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EDITORIAL

Once more the Venerabile has reopened in Rome and in almost all respects the present generation is far more fortunate than that of 1818. Instead of having to build up afresh from a nucleus of ten students—the problem that confronted Dr Gradwell—the College is now at full strength with nearly seventy students on the books. Moreover continuity has been kept through the six years of exile and it is substantially the same College that is in Rome now as the one that left in May 1940. Indeed it has so worked out that those who led the Venerabile into St. Mary's Hall as First Year 1940, now go out to complete their course and be ordained in Rome. Thus there is no year of Venerabile men that has not experienced the fullness and richness of the life in Rome. This happy state of affairs must be particularly gratifying to the Rector who has always had in the forefront of his mind the speedy return of the College to its rightful home.

For us who have spent most of our course in England it is hard to analyse our feelings at this time. In retrospect the period of exile seems like a bad dream from which one is glad to escape and which cannot bear examination in the clear light of day. Perhaps the most striking thing about the changed

conditions is the ease of life. This may well seem strange to some of the older men but it is only now that our activities and timetable seem to bear fruit and no longer are we subject to those feelings of frustration that came of living in the land of make-believe.

But difficult as the Years Between have been there are many things for which we must thank God. For the preservation of the College and Villa ; for the hospitality of the Jesuits and the many friendships that grew up at Stonyhurst ; for those who sacrificed much to come and teach on the staff ; for the Sisters of St Joseph of Peace who solved our kitchen problems and for all those who helped us in any way to set up house at St Mary's.

Foremost amongst those who worked hard for the College during those times was Fr Grasar and it is with regret that we announce his retirement. His was the most unenviable task of all, as in addition to the usual responsibilities of his position he had all the worries of wartime rationing which only increased as the years went on. But fortunately we have not lost him altogether and he has returned with the College to take the Doctorate of Canon Law. The new Vice-Rector is Fr Tickle, and we take this opportunity of wishing him a hearty welcome.

Having successfully acquitted ourselves during what may well prove to be one of the most difficult periods in the history of the College, there is room for confidence that we will live up to the high traditions of the past in the more colourful days that lie ahead.

Rector and Fr Grasar

FR GRASAR

With much pleasure I write these few words about Father Grasar, who for the last four years has been Vice-Rector of this College in St Mary's Hall, and is now a guest of the Venerabile in Rome and preparing for the Doctorate examination in Canon Law. It was in 1942 that I wrote to the Bishop of Nottingham, then Bishop McNulty, asking if Fr Grasar could be spared for the Vice-Rectorship of the English College. There was not a moment's hesitation, and the Bishop replied that if Fr Grasar were willing he would himself be delighted to grant my request, as he thought it was an inspired choice. He made, however, one reservation, namely that he could not promise to leave him with us beyond the end of the war. And so the new Vice came to St. Mary's Hall in the autumn of 1942, having left Rome in the great Exodus which ended at Victoria Station in May of 1940. In Rome he had completed his seven years' course, and two years in the Canon Law faculty. It was no small sacrifice for him to give up work on the mission, in the Cathedral at Nottingham, but he came because the College had asked for his help and the Bishop had backed that appeal.

As Fr Grasar is still with us at the Venerabile, I must avoid causing him embarrassment, but I must say he has my sincere admiration and affectionate gratitude for everything in the last four years, for his example, his outstanding success in catering during war time, his lectures—especially in Canon Law, and above all for the loyal way in which he shouldered all the extra burdens that fell to him owing to my recent ill health. Though Fr Grasar during the last two years has been very much needed

in the Diocese of Nottingham for matters involving Canon Law, Bishop Ellis, like the good friend he is, left him with us till the end of last summer, but he now requires him to finish his work at the Gregorian and then to return to the Diocese. It is, however, a very great pleasure to myself and the House to have Fr Grasar with us as a guest until next summer.

We are likewise delighted to have Fr Ekbery and Fr Rope at the Superiors' table. There are thus four of us who were at the same table at St Mary's Hall, and I sometimes feel that it would be quite natural if there also walked in Dr Butterfield, or Dr Rea, or Dr Lynch or Dr Redmond !

The only new figure at the table is Fr Tickle, to whom I cannot but express my gratitude for accepting the post of Vice-Rector at this happy but financially worrying moment in the history of the Venerabile. His coming represents no small sacrifice on the part of that staunchest of English College men—Bishop Ambrose Moriarty !

Though much has yet to be written in future numbers of THE VENERABILE, both by way of thanks and by way of record, I must say here what a tremendous joy the return to Rome has been, especially to those of us who went through the Exile. We all thank God with full hearts, and put our trust in His protection in these unsettled days.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

THE RETURN

" Rome offers three things : the Vicar of Christ, the Way of the Saints, and the Fountain of Truth." Surely it was for this that the Venerabile strained to preserve its identity and its very existence. Sixty-seven men have returned to Rome ; only one who endured the grimmer life of St Mary's Hall will have never studied in Rome. That in itself is a startling record, but what seems more wonderful is that we have been absent from the City only six and a half years.

The return was far quieter, far more gentle than the Exodus. In 1940 no one realized what was the future, what catastrophes were to wrack England, or even that some of the eighty men in that great gita across France might not live to return. As the train steamed out of Victoria Station early on the morning of October 15th with the first seventeen, there was none of the excited, nervous rioting of a similar day in Rome six years back. Those noble men who wistfully watched our departure realized more than we the actors, the significance of the event. The thrill of return was a delicate growth ; it had a brief blossoming when each of us heard that we were to go back. Then it shyly withdrew. It could not bear the damp, foggy air of London nor even the magic of the sea. It did not respond to the keen, bracing air of Switzerland. It sprang into the full warmth of life only as the train raced on its last lap from Orte through Orvieto to Rome. Perhaps it was that it only became articulate then, since throughout that journey one was not even certain of one's own feelings.

