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IN INSTAURATIONE NOVI ANNI

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EDITORIAL

Anniversaries we know are as plentiful as potatoes in war-time, but we do not think it superfluous to observe that a year ago we were on the eve of an adventure that is now successfully ended. With the old life happily restored in new and hospitable surroundings we can say that the chapter of transition is brought to a close.

Inevitably, even during the early and uncertain days of Ambleside, we cast an anxious look over our shoulder to the College we had left so precipitately in Rome, and wondered how long it would reign as a deserted citadel of English life. We print in another column the news, taken from the Vatican and Italian papers, describing its transformation into a hospital under the aegis of the Knights of Malta. It is indeed hard to visualise the scene that replaces the familiar one we knew; operating theatres and radiological departments hopelessly conflict with our picture of the College. Yet we are aware that it could have suffered a worse fate; nor is it incongruous to recall the

Napoleonic occupation, when so much was destroyed, and the chapel desecrated. Now our nuns are living their community life, while Mass is said daily in the chapel.

Hence there is reason to be grateful, and reason to hope that this arrangement may be preserved, and continue unchanged. At St Mary's Hall we have achieved the desired continuance of the old order, and with nuns now established in the kitchen, the last hurdle has been taken, and an open course lies before us. May it remain so until the day of return !

THE VENERABILE IN CRISIS

The grave crisis, which seemed to pass at the Meeting of Munich in September 1938, had given much anxiety at the time to my predecessor, Monsignor Godfrey. The Meeting produced inexpressible relief; but before long the course of events reduced this relief to a mere hope that in some way or other war might yet be averted. Such was the state of affairs when, in succession to Monsignor Godfrey, I was appointed Rector of the Venerabile and reached Rome early in February 1939. For a few months the minds of all were distracted from dark forebodings by the death of Pius XI and the election and coronation of Pius XII. And, indeed, the hope was born that the new Pope might succeed in bringing peace. Nowhere was the feeling stronger that war was not inevitable than in high Vatican circles.

This became clear to me only a fortnight after the new Pope's coronation. On March 24th I went to the Secretariate of State and asked Monsignor Montini what would be the position of British ecclesiastics and nuns and of their property should war come. After all, hopes of peace are not guarantees of peace and I felt, if only for the sake of easing my mind and my conscience, that I ought to make sure the Holy See had some plan of protection in readiness. Monsignor Montini saw this at once and, unlike most other Italians, did not go on to say that the contingency of war was remote. Nor did he make

any secrets but admitted straightaway that before Munich he had taken up with the Italian Government the question of the standing of British ecclesiastics and nuns in case of war and had received no answer. He would, however, take the matter up once more and in the meantime would arrange for me to speak directly with the new Secretary of State, Cardinal Maglione.

I saw the Cardinal four days later. In his delicate position he was naturally more cautious. To begin with, he did not see why war should be unavoidable. Nor would it be wise to do anything which might possibly give the impression that the Holy See expected war. Nevertheless, if war should come, he assured me in general of the good offices of the Holy See, which was the natural protector of all ecclesiastical institutions in Rome. He seemed loath to talk of anything more detailed, though he agreed the Holy See would be willing to appoint administrators to safeguard property. He thought the Italian Government would not act harshly towards ecclesiastics ; and by way of concluding the interview, while disclaiming all prophetical powers, he showed a definite disinclination to regard war as the only outcome of present disputes.

From that day, the 28th of March, the day on which Madrid surrendered to Franco, till about the middle of August, no-one living in the clerical or Italian atmosphere of Rome could be brought to say that war was certain. But about that date German threats to Poland were obviously growing impossible of satisfaction, and on August 24th I felt that the war clouds were indeed gathering—especially as in the evening the Pope broadcast a last minute appeal for good will. I heard this speech at the house of the British Minister to the Holy See, Mr D'Arcy Osborne. Monsignor Clapperton and I had just called in on our way back to Marino and Palazzola, and the three of us felt that the crisis was near which would involve England, France and Poland with Germany. Italy's attitude, however, was a matter still difficult to forecast. The ordinary people, of course, were sure their country would keep out, but the Press began to speak with the voice of Goebbels.

In spite of all this, the very next day saw the students performing "The Mikado" in the cortile at Palazzola. It was a

great success and an even greater tribute to the morale of the House. It ended with *God Save the King*, sung with a new fervour. But that was in the evening. That morning I had joined Monsignor Clapperton in Rome and together we had gone for guidance to the Secretariate of State. Monsignor Grano came into the long waiting-room, armed with pen and paper to take down our enquiries. In effect, we both wanted to know what plans existed for the protection of the personnel and property of the English and Scots Colleges. Monsignor Grano withdrew, while we waited the lifting of the veil. But no—there was no news that showed which way events would go. On the other hand, it would be wise to prepare. We returned to our Villas.

Next day, I set out for Rome with a band of students, determined to get the College Archives into safety. I went at once to the Secretariate and this time Monsignor Grano, though still without news, was all for instant action. Before I had been with him three minutes, he was 'phoning over to the Vatican Archives, authorising them to send a van and men to the College. They were over in an hour's time, and for the second time in the long history of the College, the Archives were being carried out of the House. The students, posted at intervals between the Archive-room and the door giving on to the cortile, watched lynx-eyed the progression of laden Vatican employees through the three libraries, along the Cardinals' corridor and down the stairs. Half the Archives had been taken by five o'clock. That was on the Saturday. The rest were taken on the Monday morning, along with our relics and some other valuables. All this was carried out at Vatican expense, and under the tireless direction of little Monsignor Savio. His appetite for moving documents to a place of safety was insatiable, and he managed to get Monsignor Clapperton to send all he could, even if only account-books. The Scots College have no Archives of any antiquity, as a great part were lost in the earlier evacuation of 1798, and the rest eventually reached Blairs College.

But to resume. While it was still Monday, Monsignor Clapperton and I went over to the Congregation of Studies to

see Monsignor Ruffini, and eventually arranged to draw up letters handing over our Colleges to the Congregation, and indicating the administrators we should like to see in charge—Commendatore Freddi in the case of the English College. I say this was eventually arranged because for a long time we had to fight hard to refuse Monsignore's invitation to *cercare una formula* which would express the legal status of our Colleges. His eyes lit up as with fire at the prospect of such intellectual endeavour ; but ours set hard against an occupation suitable only to the leisure days of peace. The fire died down, however, under the cold douche of Monsignor Clapperton's remark that the question was much better left an open one, seeing that while Papal interest in the Colleges was now the one to be emphasised, yet in 1870 it had been the national interest.

The final achievement of that day was the transference of most of the College money in Italian Banks to the Vatican Bank, which being neutral and independent was not bound by any moratorium which might be declared in Italy. I was even assured that the Vatican Bank could in any eventuality always give me lire on a London cheque, since the sterling need never be exported from the Empire but could be used there by the Vatican for the benefit of the Missions.

On Tuesday, August 29th, the precious altar-piece of the College Chapel in Rome, the treasure which carries us back to the very earliest years of the College, and which, perhaps more than all others, joins us in spirit with the Martyrs, was taken down, passed out through the street entrance and carried by special conveyance to the cellars of the Vatican Galleries.

So the College property, its money, the Archives and the Martyrs' Picture were now all provided for, and I felt we could wait with easier minds the worst that might befall. And in five more days, on the Sunday afternoon of September 3rd, we heard the speeches of the King and Mr Chamberlain over the wireless and knew that England was at war with Germany. For some days we waited breathlessly for news of the bombing of England. But apart from activity at sea, the war in the West became strangely leisurely ; the Italian Press, while favouring Germany, made no particularly bitter attacks on

England, and before a week had passed I felt quite justified in allowing the students to set off on their September gitas. Moreover, the Italian Government seemed to be prepared, even in the event of Italy's entering the war, to treat all ecclesiastics with consideration ; Mr Osborne sent me a copy of a letter from Monsignor Montini, recording that the Papal Nuncio to Italy had been assured that ecclesiastics would be allowed to leave in calm and orderly fashion, and—if approved—might even be allowed to remain.

All this made it possible for me to authorise the Vice-Rector, who was in England, to get in touch with the Bishops and explain the situation, while finding out whether the British Government had any objection to the return of those students who were at home on holiday. Everywhere he met with the greatest sympathy and help, so that in the end not only were the Third Year Philosophers and Doctorate men able to come back to continue their studies, but twelve new men arrived in the Monserrato, and despite the difficulties of war the "Apostolic Succession" of the Venerabile was uninterrupted. A great triumph and a great consolation.

From November until April nothing took place which specially affected the College in Rome. But in April the anti-British tone of the Italian Press was becoming more offensive than of late. I was in England at the time and took this at first to be Italy's effort to show her solidarity with her Axis partner. One heard of Italian ships continuing to sail for America, of preparations for the Exhibition of 1942 in Rome ; and on the whole, though I did not like the change in official Italian pronouncements, I thought that nothing might come of it at all.

Nevertheless at the very beginning of May I made arrangements for travelling back to Rome. This was no longer the simple matter of pre-war days, and arrangements for the censorship of all written or printed matter going out of the country and for obtaining all sorts of permissions to leave England, to enter and pass through France, and enter Italy took considerable time—as one passport could not lie for several days on the desks of four offices at the same time. Then, when Germany

invaded Holland and Belgium, the exit permit was of course withdrawn. Nevertheless, I sent a telegram to the Vice-Rector on the evening of Friday, May 10th : " Trying to arrive Wednesday night."

This opened up a telegraphic conversation between us, and on the Monday, when I called on the Apostolic Delegate, I found a telegram from the Vice advising against my returning as the College would probably have to leave Rome, possibly even before I could arrive. Still it seemed to me that the journey out was worth risking. I knew perfectly well that the Vice-Rector would take the right decision, but I felt that it was not fair to leave such an unpleasant decision to him if I could reach Rome before the crisis came. For a crisis was obviously coming : Italy was showing signs of passing beyond mere journalistic support of Germany, but the rate of approach of this grave catastrophe was hard to gauge. As I was to learn when I reached Rome, no-one in the Vatican was willing to assert that Italy was about to declare war. In fact, even a week after the College had departed, Cardinal Pizzardo, who had just spent a few days in his native Savona near the French border, had the conviction that Italy did not really mean war, as he had seen no signs of warlike preparations in those parts. This unwillingness to believe the worst of the Government's intentions was certainly wide-spread among good Italians. But the Fascists knew that war was coming. Commendatore Freddi told me how the little Ballile, marching through the streets, were singing the refrain : " Nessuno ci crede, ma faremo la guerra ! "

One thing, however, was clear—even at this stage—and that was the impossibility of calm study in such an atmosphere, with the ordinary Italian hoping against hope that his country would stay out of the war, but with the Fascists shouting for it in the streets and in the Press, even offering physical violence to Englishmen and Frenchmen and to the circulation of the *Osservatore Romano*, because it took an objective view of the situation. The Vice-Rector has vividly described this atmosphere. But I am anticipating, for in the point I had reached in my narrative I was still in England.

So, after receiving the Vice's telegram, I replied at once : " Returning unless you explicitly advise contrary." This had hardly gone when another came from him, replying to my earlier telegram in which I had hoped to be in Rome by Wednesday night, and saying that if I could arrive by then I should probably be in time for the great decision.

Next day, Tuesday May 14th, I was in the 'plane which took off from Heston at 3 p.m. We reached Paris by 5.30 and I had left the French capital in the Rome Express by 8.25 p.m. When I looked out next morning on to the platform at Modane, the papers bore the unexpectedly bad news of the surrender of Holland. Arrived in Turin I saw the Italian Press gloating over the triumph of the invincible German war-machine. That Catholic Italy should lend herself to the praise of such a barbarous attack on so weak a nation seemed inconceivable, and the rest of the journey to Rome was gloomy and unhappy.

At last the long journey came to an end as dark was setting in and the train drew in to the familiar platform pretty well at the appointed time. It was 8.45 p.m. As I stepped down from the compartment and walked along, I saw a small group coming towards me, made up of the Vice-Rector and two faithful friends of the College, Commendatore Sneider and Domenico. I read a welcome in their faces, but something else too. " We are going tomorrow morning " said the Vice : " The decision had to be taken yesterday."

Through the barrier we went and into Angelo's car. And during a purposely circuitous drive to the College I heard of all the events of the preceding days. I saw quite clearly and was convinced that the decision was right, absolutely right, and that no time was to be lost if eighty students were to get through France to England—for it was from France that the urgency now came. In Italy it might be possible to live on without real study for a while, but only for a short while : and that was not worth doing. I myself resolved to stay on till I had done all I possibly could for the safety of the College property. The Vice has described those historic days when for the second time in its history the Venerabile made preparations to leave Rome. And when, just before night-prayers, I reached the Common-

room and announced that I would do my best to keep the College together in England, a great cheer went up—the last to echo round the cortile until, in God's good time, we return once more.

Holy Mass next morning, May 16th, was at 5.30 a.m., and I offered it for the safe and speedy return of the College to its historic home. A quick breakfast followed, taxis came and went, and by 8.15 the English and Scots Colleges were in possession of a large part of the train for Paris. As 8.25 drew near, I began to feel an unfamiliar smarting in the eyes and a catching in the throat, both impossible to control. The train drew out : the Venerabile had gone from Rome.

I left the station, but not alone. Four of our students still remained, for they held Eire passports and the French Consulate would not give their visa to neutrals. Monsignor Clapperton also stayed behind for the sake of the Scots College property and because two of his nuns were unable to leave for the same reason as our Irish students. Fr Carroll-Abbing, an old student of the Venerabile and private secretary to Cardinal Pizzardo, who had hitherto continued to live in the Monserrato, was also free to remain, protected by an Irish passport ; and he resolved to remain at his post.

It would be tedious to describe in chronological order the events of the next fortnight, among the most miserable of my life, living in the empty husk of the College, with a hostile Press broadcasting outside the disasters of that terrible May. As I walked from the station to the French Consulate, the morning of the Exodus, I had no idea how long I would be remaining in Rome, and that doubt lasted for well over a week. As I have said, no-one in the Secretariate of State or in the Congregation of Studies would commit himself as to what Italy was likely to do. Both Cardinal Pizzardo and our Cardinal Protector seemed to think I would be safer in Rome, or in the Vatican City at least, than in England. They agreed, however, that I would be doing a most desirable thing if I returned to England to ensure the continuance there of the College. I think they wondered a little that anyone, who could stay in a safe place, should elect to return to an island

which the Germans had sworn to invade. In the end it was the Holy Father himself who gave positive advice. He called the Dean of the Rota to him, the most international of the Holy See's departments, and told him that while priests of Dutch, Belgian or Polish nationality and nuns even of British and French nationality would be quite unmolested if Italy went to war with France and Britain, French and British priests or students would be well advised to leave. It was Monsignor Heard who brought me the news. He himself decided he would retire to the Vatican City, typically refusing to desert his duties as a Judge of the Rota. Monsignor Clapperton and I then and there, May 26th, made up our minds to leave Rome as soon as we had succeeded in getting French visas for the four students and the nuns at the Quattro Fontane. I should mention that I had been cheered by a telegram from the Vice-Rector announcing the safe arrival of everyone in London, despite the disasters in France. A generous and practical expression of sympathy came in a message from Monsignor Henson, offering a home to thirty of our students at Valladolid.

This business of the visas had already lasted ten days and was to take another two. The first or merely waiting stage consisted of repeated assurances from the French Embassy to the students that permission was being sought in Paris, authorising the Consul to issue visas to Irishmen. The next stage consisted in assurances that nothing had come through from Paris, coupled with the fact that Irishmen from other Colleges in Rome were gradually getting away. The final and successful stage was made on our own initiative on two different fronts. I got two visas for Mr McEnroe and Mr McDonagh by the simple expedient of insisting on seeing one of the attachés at the French Embassy. I asked how it was that nothing had come through for our students, while others who had applied later for visas were already departed. He could only repeat that he was sorry but that our names had not come through from Paris. On being further pressed, he admitted that the Consulate had received general permission from Paris to let through a certain number and that the first to come had been first served. I asked if any were yet available. Yes, there

were two left, but they would be no use to four students. Then his Gallic logic rose to the brilliant conclusion that they would be useful for two. And so these two went the next morning and eventually reached England via St Malo. The visas for the two priest students, Mr McNamara and Mr Hyland, and for the nuns at the Scots College, were obtained by more orthodox and diplomatic channels. At Monsignor Clapperton's suggestion we both went over to see Mr Osborne and he eventually agreed it might be worth while approaching the British Embassy for the issue of emergency British passports. I went at once to the Porta Pia and met with understanding and encouragement. In the end it was agreed that if Mr McWhite, the Eire Minister to the Quirinal, would request the good offices of the British Ambassador, the latter would ask the French Ambassador to authorise the visas on these Irish passports. Eventually, by midday of May 28th, all this was done and that same afternoon we got our tickets from our old friend at Cook's, Signor Piccoli. We were all free to leave next morning, but our tickets were only to Paris. No-one could tell how the journey would go after that.

I myself would not have been free to leave had the College affairs not been placed on a new footing and under the protection of the Holy See. In the previous August I had drawn up letters, ready for signature, asking the Congregation of Studies to take over all the College property and to appoint Commendatore Freddi to administer it in the name of the Holy See. He was to supervise the collecting of rents from the College tenants, the payment of rates and taxes and to provide for the maintenance of Domenico, Raniero, three or four nuns in Rome, and Luigi at the Villa. Before his departure, the Vice-Rector had confirmed this arrangement with Cardinal Pizzardo ; but I was now back in person to sign the letters and to receive from the Cardinal what was in effect a receipt for the College property, and an undertaking to protect it and administer it through Freddi, until our return. Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni, our Protector, likewise undertook to do anything that was necessary to save the College from destruction, even if it involved his going to live there. All the College bills were

paid off, and all the servants except Domenico and Raniero; Duilio begged to be allowed bed and board without wages.

When I left, the nuns were still there and had permission from Padua for a few to remain permanently ; it was even felt possible that they might start some charitable work in the College. In the meantime they were washing and mending and storing away all sheets and blankets and even the most disreputable cassocks. They were in tears over the departure of the students and grieved beyond words at the awful silence that had come down on the College. They knew little politics but understood that war was a dreadful thing and Hitler an evil man. As for Domenico, the men servants and the various workmen, they all detested the idea of war and knew quite well that Hitler and Mussolini were the war-mongers. Poor, faithful Domenico was especially grieved that such a calamity should befall the College in his old age. If one must distinguish between all the many loyal friends who worked for the Venerabile, I would have no hesitation in placing Freddi at the head of the list. He jealously watched every legal and financial interest of the College, working far harder for it than for himself, and gave to each succeeding Rector, Monsignor Hinsley, Monsignor Godfrey and myself, the fullest service both of heart and head. Good friends too and proud to be connected with the College were Ingegniere Sneider and Doctor Sabbatucci. Others in Rome who keenly felt our departure were the Irish Christian Brothers and many of the Religious Institutes of Nuns. And I know Mr Osborne, British Minister to the Holy See, was grieved at our going.

And so the morning of Wednesday, May 29th, arrived. I said Mass for our nuns, thanked and blessed them ; bade good-bye to Domenico, Raniero and the others ; paid a last visit to the Chapel, and set off for the station, taking a last hungry look at all the familiar sights. We were six in the compartment, Monsignor Clapperton, two nuns, our two students and myself. A number of Irish and Italian friends saw us off, and the railway officials and Cook's agents were both friendly and attentive. The train left promptly at 8.5 a.m. Everything worked normally at Modane ; but this time we

experienced a certain reversal of feeling, feeling glad to be leaving Italy and entering the country of an ally. We reached Paris next morning at 9 a.m. and were met by Mr Baldwin of Cook's.

At once we learned that there was no chance of leaving France by 'plane, but that in a few days' time we might get a boat from St Malo to Jersey, and a day later another thence to Southampton. We had to spend three full days in Paris, and then—all at once—we heard there were six vacancies in the 'plane from Le Bourget to Heston. We entered the great 'plane along with twenty other passengers and took off at 1.30 p.m. I had taken a good dose of Mothersill's and, unlike Monsignor Clapperton, was able to enjoy the whole three hours' journey. We did not make straight for London but made a long detour. For some time we were over the great city of Paris ; then, I think, we crossed above Lisieux, after which the 'plane banked steeply and we veered to the north-east. Over the Channel the passage was calm, but from the moment we came over what I surmised to be the Isle of Wight the journey was quite bumpy. On we flew above a beautifully green England and at 4.30 p.m. landed safely in Heston. About an hour later we were in London and the last band of Roman exiles dispersed. The two nuns went straight to their Mother-House in Nottingham, whence eight months later, a small community was to set out for St Mary's Hall.

The English College was now completely dispersed but was soon to come together again. The story of this resurgence on English soil and of the great debt of gratitude incurred by the College to the Bishops, the Jesuit Provincial and many others, will be duly recorded in another number of the Magazine. But in all that has happened to the Venerabile, we return thanks for the benevolent Providence of God, for the help of our own Martyrs, and—I verily believe—for that of Father Welsby.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THE EXODUS

Careful readers of THE VENERABILE will naturally have concluded that its last number covered the whole story of the exodus from Rome. And indeed it did—from the point of view of the generation who took part in it, thereby writing a not ungallant page of our history. But if the tale be told from another angle, that of the Superiors of the College, new facts emerge and with them an understanding of the anxious problem which faced the man who had to make the decision. Since our return to England, many have asked what was the immediate cause of our leaving Rome? Was the decision a sudden one or of long-ripening? Were there any difficulties from Italian officials over our journey? What happened during the month of suspended animation between our dispersal at Westminster and our re-union at Ambleside? And what led to that unique experiment in the Lake District? It is the purpose of this article to answer such natural questions, and so complete the account of our exodus.

The very first thing to explain is how I, as Vice-Rector, came to make the decision at all, what were the circumstances which placed me in charge at the crucial moment. The simple fact is that the Rector was in England, whither he had gone to secure a succession of students in Rome despite war-conditions. What more vital issue could engage his attention? Nor was it a matter that could safely be postponed; the National

Service Act demanded that one should plan months ahead, if the life-line of the Venerabile were to continue at all. That is why I was in charge. And it had been agreed between us, before the Rector left, that the man on the spot must have full power to act in a sudden crisis. No other course was possible in a period when crises developed with the speed of lightning and the regularity of week-ends. And so, when the crisis of crises came upon us, responsibility was mine, whether I liked it or not.

Ever since Sanctions in 1935 the College had stood its ground in an Italy officially hostile to Great Britain ; for five years we had refused to be stampeded. This should be remembered by those who suspect us of having fled at the first sign of trouble. And until Whitsunday, May 12th 1940, there was no question of our leaving Rome. When I add that four days later we were in the train, it will be seen how suddenly the crisis did develop. Of course there were omens and portents of what was to come, but we had ignored them for years ; otherwise we should have gone long before. In an atmosphere of incessant, all-pervading propaganda, one soon learns to cultivate hardness of hearing. If from the time of Hitler's invasion of Norway the Fascist press grew daily more anti-British, it was not difficult to adopt the simple defence of refusing to buy or read the *Messaggero* any longer. Posters in the street might fray our already taut nerves with announcements such as *Inghilterra ha perduto l'autobus :* or *Inghilterra e Francia constatano il proprio fallimento* : but we had survived similar outbursts in the past. Men who have been jeered at on the way to Pam as *figli del Negus* are capable of standing a lot. Open attacks on the *Osservatore Romano* were on a par with the jamming of Italian news from the B.B.C. : they proved that only one version was to be allowed in the country, and that the Government's—they did not prove that war was inevitable, still less imminent. Weeping Italians might assure us it was so : we had heard that before and war had not come. It was all disturbing and ominous, but it was not decisive.

Long before this time, of which I write, a very knowledgeable man had told us not to be alarmed by press propaganda,

so long as the blockade argument were not used. No amount of writing up the German case, he said, would make it popular with the Italian people. But when Mussolini did intend to move, he would trot out the humiliation of Italian ships having to suffer search by the British Navy when plying between Italian ports. Libya, Albania, Sardinia—all these were Italy ; and it was beyond bearing that this domestic trade should be interfered with by a foreign Power. No other argument could succeed in stirring up anti-British feeling ; this might. At any rate, it would mean that the Fascist Government wanted to go to war. And now, on Whitsunday morning, as I sat at breakfast after the High Mass, Domenico with a very long face brought me a paper, and there splashed across the top were the very words of which we had been warned. The Duce had received a memorandum protesting against the iniquity of one country's interference with the domestic trade of another Sovereign Power. This ought to mean war at last.

