

THE VENERABLE

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THE VENERABLE

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With every best wish and blessing
to the students past and present
of the Venerable + Bernard, abp of Westminster

On the eve of going to press, we have received the following important letter:—

Rev. R. P. Redmond, C.F. (R.C.)

c/o S.C.F. (R.C.),

H.Q. 8 Army,

C.M.F.

9th June, 1944.

Dear Monsignor Macmillan,

Though doubtless Fr. Abbing has kept you in touch with college affairs all the time, this report may be of interest to you.

(1) I entered the College on Tuesday morning, 6th June, being the first Chaplain in. A small Knights of Malta flag was over the main entrance. Raniero, who is in uniform but evidently attached to the Red Cross and so still in charge as porter, greeted me warmly and introduced his wife and baby. The Director of the Hospital and the Chaplain were most cordial and showed me all round. It is being used for civilian casualties, and has been beautifully kept. Apart from the hospital beds and certain laboratory and surgical fittings, nothing has been changed. When I entered the church, the years slipped away as if the interval, with all its storms, had never been. The other chapel is used as a store for the college furniture. Garden is unchanged—water in the tank—corpulent goldfish in the fountain. The Sisters are quite undisturbed and carry on with the cooking and laundry. All the rooms, the Recreation Room and Salone are wards. A door has been made in the back of the Recreation Room to connect with the lavatories. The room in this passage has been adapted as an Operating Theatre, as also the Vice-Rector's room. The Library is locked. An electric lift runs up to the top floor (which I suppose will write a new chapter to the College Rules!) All pictures and shrines are in position.

My deepest impression was of the greatest satisfaction, firstly at the useful purpose for which the College is being used; secondly, at the beautiful way in which everything has been preserved. The whole "atmosphere" is that of the College we knew.

(2) I visited the Villa on June 9th. This I found occupied . . . Luigi and family—his wife, Alfredo, Chiara and her little daughter, and "Bill"—welcomed me enthusiastically. The Germans had occupied it for about three months. Much of the ordinary bedroom furniture was used for firewood. Church has been used as a store, but later evacuated and tidied up. A mortar-bomb hit the roof of the cloister but the damage is very slight.

The enemy left it in a filthy condition by all accounts. The present inhabitants have thoroughly cleaned it out: and everything—church, cloisters, refectory, rooms, garden—is as spick and span now as you could wish. The mess was the usual German pigsty stuff—there was no structural damage or even damage or dirtying of the walls. I lunched in the Refectory on our own tables. The walls are covered with designs which I presume are German. If so, these are surprisingly not of the usual lewd soldier variety, but genuinely good.

As to what will happen there, I presume that Fr. Abbing knows what is what and will have the situation in hand. . . . I was in a great hurry and have had no time to see him.

The Cross still stands on Tusculum, but it is sad to see the destruction in the castelli—Luigi's family send their auguri.

Yours sincerely,

P. REDMOND.

*with
to
of the venerable + Bernard, copy of manuscript*

EDITORIAL

When Dr Bernard Griffin was raised to the Episcopate in 1938, it was recorded in *THE VENERABLE* that he was the first of the post-war generation to be so honoured. He was a student at the English College from 1921 to 1925 during the Rectorship of Monsignor Hinsley, whom he has now been chosen to succeed in the See of Westminster. That he has many of the characteristics which endeared his predecessor to all who met him we know well, for we have had the privilege of entertaining both the late Cardinal and the present Archbishop in our Common Room here at St Mary's Hall. In an address to the House Bishop Griffin inspired us with some of his own enthusiasm for the National Youth Movement, a cause which Cardinal Hinsley also had so near to his heart.

Just before going to Press we have had the additional pleasure of seeing the See of Nottingham filled by the Rev. Edward Ellis, who was a contemporary of Archbishop Griffin in the College. Since we came to St Mary's Hall Bishop Ellis has been one of our most generous benefactors, his loan of books going far towards forming a nucleus round which our present Library has been stocked.

While paying to His Grace of Westminster and to the new Bishop of Nottingham our filial homage and respects, we beg to offer them our sincere congratulations and to assure them of our constant prayers for their good estate.

ROBERT GUISCARD

Every ardent Roman "bricker" should know the name of Robert Guiscard. Even the less ardent, who gave up bricking after their first six weeks for the softer allurements of "Pam", might still have a vague recollection of his name, especially if they paid more than a cursory visit to San Clemente, that historical show-piece of Roman churches, for there they would have been told that the famous lower church, over which the present day church is built, had been dramatically rediscovered in the nineteenth century after it had lain buried and long forgotten since the time it was almost entirely destroyed in 1084, when Robert Guiscard burned all the public edifices from the Lateran to the Capitol. The sack and burning of the City on that occasion surpassed all others in destructiveness, and the whole of that region where San Clemente is situated, between the Lateran and the Capitol, was laid waste and remained devastated for centuries, so that a sixteenth century writer could say that had not the greenery of gardens and vineyards overlaid the ruins, the scars of destruction would still stand open as a blemish on the face of the City. Even to this day the only features of that district are mean nineteenth century tenements and ancient churches much restored.

Who was Robert Guiscard, and how did he achieve this doubtful distinction of causing so much more ruin to the City than any of its previous invaders, and that at a date so much beyond the time of the great barbarian invasions? Such questions had to be shelved when both "brickers" and "Pamites" had more important speculations in Philosophy and Theology to attend to; but now the question has a rather topical interest

when it is learned that Guiscard marched from Salerno to Rome to deliver the City and the Pope from the occupation of the German Emperor, Henry IV. This is not to suggest, of course, that there is any real historical parallel between the event and the present situation in Italy; but the coincidence of the facts may perhaps serve as an excuse for the following rough sketch of a remarkable character, and the part he played in one of the major disasters which the City of Rome has managed to survive.

“The establishment of the Normans in the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily”, observes Gibbon with truth, “is an event most romantic in origin, and in its consequences most important to Italy and the Eastern Empire.” Robert Guiscard, that is, “the resourceful” (c. 1015—1085), has been described as the hero and the founder of that Norman dominion in Southern Italy; he was certainly the most remarkable and the most outstanding of the Norman adventurers who conquered Southern Italy in the first half of the eleventh century. These had come originally as pilgrims to the shrine of St Michael on Mount Garganus in Apulia, but they stayed to lend their arms as mercenaries to the rival Greeks and Lombards who were then the ruling powers. By the year 1030, in return for their services, they had acquired the town of Aversa as their stronghold and rallying-point, and from 1030 onwards the Normans, led by the sons of Tancred of Hauteville, a petty noble of Coutances in Normandy, wrested Apulia from the Greeks. In 1042 they made Melfi their capital, and William “iron-arm” declared himself “comes Normannorum totius Apuliae et Calabriae”. In 1044 his brother Humphrey succeeded William, and in 1046 Robert, the seventh son of Tancred of Hauteville, arrived in Italy and soon rose to distinction. At the battle of Civitate (modern Civitella) the Normans under Humphrey, Robert Guiscard and Richard of Aversa defeated the army of Pope St Leo IX, and their reputation in arms was thereby considerably increased. By 1057 Robert had succeeded his older brother Humphrey as Count of Apulia, and six years later he was reconciled to the Papal See and invested with Apulia, Calabria, and Sicily by Pope Nicholas II at the Synod of Melfi on August 23rd. Thereafter he styled himself “By the grace of God and St Peter, Duke of Apulia, Calabria and hereafter of Sicily”. In the next twenty years Robert accomplished a series of conquests which far surpassed both in execution and ambition the petty local

raids of his brothers before him. In 1061, in league with his younger brother Roger, he captured Messina and in 1072 Palermo; in 1071 Bari was taken and the Greeks were ousted from Italy. The territories round Salerno already acknowledged Robert's overlordship, and in 1076 the town itself capitulated after a siege of eight months and Guiscard married Sikelgaita, the sister of the Lombard prince of Salerno whom he had overthrown. She was later to prove herself in actual battle almost as valiant a warrior as her doughty husband.

By 1080 the great Hildebrand was Pope, and he decided to reinvest Robert as Duke of Apulia, Calabria and Sicily. He also added the Abruzzi to his dominion, but reserved Salerno. The following year Guiscard sailed against the Greek Empire. In 1082 he captured Corfu and Durazzo from the Emperor Alexius and was already striking terror amongst all the Greeks even as far as the Imperial Court at Constantinople.

It was while he was engaged in this campaign that the Pope, Gregory VII, who was besieged in his own city by the German Emperor Henry IV, recalled him to his aid. For three successive years Henry had camped before Rome and partly besieged it; but the Romans had so far remained loyal to the Pope, and Henry had failed to occupy the City. At last probably through the discomforts of the siege, and partly on account of their venality, the Romans changed their minds, and sent envoys to Henry inviting him to take possession of the City. Whatever their exact motives, the standards of morality in the City at the time were not very high if they may be fairly guessed from the accusations of the Norman monk, Geoffrey Malaterra. He addresses the city rhetorically:—

Roma quondam bellipotens toto orbe florida . . .
 In te cuncta prava vigent, luxus, avaritia,
 Fides nulla, nullus ordo, pestis simoniaca
 Gravata omnes fines suos, cuncta sunt venalia.

Henry, at any rate, was surprised but pleased by the change in his fortunes, and wrote to a German bishop: "Despairing of taking Rome, I was ready to return to Germany when Roman messengers recalled us to the City, which received us with rejoicings." Henry quickly returned and entered Rome on the Feast of St Benedict, March 21st, 1084, and had himself crowned Emperor in St Peter's by the anti-pope of his own creation,

Clément III. Gregory meanwhile had sought refuge in the Castel Sant' Angelo, where he was besieged and where he now not only faced a scene of humiliation which might have effaced Canossa, but also saw his authority and the value of all the work of reform he had accomplished threatened by the open defiance of the Emperor. It was in these circumstances that Gregory called in the aid of Guiscard and his Normans, for his was the only power that could counterbalance that of the Emperor, and he had promised fealty and assistance to Gregory at the investiture of 1080. It was in any case to the interest of Robert to oppose the power of the Emperor: his triumph at Rome might well lead on to further aggressions upon the territories of the Normans in the South. Accordingly he sailed for Italy and during the winter of 1083 made preparations for an attack on Rome, gathering together the largest army he had hitherto assembled, including Saracens as well as the natives of Calabria and Apulia. Indeed the terrified people often called the Normans by the popular name they gave to all Saracens—*Agareni*. In the spring of 1084 Guiscard started from Salerno with six thousand horse and thirty thousand foot, and came by forced marches along the Via Latina through the valley of the Sacco to Rome. No details of the journey are recorded; but unlike the modern counterpart, it would be entirely unopposed. The Emperor, far from being able to advance to meet Guiscard, was not able even to defend himself within the City, since earlier he had sent the greater part of his forces back to Lombardy and dared not rely on the help of the fickle Romans. He retired, taking his anti-pope with him, to Civita Castellana, three days before Guiscard appeared before Rome, which was on May 24th. Guiscard first pitched his camp at Aqua Martia, to the north east of the City, outside the Porta San Lorenzo (Porta Tiburtina). Here he waited for three days to see whether Henry's withdrawal might only be a feint, fearing he might return to attack in his rear. This fear proving groundless, he took the City by storm on May 28th, 1084. The contemporary account describes how at dawn his picked men scaled the Porta San Lorenzo where the guard was weakest and no one suspected an entry, prised open the doors and let the others in to pass through the streets and squares until they came to the Flaminian Gate, outside which the main army was waiting, and broke it open "rather by force than by freeing the bolts". The Norman army then surged

through the City shouting "Guiscard!" and terrifying the citizens, and in their rush overcoming such opposition as was made until they reached the Pope in the Castel Sant' Angelo. From there they released him, and "with the honour which befitted him" led him back to his palace of the Lateran, where the Duke first, and afterwards all his army made obeisance to the Pope, "prostrating themselves at his feet with gifts".

Thus Guiscard, the Norman knight who had vanquished the Emperor of the East in battle and sent the Emperor of the West fleeing in fear before his armies, crowned all his triumphs by capturing the City of Rome and restoring the Pope to his rightful throne. But his glories were soon to be sullied by more direful events. On the third day the Romans rose in revolt against the foreigners, whose invasion they bitterly resented; and apparently their concerted attacks, which took the Normans within the City by surprise, seemed almost likely to prevail, and desperate clashes took place. The Duke's son Roger, who occupied the camp outside the City with a thousand men-at-arms, hastened to his father's aid, but still the resistance of the Romans could not be broken; and then the fatal word was spoken which brought such lasting ruin to the City. The Normans set fire to the buildings, a changing wind spread the conflagration, and the Romans fled in confusion, abandoning all further resistance. They were pursued by the victors to the walls of the City and to the Tiber; many were slain and many were taken prisoner, even women being carried away bound into slavery. The City was then thrown open to plunder and robbery, until the citizens were forced, as the only means of ending their misery, to send a deputation to the Duke asking for pardon and a cessation of hostilities. Even the warrior Guiscard felt remorse "*quod tantis urbem affecisset injuriis*". The pardon was granted, and the Normans withdrew from the City, leaving it to its fate. Guiscard returned to Salerno, and the Pope went with him since he still feared the treachery of the Romans, and it was there that Gregory died in the following year, 1085, and was buried in the Cathedral of St Matthew.

It is not the purpose of this short article to measure the significance or to apportion the merit or blame of the events that form its brief narrative. It is sufficient to say that all the records of the period are unanimous in one thing: the Normans had destroyed a great part of the City by fire. For centuries

the City had not suffered such a violent blow ; the Normans surpassed all previous invaders in the extent of their ravages. The barbarians of the earlier ages had chiefly plundered the movable treasures ; Totila had pulled down the walls ; but now the permanent monuments within the City suffered. The ancient church of the Quattro Coronati was reduced to ashes ; the Lateran and San Clemente also suffered severely ; the Colosseum, the Triumphal arches, and the remains of the Circus Maximus were surrounded by the flames ; while of the many smaller habitations in this one-time thickly populated region no trace even remains. The whole of the Field of Mars, the Campus Martius, was destroyed—" totam regionem illam, in qua ecclesiæ S. Silvestri et S. Laurentii in Lucina sitae sunt, penitus destruxit ". Guiscard may have repented of the injuries he caused the City, but he could not restore its losses. In addition, the City had become the poorer by many thousand inhabitants through war, flight, death and imprisonment. Those who remained wandered through the ruins like beggars. The internal strifes of the few powerful families who remained hastened the decay. They transformed the ancient monuments into fortresses and towers, with the incongruous results that may still be witnessed today, and which the lapse of centuries has clothed with a certain picturesqueness, but which then must have seemed the final eclipse of all Rome's greatness. Many of the stones and columns and blocks of marble were carried away to adorn other cities miles away from Rome itself—Pisa and Lucca and even Guiscard's Salerno ; Rome had become little better than a quarry of ruins. No wonder that a writer that visited the City in 1106 should exclaim in a pathetic lament over its vanished glory :—

" Par tibi, Roma, nihil, cum sis prope tota ruina,
Quam magna fueris integra, fracta doces.

* * *

Proh dolor ! urbs cecidit, cujus dum specto ruinas,
Penso statum, solitus dicere : Roma fuit."

Another writer, living at the end of the fifteenth century, declared with justice that Rome had originally been reduced to the lamentable condition which it presented in his time by the hatred of the Normans.

Such then was the legacy which Guiscard left to Rome—the work of a few hours or a few days produced a more lasting memorial, and that an unworthy one, than all the brilliant military achievements of his crowded lifetime. For he undoubtedly possessed some genius, both as a soldier and as a statesman, and played a small though vital part in the development of European history. Had he lived, he would probably have influenced the course of that history still more profoundly, since there was little to prevent his plan of advancing to Constantinople and wresting the capital of the Eastern Empire from the weak hands of the Greeks. His qualities were those which were being manifested in England about the same time by his more famous countryman, William the Conqueror: physical strength and prowess in arms; political astuteness; ruthlessness; ambition. His broad Norman figure, with flaxen hair and beard and keen penetrating eyes, towered above the tallest of his men; his voice, like that of Achilles, could instil terror and command obedience even above the din of battle. He could wield both the sword in his right hand and the lance in his left together with equal skill; and in the great battle of Civitella, when he was unhorsed three times, he was considered to have dealt the hardest blows of either side, whether of victors or vanquished. His political astuteness is attested if only by the name his followers gave him: Guiscard, the resourceful or wily. “*Cognomen Guiscardus erat, quia calliditatis non Cicero tantae fuit, aut versutus Ulysses*”, wrote his biographer. He needed to possess much shrewdness to tame and utilize the wild and various elements amongst his followers, and to build up the order and reputation which he established in southern Italy out of the ragged and unco-ordinated plundering and marauding of his elder brothers to which he succeeded. He showed his political foresight in his marriage and in his relations with the Papacy. He also appreciated the value of the arts, for he was on terms of intimate friendship with the learned and gentle Desiderius, Abbot of Monte Cassino, while the only outstanding medical figure of the early Middle Ages, Constantine the African, originally served under him and later taught and wrote at the School of Salerno. Of his ruthlessness there is more than sufficient evidence. The sack of Rome was only the outstanding example of the Normans’ method of conquest. Fire, pillage and cruelty they employed as a matter of course, and it was their outrageous

barbarities that had driven St Leo IX to wage war upon them though, as we have seen, without success. In this respect Guiscard was no exception. Finally, his ambition is sufficiently clear from the story of his life. A man who could come from an obscure home in Normandy to defy and terrorize the two Emperors of the East and of the West, relying solely on the consciousness of his own superiority, must surely have possessed the most fearless ambition. And it is these two qualities, his ruthlessness and his ambition, which strike the note in the haughty lines of the epitaph on his tomb at Venosa in Apulia :

Hic terror mundi Guiscardus. Hic expulit urbe
 Quem Ligures Regem, Roma, Alemannus habent,
 Parthus, Arabs, Macedumque phalanx non texit Alexim,
 At fuga ; sed Venetus nec fuga, nec pelagus.

EDWARD A. NEARY.

OPERABLE

Thames and Seine and the rest are domestic animals; they linger about their house. With Tiber the case is different; Tiber is untamed. A passing brush of his yellow coat against the walls of Rome, a swift lick of his green tongue and he is away again, headlong for the sea. With like speed, alas, our little years hurried between their Roman banks, and yet they too have left their mark. Every wave that we raised, every eddy we stirred, carved and chiselled at the banks of a great stream to make it, for better or for worse, what it is—this and no other. The local habitation of this strange waterway is the weaving course that it has shaped for itself, and its name is Tradition. In the great business of its making, no ripple, past, present, or still to come, may refuse the blame or disclaim the praise, no bight or backwater be ignored that these questing waters have shaped. There you have our apology.

If a tradition may come of age in a score of years (and in things favourable to the student-body we have known it happen in much less) then we must shortly salute a new majority, for the Venerable Opera is close on twenty years old. "Opera", of course, we call it, but the term is pretentious and inexact: "operetta", on the other hand, would be a powerful understatement, and in any case no common title would serve for what is so utterly a Venerable growth. We are therefore compelled to compound a word, and "Operable" will do as well as any other.

It is some nineteen years since a courageous mind pushed its small child on to the Venerable stage. That child's fate may well have been to shiver, to cry and to die had not the whole family at once recognised it for a true son of its own spirit.

As one man they swept upon it, clothed it, fed it, educated and exercised it until from squealing and kicking beginnings it attained the modulation and poise of manhood. In that spontaneous act of the whole family, prolonged now through three generations, you have both the secret and the worth of the child's continuing life.

You see, this signal enterprise did not go forward with the applause of the many and performance of the few ; far from it. Think, for a moment, of the Villa performance (for the Roman one is, after all, only a step-brother) : fifty per cent. of the whole strength is miming it with a will—and varying success—in the cortile ; ten per cent. (say) you will find up on the cloister roof training the spotlights ; in the dark purlieus of the cloister itself an equal number pins up the wear and tear or pours lubricant into the singing-machines of exhausted puppets ; in the far corner (near the emergency exit) the orchestra makes its moan ; eighteen per cent., on deck-chairs in the gutter, works hard as a *claqueur* ; the remaining two per cent. (the Rector) is in a dignified but unsafe cane chair preparing its speech. Whom are we amusing ? Luigi and his little brood, no doubt, but rather the listening stars and ourselves. To tell the truth, we had no audience and we needed none ; it was the common effort that mattered, an effort that produced a work of art imperfect, doubtless, but inimitable. This collective work with its happy result, sure and tangible, was a sovereign antidote. There is a sense of loneliness in the student-life, whether spiritual or intellectual ; there is a sense, too, that the best results are imperceptible. Yet human nature, lest it move to despondency, needs occasional tangible reassurance that no labour is vain and that it is not always to be done alone. In that cortile we could stand together and with our eyes survey the outcome.