No one was more surprised than I as we left London, to discover that I was quite homesick for England. But at Dover the bustle of the Customs, the smell of the sea and the efficiency

of the army of porters dispelled such feelings and I felt once more the carefree thrill of the gita. I noticed the barbed wire still along the cliffs from Folkestone and reflected that we had wasted no time in our expedition. The boat we sailed in was surely well-named, the *Invicta*. In our own country we had nŏt yielded our life, we had remained together. It was the maiden voyage of this fine ship as a passenger steamer and we enjoyed English roast beef in the luxury of her saloon.

We entered France via Calais. It had been different in 1940 when we came to Modane. There we had felt at home in the presence of a fine French soldier with a massive bayonet. Now it was quite certain we had left home in spite of the Allied uniforms to be seen everywhere. This was no doubt due to the mass of devastation that greeted us at the Pas de Calais. By some freak of fortune I managed to go through the French Customs twice, and the second time the official failed to believe my "rien à declarer " but, O happy chance, searched the wrong bag. Throughout the journey our party was blessed with a good fortune that did not attend those who followed. But even with these the Italians showed a native clemency that even officialdom cannot destroy.

We made Paris by half past six in the evening. I remember how in 1940 we seized trucks and wheeled our baggage to the hotel amind the nods and smiles of everyone. But on this evening even to look at a truck covetously nearly caused a strike among the porters. We were mercilessly robbed with the connivance of the *franc-tireur* whom Cook's had given us as our guide and mentor. He was a strange personage and I was shocked to discover that he learnt his English at his mother's knee in Camberwell. Owing to the fact that he had received a wrong routing we were enjoying an excellent dinner in a nearby restaurant as the Simplon-Orient pulled out at 8.10 p.m. But that was not all ; ten minutes before the 10.10 was due to leave no reservations could be found on the through coach to Milan. We had already missed one train, and it seemed certain from the disinterested attitude of the *contrôle*, who noted the absence of wealth in our party, that we were going to miss the next. It may be that our guide remembered his native land of Camberwell and its pride, and a courage long since destroyed by the corrupt company of Paris porters came back to life for five quick minutes. He stormed up and down that train with two of us on either side to make sure he did not attempt flight. At last he established us in a roomy Swiss coach due to travel

as far as Brig. My heart melted at such unselfish labours and as we left I parted with some precious cigarettes. Even here in Paris, where in the circumstances we found no desire to stay, there were men from the College to see us off—an advance party enjoying a gita within a gita.

As the train travelled down France we slept. We were tired and the coach was very comfortable. I vaguely remember getting out at three in the morning to see if Dijon offered any amenities, but none of us really awoke till in the crisp dawn we stopped at Andelot. For some who followed a day or so later it was a memorable spot. For there they felt such hunger that they entered the buffet and ordered breakfast. On emerging more than satisfied, they found to their horror that the train had gone, moving on its journey with that shattering nonchalance of a Continental train which moves or stops for no apparent reason and without any fuss. A taxi driver was forced out of bed, a car started and the race began. They crossed the road frontier and sighed with relief as they caught sight of the train standing in Vallorbes station. It reminds me of the men who missed the train at Turin six years ago to whom fortune was equally kind.

Vallorbes was an oasis for us. On our second-rate express there was no restaurant car. But here was a buffet and breakfast was being served. The polite Swiss assured us there was plenty of time; the coffee, the butter, the honey and the *croissants*—these remain an epicurean memory. On returning happily to our coach we found that the process of shortening the train to the size of a Southern Railway Suburban service, that had begun during the night in the middle of France, was still continuing. Our carriage was obviously the next due for demobilization. And so at Brig, the Swiss end of the Simplon, we were firmly ejected and told to insert ourselves in some manner in the already overcrowded Milan coach.

The problem was solved by dispersal. It was no longer a question of obtaining a second-class carriage. With others I managed to get in a coach specially chartered for the American Army, and there, on our way through the Simplon, we ate our iron rations of cheese and biscuits, sweetened by a bottle of good Swiss wine. Others stood their ground in the corridor of the Milan coach. One of the party however travelled in the upholstered luxury of a second class. But the price for this comfort was the somewhat exuberant company of Monique and Babette (aged five and six years).

At Domodossola the train continued its own disintegration. In a " mezz'ora", so it was said, an engine and some coaches were due. We took in supplies of salame and vermouth and realized that we were at last in Italy. I suggested to one of that strange caste who spend their time tapping wheels that there might be some second-class accommodation when the additional coaches arrived. " Seconda classe ? ", said he with a mirthless grin, " E ! adesso non ci sono ; tutte da legno." And so it turned out to be : in a carriage marked second we sat on seats reminiscent of a utility bus.

We were definitely an event, that train. We puffed our way from station to station, the guard exchanging pleasanteries with his friends and vainly signalling the driver to break off equally pleasant conversation ; and it was only as we drew near to Milan that the latter realized we were vaguely connected with the *Rapido a Roma* due to leave at 8.15 p.m. But there was no need to worry for we arrived two hours before its departure and an excellent Cook's agent saw us safely aboard the Express and arranged for our dinner on the train. In the two hours wait, some changed money at varying rates, some repeated in inverse order the visit of former College men to St. Charles' cathedral, but I frequented the Albergo Diurno where, for a considerable sum, I was turned out a respectable cleric. For all the parties on the train the meal that night was a memorable occasion. It was the epitome of Italian menus—the spaghetti perfect, the wine Frascati and the *patate in abbondanza.* The atmosphere of our compartment was magically changing. A former inhabitant of the Greg betrayed his soul by keeping the windows tight shut until the air was dense with smoke. But what matter ? We were on the *Rapido a Roma*! The train crawled over seeming perilous Bailey bridges, including one magnificent construction over the Po. It is true the Allies built them, but one must remember the Italians service them. Even in the dark one caught glimpses of wholesale destruction. At Florence, reached by 3.30 a.m., we changed once more to steam and took in supplies of *aranciata.* We even managed to have the window open for a few seconds to renew the oxygen. As the dawn lightened the devastation in Central Italy could be seen. Many times we were on single track. It was rather horrifying to see fine bridges lying drunkenly in the Arno and in the Tiber. At Chiusi, where report said we would be taking on another restaurant car, we,

like Josue at Jericho, sent a scout ahead, to secure a first session at breakfast. It was over our coffee that we remembered that now three of the four parties were on the way to Rome ; one already in Switzerland, another just leaving London and ourselves in central Italy. Perhaps the fourth were packing their precious rucksacks.