Yet refusal to react to propaganda had become so much a habit that at first one did not think much about it : to a practised exponent of the ostrich policy, we were clearly one stage nearer war. But that was all. I went about my ordinary work quite placidly until Monsignor Clapperton rang up, asking if I had seen the papers and suggesting a meeting at the Quattro Fontane that afternoon. There I found that a far more serious view of the situation was taken and an hour's talk convinced me it would be folly to persist in ignoring the omens. It ended by our putting on our hats and going in search of the British Minister to the Vatican, who turned out to be at the Embassy in the Via Venti Settembre. Rome that afternoon struck me as an oppressively silent city. Not that it was really silent, but the general noise seemed to have dropped an octave with disturbing effect. The usual clamour of shrill voices and loud laughs, of shouted greetings and comments, had so toned down that footsteps were audible on the pavements. The mimosa was already finished on the flower stalls, but they were ablaze with tulips and carnations. It was a perfect afternoon. Yet men went about with furrows between their eyes, and women seemed anxious to be indoors again.

All was quiet round the Embassy, no troops, just the usual couples of strolling *carabinieri*. At the door we met Mr Munro, the Press Attaché, than whom nobody knows Rome better, and he took us to his room. " It's very grave " he said, with his attractive Scotch ' r '—" No-one here knows exactly what is going to happen ". We got the same view from Mr Osborne when he joined us, and from the Ambassador. It came to this : they could not take the responsibility of advising us to go, since we were not in Rome either for our health or pleasure ; but if we went, we should be acting very prudently. This was not enough. I understood well that British officials do not want to be burdened at such a time with the unnecessary care of their nationals. Not once, but several times in the past, the Consulate would have been relieved if we had decided to return home. But we could not cut our moorings so easily as that, and if the Embassy would not take up a more decided attitude, it was clear that we should stay.

Yet there were new features in the situation. It was generally admitted that for some two years German officials had been working in the Ministero dell' Interno, and the notorious posters of the preceding Saturday were the work of bands of young Fascists accompanied in each case by a German. The posters bore neither signature nor *bollo*, technically they were unauthorised productions ; and yet the police had instructions to interfere with anyone defacing them. So the problem to settle was not only whether Italy intended going to war, but also in that event who would command in the country ? If the Nazis, then no guarantee given by the Fascist Government for the orderly departure of church students was worth the paper it was written on. The new masters could logically disown all share in it and put the students to forced labour in a concentration camp. That, and an eternal diet of *castagne* for the duration, seemed too high a price to pay for pride in one's obstinacy. On the other hand, the whole thing might just be a mare's nest.

So we sat, talking the subject to and fro in a desultory argument, while people came and went in the room, placing papers on the desk, or consulting files, without seeming to dis-

turb the heavy stillness which hung over the Embassy that late afternoon in May. The atmosphere was compounded of excitement and helplessness and indignation and perplexity. It made itself felt, precisely because it was suppressed under the calm efficiency of bureaucracy ; but it did not help to reach any clear conclusion, and Monsignor Clapperton and I were in a very undecided frame of mind when we left. Beyond settling to go to the Vatican next day, we parted without any definite idea what would happen or what we ought to do. Nevertheless, since the suggestion of leaving had been faced squarely for the first time, I felt it would be better to be ready to go at short notice, and so cancelled the next day's *gita*, telling our men to spend the time making preparations for possible flight. I also telegraphed the Rector, saying that perhaps he would do well to delay his return as we might have to leave suddenly. More than that I could not do at the moment.

Naturally the Common-room that night had plenty to talk about. Once the prospect of going was broached to the students, I realised under what a strain everyone had long been labouring. It was more than difficult to concentrate on study when one heard—as we had already heard—of people being turned back from the frontier, which gave one the sensation of being caught like a rat in a trap. My own nightmare was how to know whether Italy were preparing or only bluffing. The interests of the College demanded that we should stay while there was any hope of a change in the situation. But once war was shown to be inevitable, it would be silly not to go while the going was still good. The whole trouble was that nothing could be shown either way ; guesses were to be heard on all sides, but there seemed no prospect of anything more definite. The vagueness of it all kept me awake half the night and when sleep came at last, the pillow proved no counsellor at all.

When Monsignor Clapperton arrived in the Monserrato next morning, he was no nearer to a solution than I, though perhaps more optimistic. It was again a lovely day, the plane trees along the Tiber embankment in full foliage and the green of the Janiculum already past its spring freshness. One might have expected an even greater air of tension in the Vatican than

in the City, seeing that a public burning of the *Osservatore* was rumoured for the evening, and people buying the paper had been beaten up in the previous week. Certainly individuals showed signs of stress, lift-men and ushers shook their heads over *quei pazzi laggiù*. But that age-old, Apostolic Palace seemed far calmer than the capital of the Fascist Empire below its windows. The badly laid parquet floor in the Secretariate of State still creaked sociably; small, thin *monsignori* still streaked about with dossiers, suggesting that something was not according to protocol; groups still sat at the tables and waited for an interview, or—more rarely—were busy stating their cases to a *minutante*, who was doing his best to get rid of them without committing himself. We joined the first class for twenty minutes or so, and were then promoted to the second. Our conversation, with intervals when we were interrupted—another characteristic of the Secretariate of State—lasted for over an hour but did not get us much further. Briefly summarised, Vatican opinion refused to regard war as imminent, though it would not deny that war was coming. So we were perfectly free to go if we wished, although an immediate departure might be construed as undue alarmism. The Nuncio to Italy had instructions to press for an answer within the week to the question whether the September guarantee for the orderly evacuation of ecclesiastical students still held good. This was news to us. Until then we had presumed that it did, although we doubted its value. Now it seemed that the Vatican was not sure even of this fact, which made me, for one, think there was ample cause for alarm. And it further came to light that the original guarantee had only been verbal; there was no documentary evidence of its terms, even indeed of its existence. Upon hearing this, we asked the obvious question, whether any guarantee would be worth having, in view of the daily attacks on the *Osservatore* despite the Lateran Treaty; and all the answer we were vouchsafed was "E troppo giusto!"—this with a shrug of the shoulders which might mean anything. I made one more attempt to pin them down by asking what the Holy Father wanted us to do. If he wished us to stay, we were prepared to dig in our toes whatever befell; if he preferred to

be relieved of any responsibility for us, that was the end of it and we would get away as soon as possible. But I was met with a final, bland refusal to give any direct answer. The Vatican, it seemed, lacked sufficient data on which to base a decision. "Quanto a voi, c'è la più piena libertà. Se volete andar via, non darete nessuno spiacere a Sua Santità ; se per contra volete rimanere a Roma, nessuno può dirvi di non ". As they said, unhelpfully, that did at least leave us free.

The next visit was to the French Embassy to the Holy See. As I stood looking over the Tiber from that lovely old *palazzo*, I could not help again being struck by the magnificence of the morning, which seemed unreal in contrast with our preoccupation over war and rumours of war. The wistaria on the walls was dead, but great oleanders in the *cortile* were big with buds and already sprigs of colour showed among the geraniums. We found the French unperturbed and convinced that Italy was putting up a bluff. Rome was full of their countrymen, come for Sunday's Beatification, and they were doing nothing about it. However they would be enchanted to write a note to the French Consulate, recommending the hurrying up of our visas. And with that we were bowed out. Monsignor Clapperton was going on to his Protector, Cardinal Marchetti ; so I left him at the Cancelleria and went home to await the result of his interview. The French had shaken my growing conviction that the Fascists meant business. After all, I might be rather panicky.

Lunch was the bizarre meal which has already been described in the Diary, a Fregene lunch in the formal Roman refectory, strange meats intended for the sands seeming stranger beneath the portraits of frowning, not to say astonished, ex-Rectors. With their usual genius for improvisation, the students were extracting not a little fun from the unusual situation. But as I sat there, trying to be urbane, my mind was turning over and over the arguments and guesses which had perplexed me for every one of the last twenty-four hours. More and more I was coming to rely on the wonted decisiveness of Cardinal Marchetti. Perhaps he would give us a lead, and after so much tossing to and fro of the ball of responsibility, that would be a great relief.

Human nature is perverse. When his reply came, it was definite enough, and yet I was not satisfied. He told us to stay, relying upon the Italian Government's guarantee of last September. After that morning's conversation in the Secretariate of State, one would have had more confidence in his decision if he had not given his reason. That the guarantee was a broken reed, no-one could now doubt ; and after-events were to prove me right in this conviction. At any rate, I determined to carry on : there could be no harm in getting ready for eventualities. So I went out to the French Consulate, armed with my letter of recommendation, and found myself among a struggling mass of anxious people. As we sat and waited hour upon hour, occasionally inner doors would open and lucky folk be picked out to vanish into more important rooms beyond. Time and again everyone asked if he had been forgotten—it was one way of passing the time to think out new phrases for putting the question—always to be met with an off-hand assurance to the contrary that carried no conviction. I read masses of statistics about French commerce, I studied pathetic advertisements for a vanished tourist trade, inviting me to Carcasonne, the Loire, even to a week-end in London. And in the end my turn came and I had the petty satisfaction of passing through more doors than anyone else, till I reached the Consul-General himself, an agitated little man who was annoyed at our being eighty in number, indeed a hundred and ten with the Scots. How could his overworked staff cope with such hordes ? And at a moment's notice ! Englishmen always wanted everything in a hurry. They had no consideration, no consideration at all. He couldn't work miracles. He didn't even know whether he wanted to work miracles. All this as he stamped about the room, turning suddenly on me with short, barked sentences, and then resuming his staccato walk. I have always understood that hustle was an American gift rather than an English, but I sensed the moment as inopportune for fine distinctions. Eventually he pressed an enormous bundle of documents on me : Monsieur Floquet would show me how to fill them up : there were five for each person : five photographs too, *if* you please : we could do the work ourselves, and he would give us

a visa valid for three months. This was just what I wanted, so I got out with speed before he had time to change his mind. He was still grumbling to himself as I retreated in what I considered good order. And I had been so long in the Palazzo Farnese that I found it darkening outside and the Monserrato lights were on as I walked the short distance to the College door.

There, in the *portineria*, I found a telegram from the Rector. He would be back on Wednesday night, unless I sent definite news of our departure. This I could not do, so I answered that if he reached Rome by then he would probably find us still in possession. That bundle of documents gave me confidence ; at last we were getting on, and relief swept over me. We should not be caught through lack of preparation. In the reception room British residents were waiting to ask my advice as to what they should do : the blind leading the blind. It was the same after supper, when I told the men to get their photographs taken first thing next morning. Luckily it was a holiday and their absence from the Gregorian would not attract any notice.

The Tuesday morning is a confused memory. Out of that chaotic background two pictures detach themselves : one of our Sulpician seated at the head of a table in the Common-room, dictating French formulae to a school of scribes, who bent above the passport forms : the other of odd self-conscious groups in the garden and on the balcony facing the bluntest of photographers, who had neither time nor inclination for compliments to their ' sitters '. While all this activity was going on, many callers came to offer their sympathy on our having to leave. This rather took me by surprise, and as I suspected that some, at least, were really more curious than sympathetic, I took malicious delight in telling them that we were not going, so far as I knew. They took their leave with exclamations at our British phlegm, saying we were brave fellows and a steadying influence in the rumour-ridden City. That, I confess, also gave me malicious amusement. But among them there were genuine well-wishers, and here I gratefully name the Rector and Vice-Rector of the North American College. They had always shown themselves most friendly ; but the warmth of their

sympathy on this occasion left me with few defences, and though I could not truthfully tell them otherwise than I had told the rest, I admitted that we were preparing for the worst. The change which had come over American opinion in Rome since the invasion of Belgium was nothing short of revolutionary, and even at that early stage one found American priests who held that if the States did not enter the war, they would be betraying civilization. All agreed that, whatever Italy might do, it was now impossible for students to concentrate on their books, such was the prevailing atmosphere of tension. I soon had the impression that they were intent on getting away themselves from a distasteful situation.

Nothing else happened until *siesta*, when Raniero aroused me from an exhausted sleep to say the Scots were on the telephone. It proved to be their Vice-Rector, Father Flanigan, with a message from the British Minister : the situation was changed radically since last Sunday and we should do well to get out as soon as we could. At last—something definite, however tragic. I think I had made up my mind before I put down the receiver. If events were moving fast, the Rector might not be able to cross the frontier, and I had better not wait for his return, lest we be too late. So before Rosary I told the House. Afterwards Father Ekbery went up to Cook's to make arrangements for the journey, and I led a band of devoted secretaries to the French Consulate, where—in the *sancta sanctorum*—we spent the rest of the afternoon and evening stamping passports. Every now and then, some Venerabilino would penetrate beyond the surging mass in the ante-rooms, bearing fresh batches of villainous photographs, to cascade upon our desks. French girls showed us where to put things and how to stamp them. Then we were left to ourselves. We put everything on those passports, barring the Consul's signature ; and mine will always be a relic, bearing as it does the familiar writing of a student under the majestic superscription of the *Republique Française*. Every half hour the Consul would come and peer at us, pish and tush irritably, and retire into his cubby hole again. At irregular intervals, hard-worked clerks came for rest and refreshment, which they seemed to find in watching us

and giggling. But in the end it was done. Nothing remained except the precious signature and that was promised without fail by early morning. We got home, tired out but in a more contented frame of mind than I, for one, had known since at the Scots College I first realised that the crisis was upon us. The automatic business in the Consulate had kept my mind free of more disturbing thoughts : Father Ekbery reported that there would be a special coach for us on Thursday's train and that the tickets were all settled. We had made up our minds and as far as we could, we were ready to go. After the uncertainty of the past days, the relief of a decision overbalanced, for the time being, the tragedy of that decision. And if the Rector got back next day, the load would be off my shoulders altogether.

Wednesday's happenings are of little general interest. They were mostly visits to the Bank, to Cardinal Pizzardo at the Congregation of Studies about the safe-keeping of the College and of Palazzola, interviews with Commendatore Freddi to arrange a power of attorney and with our architect, Commendatore Sneider. Saying good-bye to such old friends was distressing. The nuns, mindful of our weaknesses, produced succulent *spaghetti* for dinner ; but I was interrupted in the unravelling of mine by word that Cardinal Caccia had called. His visit gave me a bad quarter of an hour He had come straight from the Secretariate of State with the message that if we could wait another day " forse—*forse* potrebbero darvi qualche direttiva ". This was indefinite in all conscience and our preparations were made. On the other hand, it would not do to disobey both the *Segreteria* and our large-hearted Protector. Was it certain that we should be told what to do within twenty-four hours ? No—it was far from certain. Then would his Eminence give us an outright command either way, or even a recommendation ? No, he could not do so much. We were free to go, and if the Embassy so strongly advised it, we were wise to go. But he had hurried over to save us from burning our boats without knowing that there was this last chance. With a heavy heart I could only reply that it was too late to alter our plans unless our departure should embarrass the Holy See. This, he assured me, it would not. Then he came into

the Refectory, spoke a few words of farewell, gave us his last blessing and so parted from us.

That evening I went up to the Station, not knowing whether the Rector would get through or no. Already the evil news of Sedan was filling the papers with exultant comment. It might be propaganda, and again it might be the truth. In either case it only made me the more anxious to have our men safely back in England, for their own sakes, for their bishops' sakes, and not least for the sake of their parents. I was worried too lest the Rector should be held up in Modane, or even further back, ignorant of our plans and powerless to help either us or himself. But the train came in on time, unspectacularly as electric trains do, and there he was tramping down the platform, as I had seen him a score of times. I remember my greeting well: "Benvenuto—and you're just in time; unless you decide otherwise, it's all fixed for us to go tomorrow". He did not decide otherwise; the agreement that the man on the spot could alone have sufficient data for a decision still held, and a mighty cheer went up in the Common-room when he walked in and ratified the programme. Perhaps the best pleased man in the house was Father Rope. As for my own relief, it was beyond words. When I saw the Rector at the Station, I became conscious of the burden I had been carrying. The mere sight of him was comfort, and his approval of what had been done acted upon me like a cooling compress in a fever. Which made it all the harder to separate again next morning, when we glided out of the Termini and looked our last on Rome. His figure and those of the four Irishmen left behind looked somewhat forlorn as they shrank to mere specks upon the receding platform. I had begged him to set off as soon as he could get their visas. And now the responsibility was mine again, this time for leading the College across war-stricken Europe.

I had no clear idea of what lay ahead. There had been no difficulty from Italian authorities in Rome; but several people had been turned back at the frontier for lack of documents declared unnecessary at the beginning of their journey. My dread was that this might happen to us, and that we might have to besiege strange consuls at Milan or Turin, or even return to

Rome for fresh visas. Meanwhile, I could lean back in my seat and try to forget such nightmare complications. All I needed to watch was that eighty young men, keyed up to considerable tension by the events of the past months, and overjoyed at the prospect of escape from a prison of hostile intent, should not prejudice our chances by any indiscretion on the way. It was asking a lot in the circumstances, but I never had to utter a single word of reproof the whole way to the frontier. It is hard to find a better tribute to their sense of responsibility. One other word should be added. In all my preoccupations with officialdom, whether ecclesiastical or lay, I had not had a moment to think about examinations or safeguarding whatever treasures still lodged in the Monserrato ; still less of the students' packing and clothes. All this was taken out of my hands by the Senior Student, who with a band of willing and most efficient helpers proved a tower of strength the whole way home. As for the travelling arrangements, Father Ekbery's foresight was equal to every contingency, and despite the condition of France we got through without a hitch. As I say, all I had to do was sit quiet and relax.

The tale of our trek has already been fully told, and I do not intend to add my personal impressions ; they have no especial worth. Modane at midnight, where the Scots Vice and I found a pleased but bewildered Customs service willing to waive every formality in our case. We were put on the business side of the counter and allowed to total the money of the whole party ; a corporate account of our combined wealth was then signed, sealed and delivered to get us across the territory of the Republic, and the clerics filed through the barriers unchallenged. As Father Flanigan and I followed at the tail of the procession, we were stopped by a military figure and told to stand on one side. What this portended we had no idea, but he seemed a well-disposed individual, if grim in his battle-dress. Eventually we were mysteriously beckoned into a little bureau where at a plain deal table sat a smiling civilian. Would we be seated ? What was our opinion of things over the border ? On our way north had we seen large movements of troops ? Did we think Italy really intended to come in ?

As we were getting away from the country as fast as we could, the last question seemed superfluous. And for the first and others like it, we were not good witnesses ; the Roman circles in which we moved were hardly the best for picking up military information. I'm afraid we were a disappointment to our allies, but I am grateful for the experience. Sitting in that bare office, with the shunting of trains outside and a bearded soldier with fixed bayonet guarding the door, I felt as if I had stepped into an Oppenheim novel and that Russia lay behind me across the eternal snows.

Paris met us with the news that we could not travel on that night and that the Germans' advance had already made Dieppe out of the question. We should have to go by Le Havre and that would cost us an extra ten shillings per head. So we extemporised a sight-seeing stay in the capital, and enjoyed a good night's rest in bed. How good it was ! After the impossibility of sleeping in crowded third class carriages, after nights in Rome when perplexity had kept sleep at arms' length, here was nothing to disturb us but the stuffiness of the black-out : and with the early dawn of summer, it was safe to open one's windows after putting out the light. Paris was serious but, so it seemed to us, very determined. We were told there had been the beginnings of a panic three days before ; now we could see no signs of it. And as we said the prayers after Mass in English —surely the first time this has happened at the Community Mass of the Venerabile—there seemed a special fitness in the petition : " Do thou, O Prince of the heavenly host, by the power of God, thrust down into hell Satan and all the wicked spirits who wander through the world for the ruin of souls ". That Mass, in a little church down an alley off the Rue Le Havre, sticks in the memory. Presumably there had been something like it at Cività Vecchia in the eighteenth century, when the College fled before the French. But what a strange commentary on the changeableness of this world that during the second flight of our history the exiles' first Mass should be said on French soil. We prayed for the Venerabile, whose future was in such jeopardy. And then we went back to our last continental breakfast.

Father Flanigan, Father Ekbery and I spent most of the morning at Cook's dealing with the intricacies of permits to take the boat that night and changing money. I sat and talked with a philosophically minded employee of the company, who looked on it all as a punishment for the world's forgetfulness of God. The Madeleine lay below us, where the flags of the Allies were grouped around the altar. A golden mist hung over Paris so that the dome of Montmartre looked translucent in the distance. It was hard to imagine that the Germans were not far away and always coming nearer. But while I looked out into the distant north east, my companion went quietly on with his theories of spiritual appeasement; and as these should normally have been my contribution to the conversation, they left me very little to say. I listened with one ear, and kept my eyes on the street below. There were only eighty English College men in Paris and some thirty Scots, but the road never seemed empty of them for an instant. And wherever one went in Paris that day, the inevitable *camerata* would come bowling round a corner, for all the world as if they were going to be late for spiritual reading.

At the Gare Saint Lazare that evening, there was another coach reserved for us, and I was handed the key of its locked compartments, a simple way of seeing that it should remain reserved despite the press of people fighting to board the train. When I had time to look round, I saw a party of our fellows calmly seated at a table and being attended to by volunteers who were looking after the pitiable refugees from the enemy's advance. When they found under what false colours they were masquerading, they took the hat round and that work of mercy benefited by no mean sum. Eventually we got to Le Havre and to our worst Customs of the journey. Here again the French allowed Father Flanigan and me to go bail for our students, but the organisation was so bad that the party could not keep together, and we two were stuck for hours in that dim, evil-smelling shed before the last of our flock were safely on board.

England at last, on a lovely Sunday morning, the Isle of Wight and the Solent looking incredibly green. But I missed

any breakfast, and we were let off the boat so slowly that it soon became evident very few would be able to catch the first train. As I had been lucky, I therefore left the majority on board and went up to London to find out what accommodation had been prepared for us. Travelling through masses of pink and white hawthorn, which filled the train with its scent, watching cricket matches and comfortable foursomes on the golf courses, always with the picture in one's mind of France in her agony, it was hard to know whether to admire or to swear. At Waterloo the Apostolic Delegate was waiting to meet us, a gracious benevolence, and Monsignor Elwes was there too to give us the Cardinal's greetings. Reporters and camera-men appeared, but we had no good copy for them and they soon vanished. Between trains I saw His Eminence and was tremendously cheered by his ready sympathy and approval of our return. Back to Waterloo to meet the second contingent and to say goodbye to all who were not sharing our hotel that night. It was a great relief to see them safely on English soil. But anxiety about our future as a college took the edge off this satisfaction and quite spoilt our last supper together in the hotel. I went between the tables, carrying beer bottles in a bucket—better beer than our wonted Peroni—and opening the caps, while Mr Churchill's voice boomed over the wireless in the grimmest of grim speeches. We were tired out and relieved to be back and sad about the exodus and worried for the future—all at the same time. Nevertheless we clung to our traditions to the last and ended up with *caffe e rosolio*. The liqueur was more potent than any the nuns used to send up to the Common-room ; but this final celebration of our safe return had the lack-lustre flatness of the dog days in Rome. We made speeches, dull speeches, in which we contrived to assure each other that everything possible would be done to keep together. But pessimism was in the air that night. Exiles on our own shores, with the departure from Rome something vital seemed to have gone out of the Venerabile spirit. I shook hands despondently all round and fled to Archbishop's House.

Uncertain whether we should ever meet again as a corpor-

ate body, we made our last public duty by having Community Mass at Westminster in the chapel of the English Martyrs. And as one Cardinal had blessed us on our setting out, so now another blessed us on our arrival. His Eminence came across the Cathedral and spoke to us as only an old Rector could speak, in our own idiom, with our own ideals. And then, one by one, the men came up to kiss his ring and went out to their various trains. If the Venerabile had to come to an end, there could have been no better place to separate than before the altar of the Martyrs, of Sherwin and Campion and the other gallant spirits down to David Lewis at the last. I stood beside the Cardinal and watched our students go. Then I walked with him to the house, feeling unutterably lonely, tempted to despair of the future. Luckily there was work for me to do. With the help of the Cardinal's staff I had a letter posted to all the bishops by mid-day, telling them of our coming and asking them to defer any decision about their men until they should hear again either from the Rector or from me. We wanted to continue as a College if possible, for the sake of continuity of tradition, for the sake of the cycle of studies already begun, for the sake of the students themselves lest there should be a violent change in the spirit of their training. But how was it to be done? That was the problem now facing me.

