scots match. True to tradition we set out for Fortitudo confident that this year we would see our team win, and equally true to tradition we saw it lose. The reason why we lost by the decisive score of 4—0 was obvious to the most inexperienced eye, and the Scots thoroughly deserved their victory; for the speed of our newly constituted forward line, of which we had great hopes if the weather were kind, was completely nullified by the impossible state of the ground. In the second half our men attacked furiously, spurred on by the vociferous crowd, but to no avail. So the spectators solaced themselves at the stall of an enterprising vendor of *paste* and soft drinks who had followed us into the ground.

5th. *Friday*. The new sacristy is now finished and will be used as soon as the furniture arrives. Then the old sacristy will be refurbished.

6th. *Saturday*. Our day of academic glory. We were represented at the University in the disputations of both faculties. In Philosophy Mr Connolly argued with, we are told, indefatigable persistence, and Mr Hiscoe read a paper; and in Theology Mr Ekbery laid waste the defence once more. At home after dinner, at which Dom P. Langdon O.S.B. was our guest, we held the last Public Meeting of the year. Mr Elcock retired from the cares of office to devote himself to the hundred theses, and Mr Foley succeeded him in the chair.

7th. *Laetare Sunday*. To relieve the Lenten strain and to restore our tattered tissues we indulged in a mild orgy of film, a murder mystery and two excellent cartoons composing the bill of fare.

8th. *Monday*. One man who has been laid up with a damaged limb as the result of a too hasty descent to his mental prayer celebrated today his return to our midst by twice falling on the stairs on his way down to night prayers.

9th. *Tuesday*. Station at S. Lorenzo in Damaso, but rain prevented the usual procession round the piazza. Instead we massed our forces inside the Basilica, deployed in liturgical fashion, and in the teeth of strong opposition strove mightily to force our way round the congested aisles. The reluctance of the church-going Italian to move when once he has staked out his claim and his tendency to form rival processions gave the ceremony its customary smack of *Romanità*.

10th. *Wednesday*. A large notice of characteristic levity informs us that the editorial staff of *Chi Lo Sa?* is once more on the warpath.

11th. *Thursday*. An uproar on the Cappellar' this morning brought us all to our windows to witness an affray of more than ordinary warmth. The rival amazons shrieked abuse and insults at each other and brandished brooms and pails and similar weapons, and heaven knows where the matter would have ended had not the men folk appeared and disarmed the combatants. As it was it would need a Homer to do justice to the skirmish.

12th. *Friday*. St Gregory's. We assisted at the annual Pontifical Mass at *S. Gregor'*, but wisely left the singing in the hands of the capable monks.

13th. *Saturday*. The Rector departed for Florence to administer spiritual uplift to the English colony.

14th. *Passion Sunday*. The appearance of the purple hangings tells us that we have entered upon the last lap. The weather too was in keeping with the liturgy—it was one of the worst days of what on the whole had been a very mild winter. After supper Mr E. Boron read us an admirable paper on the Eastern Church.

15th. *Monday*. Yet another stormy day. As we splashed our way to schools through the mud of the Campo, sharing, for formality's sake, our neighbour's inadequate two-piece umbrella, we consoled ourselves with talk of Capri, Assisi, the Abruzzi and other retreats that within a few days will be ours.

16th. *Tuesday*. By way of contrast a beautiful day, such a soft spring day that Egbert the tortoise was tempted forth from his winter quarters, and we, in the seclusion of our room, cast a pull-over and made a few shoulder-loosening lunges with the cricket bat.

17th. *Wednesday*. St Patrick's. The Americans left shamrock on the rostrums at the Gregorian, and the professors thanked us, and then

proceeded to make use of the gift to drive home various academical points. In the evening the concert found the audience in a most hilarious mood, so that the success of the night was one of the encores, an uproarious marching song of General Franco's. The sketch was in keeping with the spirit of the evening—a rollicking burlesque of the village melodrama in which everything contrived to go wrong on purpose.

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|------------------------------|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. Octet . . . . .           | (a) <i>Simple Simon</i> . . .    | Messrs Loftus, Gibb,<br>Henshaw, Curran, |
|                              | (b) <i>A Catastrophe</i> . . .   | McReavy, McKenna,<br>Iggledon, Hanlon    |
| 2. Song . . . . .            | <i>The Kerry Dances</i> . . .    | Mr McEnroe                               |
| 3. Violin Solo . . . . .     | <i>Sonatina (Dvorak)</i> . . .   | Mr Pitt                                  |
| 4. Song . . . . .            | <i>Trankadillo</i> . . . . .     | Mr Roberts                               |
| 5. Pianoforte Duet . . . . . | <i>Polonaise in A flat</i> . . . | The Vice-Rector,<br>(Chopin) Mr Molloy   |
| 6. Duet . . . . .            | <i>The Wee Cooper o' Fife</i>    | Mr Grasar,<br>Mr Curran                  |
| 7. Sketch                    | MUCH ADO                         |  |

Characters :

<i>Lady Wye</i> . . . . .	Mr Pledger
<i>Sir Gregory</i> . . . . .	Mr Auchinleck
<i>Captain Swinton</i> . . . . .	Mr Lescher
<i>Thérèse</i> . . . . .	Mr Holland
<i>Lieutenant</i> . . . . .	Mr Daley
<i>Bodger</i> . . . . .	Mr Pledger

20th. *Saturday*. Having persuaded the Florentines to reform, the Rector returned to the family.

21st. *Palm Sunday*. The reason for the recent activity in the music-room was revealed when the Schola gave in harmony the responses to the Passion. After tea a few hardy annuals led the more innocent of First Year a long chase round the Seven Churches, and by making a great spurt at the end they managed to get back in time for zero hour. Father Maher, S.J., the American Assistant at the Jesuit Curia, led us into retreat,

24th. *Wednesday*, and eventually brought us to the surface again after expressing some canonical doubt as to whether his Papal Blessing would "take".

25th. *Maundy Thursday*. Yet more people did the Seven Churches (because it was good for the soul or because they wanted to get fit for the gitas next week?) and the others attended Tenebrae in the various churches of the city, finding them crowded to suffocation with the pilgrims who have flocked to Rome for the Easter ceremonies.

26th. *Good Friday*. The ear-splitting rattle, sounded with all its unaccustomed viciousness and without warning at 5.25 of a morning is a most potent *sveglia*. But on the other hand the notice "no musical

instruments may be played" meets with full approval from the long-suffering majority.

27th. *Holy Saturday*. The new white antependium which appeared from behind the purple was quite in keeping with the almost riotous glee of the Holy Saturday *Gloria*. As usual our numbers were depleted at our own function, Messrs Wells, Duggan, Swinburne, Ashworth, Pedrick, Wilkins, McKeever and Cashman being away at St John Lateran, where they heard Monsignor Respighi sing the *Exsultet* and received second Minor Orders at the hands of the Cardinal Vicar.

28th. *Easter Sunday*. All roads led to St Peter's this morning, where both within and without the Basilica there was tremendous enthusiasm among the crowds who had come to Rome to rejoice with the Holy Father on his remarkable recovery. A cold lunch, a short but solemn Benediction, and then commenced the gradual exodus of *giganti* anxious to make the most of their short holiday by reaching their destination tonight. Suit-cases were shockingly in predominance.

29th. *Monday*. In holiday mood we sprang out of bed, but glistening roofs and iron-grey skies dashed our spirits. The party which is going to camp at the Villa came into breakfast with their grievance writ large upon them, but later in the morning the sun appeared for a brief instant, optimism prevailed, and off they went, though the rain came down again shortly after. For the rest of us, cards and smoking relieved the tedium of a holiday afternoon spent perforce indoors. A hilarious evening in the common-room, which really began with the extra *vino* and *bombe* at supper, ended with a violin duet of which the memory shall never fade.