At Orte I was certain of the thrill of return. The train raced this last run to Rome. We had passed the land of the North, the broken bridges and the rubble of war. Here was a land we knew. Soracte towering on our right ; Gennaro on our left. The train did not even stop at Orvieto to allow us a mid-morning *bicchiere*, but we noticed the funicular was smashed, so that any drink at Orvieto in the future will be well deserved. From now on the Salaria kept us company. Once past the shattered remains of the Ala Littoria, everyone stretched to see the city and San Pietro as the post-war Rome Express wound its way past the Campo Santo into the termini.

That precious luggage, once a burden but now a treasure to be guarded from the hoards of porters and idle youths that frequent Rome station, was unloaded for the last time. There was no one to meet us and it was some time before we were careering down the Nazionale in taxis. At the Monserrato Raniero showed surprise as we took possession of the hall. The cortile door opened and we, the obviously unexpected, had our welcome from the Apostolic Delegate and the Rector. The former had prophesied we would be there. All the *camerieri* came out to see us. At lunch it was quite certain that life had begun again, October 17th 1946.

It has not been easy for us to express the experience of many men from many places. Only five of us had been in the Exodus, so our thoughts are different. But there is a common joy, the joy of a well-appointed house, a real Collegium, the atmosphere of noisy Rome and already the sight of the Pope in St Peter's. Everything seems so little changed. The walls may be chalked with hammer and sickle and *abassi* to everything from the King downwards, including ourselves, but the general temper, though more cynical and bitter, is something we have known before. The cameratas in the streets seem never to have been absent. For me it was a joy to pass the Drogheria opposite Santa Caterina and hear an old lady smile a *ben tornato*. We have been welcomed by everyone that matters. Once more we are at home in the Via Monserrato.

ALAN CLARK.

MADAMA

In the autumn of 1538 Vittoria Colonna was living in a convent near San Silvestro. In her later years this illustrious lady had made a habit of moving about from one convent to another, and this time it may have been the course of sermons preached by Friar Ambrose of Siena that attracted her to this place. After Mass on Sundays it was her custom to spend the morning with her friends discussing art, literature and religion, either in the monastery garden nearby (the modern post office) or, with typical Italian insouciance, without moving from the church itself. Naturally, in the company of Vittoria we find Michelangelo, who took the lead in most of these arguments. Duke Francesco d'Orlanda, an artist and architect who was to take the Italian Renaissance culture into Portugal, wrote an account of these meetings for King John III a few years later.

One Sunday in November, he tells us, the series of sermons was interrupted by a *festa* of unparalleled splendour which Rome was celebrating. It was the marriage of Madama. Festivities started in the early morning when, from the Capitol, a procession of twelve chariots set off through the streets towards the Piazza Navona, then only recently laid out and completed by the Pope. Decorated in the most lavish style, the chariots were modelled on the triumphal cars of Imperial Rome, but they far surpassed them in their golden brilliance and endless variety of carved figures. Riding them were the Caporioni arrayed in and perhaps somewhat hampered by the ample folds of their patrician togas ; at the flank were outriders

dressed in velvets of every hue and displaying an amazing variety of plumes and headgear ; their horses taking fright at their elaborate bridles and brasses pranced and sidled against the crowds. Standing out from the rest was Giuliano Cesarini, bearer of the S.P.Q.R., his gaily caparisoned horse was a magnificent animal and he himself drew the eyes of all in his black brocade and brilliant white armour. Ancient Rome, Francesco thought, had come back to life. He does not say what happened when they reached the Navona, but celebrations seem to have continued all day and ended with banquets and *pranzoni* reaching far into the night—a night when the *piazze* blazed with hundreds of bonfires till the red battlements of S. Angelo glowed like fire. While the main procession was taking place, another, consisting of twenty chariots drawn by bulls, had started out at Monte Testaccio and wound its way over the bridge and through Trastevere to the Piazza San Pietro ; in Trastevere itself a veritable race-meeting was held, horses and buffaloes contesting the whole length of the Via Madonna. But our friend the Duke soon wearied of all this vulgar display and retiring to San Silvestro found Michelangelo and Tolomei already there, and in the cool shade of the monastery garden they sat by the fountain and talked of the part art and beauty should play in fortifications and engines of war, as well as in the quiet times of peace.

Who, then, was Madama that her wedding with Ottavio Farnese should be celebrated with such tremendous display and festivity ? Everyone knows the Palazzo Madama which stands close to the Sapienza and which has served since 1870 as the Senate House ; but, for myself at least it was just one of many Renaissance piles, while the Villa Madama was no more than a name, though Mr Chamberlain's sojourn there gave it some claim to renown. But the name Madama roused one's curiosity—it was unusual and did not seem quite at ease among the more familiar names of Orsini, Colonna, Farnese, Barberini. Also the Palazzo itself was exceptionally fine ; that, of course, passed me by, as I disliked all that type of architecture at first and, as with so many Southern things, only slowly acquired a taste for what one now feels a nostalgia.

The style as we see it in English examples of the seventeenth century is generally associated with Palladio, but it had reached its real perfection generations before him in the hands of Alberti and da Sangallo, the architect of the Farnese

Palace. Since it was first built, the Madama has undergone many alterations, but it is in the tradition of these earlier buildings and typical of the best. It has a bold triangular entablature over the first storey windows and those of the second are surmounted by a gorgeous frieze of *putti* teasing lions, while above is set the deep powerful cornice—the feature soon to be weakened and finally lost in later buildings. However, while all at least know the Palazzo, few probably know who Madama was or what connection she had with England and the first Elizabethan refugees in the Netherlands and at Douai.