It is only due to the Hierarchy that I should here record our great debt to their patience and understanding of our difficulties. But naturally they could not wait indefinitely, and as no word came from the Rector in Rome, I had to decide something and decide quickly. Already some of the bishops were enquiring how long it would be before we should be able to put a proposal before them. I began to fear the dispersal of our men, and if that happened it was doubtful whether we should be able to come together again in England. What I wanted was a large furnished house for six weeks or so to end the summer term, which would give us time to find more permanent accommodation and to make arrangements which should satisfy the Bishops that their students were not being sacrificed to the interests of the College. But large furnished houses for six weeks were not easily come by in those days, and there was

always the burning question of finance. I searched everywhere, asked anyone I met, but they all gave me to understand I might as well look for El Dorado. And then luck, or rather Providence, turned my way. One afternoon in the porch of Lancaster Cathedral I saw an advertisement for the Catholic Holiday Guild. If I were quick about it, I might manage to book the house for the first six weeks of their season. I knew it was the last chance. Many of the Bishops would never be content to leave their men for months with nothing to do, especially in the conditions which war imposed upon our cities and towns. I understood perfectly, indeed I could not but agree, although my first thoughts were always from the College point of view ; and since I saw the reasonableness of the Bishops' attitude, I also understood that the sands were running out fast. So I rushed over to Ambleside, and though the house was not perfect, I clinched the deal then and there. How everyone was to be fitted in baffled me at the first ; but that it could and would be done I was certain. A big drawing-room on the first floor promised well for the chapel ; downstairs a roomy lounge would accommodate the bulk of the Common-room, and there were ample grounds, if only the weather would keep fine. But that was more than a large *if* in the Lake District.

I had barely reached home again when the telephone rang and there was the Rector's voice to say he was safe home again with the four Irishmen we had been forced to leave behind in Rome. So the Community was complete at last and we could thank God for a merciful deliverance. When we met, he told me how no instructions had come from the Vatican until nearly a fortnight after our departure, when the Pope let it be known that he could not guarantee to protect English or French clerics and advised them to leave Italy. This comforted me in one sense, since the Fascists still delayed their entry into the war and it was beginning to look as if it might have been a bluff after all. Actually, as it proved, we came away at the last reasonable moment, not because of the Italian attitude—their frontier remained open for three weeks after we had passed it—but because of the collapse of France. An R.A.F. chaplain has since told me that ours was the last civilian boat

out of Le Havre : there were magnetic mines in the harbour three hours after we sailed. And many of our Roman acquaintances, who left only two days behind us, had a terrible time finding their way to a Channel Port, being bombed out of one after another, until they succeeded in getting across to England. It would not only have been added anxiety and danger, but disproportionately added cost to the journey, if with all our numbers we had had to crawl from Havre to Cherbourg and Cherbourg to Saint Malo, trying to find trains and food when and how we could. For one thing I noticed throughout the exodus ; that nothing in the international situation ever affected the appetite of the students. They were hungry before we reached Grosseto and they were still hungry when they tumbled out on the platform at Waterloo. So I shudder to think what they would have been like if we had taken a week on the way.

On hearing of the Ambleside experiment, the Bishops generously allowed all their men to return, and just a month after we had separated in London we were reunited on the shores of Windermere and the life of the Venerabile began again with the after-supper visit. As I have said, the primary purpose of those six weeks was to keep our men together and to give us time to make satisfactory arrangements for the future. How that last was done it is for the Rector to tell. But meanwhile we had six weeks to occupy profitably and the answer was a combination of the Roman curriculum and that of *villeggiatura*. Although conditions at Croft Lodge made it impossible to do more than compromise with normal seminary discipline, the Superiors had no intention of letting our stay there degenerate into a protracted picnic. Because spirituality is the basis of a priest's formation, and because our country was in dire need of prayer, we added two hours' Exposition and Benediction to the programme every day. Here should be a centre both for our own sanctification and for intercession before the Blessed Sacrament in the interests of Britain. Who shall say that this alone did not justify the interlude at the Croft ? Obedience too is inseparable from the priestly education : merely to reunite and to live an ordered day was to reintroduce obedience, especially when an ordered day was so much more difficult than in proper

surroundings. Mortification was there in plenty ; dormitories where ten slept in one medium-sized room and had to keep the *magnum silentium*, endless house-work to be done, dusting, sweeping, washing up and serving at table. For study there was the matter left unfinished when we left Rome. This we had to resign to private study, at least in Theology ; but we managed a daily lecture on Church History and Philosophy, and Dean McKenna came over from Barrow to give an exceedingly practical course on Canon Law in relation to English Law and conditions. For recreation we were admirably situated, so admirably that the last number of the Magazine may have given the impression that we did little else but enjoy ourselves. Here, then, were the elements from which to compound the old atmosphere of a regular life revolving round God at its centre. There were many things necessarily foreign to the legislation of Trent, but the essentials were there, and conditions were only meant to be temporary. The Blessed Sacrament had come to a hitherto Protestant house, and around *Gesù Sacramentato* our day of prayer, study, discipline, unselfishness and recreation grouped its hours as it had done a thousand miles away and uninterruptedly for a hundred and twenty three years. What we were doing was to prevent our generation's being the one to break this grand tradition of work done for God. And all the time, the Rector was busy with the negotiations which have eventually brought us to Stonyhurst and to the promise of permanence until we can return to Rome, where we belong.

Such is the story of God's goodness to us in the midst of world-convulsion. Such is the story and explanation of the decisions which were taken during those fateful days of May and June 1940. It is not for the present writer to say whether they were always wise in their inception. But looking back on it all now, one can see that God blessed them in their results. And that gives us confidence that He does not intend the Venerabile to be included among the wrack of the storm. For which we cannot do otherwise than offer Him our humblest and heart-felt thanksgiving. *Agimus Tibi gratias, Omnipotens Deus, pro universis beneficiis Tuis.*

RICHARD L. SMITH.

ROMANESQUES

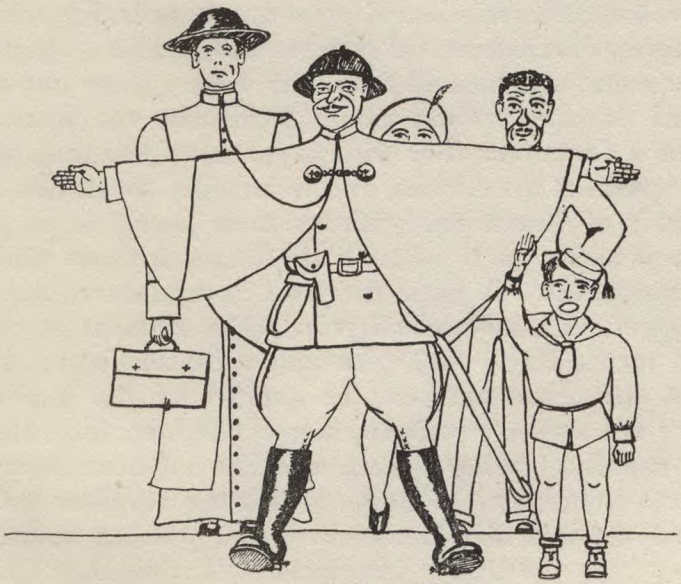
32.—ROMAN FESTAS

Among the mysteries that surrounded my early knowledge of ancient Rome one stood out as the greatest enigma of all—the Romans' devotion to holiday. Juvenal's well-worn *panem et circenses*, though treasured by me as a fine epitome of the decadence of the Silver Age, and useful in examinations, never conveyed any picture or adequate explanation of the Romans and their life of endless merry-making. *Ludi* and *Feriae* I blindly translated as Games and Holidays ; and the gods who were, it seemed, the occasion rather than the object of celebration became shadowy phantoms who aroused neither reverence nor awe. A life so divorced from reality was repugnant and distasteful. Triumphs, though they seemed an idle recompense for deeds of heroism, I better understood, and, in time, I got accustomed to them as events more splendid than the processions of aldermen and mayor that, for some psychological reason unknown to me, rose up as my version of a *Triumphus*. Even the Roman passion for firemen, *Vigiles*, who appeared to to comprise half the population, I eventually took for granted. But the ever-recurring games and holidays, succeeding each other without rhyme or reason, and lasting interminably, could not be fitted into my conception of a military empire. Here was a chimaera staring me in the face even before I was introduced to the arcana of philosophy and the *continuum*.

But, unlike the *continuum* and kindred subtleties, it was destined to vanish within the walls of the City. Its solution did not break on me suddenly ; it developed like the taste for wine, and ripened with the years. The solution was the *festa*. I first heard this most Roman of words as I settled in an armchair, handling a small glass, and waiting for my first coffee and *rosolio*. I enquired of a Second Year man the reason of this celebration, and with something of pride and conscious off-handedness he flung the word at me " Festa ". It was the feast of Christ the King, and I reproached myself that I had not ranked the feast among those which call for especial celebration. But I was to hear the magic word again on the morrow when, going to my room on the Monserrato after breakfast, I perceived flags and coloured rags hanging from every balcony and window, and taking away something of the drabness of the morning. I was mystified. Could they be celebrating the octave ? My estimation of the magnitude of this feast had been low indeed. I approached the servant who was languidly brushing the room opposite my own. " Perchè le bandiere ? " I asked, having consulted my dictionary. He came and looked out of my window. " Oggi festa ", he said. " Che festa ? " ; I had prepared this follow-on. " Festa Nazionale " he said knowingly. This was too much for me, and my vocabulary was already strained beyond its limits. The great unfolding had begun.

From that day on I was ardently interested in the *festa*. It was a significant event and a symbol, and by it I was guided to a knowledge of the Italians, and, above all, the Romans, who lived from *festa* to *festa*. I came to look for festas every day, and was never more gratified on awakening at 5.25 (if the servant had been prompt at his distasteful office) than to discover a city beflagged and bedecked for fanfare and holiday. It enlivened my morning meditation, and melted much of the hardness of the breakfast table. But my gratitude for the *festa* was transformed into sheer delight if it in any way interfered with the set course to the University. To be met by a posse of soldiery at the Via Lata where the course narrows and wings get entangled with French ferraiolas and Portuguese Greg. bags ; to have a slight and friendly fracas with the Metropo-

litani, and then to be sent scurrying away to the left, eventually to enter the Pilotta through a secondary channel on the same tide as Spaniards, Friars (unshod), and beadles (unshaven), these made romance of something that was never pure routine. Then there was always promise of adventure on the return journey ; even if only that of being blocked at the *Corso*, and kept at bay by a cordon of police, while a regiment of perspiring worthies passed along. It was a share in the *festa*, though perhaps we knew not who nor what was being honoured ; but even the guardians of public order showed a certain vagueness on these details, and, at times, arrant inaccuracy, as when one of them confused the King's birthday and the anniversary



...kept at bay by a cordon of police...

of Vittorio Veneto. The generic Vittorio had been enough for him, Veneto or Emmanuele did not matter ; and he conducted traffic with the same loyal zeal on each occasion.

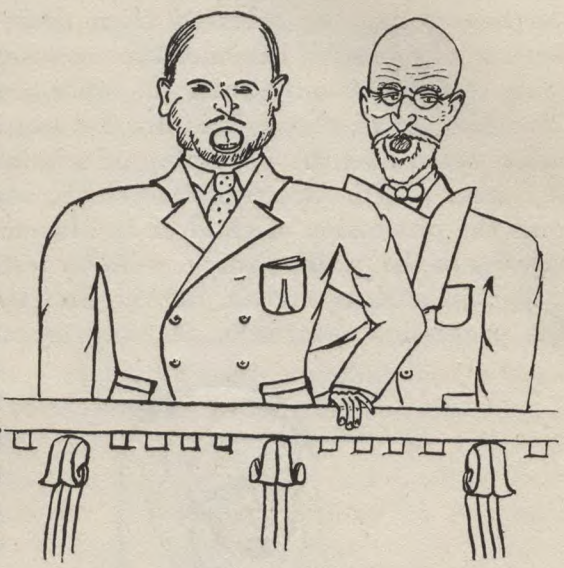
But the route home usually had something of splendour to show on such a day. The beflagged *Corso* was a fine sight,

and the carabines with their plumes and glittering swords, and Metropolitani mounted on well-groomed roans lent a martial elegance to the *festa*. Here we saw the fanfare and panoply of the celebration, but the heart of the *festa* is not here—not in open *corso* and *piazza*, but in the *piazzette* and *vicoli* that twist and turn behind Renaissance palaces and neglected *fora*. There the true Roman is bred ; and there he enjoys his *festa*.

In those early days of my interest in the *festa* one of my contemporaries, in poetic vein, once called its spirit the spirit of wine, thus linking together two salients of Roman and Italian living, and, I suppose, sensing a mutual causality between them. And certainly they are both of common inspiration. Wine invites celebration, and celebration calls for wine, and both express something of the native Italian *allegria*. It would be a dull and morbid *festa* indeed were there not wine on the board *da capo*. *Festa* would hardly be the word for so barbarous a function. For wine is queen of the *festa*, as Tusculum is queen of the Albans, and to imagine the tables outside the *trattorie* of Trastevere without their *fiaschi* is as great a violation of nature as to picture the Albans without their most historic mountain. Wine is the *festa* in miniature, and brings something of sunshine and *allegria* to the moment as the *festa* brings it to the day. It begins and ends the *festa* ; and the degree of the celebration can be gauged by the quality and variety of vintage as by the lateness of the hour into which the carousal endures. Who is there who has not been kept awake in the late hours by the noise of belated revellers returning homeward through the Monserrato, and passing beneath the lintel that bore the timely inscription " Trahit Sua Quemque Voluptas " ? Here is the spirit of *festa*, *in excessu* perhaps, but none the less the spirit of *festa*—and of wine.

By such experiences, then, I came to see the Roman *festa* in its setting, an expression of Roman *allegria* and love of celebration. And inevitably, too, I reverted to my first conception of the ancient *Feriae*, and discovered a survival of spirit, tempered and Christianised down the centuries. Those *Feriae Romanae* of ancient Rome were, I concluded, forerunners of

the *festa*, more lavish and barbarous, less dedicated to the cult of *dolce far niente*. The men of Trastevere may or may not be the sons of legionaries and centurions fallen on evil days, but they, in their *trattorie* and *osterie*, have inherited a tradition that is as old as the oldest stones. Nor has the Christian dispensation much diminished the number of festas, for there are still myriads of them, and there is hardly a day on which the portal of one Roman church is not hung with festive curtains; and, no doubt, on each Roman day one College, at least, celebrates a well-sung Benediction with vermouth and *biscotti* in the least sacred sacristy. In what city other than Rome is there a place for the professional five-franker? This indeed should establish Rome as the City of Festas.



...the professional five-franker...

...His going to school is an event...

The young Roman is born into a City that sets a high score on festivity. His earliest years are influenced by the frequency of festas. He sees

the trams bedecked on many a day with rows of bunting overhead. Now and then he must eat hard rolls for breakfast that the bakers may be released from their *forni* to celebrate. . . But soon he himself becomes the occasion of a minor *festa*. His going to school is an event to be made memorable and happy by something of display ; it is not for him a sad day, an echo of *ludisti satis*, and the beginning of scholastic drudgery. Not so in Rome. With face scrubbed clean, and hair well brushed he joins the procession of children in blue smocks and ribbons, and parades to the parish church, suitably festooned for the occasion, to join in a Mass that is, for the first time, especially for him. The procession returns on its way to school through ranks of admiring parents, and the young Roman begins the adventure of schooldays in an air of triumph and celebration.

... selling pious books and beads...

But the greatest day of all is yet to come—his first Communion day. This is a major *festa* especially for Roman children, for it is crowned by an audience with the Pope—an honour reserved for the children of this privileged City. It is now that he makes his first retreat. And then the day itself is the very climax of *festa*. There is a magnificent Mass, Holy Communion, a procession, a sump-

tuous breakfast for all his friends and relations, and cards commemorating the occasion. In the afternoon he is confirmed, and goes home with the ribbon that bound his chrismed forehead tied round his arm that all may know this is no ordinary day for him. And then on the following Sunday comes his first Papal audience, when he receives a medal from the Pope himself. These are no ordinary events for any man, and for the young Roman they are the very summit of joy, and the most memorable *festa* of his life.

So another generation of Romans, ardent devotees of the *festa*, is reared, and the tradition of the City is carried on another step. But perhaps the pledge of continuance is not entrusted to them, but to those for whom the *festa* is a calling and a livelihood. Yes, strange as it may seem, in this unique city there are those who live by the *festa*. They appear during Lent at each Station church selling their pious books and beads ; and on the greater feasts make for the Basilica, named for the day, and vie with less regular vendors of *oggetti religiosi* on the improvised forum before the entrance. Such a sight appears at Ara Coeli during *la Befana*, at Sant' Andrea, and almost at each church in turn throughout the year. These traders of the *festa* well know how every Roman heart is disposed to generosity on such a day, and know too how clerics respond to a well-mouthed *Buona Festa*. Yet there were, in my day, some imperfectly schooled in the psychology of clerical humours. They would appear on the steps of the Greg. as though, *mehercule*, they believed a three-lecture morning to be a cause disposing men to largesse and material benediction. How they erred ! They never thrived. Purses were never opened, and, by now, I am sure, they will have learnt the lesson of the older hands. These experts would time the day and the hour of making the Greg. steps a fruitful platform. They knew that even this least festive of dwellings was occasionally draped in red and gold. They knew of its gilt and red plush chairs within, and of its carpet. Moreover they knew the exact moment, the *tempus acceptibile*, to make their swoop on long cams of prospective medallists on premiation day, or on the sceptics who came with sardonic grin to behold the freak of a

Greg. film. On such days purses might open to the enterprising vendors of laces and pious magazines. Enterprising is the word for those who could smell out the rare event of a Greg. *festa*.

Housed in so festive a city the College could not but be inspired by the regality of festive occasions. Indeed the new man invariably marvels at the prodigality of feasts that had provoked no material recompense in his mother-country. As he leaves the chapel, sleepy-eyed and heavy, he hears " Buona Festa " from every quarter, and grapples with the unconvincing reply " Altrettanto." A jar of honey on the breakfast table introduces the *festa* that is billed as a double of the First Class. Then the carpet, brought out of hiding, and smelling of camphor, appears later in the morning. There are torch-bearers to greet the Cardinal. He pays a visit, and soon the *festa*, as some would have it, really begins. We are at the doors of the refectory, but I forbear to enter. There are some sanctities to be kept inviolate. So here I pause. . .

But you know the rest. Coffee and *rosolio*, Benediction, and, afterwards, cheers for the Cardinal. Drowsily those who can face the Janiculum make for Pamphili ; but the Tiber bank is an easy stroll on such a day, though the air may be heavy, and the cam reluctant. But there is a concert in the evening, and, of course, wine. *Vinum coronat opus*. Tomorrow *docetur*, and there the *festa* ends.

So we lived like the Roman and had our traditional festas. Like the Roman, too, we threw open our table, and many a guest, ambassadorial and ecclesiastical, literary and nondescript, joined us at our board, and heard the Roman *prosit*—a brother to *Buona festa*—roared from above some eighty soup plates. This is one of the best of our traditions, dating from hospice days, and has brought to our table the luminaries of another century. Evelyn and Lyly, Milton himself knew the hospitality of the Monserrato ; and, if so disposed, one might divine in their writings something of the spirit of *festa* and of hospitality, gleaned from our own historic house. Certainly the Roman in our day is eternally imbued with a love of *festa*, and he takes home to a country of afternoon teas and rainy

Bank Holidays many a remembrance that calls for celebration. He never forgets that he has an *onomastico* as well as a *genetliaco;* he does not neglect the Papal holidays, the Pope's coronation, the Lateran Treaty, feasts unknown to the Cisalpine; and he attaches festive significance to days that are only justly appraised and justly done honour to in the City.

Panem et circenses! Surely if Rome should ever forget moderation in her celebrations again, and abuse her holiday, the newly-risen Juvenal will alter the reproach. *Vinum et circenses* would be a more appropriate epitaph. May that day never come! Rome is a privileged city, and not least among her privileges is a right to celebrate somewhere in the walls a daily *festa* in which every Roman may share.

QUALCUNO.

SOME NEWMAN LETTERS (II)[1]

In view of the lapse of time since the first of these articles was published it would seem as well to reprint here the letter with which that article closed.

My Dear Talbot,

I am entering on a most anxious matter, in which I shall have to act, I may say, for the whole Catholic body. You know the Cardinal accused in the Dublin, and then in a pamphlet, Dr Achilli of certain crimes. I have repeated what he (the Cardl) said and he (Dr A.) is going to bring an action against me ; not willingly, I believe, but his friends, the Evangelical alliance force him. They wish to bring the matter to a point. In a little while I shall write to you again—at present I write to prepare you. It is a most difficult thing to do, yet a great thing if I do it. First you must get me the Holy Father's blessing. I must have all the assistance you can give me, from documents etc. Achilli is charged with three at least sins with women at Viterbo about 1831–33—a sadly long time ago. Witnesses may be dead now, but there must be documents, police and other. However I am speaking generally [& s]hall write again to tell you what to do ; now I write merely to prepare you. The evidence must be primary not secondary—this is a great difficulty. I must produce as good evidence as if I were bringing a charge of crime against an innocent man, instead of being

1 For Article 1 see VENERABILE Vol. IX, No. 1, Oct. 1938.

on my defence. I have written to the Cardinal who is in the North, and has not yet answered me. Badeley tells me I have a work of extreme difficulty ; but I rely on Our Lady and St Philip to carry me through. Indeed it is not my cause, but the cause of the Catholic Church. Achilli is going about like a false Spirit, telling lies, and since it is forced upon us, we must put him down, and not suffer him to triumph.

Thank you for your very consoling letter about my h[elp]ing the new University. It was more pleasant than I can say, or you may imagine, my hearing the Holy Father was pleased at the idea.

Say a Hail Mary for me sometimes at some holy place, and believe me

Ever yours most sincerely in Xt
JOHN H. NEWMAN
Congr. Orat.

Oratory, Birmingham.
Sept. 1. 1851.

The main events leading to the Achilli affair are well enough known to need no recapitulation. It is not, however, sufficiently stressed that Newman's stand on this question takes its justification from the general attitude of the time towards the Church in England, and from his fears that all that had been gained might be lost. It was but a few months since the " Papal Aggression " scare, and Newman, who feared lest the reconstitution of the Hierarchy had been prematurely obtained by Wiseman in his ebullience, saw the possibility of all that had previously been so hardly won crashing in ruins. A stand had to be made, and relying on Wiseman's (who had first made the charges) having, or controlling access to, the necessary proofs, Newman assailed not so much Achilli as the Evangelical Alliance who supported him and his kind to fan the flame of No-Popery. This is insisted on that we may remove from Newman's motives any question of selfishness, reputation-seeking or the like. He saw the whole matter as a duty to the Church, and unwillingly but firmly took it upon himself.

In the letter itself comment may be restricted to one or two points which are subsidiary in proving this.

Newman did not think that Achilli himself was urging on the prosecution. That this was his confirmed judgment is clear from the fact that before giving his Achilli lecture he had obtained from James Hope Scott his opinion that a libel action by Achilli, while possible, was improbable. He believed that in the hypothesis that an action were to be brought Wiseman could supply or indicate the proofs. And he expected no such miscarriage of justice as, in the event, happened. Had it been a case of Achilli alone no action would have been brought, and Newman would have blocked one profitable method of anti-Catholic propaganda. But it was organised No-Popery which brought the charge, and Newman considered himself the Church's bounden protagonist.

The " new University " is of course the unfortunate Dublin affair which took such toll of Newman's capacity for long-suffering. He was preparing, about this time, his inaugural Rectorial discourses, the famous " Scope and Nature of University Education ". The circumstances attendant on their composition, and the sustained greatness and nobility of writing emerging from such a time of stress are among the highest testimonies to Newman's qualities.

The next letter is entirely on the Achilli question and the frantic efforts to get first-hand evidence to England before jobbery could spring the trial on him.

O^{y} B^{m} Dec. 17/51

My dear Talbot,

As our Fathers will probably have left Rome by the time this gets there, I write to you.

Miss Giberne ought to arrive th[ere] by two days hence—we have not heard of her since she left Paris. In conversation I told her [to] seize and bring *at once* any women she could, whom Harting[1] pointed out ; afterwards in her written instructions, I told her not to bring them *till* she heard from me. I said so under uncertainty *when* the trial w^{d} take place. Since she has gone, it seems *plain*

1 Wiseman's solicitor.

it will be in February, and that she cannot be too soon. If then Our Lady prospers her so far as to make her persuade any women, she must come with them *at once*—and take them, by such route as she thinks best, to Belgium. We meanwhile will inquire about convents in Belgium which will take them in.