The Sullivan-Gilbert fantasy suited us exactly. (No heretic, as far as I know, has yet suggested, for example, that we should play German's "Merrie England" ; it might be very suitable, though a young audience needs at least a small dose of cynicism which it will not find there.) The bright and happy marriage of words to tune, celebrated with costumed dance, provided a festival to our taste. Moreover, it gave us all our chance, the actors, the singers, the nimble and the handy men. Then its musical demands were not too great, and if at times they did prove excessive the musical director could make favourable

treaty—and often did. Speaking, by the way, of the music, it is strange that the Opera songs never found a permanent place in our Common Room repertoire. True, they were not home-made or topical, but then neither were “Throw Out the Lifeline” or “The ’Arbour Light”. In the Christmas term, of course, they were traditionally banned from the Common Room to save prejudice to the Epiphany performance; but even then the tunes were stone dead by the end of January. Was there some subconscious conspiracy to keep their atmosphere fresh? Possibly. It followed inevitably that the words, too, were forgotten, for they could never have lived without Sullivan who preserved them in honey; Herod the Great did the same with Mariamne.

We always liked dressing-up and, in this, our customary costume could give us little satisfaction. A crimson cassock, now, or a blue tassel to our biretta and we might have been content. For some few this amiable and childlike instinct expressed itself in an elaborately brushed beaver, tenderly handled. This was unhealthy and became a disease (the pet dog or poodle-complex). Another would like his sleeve-pendant umbrella to swagger his slip like a cloaked sword; but this was irksome and childish. Every device, indeed, was niggardly sublimation and left us the drab oblongs we had always been, stalking our dark and angular way through the curved and coloured press of the Campo. Now here I am reminded of a true story of a thing that happened to me; it has nothing to do with what we are about. It is of a twelve-lire umbrella bought from the wicked *emporio* (*prezzi risibili*) that stands (but who knows, nowadays?) opposite to the place which is dedicated “*alle arte de Melpomene, Euterpe e Terpsichore*”. One flourishing January morning I strode alone down the Baulari with *ferraiuola* duly licensed and swinging my fine new umbrella, planting it from time to time as a man should. It was not until I raised the thing to brandish it at Domenico da Bruno that I saw I held a handle *et praeterea nihil*. Estimating the handle at the value of two lire, the remaining ten liras’ worth was standing bolt upright fifty yards behind me between the cobbles of the Piazza Farnese, while the only drunken man I ever saw in Rome was making it a deep bow with a broad sweep of his battered hat. Heaven forbid that Rome be bombed, but if perhaps one bombkin would drop on

that *emporio* doing no harm to anyone, you understand, but frightening the life out of the proprietor, I should not write to the newspapers.

But I was saying that we liked dressing-up, and so we did. Gilbert gave us full scope: peers, gondoliers and yeomen; churls, earls, dragoons. But most of the fun was on the distaff-side. Great Heaven, what a collection! Prim prize-fighters, coy coal-heavers, damsels who could fell an ox with their pretty fist—they were our *contadine*, schoolgirls, fairies (forsooth!), bridesmaids. The green-room and the paint-pots slaved together to turn out this Harpies' Chorus. The trouble started with the feet, feet that had kicked many a three-quarter into touch, feet that had helped us to lose so regularly against the Scots, feet that had swelled and blistered on the hard and sacred ways of pilgrimage. Take a pair of such feet, pack them (if you can, unhappy man) into a slim high-heeled shoe; abandon yourself then to the joy of the dance. Those of us who succeeded will take their limp to the grave. Why, I have seen those misguided Gorgons, many a time, burst upon the staggered vision like fireworks—pinwheels and rip-raps—only to crawl off like a creeping barrage.

Which brings us to the cautious shuffle which is the groundwork of the Venerable dance. This has not yet found its way into text-books nor, if it did, would two of us be found in agreement on the definition—certainly each execution was highly individual, the total effect resembling rather the writhings of baroque ornamentation than the producer's dream of rigidly parallel grace after the manner of an Assyrian relief. I therefore risk contradiction here but, if memory serves, a forward right step alternated with a left shuffle until, to keep out of the gutter or (at Rome) to save the footlights, the performer changed smartly into reverse. This sounds monotonous? I assure you it never was. The dancer saw to that. There was one who reversed his unsuspecting way right off the raised Roman stage, and but for a miracle he would now be going round his parish or delivering his lectures in a bath-chair. The ill-mannered audience showed its sympathy in the usual way. There is another method, too, which I have seen practised with some success in "The Mikado". For this particular figure the performer has wayward fittings on his reinforced-cardboard sandals; these will force him to spasmodic bending exercises which he

hopes are surreptitious. They are not, and the delighted audience is treated to a dissolving view of Atalanta picking up the apples at speed, superimposed upon a faithful imitation of a lumbagous collector of discarded cigarette-ends. It is at this point (but we speak of the Villa) that the audience begins to feel that it has been passive long enough and offers advice. There would shortly be complete mob rule, but the public benefactor has cast a shoe by now and is capering unevenly but more confidently in a stockinged foot.

In the world of opera costume there has been evolution, though it is not always the fittest that has survived; there has been development, not necessarily improvement. So much, you see, depends upon the ingenuity of the reigning seamster that the progress, if drawn graphically, must proceed by crests and troughs. At the risk of incurring odium, let us compare three generations of Phoebes. For the first I am at the mercy of a photograph; it shows me a quaint pair of *retroussé* goloshes, a gown that bunches and trails in the manner of a rather badly-hung alb, two neat bell-ropes for plaits and, topping the ensemble, a truncated cylinder of paper which might or might not be the *Osservatore Romano*—though this I will not swear to. (You will not take offence, you pioneers to whom we owe everything? *On se moque de ce qu'on aime.*) The second Phoebe stepped from the golden age of the green-room in a simple costume of delicate tint with a neat linen cap of no pretensions. The third (we must walk carefully here where the Tiber flows into the Hodder!) is good but garish; it lacks the sensibility of the second but corrects the untidiness of the first. But make no mistake, this form of progress is here entirely to be approved; it has immense advantages over the vicious and ascending spiral (to use the current jargon) which takes ever-growing ambition to the degrading places where there are "Costumes for Hire". Why, what is to become of the personality of this boast of ours if the uniformity which creeps from Covent Garden over half the amateur Gilbert and Sullivan societies of England is to creep into ours too? We must be craftsmen, not factory-hands, and the price of craftsmanship is toil.

Oh yes, there was always toil! Do you remember the morning practices at the Villa? Up on the Sforza every foursome catcalls to its mate, a thousand feet below there are splashings and wallowings at the Rock, but in the dusty old library dry

throats are essaying the first tentative chirps. A week later the more confident and still discordant bellow comes from the cool deserted Common Room, half-way house to full production. Finally the stage of "Practice for all Chorus with Principals" (this last being mis-spelt once, nobody turned up) in the baking cortile. Here was sacrifice, human sacrifice, holocaust; we did try an awning and it threw a lozenge of shade—on the well. A time for mutiny it was, for you must realise or remember that the course did not always run smooth. Most of us were shy of displaying our operatic shortcomings which were many and glaring; the diocese had not chosen us on such qualifications and, rightly or wrongly, they found no place on the syllabus of the Roman scholarship. We felt sometimes like refusing the fence but our head would be pulled gently, if firmly, by a tactful producer and, before we knew, we were over. Here was a lesson as useful, as necessary as any we had yet learned from books and it was the first principle of all honest enthusiasm: how to risk making fools of ourselves for a Cause. Hats off to all who dressed their halberds, flourished their fans, waved their wands in the cauldron that was, for the occasion, London Tower, a street in Japan or the fairy ring.

What a setting that cortile makes! It has the repose and resignation of great age. Like Belloc's Yak it will "carry and fetch, you can ride on his back or lead him about with a string", and so to amuse the children he was patient to any disguise from the fishing village of Rederring to the piazzetta by the Grand Canal; and when the opportunity came to harness him he could take you with him right back to the grey courts of Westminster or to the dark Tower itself. On dark blue nights in August we have hung the dull stone with bright medallions of coloured lanterns or with the single jewels of fairy-lights; to our simple taste it did not seem a vulgar affront to the white stars that stared at this bright patch in the black folds of the Alban Hills. It had its drawbacks, of course; the wings, for instance, looked brazenly upon the auditorium (or gutter), the stage-half sloped at an angle of ten or fifteen degrees and imperilled the high-heeled shoe, it belonged to Febo (the dog that had had his day with ours) who took an active interest when a dance was toward. But we would not have exchanged it for the Savoy over which, indeed, it had even theatrical advantages as when the darkening arches made frames for the painted

ancestors in "Ruddigore". There are scenes which are hard to forget: Fairfax in the glory of his Yeoman scarlet standing by the well in a globe of light, motlied Point poised on the well's brink with a faintly pursuing Shadbolt floundering at the base. These are trivialities perhaps, but after all such a tapestry of memories lines the little room which makes a healthful refuge from the bare walls and the business of life. And there you have another good reason that we should have worked so hard at play.

Of all those traditions that have gone to the making of the "Venerabilino" who shall dare to say which has been more for his profit? If forced to the issue, which would you abandon and which preserve? On the intellectual side the Schools have achieved the inevitable compromise and so have proved that if the vocational necessity of a thing can be sufficiently demonstrated, the prudent man can and must make a place for it within the limits of his other obligations. Is it folly to weigh this egg-shell of a Play on the heavy scales of that creaking proposition? I do not think so; you will probably find that it can turn the balance. I have heard it said by a neutral and not superficial observer that "an English College man never seems to grow old". Gratefully accepting this testimony and reserving from it, as the speaker did, the necessary quality of maturing judgment, is there not here a tribute to some singular freshness of outlook which remains through past disappointments to make a man face bravely those that lie ahead? Now this is no contemptible gift. It would be absurd to write it down the effect of one lone cause since all the elements of a cheerful social life must have combined to produce it; yet amongst these elements the Opera has for twenty years held a leading place. Besides, its calculated buffoonery was the open enemy of pomposity. Now dignity is proper to every age, but we shall never be really old and useless until we are pompous. The audience, too, learned another and invaluable lesson; they learned how to suffer fools gladly. This will serve them well wherever their lines may fall—seminary or mission. But the hidden men, the green-room and painters and "Props.", learned most (we only benefited by their example)—they learned to work without applause.

Who would have thought clowning such a serious business after all?

ALEXANDER JONES.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS AT ST MARY'S HALL

Rome is so rich in history, has drawn to her so many of the noblest minds, that it is impossible for any but the Philistine to live there and not experience a pleasant widening of outlook. To be a Roman is to be at once made free of the heritage of two thousand years and the peoples of five continents, and this by the effortless drinking in of circumstance. It is otherwise with the student at St Mary's Hall. Here there is nothing as immediately magnificent, nothing in the setting to lift us out of ourselves with wonder. The work of excavation is largely our own: the prize is to the delver.

Such a one, diligent at unfolding whatever he encountered, was Gerard Manley Hopkins, a student here from 1870 to 1873. A chapter of the past, I allow, but containing much that makes it a chapter of the present. In Hopkins' day this building, it is true, had not yet acquired its wings, and the electric light bulb had not supplanted the gas-bracket. But these things are only accessories. The experiences of Hopkins are in part our own experiences and he was here for a similar end. The vitality of his mind has been widely recognised. He sat at the feet of scholars like Jowett, Pater and Pusey. He counted among his intimate friends the contemporary poets, Robert Bridges and Coventry Patmore. His own poems are flashing fire. Critics of the standing of Charles Williams have praised his genius, and F. R. Leavis of Cambridge reckons him as a modern whose influence on English letters is still young. And he is foremost a priest.

He was an Oxford convert. The Tractarian movement was still a force when Hopkins was up at Balliol reading Greats, and he was received into the Church at the Birmingham Oratory during his twenty-third year. He finished his course at Balliol, taking a double first in Greats, and after a further year's deliberation entered the Society of Jesus. St Mary's Hall was at that time the Society's house of studies for philosophers; and it was as a philosopher that he arrived here on September 9th, 1870, having completed two years' novitiate at Manresa House, Roehampton.

As a southerner (his family lived at Oak Hill, Hampstead, and he had been born at Stratford in Essex) he finds the climate severe. Writing to his sister Kate late in April he says: "What month in the year it may be at Hampstead I will not be sure; with us it is a whitey-green January. What with east winds, cloud, and rain I think it will never be spring. If we have a bright afternoon the next morning it is winter again." To his Balliol friend, Alexander William Mowbray Baillie, he gives a fuller description. "I will tell you something about this place. Perpetual winter smiles. In the first place we have the highest rain-guage in England, I believe: this our observatory shews and a local rhyme expresses as much. Early in the year they told me there wd. be no spring such as we understood it in the south. When I asked about May they told me they had hail in May. Of June they told me it had one year been so cold that the procession could not be held on Corpus Christi. The country is also very bare and bleak—what its enemies say of Scotland, only that a young Campbell at Roehampton shewed me that Argyleshire was the warmest part of Great Britain, that greenhouse fuchsias grew in the open air, and that the pomegranate was for ever on the bough. But nevertheless it is fine scenery, great hills and 'fells' with noble outline often, subject to charming effects of light (though I am bound to say that total obscuration is the commonest effect of all), and three beautiful rivers. The clouds in particular are more interesting than in any other place I have seen. But they must be full of soot, for the fleeces of the sheep are quite black with it. We also see the northern lights to advantage at times. There is good fishing for those who do not see that after bad fishing the next worse thing is good fishing."

Indeed to one so strongly drawn to warmth and colour,

keenly appreciative of sense impressions, a reveller from boyhood in the damasked images of poetry, the "bare and bleak" place would have been a wilderness, a veritable Thebaid. It served the office of the Thebaid. "This life here though it is hard is God's will for me as I most intimately know, which is more than violets knee-deep."

A resolute, whole-hearted embracing of whatever the ploughing to which he had put his hand held in store for him was symbolized by the voluntary destruction of his early poems. During his undergraduate days he had felt the need of restraining the lively enjoyment of nature. One of the best poems of that period is entitled *The Habit of Perfection* and is in praise of an ascetic guard of the senses. When he announced his hope of becoming a priest to Baillie, he used these words: "Besides that it is the happiest and best way it practically is the only one. You know I once wanted to be a painter. But even if I could I wd. not I think, now, for the fact is that the higher and more attractive parts of the art put a strain upon the passions which I shd. think it unsafe to encounter. I want to write still and as a priest I very likely can do that too, not so freely as I shd. have liked e.g. nothing or little in the verse way, but no doubt what wd. best serve the cause of my religion." Before six months had elapsed he had decided not to cling even in the smallest way to his natural bent. He informed Robert Bridges, "I cannot send my *Summa* for it is burnt with my other verses: I saw they wd. interfere with my state and vocation. I kept however corrected copies of some things which you have and will send them that what you have got you may have in its last edition."

He did scarcely anything to break his self-imposed silence while he was at St Mary's Hall. The autograph copy of *Winter with the Gulf Stream* which bears the date August, 1871, is but an emendation of a poem written while he was still at Highgate School. Like the early poems in Bridges' possession it was beyond recall, having been already published in *Once a Week* (the issue of February 14th, 1863). He did write however "two or three little presentation pieces which occasion called for". One such occasion was the May devotion at Stonyhurst of honouring Our Lady in popular measures. This drew forth *Rosa Mystica*. Its subject was uncongenial to Bridges, and other critics do not rank it with the best of his poetry; but

Bridges, in his editorial notes to the *Poems*, seems definite that it belongs to this period, and this being so, three at least of the stanzas deserve quotation :

Is Mary that Rose, then ? Mary, the Tree ?
 But the Blossom, the Blossom there, who can it be ?
 Who can her Rose be ? It could be but One :
 Christ Jesus, our Lord—her God and her Son.
 In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
 Shew me thy Son, Mother, Mother of mine.

What was the colour of that Blossom bright ?
 White to begin with, immaculate white.
 But what a wild flush on the flakes of it stood,
 When the Rose ran in crimsonings down the Cross-wood.
 In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
 I shall worship the Wounds with thee, Mother of mine.

How many leaves had it ? Five they were then,
 Five like the senses, and members of men ;
 Five is the number by nature, but now
 They multiply, multiply, who can tell how.
 In the Gardens of God, in the daylight divine
 Make me a leaf in thee, Mother of mine.

The singularity of Hopkins' later work—the use of sprung rhythm instead of running rhythm, the sudden phrasing—is not found in this piece. What is noteworthy is that the sweep of ideas anticipates a famous stanza in *The Wreck of the Deutschland* :

Five ! the finding and sake
 And cipher of suffering Christ.
 Mark, the mark is of man's make
 And the word of it Sacrificed.
 But he scores it in scarlet himself on his own bespoken,
 Before-time-taken, dearest prizèd and priced—
 Stigma, signal, cinquefoil token
 For lettering of the lamb's fleece, ruddying of the rose-flake.

Another "presentation piece" which can be dated was occasioned by the visit of Dr Herbert Vaughan, the new Bishop of Salford, in the autumn of 1872. A literary banquet was served to welcome him, and everybody, seminarians included, contri-

buted. "I was bidden to write Greek", says Hopkins to Baillie, "and shed twentyfour iambs with much ado but I was glad of it as it fell out as it raised a blister in my dry and shrunk Greek and led me to begin reading the beautiful *Iphigenia among the Tauri*: I wish I could have more of such reading."

This last sentence reminds us of a further discipline he underwent—the detailed course of studies. In his first year he tells Bridges that he is reading philosophy and mathematics. To Baillie he is more explicit: "My time is short both for writing and reading, so that I can seldom write and when I do I have nothing to say. Don't you know, it is mainly about books and so on that I shd. be writing and I read so few. I am going through a hard course of scholastic logic (not just at present: it is holidays) which takes all the fair part of the day and leaves one fagged at the end for what remains. This makes the life painful to nature. I find now too late *how* to read—at least some books, e.g. the classics; now I see things, now what I read tells, but I am obliged to read by snatches." Eighteen months later he writes: "I am here for another year and now they are having at me with ethics and mechanics. To-day is a whole holiday: I spent a miserable morning over formulas for the lever." What he felt chiefly was the pressure of time, and also perhaps the bluntness of the technical satellites of modern philosophy. He was far from being uninterested in philosophy itself. He had made the acquaintance of the Greek masters while at Oxford. As a poet he had been anxious to find an intellectual basis for the appreciation of beauty, which in terms of mere sense and emotion he found wearisome. He had, indeed, in *The Origin of Beauty*, an essay in imitation of a Platonic Dialogue written possibly for Pater, achieved a satisfying analysis of aesthetic experience. Beauty was a relationship (perceptible then only by the mind), a significance seen on account of striking contrast or comparison. Diverse things enhanced each other by being brought within a common field of vision. Each part threw light upon the other to the shining forth of the whole. This is the burden of the essay. Even in 1868, when he had little peace of mind and was in the mood for wholesale renunciation, he allowed that "an interest in philosophy is almost the only one I can feel myself quite free to indulge in still." He found himself at that time "in an even prostrate admiration of Aristotle and am of the way of thinking, so far as I know him

or know about him, that he is the end-all and be-all of philosophy". St Thomas, whose close acquaintance he had for three years here, seems to have aroused no similar enthusiasm. He makes no entries about him in the diary he was keeping at this time. But I fancy that scholasticism was helping him to hammer out his own experiences into ideas of greater precision. Within these years he was fashioning for his own private use a new language with which to put on record his findings of beauty. In time this language will out in his poems, and be the cause of no little obscurity. But always because it cuts away from ordinary expression, it will be arresting and real. However we left him philosophising. In the August of his second year he discovered Scotus' *Commentary on the Sentences* where was expressed in philosophical terms what he was struggling to crystallize in his own words. He is not sure at first if it is not just another of those text-books. "It may come to nothing" he records, "or it may be a mercy from God. But just then when I took in any inscape of the sky or sea I thought of Scotus." In a little while Scotus had supplanted the place accorded to Aristotle. Looking back in after years on this period of reading, he reflects on why Scotus is little known. "I sigh to think that it is all one almost to be too full of meaning and to have none and to see very deep and not to see at all. . . And so I used to feel of Duns Scotus when I used to read him with delight: he saw too far, he knew too much; his subtlety overshot his interests; a kind of feud arose between genius and talent, and the ruck of talent in the Schools finding itself, as his age passed by, less and less able to understand him, voted that there was nothing important to understand and so first misquoted and then refuted him."