Madama Marguerita of Austria, a lady possessed of many of the qualities required for enrolment in Knox's *Monstrous Regiment* was a *mulier fortissima* in an age of valiant women. Born of a Flemish girl to the young Emperor in 1522, Charles V had her brought up from her childhood in a manner becoming her royal parentage, shouldering to the full his responsibility for his daughter. But royal connections have never been unmixed blessings and she was but seven years old when, in the true Hapsburg tradition of statecraft, her father pledged her hand to Alessandro dei Medici, son of Lorenzo. Charles at that time was planning to restore the Medici to Florence and at the same time bind them to himself.

In 1536 as soon as Margaret was of age, the marriage was celebrated, Margaret being but thirteen and a half and her worthless husband twice her age. However, the hated Alessandro was assassinated in Florence in January of the following year and Margaret retired to Pisa. Cosimo dei Medici, Alessandro's successor, now sought her hand and it seems that Margaret herself was not averse to this ; but by this time the political scene had changed and she found herself once more at the mercy of her father's schemes. Charles felt he had the Medici sufficiently tied to him already and he was now seeking a connection with the new Papal family—the Farnese. From the Papal side also, Paul III was as eager as Charles for an alliance and it was the Pope, it seems, who made the first move and put forward his grandson Ottavio Farnese, whom he created Marquis of Novara. Thus at the age of sixteen Margaret was espoused once more, this time to a boy aged thirteen who from the beginning repelled her. Ottavio, a good soldier, was a tough and rough sort of man, and two more diverse temperaments could hardly be found ; but it is perhaps

unfair to say that it was Ottavio whom she disliked so much as the Farnese family in general and all they stood for, and in particular Margaret resented this "planned" existence in the hands of the great.

The Farnese were no newcomers, but their recent climb to power had been rapid. Paul III had been elected in 1534, but for some years before that he had been a leader among the Roman Cardinals. The great Pope of the Council of Trent was a man of ambition in every sense of the word, including the best; the best, his ambition for the Church and the Council, is omitted here, so that this sketch makes no pretence to completeness. He was the first Roman for over a century to be elected and Rome was delighted; moreover he followed close on the sack of Rome in 1527 and, aided by some of the greatest artists of all time, he set about the rebuilding and beautification of the City for the Imperial entry in 1536. Sixtus V a generation later is generally recognized as the great rebuilder of Rome, but Paul III contributed nearly as much and certainly deserves greater recognition from the Romans, for while Sixtus' work was centred on high Rome, Paul's attention was turned to the poorer area, in fact the Via Monserrato area—the thickly populated district of old Rome. Palazzo Farnese is his great monument and the breadth of his planning may be gauged when one realizes that in his pontificate the Piazza Farnese, the Via Baullari, the Piazza Navona, S. Andrea, Venezia and Dodeci Apostoli—all that great block was spaced and laid out and rebuilt. But this Farnese prince was not only ambitious for the City; a son of the High Renaissance, his designs for the advancement of his family and the attainment of *la gloria* were massive. He was a nepotist on a grand scale and built up connections not only with the great Italian families but with the Hapsburgs through the marriage of Ottavio to Madama, and with the Valois through the later alliance of Orazio Farnese with Diana, daughter of Henry II.

By all this Margaret seems to have been repelled, especially as she grew older, and even at this stage the prospect of her marriage was hateful to her. She set out for Rome at the beginning of November. The great papal-imperial alliance was to be celebrated on the fourth, on the third she spent the night in the Orsini castle of Isola Farnese, well known to so many gitanti. The next day she reached Rome, resting for a while at what was later to be called the Villa Madama, beyond

the Ponte Molle, here she was met by members of the Senate, the Conservatori and Roman nobility, who came to escort her into the city. Riding through the Porta del Popolo in the late afternoon she was met by Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, members of the Curia, Ambassadors and other *grandi*, and pressing down the crowded Corso to the Piazza Venezia the procession wheeled down the Via Papale over the Ponte Aclio and entered the Borgo. In the antecamera of the Vatican Margaret met Ottavio and together they entered the Pope's presence to pay their homage and to receive wedding gifts. From here Margaret retired to the Palazzo Cesi and held a levee of Roman ladies. Next day, the marriage festivities over, the *novelli sposi* separated without more ado.

Charles, at this period, seems to have been quite unaware of the gulf which separated Margaret from Ottavio. "I hope," he wrote to her, "that the happiness which we all share in this union may ever increase"; poor Margaret, she could share no such hope. A year later, after several letters from her father asking her to live with her husband, she wrote from Ghent almost in despair explaining her behaviour and even claiming her liberty on the plea that she had expressed no consent at the wedding when Ottavio had placed the ring on her finger; nor had their marriage been consummated. However, she adds disarmingly that now he knows all her reasons she will obey his commands whatever they may be. At last Charles understood and wrote full of sympathy and repentance at his having promoted the marriage, but he pressed her as before and in 1542 Margaret rejoined Ottavio and lived in Rome. We find her in 1545 providing 300 ducats for one of St Ignatius' orphanages and busy in other work for the Catholic revival. St Ignatius was confessor to her household and when at last Madama bore a son, Alessandro, it was the soldier of Loyola who baptized the child who, known better as Alexander of Parma, was to prove the ablest soldier of the century and command the invasion army of Philip II which the Great Armada was to have convoyed from the Low Countries in 1588.

Margaret and Ottavio could not long abide together and had no more children, but she proved herself loyal to a degree, and in spite of Ottavio's later treachery to her father she continued in season and out of season to plead his cause, petitioning Charles and later Philip II for the restoration of the forfeited duchies of Parma and Piacenza which her son Alessan-

dro would inherit. It was during this Roman period that the Palazzo Madama was her residence and the Villa her summer retreat. The Villa out on Monte Mario had been built by Giulio Romano for Clement VII when Cardinal Giulio dei Medici, and had been sacked by the Germans in 1527. Part of her Medici inheritance, it was presented to Madama by Paul III and she at once set about its restoration. The loggia of Giovanni da Udine and the whole interior decoration of the great halls rival anything to be found in the Vatican apartments, and like Paul III in the Farnese Palace she made a collection out at the Villa of ancient sculpture, adding to it her Medici treasures from Florence.