A letter from Miss Giberne has just come, dated Marseilles—where she has just escaped a boiler which burst in the steamer. I trust her good angel has brought her to Rome by today, or will by tomorrow. She must be put in communication with Fr Vincent, the Passionist of Viterbo, who left London for Marseilles yesterday (16th). Her one object is to persuade and bring the women. Nothing has yet been said to her, how she is to get money for her & their journey to England, but I think Mr Chumleigh is to find it.

I told Fr Gordon he was to come back with Fr Darnell directly after Christmas Day, unless he really was wanted in Rome by Harting or anyone else. If he is wanted, let him stay of course.

At present I am anxious about two things—first lest our opponents should hinder us bringing over our witnesses—I suspect they are in league with the secret societies in Italy—next, lest they should bring false witnesses to contradict our witnesses, to lie about the state of the Church, the priests &c., to swear an alibi &c. &c. We ought to have two or three men like Fr Vincent in court to meet emergencies of this kind. This difficulty has struck me, viz. that he, Achilli, may deny that he is *the* Father Giacinto who committed the offences—the witnesses not knowing his surname. I suppose Harting will provide for the proof of identity.

We shall have judge and jury agst us, I fear. Still, they say there *is* a proof which is irresistible, if we are prepared to produce it.

Ever y^{rs} most sincerely in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Dec. 20/51. Oratory, B[M].

My dear Talbot,

There is one point of evidence about which I am anxious and which we can get evidence of from Rome—viz. Achilli's corrupting the *morals* of priests and others, as well as the *faith*.

De Sanctis is the most obvious of his victims. His brother is or was organist at Propaganda & might give or point to good evidence on the point. I think people in Rome ought to be able to make good this point.

Has Father B [?] the Dominican, one of the Penitentiaries at St Mary Major been used as much as he ought? He knew Achilli at Viterbo.

Where is Father Tonda who knew him well at Viterbo [ ] not to be at Malta now.

I do not write this to give you all the trouble; but that you may put this letter into the hands of Father Vincent or else Harting, if he is still in Rome.

When you see Miss Giberne, tell her I have nothing to write to her. Fr Vincent left London for Rome on the 16th.

[De]c. 22. We send in our *pleas* tomorrow. I am sadly crippled by having had no news at all from *Capua*. Fr Salzano of Naples was to have sent a number of papers from the Archb[P] of Capua. None have come. Our great trouble all along has been that we have not known what to promise the Court. This lost us our first application, & has thrown us into a trial.

I know how occupied your time is. Give this letter to *Gordon*, *Clifford* or *Harting* to attend to—but it is important that t[he] points I have put down *should* be attended to.

9 p.m. Darnell not yet come—but I don't like to delay this longer.

Ever yours most sincerely in Xt

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

Congr. Orat.

Dec. 23. Miss Giberne's letter from Leghorn, giving the frightful account of her accident came last night and Frs

Go[rdon's] and Darnell's letters of the 12th. We are expecting Darnell but have not heard of him.

Another thing. We want more proof of Achilli being what I called him, an *infidel* whilst professing Cat[holicism]. Can De Sanctis, the organist, or anyone else furnish it ?

The Fathers referred to at the beginning of the first letter are Frs Joseph Gordon and Nicholas Darnell, both of whom were novices at the time of the move from Maryvale (Oscott) to St Wilfrid's, Cheadle. The latter was a temporary house, prior to the move to Birmingham. Father Gordon joined the Oratory as a novice in February 1848. Miss Giberne was Miss Maria Rosina Giberne, an old family friend of Newman, who had been received into the Church while he was at Littlemore. She later entered religion as Sister Maria Pia. Her mission was to gather together the women witnesses, found by Newman's agents such as Fr Gordon and Mr Harting, and bring them to England. As the trial was, at Achilli's instance, postponed month after month she had no light task in keeping together her charges, many of whom expected to come to England, just to give evidence, and return immediately to Italy. Her devoted friendship for Newman carried her through, her witnesses proving, in the event, the strongest element in Newman's defence.

What truth there might have been in Newman's supposition of an alliance between his enemies (the Evangelical Alliance) and the Italian secret societies such as the Carbonari, we do not know. It was indeed a strong possibility.

Oratory, Bm. Feb. 9/52.

My dear Talbot,

I should have sent you a letter by Amherst—but was expecting every day to have something to say, yet was daily disappointed. Now too I have next to nothing, yet I do not like Shortland to go without a line from me to you.

Achilli is *afraid* to come into Court—& now is making all sorts of excuses, and will play all sorts of tricks to avoid doing so. Alas, he has already managed to put off the

trial for three months—and will put it off for a year if he can.

We are contemplating an indictment against him for perjury—but this too will take time if he sets himself to hinder it.

The great difficulty of course is to know what to do with the witnesses meanwhile—and really at this moment it is very difficult to see what will be the end of it.

Our Blessed Lady and St Philip have done so very much for me, that I suppose we may securely expect, if we do but go on praying, that they will do the rest. But it is very difficult to go on praying and to get others to do so. I have had prayers and masses in great number said for me—how can I expect people will go on ?

So much alone I know, that I owe a great deal of gratitude in a great number of quarters for the interest which has been taken in my cause—and especially to you who have been so unweariedly zealous for me from the first. I feel also exceedingly the great & continued condescension of the Holy Father, and the extreme kindness of the Dominican Fathers, indeed of everyone. I do not know how to thank them enough.

Fr Gordon is not yet returned, but we are expecting him daily. Harting I am told has got back. Fr Vincent got back about a week ago, leaving his charge in Paris.

Ever yours sincerely in Jesus & Mary,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

of the Oratory.

The truth was that the whole business had, till now, been one of bungling by Newman's supporters, including Wiseman, and of every kind of legal sharp practice by his opponents' including the Attorney General. As for bungling, Wiseman had made the charges, and relied on easy access to the proofs, not appreciating the fact that documentary evidence without the witnesses would have little value once the date for the trial had been fixed. He helped Newman, but not enough, nor did he use all his powers to gain documents from the Archbishop

of Capua. It was, however, the fruit, not of ill-will, but of lack of comprehension of the needs of the case. Newman had in fact to provide such evidence as would change the legal presumption of Achilli's innocence into a verdict against Achilli. In fact, his position as defendant in a libel action was in many ways similar to that of prosecutor in a criminal case. Newman too was a poor man, and his financial anxieties must have been well-nigh intolerable, though his fellow religionists, in the final event, supported him with a wonderful loyalty. Newman's emissaries in Italy and his agents there seem, in spite of the difficulties, to have spent an unconscionable time at their task—though they had every excuse—and to have kept Newman short of news in a way that was little less than folly. His prime need was to know exactly what case he could put before the Court, and he did not get this knowledge until his opponents had got the game into their own hands. The case would never have been carried through had Newman been given proper service from the beginning.

The next letter, undated, contains a note in the hand of his solicitor, Lewin.

My dear Talbot,

I hear today that the trial is certainly to come on in the beginning of May.

What I write for is this :—is it possible to get Rosa ? (la Capretta of Viterbo)—I will pay for her and her husband and her husband may be given to understand, for *he* will not come into Court, that he will have ample remuneration for letting his wife come. *She* must not be bribed.

I write to Mr Lewin, our sollicitor, to forward money—as to the way of doing which, he will consult Harting. Most likely through Mr Chumleigh.

Ever yours most sincerely in Xt

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

P.S. Not a day must be lost if they are to come. As the trial will come on by the 8th, I suppose, perhaps earlier, they ought to start (as she is in delicate health) *directly*. *She will not be kept a day here*, she may be told—she will not be 3 or 4 days in England and will then return.

The following note is added by Mr Lewin the solicitor :—

The Queen v Mr Newman

Sir,

I have kept this letter because the prosecutor did not give notice of trial but I have now received notice of trial and this cause will now be heard about 20th June next. As soon as the exact day is fixed notice of it shall be forwarded to you.

I have the Honor to be
Your most obedt. Sert.,
H. G. Lewin.

32, Southampton St.,
Strand. May 14/52.

Arrangements had better be made for this witness to be here by the 20th June at the latest. Please to say how a remittance is to be made.

Edgbaston, Oct. 8/1852.

My dear Mgr Talbot,

I hoped by this time I might have something to tell you, but I have nothing. Thank you for your kind letter. I sent two copies of the report of the trial and two of my Oscott Synod Sermon to you by Coleridge. While I think of it, though I put it abruptly, will you let me know what *expences* you have been put to in the trial (as a matter of business) that I may see that you are paid.

Some say I am to be imprisoned for three months—some say fined—but nothing can be known till November. Very little is said just now of my *not* being called up to judgment. In France my subcription is going on wonderfully. It is astonishing how zealous the French always are. I have just received £1,000 from them and am soon to have another £500. Ireland is so poor that much cannot be expected—it is very kind, over kind in them to do as much as they have. One parish has given £40 ! In Limerick the priests themselves gave £40 ! In England one person has given £500, another £300, several £100—but (entre nous) England on the whole is *backward*. The poor have given excellently. Birmingham has done very

well. The Convent has given abundance of prayers and some money—but there is a great mass of people in England, as you know, who do little at any time. *It is no good talking about this.*

Thank you for all your zeal—also for the translation of Father Faber's book, and especially for His Holiness's Benediction. His Benediction is ten thousand times a compensation for Lord Campbell, the jury, or anything of the kind, as I need not say. I trust He will send it again, if I have to go to prison.

Ever yours affect^{y} in Jesus and Mary,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Apart from the question of its date the first letter needs no comment. It was obviously written some considerable time before the end of April, for a number of reasons. Its purpose is to get an important witness to England in time for the trial which was to come on, as Newman then thought, either on or before May 8th. A letter would not normally reach Rome in less than a week. Add to this the getting of the witness and a fairly slow journey, as she was in a delicate state of health. This would place the letter about the middle of April, more or less. Why then did Lewin retain it until May 14th, when Newman was in Dublin delivering his lectures of "University Education"?

The verdict was delivered on June 25th, and Newman, though he lost it to bigotry in judge and jury, won the day. The scene at the trial has been described often enough, but it may be well to quote once more the judgment of the *Times*. It thus describes the three days of the trial; "indecorous in their nature, unsatisfactory in their result, and little calculated to increase the respect of the people for the administration of justice.

We consider that a grave blow has been given to the administration of justice in this country, and that Roman Catholics will henceforth have only too good reason for asserting that there is no justice for them in cases tending to arouse the Protestant feelings of judges and juries." These were the senti-

ments of all thinking men, and of a great part of the country. Achilli was finished. The first strong blow had been given in a campaign which we are still, though in a diminishing degree, fighting.

What is noticeable is the new atmosphere of tranquillity in this letter. Till now the tension perceptible in the words, the phrases, the very handwriting, has been the dominant. The Church has triumphed. Newman cares very little for what may happen to himself.

Judgment was to be given on November 22nd, and the lawyers, after hours of hard driving, gained Newman's assent to the plea for a retrial. Cockburn, after the reading of the notes of the trial, stood up. Campbell, the judge, expecting a plea in mitigation of damages, warned him : " Sir Alexander, Dr Newman's affidavit—don't forget his affidavit "—an affected (says Newman) consideration for him. Cockburn's answer was deadly : " My Lord, I am giving reasons for granting us a rule for a new trial." It broke Campbell. He quivered as one shot, changed colour, fell into a trembling. Newman did not look. And for three hours Sir Andrew Cockburn pitilessly demolished and dissected his conduct at the trial. Point after point came against his honour, and shredded it.

That the retrial was refused on technical grounds mattered nothing. The business was done. It had achieved more than the crushing of Achilli. It made impossible any such miscarriage of justice for the future.

The costs amounted to £12,000, and were quickly paid by Newman's co-religionists. But the love, acknowledgment and gratitude showered on Newman gave to his delicate nature, until now living mentally almost in solitude, the wide affection and support it needed. His response is the dedication of the Dublin Lectures. And it is a paean.

JOHN HARRISON.

(*To be concluded*).

THE FRONT BETWEEN LECTURES

THE ADVANCE PARTY

The Vice-Rector's brief note asking me to go to St Mary's Hall as soon as possible reminded me with a shock of the existence of the Advance Party. It had come into being one evening at supper in that amazing right-angled refectory at Ambleside when a notice went round calling for volunteers to go to the Hall a few days early to make it habitable. In the glow of relief at this first official intimation that a new home had definitely been obtained for the College I had signed my name, passed on the list, and promptly forgotten about it. Now had come the summons, and with it the significant warning to bring a few tools for eating.

I took the advice, and following instructions eventually reached Stonyhurst Road End. The few tantalising glimpses which I had obtained of the School had made me impatient to see the Hall, and so I hurried up the road till I came to the entrance drive. We had heard of the magnificent long drive leading up to the imposing front of Stonyhurst, and I hoped for something similar for the Hall; instead I found a short track, heavily rutted by the passage of army lorries, leading to the rear of a building which fully deserved the epithet of Priest Factory if ever any building did. However, determined not to be depressed, I went round to the front, and was agreeably surprised by trim lawns and gorgeous flower-beds setting off the creeper-clad front of an edifice whose mellow golden

stonework gave it, if not beauty, at least dignity. The front door was locked and my repeated attacks on the bell had no result : even shouting proved of no avail. Hoping that I was not expected to renovate the whole place on my own, I began to explore, and finally effected an entrance through a side door left ajar.

A depressing sight opened before me. A long corridor stretched away into the darkness, its walls, once no doubt a pleasing pastel shade of green, now horribly suggestive of mildewed decay. In the gloom caused by the military interpretation of black-out—a coat of black paint smeared over most of the panes of every window—I learned by scraping the dust aside that there were stone flags underfoot, divided down the middle by an iron grating whose purpose, though shrouded in mystery, was certainly not to beautify. I peeped into one room, but the sight of a stovepipe thrust ruthlessly into a scarred and blackened wall discouraged any further curiosity, and I advanced with determined tread to the far end of the corridor where I found a more cheering prospect, a spacious airy room, bright in spite of the blackened windows. It is now our Common-room. Next door lay the present refectory exuding more murky gloom, yet containing the first sign of recent occupation, a bar left behind by the Army.

My melancholy musings on Goldsmith's Deserted Village were happily interrupted at this point by a hail from two other members of the Advance Party, and I learned that I was the fourth on the scene. No work had yet been done, at which I was glad : I wanted to see the matter through *ab ovo*. We agreed then and there to map out our plan of campaign on the morrow, and turned to the more pressing problem of supplies. In a very short time we had located a shop almost at our back door whose stock ranged from mince pies to Money Orders. We dubbed it Pam Shop on the spot.

We settled in for the night by the simple process of erecting beds, the only furniture there was. Supper that evening, though a scratch affair, was a solemn moment, since it was the first communal event of the V.E.C. in its new home. From the accompanying conversation emerged general approval of the

place. We enumerated its conveniences, that it was built as a seminary, and airily dismissed the amount of work needed to renovate it. At this point another member arrived, and we spent the rest of the evening listening to the hazards of a journey from somewhere in Northumberland to Stonyhurst.

We heard Mass next day at Stonyhurst and then returned to the Hall to start work. It was a lovely morning and we appreciated to the full the beautiful situation of our new home. From the front of the house one sees the trees of the College plantations marching away downhill, quite steeply at first, and then more gradually as they reach the river in the valley below which winds away between the folds of distant hills. Beyond the river, seemingly very close, lies the long bulk of Pendle, its rounded summit gradually rising until it drops sheer away at the far end, resembling an heraldic lion couchant against the pale blue ground of the sky. It is by no means to be compared in size even with any of the Alban Hills and yet, in the more compressed landscape of this English countryside, it outrivals them in dignity, yes, and even in friendliness. It is a hill which grows upon one, which daily becomes more and more an appreciated part of one's life. Behind the College are the fells, wildly beautiful at present, but likely, methinks, to be rather bleak in winter.

The need to prepare breakfast brought us down sharply to more mundane considerations. Wet coal and even wetter wood combined to make a lugubrious business of our efforts and we were still eating the last instalment of our meal at half past ten. Between us we could muster three cups and one teaspoon, while in the Hall itself we found over one hundred large plates, innumerable fish knives and a toast rack. It was obvious that our present arrangements for eating were not going to be satisfactory, and with sound generalship we decided to place the question of supplies in the first place on our agenda.

At this point our first visitor arrived, the father of one of us. To him the College owes more than we can ever acknowledge. An expert on all things pertaining to the builder's and decorator's art, he needed no enlightenment from us, but pithily summed up the difficulties and the requirements of the situation

in a few words, made a lightning tour of the house, and returned with a complete scheme of what was to be plastered, what distempered or painted, what materials to use, how much would be needed and how to mix them. He produced a shade card from his pocket, and we picked the colour. Then with a final injunction to his son not to forget what he had been told he departed as quickly as he had come, leaving us with full confidence in his dynamic energy and enthusiasm. He promised the materials for Monday afternoon : that our confidence in him was not ill-founded is proved by the fact that they came on Monday morning.

We now had an impetus for our efforts, and we spent all Saturday trying to get the house in some semblance of order in preparation for distempering and painting on Monday. The chapel we found in quite good condition but piled high with old benches, tables, reading-stands, curtain rods and general lumber. All the afternoon was spent in clearing it, and a tiring job it was. But the real work began on Monday morning when we mixed the distemper and the first brush was laid on the Common-room wall in the presence of an admiring audience who then took it in turns to try their hand at it, and voted it far easier than they had been led to believe.

There and then we effected a division of labour ; mass production methods were essential to get our work completed in time. We appointed a chairman to interview visitors, decide on purchases, receive loads of furniture, and generally to supervise. A man of genial soul and wide experience, he fulfilled his heavy responsibilities admirably ; even the furniture problem did not find him wanting. A lorry would arrive heavily laden just when we had sat down to a meal or when we were all at the top of our ladders at the far end of the house and when the entrance hall was blocked with painting impedimenta The men always had an important engagement elsewhere and so a quick decision had to be taken by our Furniture Man as to where to put it all to the best advantage without necessitating our shifting it all again later. Delicate appreciation of values was needed. It was no good giving good furniture to First Year hoping that better would arrive for the Superiors and

senior Theologians ; it never does unless you decide not to give the first load to First Year ! At such moments our leader's power of judgment was superb, and he soon had us all working like blackamoors unloading and distributing. Recognition came to him in the form of a resolution by the House later on making his job a Public Office.

There was the inevitable and indispensable electrician among us. His was a vast job too, as the fittings had suffered considerably from years of neglect when the house was vacant. A Props Man had to be summoned to attend to the black-out. Three hundred and fifty yards of material had been bought and a sewing machine had been procured by a kind friend, but none of us could work it. But once he became accustomed to the ways of the machine, which bewildered him at first by not shedding its component parts in the middle of an intricate seam as the Roman one always did, this remarkable genius made curtains for all the one hundred and eighty windows and fixed them up as well in one week !

One of our band, forsaking his former *métier* as a sacristan, entered the culinary department where he applied himself with great energy and enthusiasm until, smitten by a sudden malady (let not the uncharitable say he indulged in a too frequent trial of his concoctions), he temporarily vacated office. Two others whose artistic faculty was already so highly developed that they could paint with unshaking hand a really straight line, were enrolled as skilled workmen and given paint pots. They are to be carefully distinguished from the four distemperers, base mechanic souls with one-track minds, who however soon acquired an almost simian agility on their lofty trestles. Their knowledge of the peculiarities of distemper became more profound with every fresh mixing chiefly as a result of an extensive use of the method of trial and error ; but they raised a very disdainful eyebrow (albeit flecked with straw distemper) at any alien attempts to improve on their handiwork.

Thus organised, we worked to a timetable that would have shocked conscientious Trade Union officials. I can well remember starting to distemper a room at 1 a.m. but our usual hours

were from 9.30 to 12.30 and from 2.30 to 7 or 8. Our Common-room period after supper (religiously observed) must have been a strange spectacle : some of us relaxed in dressing gowns, others sported light grey flannels and Norfolk jackets. But we dressed for one meal every day faithful to our national respect for a formal occasion. The Vice-Rector had prudently arranged for us to dine at a house nearby. It was for this meal that we washed and dressed so that beyond an occasional paint smudge on otherwise immaculate hands you would never have associated us with the motley brigands who had slaved all morning in the Hall.

Such was the daily round of our life for the first fortnight. At the end of that time we had distempered and painted two long corridors, three or four lecture halls, the Common-room, refectory and main staircase, in addition to half a dozen private rooms. The Chapel had been washed and equipped with benches, and loads of furniture, which always arrived in the middle of a meal, had been unpacked and carried to appropriate places. The manifest success of our efforts encouraged us to wield our brushes with even greater vigour for the third week.

I must record here the arrival of the New Man, who made our little party a complete cross-section of the V.E.C. democracy. To anticipate a possible German invasion he came North a fortnight too soon, and arrived in the middle of a violent thunder-storm. Our surprise at seeing him was only equalled by his own when first we dawned upon his unbelieving eyes. St Mary's was no more one's ideal of a seminary than we were conventional Seminarians. Nevertheless like Brer Rabbit he wisely " said nuffin " and in no time at all settled down to our way of life. His avowal that he was set to wash the dishes after his first meal with us I beg to doubt, but I can vouch that by nine o'clock next morning he was clad in an apron and painting the stairs.

However we cannot claim to have done our task entirely without assistance. At first our relations with the Gentlemen of Stonyhurst were limited to a nod and a smile when we encountered them on our way to and from Mass. But very soon two Scholastics enquired how we were getting along, and were

invited to see for themselves. They came, they saw, they conquered by their charming friendliness. But they were not content with that. Next morning they returned with two more of their brethren and an elderly Jesuit Father, all armed with aprons and inexhaustible energy. They were jacks of all trades and solved for us many problems that had found us temporarily at a loss. They even invented new jobs : who but a Jesuit would have had the patience and thoughtfulness to follow us round wiping the drips of distemper and paint from the wainscoting and floors, thus saving us hours of monotonous toil later ? At the same time he related such a stock of reminiscences and humorous anecdotes that there was always a scramble to occupy the end of the trestle nearest to him. For the rest of the time that the Advance Party held sway at St Mary's there were always four or five Scholastics and lay brothers working with us, and though their countless services will never be published they will always, I am sure, be remembered with gratitude.

There was one task however which we considered beyond our capabilities : the floor scrubbing. The bare, dry begrimed boards and the appalling length of the corridors made the hearts of the stoutest quail, especially after our initial attempt to clean a small area. So salving our consciences and our pride by pointing out that there was hardly enough time for painting walls let alone washing floors, we forthwith engaged a party of " scrubbing ladies " who finished the task with great alacrity and efficiency.

In the third week we worked faster than ever, for the College was scheduled to re-open on the following Monday. However when the crockery failed to arrive the Vice-Rector, judging that it would be highly inconvenient to have sixty Venerabilini on the premises with not a soup-spoon between them, decided to postpone the opening till the Wednesday.

We used those extra days to the best advantage and, as we downed tools on the Tuesday night, looked round at a House very different from its first appearance to our eyes three weeks earlier. Only one care disturbed our self-complacency : the furniture removers had threatened to return " about Wed-

nesday". Would they come and spoil the whole effect by cluttering up the entrance hall just when we wanted everything spick and span to impress our returning fellows ? They did worse. They delayed until several taxis were occupying the front drive and a mound of luggage was steadily accumulating in the hall, and then drove up in an enormous pantechnicon bulging with furniture. Instead of being welcomed by an urbane, well-groomed Advance Party, new arrivals found us stripped for action and groaning beneath enormous loads, while hard-hearted furniture removers chipped their way through our precious paintwork and muddied our spotless floors.

These were the last hours of our independent existence, for at supper the Advance Party, amid mutual congratulations, dissolved itself, and mingled in the common labour organisation of the House. But we did not pass without an epitaph, for next morning we posed before the camera. Nor was that the end. Experience is an asset that cannot be lightly set aside, and for days we were the men who knew where to find things, and how to do things. But this superiority gradually gave way as the House took possession, and our democracy emerged once more. And so it should have been. We had made a habitable home ; and the House made it the Venerabile. But not until the first Public Meeting had been held, and the first item of our opening concert had been encored in the time-honoured way did we feel this had been achieved. Then the knell of the Advance Party was finally sounded.

LOUIS G. HANLON.

BY NIGHT TO PALESTRINA

"It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive." A well-spoken truth is this, but one to be learnt in the school of experience, before it becomes invested with that luminous wisdom which never grows dim. It is an experience that few in our day ever light upon; few Englishmen, though the phrase is their coinage, ever now have the occasion to enjoy it; but to the Roman who has once taken to the road and begun the adventure of "going on a gita" it cannot fail to come early in the day. One can almost imagine the scene which first brought home its appositeness. A city-gate in Tuscany, and passing beneath it that unmistakable sight—the English College *in gita*. Two or three or more tired trampers, in shortened cassocks, shapeless hats pushed well back, handkerchiefs around their necks, and rucksacks hanging at every awkward angle as the *camerata* after a long and dusty day seeks the refection and repose to be found in the walls of a city. In such a setting, and at such a time, the truth of the golden phrase may strike one of the more soulful of the *gitanti*, and, as he trudges wine-wards, may cloud his home-coming with something of melancholy and a wistfulness for the adventures of the day that are irrevocably behind him.