30th. *Tuesday*. Again the weather did its best to deprive us of our gita, but this time we were not to be cheated. Off we set for Tivoli, Veii and Genazzano, and though we got nicely wet it would have needed nothing less than an earthquake to depress us.

31st. *Wednesday*. A day of rest. But to show that this is no ordinary week we had coffee and rosolio after a very pleasant *pranzone*, a party went down to the sea with the Rector in the afternoon (and there encountered the only rain of the day), and after supper we watched the highly improbable but diverting antics of Harold Lloyd in *The Milky Way*.

APRIL 1st. *Thursday*. Our patience was rewarded with a most glorious day for a gita to Orvieto. We travelled in comfort in a private bus, and sang every kilometre of the way, exhausting our repertoire of popular songs and then composing new ones. We stopped in Monte Fiascone on the way there, to sample the *Est! Est!! Est!!!*, and at Orvieto spent our time gazing at the magnificent cathedral, wandering off into little side streets to explore, and then returning to have another look at the cathedral. After dinner we burst again into song, then popped out for another hour or two of bricking, and then back to Rome again. It was a splendid day, and a fitting climax to a most happy Easter.

2nd. *Friday*. Back to earth again. As we dodged the traffic on the way to schools we sourly grumbled at the fate that dragged us back to work on this, the finest day of the week.

3rd. *Saturday*. Some typical Abruzzi faces from Seventh Year returned to add a touch of colour to an otherwise drab and dismal day. The summer programme which is now in force only seems to add to the unreality of life.

4th. *Sunday*. Despite the threatening weather the *Fiocchi* procession, with the Rector carrying the Blessed Sacrament, bravely trod its roundabout course through the Campo, down the Monserrato, into the Giulia, and back across the Corso into a labyrinth of side-streets. The longest procession we can remember. We relit our candle fifteen times and then gave up the attempt, and henceforward processed with it tucked safely out of harm's way underneath our arm.

5th. *Monday*. The Annunciation, which we celebrated with a holiday from the Greg, an extra *piatto* at dinner, and after supper the film *Mary of Scotland*. Bothwell obviously found the accent and the kilt rather a handicap in the first few scenes, but later when he decided to forget his Scottish upbringing and revert to his native Chicago methods he struck terror into the lairds of Mary's court. Mary too shocked us by her American accent. But still we enjoyed the show immensely.

7th. *Wednesday*. The Vice relieved the scirocco gloom with some more films. We always see the films twice, once forwards and once back, and it is hard to say which is the more enjoyable. Tonight we watched our best trenchermen consuming spaghetti on one of those little Thursday jaunts to the Villa, and our swimmers diving out of the water onto the side.

8th. *Thursday*. There is never an interregnum in Pam. Today the cricketers appeared and with difficulty staked out a claim among the swarms of football-playing urchins.

9th. *Friday*. We heard that the Rector has been appointed Counsellor to the Papal Delegation to the Coronation. Monsignor Pizzardo is the leader of the Delegation, and the third member is the Marchese Pacelli. Of course you know all this, and have known it for months before the Magazine will appear in print, but we must put the good news on record here for the sake of posterity.

11th. *Sunday*. A musical evening at the Adriano, the haunt of our music lovers now that the Augusteo is under the picks of the house-breakers. Cymbals, drums and other percussion instruments were the prominent feature of the night.

12th. *Monday*. The long spell of Pastor was broken at dinner by the "Spanish Tragedy" of Prof. Allison Peers, a change which most people seemed to welcome. The trouble about Pastor is that you know that there are twenty odd volumes still to come.

13th. *Tuesday*. A bunch of leaflets advertising a forthcoming pilgrimage to Rome found its way into the common-room. Included in the itinerary is a visit to the English College, and, beneath, the management disclaims all responsibility for theft or injury sustained by members of the party.

14th. *Wednesday*. Solemnity of St Joseph. The senior student intoned such a hearty *prosit* after High Mass that few could resist the subsequent cries of "Pam". The Magazine appeared after supper, and for the rest of the evening not a sound was to be heard save the crackle of paper and an occasional subdued chuckle.

16th. *Friday*. Of late we have been having "The Priest's Vademecum" read at supper in place of the Code—much to the readers' relief, for no longer have they to find the Latin for one thousand nine hundred and eighty-ninth. One man says that for the first week he thought the new book was called "The priest's How-to-make-'em". *Se non é vero. . . . .*

17th. *Saturday*. The pool in the garden has been whitewashed against the approaching heats, and First Year watch the water pouring in with feverish excitement, declaring that they are "all pepper" to take the plunge. But the older members?—not for another month at least will they be tempted to open the season.

18th. *Sunday*. There is nothing more pleasant these fine spring Sunday mornings, before the looming exams have destroyed one's sense of balance and the summer heats have sapped one's energy, than a morning in Pam. The air is so fresh that you make light of the climb, the urchins that pester you for *santini* are merely delightfully Roman and not the nerve-racking nuisance that you find them when the scirocco makes life a misery, and even the steps are nothing to be feared. At the top the air is fragrant with mimosa from the Corsini gardens, and you turn round for a glance at the mountains away over the city. Then on you go, pausing perhaps to slake a growing thirst by the Janiculum Gate, and finally you reach the gates and with a cheerful "buon giorno" to the porter fling your hat on the stone with a proprietary air and make for that favourite and traditional spot, the wall overlooking Stag Valley.

19th. *Monday*. The Piazza Pilotta, that usually most staid and even sombre arena, presented a strange sight when we arrived for afternoon schools. A gigantic picture of the Duce surrounded by flags had been attached to the facade of the Biblical Institute. Inside the Greg a notice freeing us from schools was no doubt responsible for the rumour that the Duce was to be presented with an honorary degree. This rumour, of course,

20th. *Tuesday*, proved to be absolutely groundless this morning. The decorations are merely part of the grand preparations for the birthday of Rome tomorrow. Throughout the city decorations and platforms are being put up,



21st. *Wednesday*, and are being put to good use, judging by the martial music, the speeches and cheering that echo across the garden from the wireless sets of the Capellar'. This morning the Duce opened the new building that has been erected opposite S. Andrea. During the last week, a month's work must have been done to get the place ready in time.

22nd. *Thursday*. An ex-scout jamboree, arranged by the French and Russian Colleges, took place in Pam this afternoon. The grizzled cubs shook hands with two fingers (or is it three?), lit fires from a flint, and squatted round, singing scout songs with a truly professional touch. But where were our representatives?

23rd. *Friday*. St George's. All day, from breakfast till the bell rang at the end of the concert, there were few moments when somebody was not singing. As we smoked our morning cigarette our acrobatic jazz pianist stirred us to song with his highly applauded version of *Tiger Rag* and *The Music goes Round and Round*; choir practice followed, and then High Mass, and after Mass there were the usual last minute practices for the evening's concert. Solemn Benediction concluded with the crashing refrain of *Arm, arm for the struggle approaches*, and after supper the concert provided us with yet more songs, the severely classical, the soul-stirring ballad, and the frankly topical. To dinner came Bishop Hayes, Monsignor Clapperton, Father Dugré, Major Plowden, and Mr B. Sullivan; and to supper and the concert Messrs Birkbeck.