The word *inscape* quoted above is the most frequent of Hopkins' peculiar usages. By this time he had many such: burl and burling, forestall, forepitch, inlaw, inset, install, stress and instress, offscape, outscape, quains, scape and scaping. It is difficult to decide from the context the shade of meaning each was designed to express. Beauty, we remember, consisted in the relationship of parts in an whole. It seems that the principle of beauty, its inmost source, provides at once both the unity of the whole and the diversity necessary for contrast. This principle he calls *inscape*. It is *inscape* which defines, delineates the limits of a *scape* (or range within which comparables

may be found). It appears most commonly as extension in space, line or figure; but is manifest as well in the temporal succession of notes in music, in parallelism, antithesis, metaphor and the other figures of speech, in rhyme. How Scotus helped him to greater precision can be illustrated from attempts to explain himself to his friends. "It is certain that in nature outward beauty is the proof of inward beauty, outward good of inward good. Fineness, proportion, of feature comes from a moulding force which succeeds in asserting itself over the resistance of cumbersome or restraining matter; the bloom of health comes from the abundance of life, the great vitality within. The moulding force, the life, is the form in the philosophic sense, and in man this is the soul." Elsewhere he speaks of "the essential and only lasting thing . . . what I call *inscape*, that is species or individually-distinctive beauty of style". "It is the virtue of design, pattern, or inscape to be distinctive."

If we had only Hopkins' correspondence to paint the picture of these three years we should have a landscape of startling emptiness. We have no right, of course, to expect anything like a detailed canvas from letters. It is not the absence of this I remark; rather that we are left so fully conscious of the extent of "this retirement".

Fortunately the impression is corrected because Hopkins' *Journal*, in which he jotted down more freely his most personal reflections, has also been published. I imagine him, with the demands of duty, the discipline he had undertaken, the remoteness of the seminary, experiencing, like the famous Alice, the feeling of shutting up like a telescope, but finding he is in Wonderland. We don't meet the dodo or the mock turtle, but bats, hares, a kitten, a turkey, a wasp, cornercrakes, heron and hawk, grouse and gull, cuckoos, lambs, pheasants, swifts flutter, frisk or strut through the pages. He notes down everything—from etymological inquiries into Lancashire dialect to the observation of bright green garlic curling all over a hollow of Hodder Wood. Clouds have a peculiar fascination for him. "But such a lovely damasking in the sky as to-day I never felt before. The blue was charged with simple instress, the higher, zenith sky earnest and frowning, lower more light and sweet. High up again, breathing through woolly coats of cloud or on the quains and branches of the flying pieces it was the true exchange of crimson, nearer the earth, against the sun it was turquoise, and in the

opposite south-western bay below the sun it was like clear oil but just as full of colour, shaken over with slanted flashing 'travellers', all in flight, stepping one behind the other, their edges tossed with bright ravelling, as if white napkins were thrown up in the sun but not quite at the same moment so that they were all in a scale down the air falling one after the other to the ground." There is the stuff of enchantment all about it. One February night there is a lunar halo. He looks at it through the upstairs library window. "It was a grave grained sky, the strands rising a little from left to right. The halo was not quite round, for in the first place it was a little pulled and drawn below, by the refraction of the lower air perhaps, but what is more it fell in on the nether left hand side to rhyme the moon itself, which was not quite at full. I could not but strongly feel in my fancy the odd instress of this, the moon leaning on her side as if fallen back, in the cheerful light floor within the ring, after with magic rightness and success tracing round her the ring, the steady copy of her own outline. But this sober grey darkness and pale light was happily broken through by the orange of the pealing of Mitton bells." A passage, we would swear, from Walter de la Mare, just waiting for the pencil of an Emmett.

The most insignificant creatures find in Hopkins an audience to play to. His observations on freezing are of the minutest. It is during the long and hard winter of 1870—1871. "The garden mould very crisp and meshed over with a lace-work of needles leaving (they seemed) three-cornered openings; it looked greyish and like a coat of gum on wood. Also the smaller crumbs and clods were lifted fairly up from the ground on upright ice-pillars, whether they had dropped these from themselves or drawn them from the soil: it was like a little Stonehenge—Looking down into the thick ice of our pond" (this is the seminary pond, drained and filled in when the extensions were made to the house), "I found the imprisoned air-bubbles nothing at random but starting from centres and in particular one most beautifully regular white brush of them, each spur of it a curving string of beaded and diminishing bubbles." Bearing on this is an amusing story told by André Bremond S.J. in *Etudes*, and cited by Humphry House in his editorial notes to the *Journal*. "Voyez ce jeune homme, disait un vieux Père au jardinier de *Saint Mary's Hall*, à *Stonyhurst*, en désignant le scolastique Gerard

Hopkins, c'est un très grand scholar.—Pas possible ! répond le jardinier ; je l'ai observé l'autre jour, il regardait un morceau de verre dans l'allée en tournant tout autour. Je l'ai pris pour un innocent, *a natural*."

Hopkins was fond of walking. Before he entered the Society his holidays were often spent on walking tours with his friends, and now he makes use of the Blandyke (the Stonyhurst equivalent of the gita day) to cover the countryside. Pendle dominates this part of Ribblesdale. Even our blasé diarists grow lyric about it sometime during their term of office, so it is not surprising to find a comment on its beauty : " the face of snow on it and the tracks or galleys which streaked and parted this, well-shaped out its roundness and boss and marked the slow tune of its long shoulder ". Here too is the entry for September 17th, 1872. " I wandered all over Pendle with Mr Sutton. There are some black scalped places on it that look made for a witches' sabbath, especially on the far side looking over the part of the country which the bulk of the hill between hides from us here, where the hillside is very sheer, and you might fancy them dancing on the black piece and higher and higher at each round and then flinging off at last one after the other each on her broomstick clear over the flat of country below. And there is another odd thing by the same token here, namely that in looking out forward over the edge while to the right and left and beyond is wooded, such wood as is to be seen in this county, there lies before you a bare stretch of land almost without a tree it is so bleak and bare and in size and shape just such as might be covered by the shadow of Pendle at some time of the day : as the shadow of a wall or tree scores off and keeps and shelters hoarfrost or dew and the sunlight eats up to the edge of it this seemed chilled and blasted with just such well-marked plotting off and bounding line."

He visits Clitheroe Castle, Sawley Abbey, Saddle Hill, Whalley Nab, Blackburn, Billington, Brockennook, Little Mearley Hall, Ree Deep, Forty-Acre. " To Whitewell ", he says, " with Mr Clarke. Saw a shoal of salmon in the river and many hares on the open hills. Under a stone hedge was a dying ram : there ran slowly from his nostril a thick flesh-coloured ooze, scarlet in places, coiling and roping its way down so thick that it looked like fat." On the way back he stops at the cairn on Jeffrey Hill. " Magnetic weather, sunlight soft and bright,

colours of fells and fields far off seeming as if dipped in watery blue."

Longridge Fell is one of the best heights for a long-distance view in these parts. On a clear summer afternoon I once saw with the naked eye as far as the mountains of North Wales. The incredulous have always maintained the impossibility of such a view, until I almost came to doubt the fact myself. In reading the *Journal*, however, I came across the following confirmation. August 6th, 1871: "From Jeffrey Hill on the Longridge fell in the ridge opposite with Parlock Pike the folds and gullies with shadow in them were as sharp as the pleats in a new napkin and we made out in the sea, appearing as clearly outlined flakes of blue, the Welsh coast, Anglesea and Man, and between these two the sea was as bright as brass." The Parlock Pike, mentioned, should evidently be Parlick Pike, the 1,400 ft outpost of Bowland, between the Bleasdale and Hareden ranges of fells. Hopkins climbed it later in the year. "To Parlick Pike. Bright sun but distance dim. Smooth, almost silvery brown nap given by the withered brake, beaches and landslips of blue stone, black burnt patches, all this with the native green of the fells gives a beautiful medley of clear colours." This vista he returns to again, as indeed would anyone who had seen the Chipping Valley at its best. He remarks again on Parlick, and then adds "... however these I might have noticed any day. I saw the inscape though freshly, as if my eye were still growing, though with a companion the eye and the ear are for the most part shut and instress cannot come."

The discovery of inscape made all his observations exciting. There were new worlds and real ones—not idle imaginings or quaint conceits, but reality and freshness. He describes the experience one day in detail. "What you look hard at seems to look hard at you, hence the true and false instress of nature. One day early in March when long streamers were rising from over Kemble End one large flake loop-shaped, not a streamer but belonging to the string, moving too slowly to be seen, seemed to cap and fill the zenith with a white shire of cloud. I looked long up at it till the tall height and beauty of the scaping—regularly curled knots springing if I remember from fine stems, like foliation in wood or stone—had strongly grown on me. It changed beautiful changes, growing more into ribs and one stretch of running into branching like coral. Unless you refresh

the mind from time to time you cannot always remember or believe how deep the inscape in things is." Along with such insight went a certain disappointment that so many people should apparently be blind to it; something like G. K. Chesterton's lament that anyone could lose the simple wonder at their surroundings that is the birthright of all children. "Stepped into a barn of ours, a great shadowy barn, where the hay had been stacked on either side, and looking at the great rudely arched timberframes—principals (?) and tie-beams, which make them look like bold big A's with the cross-bar high up—I thought how sadly beauty of inscape was unknown and buried away from simple people and yet how near at hand it was if they had eyes to see it and it could be called out everywhere again." Sometimes his sensitiveness gave him pain as the following instance shows. "The ashtree growing in the corner of the garden was felled. It was lopped first: I heard the sound and looking out and seeing it maimed there came at that moment a great pang and I wished to die and not to see the inscapes of the world destroyed any more."

Perhaps the most fundamental development shown during these years is the healing of any conflict he had found earlier between the feasting of the eyes and the service of God. The main change in outlook must have taken place during the novitiate. Here we see its fruit. He has not been here a month when he writes: "First saw the Northern Lights. My eye was caught by beams of light and dark very like the crown of horny rays the sun makes behind a cloud. At first I thought of silvery cloud until I saw that these were more luminous and did not dim the clearness of the stars in the Bear. They rose slightly radiating thrown out from the earth line. Then I saw soft pulses of light one after another rise and pass upwards arched in shape but waveringly and with the arch broken. They seemed to float, not following the warp of the sphere as falling stars look to do but free though concentrical with it. This busy working of nature, wholly independent of the earth and seeming to go on in a strain of time not reckoned by our reckoning of days and years but simpler and as if correcting the preoccupation of the world by being preoccupied with and appealing to and dated to, the day of judgement was like a new witness to God and filled me with delightful fear." His relish for created splendour has found its proper orientation. The term of reference

is the Creator. "Laus Deo—the river today and yesterday. Yesterday it was a sallow glassy gold at Hodder Roughs and by watching hard the banks began to sail upstream, the scaping unfolded, the river was all in tumult but not running, only the lateral motions were perceived, and the curls of froth where the waves overlap shaped and turned easily and idly . . .—Today the river was wild, very full, glossy brown with mud, furrowed in permanent billows through which from head to head the water swung with a great down and up again. These heads were scalped with rags of jumping foam. But at the Roughs the sight was the burly water-backs which heave after heave kept tumbling up from the broken foam and their plump heap turning open in ropes of velvet." The Roughs are an inspiring sight still, although the modern reservoir at Slaidburn just below the Hodder sources must have considerably tamed the old river.

The growth of the Catholic mind is by leaps and bounds. "I do not think I have seen anything more beautiful than the blue-bell I have been looking at. I know the beauty of Our Lord by it. Its inscape is mixed of strength and grace like an ash-tree. The head is strongly drawn over backwards and arched down like a cutwater drawing itself back from the line of the keel. The lines of the bell strike and overlie this, rayed but not symmetrically, some lie parallel. They look steely against the paper, the shades lying between the bells and behind the cockled petal-ends and nursing up the precision of their distinctness, the petal-ends themselves being delicately lit. Then there is the straightness of the trumpets in the bells softened by the slight entasis and by the square splay of the mouth." The marriage of matter and spirit is complete. Beauty means not only the hand of God but even the likeness of Christ.

The long vacations were spent away from Stonyhurst, but during the short ones it seems to have been the custom for even the boys to remain at the College. "Our short Christmas holidays are almost or quite at an end. The boys at the College have been giving concerts and plays every night but I have mostly had to stay away and husband precious time. I went however to Macbeth, not to see (for the swan of Avon is very very short of Castalia-water on this stage and would painfully recognise his shadow, especially as women's parts are not given and Lady Macbeth becomes an Uncle Donald—I am bound to say, incredible as it may seem, that whether the imagination helps



Hodder Roughs: The Bathing Place.

them and one makes a mental correction or whatever it is the effect is not so disastrous as you might think it must be : but let us round the more and more beetling Cape-Horn headlands of this parenthesis) not to see, but to hear Lock's beautiful music." There is more than a touch of humour too, in the way he describes a return from a long holiday in the Isle of Man. The homecomers trained to Blackburn and walked from there across sodden fields and too many stiles for his liking. "The plain about Clitheroe was sponged out by a tall white storm of rain." Then there comes a fascinating finish. "But we hurried too fast and it knocked me up. We went to the College, the seminary being wanted for the secular priests' retreat : almost no gas, for the retorts are being mended ; therefore candles in bottles, things not ready, darkness and despair. In fact being unwell I was quite downcast : nature in all her parcels and faculties fell apart, *fatiscebat*, like a clod cleaving and holding only by strings of root." How faithfully physical exhaustion and lack of resilience is conveyed by these few deft strokes. This was his genius that he could put his finger on the whole of an experience. Where the generality of men content themselves with the fundamentally inarticulate "How lovely !" or "What a glorious day !" the artist's splendid desire for utter truth drove him to unwrap phrase after phrase, each nearer the reality, until he had poured out into recorded word something of the good it is to be man.

And so Time and the command of a superior took him from St Mary's Hall to Manresa House once more. The years here had been fallow as far as poetry was concerned, and that by choice, for he was engaged in the business of preparation for the priesthood. But they show evidence of a natural alacrity of mind and also the first fruits of his new state of life—the supernatural revaluation of beauty. He clapped his hands like a child at the freshness of day by day existence. He stood breathless at the majesty that everything is. And when he did break his elected silence he sang carols of creation, carols like this :

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame ;
 As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
 Stones ring ; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's
 Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name ;
 Each mortal thing does one thing and the same :

Deals out that being indoors each one dwells ;
 Selves—goes itself ; *myself* it speaks and spells,
 Crying *What I do is me : for that I came.*

I say more : the just man justices ;
 Keeps grace ; that keeps all his goings graces ;
 Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is—
 Christ—for Christ plays in ten thousand places,
 Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
 To the Father through the features of men's faces.

But we are looking through the curtain that hides all this from him. He is still a philosopher and it is a fine Monday afternoon. He has been walking up the fell and is now lying down by the quarry at Kemble End. A cuckoo flaps past followed by a smaller bird. His gaze wanders idly over "meadows smeared yellow with buttercups and bright squares of rapefield". Let us take leave of him there, poor fellow. It is June 16th, 1873. In seven days he will be examined *de universa philosophia*.

EDMUND TYLER.

ROMANESQUES

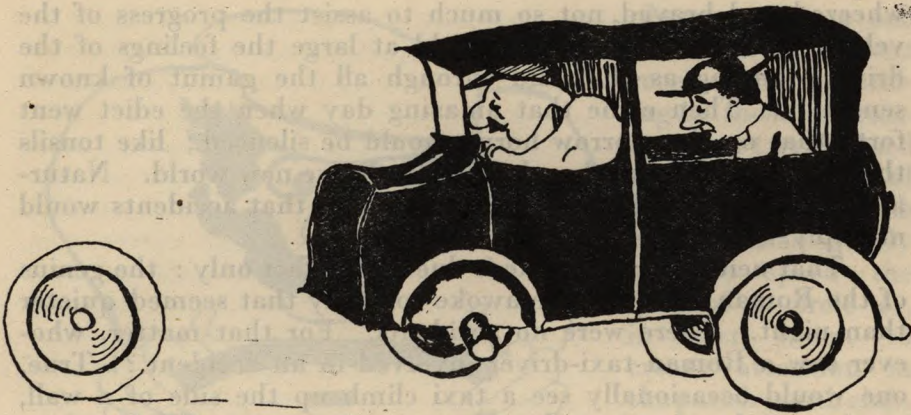
38.—ROMAN TAXIS

It is an interesting thought that among the minor results of the Second Front not least may be the preservation for posterity of the Roman taxi. Now, it is quite true that a taxi is only a thing of metal, a machine, a mechanically propelled creature, an internal combustion engine to be rejected by the Distributist who refused to ride in one; but transfer it to Rome and it catches something of the City's magic. Romanità, in the modern jargon, is a thing caught not taught; a force of such power that even the traffic is not immune from its all-pervading effect. It gives to a thing of wheels, chassis and interior parts a character of its own; one that would have confirmed the Gnostics in their theory of descent of divinity; one that would have guaranteed it a place among the Lares and Penates of another and a sterner day. Indeed, one can well imagine a Mercurius or a Sulpicius Maximus modernised, with their change from a life based on stability to one attached to mobility, rejecting all adherence to a Genius Loci and seeking delight and a prudent protection in a Genius Mobilis. Other claimants there would be to serve as material reminders of the Roman spirit of mobility but, without prolonging the argument, the taxi would certainly find a prominent place—small models, jostling rival godlets, to be bought in the stalls commanding the approach to one's favourite shrine.

It is a great pity, therefore, that so few remember their first glimpse of this creature of spirit. The kaleidoscopic cataract of colour that is Roma Termini only sorts itself out months, if not years, afterwards. Let us be quite honest. Most of us

read the present into the past, convincing ourselves of the memory of this or that because we are sure it could not have been otherwise. Who can remember accurately those thousands of changes in sensation as the kilometres separating him from Rome dropped below a hundred down to ten, as the all-wise Theologian, beginning to feel at home, started to anecdote about the towns and villages we were presumably by-passing, the first glimpse of the City, the arrival itself, the surging sea of humanity, the feeling of utter desolation in a world in which we could not even ask for a bar of chocolate? It was almost like beginning a Retreat to be ensconced in a tiny compartment with only one's own sort, to wit those who spoke English, for company again. Already the Roman taxi was conditioning our subconscious, lulling us into a state receptive of Romanità. On such occasions as these the hiring of a taxi had a further purpose besides the transfer of ourselves and our luggage (umbrella and all: "Better take one, you might not be able to get one in Rome") from Station to College. As the length of the Nazionale slipped behind, the First Year man was perhaps numb of all sensation. But there were others in the camerata making use of every opportunity to impress him. How well the writer remembers bouncing along the Baulari and the third occupant of the cab (for the benefit of a First Year man now safely submerged in intelligence "somewhere in Italy") gazing rapturously at the Palazzo Farnese and saying: "There's old Raniero waiting for us!" And as we lurched into the Monserra': "Blow me down, he's taking us round to the side door!" It was some time before that First Year man mastered the College external geography. His first letter home might have been interesting.

Like many an inanimate object, your Roman taxi varied with the time of day. Waiting by the front door for its arrival first thing in the morning, whisperingly counting and recounting to see that all were present whilst the College went on with its Mental Prayer, and setting off in Rome's metallic half-light, chastened even the most turbulent spirit. Had this anything to do with association of ideas? This was the hour at which *ordinandi* set off for the Gesù or wherenot, always with the right number of candles and clean cottas. Even such a journey as this could be adventurous, as on the occasion when a wheel came off and went bounding ahead—a thing I never believed happened till that morning (that is, that a wheel displaced shoots ahead).



... when a wheel came off ...