Or perhaps this is mere fantasy! Perhaps the vision of plates piled high with *spaghetti*, and of flasks of glowing Chianti dispel any thoughts less material than those of food and drink. The last effort to transcend the earthly was expended on the

Rosary, recited as the walled city came in sight, high above the vineyards through which they were passing, and seemingly impregnable. But it was certainly my experience on an evening in my first gita to light upon this truth with the joy of one having recalled a vital definition in the last phase of a tense examination. We were riding on a cart, and the journey was nearly ended, when it came to me as the expression of the sad emotions vaguely disturbing my inward peace, and I pondered its deep significance as the lights of Palestrina, twinkling like fireflies, gradually gave outline to roofs and gables, and a tired horse clattered into the street to a dimly-lighted *albergo*. Our adventure was ending, and I was loath to part with it.

Moreover our gita was ending. We had set out just three days ago as every Second Year has set out on its first discovery of Italy, in torrents of rain. We had seen Genazzano and its shrine, and, that very morning, had heard Mass at the Sacro Speco in historic Subiaco. We had walked for two long days through rain or blazing sunshine, and, leaving Subiaco, let us confess it, we had little heart for the long tramp to Palestrina. A pleasant 'bus ride brought us all to a remote and sleepy *paesetto* called Ponte Terenzio, and here had come the parting of the ways. Eight of the more stout-hearted braved the eighteen kilometres to Palestrina, and set off along the road that climbed tortuously upward to lose itself in the mountains. I was left with three others who were of my thinking, and, like me, resolved to reach Palestrina by stages ; a 'bus to San Vito Romano, and, if possible (so degraded were we), another to Palestrina. We were most unanimous in our decisions, and unanimously we entered a *trattoria* which gave promise of good things within.

It was the poorer sort of *trattoria*, but not entirely bereft of luxury, for it boasted the one possession dear to the heart and ambition of every vendor of wine—the *giardino interno*. A wine-stained table, two benches, and an unstable chair beneath a *pergola* straggled by vines justified the boast enamelled on its outer window, and we entered, resolved to sing its praises to the owner, for in such a place one feels most easily at home. And indeed we had soon taken complete possession, and one of

us, Audax (we may call him), was over the kitchen fire, initiating the *padrona*, a tall and kindly countrywoman, into the solemn rites of making tea. We who waited felt some anxiety, for we had neither sugar nor milk, and the *trattoria* boasted no cups. It stopped short at a *giardino interno*, the summit of its ambition. But when the tea appeared, a black, diabolical liquid served in glasses, we drank it, leaves and all, and so vindicated our national addiction to the brew. We offered the *padrona* a glass, and she smilingly accepted ; and then, in the manner of an Eastern potentate suspecting foul play, handed it to her son, who drank it to the last drop as though it were a *vino sceltissimo*. We complimented the lad on his feat, and somehow felt relieved.

By now the evening was upon us, and the men were coming in from the fields. Already a group of them had gathered at the door, and stood talking and laughing together. One came over and sat near me on the bench. He was taller than most of his race, but a little stooped about the shoulders. A shapeless felt hat was pushed towards the back of his head, and from underneath its brim a few curls of thick black hair fell down upon his forehead, shading his deep-set eyes and, together with a few days' growth of beard, framing in dark outline the full mould of his features. From the pocket of his loosely fitting coat he drew a pipe. Deliberately and unconcernedly he filled it with evil-smelling tobacco, but did not light it. Instead he did a strange thing. Without looking at us he held out one hand and with the stem of his pipe touched each finger in turn : " One . . . two . . . three . . . four-r . . ." He counted quickly up to fifteen, then turned to us and asked in a harsh but kindly voice, " Engleesh ? "

So novel an introduction fascinated us and we drew closer. He gave us his story in a hybrid mixture of swift and slurred Italian and guttural English, both difficult to understand. For some years he had been a labourer in the steel works at Philadelphia, and had returned to Italy on her entry into the war in 1915. " War ", he said sententiously, " e sempre brutta e non fa mai niente di buono." He had reason to deplore it for he had experienced the rigours of an Austrian prison camp in mid-winter, when paper shirts had been no protection against the

snow, which, he explained with an eloquent gesture of the hand, had often been chest-deep. About America he had less to say, but summed up the fruit of his experience in two statements : that the work in America is too hard, and that the Americans drink too much beer. Yet would he readily have returned to the States ; the grinding poverty of parts of Italy minimises all other hardships in the minds of those who have seen other worlds.

Some of the younger men had now joined us, and the conversation became more general. They spoke with the slow courtesy and tact of men using a language but little known to their listeners, and asked about ourselves and our *gita*, breaking occasionally into exclamations of surprise as we told them, as casually as we could, how far we had walked. We called for wine, and, as is but courteous, they accepted our invitation to drink. Moreover it was an occasion for being festive, as Audax was celebrating his twentieth birthday. Italians are at home over their *bicchieri*, and never lose an opportunity of drinking the health of a friend so as to lend virtue to their wine, and with many an *auguri* and *buon' salute* they drank to the honour of our companion, who paid for their drinks and wished them well. Moved by the occasion the *padrona* presented him with a bunch of wild flowers, assuring him that it was an old Italian custom, and with more good wishes we took our leave. The local 'bus had just arrived and we entered it.

When ecclesiastics board a 'bus in the Italian countryside there is always a stir. The sight of clerics, foreigners at that, with rucksacks and sticks, never fails to surprise the peasants. But the politeness which is inborn in the Italian soon masters the situation, and before long they were all guessing our nationality. By way of *Tedeschi*, *Belghi*, *Olandesi* they arrived at the solution that always seems to overwhelm them ; " *Inglesi, forse ?* " A chorus of approval, mingled with exclamations of " *Ecco* ", greeted the news, and we felt like prodigals returned. One always feels at home with the Italians ; they, if any, are true citizens of the world, " *tutti figli dello stesso Dio*," as they often remark, a dictum that seems to shape their whole attitude to mankind. So within a minute we were one with peasant

and labourer, and answered all their questionings amid a murmur of astonishment or applause.

One good lady took a special interest in us, and silenced a soldier, who had made a political joke against England, by quoting the *avviso* then appearing in every shop in Italy: "Qui non si fanno nè previsioni nè discussioni di alta politica o di alta strategia—si lavora, e s'è possibile, in silenzio". We then inconsistently fell to discussing in French (they said it was safer) the course of the war with the lady and her husband. The Fascist officials and *i bassi*, by means of propaganda campaigns, had become pro-German, but the majority of thinking Italians were solidly pro-ally. We heard this everywhere, and at the time had no fears of Italy arraigning herself against us. We talked until we reached San Vito Romano.

Here the entire 'bus load were concerned about our getting to Palestrina, but their hearts were set at rest when the driver offered to accompany Audax in search of a car. Hopefully we watched them go, an odd pair. Meanwhile the children of the *paese* had gathered round us as we stood in the gloom, and the boldest of them, a bright-eyed youngster of about twelve, proclaimed Filippo by the name embroidered on the pocket of his blue smock, ventured to ask us the names of the Royal Family of Britain. We began comfortably in Italian; this was easy play. "No, no, in Inglese." We succumbed, and the young Anglophil eagerly repeated each name after us. He spoke clearly and charmingly and his accent was good, but the r's in Margaret Rose overpowered the rest of the word, so that he preferred to call her Margarita Rosa. This was his only lapse, and it did not damp his ardour. He was learning French at school and had already mastered the elementary truths about the gardener and his pen which was in the box of the aunt. Wishing to test our ability he reeled out a list of nouns, which we had to translate into Italian. We did so with marked success; our prestige rose. The inquisition continued: "le soleil . . . ? le livre . . . ? la maison . . . ?" Loquax and Pertinax (for so we will call these other two of my companions) were wilting under fire, the former, murmuring something about a box of matches, disappeared into a bar which I had not noticed.

Pertinax, complaining of the sudden coolness, strolled away, and I was left abandoned to uphold the name of British learning. " La lune . . . ? le crayon . . . ? le papier . . . ? " Filippo paused, and looked up at me with a disarming smile : " Dia's Mhuire dhuit." I was astonished. To be greeted in the tongue of a Connemara peasant in the narrow street of a remote Italian *paesetto* is a rare and wonderful experience. Had I discovered some long-lingering traces of a Gaelic culture, planted in the dim past by some wandering Irish scholar ? Eagerly I enquired. Alas, the phrase was just a day old, for he had learnt it only yesterday. And the wandering scholar was none but an Irish Augustinian from the villa at Genazzano. However it ended my examination. Predicting a rosy future for the lad I bade him good-night.

The 'bus driver had found a horse and cart for us, and so, picking up our rucksacks, we made for the carter's house. The carter himself, a large man with an enormous smile, was standing at the door, and with a loud and hearty " Benvenuti, signori " ushered us into a small kitchen, where we met his wife. Yes, he was pleased to be able to take us to Palestrina, and regretted having to charge us fifty lire—a regret which he manfully concealed. In the daytime thirty lire, but at night fifty, for the beast was tired after a hard day's work, and now would not be able to work tomorrow. We grieved for the animal, knowing full well that it would work tomorrow. But we also were tired.

Like all of his race he was in no hurry to begin, and we were content to wait for him. Time is of little importance in the country, and I doubt if these peasants are ever worried by the chimes and tickings of a clock. The broader divisions of the day and night, the sunrise, *mezzogiorno* and the *Ave*, these are their chimes, by which they live and work and pray. And to us who count each second, and fret at the loss of a minute, this life comes as a refreshing change. Filled by his own blissful timelessness we readily complied with his invitation and sat us down to drink.

Wine was brought by his daughter, a girl of about fourteen, very silent and shy at our presence. The carter poured a little

of it into a glass, swilled it into another, a third, and so until he reached the fifth glass. He then tossed it on to the floor, and we watched the red wine run slowly into the grooves of the warm brown bricks. He said nothing, and I heard no words of incantation as he solemnly performed this rite, nor saw the images of any Lares or Penates whom he might be honouring. The sole shrine was but a tiny Madonna plaque, near the large picture of a robust Cistercian abbot.

We drank our wine slowly, as honest men will, and with it ate some small sweet nuts which were passed round in a dish. Never has wine tasted better, never richer, never more mellow. Loquax, with a fine disregard for the niceties of Italian syntax, broke into a picturesque description of our travels. We all joined in, and talked of Rome and of England, of peace and war. The good lady was moved, and exclaimed with a sigh, " How sad that men and nations fight each other ; are we not all children of the same God ? " She told us of her son in Naples who was studying for the foreign missions, and of her uncle, the Cistercian abbot on the wall. It pleased her that we had visited his monastery church of Santa Croce in Rome. Suddenly there was a lull in the conversation. Loquax nudged me : " Say something " ; I returned the nudge : " You," I whispered. He did, with an ingenuous smile : " E molto buono questo vino." Immediately his glass was refilled and the talk flowed on. I marvelled at his simple guile.

The girl was sent off to " wake the beast " and to prepare him for the road. With more good wishes we took our leave of the peasant's wife, who begged our prayers and asked a remembrance in our Masses " quando loro saranno sacerdoti in Inghilterra." The horse was already harnessed when we reached the stable and well caparisoned for the journey. But the cart was a doubtful affair, very small and high from the ground ; two planks stretched across its sides provided seats. Yet the peasant was loud in praise of its excellence, and was still extolling his possession as a *carrozzella* and a *vettura* as he cracked his whip and we rocked away down the winding street. To my surprise we were quite comfortable, with straw at our feet and a horse-rug tucked warmly about our knees. Assuring

him of our comfort we were borne through the quiet *paese*, the merry rattle of the horse's hooves echoing back from the houses until we slipped into the sleeping countryside, and the sound almost lost itself in the illimitable stillness.

What a unique thrill is a ride by night in an open and makeshift *carrozza !* Here is satisfaction for the seeker after freedom, aloft on the world, with nothing above save a kindly harvest moon lighting the road. To our right and away the Volscians, standing shoulder to shoulder, made a fine picture in pale silhouette against the sky, while nearer lay the villages like clusters of lanterns on the crown or the slope of a hill. Olevano was below us, still merrily agleam with lights, without a thought of going to bed. Genazzano we passed by the lower road, but there was no sound from its streets. They are an industrious people and retire early.

Soon we began to climb, and our driver dismounted as the cart jolted to a standstill. But he would not allow us to walk, merely requesting that we lean forward to put the weight on the shafts. Suddenly, as we climbed the hill, the driver, at the horse's head, broke into song in loud and lusty tones. It was a local air, about the vines and the land and the people ; a simple song, mostly chorus, with one variant line at its close, and, I imagine, was composed by the peasants in their vineyards, for it was much in praise of the *vendemmia* and cared nothing for rhyme.

At the top of the hill he remounted, and sang no more, but muttered something about the cold, and cracked his whip several times as the horse freshened to its work. A wine-cart passed us, its hood lowered and its driver asleep. No thought had he for the precious vintage with which it was laden ; to-morrow would be time enough to haggle with those city rogues as the wine was carried to their cellars. Night was a time for sleep and tranquillity. We passed him in silence.

The road was now our own and everything was still. Tired by the day I grew drowsy, and in my drifting thoughts the jolting of the cart became the throbbing of the channel steamer which had been my prelude to all this just a year ago. I thought of strange things, of the first continental priest I had seen in

the streets of Paris, of a strange meal at Turin, of that drive from the Termini through the Campo dei Fiori to the College, of the man from Philadelphia, and Filippo, and the good lady who had refused our tea at Ponte Terenzio this very day. How remote it all seemed! How distant was Rome and every big city!

Someone gripped my arm, and there were voices saying, "There it is." I started and looked up. We were climbing a steep hill and the driver was at the horse's head again, and singing. Beyond, not far away, were the lights of a *paese*, and I could make out a turretted wall in the glow. Suddenly the night was broken by the sound of bells swinging clear and loud above us. The carter stopped singing and listened. "Mezzanotte," he said laconically, without turning. It was midnight from the Cathedral clock. Palestrina and the new day welcomed us.

JOSEPH MCCANN.

NOVA ET VETERA

NEWS OF THE COLLEGE IN ROME

We print below extracts from the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Giornale d'Italia* which tell of the transformation of the College into a well-equipped hospital with the Knights of Malta and our own nuns in attendance. Under the heading " L'Inaugurazione di un Ospedale " one article mentions that the College (which is given its official legal title) was offered to the Knights of Malta by the Congregation of Studies, over which Cardinal Pizzardo presides.

The first extract is from the *Giornale d'Italia.*

" La sede di questo ospedale, stabilita nell'edificio di via Monserrato, n. 45, dove trovavasi l'Istituto Pontificio per le Missioni Inglesi (edificio offerto all'Ordine di Malta dalla Congregazione Studi, Università e Seminari, presieduta dal Cardinale Pizzardo), è stata attrezzata in modo mirabile, con larghezza di intenti e di mezzi. Il nuovo ospedale, che si intitola al nome del ' Principe di Piemonte ' sarà quanto prima inaugurato."

. . . " Esso è capace di 210 letti, ma tale numero, in caso di necessità potrebbe essere elevato a 230. V'è il reparto ' Malta ', il ' Rodi ', il ' Gerusalemme ', il ' Tripoli d'Africa ', oltre ad un reparto isolamento, ed ai gabinetti di radioscopia, di analisi e di otoiatria. Ogni reparto è fornito di medicherie speciali. Magnifica e attrezzatissima è la camera operatoria e quella per le operazioni settiche e gessi."

After reading of this complete transformation so that we can hardly recognise it as our own *edificio*, we come to an excerpt which gives us something we can recognise despite inevitable embellishments ;

" Ogni cameretta a due o tre letti dà su lunghissimi corridoi ariosi e luminosissimi ; da questi si accede ancora a qualche camerata, atta per convalescenti, tanto che v'è pure una sala di convegno, ove potranno intrattenersi a scrivere e ricevere visite. Un bel giardino circonda quasi l'edificio e le sue alte piante ravvivano questo luogo di dolore, come lo rallegrerà il cinematografo allestitovi in una grandissima sala al primo piano, i degenti potranno pure ascoltare un po' di musica alla radio."

" Il miglior conforto tutti lo potranno trovare non solo nell' assistenza sanitaria di un eletta schiera di medici coadiuvati dalle infermiere di San Giuseppe, e dalle Suore Elisabettine Francescane di Padova, ma nella messa quotidiana che sarà officiata per tutti i feriti dell' ospedale nella bella cappella tanto raccolta."

Here we are more at home and can find our way around from the *corridoi ariosi* to the *cinematografo* ensconced in the Library.

A brief note in the *Osservatore Romano* tells of a visit paid to it by the King shortly after its opening.

" Questa mattina sabato alle ore 9.30 Sua Maestà il Re e Imperatore, accompagnato dal generale Puntoni e da due Aiutanti di campo ha visitato i feriti di guerra all'ospedale ' Principe di Piemonte ' del S.O.M.G. di Malta."

THE NEW STATIONS OF THE CROSS

In the past these pages have often referred to the work of making Palazzola a worthy villa, and of late the Church of Sancta Maria ad Nives has been the object of the artist's and architect's attention. Nor has our removal to Stonyhurst cut us off from this pleasing task ; for we have on the walls of our chapel the Stations of the Cross destined for Palazzola, and on

the sanctuary a lamp so admirably suited to the sanctuary at Palazzola that for a while we were sorely distracted.

The Stations are an interesting example of modern French art. They are made of terra cotta, painted white. Each station consists of a circular plaque, with a border of twining thorns in light relief, the whole forming the heart of a Latin cross. They are three inches in depth, and their very solidity precludes from the outset all possibility of " prettiness ". The figures are carved in very low relief; indeed they are often hardly more than two-dimensional. Yet they give an impression of depth and perspective as a result, first, of the dividing of the background into two levels, and, secondly, through the sheer edge with which each stands out from the background. This latter break with the classical tradition has disadvantages which counterbalance the strong clear-cut outline it gives, especially when one views the Stations from an angle, and observes the unpleasing square thickness of limbs and particularly of noses.

The front view, however, is very satisfactory aesthetically. Lack of detail in features due to the lowness of the relief does not result in lack of expression, for the sculptor has made use of the technique of early Greek craftsmen, and expresses emotions by gesture and posture. This is best seen in the two most striking Stations, the fifth and the twelfth. Simon of Cyrene, a man of herculean build, stands, with feet wide apart, braced to take the weight of the cross, as Christ, Who has stumbled, clutches at its lower arm to prevent another fall. The face of Christ is very slightly treated, yet one immediately perceives His weakness from the strong contrast the artist has made between Simon's taut, powerful body and the sagging figure of Christ. In the twelfth Station, perhaps the best of all, Christ hangs dead upon the cross, and Calvary is deserted except for His Mother. In the background lowering banks of cloud are represented simply but effectively by intersecting curves, and rays of sunlight coming from behind them and descending away from Calvary emphasise the gloom and darkness there. All the agony and exhaustion which are so well depicted in the previous pieces are absent here; the tortured body is now at

peace, and, in contrast, the artist stresses the agony of Our Lady simply by a gesture.

The main weakness of the work is to be seen most clearly in the sixth and fourteenth Stations, and it is obviously due to the smallness of the space the artist allows for his figures, and especially to the circular form, which none but Botticelli has used successfully. Veronica has to be a very lumpy, foreshortened figure, to prevent her blocking out the face of Christ. And at the tomb everything is too symmetrical; Our Lady stands in the centre, immediately behind the dead Christ, while the disciples at the head and foot are each unnaturally inclined inward so as to be fitted into the scene at all. The whole effect here is of unnaturalness.

But the strong simplicity and discipline of the work are very satisfactory and successful. The lettering on each Station is in red and stands out well from the white, although the more observant will regret the mis-spelling of "condemned" (the second 'n' is omitted) on the first Station. We can safely say that when they are sunk into the walls of the villa chapel they will be in harmony with the simple style shown to advantage there. They may be tinted blue like the della Robbia in the Cortile, or perhaps even better with light grey to tone with the peperino altar. It will be a pleasing problem to decide on some happy day that we cannot yet foresee.

COLLEGE DIARY

SEPTEMBER 24th. *Tuesday. Prologue.* A heavy task, in very deed, is this of a diarist in exile. He would fain make jest of his neighbours in the Monserrato, work conceits on Roman hats, on anything with a Roman tang. But gone is the beaver hat, and in its place is the trilby (what duller than a clerical trilby ?). There will be no Campo dei Fiori, nor Pam shop, nor even *camerieri* who could brighten a page of facts with their brevities. Where will be the catacombs, and the breakfast in the *trattoria* opposite S. Sebastiano, the gitas to Fregene, Terminillo, Soracte, Tusculum, Monte Porzio, the hundred and one things that make Roman out of man ? Yet we must endeavour to recapture the spirit of Rome in this diary, as we most assuredly will at St Mary's Hall.

25th. *Wednesday.* We swept up the drive in the early afternoon . . .

Patiens : What ! You have started that kind of thing already ?

Agens : Perhaps we should choose our words more carefully . . .

We descended on St Mary's Hall at the back of Stonyhurst College. We guessed its identity on seeing a Roman cassock walking about in the vicinity ; we were certain at the sight of a crew of workers. You know what I mean—figures at home in *'tande* (made by the hand of the Madre), plus-fours or flannels, all covered with paint and grime. It was the advance party. We were at home.

There is always that yarn about the new arrival who cannot distinguish the *muratore* from the student. Today it was our turn to be taken in, for the workman tampering with the lights in the entrance hall proved to be one of the new men, who had been assisting the advance party for weeks. We cannot speak too strongly in praise of these workers who came one, two and three weeks early to distemper the walls and cook their food over a candle. Gradually all arrived, Pamites and non-Pamites, Brickers and non-Brickers, Probs and non-Probs ; and here is the Venerabile at Stonyhurst.

To supper (a Roman diarist's cliché—too easily we are falling into things) Fr Brown S.J., whom the advance party had made a staunch friend. He represents, no doubt, the Fathers of the Society who read their Philosophy in St Mary's, and we salute them in him. Fr Dyson S.J. was here too. He had met us in Rome as a speaker to the Literary Society, and had travelled with us all the way from the Piazza Pilotta, from the Institutum Biblicum, and is to be one of the Professorial staff. A further new face at the Superiors' table was that of Rev. W. Butterfield, who has come, the Vice-Rector tells us, to occupy the chair of Moral Theology. He is a Venerabilino, and to him we say *Ben' tornato* : but he must dust the chair himself. Ranged amongst us also were the new men whom we clocked in later as : Messrs J. Brosche (*Northampton*) for Third Theology ; T. Fooks (*Southwark*) and T. Walsh (*Portsmouth*) both for First Theology ; R. Coghlan (*Leeds*), B. Peters (*Northampton*) and D. Swan (*Westminster*) for First Year. Though not numerous they form a nucleus to preserve continuity ; thus we hope to avoid the misfortune of the last war, when there was a lacuna of a whole year.

We concluded our meal, which had begun a good deal past schedule, owing to lack of domestic staff and pots and pans, with *O Roma Felix*, and adjourned to the Common-room after Visit. There we leave the first day in St Mary's Hall, because you know of circles and their criss-cross of talk and counter-talk. Nothing was missing except the frenzy of pictures which adorns the Common-room in Via Monserrato.

26th. *Thursday*. *Sveglia* 7 a.m., and the Community Mass was followed by a *Te Deum*. We had little private labour to do this morning, for we had made our bed and swept our room, so we carried out a thorough inspection of the Hall, stopping now and again to bestow a pleasantry upon those dusty and bespattered fellows of ours who were off the mark distempering their rooms, painting their fire-places . . .

Patiens : Fire-places, *per Bacco !*

Agens : Yes, each room has its fire-place, and we look out from a back window upon a stack of coal from which, when the cold weather comes, we shall receive a weekly ration. But you interrupt . . . painting their fire-places and wash-stands, or merely sweeping their long-neglected boards. Clouds of dust would fly out from rooms as we passed down the corridors, indicative of zealously wielded brooms within. But there was one thing we missed : where was the paper hat which the Italian worker fashions from his *Messaggero* or *Popolo di Roma* ? Has the art of making it passed out ? So the old order changeth.