1. Overture . . . *The Merry Wives of Windsor*  
(Nicolai) . . . . . The Orchestra
2. Song . . . . . *The Great Grey Waters* . Mr Gallagher  
(words and music by the Vice-Rector)
3. Envoi à l'Envoyé (*a Formal Farewell to the*  
*Papal Legate*) . . . Mr McNeill
4. Violin Solo . . *Max Bruch Concerto* :  
*Adagio* . . . . . Mr Ekbery
5. Song . . . . . *Angels Guard Thee* . . . Mr Gibb  
(Violin Obligato : Mr Ekbery)
6. Sketch . . . . . THE HORNBLOWS' HOME

Characters :

<i>Mr Hornblow</i>	. . . . .	Mr McReavy
<i>Mrs Hornblow</i>	. . . . .	Mr McKenna
<i>Miss Hornblow</i>	. . . . .	Mr Murtagh
<i>The Stranger</i>	. . . . .	Mr Curran
<i>Albert Shaftoe</i>	. . . . .	Mr Hills

25th. *Sunday*. The growing missionary spirit in the House was fostered tonight when Father Haek, S.J., gave us a most interesting talk, with lantern slides, on the Indian missions. An old friend, Father Telford, arrived this afternoon,

26th. *Monday*, and by this evening had distributed all his English cigarettes.

29th. *Thursday*. We had a glorious day for our annual High Mass at the catacombs for the conversion of England, so we hope that the photograph which always succeeds the function will for once be a success. In spite of the more convenient bus from the Archeological Walk, the walk from St Paul's is still popular though it has now lost much of its rustic charm. The quiet country road has become a noisy thoroughfare for heavy traffic, with huge and ugly tenement buildings on each side. However, the grounds of the Catacomb of S. Callisto have been wonderfully improved this last year or two—there is a veritable flower-garden round the catacomb itself; and what is more important, the breakfasts for those who go out for early Mass there have reached a high state of perfection.

30th. *Friday*. After a short emotional digression in our refectory reading entitled "Franco Means Business" our strong partisan spirits are being subdued by the sobering influence of yet more Pastor.

MAY 1st. *Saturday*. At the last disputation of the year Mr Fahy objected in Philosophy. Meanwhile Sunderland beat Preston in the Cup Final—thank goodness it's over, we will now be able to talk about something sensible again.

2nd. *Sunday*. If you are foolish enough to walk along the Monserra' corridor on any free morning you will hear three violins, a cornet, a French horn, a zither, a fife, a mouth-organ and a bassoon, all playing or attempting different tunes.

3rd. *Monday*. With the commencement of the long series of Benedictions one feels that summer has really arrived, especially now that the swifts are here and circle round and round the cortile with their monotonous screeching. The noisy element is beginning to assert itself down at the pool in the garden, the wretched owl joins with the radio on the Capellar' to make the night hideous—in fact the summer is here.

4th. *Tuesday*. Feast of the English Martyrs, celebrated with all the accustomed solemnity. After Benediction, at which we sang the *Martyrs of England* hymn to a new tune of the Vice's, we trooped up to Pam and made history by playing the Beda at cricket. It was a delightful and informal game, with all the atmosphere of the village green. All the village types were there too, the blacksmith fast bowler, the heavy policeman fielding in the deep, the squire and his son the only two in white flannels, and the longstop with his heavy braces. The cricket was free and easy, a little too free at times, for one mighty hit silenced a particularly obstreperous barracker, and another smashed some of the crockery on the old altar, where a thoughtful soul had provided drinks for players and spectators. The contest was honoured with the presence of both Rectors and of Prince and Princess Doria Pamphilj. The result? We won, but that was the least important point of the afternoon's play. Let us hope that the match becomes an annual fixture. Our old friend Monsignor Barton Brown arrived

in time to join us at a magnificent film, *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Our guests at dinner, we forgot to say, were Monsignor McDonnell, and Mr Throgmorton, Mr Utley and Mr Bunbury.

5th. *Wednesday*. Vicariate exam for Third Year Theology, in preparation for the Subdiaconate. To dinner the Marchese Pacelli, Mr Osborne and Mr Macaulay.

6th. *Ascension Thursday*. By half past seven we were all at the station to bid farewell to the Papal Delegation to the Coronation. Everybody who was anybody was present, but despite the crowd of important personages Monsignor Pizzardo found time to shake hands with us all before he left. On the platform there was a guard-of-honour of *metropolitani* and *carabinieri* in their festive plumes, and of course the green-trilbyed detectives were conspicuous in the crowd. As the train pulled out we gave three hearty cheers—or as the *Osservatore* put it, the departure was characterised by lively acclamations from the *alumni* of the English and Beda Colleges. In the afternoon Pam was the scene of the annual cricket match between the Theologians and the Philosophers, a match in which the Philosophers made history by defeating their elders by one wicket.

7th. *Friday*. It is growing warmer these days, so that you must leave the house a little earlier if you want to arrive at the University cool and comfortable.

8th. *Saturday*. Rome is always a cosmopolitan city, but of late it has exceeded itself. Black soldiers, brown soldiers, copper soldiers, arab steeds, camels—all the glory of the East is here. And the reason is a grand review that is to take place tomorrow on the Via del Impero, in honour of the anniversary of the founding of the Italian Empire. We are having an early High Mass so that we can go and watch it.

9th. *Sunday*. But most of us saw nothing and only succeeded in getting hot. One cam tried to gate-crash and fell in in the middle of a procession of ex-service men, but they were ignominiously ejected just as they were getting near the scene of operations.

10th. *Monday*. A cricket bat made by the College carpenter was on view in the common-room today. The Committee proudly claim that it is the first bat to be made in Italy. It is beautifully varnished too.

11th. *Tuesday*. Preparations official and unofficial for the Coronation are on foot. "Coronation of His Majesty King George VI at the English College" is a headline in a recent *Osservatore*, and, as it is now too late to correct any consequent misunderstandings, we are preparing for the worst. Every available bench and chair is being packed into every available space in church and tribune. The common-room too, that has ever reflected the happenings of the outside world—you remember our Premiation Day celebrations, Royal Weddings and papal processions?—lived up to tradition tonight by holding its own Coronation Ball.

12th. *Wednesday*. Coronation Day. A scirocco was hanging over the city when we awoke, but we were all so determined to make the day a success that we didn't let it worry us or damp our infectious high spirits. The first signs of red, white and blue which appeared at breakfast at once began to spread, and spread so rapidly and universally that by the end of the day there was more red, white and blue than black to be seen on some of us. As we had our after-breakfast smoke a surprise number of *Chi Lo Sa?* made its appearance and from that time things moved apace. His Eminence Cardinal Pacelli arrived promptly at eleven-fifteen and in his presence Archbishop Williams gave solemn Benediction to a packed church. To dinner, in the decorated and beflagged refectory, we entertained Mr Osborne, Monsignor Barton Brown, Croft Fraser, Heard and Jackman, Father Hughes, Father Conrad, O.F.M., Dom Philip Langdon, Fathers Burns and Leeming, S.J., Major Plowden, Mr Sullivan, Mr Radcliffe and Mr Utley. Mention must be made of the rousing "God Save the King" that we gave in answer to the Vice-Rector's toast to their Majesties the King and Queen, and of the last item on the menu, Coronation Cream, a triumph of imagination and design, coloured, of course, red, white and blue. After tea thirty of us went up to the Embassy to the garden party, and in the evening we consumed ices and saw the film *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. And so to bed, dog tired but feeling that we had done our duty to the old country and kept the flag flying in spite of the present bad relations between England and Italy.

13th. *Thursday*. Our subdeacons-to-be retired into the Jesuit Casa to forget the world and its pomps in a week's retreat.

14th. *Friday*. Back to schools again, but we do not mind so much since tomorrow is to be the

15th. *Saturday*, Coronation gita day. We were too tired to think of any original outings, and so off we went to such spots as Bracciano, Anzio, Civita Castellana and of course Tivoli and the Villa. On our return we found installed Revs. Lyons and Houghton.