Yet in all her elevation to high society and almost royal honours, Madama never descended to that vulgar display and pomp which sometimes characterized her husband's family. In many respects she retained a certain northern ruggedness. She wore a little beard. She was a lady of striking appearance in other ways too—extremely strong physically and quite tireless on a horse. At the age of ten she was good for a long day with hounds and Strada tells how in later years she required as many second horsemen as the strongest of men. In spite of these qualities and her manly walk and carriage it would be quite wrong to think of her as unpolished or rough in any way ; manly as she was in physique and in character as well, she was always and primarily a kindly aristocratic Catholic lady. Later in life, as ruler of the Low Countries, she appears in her letters as a vigorous Catholic champion fighting for the faith of her subjects, and at the same time a typical sixteenth century figure in her almost passionate nationalism and loyalty to her brother Philip II. In fact an unshakable loyalty and integrity characterized her whole life—loyalty to her father, to Ottavio, to her brother Philip and above all to her Faith. Her integrity was the cause of her failure by all the world's standards but it was the secret of her popularity in the Low Countries no less than in Rome.

By the Treaty of Cateau Cambresis in 1559 the governorship of the Netherlands fell vacant and Philip of Spain appointed his sister. She left Rome in June. It is her work for the Faith we are here concerned with, but a word must be said about the political situation she had to meet. Madama was ideally fitted for the thankless task assigned to her and this was one of the happiest of Philip II's appointments, made at

a critical moment in the history of Northern Europe and the Faith. Just when these countries were becoming aware of their subjection to Spanish interest and beginning to resent it, Margaret, Flemish in sympathy and nature, took them over ; a Catholic in every fibre of her soul, yet she distrusted the methods of force and Inquisition, and knew they would prove fatal if used among people whose Catholicism was of the Erastian kind, resentful of intolerance and quite out of sympathy with the counter-reformation spirit of the South. However, while Philip nominally gave her almost unlimited powers, he in fact tied her hands at every turn and virtually subjected her to the counsel of the Spaniard Granville ; in financial matters she was further embarrassed by shortage of funds and dependence on the royal purseholder. Unbounded in her loyalty to her brother, Margaret soon found herself in an impossible position. Philip tried to rule this loose collection of commercial states as he ruled Spain, centralizing and controlling everything personally and suppressing heresy with the utmost rigour. Right or wrong, he was certainly going too fast and with too little patience. Margaret's letters are full of requests to go slower, to withdraw the hated Spanish troops and to be patient with Lutherans and Calvinists.

Gradually, political revolt and religious unrest coalesced into one growing threat and Madama knew that if there had once been a plea for kindness, matters were now too far gone and she was fast losing control. In July 1566, before the final crisis, an Italian in her service, Francesco Marchi wrote in a letter " [Margareta] prima vuol morire che mai consentire a cosa nessuna contra la fede e Chiesa romana ; e, quanto piú le depingono innanzi li pericoli e la dissoluzione, tanto piú piglia animo e piú s'engagliardisei contra a li eretrici. Non ho se non paura che la non si ammali per li gravissimi negozii e affari che la si piglia per la religione crestiana e per Sua Maestà."

Not least among these crippling worries and cares were her labours for the English Catholics ; before she had been in the Netherlands six months she wrote to Philip for funds to support eleven English Carthusians and their Prior and she asked permission for them to enter the Charterhouse at Bruges. The three volumes of Madama's letters are full of such requests slipped in among a mass of reports, requests, counsel and

advice on a hundred and one subjects. In 1560 she writes to ask advice about three English heretics she has had to restrain, with the result that the Archbishop of Canterbury has written in protest. Next year we find her writing to Elizabeth through the Spanish Ambassador seeking clemency for the Sion Convent which still survived the penal statutes.

At this time it was the Spanish policy, in opposition to France, to support and court the friendship of Elizabeth despite her religious changes, and in two letters of particular interest Madama counsels Philip on this subject. She advocates a greater sternness of manner with Elizabeth, because his present courtesy and gentleness led her to believe that, whatever line she took, Spain would praise her ; hence she was attacking the Faith in England and laying herself open to a rebellion aided by the Queen of Scots, and if this were successful it would be a Guise victory—a French victory and a threat to the very existence of the Spanish Netherlands. Elizabeth must be given a fright and made to see her danger before the Catholic Revolution dethrones her. Margaret's nationalism and Catholicism conveniently dovetail here, and her expectation of armed rebellion may seem a little fantastic at this distance, but it was almost realized before the Flight of the Earls.

An appointment at Douai is the subject of a perplexed letter in 1563. Dr Richard Smith had just died. Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford and an exile since Elizabeth's accession, he had been appointed Chancellor of the new University of Douai and " Pour son respect y estoient venuz plusieurs aultres Anglois Catholiques ". But the salary was small and the people of Douai were asking for an ordinary don from Louvain to succeed, as they could not maintain men of such high quality ; before his death, however, Dr Smith had expressed a wish for another English divine, a relative of the deposed Bishop White of Winchester as successor—" fort excellent personage " adds Margaret, and she asks for permission to use her discretion in the new appointment. I have not been able to find out who was eventually appointed, but the English element at Louvain and at Douai were certainly very prominent at this time and by 1565 a regular series of first class pamphlets was issuing from these two places into England to the embarrassment of the home government. The importance of this school of exiles may be judged from

Harrison's complaint in *The Description of England*, that there was hardly a don of merit left at Oxford, but all had gone overseas.