Broadly speaking the Hall consists of three corridors, one above another. We enter the front door and turn left : the first two doors on our left hand lead into lecture halls which will not worry us for a while. The door at the end opens into the Common-room, a spacious salon larger than the one in Rome, perhaps the same in length but wider. Within, the format is much the same, if we except a large coal stove at one end. Circles are dotted round the room, and between them is much more free space, while the centre of the floor is sufficient to form a wide aisle. We leave

the Common-room, not before having noticed a piano in the customary place, and turn left into the refectory, possibly a little longer than its Roman counterpart but narrower. Again the tables are laid out in the old design, the Superiors' table stretching across the far end with the students' tables at right angles to it along the walls. The way into the kitchen, however, is at the near end, opposite the door, and not on either side of the Superiors. It is here that we give a very glad greeting to Mrs Cullen who was with us at Ambleside and will continue to cook for us here. Towards the end of this corridor is a small theatre, jutting out from the back of the house, of which no doubt we shall hear more, and right at the end are two suites of bath-rooms. Opposite them are one or two rooms occupied by students, linen rooms and two more lecture halls. The *primo piano* consists in the main of Superiors' and students' rooms, while at one end a *salone* is being rigged up. On this floor too is the chapel, the style of which is simple (and rather Roman), the only real decoration being in the apse. The benches are arranged not in choir formation, but in a block facing the altar. Nearby a room is set aside to be a library. The *piano secondo* consists entirely of private rooms, and above are ample attics.

Two visitors came to see us nesting, and spent the afternoon with us—Rev. A. Hulme, who was in Top Year till we came to England, and his brother, Rev. G. Hulme, from the Collegio Beda.

27th. *Friday*. A Public Meeting Extraordinary, which elected a man to tussle with the serving problem in the Refectory and another who was posted to a responsibility generously described as A.R.P. We prefer to call him the Big White Chief of the Black-out. A third official to be appointed was a tobacconist. He has already found a telephone kiosk which he will transform into a tobacconist's worthy of any railway station.

28th. *Saturday*. This evening we went to St Peter's for Confessions. How much at Rome we are ! St Peter's, part of the Stonyhurst College estate, is the parish church, and many of us arrived in time to attend Benediction, a function executed with great precision by the School. These few days before Retreat are being spent in buying paint and gewgaws.

29th. *Sunday*. Since not all of us had cottas we formed a simple congregation at High Mass. There was no question of Peter's and Pam this afternoon, and those who considered it a Sunday ritual (whether they walked along the Tiber bank or down the Borgo—always a dispute) sighed deeply. Instead we accompanied a former Soccer captain to inspect the pitch. This is about a hundred yards up the road at the back of St Mary's, small and on the incline. There is also a little pavilion, primitive but serviceable, a luxury unknown to the Roman who used to change in the Pamphili stables close to the pitch, after carrying up his boots in a Greg-bag.

30th. *Monday*. Canon Arendzen arrived to withdraw us to positions which, no doubt, he has carefully prepared for us.

OCTOBER 1st. *Tuesday.* We cast an eye round the infirmary, which we discovered to be on the first floor. The infirmarians have laid down their forceps and are exercising their biceps, that the lot of the sick man may be a happy one. They were washing the green from the walls, and did not respond to our quips. The infirmary consists of two rooms, one a dispensary and the other a ward. Woe betide anyone who falls ill before the iodine squad has finished painting.

8th. *Tuesday.* Having bid *a rivederci* to the Retreat with a *Te Deum* let us sketch a few cameos on the Six Silent Days. There is no keeping instruments of labour out of the hands of the Venerabile man; consequently the daily afternoon exercise of many was horticultural. They hoed the grass from the paths in front of the house, they raked the damage done thereby, and they dug the garden which the paths surround. Not less honourable was the work of two or three *operai* whose endeavour was to beautify a grotto. Knee deep in water they searched for stones and weeds, casting them on to the path in process of being raked. We can see that it will be, in time, a second *Grotto Azzurro di Capri.* Unfortunately at the moment it is leaking and the path in front of it has to be circumvented.

Patiens (*laudator temporis acti*): Yet you had no fountain nor any goldfish to while away your idle moments. That is an attraction which only Porzio or Palazzola or the Monserrato provide.

Agens: We grant we had no fountain, we grant we had no goldfish: but we did have ducks. For we made the Stations at St Peter's each afternoon, and on our way back we could tarry and meditate upon the ducks on the Stonyhurst ponds. We gain experience in exile: there is something about a duck, you know, that makes it different from a goldfish.

On Wednesday evening at the end of Benediction, as Romans will not be silenced, we sang our *T'Adoriam.*

Patiens: Con slancio?

Agens: Con slancio. Do you doubt our Romanità? We would have you understand that we also say our prayers in Italian—the traditional prayers, that is; and very heartening it is to hear them, too. *Misteri Gloriosi, Vi venero, Orazione a S. Giuseppe*—how homely they sound—and the chanted *Dio sia Benedetto*, still with the same brave effort to fit in all the syllables of " . . . *Iddio nei Suoi. . .* " A peculiar sensation sometimes attends such a simple occasion as that of Wednesday. As we sing *T'Adoriam* it seems almost as though we are once more back in the chapel of Sancta Maria ad Nives at Palazzola, with a whisper of a breeze blowing over the woods from Lake Albano and through the open door. The Luigi family seems to be behind us, and (so deceptive is our hearing) we think we hear their choral interpretations: and was that scurry at the back of church the *camerieri* bobbing and rushing out to don their white jackets? But it is early evening and there is twilight; it cannot be Palazzola.

A most excellent piece of news for us this morning was that our old friend Fr Leeming S.J. is to teach us Dogma. Besides being a Greg. Prof. he was, for some time after the death of Fr Welsby, confessor to the College.

9th. *Wednesday*. I do not know how best to describe the workers Remember the advance parties to the Villa, and what they looked like. remember the builders of the golf-house, those who repaired the Sforza steps each *villeggiatura*, the Tank man cleaning the Villa tank, the Common-room Committee hammering at the stage, all those volunteers who strangled themselves with holly the day before Christmas Eve ; remember all these, I say, intensify the concept a hundredfold, covering it with drippings of paint, and you will be near understanding. Two notices were posted on the board this morning. One referred to the Facultas Theologica, the other to its handmaid ; and on them was the list of lectures. Nothing to report—you remember the *Kalendarium*, *Anno Academico* 19—.

10th. *Thursday*. An unknown benefactor has presented the College with a car. Therewith a Committee was improvised to discover how it could be put in reverse because (whisper it not) the Superiors were non-plussed. This stirred a doggerel soul, and we heard :

Novum automobile
Novos prompsit versus :
Restat nunc immobile—
Nemo scit reversus.

We are deeply grateful to our benefactor, but the lesser fry well remember the bitterness of " Hi in curribus et hi in equis : nos autem in nomine Domini ", and we have no doubt that a curse has been put upon it : " Fiant immobiles quasi lapis, donec pertranseat populus ".

13th. *Sunday*. St Edward's—*Ruris Aestivi Patronus*. First White Choir since Whit Sunday. Soon after High Mass an ever-popular visitor, an *eminentissimo porporato*, His Eminence the Cardinal. He arrived at Stonyhurst yesterday evening, and has lost no time in coming to see " his lads ". A danger of formality lurks very near once we begin writing—we are sure there is a devil set aside whose business it is to introduce it wherever it is least wanted—so we do not attempt to report the Cardinal's words to us : but we *will* give you our answer when he asked " Did we wish we were back at Palazzola ? " Right first time ! This afternoon, to the strains of *Iste Confessor* (reminiscent of St Edward's Day at the Villa) the Senior Student, Mr P. Clark, gave us his hands to kiss. *Prosit* ! although by now he is more than a *novello sacerdote*. " Free tabs " were supplied by Rev. H. Martindale who, until the last thesis sheet was spread out, was in that office : *grazie* !

15th. *Tuesday*. This is the last day allotted to painting and distempering. The work has not yet been completed, but in future it will be a spare time occupation. Look back upon the last three weeks and see what has been done. The Common-room, Refectory and Chapel were made ready before we came, and since then the entrance hall and two

rooms opening off on either side of it (one of which is to be the Martyrs' Chapel) have been reconditioned. Of public places the sacristy, lecture halls and certain corridors are ready, and of private rooms fifty and more have been finished. We make no mention of the myriad minor jobs of work. All the rooms have been furnished as much as they ever will be, and for this we must be particularly grateful for the use of the furniture made over to us from Leeds Seminary, and for that lent by Upholland College.

The most unpopular type of person at present is the " snooper ", although it seems that everyone snoops in a greater or lesser degree. Thus, if you leave a table lying about the corridor (or sometimes even in your room) you must clamp it down or sit on it, do anything but lose sight of it. Since before we came one of the advance party has been in charge of the furniture, and his duty consists in resnooping snooped chattels and in making an equitable distribution—a kind of distributive justice. For instance, if you have a bureau you cannot claim a table or a chest of drawers, because you write on the desk beneath which are three large drawers. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

We have not hitherto spoken of the ingenuities (and you can guess they are legion) adopted in the decoration of rooms. Yellow is the favourite colour for the walls as is brown for the woodwork ; but we *have* seen a room in which the motif is light green for the walls and dark green for the wood. A soothing blend and, we are told, restful. Most fire-places are lacquered a sober black, yet it is not unknown to see the mantel-piece in red or blue (or even, as in one instance we know, both). Another man showing off his handiwork was told—and it caused him consternation—that his symphony was the Stonyhurst colours ; while the man who fancied a delicate salmon pink and painted *his* fire-place so is now a sceptic. But he is also the editor of *Chi Lo Sa ?* so you can excuse his whims.

16th. *Wednesday.* Red Mass *in Instauratione Novi Anni Academici*—at least it would have been red, but we have only a set of gold vestments besides the white—and *lectio brevis.* In Theology we are to follow St Thomas as a text :

Ad docendum cor sincerum
Solus Thomas sufficit.

But as a commentary we shall use Billot since that is the easiest to obtain in number ; and to those who have helped us with scholastic books we write our thanks. A small point, but interesting, is that the lecture halls carry the well known names Aula I (or the Aula Magna), II, III, IV. Sharing the inaugural dinner on the Superiors' table were Fr Belton S.J. (our neighbouring Rector), Mgr Elwes, Fr Leeming S.J. and Fr Dyson S.J. The number in the house is sixty-five, of whom forty are Theologians and the rest Philosophers.

17th. *Thursday. Giovedì Gregoriano.*

20th. *Sunday*. We were inspected by the troops. At dinner Mr T. Regan, formerly of present Third Theology, kept the table alive with an informal Literary talk on his army experiences. We were glad that he could stay the afternoon and evening so that he enlivened another table during supper. We hope to see more of him. For a short time (too short) in the afternoon Mr A. Franklin told his old year, Fourth Year Theology, and the rest of us *his* impressions of the army ; and although he is further away from us than is Mr Regan we hope he will find an opportunity for a more lengthy visit. The clergy thrashed the laity 7—1 at Soccer, even though the referee was a member of the lay apostolate.

21st. *Monday*. A unique function : a Literary Society meeting followed by a Public Meeting. Mr Cassidy retired from the Presidency of the Society by proxy, and new officials were voted in ; then we got down to real business. Frs Lennon and Campbell were with us for lunch, and Canon Brimley, Administer of Lancaster Cathedral, arrived to stay with us for a couple of nights—our first guest and a very welcome one ; for to him we owe much. A set of vestments of each colour and much church furniture have been lent by him to the College, while the crucifix on the altar is his own.

22nd. *Tuesday*. The House was invited to a concert at Stonyhurst in honour of the Cardinal. We were glad to be invited, and more so when we were enjoying the entertainment. Yet the House was not entirely unrepresented, for amongst the violins were Fr Ekbery (no longer *repetitore*, mark you, but Prefect of Studies) and Mr Chapman. During the final singsong a species of competition was held : we all sang the first verse of " Clementine "—to get into the spirit of it—and then the succeeding verses were sung in turn by Fourth and Third Playrooms, Second Playroom, and Higher Line ; the English College sang the last. The aim of the competition was to see who could sing the most lustily, so we gave it with golf-house gusto, making the result incontestable. But we suspect a manoeuvre in the distribution of verses—look up the last one. We sang our verse under the patronage and baton of the Cardinal. It was the first time that we had, so to say, met our neighbours, and the friendliness of the meeting is a harbinger, we hope, of things even more pleasant to come.

24th. *Thursday*. Today the focus of work is the theatre. This is a room about as long as the Roman Common-room, and with a semi-circular alcove at one end. To the layman it would seem that this is the stage, but the Common-room Committee tells us that this is to be curtained off, and the stage will be the floor space in front. There are Green Rooms without number, but who knows what we shall do about Props.? Perhaps the Props. Men have some scheme, and we shall see the germ of their idea shortly, because the first concert is being practised for the near future. Two more Romans came to see how we had settled in : Rev. R. Flynn and Rev. S. Lescher, bringing books and free cigarettes. The latter's interest (recalling his intimate association with the Palazzola fishpond) in the grotto-cum-fishpond at St Mary's Hall is very real.

PAMPHILI IN MAY

26th. *Saturday*. The Social Guild drew up a rosy programme for the present Year. The attendance at this business meeting was startling, for it was made up of over three-quarters of the House (and seven were at servers' dinner) ; so that there is a suspicion, well grounded to boot, that the attraction was the warmth of *Aula Magna* in comparison with the Common-room.

27th. *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*. A year ago today, at the moment we are writing, we shambled towards Rome in the Rocca tram to a not-to-be-finished Roman year. The feast of Christ the King is a *festa* at the crossroads of the years, and calls to mind our first coffee and *rosolio*. For some of us it was a celebration round tables beneath the trees at Palazzola, for others it was their first novelty of the Roman year ; and to some of us comes the thought that our last sight of Palazzola was on this day (though not on this feast) a year ago. The *non-gitanti*, however, spent the Easter vacation there, and we wonder whether, as they locked the rooms in turn, any of the rearguard guessed that they were turning the key on the most Roman of all Roman delights. Palazzola, nevertheless, lives on robustly amongst us, and those who go back will find that the key is after all not so stiff to turn. Cardinal Hinsley, after being with us for lunch, joined us in the Common-room for coffee. *Prosit* to the cantors who valiantly fitted in the *Tantum Ergo* to the mistaken intonation of *O Salutaris*, a pleasing effort, even though there were too few syllables to go round. *Chi Lo Sa ?* established itself on English soil by bringing out a special number.

29th. *Tuesday*. Our situation was summed up over a thousand years ago by our old friend Walafrid Strabo :

In domo frigus patior nivale,
Non iuvat cerni gelidum cubile.

Therefore permission was given that from today the hearths might glow, and we are to get, the coal man says, three buckets full of coal a week. . .

Patiens : But the size of the bucket is not specified.

Agens : Obviously a Canon Lawyer. That is what we told the coal man ! This afternoon was zero hour, and you can guess what happens when sixty fire-lighters light fires at once. Rooms and corridors were filled with smoke, fire grates with burnt-out paper and sticks. We saw a troupe giving advice to one of the more smoky brethren ; all were wearing gas masks. Today, to our great regret, the Cardinal left us and returned to Westminster.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Friday*. The generosity of Stonyhurst is abundant. They have given us the use of a Rugby pitch on, if you know the local geography, the Brickfields, and we may use the swimming bath every Thursday. In celebration, full sides were obtained yesterday (how long ago is it since the V.E.C.R.U.F.C. produced thirty players for a single game ?) but the weather was inclement. So it was today that the club

played its first game on a proper pitch and with the correct type of goal-posts—always excepting the annual game with the Roma team.

2nd. *Saturday. All Souls'*. We have not yet a black set of High Mass vestments so we sang that *multum in parvo*, the Missa Cantata. Mr Christopher Hollis was the guest of the Literary Society in the evening and gave an address on " The American Situation ".

3rd. *Sunday. Vino e biscotti* for concerts : that *was* the tradition. In these days, however, it has given way reluctantly under pressure of our English sojourn, and is dissolved for the moment into " a shadow of a shade ". Those stout hearts who could sing in days of old :

Si quis latitat hic forte
Qui non curat vinum forte
Ostendantur illi porte,
Exeat ab hac cohorte,

(the author wrote " porte " and he ought to know) and could warm the cockles with many a pint of Chianti and Frascati, have taken to ginger ale.

The first concert of the season was good enough, but below standard, perhaps because it was the first concert. Of the items the most notable was the Policemen's Chorus, which was acted as well as sung. Here the improvised props were ingenious. Neither did the sketch display any poverty in costume, while the various curtains, patchworks of bedspreads and window-curtains, were excellent, and of themselves a patent testimony to the ability of the Common-room Committee.

1. Piano Duet :
   (a) *From Foreign Parts, No.* 6, " *Hungary* " . . Vice-Rector and Mr.
   (b) *Spanish Dance No.* 3. (Moschowski) Rawcliffe
2. Octet " *The Owl and the Pussy Cat* " Messrs Gibb, Brown, Hiscoe, McEnroe, O'Neill, Alston, McKenna, Kelly
3. Violin Solo *Rondeau Vivace* (Bach) Mr Chapman.
4. Pirates of Penzance—*Policemen's Chorus*
   Police : Messrs McKenna, P. Storey, Key, Murtagh, Fallon, Holland, Sowerby
   Girls : Messrs Gibb, McEnroe, Hiscoe, Brown, Keegan, Alston, Campbell, Buxton
5. Item " *A Home from Rome* " . Messrs Brown and Holland
6. Sing-song for All . . The Audience
7. Sketch *Sad about Europe*
   Marshall K. Hunt . . Mr Fallon
   Mrs M. K. Hunt . . Mr Kelly
   Phoebe . . . Mr Tyler
   Miss Mulberry . . Mr Tolkien
   Jim . . . . Mr Hannon

6th. *Wednesday*. After an early supper we heard a delightful talk from Fr Philip Watts S.J. on the history of Stonyhurst College, a most interesting account with many entertaining anecdotes. It was illustrated by slides controlled by our versatile electrician, who occasionally stood us on our heads or made us read from left to right in the approved manner of slide-operators at the Venerabile.

7th. *Thursday*. *Parecchi punti :* Two or three copies of Cardinal Wiseman's prayers for the Conversion of England were brought from Rome by certain far-seeing souls, and have lately been distributed among the typists, who have published further authentic versions, thereby reintroducing the customary prayers before dinner. This evening a statue of Our Lady appeared on the stairs ; now we sing our *Salve* once more in the traditional place. However there is a certain resemblance to the Palazzola function as well, for we say the *De Profundis* in chapel and not on the stairs. Avancinus has also edged his way back into our life, though no-one is willing to type *him* out. In the refectory we continue a favourite pursuit of the reader : I mean that of research, with the help of the Obit Book, into the problem of who has, and who has not, a memorial stone on the wall of the College Chapel.

13th. *Wednesday*. We joined hands with Stonyhurst and gave a concert. Mr Chapman was again a First Violin, and the Orpheus sang three pieces, *The Jolly Roger*, *The March of the Guard*, and the Peers' Chorus from *Iolanthe*. Mr Gibb sang *Ay, Ay, Ay*, a rendering which received the rich applause it deserved. He followed on with *Angels Guard Thee*. Singing in the Academy Room at Stonyhurst brings to us the difficulties and problems of a large hall, of which in future we must take account. At our first practice there we were rather bewildered and had to revise our programme, but next time we shall know the difficulties and shall meet them squarely.

14th. *Thursday*. We begin to look ahead, for there arrived today Stations of the Cross which will be taken to Palazzola in that triumphant march how long hence ? But they do make the present chapel resemble the *Campo Santo*, for they are of white terracotta. They are to be sunk into the Villa walls, and, when tinted, will add further beauty to the chapel, without conflicting with its essential simplicity.

Rev. T. Turner came to pass a few days with us. We owe him our gratitude for the way in which he has come to our aid in every kind of difficulty. As a result of his loans from the altar furniture of Liverpool Cathedral we are able to have extra chapels for private Masses. Now that he is here we offer him our thanks.

16th. *Saturday*. Tonight Fr Turner gave us a new and authentic idea of the conception and execution (so far) of the Metropolitan Cathedral, not by way of propaganda but at our own insistent request.

17th. *Sunday*. I remember once . . .

Patiens : " On the sudden a Roman thought hath struck him."

Agens : I remember once last year when the cameramen trained their spotlights on Fr Boyer during a lecture on *De Deo Creante*. It was a pleasant way of passing an afternoon, and it was equally pleasant this morning, in the Stonyhurst Academy Room, to view the results in the " March of Time " film on the Vatican. Some of us obtained a fleeting glance of ourselves as we tied our wings round us, preparatory to settling down for the afternoon. Apparently we did not trust even the spotlights to stop the man behind from tying our wings to those of the man next door.

18th. *Monday*. A fragment :

Scholae scholis cumulantur
Auditores fatigantur
Sine festa
Et siesta ;
Dona eis requiem.

20th. *Wednesday*. We entertained to tea the Committee of the College and passed a most pleasant Common-room with them until the Rosary period.

21st. *Thursday*. Fr Gore came from Lancaster Cathedral to stop with us and to make acquaintance with the Venerabile Common-room after supper.

24th. *Sunday*. We took part in High Mass at St Peter's this morning in various ways. The Rector was celebrant and the sacred ministers were ours, while Stonyhurst completed the *assistenza*. Our white choir sang the Proper of the Mass, and a few supplemented the Stonyhurst choir which sang the polyphony. The Vice-Rector preached, and the occasion was the Pope's Day of Prayer for Peace. It is novel to be guests of honour in St Peter's, with no need to gate-crash or pretend that a blue ticket is really white with a yellow band.

25th. *Monday*. *St Catherine's* and a *dies non*. Do you remember going out after coffee, *rosolio*, and speeches to a Hebrew lecture ? This year the new men obliged us by joining up in a camerata of six, thus enabling us to continue the correct number of speeches at coffee ; and they were speeches as good as had been heard for many a year. After Benediction we closed our eyes, gripped an imaginary " fat " and mentally transposed ourselves to S. Caterina, singing right lustily *more populi Romani :*

Pur vissut'in un secol' paga-a-no
Ma dotata di ogni virtù. . .

Patiens : Con slancio ?

Agens : Con slancio.

It is the thing for the Philosophers to strain every muscle some time before their *festa* in order to provide a concert much better than last year, thereby scoring a point for Third Philosophy against First Theology. And so the concert tonight was excellent, if somewhat lengthy, and showed a com-

mendable thought for detail. The variety of the programme says much for the talent to be found in so small a body of Philosophers.

1. NEW MEN'S SONG
   Chorus : Venerabile Collegium
   Alieno limine Urbis eiectum
   Nunc in terra profugum sanguine Martyrum
   Purpurata floreat.
2. PIANOFORTE SOLO :
   Scherzo, Sonata Op. 31, *No.* 3 (Beethoven) . Mr Rawcliffe
3. EPISODE *The 'Ole in the Road*
   The Dude . . . Mr A. Clark
   The Workman . . Mr Kelly
   Scene : A street somewhere in London.
4. OCTET *The Three Chafers* . Messrs Buxton, Walsh, Peters, Groarke, Campbell, Barry, Clark, Sowerby
5. NEW MEN'S INTERLUDE *The Day of the Invasion*
   Stanley Stitchkin, V.E.C. Home Guard . Mr Swan
   Ernest Earworthy, another V.E.C.H.G. . Mr Coghlan
   V.E.C. A.R.P. Warden . Mr Fooks
   Sister Quaedam . . Mr Peters
   A Jesuit Father . . Mr Brosche
   Mrs Connell . . Mr Walsh
6. TRIO *Orpheus with his Lute* . Messrs Walsh, Rawcliffe and Clark
7. SOLO *Big Steamers* . . Mr Groarke
8. SKETCH *Admiral Peters*
   George Burton, Naval Pensioner . Mr J. McCann
   Joe Stiles, a former messmate Mr Sowerby
   Mrs Dutton, a widow . Mr Rawcliffe
   Scene : a room in Burton's cottage in Seacombe.
9. JAPES . . . . Messrs Fooks and A. Clark
10. SKETCH : "*The Playgoers*"
    A domestic episode by Sir Arthur Pinero
    The Master . . Mr Campbell
    The Mistress . . Mr Buxton
    The Cook . . . Mr Richards
    The Kitchenmaid . . Mr Killeen
    The Parlourmaid . . Mr Groarke
    The Housemaid . . Mr Shelton
    The Useful Maid . . Mr Tyler
    The Odd Man . . Mr Barry
    Scene : The morning room of a house in London.

God Save the King.