16th. *Sunday*. We spent the day recuperating from yesterday's gita and preparing for tomorrow's. Did someone suggest a Coronation cricket match? Anyway, there wasn't one.

17th. *Whit Monday*. This is the day when the Englishman gives vent to that sea-dog spirit by trooping in thousands to Blackpool and Brighton—and of course Fregene. Forty of us went down to the sea again, to the salt sea wind and the spray, and the bus that carried us gave just that little extra touch of the Bank Holiday atmosphere.

18th. *Tuesday*. *Sveglia* half an hour later than usual, an excellent idea to allow us to recover from yesterday's frivolities by the sea. The notice-board in the common-room is crowded with photos of the Rector and Mr Birley (who is Attaché to the Delegation) hobnobbing with the great in London. To dinner Father Curry and Mr Morris.

19th. *Wednesday*. Doctor Park leapt into an aeroplane and flew to England.

20th. *Thursday*. A heavy scirocco greeted the *Ordinandi* on their return from the Casa, so they promptly fled from temptation to the clearer air of Palazzola. In the evening the atmosphere thinned a little, and the wireless made its first atmospheric of the season on the balcony.

21st. *Friday*. We awoke to hear rain splashing in the cortile, rain that washed away the lingering remains of the scirocco.

22nd. *Saturday*. Congratulations to Messrs Foley, Ekbery, Mullin, Jackson, Gallagher, Grasar, Lescher, Henshaw and Mitchell, who were ordained subdeacons this morning in the Lateran Seminary. After tea we saw them in Pam with their beautiful new breviaries, saying Office before the critical gaze of the brethren.

23rd. *Sunday*. One of those intriguing suppers when extra wine, the sure harbinger of an event, makes an unexpected appearance, and your eye searches the Superiors' table, fitting imaginary pieces of purple or even scarlet onto the various favourites. It turned out to be Monsignor Barton Brown, who has been created a Domestic Prelate. *Ad multos annos*. We were very pleased that Monsignor Duchemin was present at supper to drink with us the health of the new prelate.

24th. *Monday*. The new subdeacons spent the day at Bracciano, making up for the second gita that they missed. Most of us went to the station in the evening to welcome the return of the Papal Delegation. Cricket gear and golf clubs and a large bunch of flowers formed a conspicuous part of the luggage.

26th. *Wednesday*. There has been great enthusiasm this year for the functions at Chiesa Nuova. This evening over sixty of us accompanied Cardinal La Puma onto the vast sanctuary for the solemn Benediction which closed the festivities in honour of St. Philip Neri.

27th. *Thursday*. Corpus Christi. As we have no High Mass in the College on this day we were able to take our choice from the large list of attractive functions in the city. The Little Sisters had many supporters, though it was unbearably hot during the procession.

28th. *Friday*. Those who had afternoon schools were marooned at the Greg while a heavy thunderstorm played havoc for over an hour.

29th. *Saturday*. To dinner Fathers Hemphill and Lofthouse.

30th. *Sunday*. We spent a splendid sunshiny day at the Villa, celebrating yet again in this most pleasant fashion the Vice's birthday. We made an early start, Albano was reached after a journey uneventful save for the parking of one irrepressible punster in the luggage rack, and then came the stroll round the lake in the heat, and a swim to cool down the moment we arrived. Then we strolled up to the Sforza, sat in the deserted golf-house to remind ourselves that soon we would be

out here for three months' blessedness, and then down to the garden for another swim, and to watch the more energetic swimmers ducking each other. Dinner we may describe in the newspaper phrase: "ample justice was done to the varied repast". Tea followed all too soon for the five or six who were lucky enough to find beds; and then a wander round the buildings to inspect the progress in the Nuns' Chapel and the tunnel under the church connecting the Old and New Wings. On the way back to Albano it was interesting to watch Seventh Year: some sentimentalised on the good old days and turned round every so often for a last look at Palazzola; others just hurried on to get a good place in the tram. But for most of us the day was a pleasant foretaste of the *beata solitudo* that will soon be ours.

A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded hills.

31st. *Monday*. We sent our loyal greetings to the Pope on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. The aqueduct which brings the Acqua Vergine to Rome has broken, and Acqua Vergine is the water on which the College most relies, though we have a supply of Marcia too; so though we will be able to carry on it looks as though we will have to undergo a partial drought, a great trial this thirsty weather.

JUNE 1st. *Tuesday*. The showers in the new bathrooms are proving a rival attraction to the pool in the garden. The job is quicker, and you can use a little soap as well, thus combining business with pleasure.

2nd. *Wednesday*. The magic word Coronation popped up again today to provide us with an excuse for a little more merry-making in the form of a concert. Here we renewed acquaintance with some of the most successful items from other concerts of the year, and saw a capital war play, the best one-act play we have had for some time. Some of our veterans detected a note of irony in the fact that many of the "props" for the play were borrowed from our friends the Germans.

*Here's a Health unto His Majesty*

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|----------------------|---|--|
| 1. Octet . . .       | (a) <i>Simple Simon</i> . . .                             | Messrs Doyle, Gibb,<br>Henshaw, Curran,              |
|                      | (b) <i>Uncle Moon</i> . . .                               | McReavy, McKenna,<br>Iggledon, Hanlon.               |
| 2. Song . . .        | <i>Less than the Dust</i> . . .                           | The Rector   |
| 3. Violin Solo . . . | . . . . .   | Mr Ekbery  |
| 4. Quintet . . .     | <i>Nobody knows the trouble</i><br><i>I've seen</i> . . . | Messrs Curran,<br>McKenna, Hanlon,<br>McKenroe, Gibb |
| 5. Vocal Duet . . .  | <i>The Wee Cooper o' Fife</i>                             | Messrs Grasar and<br>Curran                          |
| 6. Song . . .        | <i>Angels Guard Thee</i> . . .                            | Mr Gibb  |

## 7. Sketch THE VOICE OF THE DEAD

Characters :

Charley (nicknamed "Le Fou", a  
barman) . . . . . Mr Curran  
A Customer . . . . . Mr Pledger  
Marianne (wife of Charley) . . . . . Mr Pitt  
A Tourist . . . . . Mr Auchinleck  
A Figure (called Richardson) . . . . . Mr Wells

Scene : " Chez Madame Jeanne ", near Ypres.

Time : a January evening, 1922.

3rd. *Thursday*. Figures in various states of summer study attire interrupted their perusal of the sheet to appear at their windows and give a hearty send-off to Monsignor Barton Brown, what time Third Year Philosophy were facing the "written" with the assistance of the traditional bar of chocolate.

4th. *Friday*. This is the season for electing new officers for the many societies and clubs. Today a cheer from the billiard-room told us that the golf club had a new president. By the way, the old billiard-table that provided food for discussion at so many public meetings before it was ejected from the common-room to the outer darkness, has now suffered a further humiliation and been banished to rot among the cobwebs of the cellars. The result is a large spacious room most suitable for meetings and play rehearsals.

6th. *Sunday*. Our punctuality in arriving at the Tor di Quinto (spelt as usual with a capital T) was as exemplary as ever. The "Sweet Sacrament Divine" at the end went with a swing that made up for the funereal monotony of our plain chant ; but in defence of the choir master it must be said that the number of the page in the Liber Usualis invariable changed several times as it was passed down the ranks.

8th. *Tuesday*. The Rector's feast day was responsible for a little extra recreation after breakfast, a slight prolongation of dinner, and our *Ad Multos Annos* at supper, for which of course an extra *bicchiere* was necessary.

9th. *Wednesday*. Rev. W. Kelly arrived unexpectedly from England and within half an hour had paid a visit to the Archives.