By 1566 matters in the Low Countries were beyond Margaret's control; sacking of churches, public outrages and retaliations were even more frequent. Near to a breakdown, she went on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Hal and spent hours in prayer there; but conditions were such that she had to go with an armed escort. Next year the bombshell burst—without any warning she learnt that Alva was already on the march for the Netherlands with his Spanish army. That, as she knew, meant open war and the end of all her attempts at compromise. After protesting to Philip without avail, she asked to resign but had to wait months for the permission while Alva, without ceremony, took the command of things out of her hands. In a final letter before retiring to Aquila she wrote to Philip imploring him to be clement and patient, and to punish only the real leaders of revolt. However good the cause, rigour could only harm it.

Alva failed, Don Juan failed, and finally as a last hope Madama, now an elderly lady, was called upon once more. At first she refused on the grounds that she had given up correspondence with the Netherlands and lost touch with the leaders and course of events; in any case diplomacy could achieve little now, and she herself was old and broken in health. However, after her son Alexander of Parma had gone before her and done much to repair the damage wrought by the Spanish commanders, she herself accepted and set out in the spring of 1580 to cross Europe once more. She found on her arrival that the reasons that had led her to refuse Philip's request at first were all too true and she now asked him to invest the soldier, Alexander, with the supreme command. Philip refused, but Alexander complicated matters by declining to serve under his mother. Politely, he offered to retire altogether or to continue in command, but he would not serve as second in command. He was in a strong position, since his troops followed him and threatened to desert if he withdrew. After an exhausting correspondence Madama was once more allowed to return to Aquila leaving Alexander to face an unenviable task.

But Madama did not reach Aquila. Sailing down the Adriatic from Ferrara in a Venetian galley, she disembarked

intending to visit the Holy House, but died at Ortona in January 1586.

This then was Madama. Of a more active and practical nature than most cultured ladies of her station—such as Vittoria Colonna—she yet possessed many of the characteristics of that illustrious lady, and her northern temperament and stolidity never threatened to become hard or incapable of sympathy. One is tempted to compare and contrast her with that other northern figure of sixteenth century Rome, the great reforming Pope, Adrian of Utrecht; while his introduction to the Renaissance was of the nature of a collision resulting in a vigorous reaction, Margaret was attracted, drank deep of the culture of the South, and her whole character was mellowed by its influence. It was this that made her so loved and respected by the ordinary people whether in Rome or in Brussels —a respect crystallized in the simple but friendly and dignified name by which she is remembered—Madama.

ANTHONY J. STOREY.

PASSPORTS

The Venerabile has, for the second time in its history, enjoyed the experience of return; and, unlike that of 1818, the return has been not merely corporate but, for some, individual also. Men who knew Rome in 1939 are there in 1946, a rare and fulfilling experience. For the day of return was always present in desire and imagination to the men of St Mary's Hall. Usually silent, it would occasionally find expression in songs of entrance and exit, wistful in the valedictory choruses of Top Year, expectant, almost strident in the louder odes of First Yearlings. But it was always there. In Public Meetings the sage would show a commendable farsightedness in subjecting wild motions to the test of "when we return to Rome, Mr Chairman . . . " How, when, under what auspices the return would be made none would enquire. And as rumour is the faithful page and harbinger of certainty, one began to wonder in the latter days what would be the sign, certain and irrevocable, of departure. It came to us in a letter of last June, telling of vast and herculean labours of removal. And it took, as we would have done, the unimpeachable witness of exodus to be the passport. "We are definitely going; we are now getting our passports." The inference was justified and definite without further appeal. Even to us who know no return and who left when return was a distant dream, it came with indisputable finality, if, in our wonder, with a note of *Credo quia impossibile.* We rejoiced—and fell to thinking of passports.

For the passport does carry an authority beyond most documents in an age when documents are in vogue and seem

to increase and multiply of themselves. Not its price, nor its majestic arms, nor the quaint and courteous request for passage "without let or hindrance" fully measure its sovereign importance. They resound its worth as a document which can lift formidable barriers and relax the grimace of *verboten* on hard frontier officials. But they altogether fail to appraise it as a symbol, as an emblem of something profound. Like a key or a bridge or a lamp it is, at heart, a composition of two elements, the pragmatic and the symbolic; and like them it is apt to hide its nobler half, allowing utility to preside over romance, prose over poetry. Yet the meanest bridge is pontifical, the front-door key a thaumaturge, and every lamp a brother to the sun, carrying all its wonder and divinity in each idle flicker. Alongside these elemental and primary manufactures, and akin to them in function, we place the passport, and regard it with reverence, the one oasis in the desert of officialdom. You object—the passport is unnecessary. Perhaps, but has not time infused into it a soul, and endowed it with the magic of the elements?

A recent article in THE VENERABILE dwelt on the character of frontiers and saw in them a charm beyond the natural beauty of any particular line of demarcation, be it a road or river or towering massif. They are more than physical features and have an effect on the mind passing that of mere beauty. Changed scenery, a different people, new manners, history and culture conspire to enrich the experience of a frontier, but they do not complete its wonder. The frontier has an element entirely its own which abides when natural beauty and diversity are absent; an element which lingers even at those boundaries designed by mathematics rather than by history or geology, which make Libya such an unromantic shape on the map and seem to indicate the bureaucrat taking over from the explorer. This ultimate thing, the quintessence of frontier, is, in part, enshrined in the passport. Their mystery is shared, likewise their interest.

There are many, however, who see nothing in a frontier beyond the sad tyranny of officialdom and the natural resort of No-men. They hold, then, that there is no defence of the passport, nor of any border official, that a flag performs his only function with greater elegance and expedition. They may scorn our attempt to make adventure of what is to them the incarnation of dullness, and resort to that most damning

of Freudian subterfuges in explanation, to wit, sublimation. Yet we can take refuge in indisputed facts, and remember the thrill which the first passport conferred or the pride with which we produced it to quell suspicious *padroni* in remote village *alberghi*, demanding intimate family information before we could settle for the night. One *parroco*, I remember, in a village which displayed placards of hostility to the country which had initiated sanctions was surprised when I showed him the signature of the author of this monstrosity on my passport. He was surprised, it seems, that so base a creature was conversant with human calligraphy and had expected him to append his mark, perhaps a cloven hoof. The urbane signature disturbed him a little.