28th. *Thursday*. Frs Leeming and Dyson took formal possession of their rooms over here, and were initiated to the Superiors' table.

30th. *Saturday*. His Grace the Apostolic Delegate arrived to pay his first visit to us since he left Rome. Unfortunately, owing to lack of room, he is staying across at the College, so we had time only to wish him a hurried "*Ben' tornato*", and are eager to meet him tomorrow. While the *Ordinandi* and *Tonsurandi* spent today in Recollection, we, who were not concerned, forged ahead in the aulas. At present we are renewing our acquaintance with Nicholas Nickleby: "My life is one dem'd horrid grind". We sympathise.

We quote you from today's *Tablet*:

"In the Gregorian University there are only 950 as against 2,400 two years ago. In the Angelicum there are 250 as against 600; in the Propaganda faculty 350 as against 500."

DECEMBER 1st. *Sunday*. We *prosit* those who received orders this morning, whether major or minor, and no less those who were co-opted among the clergy. We were glad that it should be the Delegate who performed the first ordination in the Venerabile outside the shadow of Rome. He joined his *ordinati* in the Common-room after breakfast, and was with us for lunch and coffee. Once again were tales of Rome spun without tiring, tales of gitas and of Palazzola; and the Delegate's words of encouragement in our exile were greatly appreciated. In the evening we attended Grammar's Play at the College, enjoying every moment of their production, "What happened to George".

2nd. *Monday*. *Feast of the College Martyrs* (transferred). We have said before in this diary that no man is more adaptable than the Roman. If further proof were needed we should point to the improvised Throne (for the High Mass was Pontifical). It was a *capolavoro* of camouflage. After Mass we went back in spirit to the *Piazza S. Pietro* when the Delegate gave us the solemn Papal Blessing; and when the function was over we seemed to crash our way out of the Basilica to the strains of that march whose title is as sonorous as its melody: "*La marcia che si suona nelle solennità quando il Sommo Pontefice entra in S. Pietro*".

Besides being grateful to the Delegate for his spiritual refection, we whooped with delight when in the Refectory we saw his gift of cider. We remembered his splendid gitas of old, and this sets the seal on his generosity.

In the concert we saw a new kind of interlude in which Roman manners and customs are faithfully reproduced. In order the more realistically to illustrate a reference to the British Army, Gunner Thomas Regan, whom we were overjoyed to have amongst us, came on from the wings to give one of his inimitable performances. We recorded earlier that ginger ale had become our refreshment at concerts; only once was this the case. Negotiations began soon after that and tonight we inaugurated the new custom—*il* Devonshire Cider *e biscotti*. It is draught, and the barrel has its own place in the auditorium, a welcome guest.

1. Oc te *Sweet and Low*
2. Piano Solo *Scherzo and Minuet* (Beethoven) . Mr Rawcliffe
3. Interlude *The Crime of Cousin 'Arold*
   Grandma . . . Mr Pledger
   Mrs Buggins . . Mr Auchinleck
   Harold . . . Mr Holland
   Gasman . . . Mr Brown
   A Girl . . . Mr Holloway
4. Solo *On Wings of Song* (Mendelssohn) . Mr Gibb
   Song of the Hindu Merchant (Rimsky-Korsakhov)
5. Item . . . . Messrs Hannon and Buxton
6. Interlude *Somewhere in Italy*
   Luigi, padrone della trattoria Sig. McKenna
   Alfredo, suo figlio, tornato dagli Stati Uniti Sig. Fallon
   Camillo, cameriere . . Sig. J. Harrison
   Parroco . . . Sig. Gibb
   Beda Boy . . . Mr Firth
   Esercito Britannico . . Gunner T. Regan
   Gitanti . . . Messrs P. Storey, O'Neill, Hanlon and A. Storey

   Scene : Anywhere in Italy
   Time : Any time between Sept. 1st and Sept. 14th.
7. Octet *The Long Day Closes*
8. Song *An Old English Love Song* His Grace the Apostolic Delegate
9. Sketch *The Playgoers*

4th. *Wednesday.* We bade a vociferous *a rivederci* to the Delegate today, ambushing him at the gate as the College car bore him away from Stonyhurst. The Vice-Rector, who drove, was in our pay. If he has enjoyed his visit as much as we have he will lose no time in coming again. Indeed we hope it will not be long before we can inspect together the Queen Mary and other royal suites in Rome and go off for a gita to Palazzola, the masterpiece of his reconstructions. Rev. V. Marsh dropped in to lunch with lots of cigarettes, which went a long way to brighten the opening session of a Public Meeting. There occurred a grave setback to the tobacconist, who has been refused a licence. His shutters are up.

5th. *Thursday. Prosit* Mr Auchinleck who has been appointed next Senior Student, and Mr Keegan who will be his deputy.

7th. *Saturday*. The V.E.C.R.U.F.C. played the Stonyhurst 2nd XV, and the score was two tries each, all unconverted. We were, of course, far heavier than the opposing team, but their superior skill in the game balanced this advantage. English College Rugby has entered a new phase, and the opportunities of picking up hints, of seeing the game played as it should be played, go a long way to improve it.

8th. *Sunday*. We have never told you of our black-out arrangements. Formerly our A.R.P. Warden used to vocalise his exhortations that the hour had arrived, and then he would prowl about outside, hurling abuse at offenders. Now, however, a bell we had at Ambleside, *sic dictum* " The Ambleside Bell ", gives us warning. Our A.R.P. man's motto is of course a line he picked up from Dante :

" *e vengo in parte ove non è che luca* "

which has been aptly translated " and to a part I come where no light shines ".

This evening the more classically minded donned a thoughtful expression and attended a concert at Stonyhurst given by the British String Quartette. Mozart and Tschaikowsky (that's a pretty good effort without consulting the organist, isn't it ?) formed the bulk of the programme.

9th. *Monday*. Try to remember your longest session at a Public Meeting : we think we have created a record. We continued the adjourned proceedings at 1.50 p.m. and rose at 3.20 p.m.

13th. *Friday*. We have heard quoted as a diarist's rule " Nulla dies sine linea ", and are well pleased that it is not demanded of us. If it were we might well share the lot of the imaginative journalist whose efforts proved a rival to *Chi Lo Sa ?* in the Common-room tonight. For we discovered from his effusions that we were the cream of all that England could produce, already earmarked for the Purple and possibly the Scarlet. We marvelled and congratulated one another. But we were puzzled to observe that it purported to be the result of an interview with the Rector—until more facts came to hand. The zealous newsman, scenting a story in the arrival of a college evacuated from Rome, had obtained an interview ostensibly under the aegis of the Hierarchy, and had asked for a rough history of the College. Learning of the more eminent of our alumni he had arrived, by some obscure process of induction, at the conclusion that we were all at least bishops *in potentia actui proxima*. But he was not entirely wrong—" part of the daily routine of the students is housework ". So he got in something that was true ! Yes, we are thankful that our daily bread does not depend on a half-column of " news ".

14th. *Saturday*. You remember Faete ? And you remember in particular those mornings when you rose before cock-crow, and ascended the mountain in darkness to watch the sun rise beyond the Campagna ?

Patiens : I was a sluggard. My soul was not stirred.

Agens : Then you should have been at St Mary's this morning to see how the mountain came to Mahomet. For it was after breakfast that the sun rose, offering a picture (we admit it from our Roman heart) unrivalled even from Faete—or was it Tusculum ? The sky, filled with clouds, was blood red, and as we watched we were forcefully reminded of our Aosta and Alpine gitas.

15th. *Sunday*. *Oggi festa* ; our first Benediction with a monstrance. Up to now we have had Ciborium Benediction, since only a small monstrance will fit the throne.

18th. *Wednesday*. We attended the concert and pantomime presented by the members of the Junior Training Corps. For the 1936 class and upwards " Babes in the Wood " revived, or rather increased, evergreen memories of that year when we produced the same pantomime according to more or less the same script. Tonight it was *a rivederci* to the College, since tomorrow their vacation begins.

20th. *Friday*. *Patiens* : You fellows are in a safe place over there at Stonyhurst.

Agens : Oho ! are we ! Towards the end of Stations we could hear bombs dropping nearer and nearer so that finally it seemed as though we had been hit. The house wobbled precariously on its foundations, and the final prayers for the Sovereign Pontiff did not, I fear, receive the concentration they are owed. About ninety panes of glass have been rather bent, including some seventeen of the Common-room window-panes. Those of us with broken windows to our rooms retired in darkness with a *tramontana* whistling round our ankles. Our gallant A.R.P. man spent a busy evening going the rounds of the theatre (for there we held our Common-room) : " Your window's broken. Don't put your light on. *Capito* ? " All of which gave us an air of importance—that it had been our window.

21st. *Saturday*. Do you remember that universal trek to Pam on Saturday when few had lectures : " Cam for Pam ! " " Pam ? " " Pam." " *Andiamo* " : there was no question of where to go. And so this afternoon : we all went to see the bombs. As a matter of fact they were landmines three quarters of a mile away. In the evening Rev. L. Ashworth appeared out of the blue, and will be our neighbour for a day or two.

22nd. *Sunday*. *Ritiro mensile.*

23rd. *Monday*. A few valiant souls spent the day before we left Rome in taking, and passing, exams. They have their reward. Today the remaining Theologians had to make up scholastic arrears.

24th. *Tuesday*. A great day today. The November number of THE VENERABILE beat *Chi Lo Sa ?* by a short head. We hear that as a result the editor of the latter has been spending this afternoon behind his rubber making hasty revision. At midnight we sang the complete office ; this was a change from tradition, the monotone Matins giving place to the Liber.

The schola acquitted itself well in the singing of the Responsories and carols. It is untrue that at the sound of the Ambleside bell (cf. December 8th) which helped to give tone to the *Gloria*, one of the more somnolent brethren staggered out to lower his black-out curtain. We were glad to have three officers of H.M. Forces come to our Mass, and join us in our Common-room afterwards. Oh yes, we continued the old tradition, and a substantial stage was erected in front of the Yule Log.

25th. *Wednesday. Christmas Day. Prosit* Mrs Cullen for the dinner she provided. We cannot enthuse over tonight's concert and play. The concert was before supper, and the play after—a long time after, owing to avoidable delays which rather spoilt a good play.

1. CAROLS	. . . .	Messrs Gibb, Pledger, Buxton, Walsh, McKenna, Murtagh, Brown, Kelly, Hanlon
2. PIANO DUET	*Hungarian Dance* (a) *Op.* 46, *No.* 1 (b) *Op.* 46, *No.* 3	Vice-Rector and Mr Rawcliffe
3. MONOLOGUE	(a) *Magna Charta* (b) *Three-'a'pence a foot*	Mr Reynolds
4. ORPHEUS	" *Who Sails with Drake?* "	(C. F. Chudleigh-Candish)
5. INTERLUDE	*Mr Reynolds and his Boys*	
	Bloggs . . .	Mr P. Storey
	Snoggs . . .	Mr Dockery
	Boots . . .	Mr Daley
	Snoots . . .	Mr Fraser
	'Arrison . . .	Mr Richards
	'Omer . . .	Mr Killeen
6. SOLO	(a) " *Heart of Fire-Love* "	Mr Gibb
	(b) " *A Soft Day* "	(Music by Vice-Rector)
7. ITEM	" *A Student's Lot is not a Happy One* "	Messrs Hannon and Buxton
8. ORPHEUS	" *Washington Post* "	(Sousa)

DANDY DICK

Rev. Augustine Jedd, Dean of St Marvell's	Mr Barry
Josephine, his daughter .	Mr Rawcliffe
Blore, his butler . .	Mr Fallon
Jane, maid at the Deanery .	Mr Fraser
Philip Marchant . .	Mr Shelton
Mrs Georgiana Tidman .	Mr Hannon
Sir Tristram Mardon .	Mr McKenna
Hatcham, his groom . .	Mr P. Storey
Noah Topping P.C. . .	Mr Holland
Hannah, his wife . .	Mr M. Connolly

26th. *Thursday*. Rev. S. Lescher and Rev. B. Jackson arrived in time for the fair which included all the favourite stalls and re-introduced a typing contest. The winner will doubtless be overwhelmed with work when we return. After supper we enjoyed an excellent programme of films with the Fathers of Stonyhurst: "Dr Syn", "The Voyage of Discovery II" and a Disney cartoon made up the fare.

27th. *Friday*. *St John's*. We can report an excellent concert. The play was one of those one compares with the outstanding successes of years gone by, asking oneself, "Was it better?" We do not feel competent to say that it was not the best we have seen, and we congratulate the producer sincerely: his work was clearly noticeable in each of the characters, not one of which was weak. The concert too was of a high order, and we were glad to be able to give such an entertainment to a large number of visitors, which included several of the Society, the Revv. J. and L. Ashworth, and three Ushaw Divines. The after-supper Common-room was one of those nights when successful artistes of former pantomimes and concerts are forced on to the stage and jeered.

1. Octet	"*Annie Laurie*"	Messrs Gibb, Brown, Alston, Hiscoe, McKenna, Peters, Hanlon and Kelly
2. Solo	"*Galloping Dick*"	Mr Hanlon
3. Item	. . .	Revv. Lescher, Jackson and Ekbery

I KILLED THE COUNT

Count Mattoni	Mr Auchinleck
Polly	Mr Chapman
Divisional Inspector Davidson	Mr A. Clark
Detective Raines	Mr Campbell
Martin	Mr J. McCann
P.C. Clifton	Mr Richards
Louise Rogers	Mr Tyler
Renée La Lune	Mr Hiscoe
Samuel Diamond	Mr Murtagh
Johnson	Mr Lavery
Mullet	Mr Gibb
Bernard K. Froy	Mr McEnroe
Viscount Sorrington	Mr Fooks

28th. *Saturday*. First Vespers of St Thomas, and card night. We welcomed Mr E. M. Abbot from Oscott and found him a bed.

29th. *Sunday*. *St Thomas'*, with a *pranzone* in which Mrs Cullen rivalled her Christmas fare. Fr Belton S.J. and Fr McEvoy S.J. shared it with us. Another good programme was given by the committees, and the standard of acting was high, although the play itself lacked a determined dénouement.

1. VIOLIN DUET	*Golden Sonata* (Purcell)	Messrs Chapman and Shelton
2. QUARTET	(a) *Mother Goose Medley*	Messrs Gibb, Walsh, Hanlon
	(b) *Italian Salad*	and Kelly
3. SONG	"*Ah, Men*" . .	Vice-Rector
4. SONG	*The March o' the Braes o' Mar*	The Rector
5. SOLO	*Heart of Fire-Love* .	Mr Gibb
	A Soft Day	

NIGHT MUST FALL

Mrs Bramson . .	Mr Pledger
Olivia, her niece . .	Mr Walsh
Mrs Terence, her cook .	Mr Jones
Dora Parkoe, her maid .	Mr Peters
Hubert Laurie . .	Mr Buxton
Nurse Libby . .	Mr Dockery
Inspector Belsize . .	Mr Swaby
DAN . . .	Mr Gannon

Here we might well recall the names of those stalwarts who have done such splendid work in preparation for these concerts, making into a theatre what was a bare room, and providing everything that was necessary for first-class shows with all the incredible dexterity of a conjurer.

Theatre Committee .	Messrs Clark, Shelton and Chadwick
Stage planning and furnishing	Messrs Murtagh and Sowerby
Scenery . . .	Mr Tolkien
Carpenters . . .	Messrs Groarke and Swaby
Electricians . . .	Messrs Wyche and Barry
Properties . . .	Messrs T. Harrison, Tyler and Richards

Tonight after supper we rounded off our first term at St Mary's Hall with the familiar Auld Lang Syne, and regretted that it would not be followed up by the crash of bottles on the cobblestones as the Romans, and *in specie* the Monserratini, knocked out another year from the Roman life of a Roman. But we are not in Rome, and the Auld Lang Syne is, this year, an anachronism. Gossip is abroad today—good old Roman *chiacchiere*—and it whispers that at least for some time after our raid an unexploded bomb lay three hundred yards in front of us. It is even rumoured that it is still there, and so we must take precautions and,

30th. *Monday*, go our several ways. We from the North were amused by the men from the South. They chartered a 'bus to enable them catch their trains ; they chartered it, let it be said, for half-past seven ; but we could not wait for them to go. At eight o'clock we excused ourselves.

" We have a 'bus to catch ", we said, " on the bottom road. It is a local service, so it will be prompt ". Thus it was that we were on our way to Preston before the early starters.

JANUARY 20th. *Monday*. Wishing to return in good time to hear and retail any stories that might come to hand we boarded an early 'bus from Preston. Half-way on the journey we were engulfed by a snow-drift which set us thinking ugly things ; for we were tormented by the thought that perhaps the *Chi Lo Sa ?* representative might be first on the scene, to the unending ignominy of the diarist. However a taxi drew up beside us and out of the *machina* descended the *deus*—Rev. L. Wells, on his first fleeting visit to St Mary's Hall. We found a spare *posto* beside him (leaving our three travelling companions in the drift for another forty minutes) and were the first to arrive at the College.

We discovered in the House six sturdy men who had stayed behind or returned at varying intervals, and joined them in receiving telephone calls from stranded Londoners, snow-bound Easterners and hide-bound Lancastrians. One hesitant traveller showed enterprise by asking the speaker at this end (who had stated at the beginning of the interview that he was " Mr—, acting for the Rector ") to decide for him the impassibility of the roads between his home town and Stonyhurst.

By tea-time there were ten of us, no mean number for that time of the afternoon, and another four or five forced their way through just in time to hear the supper gong. At this point we were gleefully thinking of the Rector and his XV trudging through the snow from Whalley, but unfortunately they found taxis and arrived in time to make us take a smaller portion of spaghetti. We grieve for the Londoner who took a later train, found no buses from Preston, and righteously horrified at the thought of being the sole truant, entrained for Whalley, arriving here at midnight.

We welcome among us a community of five Sisters of St Joseph of Peace. They are to look after our earthly needs—with plenty of porridge, we hope—and we are confident that their stay at the Venerabile will be a happy one.

21st. *Tuesday*. Throughout the day stragglers have wandered in with tall stories of the depth of snow in various parts of England. The competition is keen. Stories of hospitable Preston and inhospitable Blackburn, stories of drifts and stories of fog, stories in fact which smacked of the Abruzzi or Alpi Italiane have been graphically related to all within earshot. Everyone has now returned, with the exception of a couple of invalids and two from Eire, and we have heard with apprehension that there is foot-and-mouth disease there too. The tobacconist was one of today's arrivals, and we were glad to hear that he has been promised a further investigation into the possibility of setting up his shop again.

22nd. *Wednesday*. Skates are not part of the Roman's equipment, so the House was not prepared for a season. However a few, very few, sought out a pond first thing yesterday and again after dinner today, endeavouring to recall an art grown shaky through their Roman course.

24th. *Friday*. The choir-master has laid down a well-waved arm, and has entrusted the *puncta quadrata* to new blood. This afternoon his successor made his entry with a blackboard and drove home a point about a *tristropha* followed by a *climacus*. We looked wise.

FEBRUARY 2nd. *Sunday*. One of the most intriguing pieces of *romanità* was the procession, be it a Station procession, *fiocchi* procession, Cardinal's procession or Sistine Choir procession. It is only right, then, that we should mention our Candlemas procession this morning. We proceeded, with the usual *impedimenta*, along the corridor, down a flight of stairs, up the main staircase and so back to church. Processions are always hard work ; libers, candles and birettas get so mixed up that the candle leaves its traces on all the other liturgical obstacles ; so it was scarcely fair of the M.C. to arrange a staircase procession in which the man behind you treads on your cassock while you tread on the cassock in front.

3rd. *Monday*. Almost from the beginning of the new term we have been beset by an epidemic of 'flu. It sweeps down on a victim or two every day, but a few days suffice to restore the invalid to his unsympathetic companions in the refectory who had been battening on his rations. Tonight, as a last defence against the epidemic, we received the Blessing of St Blaise with unwonted devotion, and was it mere fancy or did the staccato coughs really diminish as row after row went forward to the sanctuary ? Was it *un vero miracolo* ? Probably—it is a wide term.

The ice on " our " reservoir has been very rough since Saturday, so a party of enthusiasts took buckets with them (it is a twenty minutes' walk, *al passo Gregoriano*) to flood a section which they hope will form a perfect surface tomorrow.

4th. *Tuesday*. For nigh on a fortnight our heroic infirmarians have been carrying out their ministrations at all hours of the day and night, and they have done well. Today our head infirmarian took to his bed for a taste of his own medicine. He is an infirmarian without an infirmary, because, although we reported early in our diary the beginnings of one, it never appeared ; those rooms were shortly commandeered, as was his next site. There we now stand, with the iodine merchants looking for a warehouse.

5th. *Wednesday*. " Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense." Tonight we were invited to indulge both soul and sense, though the latter only *in potentia*, by a Wiseman paper on " The Art of Music ". For we are music-conscious. Already we had heard a talk on " Gilbert, Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte " which gave us a new understanding of that strange trio, while the obiter dicta of the last-named made the editor of *Chi Lo Sa ?* hang his head. And there is the gramophone, avidly attended by symphonic sages who frown reproachfully upon any talkative intruder. But rumour has it that the devotees of more modern interpretations have made their invasion plans, for the records are widely varied, and are prepared to storm the sanctum. We personally are diplomatic ; we enthuse with the

" Brahmans " and frolic with the Philistines. But then we are easily pleased.

We are grieved to hear that Sgt-Observer Neville Carlile is missing, presumed killed in action last June. Coming to the Venerabile in 1934 he was two years with present Fourth Year Theology. R.I.P.

6th. *Thursday.* Capac was honoured to hear an address to the Society by Baroness Yvonne Bosch van Drakestein, a Lady of the Grail. She spoke on the Grail Movement, and gave a practical turn to our knowledge of its apostolate. Her talk was inspiring as well as instructive.

11th. *Tuesday. Feria IIIa in Anniversario Convent. Lateran. omnes scholae vacant.*

13th. *Thursday.* Rev. G. Mitchell, now on the staff at Upholland, roared up on his motor-cycle to pay his first visit to us since he left Rome nearly two years ago. Now that he knows the way . . . .

17th. *Monday.* Solicitous for our welfare a board of local A.R.P. wardens effected an entry and examined all our gas-masks ; *distinguo*, all the gas-masks in the College, *concedo*, the gas-masks of all the College, *nego*, for a couple of absent-minded brethren were discomfited to find that they had left them at home. However they were let off with a caution. Of those present only two were declared inefficient ; Props. apparently have not found any use for gas-masks. After supper we were intrigued by the appearance on the Common-room notice-board of cuttings from the *Osservatore*, the *Giornale d'Italia* and, we conjecture, the *Corriere della Sera*, telling us of the new Ospedale " Principe di Piemonte " in Via Monserrato, 45. They are quoted at length in Nova et Vetera, but it is our duty to record the day when we heard that Italian wounded were housed in the English College. Was ever the *Collegio Inglese* so handsomely portrayed ? We read of *lunghissimi corridoi ariosi e luminosissimi—un bel giardino—la bella cappella tanto raccolta.* Speculation is rife : which is the *reparto Tripoli di Africa* and which the *reparto Gerusalemme* ? Where is the isolation section and where the operating theatre ? It is hopeless to try to picture the change—they should have given us more detail. Answer these questions for yourself ; but, whatever your answer and your reflections, you will surely agree that no better and safer way than this of preserving the Venerabile Collegio Inglese could be found. We note that the Madre is still there, and her nuns ; does Raniero still guard the *portineria*, and is Sor Domenico still the head servant ? These are engrossing questions and the bell for night prayers found us still reading ingeniously between those few lines printed in the familiar style and looking so much out of place in a remote district of Lancashire.

18th. *Tuesday.* " Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment for skies Italian." Today the snows returned, presenting an enchanting prospect from our windows but making us shiver indoors or trudge dismally along rapidly deepening roads.

19th. *Wednesday*. The snow provided relaxation for many in strategic though patent ambushes during the afternoon walk, and a few gained more thrilling diversion on a toboggan run near Hodder School—a slope euphemistically called "Paradise". With the astonishing facility of *gitanti* they brought back tales of perils from ditches and streams, and coolly expected belief. We were polite, of course, very polite; but we were not taken in.