Adventurous—that was the spirit of a drive at any time with a Roman driver. Nothing might happen out of the ordinary. But what a terrific affair the ordinary was! The fare might be in a hurry; the driver was out to do or die; clamour was the order of the day. The busier the streets, the

more you were expected to revel in the crush. Corners would be taken, when unavoidable, on two wheels; normally on one and a half. The wrong side of the road had its own peculiar fascination. Always there was noise and bustle. What, after all, is a taxi-ride without noise? One might as well have used a *carozza* and been completely Victorian in the process.



Corners . . . taken on two wheels

Mind you, this question of noise introduces a sad note. Older Romans recall how a taxi-ride meant a co-terminous symphony in the stertorous as motor-horns coughed, spat,

wheezed and brayed, not so much to assist the progress of the vehicle as to indicate to the world at large the feelings of the driver, ranging as they did through all the gamut of known sensation. Then came that amazing day when the edict went forth that on the morrow horns should be silenced ; like tonsils they were to be deemed useless in this brave new world. Naturally, everyone said it was impossible and that accidents would multiply.

That neither proved true is due to one fact only : the genius of the Roman taxi. Rome awoke to a day that seemed quieter than night. There were no accidents. For that matter, whoever saw a Roman taxi-driver involved in an accident ? True, one would occasionally see a taxi climb up the side of a wall, or pin a pedestrian in a door-way, or crash practically head-on into another car. But all this was merely to give the fare his true share of excitement. . . . The last was the driver's best trick, and how clever he was at it ! The two drivers involved would smile happily, no doubt at their own cleverness and as if they were doing it merely for their own amusement, and argue, if at all, only about whose turn it was to back first.

It took an incident like this to show a driver's smile. As a tribe the drivers were as sinister-looking as their chariots. In novels, characters hail taxis when the author wishes them to strike a pose. In Rome, on getting into a taxi, one never knew whether one was going up or down in the social scale. Depressed gentility was obviously its key-note. But however questionable its social status, it had one great advantage, for it was by studious

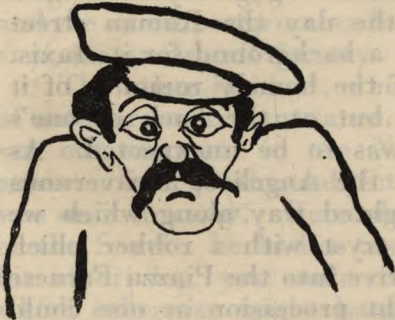


... as sinister-looking as their chariots



... the personification of animation when handling the wheel ...

secret sorrow, one whose only friend was a black cat that he had just lost in a fog. Yet, and this was the unaccountable thing about the taxi-driver, wrapped in Stygian gloom when at rest, he was the personification of animation when handling the wheel. "Handling" is, of course, a technical term. From time to time, and begrudgingly, the wheel had to be handled. But the hands were really needed for other work. In the palmy days, one hand was perpetually on the horn. When the edict went forth and the taxi became horn-less—something like, we are told, Peace waking in the morning to find that Plenty was no more—there was need for greater versatility. Eventually, this largely took the form of leaning perilously out and banging on the sides of the radiator, thereby accentuating their looseness and creating an *ersatz* warning of approach.



... wrapped-in Stygian gloom when at rest ...

observation in a cab that many a student received his grounding in those expressive gestures and phrases redolent of Roman usage which could be used equally well to speed the quip of a circle or, in later years, to create attention in the parish youth club.

At best, a Roman taxi-driver looked like a man with a

On consideration, it is an overstatement that there were no accidents. A student walking along the Corso once had his wings trapped in a slammed door as a nearby taxi moved off. The time and place were alike so busy that, with typical histrionic ability, a mob scene of some dimen-

sions was speedily improvised. However, nothing was heard of the incident, but we largely suspect that that was because the victim hailed from Oswaldtwistle—a word no Italian *carabiniere* would attempt either to pronounce or spell.

It is worth while recalling at this stage the story of the only horn that sounded in the City after the ban. Bought on the Campo, the world's single democracy where objects legendary rubbed shoulders with objects commonplace in the extreme, it was taken one day to the Piazza Pilotta where it behaved well enough, but on the way home to our horror it insisted on braying forth as we waited at the Corso crossing. All the traffic was halted by the Law's majestic nay; the *carabiniere* singled out a taxi-driver as the likeliest victim and proceeded to dress him down as only a super-expert can. If he were training to be a leading demagogue, that policeman would go far. In England he would be the star turn in a suburban debating society.

It has to be, we know, but each time a driver quailed before the strong arm the surprise was as fresh as ever. That such a Napoleon could be cowed was in itself a shock; but we knew how to make use of this knowledge. Approach a taxi-driver, suggest a distant spot he might care to visit, calculate a reasonable sum which you would wish to force on him. On occasion much might be done by negotiation; but, this having been tried and discarded, you could walk away and be ignored. Only let your direction be towards the nearest *carabiniere* and things would happen. Pattering footsteps and ingratiating noises off are only two of the properties needed to stage the scene. It could be quite comical if the would-be fare were unaware of the *carabiniere's* existence and so unable to account for the change of front.

The early morning saw the taxi fitting gently into one's milieu. During the busy part of the day the Roman street might have been designed purely as a background for its taxis. Night again found the taxi part of the homely romance of it all. Everything seemed at peace, but at the back of one's mind was a feeling that nothing was to be unexpected. As the taxi swung into the streets by the Angelico, a cavernous gloom by contrast with the well-lighted way along which we had come, everything suggested a tryst with a robber chief. After our Subiaco gita did we not drive into the Piazza Farnese in the midst of as gory a torchlight procession as one could wish for? But that was in the early days of Sanctions.

If the taxi was our introduction to Rome, it was also our farewell. Memories of those silken summer evenings last a life-time. The taxi arrived in the Cortile outside the door that opened onto the main corridor; luggage was tipped in; last minute instructions and messages were delivered and disregarded. The more prompt clustered round for a last handshake; the diffident hung out of windows and shouted remarks. *I triplici acclamazioni inglesi* resounded to the heavens, the taxi circled round the Cortile and, unless the driver were a wag and repeated his circling trick—a performance that never failed to be a winner—passed out into the night. Another Roman's brief hour of Roman life was over. The glib would talk of "old so-and-so's departure"; the thoughtful would say a prayer for some unsuspecting P.P. And although there were other ways of leaving the Venerabile, all somehow or other contrived to include a farewell taxi-ride. Taxis were the punctuation marks for our Roman parenthesis.

A word ought to be said about that cousin of the Roman taxi which is to be found elsewhere in Italy. I have vivid recollections of two experiences. The one befell me on a road north of Turin—a road that wound down and down amid perilous turns and corners with the precipice always at hand. The driver needed both hands . . . to illustrate his speech. He was voluble, and had the marvellous advantage (from his own point of view) of being able to listen without himself ceasing to talk. Again and again we were convinced that this time he really had left it too late, only to see him push the helm over, practically absentmindedly, as one wheel was wobbling part on the road and part in eternity. The vehicle would then dash for the opposite side of the road, the spate of words continue unabated, the gesticulation again work up to a crescendo, panic set in anew and the whole performance be repeated with a precision unknown even in an aircraft factory.

The other incident, which occurred at Pompeii, is worthy of note for one circumstance. The courteous Italian who shared our compartment in the Naples electric train easily led the conversation to the subject of the Scavi. Everyone's mind was on it anyway. He could advise us how to get the best out of the Scavi; he had a taxi waiting at the station (he did a bit of driving, you understand, by way of passing the time, which otherwise might hang very heavily). Happy thought!

he would take us round the Scavi himself. The impression we got was that he was artistic, a cut above the rôle of a mere guide, but we were obviously so interested and appreciative that he, to whom Pompeii was a ruling passion, would be tempting the gods if he refused to act as our cicerone. Moreover, we would be spared the professional guides, crude men on the look-out for as much as they could get of that soiling substance so aptly described by Shakespeare as trash. Recompense? Nothing at all. But by the end of that afternoon that nothing had materialised into a something—an interesting case of creation, the microcosm of that intriguing macrocosm, international finance—but such a modest something that it remains a mystery how a man could eke out a livelihood on so bare a pittance.

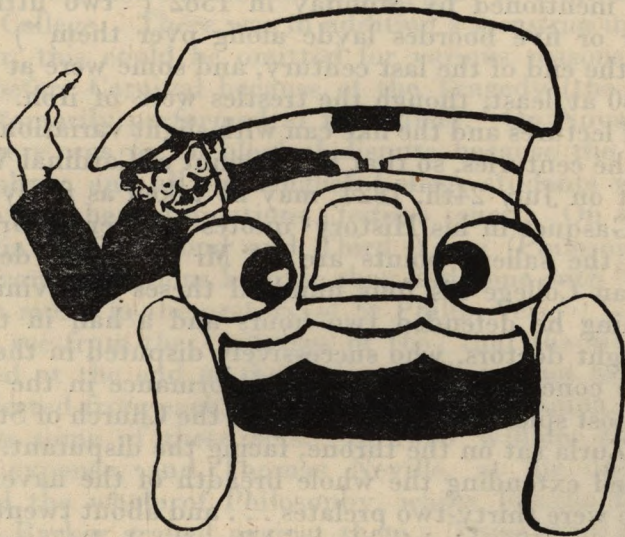
Equally a cousin was the hired car. It were best to leave aside the College car with its hint of trips to Palazzola and its memory of arriving back early, whereat a Superior might say: "Drive round the City for half an hour". Too opulent was it by far to come within the orbit of these lines. Rather do we think of the cars in which we went on gitas. Every detail comes back: rise at two o'clock (it was really hours later, but that is what it seemed like), creep downstairs carrying, as charity demanded, our boots, together with rucksack, cape, pullover, primus stove, food for a breakfast snack and . . . a large spanner. Whatever else was missing, the spanner was indispensable. It had to be dropped on the last landing of all with such a resounding ring as was calculated to rouse the whole House. There were invariably eight in these parties so that the car *had* to be a four-seater in order to take us all, in various stages of discomfort, plus impedimenta. Our journey was a long one—a hundred kilometres or more—at the end of which we would climb a snow-gripped mountain or ski till the early afternoon when it would be time to crowd into the car again, like the salmon at Galway's river mouth, wondering how on earth we had managed on the outward journey.

Then there were the cars, provided by a kindly official and enthusiastic propagandist, which took us to view the Pontine Marshes, lunch at Littoria and a visit to the cave of Aeneas being thrown in. But that was a rarity. More in tune was the gita to the coast when a puncture caused a change of wheel. While the operation was in progress, the threads of the bolts, by some accident or other, were well and truly stripped. What

a problem for an English mechanic! But the Italian village blacksmith, that man of resource, soon had the new wheel soldered on and away the party went!

Say what you will of these and of the Roman taxis, they not only commanded respect, they wooed affection. Their properties make comment a matter of little labour; and the same might be said of these lines as was said by Cicero on a slightly different matter: "They are done without much trouble. I furnish only the words, of which I have plenty."

ANTHONY HULME.



they wooed affection

PUBLIC ACTS

It has been observed that "Rome moves slowly" in deciding theological points and matters of discipline. Whatever truth there be in this, it is certainly true that the life of students at the English College in Rome was but little modified from the sixteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. Even the beds mentioned by Munday in 1582 ("two little trestles with four or five boordes layde along over them") were still in use at the end of the last century, and some were at Palazzola up to 1930 at least, though the trestles were of iron. The same routine of lectures and the like can with slight variation be traced through the centuries, so that the account of Cardinal Wiseman's public act on July 24th, 1824, may be taken as fairly representative. Gasquet in his *History*¹ quotes a letter of Dr Gradwell of which the salient points are: "Mr Wiseman defended at the Roman College his four hundred theses of divinity. . . In the morning he defended two hours and a half in the saloon against eight doctors, who successively disputed in the presence of a large concourse. . . But the performance in the afternoon was the most splendid. It was held in the Church of St Ignatius. Cardinal Zurla sat on the throne, facing the disputant. A circle was formed extending the whole breadth of the nave. In this first circle were thirty-two prelates . . . and about twenty doctors of divinity. . . Elevated in the middle at a desk or pulpit, with the professors Piatti and Fornari, one on each side, a step lower than the defendant, Mr Wiseman began by reading the dedication of the thesis, which was addressed to Cardinal Zurla, and then disputed for about an hour and a half against the three most celebrated professors of Sapienza. . . After the third dispute was

¹ p. 216.

closed, Cardinal Zurlo rose, clapped his hands and applauded." Immediately afterwards the doctorate of divinity was conferred *extra tempus*. There was a similar act by Errington at the Apollinare on August 22nd, 1827.

There seem to be two main reasons underlying the custom of Public Acts. In earlier days, owing to the shortage of books, there was urgent need for the information gained in the day's lectures to be driven home by discussion and repetition; and further, the ability to propound one's views and defend them was invaluable in arguing with heretics. At the English College each class had an hour's repetition on lecture days. These took place in winter immediately before supper, and in summer one hour after midday recreation. Every week there were disputes or *conclusiones communes* in the presence of the Superiors, but these were omitted after a *menstrua* or public act at the Roman College. Fourth Year Theologians were not bound *ad disputandum in aula*, but all the rest had to perform once a year and were not excused by taking part in a *menstrua* at the Roman College. There was in addition a *menstrua* in the house. However, this could be omitted for various reasons, e.g. for a period before Carnival because of the Tragedy (the play which was customarily performed at that time). On November 23rd, 1644, there was no theological dispute because the Pope went to St John's, and all the English College students went out at night to see the illuminations (*festivos ignes*). On the feast of St Cecilia 1647, Second and Third Years (Philosophers) were absent from repetitions because they had gone with "D. Somersett" to music in the oratory of St Philip Neri.¹

We see from the Visitation of 1657 that the students were examined at the end of the year and that those best qualified were selected from each Year for a public defension. Scrittura² mentions some of these acts. In 1620 William Hart, at the College expense, and Thomas Neville, at his own expense, defended the whole of Philosophy, whilst Francis Plantin and Thomas Barker argued against them. There were similar acts for the "Physici" and "Logici" (Second Year and First Year). A Cardinal or other dignitary presided when the whole of Philosophy was defended. Only rarely was an Act in the whole of Theology defended, as in 1619 (the first in ten years), the main

¹ For all this see lib. 320.

² Vol. 29 Scolares (Seditiosi).

reason being that most students either went away before completing the six years necessary or entered religion. Amongst the places at which our students performed may be mentioned the German College, Sant' Onofrio, the monastery of Santa Francesca Romana, and Santa Prassede. As the different national colleges grew there must have been some rivalry, not merely to give the most brilliant display but also to add various trimmings.

Public Acts were given at various times in the year. Thus in lib. 320 we find: "November 1645, 12th. The first disputations in Philosophy ought to have taken place but they were deferred owing to the Public Act in the whole of Philosophy which Christopher Heton held, dedicated to Sir Kenelm Digby." Under November 27th, 1644, we find that (Blessed) John Marsh (Wall) defended before Cardinal Rosetti. His accounts¹ show that he paid for a "silk conclusion" and "a satin conclusion for ye Cardinal Rosetti", and also paid "15 crownes to Marrochi for ye musik at his defension of Philosophy".

We have seen that sometimes the College and sometimes the student paid the expenses, but even when the College paid the student had additional copies of his thesis printed. Thus, Simon Wilson had fifty copies of his *Conclusioni di Logica* printed in addition to what the College gave.² These thesis sheets were about the size of a newspaper, with an engraving of the arms of the dignitary to whom they were dedicated at the top. Then came a flowery dedication such as the one Wiseman read. None of these have been preserved in full, but there is the first half of one dedicated to Cardinal Bellarmine: "ROBERTO BELLARMINO S. R. E. CARD. AMPLISSIMO Joannes Crispus Collegii Anglicani alumnus f. Qui te de facie norunt (Card. Amplissime) comitate illa morum singulari pari animi celsitudine coniuncta, si minus vinci, aequari plane immortalem tui nominis ac sapientiae famam locupletissime testantur. Hac nempe, quaqua Roberti Cardinalis Bellarmini nomen et scripta pervagata sunt, non orthodoxos modo in tui admirationem rapis, sed vel ipsos Calvinianae ac Lutheranae pestis, idest omnis nequitiae administros in terrorem inducis: illa vero ad omnes quidem certe aperis benevolentiae tuae sinus, praecipue tamen ad eos, qui orbari patrio sole maluerunt quam

¹ lib. 313. cf. *Venerabile* vol. V, n. 3, p. 244.

² cf. *Venerabile* vol. V, n. 2, p. 175.

impuri licet domestici luminis admissione, purissimam Catholicae fidei lucem inficere. Testes in primis adsumus, quotquot ex hoc Anglicano Collegio velut ex editissima specula longo quasi prospectu gentis nostrae ruinas ac discrimina contuemur, et ingemiscimus; qui, quam a patrio coelo, parentibus, propinquis amicisque, sponte divulsi non ita commode ferremus orbitatem, eam admirabili tua erga nos benignitate videmus egregie compensari. Testis ego unus de multis, Princeps Illustrissime, quem ut Patris Henrici Garneti sororis filium conspicatus es, omnibus humanitatis officiis complexus ad tanti Avunculi sectandos conatus excitasti. Nimirum pineas illas nuces imitaris tuae familiae stemmata, lacunatis in turbinem toris reticulato opere circumductis; dum quo Divini amoris aestu Pater idem Garnetus caput suum neci pro Christo devovit, spe accensus, reviviscentibus pristinae inter te et illum familiaritatis igniculis, clementia tua thesauros depromis, eosque, cum in omnes, tum in me praesertim non abunde minus quam sapienter effundis. Quidni ergo hasce Philosophicarum nundinarum merces tuis optimis consiliis conquisitas, atque amplitudinis tuae splendore per triennium auctas, tuis munitas insignibus exponam; ut quas privato labore non parum amplificatas vidi, eidem multiplicato faenore restituam, cuius auspiciis, secundum Deum, hoc meum quaecumque studium mercedis initium sumpsit, et incrementum suae? Prodeunt igitur e Gymnastico pulvere Peripateticae Propositiones in apertum tuae dignitatis Solem, quae si te, ut antea Maecenatem, nunc etiam Patronum agnoverint, adhuc maiora monebunt in annos proximos tuo nomini consecranda. Vale."

John Crispius defended in Philosophy, but elsewhere we have a note to the effect that Robert Lea (Southcote) in 1613, when in Fourth Year Theology, made the small act before Cardinal Bellarmine and then, like Wiseman, defended all the theses of Theology both morning and evening.¹ John Bentley, in dedicating his theses to Cardinal Peter Paul Crescenzi, greets "nuper exortam purpurae tuae lucem", and humbly admits that he is "primus fortunae suffragiis potius quam virtutis electus". It is not very clear what was the "small act" above mentioned—unless it was one conducted with less éclat.

The only specimens of the theses I have found are the following:

¹ cf. Gasquet p. 189.

“Tempus ut est unum quoddam continuum datur a parte rei nemine cogitante; ut vero divisum est in horas, dies et annos consignificat praeterea operationem aliquam intellectus. Recte autem ab Aristotelè describitur numerus motus secundum prius et posterius. Et tempus quidem aliud est commune ac primarium, quod est duratio motus primi mobilis, aliud particulare et secundarium, quod motus aliorum corporum comitatur.

“Ex Iure Caesareo. 1. Utrum Tutor sit de bonis Pupilli alendus. 2. Utrum tacens habeatur pro consentiente.”

Sometimes the fathers of the Roman College were invited to the defensions in the house. The Visitors' Book for 1649 has this entry: “July 17th. Three fathers of the Roman College had supper here because of the act in Philosophy.” The same occurs on the 30th for the “actus Logicus”. But the increasing splendour of these acts meant increased expense, and we find a very interesting letter from the Pope to the Father General of the Society of Jesus, Rev. Fr Oliva, dated “Castel Gandolfo, 12th Oct., 1644”:

“The Holy Father has bidden me notify your Reverence that as regards the excessive expenses to which, not without their displeasure, parents of those youths who study in the schools of the Society see themselves now constrained, several years ago he gave instructions to Fr General Nickel that in the defence of conclusions, in Representations and in similar acts of the above mentioned students, a suitable moderation should be observed. After such regard had been paid for some time, they have again returned to exceeding notably the above limit. His Holiness therefore desires that your Reverence give orders to the Rectors and superiors of Colleges and seminaries not to permit expenses in the above functions beyond the sum of 100 scudi when they have not in addition permission from your Reverence, and you should not grant this without approval of His Holiness . . .