We may hope that the returned Venerabile will meet with less restriction and less profanation of the true function of the passport. It should remain during the period of immobility carefully locked away and treasured, far from the reach of minor officials. During periods of particular stress one may refresh oneself with an occasional glance at its majestic crest, or travel in spirit by regarding the stamps of entry and exit —Bardonecchia, Modane, Ventimiglia. Such a use is legitimate, even commendable ; the fragrance of travel adheres to the passport even in idleness when its first freshness has mellowed to the scent of nostalgia. It remains powerful to influence, an appeal outward, away from the overwhelming present, and administers a tonic more stimulating than a photograph of the Dolomites or the Gran Sasso d'Italia. They are idle and static, painted ships ; but the passport has life and function, something more than mere reminiscence. A glance at page four where we read of the countries to which it affords access sets the imagination stirring. It can take us over continents, can raise iron curtains and admit us, as it proclaims with peculiar pride, even to Turkey and the U.S.S.R.

Real power and true symbolism—these are the virtues and prerogatives of the passport. To the traveller en voyage its power is uppermost. To the enforced stay-at-home, to the nostalgic and cheerless it is an emblem and a deeper influence, a prince among documents, which will be prized when political frontiers are no more and the Utopian travels abroad without purse or scrip.

ARTHUR HINSLEY—PARISH PRIEST

I want you to forget for a moment the great Cardinal who thrilled and comforted millions by his glorious broadcasts ; forget the Apostolic Delegate whose work for the Mission fields of Africa widened and deepened the spiritual life of a vast continent, and from which he returned to Rome a man broken in health ; forget his wonderful work in the English College which has stamped him as a Rector no less to be revered than any of his predecessors. But come to the priest labouring for souls, the parish priest without the title or the rights. Let us recall memories and experiences of those days.

His parishioners were few. To them he was always known as Doctor Hinsley. His students at St John's Seminary were not very numerous. They affectionately called him " Bobs ". His fellow students of Roman days called him " Bocca," from the bookshop " Bocca di Leone " where he was frequently seen delving. To all he was a living fire, earnest, scholarly, jovial and sincere. How clearly we see him in the old timbered presbytery of Sutton Park, a couple of miles from Guildford, a tall, spectacled, benevolent priest with a hearty welcome for all the clergy. However busy he was, and busy he always was, he gave you the impression that you were the one person for whom he was waiting. Your interests were at once his ; and he would relish your stories more than anyone else could, no matter how often you told them. He had, however, many interests of his own. Although the parish was isolated, scattered and sparsely populated he found much to do. The parish itself was, of course, his first care. He threw himself into the

work with zest. To know every Catholic and instruct the children and attend the sick was a matter of daily routine. Sutton Place being a Manor of very great historical and archaeological value, he devoted much time to its study until he became an expert guide. He loved to explain all its ancient Catholic glories and to remind one of its centuries old tradition of Mass and Holy Communion ; of the priest in hiding while Queen Elizabeth rested there on her way to Chichester, and of the days long before the Tudors when the Catholic Faith was undisturbed by either " bluff King Hal or good Queen Bess." He was *persona grata* to Lord Northcliffe of Harmsworth fame, the then tenant of the Manor. From him he enjoyed the privilege of taking his friends over the mansion whenever he pleased. When he conceived the idea of a school in the district, where no Catholic school had much prospect of succeeding, he received warm and generous support from the great journalist.

In the parish notice book, in Father Hinsley's handwriting, under the date August 23rd, 1908, we read : " A meeting of parents and others will take place this evening at 5.30 at Sutton Place by kind permission of Lord and Lady Northcliffe, to consider better means for the schooling of children of Sutton Park district. A house has been taken, ' The Firs ' near Worplesdon Station, and is being fitted out for the purpose. It is proposed to have the children brought together by means of a conveyance. The Nuns of the Congregation of Ste. Clotilde have undertaken responsibility for the whole scheme. Much generous support has already been given. It is my earnest prayer that the coming of the Nuns will bring about much good in the parish, and that they will be heartily welcomed by all Catholic parents. The proposed scheme has the approbation of the Bishop, and the support of all who love the best interests of our children."

Father Hinsley gave himself to the undertaking with his usual fire and energy. He gathered together as many children as possible and he himself supervised the classes in the beginning. But the daughters of St. Clotilde were nearly all French and this made serious difficulties ; so we are not surprised to find that in 1909 there is a further entry in the notice book, again in Father Hinsley's handwriting, stating : " The School at ' The Firs ' will reopen with a new staff on Monday, January 18th."

There is no further entry in the book until August 29th of the same year. " The School reopens at ' The Firs ' tomorrow,

Monday August 30th. More support for School—more encouragement in spiritual results from Catholic children." No other reference is made to the Day School, but every Sunday Father Hinsley urges parents to send their children to Sunday School at "The Firs"; and these notices continue right up to August 31st, 1910. Although he took his failures very much to heart he persevered with wonderful tenacity.

With the help of the Nuns and neighbouring clergy, for three years in succession the Corpus Christi Procession in the grounds of Sutton Park attracted a great number of people from Guildford, Woking, Godalming, Wonersh and beyond. His zeal never flagged. He was very proud of his parish and its history, which he loved to impress on everybody. For instance, in the notice book for June 28th, 1911 we read: "Prayers are asked for Mr Matthias Kleiser of Guildford who died yesterday aged eighty-four. R.I.P. He helped Father Joseph Sidden of this Mission to found the Guildford Mission in 1857." Thus he wished the fact to be recorded that Sutton Park was the parent mission and Guildford the child.