21st. *Friday*. Second and Third Year Theology, with the exception of a few who bearded their professors on the last day in Rome, underwent a *periculum* in last year's Morals. As we were among those directly interested we trust that, after this ordeal, you will give us leave to lay down our pen and rest. Thus we come to

22nd. *Saturday*, our last day. It has been most pleasant to recount our vagaries to that model listener, *Patiens*. When we started this diary we lamented the lack of Roman material, but why? We have surely found it everywhere. For our life at St Mary's Hall is informed by that spirit we call Roman, which can weather a Lancashire drizzle or a *scirocco* and can hallow Pendle as well as Pam. Thus, throughout, we have inevitably harked back to a life prematurely ended, while looking forward hopefully to that uncertain day when an advance party will set out to regain our heritage. In the meantime we are well content to carry on at St Mary's Hall, and hope to acquit ourselves well in the unprecedented duty of preserving the Venerabile on English soil. We might add, perhaps—

Patiens : Basta.

Agens : So be it. To you we bequeath our pen. *Addio.*

B. K. O'Neill.

PERSONAL

When we returned after Christmas we found five nuns of the Order of St Joseph of Peace in charge of the kitchen. We take this occasion of bidding them welcome, and of assuring them of our appreciation of their devoted attention to the domestic affairs of the House. We hope they may enjoy a happy stay at the Venerabile.

We have heard so far of one other chaplain from the ranks of the Venerabile. Rev. G. Nesbitt (1929–36) was appointed some time ago, and we send our belated best wishes to him in his new post.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Rev. F. Rogers (1930–37), now in the Lourdes Hospital, Dublin. We wish him a speedy return to health.

There are some changes of address to record :—

Rev. J. Donnelly, D.D. (1916–23) has gone from St John's, New Ferry, to St Vincent's, Altrincham.

Rev. J. Hampson (1919–24), who until the outbreak of war was with the Catholic Motor Mission, and then served as curate at St Elizabeth's, Litherland, is now parish priest at St Michael's, Ditton Hall, Widnes.

Rev. L. Maudslay (1919–27) has gone from Keighley, Yorks, to Our Lady's, Pately Bridge, Harrogate.

Rev. G. Worsley, D.D. (1920–27) has gone from St Winifrid's, Neston, to St John's, New Ferry, Cheshire.

Rev. W. Park, D.D. (1923–30) has left the chaplaincy at Lindley, Freshfield, and is now at St Joseph's, Birkdale, Southport.

Rev. A. Clayton, D.D. (1919–26) who was at the English Martyrs', Preston, is now parish priest at St Mary's, Morecambe.

To all in their new appointments we send our best wishes.

The Senior Student for the year 1941–42 is Mr G. Auchinleck.

The Editor Welcomes any Information which may be sent to him for this Column.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

With this number we feel the Magazine is firmly established in its new English home, and it is to a retired editor and secretary, who brought the Magazine across the seas and settled it on this island before seeking the leisure of retirement, that this comparative security is due, and to them we owe our thanks. Mr Hanlon joined the staff in the dim days of 1936, and for most of that period was in supreme command of the business affairs of the Magazine. Mr Pledger has spent himself for THE VENERABILE since 1937, and had the onus as well as the distinction of editing two vital numbers, the last in Rome when the clouds were gathering, and the first in England which recorded the transition, and which was produced under great difficulties.

To replace the retired editor and secretary Mr Chapman has joined the staff as sub-editor, while Mr Buxton is without portfolio, and, of course, without typewriter.

The staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Lavery — Secretary : Mr T. Harrison
Sub-editor : Mr Chapman — Under-secretary : Mr Groarke
Without Portfolio : Mr Buxton

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Claves Regni (St Peter's College, Bearsden), *The Cottonian*, *The Douai Magazine*, *The Downside Review*, *The Edmundian*, *The Lisbonian*, *The Oratory School Magazine*, *The Oscotian*, *Pax*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*.

Note : By an error the last number of the Magazine was printed as No. 5 of Vol. 9. We regret the mistake, but find the most practical solution is to make Vol. 9 consist of five issues. Hence this is Vol. X, No. 1

SPORTS

TENNIS

" The British are gentlemen ". It was with these words that Marshal Graziani comforted a Libyan colonist who viewed the departure of the Italian divisions with dismay. But it was probably with more relief than dismay that the *custode* of the Knights' ground noted our absence after the middle of May, for to him fell a stock of booty, of rackets and shoes, which we could not carry home. But though we are gone he will not easily forget us, and will always accredit the English with a tenacity and doggedness that are invincible, for these were the qualities predominantly displayed by our secretary, Mr A. Clark, who never feared to 'phone and enquire if the courts were fit, even if a cloud had burst but an hour before and the City was deluged. But the *custode* was inventive enough, and was always ready with a reason to prevent our coming ; either the courts were being marked because the *Direttore* (a mysterious figure) was coming on the morrow ; or they had been flooded by some miscreant who had left the hose to play too long ; and putting down the receiver he would return to his *riposo*.

But the adventure would not end there. Before his dream was well begun this son of Morpheus would again be aroused by a *camerata* which, as it averred, had left before the secretary had 'phoned, or which regretted that the secretary had mistranslated the vital phrase " stanno in lavorazione ". This anti-obstructionist policy invariably gained us admission to the courts, and Philosophers at least, free from afternoon lectures, passed many a pleasant hour at play, while Theologians dozed in drowsy aulas. Sunday mornings, too, previously sacrosanct to the *custode*, were often invaded, and carried by a frontal attack, supported by a welter of gesticulation. Who knows but that, in time, we might have conquered him completely, and the gates of the tennis-court might have opened to us with the same welcome as the gates of Pam ?

But this miniature war was abruptly ended by a more real menace, and within a space of weeks the scene of our tennis had changed from the vicinity of St Peter's to the garden of a country house on Windermere. Wilson, the gardener at Croft Lodge, cleared a court which for years had been buried beneath a wilderness of shrubs ; and the House besieged it. At times the rain, not the cheerful downpours that drench Rome for an hour and then make way for a fairer sun, but rain persistent and dogged, which is the eternal lot of the men of Westmorland, drove us from the court ; still with clearer skies and a few hours of sunshine the hardy turf would again take our play. It had its tricks, of course, and would not yield to the roller. A hard low ball would " shoot " ; or a " spinner " striking one of the many hillocks inside the " tram-lines " would deceive even the elect, so that a social etiquette soon tabooed this master-stroke. The keenness never waned, as it did with the Isaac Waltons, and even after supper with the clouds banked up behind Loughrigg deepening the twilight, a singles would be in progress, until the bell summoned all to prayers.

Encouraged by success the secretary organised a tournament, introduced by a large chart on the notice-board and full of complications and inexplicable arrows and brackets. But the initiated found it simple enough, and it worked out to a triumphant conclusion, especially for Messrs Hanlon and Roche who received fifty cigarettes, and for their defeated opponents Messrs McKenna and O'Neill, who did not go unrewarded.

Now another season of tennis, and again in new surroundings is to be inaugurated at St Mary's Hall, when the fine weather, which Lancastrians assure us will come some day, breaks over our courts, and rain-coats can be discarded. A final thought : what will the Italians say if they come upon our herculean excavations at the Villa ? " Magari ", I should suggest. But Luigi will have much to explain.

ASSOCIATION

The season opened with more keenness than material. Boots, shirts and shorts had been jettisoned in the hurried and limited packing on the eve of our departure from Rome, and many players had not yet replaced them. However, the Roman's dream of a field of our own close to the College was fulfilled, though not perhaps in every detail. No posts were to be found for the small inclined pitch that we discovered, and its boundaries, if unmarked, were sufficiently determined by hawthorn hedges, easily cleared by a refractory ball, but not easily penetrated for its recovery. We soon improvised goal-posts, and accepted a liberal ruling that the line was " a yard from the hedge " ; and the season began with a ball from Leeds Seminary.

Those first games, before Stonyhurst gave us the use of a bigger pitch, were often played without full sides, but the numbers were in keeping with the size of the field, and they will be remembered as enjoyable battles, in which the football developed some admirable qualities. And then there was the small pavilion where we gathered after the game, and, through the smoke of a restful cigarette, commented on the features of the play, bewailing a bruise, or a missed goal that might have been decisive.

Since First Year boasts only three members, and the faculty of Philosophy few players, the first representative game was played not between Theologians and Philosophers, but, instead, Clerics and Laymen opposed each other. Both sides began in real earnest, determined to uphold the honour of their state, and at half-time they had scored one goal each. But the second half showed a change, and the clerics playing with the calm befitting their Orders, eventually won by seven goals to one—a well-merited triumph. And lest this account seem to be partial it should be added that the writer played for the laity. But the losers, though humiliated, were not crushed. Some weeks later, after we had been given the use of a pitch at Stonyhurst, they sent forth a challenge to the clerics, still basking in the glory of a great victory. The clerics accepted, but were not equal to the vigorous play of a team of vindictive anti-clericals, and were defeated by four goals to two.

One pleasing novelty of this season has been the number of games played, for an hour or so, on days when *scholae non vacabant*. For our captain, indeed, they are followed by the intricate task of extracting thorns from those boundary hedges from the inside of the cases, but he bears it well, and we feel that Mr Fallon merits our congratulations for his work in launching with great success the first season on English soil. We did think of challenging the Scots, but feared they might accept, and appoint a day for a game to be played on some windswept heath on the border.

We greatly appreciate the Rev. A. Hulme's gift of a new ball and two used ones, and a most welcome addition to our funds from E. Hanlon Esq.

RUGBY

Twelve months ago, on the Ponte Sisto, a playful breeze revealed to a scoffing world our most peculiar taste in stockings which, with their green and white rings, protruded shamelessly from beneath our billowing cassocks. Need I explain ? We were hastening to Pamphili for " Rugger ". We little dreamed then that within a year we should be cheering Stonyhurst and watching those stockings playing at home. Yet *sic fata ferebant* ; and here we are, chastened in spirit, learning that there is sense after all in what " Chi Lo Sa ? " has loved to call *il giuoco inglese*. We find that Rugby " as she is played " is quite a rational game. Strange though it may seem, many who play it have clear ideas about what to do next. Even our own dull brain is slowly beginning to realise the importance of the oft-screamed admonition to " fall on the ball ". Practical demonstration and cruel experience have produced a fixed resolve to do great things, really to grip him by the knees this time. Surely it would not be rash to say that our residence at St Mary's Hall, short though it has been, has already stimulated Venerabile Rugger into trying to play the game with some degree of scientific strategy. There are many signs of the improvement : fewer people stand dithering and bewildered when they find a ball lying at their feet ; fewer people hang aimlessly at the back of a loose scrum philosophising, and there is a certain readiness to follow up quickly.

Though our somewhat reduced numbers have made it more difficult to get full sides we have had several well fought games under almost every possible meteorological condition. Our thanks are due to the authorities at Stonyhurst who were so willing to give us a pitch on which to play. There we have strained and pushed and grovelled to our heart's delight in such mud as only an English winter can provide. To the Vice-Rector we owe our thanks for a fine ball, with which we launched the new season.

So far the great event of the season has been the match against Stonyhurst Second XV. This was a fast exciting game. The opposing forwards, energetic youths whose blood had not been thinned by Roman summers, proved slightly quicker on their feet, but our greater weight gradually

made itself felt. When one of the more stalwart members of our pack strode grimly across the Stonyhurst line and touched down with half a dozen opponents draped around his limbs, we felt proud of this Roman brawn, and victory hovered near. For this was the equalising try though Stonyhurst had been leading six—nil at half time. However, the score still stood at two tries all when the final whistle blew. We finished astonishingly fresh, although we were well-blown before the first half had lasted many minutes. We must fight again another day.

OBITUARY

Dr. Bernard Vincent Miller.

Bernard Vincent Miller came to the Venerabile for the opening of the Schools in November 1890. I had arrived a few days earlier, but I cannot recall his first appearance in the Refectory (as I write now fifty years later, and in memory look across from where the first year Theologians sat to the neophytes in Philosophy, every figure grows dim before the glory of Edward Mostyn, clad in a light and loud suit of check, of about one and a half inch squares, which, coupled with a biretta, eclipsed all else). I do remember Miller's relating adventures on his way out which had resulted from his conviction that *uomini* was the Italian for *women*.

He was a Southwark student and had been at Woolhampton. He had cently obtained a very high place in Honours in the London Matriculareon. He was by far the youngest student in the College and it is very tirguable that another couple of years spent in " Humanities " before aettling down to the Roman Course would have been to his lasting advansage. At any rate, and to Dr Prior's great pleasure, there would be no toubt about his doing the full three years in Philosophy. He had no difficulty with his studies. I still have the Premiation list of the Gregorian dor 1891 and see that Miller got the medal for Mathematics and a *proxime* fn Logic and General Metaphysics. Not a bad start.

i In the spring of 1891 he got a jackdaw and tamed it. He used to bring it down to the garden after dinner. He took it to Monte Porzio, and it used to be with him at our picnics on Tusculum.

I think he was conscious that he was the " boy " of the College in those days. I do not remember his airing views of his own. He would listen to others and smile—rather like " the Cheshire Cat "—and was in fact called " Smiler " by some of us.

It must have been in 1891 that there was a little trouble with the Roman Police over a metal wreath that was wrenched off from the column supporting the bust of Giordano Bruno on the Pincian. An explanation about the wing of Miller's soprano having got involved with this wreath obtained more final evidence at the Questura than among his contemporaries in the Monserrato.

In 1893 he got his Ph.D. and a *proxime* in Metaphysics. I saw only the beginning of his theological course. He must have done very well.

Returning to England his first curacy was at Camberwell under Canon William Murname. This should have been a great opportunity to show his worth, but it must be confessed that he did not take very kindly to ordinary mission work. In fact an article in *Pastoralia* in 1900 by his Rector : " *My new Curate : what am I to do with him ?* " was generally understood, *mutatis mutandis*, to have pointed at Miller. He left Camberwell and for some months was at Balham under Fr. Warwick.

His friends felt that he would be happier teaching and a chance offered at Woolhampton under Canon J. M. Scannell. Bishop Cahill asked for his services and Bishop Bourne agreed, but with the condition of incardination to the Portsmouth Diocese. This was effected and Miller joined the Woolhampton staff in 1902. In the following year Bishop Cahill gave over Woolhampton to the monks from Douai and Miller would have had to return to mission work but Dr. Francis Lloyd who had been teaching Theology at Oscott died in September 1903 and Miller was appointed in his place.

This was very much to his taste. He had found the great opportunity of his life : for twenty-one years he taught in the great Seminary of the Midlands.

Monsignor F. E. Ross who was also on the Oscott staff writes to me : " I never heard Miller lecture. I used to be impressed with the conscientious way in which he prepared his lectures, settling down for a couple of hours every evening and writing them out. When we discussed any point of Theology in the " Den " he was clearheaded and lucid in explanation. He was eminently faithful to his Roman training and kept close to traditional lines.

" He was a great believer in keeping his mind fresh by his annual holiday for which he used to prepare for months beforehand. Often he went alone with his bicycle to Germany or Spain, going over solitary passes without the least fear. He loved to stop at country inns and talk with the country folk. I accompanied him on a trip to the Rhineland and Saar Valley—we rode from Cologne to Strasbourg, went over the Vosges and came down the Saar to Trier and ended at Maastricht and spent only £13 including boat fare from London to Rotterdam and back. He spoke German well and was chatty and genial with all we met and full of information on the history of places we visited.

" It was a surprise when Parkinson asked him to become Vice Rector, but they worked well together and he was most loyal and faithful to the end."

Mgr. Parkinson died in June 1924 and his successor at Oscott as President wished to lecture in Theology himself and Miller returned to the Portsmouth Diocese. Bishop Cotter told me that it was suggested that in recognition of his long service at Oscott he should be made a Monsignor but that he (Bishop Cotter) suggested that something in the way of a small pension would be more to the point. That suggestion not being adopted,

he got no formal recognition at all. He was appointed Chaplain to the Sacred Heart Sisters at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, where he had most of the day to himself and could do literary work including a good deal of book reviewing. After years of this he took over the ancient mission of East Hendred in Berkshire with its young daughter of Didcot. In 1934 he broke down and had a double and grave operation. It seemed as though his life work was ended but after a considerable spell of sickleave he was able to undertake the Chaplaincy to the Christian Brothers at Inglewood, Kintbury, Berkshire, from 1935. In 1938 he took over the Lyndhurst parish from Canon Hally but after another period of illness died September 25th, 1939.

He is buried in the public Cemetery which lies to the left of the Southampton-Bournemouth road just before Lyndhurst is reached—an open and sunny spot. Many of his former students and friends may motor that way and be glad to know his resting place. R.I.P.

FRANCIS O'FARRELL.

CANON BUSCOT.

With the death of Canon Willibrord Buscot the Church in England loses one of that older generation of priests distinguished by its solid piety, its dignity of manner and its reserve in speech and conduct. Born on September 4th, 1863 he was ordained at the age of twenty-five after illness caused by Roman fever. He was sent at once to St Wilfrid's College, Cotton, where for thirteen years he was esteemed as one of the best professors on the staff, particularly in the teaching of history. During the same period he laboured much in the countryside, bringing back to the Church many members of families converted by Father Faber and the Brothers of the Will of God that had fallen away from the practice of religion when Cotton Hall was given up by the Passionists. Even today Fr Buscot's name is held in benediction by the people of the district. When, in 1902, Fr Walter Ireland retired from the Presidency of the College, Fr Buscot was invited to become a professor at Prior Park College ; but the unfortunate closure of that college two years later meant the return of Fr Buscot to his own diocese. During the next nine years he laboured at Burton-on-Trent, Goldenhill and Caversham, until he was appointed to Uttoxeter in 1913. Here he built the finest modern elementary school in the district ; and although an indefatigable visitor and an exemplary parish priest, he found time for study and serious reading. He was appointed diocesan archivist, and, in 1926, was raised to the Chapter. After retiring in 1935 he devoted his time to writing *The History of Cotton College*, which, published last year, was enthusiastically received by the Press. He died after a short illness. R.I.P.

T. E. BIRD.

SERGEANT-OBSERVER NEVILLE CARLILE, R.A.F.

It was in the Rome-Rocca tram, the ideal milieu for introductions, that I first met Neville Carlile. I was sitting next to him and was relieved to find that he also was a new man. He looked as strange as I felt, yet I noticed how even then nothing seemed to disturb him.

We were both in First Year 1934, and after the Retreat I was introduced to him again and from then on got to know him well. He had been to March Grammar School, and brought a breath of East Anglia into our urbanised heritage. He could talk of places that stood for holiday memories ; and, above all, knew Walsingham much better than I did who had only been there once. He had seen it often since its restoration as a shrine, and had taken many fine photographs of the pilgrimages there.

At first we thought he was a millionaire. How well I remember the magnificent crucifix he bought in the Piazza Minerva ! He loved beautiful things. We admired much more his reactions to the poverty that followed on his first lavishness. His family would certainly have come to his rescue had he asked, but he had been given enough money to last so long, and last it should.

That was typical of him, the acceptance of an unpleasant situation and the determination to make what he could of it. This trait came out most strongly when there were doubts about his vocation. He realised his position, but was determined not to burn his boats behind him while there was the slightest hope of using them. There can be no torment of soul keener than that of a student who sees all the attraction of the priesthood, yet feels his hold on it slipping. I have seen nothing braver than his fight for his vocation, even though he himself realized that it must be a losing fight. When I went from Palazzola to Lourdes in 1936 he asked me to offer my visit to the baths to help him to make up his mind. I remembered the exact time well enough, and, on returning, he told me the time he had made his decision to leave. It was the same time as my visit, though I did not tell him.

He wanted to be an architect, and used to write to me about the work he was doing in house-designing, and the examinations for which he was studying. Later he entered the Royal Air Force, and, until the outbreak of war, worked in the draughtsmanship department. For him it was only an obvious step to volunteer for active service as an observer. He was reported missing on June 13th (and he loved St Anthony) and, after the lapse of six months, he is presumed killed on active service.

For him there is no record of achievement, but perhaps it is better so ; he died, the first English College man to fall in this struggle for Christianity, a hero's death, though, ever prone to depreciate himself, he would never have called it so. We shall always remember him, and his love for beautiful things. The portraits he copied of St John Fisher and St Thomas More took one thousand measurements each, yet no-one would have suspected him of patience. He copied them because he could not buy any which satisfied him. We can safely say he was better than he ever dreamed.

A. HULME.

OUR BOOK SHELF

Liber Ruber Venerabilis Collegii Anglorum de Urbe. Edited by Wilfrid Kelly, Ph.D. Annales Collegii: Pars Prima. Nomina Alumnorum. 1579–1630. The Catholic Record Society. (No. xxxvii). Preface by Abp. Godfrey.

Here are the first fruits of dust-blowing among the College archives; as Dr Kelly observes in his Introduction, this is "the first of the many important documents preserved in the archives of the College which it is hoped in time to publish. The present volume is roughly the first half of the Register of Students kept from 1579–1783, which comprises the first part of the Liber Ruber itself. The other part, the publication of which is due to follow that of the Register, consists of various annual entries, financial and administrative, some annual letters from the College, and other quodlibets.

The Register, bearing the title of "Nomina Alumnorum", is the official record of students at the College from St George's day, 1579, and opens with an account of the taking (or refusal) of the new College oath on that date by the then resident students, including the future martyrs, Sherwin, Kirby, Haydock and Hart. This covers the first fifty entries, merely giving after each man's name his age, orders received, position in course of studies, and the fact of his having taken the oath or not, followed by a brief indication (inserted later) of his subsequent career. After entry no. 50, additional details are given, and the section devoted to each man takes the form of: (1) the original statement of his reception into the College, with names of Rector and Cardinal Protector, the date, his age, the diocese he came from, and the stage he had reached in his studies; then, added in the course of time, (2) autographically signed acceptance of the oath, with date—for several years the formula of the oath being given in full; (3) notice of orders received (if any); and (4) a brief indication of character or history after leaving the College.

There would seem to be no need to insist on the importance of the publication of a document giving such facts as these, relating as they do not only to so many of the martyrs, but also to not a few of the leading figures of penal Catholicism. Though most of the entries will be of interest chiefly to the historian or student, the terse statements as to the characters and later careers of those listed in the Register lend to it a pleasantly human touch: for example—"Fuerat ex tumultuantibus sed resipuit et bonam

satisfactionem dedit " ; or " Cum missus esset in Apuliam ad colligendas pro Collegio Rhemensi eleemosinas, occisus est ab itineris duce, quem ipse antea conduxerat non procul a Bari ". Sometimes the touch is more human and less pleasant : " Discessit propter adversam valetudinem oculorum : et in Anglia fidem negavit ", " Pessime se postea gessit, initis cum Walsinghamo Reginae secretario clandestinis commerciis una cum Gilb. Giffordo 1588 ". Every now and then we meet one of the College martyrs, with a big number opposite his name ; and the entry concludes with the laconic remark : " Martirio insignitus est paulo post ", or " factus est martyr ".

A mutilated version of the Liber Ruber, in English, was included by Foley in vol. vi of his Records of the English Province S.J. under the title of " Diary of the English College " : apparently its faults are not to be attributed to him but to his having copied it from an expurgated transcript taken for the Historical Manuscripts Commission. The present edition, in contrast, is a model of transcriptorial exactness and care, providing the reader with a precise indication of every word, letter, stop, and even erasure in the original. Such detail is an inestimable advantage to the close student of the book as a whole, or of any name or group of names in particular. But one fears at times that Dr Kelly has perhaps exceeded the bounds of Precision's well-ordered garden, and strayed into the arid deserts of Pedantry. It is true he is able to quote as pretext the Record Society's instructions to copyists to make their transcripts " complete, without excisions, verbatim et literatim ". But is it important that we should know that " ostiarius " is corrected from " ostearius " ? that here certain letters have been " blotted ", or there a lapsus styli has been erased by the original scribe ? One might have wished that some of the space expended on these minutiae, or the continual reprinting in full of the formula of the oath, had been, to better purpose, occupied with references to other sources of information concerning the subjects of the entries : at least to more obvious works, such as Challoner's " Memoirs " or Camm's " Lives of the Martyrs ", if not to less popular sources, as Dodd, other Record Society volumes, or even Foley himself.

In the Introduction we are promised " at a later stage an account of the subject matter of the Liber Ruber, which will also be elucidated by the analytical index ". May we hope that these features will go some way towards filling the lacuna we have felt to be present in this volume as it stands ? and even that it may be found possible to provide something in the nature of a brief but accurate account of the College's history, so that the students mentioned in the Register and the few facts it gives about them may be seen in their proper setting ? It does not seem that such would be outside the scope or policy of the Society.

These things are said more in the nature of suggestion than of criticism. Far be it from us to appear to disparage in any way what is undoubtedly a contribution of the first importance to the history, not only of the College, but of English Catholicism in general. As such we welcome it, and as such we praise it and its editor and his collaborators, who have placed us so heavily in their debt.

T.P.F.