10th. *Thursday*. We are still without our water and have to remain thirsty and unbathed after the afternoon walk. The optimists, oblivious of the proverb, stand round the pool watching expectantly the inflow pipe, or spend their spare time giving encouraging twists to the unresponsive tap in the garden.

11th. *Friday*. The wireless on the balcony does its subdued best to entertain us during the evening recreation, but if you raise your voice above a whisper you are indignantly hushed by the little band of worshippers at the shrine who sit round the loud-speaker with their ears flapping. There is a lot to be said for the noisy old gramophone that

crashed its cheerful way through the nightly round of hoary favourite records.

12th. *Saturday*. According to the papers some heat record was broken today.

13th. *Sunday*. But today was even hotter. Consequently our afternoon Benediction was cancelled, and we had Benediction from the ciborium instead of night prayers.

14th. *Monday*. Mr Elcock, the first to leave the fold, departed for a cooler clime. A torrential thunderstorm that arrived in time to free us from afternoon schools cleared the air a little, and we settled down for another hour's work on the sheet, but not before we had jeered at First Year Theology, who had to brave the elements in order to take their Hebrew exam.

15th. *Tuesday*. Yet another thunderstorm broke this evening, but its noise was drowned by lusty singing in the common-room where the Vice was showing some more films.

16th. *Wednesday*. The Vice flew away to England.

17th. *Thursday*. Bathing is very popular in Rome at present. The Tiber looks like an open-air swimming-pool, while the fountains, when there are no *metropolitani* about, are crowded with urchins.

18th. *Friday*. The University has taken on that business-like appearance prior to the annual declaration of war. The exam tables have made their ominous appearance in the various halls, and the notice-boards bearing the exam lists have arrived to set tongues wagging. The pessimists mournfully declare that they can't possibly get their "stuff" up in time, and the optimists who are taking an early plunge draw consolation from the fact that they will be finished in a couple of weeks' time. Meanwhile the professors are batting out time by telling us all the things that they don't want to be told in the exam.

19th. *Saturday*. The Rector and the priests journeyed to Castel Gandolfo for their annual audience. To save the Holy Father undue exhaustion the various audiences had been merged into one, but he spent the greater part of his address speaking in warm tones of England and the English College—to the edification, no doubt, of the large number of *novelli sposi*.

20th. *Sunday*. After many false alarms and to the great relief of all, the Acqua Vergine has returned, a little turgid after its long imprisonment. Rome is full of Fascist women from all parts of Italy who are taking part in a big rally. The props men, we understand, are picking up hints for future operas from the picturesque costumes of the peasant women.

21st. *Monday*. The feast of St Aloysius Gonzaga. Most of us attended the early Mass at S. Ignazio.



22nd. *Tuesday*. That annual and usually ineffective notice has appeared at the Greg telling us that *plausus vetantur*.

23rd. *Wednesday*. Doctor Kelly, after a busman's holiday, left us at the midnight hour.

25th. *Friday*. The schola and the men who fancy their voices have been taught the harmonies of the *Decora Lux*. As a result the Benedictions of the novena to SS. Peter and Paul are considerably more lively—you can never tell what unheard-of variations will suddenly burst forth from your neighbour.

26th. *Saturday*. At this time of the year you don't live, you just exist. Ten minutes in Pam, and then back to the Monserra' for a quick swim or shower and another couple of hours at the grindstone.

28th. *Monday*. Positively the very last lecture of the year.

29th. *Tuesday*. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. A shower this morning gave to the fisherman's net hanging outside St Peter's a most realistic appearance.

30th. *Wednesday*. The priests were received by His Eminence Cardinal Caccia Dominioni at a private reception. Mr. Birley left us.

JULY 1st. *Thursday*. So did Mr Carroll-Abbing. We who still remain have just enough energy to be able to fight for the cricket and crossword page of *The Times*.

2nd. *Friday*. The front line went over the top, some with the light of battle in their eyes, others like lambs to the slaughter.

3rd. *Saturday*. A certain Italian official has written to the Rector that he has heard of the excellence of the College and intends to send his daughter Laura, aged eleven, to it to study English, gymnastics and music.

4th. *Sunday*. Early this morning the Rector went with a party to the Villa to bless the Nuns' Chapel. The few members of the schola were ably supported by the Luigi family. Those of us who remained in Rome cheered off Messrs McDonald and McReavy.

5th. *Monday*. The first results have come, bringing comfort to some and to others an opportunity for practising holy resignation. For the rest of us who are still praying desperately to our patron saints the little green envelopes are a stimulant to even more frantic efforts.

6th. *Tuesday*. Today we queued up for the traditional weighing in, and found that we had lost the usual amount of tonnage, wrested from us at the treadmill of the schools. But we are consoled by the thought of the pleasant duty of making up this deficit in the next three months. Two more departures from our midst, Messrs Doyle and Pearson.

7th. *Wednesday*. The house is astir with preparations for our flitting. Carpets have been taken up, windows stripped of their curtains,

and the corridors are strewn with refuse varying from the cast-offs that were too far gone for the Little Sisters' collection to the so-called prizes won at the Christmas fair. The place has taken on the deserted and bedraggled appearance that strikes terror into the hearts of the new men when they call in, *en route* for the Villa, to doff their worldly attire. As you strive frantically to pack a trunk-load of belongings into a rucksack and a suitcase you hear in the cortile Giobbi loading his van for a second journey, and shouts echo along the corridor, the optimistic "Give me a hand down with this trunk", the pleading "Could you cram these books into your case?", and the despairing "Hi! tell Giobbi to hang on a minute".

8th. *Thursday*. "All doors must be locked before leaving for the villa . . ." says the notice. And no key will be turned tomorrow with greater zest than ours. It is the key that will cut us off from the scene of all our troubles and lead us to a life that for months now has been the subject of our dreams, a life of peace and ease, of carefree living and not too high thinking, where our view will be the lake and the rolling Campagna that fades into the purple horizon that is the sea, where our occupations will be a delightful blending of the muscular, the midly intellectual and the operatic. What though we must spend today at our books? Tomorrow night we shall sleep with a cool breeze fanning the air, and dream of nothing to do and three months to do it in.

Click! we have turned it. And now—but no! we are intruding upon another's ground.

SIDNEY G. LESCHER

## PERSONAL

All Venerabilini will long ago have heard of the death of CARDINAL BISLETI, Grand Chancellor of the Gregorian University. But it is not too late for a public expression of regret, in the name of all those who attended the University during his Protectorate, at the passing of this veteran of the Sacred College. A more fitting appreciation will appear elsewhere in our pages.

Very pleasant, however, is our next duty, that of congratulating the Rector on his appointment as Counsellor to the Delegation which represented the Holy See at the Coronation of Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth—an honour which we share, if only in reflection. Though we missed him from our own celebrations, he made us some recompense on his return by an interesting evening of reminiscences delivered to the Literary Society. In this connection we must congratulate MR BIRLEY, who made himself indispensable, we hear, as a most efficient secretary to the Delegation.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Dr H. COGAN (1907–1914) parish priest of St Michael's Esh Laude, Durham, and Vicar-General of Hexham and Newcastle, who has recently been appointed Domestic Prelate. Mgr BARTON BROWN is known to many of us as a Roman of the Romans and all will rejoice that he too has been elevated to the rank of Domestic Prelate. Fortunately he was staying with us (and incidentally entertaining large circles in the common-room with tales of his doings in Hanwell and elsewhere) when he received this honour, so we were able to toast the new prelate with an extra *bicchiere*. We have yet another Monsignore to congratulate, Rev J. O'CONNOR of Bradford (1889–1895) who has been appointed Privy Chamberlain to his Holiness. *Prosit!*

We notice that the forth-coming Plenary Council is occupying the attention of many Romans. Mgr REDMOND (1913–1917 and 1917–

1931) and the Revv GRIFFIN (1921-1925), HALSALL (1924-1931), H. R. KELLY (1919-1926) and MASTERSON (1919-1925) have been appointed to the staff that is to do the preparatory work. All success to their labours.