P: Card. Rospigliosi.”¹

The most common time for Public Acts seems to have been in July or August (about the time of the examinations at the Roman College) or late November, shortly after the opening of a new scholastic year. The more brilliant students were keen to obtain this honour, though others tried to avoid even the smaller disputations. Human nature does not differ too widely from generation to generation.²

FRANCIS J. SHUTT.

¹ Scrittura. (Rospigliosi).

² Those interested should also consult “The English College and The University.” *Venerabile* vol. V, n. 1-2.

A SILENT CENTENARY

To the man with an eye for anniversaries the present austerity must be a special hardship, for it admits of little celebration or festivity; and since feasting has ever been the accepted mode of doing honour to an occasion many an anniversary must go unhonoured and unsung. The centenary of the Literary Society in 1941 passed the House by, not because of any special austerity, but because it is the sort of anniversary that defies celebration even in the days of plenty; and no brain could devise any satisfactory means to commemorate the occasion. For a society is a strange entity; a literary society particularly so. The general outside attitude to a literary society is one of humorous scepticism combined with a vague sympathy for the chairman. They are usually represented as being in decline, with falling membership, scarcity of speakers and inadequate funds. Each particular meeting seems to reflect that same decadence; the speaker is usually appearing at short notice and feels incompetent to deal with so wide a topic; the chairman regrets the small attendance, and the society is struck dumb at question time.

Yet they carry on, and from Nether Backwash to Little Higgletton the village literary society is part and parcel of the English background. It was inevitable that that microcosm of the English scene, the Venerable, should develop this institution, and it was in the early eighteen-forties that English College men began discoursing to each other on literary and philosophical topics with true Victorian gravity and decorum. No vein of humour seems to have lightened that staid assembly during the disturbed nineteenth century; no frolics, literary or philosophical, marked the mood of the Second Spring. Rather

the Risorgimento and the pessimism of Newman sat heavily on their shoulders. No doubt they had their humour, these contemporaries of Dickens and Jane Austen, but a literary society was closed to any but the gravest discourse, and membership was limited. It was a much later development that widened the scope of the society and introduced outside speakers, and only in the last decade or so have outside speakers predominated. The centenary year alone saw the House (now long identified with the Society) unrepresented. Other societies, offshoots of the parent body, by that time claimed the products of local talent, and the Literary Society had come to be regarded as the adventurer of the outside world. It had been a century of development, and perhaps the Society's readiness to adapt and to change when circumstances changed saved it from the struggle for survival which befell its counterpart in Little Higgletton.

For it cannot be said that the English College Literary Society, in our memory at least, ever knew any lean times or hovered on the verge of extinction. Its mainstay has always been a robust and inquisitive audience almost indecently eager to size up and weigh in the balance any celebrity the President may be able to secure. Reputation does not induce silent awe, much less reverence, and no matter how conclusive the talk, how cogent the argument, the speaker must run the gauntlet of insistent questioners. With so substantial a backing the Literary Society has a decided advantage and can hardly falter. The other elements are ancillary to this immovable mass; the President a mere accident, the Secretary an appendage, and the supply of speakers, to the audience at least, a curiosity. From the House's point of view speakers just appear like Melchisedech. Their whence and whither, pedigree or prospects are of little interest. The President is regarded as a sort of conjuror with a prolific hat, eternally productive. That a notice will appear *ogni tanto* announcing a talk is taken for granted, like a rough-house or a scirocco. They all wear something of inevitability like first principles, and go unquestioned. The laconic note advertising, or better, informing the House of the talk occasions no surprise or comment, save perhaps a criticism of the Secretary's wording or professed mystification at the title which is high-brow to the low-brow and low-brow to the high-brow. The plain man waits on events.

But there is one man who cannot enjoy a detached view of the Society—the President. There are some who are born to

the chair and exactly fit the part, but there are others for whom the very thought of such a task brings sweat to the brow. One observer from northern parts maintained that the post should be given exclusively to men from the south, asserting that they had the glibness of tongue, ease of speech and ability to enlarge on the nugatory with elegance, which were essential to the office and not part of the inheritance of the northerner. Above Trent, he held, men said what they meant, and in as few words as possible. With such views, it was inevitable that he should be elected President and be given the opportunity of developing this innate southern accomplishment. But it must be conceded that there are trying moments in the chairman's life, anxieties not dreamed of by the large body of critics ensconced in arm-chairs, curiously regarding the fare provided for the evening. They little know of the remote and proximate preparation required to present one single speaker; it is often comparable to the work required to put one bomber into the air. To the onlooker he is a mere curiosity, but to the chairman a prize, an achievement. For, as the smoke-haze thickens and the speaker becomes husky, he recalls his first contact—purely mental—when he met the name and pondered the possibility of a talk. Then the first tentative letter; and a promising reply. More letters, mainly on the when and the how to reach the College in its present locality, and the eventual, triumphant arrival. All this must be taken concurrently with other letters to other possibles, lack of replies, duplications when two possibles threaten to come on the same day—a painful dilemma; along with soundings for other speakers to come later in the season. It was much easier in Rome where visitors were unending and personal contacts possible. Correspondence is a slower and less effective means of cajolement, for there is yet no law that a man must answer a letter. The remote preparation, then, is a stirring business for the President, and he may rightly regard the arrival of the speaker as something of an achievement. The Society, however, does nothing so rash, and reserves judgment till after the talk. Only then may the President be allowed a qualified *Prosit* in the best tradition of a House that takes public service for granted.

It has ever been an axiom among Presidents that the layman is preferred to the cleric; one President took this a step further by his discovery that a boiled shirt was at a better premium than the collar and tie, and by subtle hints and nuances would

convey to the speaker that evening dress, if not *de rigueur*, was not *de trop*. He felt more assured of success if his quarry appeared in the approved apparel; and it seems that experience justified his principle. Certainly these details told, and no President would discount them. But there were other incidentals of greater moment. The opening gambit might noticeably reduce or increase the speaker's handicap. Diffidence and pomposity were likewise dangerous; sentiment disastrous. The wise man would begin quietly, eschew any reference to his competence or incompetence (that would be decided for him) and plunge *in medias res* whether it took him to Northern Tibet or Lower Silesia. The traveller and diplomat were usually safe; journalists could always be relied upon for good copy; literary men were rare, but they invariably impressed and stimulated. It was unfortunate when a topic became taboo. India and Spain in turn suffered ostracism of this sort, and speakers had to be warned. Several tasks of equal delicacy fell to the President, for the House had priority, not the speaker. It was all part of the game.

But the President has some slight consolations. His introductory speech is his last trial. Here he must tread carefully, not prefix the adjective "famous" to the speaker's wrong name, nor confuse his titles, nor forget the name of his greatest book; for the audience is merciless, and hungry for solecisms, the wrong word, the double entendre, the two-edged compliment. But this over, he can ponder and survey the scene. If he is confident of a successful talk, he can look the audience in the eyes. He can study with satiric interest the strange poses of the men he knows so well, the eager and expectant, the supercilious, the men of zealous endeavour, the bored. He may cast a feeling glance at his voter of thanks. Will he remember that the speaker is a sculptor not an architect, that Cholmondeley conceals traps for the unwary, and not to mention the book he wrote as a classic, since it only sold a hundred copies and is long out of print? However, that is not his responsibility. One final source of apprehension does not trouble our President; the spell-bound silence that elsewhere greets the announcement of the speaker's willingness to answer questions ("if I can, of course, ha! ha!") is absent at the Venerable, which houses a few men of universal interests and several irrepressibles eager to air an acquaintance with the most exotic subjects. There is also the camouflaged objector who beneath an apparent

desire for yet further knowledge conceals an obnoxious difficulty, an opposite thesis, the snake among the apples. There is finally the reducer, the man who can condense any thesis, topic, information or experience to a particular cause or cure. One hesitates to discourage him; he has filled, perhaps, many a possible awkward pause, but never succeeds in selling his panacea. Sometimes the persistent questioner, with scant courtesy for the chair, breaks into direct argument with the speaker and pursues him into a corner until—the silencing bell prevents a coup de grâce. And so the President performs yet another function, that of arbiter, and adds to it a host of other offices, to promoter, correspondent, conveyer of delicate hints, master of the tactful direction, and finally supplier of cigarettes, borrower of efficient lighter and mover of chairs.

The President must be a firm man and an egoist. In his time he will listen to the wildest suggestions delivered from the arm-chair, and he must feign welcome or be accused of indolence or lack of enterprise. But he must dismiss them as firmly as he receives them kindly. Throughout he must be the judge, for responsibility steadies the eye and mellows the judgment. The arm-chair critic, whether advising generals in the field or a mere President of the Literary Society, has no eye for reality; unburdened by consequences, he can afford to be an idealist. It is the fruit of experience that Literary Society lapses have often been the result of suggestion and pressure from the arm-chair; but invariably the President is the scapegoat. Firmness, then, must be his cardinal virtue. In the last extremity it is better to suffer for one's own folly than for the idealists.

True, lapses from standard are often meat for men of the Venerable, but only in retrospect does an aureole of favour surround the miscarriage. Immediate impressions are generally enervating. The President who was also in charge of concerts, and would choose a victim with an eye to future reproduction on the stage, was in a peculiar position where divided loyalty was inevitable and where he could rob Peter to pay Paul. Masters of such complete cynicism are rare and made of the sternest stuff. But the average President finds most encouragement in the talk that makes talk, that sets scholastic minds distinguishing and low-brows furtively consulting *fontes*, with all quoting the masters for and against. That is music to his ears, and with greater zest he can take up hook and line again and, with a prayer to some literary deity, cast into uncharted waters.

HUGH LAVERY,

NOVA ET VETERA

PRESENTATION TO ARCHBISHOP GRIFFIN

After Archbishop Griffin's Enthronement on January 18th at Westminster Cathedral, some ninety priests who had been students at the Venerabile met, in most joyous mood, at lunch in the Holborn Restaurant. All were guests of Mr James Walsh, Editor of *The Catholic Times* and a student of the College in Archbishop Griffin's time. In spite of short notice, Mr Walsh had arranged for everything, from the London 'bus to bring the *meno pratici* from the Cathedral to the Restaurant to the length of the speeches. The lunch was honoured by the presence of His Grace the Apostolic Delegate, who completed the truest essentials of a Roman celebration. Towards the end the new Archbishop arrived and joined the great gathering, sitting on the right of the Apostolic Delegate. He received a great ovation. The toasts were few and simple. Mgr R. L. Smith proposed "The Venerabile", to which Mgr Macmillan replied. Mgr Masterson then proposed "The Archbishop of Westminster" with great warmth and sincerity, thus giving Archbishop Griffin the opportunity of expressing the closeness to his heart of the Venerabile and of Cardinal Hinsley. Though keeping in the background, Mr Walsh was compelled to say a few words, and this gave all present the chance of showing their warmest thanks to him. Aptly indeed, the speeches ended with one from Archbishop Godfrey, who turned the thoughts of all to the Holy Father in these days of his heavy trial.

Before the departures set in, Dr Hampson public-spiritedly and in answer to a spontaneous desire organised a presentation to the new Archbishop and, after receiving contributions from many who were unable to be present at the lunch, was able to

send to His Grace the sum of £125. Here is the letter which he received in reply :

Archbishop's House,
Westminster,
London, S.W.1.

Dear Father Hampson,

I wish to thank you for your very kind letter and the very substantial presentation you have sent me on behalf of my old friends of the Venerabile. Will you kindly convey to all those who so generously subscribed my very sincere thanks. When times are normal I will devote the money to obtaining a carved statue for my private oratory here as a record of the happy days I spent at the Venerabile and the hosts of friends I was privileged to make.

May I be permitted to say how much I appreciated the gathering of so many Venerabilini on the day of the enthronement, their kind messages of good will and the rousing welcome I received.

I shall be for ever grateful to the Venerabile and to our magnificent Rector, the late Cardinal, for the valuable lessons and help I received whilst a student in the Holy City.

May I continue to be remembered in the prayers of my friends of Roman days whom I will always remember at the Altar.

With every kind wish and a blessing,

Yours sincerely,

(signed) ✠ BERNARD.

Archbishop of Westminster.

The Rev. J. Hampson,
St Michael's,
Ditton Hall,
Widnes.

A UNIQUE OCCASION

When Fr James Cunningham of the Salford diocese left Rome in May 1940 he had almost completed his course for the doctorate in Canon Law. He had written and handed in his thesis, and he had passed all his subsidiary examinations.

A few days after his arrival in England he learned that the readers had officially approved his thesis. He had now to defend it. In this country there is no College in which are given degrees in Canon Law, no College therefore in which Fr Cunningham could defend his thesis. The Venerable, while at St Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, had received from the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities permission to give degrees in Theology, but not in Canon Law.

The Bishop of Salford drew up a petition to the Congregation asking that Fr Cunningham might defend his thesis before a board of examiners at the Venerable. The petition was granted on certain conditions. A copy of the rescript is given at the end of this article.

One of the conditions laid down in the rescript was that the board of examiners should consist of two of our own professors already approved for degree examinations in the College, and two others, Doctors of Canon Law, to be appointed by the Dean of Heythrop College. The two doctors appointed were the Rev. P. Brassell S.J. of Wimbledon and the Rev. J. Halsall, Vice-Rector of the Pontifical Beda College of Rome. We are grateful to the Father Provincial of the Society of Jesus for helping to arrange the board of examiners, and to the examiners themselves for the trouble they took to fall in with the arrangements made in connection with the examination.

The examination was held on Wednesday and Thursday, December 1st and 2nd of last year, 1943. On the Wednesday evening Fr Cunningham gave the *Experimentum* in the first lecture hall. His subject was: "Are Our Parishes Benefices?" On the following morning he defended his thesis in the Common Room, the most imposing room we have. On one side was a rostrum; on the other a long table. Nearby was the chair of honour for the Rector, and at the far end a number of chairs arranged in semicircular rows for the *auditores*.

At 10.30 the four examiners took their places and Fr Cunningham went to the rostrum, from which he gave the exposition of his thesis which was entitled: "The Division and Territorial Dismemberment of Parishes". He first explained why he had chosen this thesis and then outlined the contents. In the first part, he said, he had explained the *notiones* such as "benefice", "parish", "vicariate". The next part was historical. He had then shown what authorities were competent to divide or

join benefices, and under what conditions. In each section of this part he had summarised the old law before explaining the present law. Finally, he had applied his teaching to one or two modern problems.

After the exposition the examiners gave their criticisms of the thesis and the exposition, and the questioning began. It seemed that the principal examiners, Frs Halsall and Brassell, were not wholly satisfied with the reasons given for the choice of subject and the exponent was asked to explain his reasons more convincingly. Then followed a number of criticisms and questions both general (dealing with the thesis as a whole) and particular (with reference to individual points). Frs Dyson and Dempsey gave briefly their opinions of the thesis and raised one or two difficulties. There was one question from the *auditores*. It was now twelve o'clock. The examination had lasted one hour and a half.

Never before has an examination for the doctorate in Canon Law been held in the College. During the early days of the College's history Public Acts for the doctorate in Theology and Philosophy were sometimes arranged in the College, but not for the doctorate in Canon Law. And it must be many years since such an examination took place in this country. Perhaps this is the first since the Reformation. We feel that Cardinal Pizzardo, the Prefect of the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities, has honoured us in allowing the examination to be held in the Venerabile, and we are very grateful.

The result of the examination has not yet been published. In accordance with the rescript the examiners' reports have been sent to Rome to the Gregorian University "*cuius erit gradum Doctoris in Iure canonico conferre*". We hope it will.

W. E. GRASAR.

Sacra Congregatio
De Seminariis et
Studiorum Universitatis.
Prot. Num. 559/41.

Romae,
Nonis Junii, MCMXLIII

Exc.me ac Rev.me Domine,
petitionem Tuam de periculis ad Lauream in Iure canonico
a rev.do d.no Jacobo Cunningham subeundis accepimus atque
iudicio Sacrae huius Congregationis subiecimus.

Haec eadem Sacra Congregatio, rerum adiunctis perspectis, potestatem facit rev.do dom.no Jacobo Cunningham dissertationem suam doctoralem, a Pontificia Universitate Gregoriana adprobatam, defendendi et praescriptum experimentum, ad normam art. 46 Constitutionis Apostolicae "Deus Scientiarum Dominus", habendi coram peculiari Coetu jam a commemorata Pontificia Universitate designato pro examinibus ad gradus, in Venerabili Collegio Anglicano, in loco Stonyhurst: cui tamen Coetui adiungantur duo ecclesiastici viri in Iure canonico Doctores, a Decano Facultatis Theologicae Heythropensis nominati.

Idem Decanus relationem de peractis examinibus mittet ad Pontificiam Universitatem Gregorianam, cuius erit gradum Doctoris in Iure canonico conferre.

Quae dum Tecum, Exc.me ac Rev.me Domine, communico, fausta omnia ac felicia in Domino adprecor sensusque meae reverentiae perlubenter exhibeo.

J. CARD. PIZZARDO

ERNESTUS RUFFINI, Secret.

Exc.mo ac Rev.mo

D. HENRICO VINCENTIO MARSHALL

Episcopo Salfordien. in Anglia.

COLLEGE DIARY

SEPTEMBER 24th *Friday*. The weather for once smiles a welcome as we step out of our taxi at the front door. We cast an appraising eye on our gardener's flower-beds—a riot of colour in the brilliant sunshine—before crossing the threshold to find the Rector greeting all arrivals at the top of the main staircase. The air indoors is redolent of distemper and floor-soap. Yes, the house has been spring-cleaned during our absence. In the Common Room after supper we made the acquaintance of our fourteen new men. Such an influx of new blood during our time of exile promises well for the future well-being of the College, and we give them as hearty a welcome as ever, even though they are here denied that quick road to popularity that was ever the vogue at Palazzola—a liberal supply of English cigarettes (a boon to palates jaded after twelve months of *Tre Stelle*), and ingenuousness in describing the piquant details of their “journey out” under the aegis of returning veterans.

25th *Saturday*. While listening today to the stories of the man who lunched with Mr Belloc, and the yarns of the mighty men who bent their backs to England's harvest to the tune of cheese and beer, our thoughts returned to the good old days when *gitanti* came back with tales of Abruzzi wolves and encounters with Cardinals in mufti.

26th *Sunday*. Dr Goodier and Fr Lyons returned to the fold to join it in the annual Retreat, preached this year by Rev. B. Grimley D.D., who studied at the College from 1918 to 1922.

OCTOBER 3rd *Sunday*. After a week's excursion into the very heart of Rome where we found the inspiration of the Pastoral Clergy, we return home to wish a hearty *Prosit* to all who to-day received Orders in the Boys' Chapel at Stonyhurst. A special *Prosit* goes to Mr Fahy, whose year was ordained last February, but who was himself delayed by age.

Ben Venuto to Mgr Smith whose ever welcome figure appeared at tea-time, grasping something (as one wag remarked) with the air of a conjurer bringing a rabbit out of a hat. The object proved to be a young nephew of Monsignor's from the College.

4th *Monday*. Inaugural High Mass *De Spiritu Sancto*, sung by the Rector assisted by Dr Butterfield and Fr Courtney, S.J. This was followed by *Lectio Brevis*. Fr Courtney is to lecture on *De Sacramentis in Genere*.

Ye men of old note. No longer do we go to the Greg. It is the turn of the professors, who come to the Greg. from Stonyhurst through a stately avenue of trees.

5th *Tuesday*. Why should the mood on the Superior's table at breakfast time be one of light hearted gaiety? Why should there be an unruly and ever-swelling throng round the stationery-man's door, reminiscent of a sale at Lewis's? Of course, lectures begin in earnest to-day.

6th *Wednesday*. "The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone."
Five lectures.

7th *Thursday*. Yesterday's happy quotation was prophetic! To-day we "opened our window to the sun". No lectures.

8th *Friday*. Rev. P. Firth, C.F., who is spending a few days' leave at Stonyhurst College, came across to enliven the Common Room with a few stories of Army life.

9th *Saturday*. This week we record the retirement of our indefatigable gaffer, Mr Tolkien. While saluting him for his fine work, we would draw our reader's attention to the fact that Mr Tolkien has laid the foundations of a splendid gardening tradition which we hope will soon be continued at Palazzola.

10th *Sunday*. To dinner Fr Firth.

12th *Tuesday*. We did not know so much rain could fall in the space of forty-eight hours. The faces of the soccer enthusiasts grow longer and longer as they think of our pitch on the Brickfields becoming more and more water-logged every minute. Precious little chance of a game on Thursday at this rate!

13th *Wednesday*. *Feast of St Edward*, which we celebrated liturgically and otherwise. Coffee after lunch, *ma senza rosolio*. (By the way, who was the man in the nineteen-thirties who, according to the late Dr Weldon, used to take Rosario (!) with his coffee?)

Arthur Askey's version of "The Ghost Train" was well received on our silver screen after supper.

14th *Thursday*. Surely the most wonderful of all excuses was given by a First Year Man who was late today for Meditation. It appears that he leapt out of bed, tripped over his bucket and knocked himself unconscious against his desk. One of those cases where truth apparently is stranger than fiction!

16th *Saturday*. In the days before the hegira, the First Year man would have been receiving his baptism of fire on St Catherine's Day, three weeks after arriving in Rome. During that three weeks his face constantly wore a preoccupied expression—he was obviously preparing his speech. But here we are at St Mary's Hall with three weeks elapsed since our holiday and yet another six weeks to pass ere St Catherine's Day. No wonder First Year look so unconcerned and content.

17th *Sunday*. Some of them have even got into the Schola—without apparently making the slightest difference in the tone or volume of the whole. Perhaps that's how it should be.

18th *Monday*. The gramophone proves a great attraction after dinner each day. We try to cater for all tastes. One day you may be regaled with a symphony of Beethoven or Tchaikowsky; another may bring you a programme of light instrumental and vocal music; yet another session will be devoted to the immortal Gilbert and Sullivan operas whose popularity in the House seems to be growing daily. Some enthusiasts even take libretti of the operas into the Gramophone Room on "G and S day".

20th *Wednesday*. The Literary Society assembled for its first meeting of the year to hear a talk by Fr Van de Poel, S.J., one of our professors of Philosophy, on his native land, Holland.

21st *Thursday*. The rattle of coal-buckets as the mining fraternity proceeds to fill the gaping bunkers of the House reminds us that the fall of the year has set in seriously, and we awaken to the fact that the view from our window seems suddenly wild and bleak. The recent gales have swept away every vestige of russet leaf from the intruding creeper.

22nd *Friday*. "Storm clouds hurrying west,
Heavy with rain, and grey,
Over the brown hill's crest
All things passing away."

If we remember rightly this was a poet's description of November, but it applies equally well today.

23rd *Saturday*. Even the birds have realised that summer is now a thing of the past. With the apparent intention of keeping themselves warm they congregate by the hundred in the hedges and keep up a lively commentary on our comings and goings.

24th *Sunday*. Our more athletic brethren express hopes of a skating winter. For our part, we shudder and edge closer to the fire.

25th *Monday*. The annual book-auction was held today—organised and conducted by a gentleman who, but for a rich Yorkshire accent, might easily have taken his place among the raucous-voiced vendors on the Campo dei Fiori. Bargains were few and far between.

This evening we welcomed Rev. G. Higgins (1921—28) who has come for a few days' holiday.

28th *Thursday*. We blush as we make to-day's entry. Stalwarts of old, refrain from comment and spare us embarrassment. This afternoon the Philosophers turned out to a man to encourage their eleven representatives to victory over the Theologians. Victory?—nay, a rout, to the tune of ten goals to one. Frs Van de Poel, S.J., and Ekbery rendered active assistance in the field to their exuberant disciples. We leave to the benevolent reader's imagination the further developments which took place in the Common Room after supper.

29th *Friday*. Choir practices for our broadcast on November 5th are gradually becoming a menace. Thank heavens we don't go "on the air" every month! Life would be one long series of arsis and thesis and our nights would be haunted by interminable processions of black neums.

30th *Saturday*. Pendle Hill is only some five miles distant but we have not seen his broad back for some days past. We might have been living on the edge of the world with chaos and void just beyond the garden, but at any time the mists may lift and expose to view once more the low hills that form our horizon and mercifully shield our eyes from the dismal aspect of industrial Lancashire.

31st *Sunday*. Strange! As we returned from our afternoon walk 'mid murk and mud, we were greeted by a rich soprano voice echoing from the Common Room along the corridors and penetrating every corner of the House. What can it mean?

NOVEMBER 1st *Monday*. *Feast of All Saints*. Ah! That's it! A Deanna Durbin film in which was also featured a symphony orchestra under the baton of Stokowsky. The show produced widespread satisfaction and, what is unusual in this hyper-critical age, disapproval from none. *Prosit* to the Film Committee.

2nd *Tuesday*. *Feast of All Souls*. *Sacrum Sollemne de Requie*.

3rd *Wednesday*. Since our first year we have never understood the real difference (if there be one) in function between the Debating Society and the Public Meeting. At the opening of the first P.M. of the year, this question suggested itself to us as we sat drawing our pipe and keeping one ear cocked in case anyone stirred a pool in which we might have an interest, and thus afford us the opportunity to relinquish our pipe for a while and get our teeth into him (quite metaphorically, dear reader—*si quis*—who may never have taken part in these august deliberations).

4th *Thursday*. The sun actually penetrated to our quiet backwater to-day—a strange phenomenon in these parts. But Pendle is still obscured. We have taken to wondering whether he will still be there when the mists do lift.



Edward, Bishop
of Nottingham

Photograph by E. Hadley

5th *Friday*. History has its ironic aspects. On this anniversary, celebrated with such gusto and relish by the bigoted, the College of the Martyrs, gathering round a microphone in the sombre gloom of a Lancashire November evening, lustily sang *Compline* and heard the Rector address the English-speaking world on devotion to the Sacred Heart.

6th *Saturday*. Pendle emerged from his retirement for a few hours.

7th *Sunday*. If anyone has noticed a spare part of a boiler languishing in a railway-truck in his local goods-yard, will he kindly make known the same to us as soon as possible? Our central-heating plant broke down sometime ago with the result that all the ground-floor rooms—the Common Room, the Refectory and the *Aulae*—are veritable ice-boxes. If you see a man making his way downstairs, apparently equipped for a Mount Everest expedition, you know that he has a lecture in *Aula I*.

Mr Dockery's paper to the Wiseman Society entitled "The Trend of Modern Poetry" provoked much lively controversy.

9th *Tuesday*. The bitter cold and the opening of heaven's sluice gates have combined to dislodge the lecturer from his central eminence and heave him, complete with rostrum, a few points to port in order to lay open the fire-place, where a coal fire blazed merrily throughout the day. The patrons of the front row are normally three in number—faithful souls sitting devoutly at the feet of the professor (and frequently paying for other men's sins)—but today the whole Faculty became fire-worshippers and it was almost impossible to gain a foot-hold anywhere in the front two rows.

11th *Thursday*. Today we bade farewell to Fr Courtney, S.J., who has finished his course *De Sacramentis in Genere*.

12th *Friday*. And we welcome in his place Fr Dempsey, S.J., who has come from Heythrop to teach us the dogma of the Eucharist.

16th *Tuesday*. The Rector and the Prefect of Studies put their heads together and decided to surprise us with a *dies non*. And very welcome it was. After supper a film: "The Camels are Coming"—a Jack Hulbert farce.

17th *Wednesday*. Fires are now *de rigueur* in all cold places, and the old Hall wears an unwonted air of restrained and mellow cheer.

19th *Friday*. Exams. again already!—but only for the Third Year Theologians who have completed, no doubt with considerable *éclat*, their Canon Law course.

The missing spare part of the boiler has turned up but—would you believe it?—was found to be of a wrong size.

20th *Saturday*. The atmosphere of the Common Room these days is one of great dignity, due, of course, to the absence of the Philosophers who are going through their paces before appearing in song and mime on the 25th.

21st *Sunday*. We do remember our noon-day slumbers in Rome being haunted by the poignant tones of a flute, and we cannot forget the first night on which a communal radio on the Cappellar' burst in upon our repose with an electrically distorted version of "Oggi"; but such memories pale before the concatenation of sounds which greeted us at 1.50 p.m. to-day on the threshold of our room. A harmonium was wheezing out a Bach chorale; a violin was chirping a fragment of Corelli; an electrical gramophone was thundering forth the fury of the last movement of the Beethoven Seventh; another violin and 'cello were scraping fairly melodiously at two nondescript orchestral parts; a trumpeter, whose zeal had outlived his wind, was trailing out Handel's "Largo"; and our "show" pianist in the background was bounding up and down the piano polishing his arpeggios. Dear reader, we too once thought that music had charms—but not at St Mary's Hall!

22nd *Monday*. The thought of making a speech on St Catherine's is scaring First Year—they're going to bed! The average number missing these days is four.

23rd *Tuesday*. The death of Fr Joyce, S.J., has thrown the theologians of the English Province of the Society into confusion. Fr Dempsey has beaten a hurried retreat to Heythrop to consult with his fellows and plan the necessary readjustments. A speedy return!

24th *Wednesday*. One of those happiest of Literary Society meetings when the speaker, on this occasion General Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott, takes his audience into his diary and gives a few choice pages.

25th *Thursday*. *Feast of St Catherine*. A good *pranzone alla guerra*. Then the speeches!—need we say more? At least two of them were of some decided merit.

This evening the concert opened with a really excellent and vivacious First Year Song rendered by:—Messrs Dixon (Lancaster), Collins (Brentwood), Murphy-O'Connor (Portsmouth), O'Dowd (Nottingham), Stewart and Spillane (Southwark), Guest and D. Kelly (Salford), Haughey (Middlesbrough), Keegan (Leeds), English (Shrewsbury), B. Jones and Martin (Menevia).

But the rest of the concert left the impression that the producers had gone through a difficult time juggling with a super-abundance of budding talent.

1. FIRST YEAR SONG

Chorus: Hic nati, hic laborabimus
septem post annos; tamen quo melius,
Urbem ab Octavo mox liberandam esse
speramus nos, qualiter vos, Romani.

2. INTERLUDE Messrs. Gallagher, Hamilton,
Dickenson, M. Groarke,
3. ITEM Fr Van de Poel, S.J.

4. FIRST YEAR INTERLUDE

The Red Herring

or

Fishday Felony.

<i>Ancient Romans</i>	· · · · ·	Messrs English, Spillane
<i>Bill Shakes</i>	· · · · ·	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Harry Stottle</i>	· · · · ·	Mr Guest
<i>Clerics</i>	· · · · ·	Messrs Collins, O'Dowd
<i>Fr Bosun, S.J.</i>	· · · · ·	Mr Haughey
<i>An Old Man</i>	· · · · ·	Mr D. Kelly
<i>His Wife</i>	· · · · ·	Mr Dixon
<i>Air Raid Warden</i>	· · · · ·	Mr Keegan
<i>Servant</i>	· · · · ·	Mr B. Jones
<i>Policemen</i>	· · · · ·	Messrs Stewart, Martin

Scenes : (1) The greensward outside the Refectory, St Mary's Hall.

(2) A living room in the Shireburn Almshouses.

5. OCTET

The Viking Song (S. Coleridge-Taylor) Messrs Haynes, Guest, Anglim, Alexander, Dickenson, Murphy-O'Connor, Williams, Hamilton.

6. PIANOFORTE SOLO

Mr McDonnell

(1) *Sonata in A Minor—1st movement* (Mozart)

(2) *La Cathédrale Engloutie* (Debussy)

7. SKETCH

The Crimson Coconut

(An absurdity by Ian Hay)

<i>Jack Pincher</i> (a detective)	· · · · ·	Mr Crissell
<i>Robert</i> (a waiter)	· · · · ·	Mr Williams
<i>Mr Jabstick</i>	· · · · ·	Mr Johnson
<i>Nancy</i> (his daughter)	· · · · ·	Mr Haynes
<i>Nitro Gliserinski</i>	· · · · ·	Mr Dickenson
<i>Madame Gliserinski</i>	· · · · ·	Mr Alexander

Scene : Spaghetti's Restaurant, Soho.

26th Friday. *Ben tornato* to Fr Dempsey who has managed to leave the sinking ship at Heythrop in Fr Courteney's agile hands, and will now finish *De Eucharistia* with us.

28th Sunday. Noises—melodious, harmonious noises—penetrate the Common Room and interrupt our post-prandial argumentation. Our recently launched Glee Club, which has rehearsed several small pieces with some success, is now preparing, our secret agent informs us, a most noble chorus from H 's "C" ('sh, we mustn't tell) for a very interesting but it's all hush-hush at present (see December 14th).

29th Monday. The Wiseman Society met to hear and discuss Mr Sefton's paper "Jane Austen : Her Life and Work".

30th *Tuesday*. Our branch of the Gregorian University is to have the honour of holding a Doctorate "defension" in Canon Law. We wonder is this the first of its kind to be held in England? Dr Halsall, Vice-Rector of the Beda, arrived today to form one of the dread board of four professors who will sit in judgment on and attack the thesis.

After tea the VENERABLE appeared—just in time to justify the "November 1943" on the cover.

DECEMBER 1st *Wednesday*. *Feast of the College Martyrs*. The Rector sang High Mass, and relics of the Martyrs were exposed for veneration all day.

Auguri to Rev. J. Cunningham, the defendant in the doctorate examination, who arrived this afternoon. While he gave his lecture to the board of examiners, we went across to Stonyhurst to see an excellent performance of Ben Travers' "Sport of Kings" presented by Grammar.

Fr S. Lescher, C.F., also arrived to spend a few days' leave with us. This evening in the Common Room he . . . but we leave it to your imagination.

2nd *Thursday*. This morning the main business of the big exam. was attended to. Fr Cunningham faced his board of examiners in the persons of Frs Dyson, Dempsey and Brassell, S.J., and Dr Halsall. Present were the Rector and Vice-Rector, and a quorum of students in the background added the Gregorian touch necessary for so solemn an occasion. The result, shrouded in mystery, goes to Rome for approbation before it may be announced, Fr Cunningham's thesis having already been approved at the Piazza della Pilotta.

3rd *Friday*. "In and Out of the Army" was the title of Fr Lescher's talk to the Literary Society this evening. It dealt with the practical problems of a priest's life on the mission and in the Services.

8th *Wednesday*. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception*. High Mass was sung by the Vice-Rector.

The Rigger captain dragged fifteen picked men from their cups of coffee after dinner to challenge the Stonyhurst 2nd XV. We—that is, our team—acquitted ourselves well, and the game ended with a score of 18—0 in our favour.

In accordance with the Holy Father's wish that to-day should be kept throughout the world as a day of Prayer for Peace, we made the Holy Hour in the evening before supper.

12th *Sunday*. "They seek him here, they seek him there,
Those Frenchies seek him everywhere . . ."

This evening the Film Committee presented "The Scarlet Pimpernel",—a film packed with thrills and humour in true Baroness Orczy style. Incidentally, while we're on this subject, let us say how much we appreciate the supporting programme in these film shows. It usually takes the form of a comic and a couple of M.O.I. pictures.

14th *Tuesday*. An orchestral concert in the Common Room is something of an innovation—certainly it was the first time we had had one at St Mary's Hall. It proved an unbounded success and we hope there will be more of such concerts to follow. A debt of gratitude is due to Messrs. Shelton and Peters who organised the evening's entertainment.

The Orchestra :	Leader	Mr Shelton
	1st Violin	Mr McDonnell
	2nd Violin	Mr Chapman
		Mr Alexander
	Viola	Mr Clark
	Violincello	Mr Johnson
	Bass	Mr Peters
	Conductor	Mr Campbell

1. THE KING

2. THE ORCHESTRA *Six Pieces* (Lully)

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| (a) <i>Gavotte</i> | (d) <i>Hornpipe</i> |
| (b) <i>Air</i> | (e) <i>Minuet</i> |
| (c) <i>Sarabande</i> | (f) <i>Cibel</i> |

3. RECITATIVE and CHORUS from *The Creation* (Haydn)

- (a) Recitative :
- In Splendour Bright*

Solo : Mr Walsh

Piano : Mr McDonnell

- (b) Chorus :
- The Heavens are Telling*
- The Glee

Soloists : Mr Walsh, Mr
J. Groarke, Mr Sowerby

With Orchestra. Conductor : Mr Peters

4. VIOLIN *Sonata No. XII (abridged) "La Follia"* (Corelli)

Mr Chapman

Piano : Mr Molloy

5. THE ORCHESTRA *Two Old English Melodies*

- | |
|---|
| (a) <i>Greensleeves</i> (arr. Dunhill) |
| (b) <i>Now is the Month of Maying</i> (arr. Morley) |

6. ARIA *Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja !*(from *The Magic Flute*—Mozart)

Mr Peters

7. THE ORCHESTRA *Sinfonietta in A* (J. Haydn)

- | |
|--------------------------------|
| (a) <i>Tema con variazione</i> |
| (b) <i>Menuetto e Trio</i> |
| (c) <i>Finale</i> |

15th *Wednesday*. The Stonyhurst boys go home tomorrow for their Christmas holiday. We were invited to their "Robinson Crusoe" pantomime this evening.

16th *Thursday*. Rev. J. Harrison, C.F., paid a flying visit to the College.

18th *Saturday*. Our ambitious Rugger XV came to grips with a regiment of soldiers this afternoon—or rather with the regimental XV. Players and spectators all agreed that the game was good, but the score—not, we might say, in our favour—is just unprintable. Perhaps our Com-mando training should be confined to spirituals.

19th *Sunday*. *Ritiro Mensile*. Conference from the Rector. By the way, have we ever told you what our Recollection Day programme is? The *Magnum Silentium* does not end till dinner-time; we have a conference at 11.15 a.m. (having had High Mass at 9.30); in the afternoon we take our constitutional before returning for tea at 5. Silence is resumed at 5.30 till supper, before which we make the Holy Hour (7 o'clock till 8). The usual Sunday programme is tea at 4.30, followed by Vespers at 5.

20th *Monday*. In spite of the 'flu epidemic in this part of the world we have managed to remain immune, but for some days past the percentage of empty places in the Chapel at 6.30 a.m. has been increasing, due to the feverish colds which seem to be going the rounds. Occasionally a whole tableful is missing from the Refectory. Pity the poor pantomime producer who has to carry on rehearsals with two-thirds of his chorus missing!

This evening a fellow-student returned from hospital and convalescence minus his tonsils.

22nd *Wednesday*. Text-books were closed and shelved, and we devoted our energies to the task of disposing of our last Christmas letters and cards.

We heard with pleasure of the appointment of Bishop Griffin to the See of Westminster.

23rd *Thursday*. The Choir-master wants a practice this afternoon, the three members of the Sketch Committee demand rehearsals before and after meals, the Common Room men are clamouring for voluntary assistance in the making of holly-chains, Props. Men are borrowing our clothes, the Stage Men have helped themselves to our furniture, *Chi Lo Sa?* artists are seen furtively hurrying along the corridor with recently finished drawings under their arms—in short, preparations for the Christmas festivities are in full swing.

24th *Friday*. Frs L. W. Jones, F. Shutt and P. McEnroe arrived to spend Christmas with us.

At 6 p.m. the "All Quiet" bell was sounded. While some retired to snatch a three hours' nap before Matins, others—sacristans, Common Room Men, *Chi Lo Sa?* staff, and the like—conferred in subdued tones as they put the finishing touches to their various *chefs d'oeuvre*.

Sveglia 9.45 p.m., and as we shake the sand from our eyes we wage an unsuccessful warfare on the frog in our throat. In spite of the spate of colds, Matins were sung really well. They were followed by

25th Saturday. Christmas Day. Midnight Mass sung by the Rector. After Lauds we betook ourselves to the Refectory for a tasty collation, flinging the season's greetings to anyone and everyone in true Christmas spirit. By the light of a log fire in the holly-decked Common Room we carolled ourselves into a sleepy mood till, as the fire waned and the singing became less lusty, we crawled back to our cots to sleep till 8 a.m.

The Third Mass of Christmas was sung by the Vice-Rector at 10 a.m. We spent a quiet day, mostly in the Common Room, but by tea-time we were wide awake and the verve and vigour with which the panto was put across in the evening roused us to join in the popular choruses and vote the show an undoubted success. *Prosit* to all concerned in a very distinct triumph over the difficulties with which they have had to contend.