The following recently-appointed parish-priests are assured of our best wishes in their new responsibilities : Fr M. McNARNEY, D.D. (1919-1926) from assistant priest at the English Martyrs church to St Teresa's, Cleveleys ; Fr J. C. HEENAN, D.D. from SS. Mary and Ethelburga, Barking, where he also filled the post of assistant inspector of schools, to St Nicholas, Manor Park, Essex ; Fr S. HODSKINSON (1927-1934) from St Hugh's, Lincoln, to St Saviour's, Coalville.

Very many who knew Fr SILVESTER, O.S.F.C. and welcomed him so often to our Christmas concerts will join with us in congratulating him on his appointment as Archbishop of Simla. We wish His Grace *ad multos annos*.

We must congratulate, too, the Rev W. KELLY (1926-1933) who is now Vice-Postulator to the cause of the English Martyrs. Those of us who under Dr Kelly's guidance have written lives of our own Martyrs are assured that very soon England will be celebrating another canonization.

Another such appointment has been made of one who is still among us, Mr CARROLL-ABBING, who is now the secretary for English speaking countries of the Postulation of beatification cause of Pius X.

We have been happy to welcome recently the following visitors, all of whom drew and held large circles in the common-room in Rome or in the golf-house at the Villa : in Rome, Fr TELFORD, who was out in connection with his work on Propaganda Fide ; Mgr BARTON BROWN ; Fr LYONS (1928-1935) who spent Whitsun with us with Fr HOUGHTON, a fellow priest from Shrewsbury ; Fr W. KELLY (1926-1933), who had paid a visit to the Archives within half an hour of his arrival. At Palazzola we had Frs DWYER, REA, LYNCH and REDMOND (all 1926-1934). Fr DWYER we congratulated on obtaining his B.A. at Cambridge. Later came Fr R. FLYNN (1927-1934) to recall happy memories by seeing the first performance of the Opera. At the moment of going to press, we are expecting Fathers J. CAMPBELL (1925-32) and J. PARK (1926-33). Mr OSBORNE and MAJOR PLOWDEN both found time to stay with us for a week-end.

Mention of the British Minister reminds us to congratulate SIR ERIC DRUMMOND on his succession to the Earldom of Perth ; and another old friend, Mr OGILVIE FORBES, late of Madrid, on his receiving the K.C.M.G. in the Coronation honours. SIR GEORGE OGILVIE FORBES is at present Counsellor to the British Embassy at Berlin.

Regretfully we think of the departure of seventh year ; but Messrs DOYLE, CARROLL-ABBING, MACDONALD and ROBERTS are returning for their degree. Appointments of which we have news are Mr SWEENEY

to St Peter's, Leicester, where the parish-priest is the Rev J. FARMER (1919-1924); Mr FORD to St Patrick's, Walsall; Mr MCREAVY to the Cathedral, Nottingham; Mr ROGERS to St Mary's, Llanelly; Mr ELCOCK to Our Lady and the Apostles, Stockport, where the senior curate is Fr HOWE (1922-1929). Mr BIRLEY is returning to the Collegio Nobile, to study Canon Law and Mr LEAHY to the Teutonicum to study for the Doctorate of Sacred Scripture.

Golden Jubilees are not so frequent that we do not wish to make the most of that of Canon F. J. CLAYTON (1887-1888). It occurs on September 25th, so that our congratulations must make up in warmth what they lose in timeliness.

Very Rev Canon LUDDY, D.D. and the Rev H. MORRISSEY, M.A. (both 1908-1912) are celebrating their Silver Jubilees on November 1st. We wish them many more years to come, all of the happiest. On the same day Rt Rev Mgr JOHN CULLEN, D.D., Rector of the English College, Lisbon (1911-1914) celebrates his Silver Jubilee and to him also we offer our most sincere congratulations, hoping that he will elude the embarrassing attentions of the Red revolutionaries for many years yet.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

We are sorry to have to announce yet another retirement. Mr Foley has laboured on the secretarial side of the staff for nine numbers—four and a half years—and who can guess the amount of dull and painstaking work that he has performed for THE VENERABLE in that time? But (as was said of a former secretary) the dull jobs, adding up accounts, sending out bills, finding advertisers, and harassing printers—these did not prevent him from contributing in other ways to the success of the Magazine by writing an article or compiling an Index. We thank him warmly for all his devoted work and assure him that our readers too appreciate the splendid way he has served them.

His place has been filled by Mr Pledger: so that the Staff is now composed as follows:—

Editor: Mr Swinburne

Secretary: Mr Pitt

Sub-editor: Mr Firth

Under-secretary: Mr Hanlon

Without Portfolio: Mr Pledger

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*The Cottonian, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Millhillian, The Oscotian, Pax, The Prior Park Magazine, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Wonersh Magazine.*

We thank Messrs Chester for *The Chesterian* and gifts of music, and the Catholic Association for *The Scrip*.

### UNIVERSITY NOTES

This year the examinations finished later than was expected. The Seminary Course examinations were over before the end of June; strange written papers were packed away early into the University archives,

some into the History, some into the Canon Law section; and the men who had written appealing letters to the Secretary asking for early examinations were examined on June 30th and July 1st (which should have been a free day); but in spite of all the ordinary oral examinations lingered on until July 19th and finished only a day earlier than last year. (We wonder would we prefer them to finish much earlier; those last few days seem so precious!)

The last victim was not a fourth series man. There were only two series this time, a welcome change that helped us to make up our minds more quickly when the inscription cards were due. After wondering vaguely at the beginning of May whether we ought to take a "second" in one subject and a "fourth" in another—or dare we risk a "first" in both?—we suddenly found that our ruminations had been wasted. We also found that some of the less important examinations, which last year we had tried to fit in somewhere in late July, were to be written this year, and were to take place in June.

Fr Arnou once again taught and examined in the philosophical faculty, of which he was appointed dean at the beginning of the year. Ontology was his subject. The first year philosophers had two new professors, Fr Morandini for Critica and Fr Abelé for Cosmology.—“Cosmology in First Year?” you ask. Yes, but it may be only a temporary change. Another new professor, Fr Coffey, from Maryland, lectured on Social Economy in the faculties of Philosophy and Canon Law. The necessity for these new professors was partly due to the deaths of Frs Schaaf and Vermeersch, both of whom were known to most of our readers and respected by all who knew them. A solemn Requiem, attended by the professors and students, was sung for them in S. Ignazio on November 5th. R.I.P.

Among the books published this year at the University are:—Sebastianus Tromp: *Corpus Chrisit Quod Est Ecclesia*. Vol. I: *Introductio Generalis*. Petrus Vidal: *Ius Canonicum*, auctore P. Fr Xav. Wernz, ad normam Codicis exactum. Vol. VIII. *Ius Poenale Ecclesiae*. Antonius Arregui: *Summarium Theologiae Moralis*. (For some time this book has been out of print).

W. E. GRASAR.

## LITERARY SOCIETY

Despite the necessity for a change of President at Christmas and an imposing list of celebrities, whom we just missed securing, the session of 1936–1937 may well stand worthily beside its predecessors in the Minute Book. Before stress of work compelled his resignation, Mr Birley was responsible for four admirable meetings. Surgeon Lieut-Comdr. Barry, R.N. led off with a robust negative to the question “Is the British Navy tied up with string?”; Mr Curran followed with a paper on “The Art of the Cinema”; Mr Bernard Wall, Editor of *The Colosseum*, spoke on “Spain and Christendom”; and Bishop Dey made a merry

evening with his reminiscences under the title "The Life of the Army Chaplain."

Under the presidency of Mr Carroll-Abbing, the Society continued its researches into the mysteries of journalism under the guidance of Mr Ian Munro, of *The Morning Post*; heard the experiences of Mr Gunnar D. Kumlien as a war correspondent with the Nationalists in Spain; listened to a rousing exposition of "The Social Apostolate of the Priest" from Fr Edward Coffey, S.J., of the Gregorian; and examined aspects of the Catholic Church when Mr E. Boran spoke of the Oriental rites, Fr Haeck, S.J., lectured on the Indian Missions and Mr I. Clarke read a paper on "The Grail Movement".

Perhaps there has never been such an evening for the Society as that of March 4th, when Mr Jan Hambourg illustrated his lecture on the music of Johann Sebastian Bach by really splendid playing of extracts from the master's works on his Stradivarius violin. It is enough to say that the meeting finally broke up amidst thunders of applause at five minutes to eleven.

In the heat of the summer the Rector concluded the session with an account of all that he had seen and done as Secretary and Counsellor to Archbishop Pizzardo, the Envoy of the Holy See at the Coronation.

Next year Mr Lescher, a frequent and competent proposer of the vote of thanks, will be President and Mr Weetman the Secretary.

P. F. FIRTH.

## THE GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

The officers of the society were fortunate in having handed to their care a Society in a most flourishing condition. Even so, the happy forecast of last year's retiring secretary was fulfilled in yet further progress, though who would not expect this from the impetus given by such a President as Mr Molloy? The attendance of the members was invariably very good and frequently all members were present, save for the luckless few who had been unable to avoid the tentacles of the infirmarian, almost always most rampant at the time when the Society is in full swing.

The range of subjects was wide and the number and enthusiasm of the members most encouraging—most men were not content to be merely sleeping partners, but stood up and gave us of their profoundest thoughts. We considered most things from flood-lighting the College (which we decided to be unadvisable) to the authenticity of "Merry England" which we proved to our own satisfaction; a warm discussion preceded the verdict that the English Catholics should not adopt a definite and distinctive social policy. But the debate *par excellence* took place when, prompted by military heroism and self-sacrifice as displayed in *The Lives of the Bengal Lancers*, we pondered as to whether or no "The Regiment should always come first"; we discovered that it involved issues that its title would never have suggested, and at one time the debate



showed signs of drifting into a metaphysical consideration of the injustice of a Totalitarian State (the king Charles' head of this year's Debating Society); this took the palm for general debating excellence, even from a discussion on conscription and that other short debate meet to rank beside "the Leith police dismisseth us"—"Whether it is better to turn on the hot water tap and get cold or to turn on the cold tap and get hot."

The pointed and well-delivered speeches on the "Regiment", while distinctly the best of the year, yet gave a key to the general standard of excellence, which, combined with the keenness and ability of the members, augurs well for the forthcoming session which will be safe in the capable hands of Mr Firth and Mr Pledger.

L. HANLON, *Secretary*.

### THE WISEMAN SOCIETY

During the past year the Society has led a very flourishing existence. It is true that the papers were fewer than we would have liked, but the interesting discussions which followed and the large numbers which they attracted proved that the Society is still very strong in the house.

At the last general meeting several new resolutions were passed owing to the new conditions in which the society is finding itself. Large numbers attended the meetings, while only a very small nucleus are actually members. Consequently the distinction between members and non-members was at times ignored, and cases were quoted where members had been prevented from speaking by the number of non-members taking part in the discussions. To remedy this state of affairs it was decided to give wider powers to the chairman of the evening, and to provide him with a list of members. A tendency too had arisen for the discussions to become too particularised and confined to only a few members; so another resolution was enacted ensuring that every member should be given the chance to speak at each meeting.

The following papers were read to the society:—

At Palazzola:—

"The Times of Claverhouse" by Mr P. Clark.

In Rome:—

"On Educating Wrinkles" by Mr Hanlon. An attempt to discover what exactly was meant by "Education". An interesting discussion followed.

"The Twisting of Oliver Twist" by Mr Pledger. A very provocative paper which attempted to defend Dickens from the charge of Gloominess.

"Modern Literature and the Struggle for Tradition" by Mr Harrison. An attempt to defend those elements of modern literature which are furthest removed from the old traditional classical ideals, and a plea for tolerance in judging them. The paper gave rise to a very interesting discussion and left the Society sharply divided.

M. CASSIDY.

## CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

At the beginning of the year the further outlook of the Guild was definitely unsettled. The two previous years had brought many disappointments and it seemed that we would never get out of the doldrums. It was even moved in one meeting that the Guild be merged into the C.A.P.A.C. The defeat of this motion has in the event proved most fortunate, although a serious blow in the unavoidable retirement of the Secretary, Mr Ashworth, prevented any meeting until after Christmas.

Then under the guidance of Mr McKeever, the new secretary, the future began to take on a brighter hue. Two circles were organised with a membership of 11 and 13 respectively. Since experience has shown that theoretical papers are not suited to the character of our general meetings, a most useful and practical tone was evidenced in the treatment of such papers as "The New Factory Bill", "The Social Work of the J.O.C.", "The Corporate State in Portugal", all being received with well-merited appreciation.

True it never seemed likely that the circles would complete their programmes, but much useful spadework was done to ensure a successful season in the coming year.

The present secretary is reaping where others have sown. Here at Palazzola a circle is working with great promise, preliminary work for three circles planned for the coming year is well in hand, and general papers are being carefully considered. In fact, everything is running so smoothly, and so intelligent an interest is being taken in our work that the Guild seems assured of many fruitful years to come. One last word. If you who read this happen to have any books on social questions that you have finished with, the Guild would only be too glad to receive them into its shockingly small library.

L. WELLS.

## C.A.P.A.C.

The study of Catholic Action in the College was for some time restricted to a few earnest souls who frequented the Gregorian lectures on Thursday afternoons. Last year they proposed to study the subject in common; and after a week or two devoted to propaganda a meeting was called to inaugurate the new society. Mr Birley's opening speech was delivered with a fire and enthusiasm sufficient to rouse the most lukewarm of apostolic hearts, with the result that well over half the House pledged itself to devote one Thursday morning a month to the study of C.A., as we now began familiarly to call it.

The meetings began in the November of this year, and at first they were dull and lifeless, showing that we had presumed too much on our knowledge, showing, in fact, that we knew nothing at all about the lay apostolate—we, who had styled ourselves "The Catholic Action

Priest-Assistants' Club". There was nothing for it but to begin again at the beginning, which was done with a paper on "What is Catholic Action?"—introduced by a large selection of "what it is nots" culled from the previous meetings. This paper was followed by others on "C.A. and the Leakage", "C.A. and the Extension of the Faith", and the last paper of the year was on "The Formation of the Lay Apostolate".

So the general trend of the year's work has been this:—first we showed the nature and necessity of the lay apostolate, and then proceeded to investigate the method to be followed in starting it. And we decided that the best method consists in the training of small groups who will in their turn train others: training them to live their Catholic life in all its fulness and in every act of the day; training them with the immediate end in view of action in the parish, which action will depend upon the special conditions of the district. These lay apostles are to be the supplement of the priest wherever possible and necessary, particularly in those many spheres of action that are of their nature closed to the priest and yet easily accessible to the layman. Thus the layman participates in the priest's own apostolate; and, since priest and lay apostle share in the one redemptive mission of the Church, the training of the lay apostle is of the essence of the priest's mission.