1. CAROLS (a) *The Boar's Head Carol* Messrs Fallon, Buxton,
(b) *The Holly and the Ivy* J. Groarke, Haynes, Scantlebury, Barry, Sowerby, Hamilton
2. QUARTET *Italian Salad* Messrs Walsh, Haynes, Kelly, Peters
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO
(a) *Impromptu in A Flat* (Schubert) Mr McDonnell
(b) *Two Lyric Tone Poems* (Greig)

4. PANTOMIME
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

or
My Goodness My Guinness

<i>King Barrel</i>	.	.	.	Mr Farrow
<i>Queen Lockstock</i>	.	.	.	Mr Sowerby
<i>Boosey</i>	}	<i>The Royal Bodyguards</i>		Mr Richards
<i>Hawkes</i>				Mr Hannon
<i>Princess Bertha</i>				Mr Guest
<i>Prince Pam</i>	}	<i>Suitors for Bertha's hand</i>		Mr Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Prince Nellore</i>				Mr Fraser
<i>Dr Cowper-Cooper</i>		<i>Court Physician</i>		Mr Johnson
<i>Chorus of Courtiers</i>	.	.	.	Messrs Walsh, Scantlebury, Hamilton, Barry, Spillane, O'Leary, Haughey, Tarpey
<i>Chorus of Dwarfs</i>	.	.	.	Messrs Gallagher, Hamilton, O'Leary, Walsh, Scantlebury, Stewart, Tarpey
<i>Econome</i> (a horse)	.	.	.	(front) Mr Chadwick (back) Mr Dockery

ACT I	Scene I	The King's Palace
	Scene 2	The King's Palace
Act II		The Dwarfs' Cottage
ACT III		The King's Palace
Based on an unoriginal idea by		Messrs Richards, Hannon and Fraser
<i>Produced by</i>		Mr Richards
<i>Music</i>		Mr Hannon
<i>Gowns</i>		Messrs Williams and Sefton
<i>Orchestra</i>		Messrs Haynes, Chapman and Dunford
<i>Conductor and Prompter</i>		Mr P. Kelly

Before we forget, let us here pay a tribute to all those gallant men on whom the lime-light rarely falls, but whose co-operation and help is so essential to the success of the year's concerts.

<i>Theatre Committee</i>		Messrs Crissell, Dickenson and Alexander
<i>Stage Committee</i>		Messrs Tarpey and Dixon
<i>Properties</i>		Messrs Williams and Sefton
<i>Make-up</i>		Messrs Harrison, Hannon and Richards
<i>Lighting</i>		Messrs Barry and Haynes
<i>Stage Scenery</i>		Mr Tolkien

Our energies of the last few days made this evening's Common Room a very subdued affair.

26th *Sunday*. Did we tell you that we had spent a "quiet day" yesterday? We changed our mind at 6.30 this morning. All the fun of the Fair was brought to the Common Room this evening and we were quickly relieved of our loose change—we were too ready to believe that we "just couldn't lose on this one".

27th *Monday*. Fr Auchinleck's arrival was unexpected but none the less welcome.

This evening our stage witnessed a first-class performance of "The Unguarded Hour". The excitement was tense but never painfully so, and we were pleased to see that every problem that arose in the course of the plot was satisfactorily explained before the final curtain. A play well written and excellently produced.

1. ORCHESTRA

- (a) *Grand Dance from the King Arthur Suite* (Purcell)
- (b) *Finale from Sinfonietta in A* (Haydn)

2. TOPICAL SONGS Messrs Fooks and P. Kelly

3. STRING TRIO

- First Movement from 6th Piano Trio in C* (Haydn) Messrs Shelton, Johnson, McDonnell

4. THE UNGUARDED HOUR
by
Bernard Merivale

<i>Sir Francis Dearden, K.C.</i>	.	.	Mr Campbell
<i>Defending Counsel</i>	.	.	Mr Hamilton
<i>Judge</i>	.	.	Mr Tyler
<i>Metcalf</i>	.	.	Mr Harrison
<i>Colonel William Mason, Head of the</i>			
Special Branch at Scotland Yard			Mr Alexander
<i>Pewson</i>	.	.	Mr Anglim
<i>Lady Dearden</i>	.	.	Mr J. Groarke
<i>George</i>	.	.	Mr Dickenson
<i>Lillian</i>	.	.	Mr Dixon
<i>Lady Henningway</i>	.	.	Mr Jones
<i>Lord Henningway</i>	.	.	Mr Fallon
<i>Sir Thomas Grainger, Home Office</i>			
Pathologist	.	.	Mr Swaby
<i>Det.-Insp. Wallace</i>	.	.	Mr M. Groarke
<i>Diana Lewis</i>	.	.	Mr Dunford
<i>Sergeant Atkins</i>	.	.	Mr Keegan

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ACT I	Scene 1	Inside the Court at the Old Bailey
	Scene 2	The Library at Sir Francis Deardon's House
Act II	Scene 1	The Library
	Scene 2	Inside the Court
	Scene 3	The Library

28th *Tuesday*. We said goodbye to Frs Jones, Shutt and McEnroe and welcomed Fr Hanlon. The Jesuits who are spending their Christmas at Stonyhurst scraped together a soccer team for a "friendly" with us this afternoon. After the match they came to tea and shared our Common Room.

First Vespers of St Thomas before supper.

29th *Wednesday*. *Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury*. The Rector sang the High Mass, after which we were entertained to a film entitled "Owd Bob" by the Stonyhurst community.

We have no tapestries to hang on the walls of the corridors as we had in Rome; we have no visit of the Cardinal Protector to look forward to; but we do what we can to make this day different from every other day in the year. Public duties are cut down to a minimum; we have a Christmas Dinner No. 2 with coffee and rosolio, followed by an extra-solemn Benediction. Then those of us who are not in tonight's play dust our suit-cases and make ready for breaking camp tomorrow morning.

Up to a late hour yesterday it was still undecided whether "It Pays to Advertise" could be put on this evening. The leading light of the cast had been in bed since Christmas night and it seemed impossible to subpoena an understudy to take over the lengthy part at such short notice. The producer was left with no alternative but to take over the part himself. At the eleventh hour however, to the great relief of the producer, the Infirmarians decided that our star was fit to step from sick-bed to stage, and so our little story has a happy ending. The plot was a riot of laughter from start to finish and a fitting ending to a most enjoyable College Christmas.

1. THE GLEE "The Heavens are Telling" (Haydn)
2. ITEM Mr Hanlon
3. PIANOFORTE DUET The Vice-Rector, Mr Molloy
 - (a) *Reigen* (Schumann)
 - (b) *No. 4 of Bilder aus östen* (Schumann)
 - (c) *Slavonic Dance* (Dvörak)

4. IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE
by

Walter Hackett and Roi Cooper Megrue.

<i>Mary Grayson</i>	Mr Sefton
<i>Johnson</i> (butler at the Martins')	Mr D. J. Kelly,
<i>Comtesse de Beurien</i>	Mr Collins
<i>Rodney Martin</i>	Mr Peters
<i>Sir Henry Martin</i>	Mr Fooks
<i>Ambrose Peale</i>	Mr Crissell
<i>William Smith</i>	Mr Buxton
<i>Marie</i> (maid at the Martins')	Mr Spillane
<i>Ellery Clark</i>	Mr Swan
<i>George McChesney</i>	Mr Killeen
<i>Miss Burke</i>	Mr O'Dowd
<i>Bronson</i>	Mr McDonnell

Act I Sir Henry Martin's House

Act II Office of the 13 Soap Company

Act III Sir Henry Martin's House

30th *Thursday*. At 7.15 a.m. our scouts on the road behind the house announced the arrival of the Whalley taxis, and a few minutes later came the Ribble 'bus that was to take some thirty of us into Preston. We stumbled out 'neath a frosty and brilliantly star-lit sky to satisfy ourselves that the home fires were still burning.

JANUARY 20th *Thursday*. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends . . ." This time there was no snow to paralyse transport and render the environs of St Mary's Hall impossible to all but Esquimaux. But the sky wept a welcome as we arrived, and the grey clouds went scudding as fast as ever over the barren edge of the Fell.

We spent the evening drying and airing. But joy of joys—the boiler is repaired.

Ben Venuto to Mr K. Rea (Plymouth), a new man from the Green Isle

21st *Friday*. The black-out bell has travelled a considerable distance down the horarium since we last heard it on December 29th. An essay could be written on this bell. Its strident voice disturbs the chain of thought provoked by the day's lectures, dragging us down from the rarified atmosphere of some theological "domestic problem" to the mundane realisation that we have not yet reported our faulty black-out to the proper authority. In Rome it would have been a worthy rival to the clattering bell of Santa Caterina. The black-out man seems to find some ghoulish delight in ringing it, handling it not, *uti decet*, as a musical instrument, but as if to vie with the brazen monster that burbles over with electrons outside our door at 5.55 each morning. Quantity versus Quality? It may be so.

The vocal score of a song in praise of Shropshire arrived in the Common Room today—a little gift from our Fairy Godmother in Shrewsbury. Coals of fire were heaped (metaphorically) on the head of the wretch who professed ignorance of the geographical position of the Wrekin!

The Common Room provides the usual spate of vacation stories. The man who was entertained by Mr Belloc last summer has apparently added another scalp to his collection by taking tea with a prominent member of the London Philharmonic Orchestra!

22nd *Saturday*. The landing at Anzio causes great interest. The number of plans of campaign suggested by our arm-chair strategists who think they know the country fills us with great sympathy for the War Office's difficult job of deciding the when and whence of the attack.

23rd *Sunday*. "Who's got my Togni?" All kinds of people, from exuberant First Year to dignified deacons, seem to be taking "Vicariate" exams.—a necessary preliminary to the forthcoming Ordination.

24th *Monday*. Ludwig von Pastor came into his own again today. Quite a little controversy arose as to the correct voice inflexions in the phrase: "Volume the Nineteenth, Gregory the Thirteenth, Chapter the Umpteenth continued".

29th *Saturday*. The names of the new Senior Student and his Deputy were announced to-day.

30th *Sunday*. *Ritiro Mensile*. Conference from the Vice-Rector.

FEBRUARY 2nd *Wednesday*. *Feast of the Purification*. Quite a high degree of proficiency in the gentle art of legerdemain is required in a procession such as ours to-day. You have to juggle with biretta, *Liber*, and lighted candle, while trying to concentrate as far as possible on the singing of the solemn chants of the Church. It did not come as a great

surprise therefore when, after the ceremony, we found some few pages of our *Liber* stuck together and our cassock liberally coated with candle-grease.

A spate of visitors today. Canon MacLean of Dunoon, a Scots friend of the Rector's and a *quondam* student of the Scots College, Rome, arrived for a short holiday; Rev. G. Pritchard, C.F., brought with him from York our repaired film-machine—it remains to be seen whether the sound has really improved—and Rev. H. Martindale, R.N., who expects to sail “foreign” in the near future, dropped anchor here just long enough to say farewell and shake hands *en passant* with our fourth guest, Rev. J. Holland.

3rd *Thursday*. A fine drove of *Ordinandi* were among the victims offered to our ruthless *coiffeur* this morning. Before dinner Fr Pritchard gave a lantern lecture on Pius XI to the Literary Society—the excellent slides apparently having been made from his own photographs. To the younger members of the House the talk proved instructive and illuminating; the older members Fr Pritchard asked for criticism, but the bell for Spiritual Reading brought the meeting to a close before “question time” was reached.

Early supper by reason of a film—the screen version of James Bridie's “A Storm in a Tea-Cup”. The pompous Provost's words, “These are exceptional times; they demand exceptional measures and, I may say, exceptional men”, look like becoming one of those famous quotations that are bandied about the Common Room with pointed topical allusion from time to time.

Today being the feast of St Blaise, we had the traditional blessing of throats after supper.

4th *Friday*. Had Kingsley experienced today's gale in the Ribble valley, he might have thought twice about writing that “Ode to the North East Wind”.

We bade goodbye to Fr Pritchard.

5th *Saturday*. Those Fourth Year Theologians who are going home next weekend for ordination went into Retreat this evening under the direction of Fr Harold, C.P..

6th *Sunday*, to be followed twenty-four hours later by the rest of the Year.

9th *Wednesday*. Mgr Turner, Rector of Upholland, paid a flying visit to the College.

The Retreatants were joined this evening by a batch of Theologians and Philosophers—candidates for Minor Orders and the Tonsure. Quite half the House is now in Retreat. The question was: should the non-Retreatants (who are in a small minority) be ousted from the Refectory by the *ordinandi* or vice versa? In the event it was the Retreatants who withdrew to Aula I for meals.

10th *Thursday*. Canon MacLean returned to Caledonia today.

Fire!—only a heap of chaff that had been left smouldering behind the hand-ball court, but the results might be disastrous in black-out time. Six men left their supper to man the hoses and hydrants. The conflagration was soon extinguished but, once turned on, there was no stopping the water-supply. We had visions of St Mary's Hall becoming Noah's Ark II. It was some time after lights-out when our fire-fighters crawled between the sheets, leaving a heap of water-logged clothing in the middle of the room.

11th *Friday*. A *dies non* granted. Bright sunshine and a nip in the air—ideal weather for a gita. Most of those not in Retreat seized their opportunity and went off for a long walk.

12th *Saturday*. Bishop Marshall arrived this evening and conferred the Tonsure and Second Minor Orders before supper.

13th *Sunday*. The Ordinations took place in the Boys' Chapel at Stonyhurst.

Prosit to all who received the priesthood today: Revv. R. Fallon, J. Fraser, E. McCann (Shrewsbury), I. Jones (Plymouth), T. Harrison (Lancaster), who were ordained here; B. Wyche (Liverpool), T. Fooks and E. Holloway (Southwark), M. O'Leary and B. Chapman (Westminster), and B. Hannon (Brentwood), all ordained by their own Bishops.

Prosit also to Second Year Theology, who were promoted to the last two Minor Orders, and to those members of First Year Philosophy who assumed the clerical Tonsure. And may *we* congratulate ourselves on receiving the Subdiaconate?

The day passed very quietly once the new priests had gone off to say their First Masses at home.

14th *Monday*. A *dies non* to celebrate the Rector's birthday which occurred a fortnight ago. During coffee after dinner the Rector gave us a few excerpts from a letter he had recently received from Mgr Carroll-Abbing in Rome. It was in the nature of a report on the College property in the City and at Palazzola.

15th *Tuesday*. Today saw the welcome return of Fr Leeming, S.J., to the Chair of Dogma which he vacated some eighteen months ago. To dinner Frs Leeming, Dyson and Van de Poel, S.J.

16th *Wednesday*. We gladly accepted an invitation to the Stonyhurst Blandyke Concert.

17th *Thursday*. We (the Royal *we*, dear reader, meaning your faithful scribe) have received instructions from the Editor to down quills on Saturday.

18th *Friday*. The sands are running out.

19th *Saturday*. 'Tis done. As we write these lines we feel like a member of a relay team nearing his goal. Our energy is spent, our limbs are aching, we have a blurred vision of the man who is to "take over" from us; he is fresh and eager to start; into his outstretched hand we thrust our dripping pen.

JAMES MOLLOY.

PERSONAL

Bishop Moriarty's Golden Jubilee in the Priesthood, which occurred on March 10th, is an event to bring joy not only to the Diocese of Shrewsbury but also—and perhaps in an even more intimate way—to all members of the Venerable. In the Magazine for November 1942 is to be found a precious photograph of the students, entitled " Fifty Years Ago ", showing (behind Mgr Giles and Dr Prior) Ambrose Moriarty. Today he is one of the very few who remain of that distinguished group. For all these years he has carried undiminished his love for the Holy Father, Rome and the Venerable. He has shown in the historic town of Shrewsbury an apostolic love of his own and of all the people, and has brought credit to the Church by his eminence in matters historical and artistic and by his constant co-operation in civic affairs. Hence it was right that the Mayor, Captain Harry Steward, should give the Apostolic Delegate and the Bishop a genuinely warm civic welcome on the eve of the anniversary day. The day itself was marked by Solemn High Mass sung by the Bishop in the Cathedral, at which Archbishop Godfrey, in his quality both as representative of the Holy Father and as personal friend, was present and also preached. Later in the day there was a dinner, followed by speeches from the main participants and from many others. The Rector was grateful to Canon Byrne of the Cathedral (who so quietly but brilliantly arranged everything) for the opportunity of bringing publicly to the Bishop the good wishes of the Venerable, so strongly represented in the diocese.

The pleasant surprise of the day, however, was the announcement by Canon Byrne that the testimonial being given to the Bishop exceeded the large sum of £3,400. Bishop Moriarty replied with obvious emotion and sincerity. Coming to the princely testimonial, he felt that there was only one thing which, if he might presume approval, he would like to do with it, namely to arrange that the interest from its investment should go to keeping a student at the English College. This would be a small token of his gratitude for the greatest blessing of his life after the priesthood—the privilege of having studied there in the Eternal City.

We all wish him, once more, *ad multos annos*, and thank God, with him, for fifty years of the Sacred Priesthood.

Another Jubilarian with whom we rejoice and to whom we offer our congratulations is the Rev. P. H. Mason, Parish Priest of Streatham, who completed fifty years in the Priesthood on February 17th of this year.

Mgr R. L. Smith, of Our Lady and St Joseph's, Carlisle, has been made a Domestic Prelate by the Holy Father in recognition of his services to the Venerable during the years of his Vice-Rectorship, 1932—1942. A few days before this good news was announced Mgr Smith was with us at St Mary's Hall, and we took the opportunity of presenting to him, on behalf of those who were students at the College during that decade, a red set of Mass vestments as a testimonial of our affection and esteem. It is a medium Gothic vestment in red brocade. The orphreys are of thread-of-gold repp adorned with a super-imposed design in Japanese gold thread. On the back of the chasuble there is a medallion, part painted, part embroidered, representing the Blessed Trinity as depicted in our Martyrs' Picture. Below this, down the perpendicular pillar of the orphrey, are two similarly worked panels representing the two patron saints of the College, St Thomas of Canterbury and St Edmund, from the same picture. On the breast of the vestment is a shield of gold repp embroidered with crossed palms and the crown of martyrdom; and this same motif is used for the adornment of the burse and chalice-veil and for the ends of the stole and maniple.

Rev. W. O'Grady (1919—1923) has left the parish of Our Lady Immaculate, Pately Bridge, to be Parish Priest of St Thomas of Canterbury, Goole.

Mgr A. Atkins (1921—1928), Vicar General to the Archbishop of Liverpool, has been appointed a member of the Liverpool Metropolitan Cathedral Chapter.

Rev. T. B. Pearson (1928—1934) has been appointed Parish Priest of St Cuthbert, Blackpool, in succession to the late Canon Lupton under whom he had served as a curate since leaving Rome.

Rev. G. E. Roberts (1930—1938) has become Parish Priest of St Anthony, Fakenham.

The Senior Student for the year 1944—1945 is Mr Patrick Kelly.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The members of the present staff are :

Editor : Mr Buxton Secretary : Mr Barry
Sub-editor : Mr Tyler Under-Secretary : Mr Anglim
Fifth member : Mr Williams

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Baeda, The Beda Review, Claves Regni, The Cottonian, The Douai Magazine, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Oratory School Magazine, The Oscotian, Pax, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine (2), The Wonersh Magazine.

MUSIC NOTES

The widespread desire for musical expression has become popularly realised amongst us during the past year. There are in the House many who cannot play musical instruments, who dare not sing solo, but who like occasionally to mingle their voices with the crowd. To such as these a place in the Schola would have offered little or no opportunity, and thus it came about that a warm welcome was accorded the Glee Club. Although in a sense something of an innovation, the Glee can hardly be called a new idea. Its origin may be found in the days when three enterprising young students (*salva reverentia*) appeared from behind a piano to sing coon songs, burnt cork helping to supply the necessary illusion. The very title "Glee Club" was spontaneous and deliciously vague. For us the word "glee" has no technical meaning; it means what we wish it to mean, in no way restricting our choice of material. Thus we can group a Bach chorale with "Meum est Propositum" or even "Clementine" and suffer no artistic

shock in the doing. We think of "glee" rather as a frame of mind than an expression of the type of music we sing. We assemble (or don't, according to our fancy) about once a week. No one worries if individuals don't turn up. Our numbers are sufficiently large to enable us to carry on without wondering who's going to sing the tenor part. In theory this very flexibility would seem to doom a society at the outset; in practice it is in large measure the reason for its success. One does not feel *obliged* to come.