As we have said, the last paper of the year dealt with the question of formation. This vital subject we hope to develop next year, by showing the relation of the small group to (a) the very young (*i.e.* those between the ages of 12 and 18); (b) those of their own age (18—30), and to the parish as a whole and to non-Catholics. If time allows there will also be other papers on "Theology of C.A.", "C.A. and Communism", and "The Priest of C.A.".

Of the papers written last year some forty copies were sent to men in England whom we knew to be interested. Their criticism and suggestions were most welcome; and we will be only too pleased to send more copies this coming year to all who wish to receive them, if they will send us their addresses.

H. MARTINDALE.

### ORCHESTRA NOTES

In these days of cheaply-priced gramophones and wireless receivers it is a common complaint in amateur orchestra circles that the rising generation prefers to listen rather than to produce its own music. If it wants to give play to its creative faculty it is content with turning a couple of knobs or setting in motion an electric turntable. The "Venerable Orchestra" feels the pinch resulting from this state of things; and though to remedy it lies outside its power, it is gratified to see that its own fine musical spirit can revivify what the soul-destroying

amenities of modern life have killed. It is becoming increasingly common to witness a complete musical metamorphosis among the members of First Year. In November, scarcely anyone is able to blow or fiddle a note; in January, two or three will be bold enough to confess that they had learnt to play a fiddle when they were very young, but have not practised for years; in March, another five or six are discovered to be spending a large part of their recreation time in mastering the intricacies of the most varied types of instruments; and at the end of the year they are fully equipped to pass on the spirit to the succeeding First Year.

We commenced the year's work minus our bassoon and one of our 'cellos, so that we were very obviously handicapped in the bass register. The re-entry of the bassoon just before Easter was a great help, and the introduction of the 'cello next year will find us returned to our pristine strength, but the "orch" will always lack depth and body until we contrive to find a Double Bass. As soon as the necessary funds can be collected (?), the Double Bass must be bought.

We devoted most of our attention during the practices to Haydn's Symphony No. 93, to the Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor", and to the Peer Gynt suite. We excelled ourselves at the "Merry Wives", and the praise we received after playing such a well known work could not have been empty or false. That overture is not an easy work—there are four separate violin parts to be played—and it needed hours of careful practice to polish it up to a harmonious unity. The fact that we achieved that feat is a tribute to the untiring interest and perseverance of the individual members.

At the time of writing the Rev Dr Lynch is once more in our midst, and we all feel a thrill of pride at this renewed contact with a figure who looms so large in the history of the Orchestra. He was the founder of the present orchestra as much as Mr Belisha was of the present beacons, and we must not be blamed if we experience feelings of admiration and gratitude during the term of his sojourn with us.

The final word must be one of thanks to Mr Jan Hambourg, the celebrated violinist, for his kind gift to the orchestra of a handsome autographed copy of his recent and authentic edition of Bach's sonatas and partitas.

G. E. PITT.

## OBITUARY

### GAETANO CARDINAL BISLETI

A life has closed full of great work for the Church and the Holy See, and all those who knew his Eminence Cardinal Bisleti will feel a sense of personal loss. I first saw him in my early days at the Venerabile when he was Maestro di Camera to Pius X, and I was present in 1911 at the Consistory when, with Cardinals Graniti di Belmonte, O'Connell, Bourne and others, he was created Cardinal. In recent years, after my return to Rome as Rector of the Venerabile, I came into contact with this great prince of the Church. It was impossible, in conversing with him, not to be struck with his single-mindedness and his intense enthusiasm for the Church and the Holy See. And on more than one occasion he spoke to me of the grand tradition of loyalty to the See of Rome and to the person of the Sovereign Pontiff in which the College glories; and in his letters and interviews he returned to the same theme.

I remember particularly one day when we had talked together for some time in his room at S. Callisto, he spoke of the days gone by, of Pius X and of his own admiration and esteem for Cardinal Merry del Val. Then referring to his advanced age, he nodded towards the crucifix on his desk and said simply "Bene, bisogna lavorare per il Signore sino alla fine."

He would conclude the interview walking along the strip of carpet which led to the door of his apartment, asking for prayers that he might be guided in his responsibilities as Prefect of the Congregation of Seminaries and Studies, assuring me the while that the students in all the seminaries the world over were commended to God in his daily Mass.

Gaetano Bisleti was a man of deep interior life. That was always apparent in converse with him, and the testimony of those in close contact with him confirmed the impression which one always had. He was a great priest of God, and divine Providence had placed him in the intimate service and friendship of the Vicars of Christ. To these he

gave his unstinted and devoted labours, and as the years went by his love of the Church and the Holy See found more scope by reason of his greater responsibilities.

By his death the Venerable has lost a great friend and a warm admirer. We shall feel the loss of his fatherly affection and counsel, and, while we remember his soul in our prayers and sacrifices, we shall thank God for giving to the Church and to our beloved Rome this great priest, as an inspiration to all of us in our work for the Church and the Vicar of Christ.

W. GODFREY.

## OUR BOOK SHELF

*Cursus Philosophiae.* By Carolus Boyer, S.J. (Desclée De Brouwer et Soc. Parisiis). Crown 8vo. 2 vols. 560 and 598 pp. 40 lire net.

It is not an easy matter to treat the whole of philosophy thoroughly in the comparatively short space of two volumes, and at the same time to give an exposition which is both clear and comprehensive. Fr Boyer's new book is admirable in this respect. It is so clear that even a reader unused to philosophical thought could understand the truths contained in it, while a hurried reader might think them obvious or even superficial. But when we read slowly and carefully we realise the deep and accurate thought that underlies his writing. Further, it is not a book the interest of which is exhausted after the first reading or which is liable to make the attentive reader underrate the difficulty and depth of the principles laid down, for these principles are stressed in a manner calculated to arouse interest and invite further study. Nor do we need to go to other authors to obtain matter for this study—there is sufficient in Fr Boyer's book to occupy even those who have penetrated far into the truths of being.

A feature which gives additional interest to the work is the insertion of quotations from various philosophical writers, especially contemporary French writers, at the end of the different sections. In this way Fr Boyer avoids a failing which is only too apparent in most text-books—namely that of leading the reader to think that all the principles and controversies are things of the dim and distant past that have no interest or importance at the present day.

The order followed is slightly different from many text-books; the more elementary principles of Criteriology and Metaphysics which are helpful and necessary to a good understanding of Cosmology and Psychology precede the treatment of these two subjects, while the more advanced epistemological and metaphysical problems are left till later.

Finally the historical introduction which precedes the whole treatise gives a good summary of the main questions and problems which have troubled the minds of Philosophers since the days of the earliest Greeks, and so brings us to the threshold of Philosophy prepared in some measure for what is to come.

GEORGE EKBERY.

*Correct Mass-Serving Made Easy.* By H. E. Calnan, D.D. (B. F. Widdowson & Co., 717, Fulham Road, London, S.W.6.) Pp. 40. 4d.

THIS most useful little book was written, as the author tells us, to dispel the difficulties felt by the average Catholic school-boy or diffident layman when called upon to serve a Low Mass. With this end in view the answers of the server have been printed in a bold black type that leaps to the eye and makes it impossible to lose the place, while hints on the pronunciation of Latin and a stroke over the vowel to be accented go a long way towards removing the terror caused for the average layman by the unfamiliar language. But more than that; the directions have throughout been written with the intention of prompting the thoughts which should keep the server united with the Holy Sacrifice. And there are twenty-two most useful hints for the server, of which we will quote the first and last: "Don't rush your answers. The Priest will be glad to wait for you when he sees you are taking care. . . . Don't forget to thank Our Lord for allowing you to serve Mass".

G.S.



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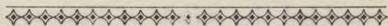


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