So far the Glee has given only one public performance. We joined with the orchestra—two first violins, two seconds, a viola and a 'cello—in the chorus "The Heavens are Telling" from Haydn's *Creation*. Our only hope is that the audience (small but responsive) enjoyed it as much in the hearing as we did in the singing. The Rector was heard to remark that he had been uplifted—whether *vi clamoris* or otherwise we did not learn. This chorus was an item in a Musical Concert given one evening in the Common Room. A programme of the concert will be found elsewhere in these pages. The violin solo played by the leader of the orchestra was well chosen; its execution was competent and polished. The "Six Pieces by Lully", placed as they were at the beginning of the programme, were subjected to the ordeal of getting things started. The third item, "Sara-bande", was the first that really gripped the audience, being superbly played. After this both audience and orchestra understood each other. The weight of numbers in the chorus sadly depleted the auditorium—but it was impressive. Notable was the very accurate taking up of leads. The first of the two Old English Melodies, through a misunderstanding between the conductor and our otherwise excellent 'cellist, got off to a false start. That essential swing in six-eight time was lacking and we felt that "Greensleeves" was rather formless. The orchestra's triumph came in the Finale of the Haydn Sinfonietta in A. Its quick tempo was more comfortably adapted to our capabilities than the slower but beautiful Menuetto. The aria from *The Magic Flute* was not helped by being sung in German. There was at times a certain want of sympathy on the part of the orchestra which betrayed the paucity of numbers. But then, however much you increase the volume of violins, viola and 'cello, you can never give the effect of mass. Despite these criticisms, the orchestra is to be thanked for an excellent concert, and we hope that the organisers will not be long in arranging another.

It is with regret that we report recent inevitable changes in the orchestra's composition. Our leader has retired, laden with years and a hundred theses; the second violins have moved to first; and the viola has been sacrificed in order to provide another second. The double bass, whose condition was faithfully recorded in the last issue of the *VENERABLE*, has had another relapse and has finally refused to be struggled with. It gave up the ghost just a fortnight before the Opera. More happily, a flute has been included; also a muted trumpet. The lack of bass-strings in the orchestra's make-up has necessitated the return of the piano.

Other indications of musical activity in the House are to be seen in the numbers who repair to the gramophone room after dinner. The Gilbert and Sullivan operas especially have a large and enthusiastic following. Many works of the giants are available at times through the energy of those indefatigable spirits who beg, borrow or otherwise obtain the bigger works. Added to this we have our own small but growing library, of which we can never tire.

It is comforting to note that the Schola survives in good form, subjected as ever to scathing healthy criticism. In the polyphony there is a growing tendency to follow the conductor rather than to lead him. Interpretation, always a weak point with us, is at last receiving its due attention. In fact, to quote the words of the choir master, we try to "sing more like a choir and less like a crowd of individuals; *e poi*, take a peep at me occasionally"—sound advice which we might well follow. As far as the House is concerned, motets written in vertical harmonies (such as *Dextera Domini* and *Pax Aeterna*) seem to be more popular than those of the horizontal harmonic build which was favoured by Byrd and Vittoria.

The Chant is in that state which must always follow a change of choir master. We had been used to being directed by simple rhythm; we are now endeavouring to understand Mocquereau's interpretation, an extension of the other more elementary beat. This latter is not yet properly established, but we hope that once mastered it will give that comprehensive view of the whole which the other method tends to destroy. The "canting" at Vespers is no longer the prerogative of the Schola; in fact, there is no Schola at all at Vespers. Its members are dispersed throughout the choirbenches in an attempt to solve the never-ending problem of keeping up to pitch, and of observing some at least of the finer points of the Chant.

Altogether, then, a successful musical year. In these notes it will be seen that the spirit of music and its expression are enjoyed now by more people than was before possible. *Bonum est diffusivum sui*. We should not fly in the face of our Metaphysics.

SPORTS

ASSOCIATION

The 1943-1944 Soccer season has been very disappointing. To some extent the weather has been responsible for this lack of success, but to put the blame entirely on the long periods of rain to which we have been treated would be to disregard the feeling of apathy in the House which manifested itself in the relatively few games that we have been able to play. Matches frequently took place without full sides; yet there are more than twenty-two men in the College with average football ability. Often, too, the captain had to decide that there were not sufficient numbers to justify a

game, and "shooting-in" became the recognised exercise of the faithful few. Whatever reasons be assigned for this lack of enthusiasm, it is clear that the best interests of Soccer cannot be maintained unless there are regular matches with full sides.

It is not surprising then, on account of the long intervals between our games, that there has been a deterioration in the standard of football played. The forwards became more and more inclined to an individualistic style; they waited for the ball to be delivered at their feet; they did not seem to possess any shooting ability. This individualism also penetrated to the defence. Very rarely did we see any extensive team work; but the games in which each player remembered that there were others on the same side are the ones that are remembered.

The Theologians *versus* Philosophers match was revived this year and proved a rude shock to the former who were outplayed in every department of the game. This match was an example of how team work can defeat individual effort without difficulty. There were no other representative games at all—not even an England *versus* Ireland match.

We had three fixtures with outside teams, of which two were won and one lost. The first, against Leagram Hall in early December, took place on a water-logged pitch that was better suited to our kick-and-rush style than to the attempts at close team work on the part of our opponents. How much the score of 7—1 flattered us was seen when a return game was played at Chipping in March. On a dry pitch our lack of cohesion and our slowness were evident. Moreover, the enforced changes in the forward-line did not prove successful. It was really no surprise when we found ourselves three goals down shortly after half-time. However, from then onwards a keen fight was put up and the deficit was reduced to one goal. With a little team spirit the match might have been won. But the defeat did not mar our enjoyment of a very good day, and we thank the Company of Mary for their hospitality. During the Christmas holiday the Jesuits assembled a team to play us. After the game they had tea with us and came into the Common Room.

It has been a long season and not an easy one for a captain. Perhaps after a season of Cricket the enthusiasm for Soccer will return; but at present it looks as though only the prospect of a Scots match could produce the desired effect.

RUGBY

Once upon a time, on Thursday or Sunday afternoons, the two Rugby sides (the St Mary's Hall first and second XV's), busily engaged in the bath-rooms in detaching themselves from the mire of the Brickfields, would relive the glories of their muddy battles; and a passer-by, hearing the casual way in which the scrum-half enquired after the broken rib of the wing-three-quarter, would breathe a silent prayer of thanksgiving that he had been spared the perils of Rugger enthusiasm, while the stream of murky water

issuing from beneath the door would cheer him with the thought that, although it would be impossible to have a bath that evening, still the gods had been good in not selecting him as "Bathman". And these same thirty warriors would later appear, ruddy of countenance, at the tea-table where, in the excitement of the moment, they tended to monopolise the conversation; but they easily gained our forgiveness for we found their energy and high spirits infectious.

But now all is changed. The water-galas in the bathrooms are a thing of the past. No longer are we treated to a tea-time *post mortem*. Since Christmas not a single game has been played, not an ankle twisted, not a rib broken. The stretchers hang dusty on the walls, and the infirmarians have time to go to bed themselves.

In vain did a would-be recruit in First Year, ignorant of the stark realities of Rugby, parade himself in shirt of brilliant hue and spotless shorts, making his way with careless abandon towards the pitch with a new ball tucked under each arm. The days of heroism are over, and his example was followed by ne'er a one. Occasionally the captain would collect a few enthusiasts, who in their turn would dragoon the less keen, to make up a seven-a-side game. But this is a poor affair, with fast running and no rough and tumble with the inexperienced who are liable to do anything which they think the referee may possibly overlook in the press of the moment.

Maybe this lack of enthusiasm is due to temporary inertia; or perhaps the pitch is to blame. We are told that some forms of inertia can be measured by an electric device; but no machine could possibly record the ups and downs, the ins and outs of our playing pitch. At one moment your opponent is visible in all his strength; the next he is neatly camouflaged, and only his head appears in view. Add to this the unpleasant fact that you have had to abandon your boots, fast stuck in the mud, and it can hardly be a matter for wonder that only a rigid conscription could produce a regular seventy-minute game.

In case this seems altogether too depressing, we ought to recall that we have played two outside games, one against the Stonyhurst second XV, the other against a team from the Devonshire Regiment. The Devons seemed to regard this game as a practice for the Second Front; certainly there was no holding them. One of the most faithful members of our team was put out of action and had to be carried home to bed. His knee is not yet quite sure of its proper place and is liable to reconsider things at awkward moments. It looks as if the team has lost a useful and keen player.

It is for the new captain to rekindle in the House an interest in the game—a difficult task that will need not a little inspiration and perseverance. We wish him all success.

OBITUARY

REV. THOMAS KANE, D.D., PH.D.

The career of Dr Kane may be summed up in three words—Ushaw, Venerabile, Waterloo: student, professor, parish-priest. There are not many left who were fellows with him in Rome; but later arrivals at the College used to hear stories of the doings of Tom Kane, and they were not all concerned with his undoubted theological ability. He was certainly a "character" in those youthful days of his: but he shed the "character" when he became professor at Ushaw where, in 1897, he succeeded Dr Hinsley in the chair of Philosophy. His predecessor had given the philosophy school at Ushaw a thorough shaking-up, and Dr Kane was able to profit by that vigorous man's house-cleaning. In 1907 he passed on to Theology. After seventeen years of teaching he decided to go on the mission. He was often chaffed about the fact that within a week of his leaving Ushaw war broke out. The war was responsible for his first appointment. One of the curates at St Thomas of Canterbury, Waterloo, Liverpool, who was a French citizen, was hastening to his consulate when he met with a fatal accident. Dr Kane took his place at Waterloo. Nine weeks later his rector, returning from the funeral of Monsignor Benson, died suddenly in London. The Archbishop of Liverpool chose Dr Kane to succeed him. He remained at Waterloo till the day of his death.

The writer of this notice lived with Dr Kane as his curate for seven years, and retains vivid impressions of his exemplary priestly life and of his intellectual abilities. He was not a scholar or a wide reader; he had no particular interest in literature; but he was at home in Metaphysics and speculative Theology, and Billot was an ever-open book to him. He was a man of severely disciplined mind and heart, and profoundly humble. Though he had great affection for the English College and often talked about his days there (1890-1897), he went back only once, on the occasion of the Association's meeting in Rome in 1922. He died on the feast of his patron, Saint Thomas Aquinas, 1944, *cuius consortio dignetur eum Dominus in perpetuum sociare!*

JOHN R. MEAGHER.

SUB-LIEUTENANT J. T. R. WALKER, R.N.V.R.

The death of Johnnie Walker, when one of H.M. submarines was lost with all hands in the opening attack on Sicily, was more to us than the loss of a former contemporary. For he was one of the class common in the last war but rare in this—students serving in H.M. Forces while remaining accepted candidates for the priesthood. Johnnie's case was unusual and Cardinal Hinsley, in consideration of this, agreed to Johnnie's joining the Royal Navy for the duration. An additional reason was that the Cardinal was of the opinion that life in the Navy would enable him to overcome his diffidence and reserve, for Johnnie had not taken easily to our social life. With one or two selected friends he was at home, but the notion of being affable with any one of the eighty students rather than seeking out his friends overwhelmed him.

Of course there are two sides to the problem of the retiring boy (he was only seventeen then). There were plenty of good "Common Room men" anxious to bring Johnnie out of himself, but they were not sufficiently subtle to weigh his own attitude justly. He described to a confidant, with bitter conciseness, his opinion of men who tried to "bring him out"; to him it was an affront and an attack on his liberty. One doubts if he had had a single true friend during his years at Eton; it is certain that he was consistently unhappy there. Association with such a number of boys, presumably as unfeeling as most other boys at school and with normal boyish interests, would be a constant affliction to anyone of unusual interests and restrained temperament. He got full value from the classical course at Eton, but brought away nothing else beyond a distaste for the promiscuity of college life. This distaste was evident on his arrival in Rome. It was no good speaking to Johnnie until you had been introduced, and even then he was merely polite.

He soon learned that he had no need to be on his guard against anyone in the College, but he had never acquired the habit of casual (which is not synonymous with shallow) conversation. Consequently most people found him difficult. In his second year he frankly asked one man, with whom he had become familiar, to accept him as a regular companion, hoping in this way to have a means of entry into the general social activities—someone on whom he could fall back for easy comradeship. Fortunately the man concerned had the good sense to advise him that in regularly seeking the company of one man he would miss the advantages of common life, which are an invaluable part of our training. Neither referred to it again, and from that time he was more at home in the College. I think he had felt from the beginning that he was at last in the right surroundings and from now on he settled down comfortably and was happy. He was with us until the middle of our stay at Ambleside, and when he left he had to say goodbye to many friends.

It was always clear that to him the break was only temporary. On his first voyage we had news of him from a seminary in Africa where he was spending his leave, following the spiritual time-table of the house; and when

he visited us here he brought a cassock with him. He brought little else, for he was always frugal and had no anxiety for even ordinary comforts. When the twelve of us who had just finished our second year in Rome went on a walking tour in Umbria, Johnnie's pack was the smallest and lightest. I have good reason to remember that. At the end of the first day my feet were badly blistered, and when we started next morning Johnnie brusquely seized my pack and handed me his own. I objected, but only force would have dissuaded him. It almost came to that on the third day, and thenceforth I gladly accepted the situation. He was always ready to do a kindness, but preferred to be unseen or to conceal it by banter or even sharpness.

If Johnnie expected to return, no less did we expect it; he seemed likely to become an excellent priest. He was not yet come to full stature, of course, but he saw clearly the principles on which his life must be based, and lived by them. Intellectually he was above the average ability, absorbing the scholastic studies while reserving time for his own pursuits. One feels confident that he was equally deliberate over his duty in the Navy, and that he would there be in the same tradition as his father, Captain F. J. Walker, C.B., D.S.O., R.N., leader of No. 2 Escort Group of the Royal Navy. He would weigh and coolly accept the possibility of having to give his life—it would be a *giving* not a losing—and in that, perhaps, he achieved for the Church what we hoped of him in the priesthood. A Swiss contemporary at the Gregorian, hearing of his death, wrote to one of us here: "I see and hear him defending, in his English Latin, a thesis of Cosmology at the Gregoriana, where he concluded the splendid exposition with the solemn: "*Ipsi peribunt, tu autem permanebis, et omnes ut vestimentum veterascent. . . Tu autem idem ipse es et anni tui non deficient.*" Now may he be *apud Ipsum, et anni eius non deficient.*" . . . We can offer no better wish.

THOMAS HARRISON.

REV. S. ROSADINI, S.J.

Fr Rosadini, whom many will remember as Professor of Sacred Scripture at the Gregorian University, died in Rome in September 1943. Rev. W. Lennon writes:

"I have been asked to record a few impressions of Fr Rosadini as a lecturer, and I shall keep fairly strictly to my terms of reference; for my knowledge of him was gained entirely in the lecture hall of the Gregorian. It is true that I once had the pleasure of being examined by him—I use the word pleasure advisedly—but the essential relationship of master and pupil remained, though perhaps in an accentuated form, despite the slight change of situation.

He was not an arresting lecturer. Rostrum oratory and gesticulation were not for him; such methods, one felt, would have been incongruous in one whose whole external manner was leisurely, even casual. It was seldom that he forsook the conversational style of delivery for an impassioned defence or refutation of any view; though I remember that his

defence of the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews did rouse him to a pitch of animation previously unsuspected. It was strange on that occasion to see the childlike smile he habitually carried disappear and give way to a fierce stiffening of the jaw. It was strange, I say; it was also rather heartening. But, while such outbursts were extremely rare, he was never a boring lecturer; his own interest in his subject was infectious, and he compelled a general interest by his obvious mastery of his work. His commentary on the prologue of St John's Gospel will always remain in my memory as an example of profound exposition pleasingly presented and stamped with the authentic mark of genuine scholarship. He had a gentleness of manner which we all found engaging, and a tolerance of youthful high spirits which even in those thoughtless days struck me as heroic.

As an examiner he enjoyed a curious reputation, being regarded as the hope of the *aege* man but the despair of any who aspired to the higher flights of academic merit. They used to say that he talked so much himself during an examination that he could not in justice "plough" anyone for an absence of knowledge which he had had no opportunity of proving; likewise, he could not award a high mark, having unconsciously but very effectively prevented the examinee from revealing the vastness of his learning or the subtlety of his reasoning. Such, I say, was the reputation he had; but, though I cannot quote statistics and though I readily admit his reluctance to recall a student in October, I can at least say that the aspirant to honours was not always foiled by Fr Rosadini's loquacity.

He has gone, leaving a grand record of service, and to the generation of students with whom he was so deservedly popular a precious memory of gentleness and geniality."

The Cyclopedia of the Roman Rite Described. By Adrian Fortescue. Revised and augmented by J. O'Connell. Pp. 431. Price 21s.

This new edition of Fortescue's book credit both to Fr O'Connell for the really painstaking care he has taken over it and to the publishers for the high standard they have maintained under all the difficulties of war-time production.

Meticulous attention has been paid to the descriptions of the practical details of the various ceremonies, and although the additions made may be minor ones they are of very real assistance. The stereotype plate of the first edition was destroyed by enemy action and this has given Fr O'Connell greater opportunity for correcting and revising the text than would otherwise have been possible. The text is much clearer and easier to follow, while the illustrations are more numerous and more up-to-date. The evidence of the great pains that have been taken even with

BOOK REVIEWS

The Catholic Doctor. By Rev. A. Bonnar, O.F.M., D.D. Pp. 160. Price 7s. 6d.

This is a new edition of a deservedly popular book first published in 1937. A chapter on "Freudian Dogma" has been omitted to make room for a "more important one" on "Pain and Suffering". The index has been carefully revised and is now a valuable feature of the work.

The book is "intended to provide Catholic doctors with a compendious and readable exposition of the teaching of the Church on medico-moral questions of practical importance", and we have always admired the courage of Fr Bonnar in undertaking so difficult a task. The range and variety of subject is considerable, as the chapter-headings show—The Catholic Church—Miracles—Authority, Morals and Law—Aiding and Abetting—Sex and Marriage—Birth Prevention and Birth Control, The Infertile Period—Abortion—Further Problems of Procreation and Pregnancy—Baptism—Euthanasia and Sterilization—Psychotherapy—Sexual Excess and Aberration—Scruples—Pain and Suffering—The Doctor and His Practice.

To those who accept our recommendation of the book it must be pointed out in all fairness that they must not expect anything like a complete treatment of all these very complicated questions. Moreover, the solution of most medico-moral problems depends on a right understanding of such profound and difficult philosophical and theological doctrines as the Natural Law, the Principle of Double Effect, Material and Formal Co-operation, the Prerogatives of God, the Rights of Man etc. It is doubtful if any but the specialist can grapple with such material and appreciate the cogency of proofs based upon it. But whatever the Catholic doctor makes of the proofs, the conclusions for his guidance are here clearly set forth, and a careful study—not a cursory reading—of the pages of this book will at least make him sensitive of the ethical difficulties of his craft and will go some way towards helping him to fulfil his obligation in conscience to obtain a spiritual and ethical formation adequate to a Catholic discharge of his professional duties.

W. BUTTERFIELD.

The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite Described. By Adrian Fortescue.

Revised and augmented by J. O'Connell. Pp. 431. Price 21s.

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Meticulous attention has been paid to the descriptions of the practical details of the various ceremonies, and although the additions made may be minor ones they are of very real assistance. The stereotype plate of the sixth edition was destroyed by enemy action and this has given Fr O'Connell greater opportunity for correcting and revising the text than would otherwise have been possible. As a result the diagrams are much clearer and easy to follow, while the text itself, when compared with that of the previous versions, gives evidence of the great pains that have been taken even with the most minute points. Thus, it is made clear that the senior priest from whom the celebrant receives his palm on Palm Sunday does not wear a stole, and later there is an addition to the effect that the Mass must be said by the priest who blesses the palms. There is also in this edition a new section devoted to the giving of the Apostolic Blessing at the hour of death.

More detailed page headings and new paragraph headings in heavier type make reference a great deal simpler and help the reader to follow more easily the different parts of each particular ceremony.

Undoubtedly this is the most carefully prepared and most useful Fortescue that has yet been printed. The publishers are to be congratulated on the excellent binding and clear print and on keeping this most valuable book at a reasonable price.

J. CAMPBELL.

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