In the hours which were left free from parish duties he studied, and wrote, and lectured. His bookcases were packed with volumes which had been sent to him to review. His subjects were History and Sacred Scripture. At different periods he was lecturer in both of these subjects at St John's Seminary, whither he cycled three times a week for some years. The distance is about eight miles; so we can imagine the grind which these runs must have implied through all the weathers of our capricious climate. He gave himself to the preparation of these lectures with intense zeal. When he was appointed Professor of Sacred Scripture he got into touch with a Jewish Rabbi and a Cambridge Professor of Greek, and went steadily through a correspondence course in order to make himself more proficient. He sought inspiration and strength in prayer, and certainly on one occasion spent the whole night in prayer. This he revealed quite accidentally to a friend.

Speaking of friends, he was indeed a most valued and faithful one. To have been in his very special confidence was a most precious privilege. He was human; his large-hearted sympathy showed itself in tenderness towards all who were in any trouble. He loved the company of his fellow priests. His hospitality was unbounded. His house was open to the clergy. Many are the dinner parties at Sutton Park where this warm-

hearted brother used to foot the bill after a merry gathering. They were days of spacious entertainment and the clerical wits at those parties were much in evidence. Foremost among them all was Father Fowler, known in and around Guildford and far beyond the bounds of the large Diocese of Southwark. There was no entertainer to equal him in his geniality and wit. His conjuring was inexhaustible. With his banter and tales he was the soul of any party, full of frolic and fun. Well do we remember his jokes. On one occasion he was faced with a rival in the person of a Franciscan who was more than his equal in sleight-of-hand and professional deception. With some little heat they passed the time in striving to outdo each other. At last Father Fowler challenged the Friar to a contest in thought reading. He told the Franciscan that he would stand facing the wall in the opposite corner, and that without an accomplice of any kind he would tell him what he was doing. The good Father was to withdraw as far as possible from Father Fowler, then to do whatsoever might come into his mind, and at the same time to ask three times in a loud voice " What am I doing now ? " The challenge was at once taken up. The whole party drew towards the Franciscan, and Father Fowler was left in his corner with his back to the company. The good Friar solemnly asked the question three times : " What am I doing now ? " Promptly came the answer : " You are making an ass of yourself."

Once at a Conference the Paper was read by Father Fowler. It was a very learned exposition of a social question. We were rapt in admiration at the reader's treatment of the subject. Then suddenly he paused and said : " I'm blowed if I can understand what the bloke means". No one otherwise need have known, at least officially, that the paper had been written by Father Hinsley.

The departure of Dr Hinsley from Sutton Park in 1911 was lamented by all his parishioners. He was promoted to the suburban parish of Sydenham. There was ample scope for his energies in this parish. Very soon they knew him as an indefatigable worker. There was much to be done. There was no presbytery, so he hired a house not far from the Church. There was a school, but this dated back some forty years and was quite inadequate for the greatly increased needs. There was a very little playground. He saw difficulties on all sides, nevertheless he was determined to overcome them. But he

had scarcely set his hand to the task when he received the call from Rome to the Rectorship of the Venerable English College.

Thus for the fourth time in his priestly life his academic qualifications received public acknowledgment. The first time was when as *laureatus* from Rome he was appointed to the Chair of Philosophy at Ushaw. There he distinguished himself in a controversy with Professor Mivart. The second time was when he was Headmaster of St Bede's Grammar School at Bradford; the third as professor at St John's Seminary, Wonersh. And now he had reached the last station whence he was to set out on the glorious career which would make him known, loved and revered by millions of Catholics and non-Catholics throughout the world.

ST GEORGE KIERAN-HYLAND.

ROMANESQUES

42.—THE TANK

On the feast of Saint Aloysius, the longest and wettest day in the English Calendar, I was walking along a corridor in which electric light was needed to dispel the June gloom, when I was suddenly seized with a powerful memory of the Church of Sant' Ignazio. The most active element in the memory was, as it so often is, a smell—the summer smell of a Roman Church : cool, heavy, pacific. I knelt on the marble pavement waiting to go to the altar. A scholastic improvised somewhat saccharinely on the organ. An occasional Jesuit, with that slight forward inclination as of distant purpose, padded by. (Roman Jesuits always seemed to me to have shoes of which the soles and uppers formed a *continuum* of soft leather rather than the customary *contiguum* of soft and hard.) From time to time I was distracted by the phantasma of coffee, rolls and butter. At last the Mass ended and I walked out into a sun already too hot for walking. By the time I reached the Monserrato I should be already warm and sticky, even before plunging, valiantly if vaguely, to the defence of Molina, Probabilism and St George.

And—heaven and the " Old Boss " be praised !—that would not be the last plunge I should take that morning. It was a *dies non*. At half-past-ten I would be free to dress more sketchily in the drollest of all Roman garments, the " cozzy", which hung from the handle of my wooden shutters, stiffened in a surrealist shape by the Roman sun, and with a zimarra to see me past the great glass door of decorum, join the slippered escapists on their way to the Lion's Head. I should not stay

there long : there was that resolution I had made the night before, on noticing hitherto unsuspected horrors on the back page of the thesis sheet : " Two dives and back to the desk." But that crisis could be handled when it arose. . . .

One might introduce the subject of the Tank much less aptly than by speaking of the " cozzy". Age very frequently withered, but custom could not stale its infinite variety, and it was not the variety of Biarritz or Bognor. Between the man of fabulous *piccol* who was streamlined in navy blue or maroon, with the emblem of the Perfect Diver on the thigh, and the man, perhaps lately impoverished in Siena or Sorrento, perhaps merely heedless of the mode, who faced his appreciative fellows in something from the Campo that looked like a pair of cut-down corduroys recently dipped in blue-black ink, there was a fully Roman range of shape, size and colour.

But nobody bothered for long what you wore, and neither shall I. Again it is a smell that is my strongest memory—that strange, very dry, rough smell of the Roman garden in summer, and the Acqua Trevi that came to us from the hills across the stately aqueduct, and seemed to smell of the centuries. (When will there be a writer skilful enough to write a Romanesque on " Smells " ?) It poured into the newly-whitewashed Tank a beautiful cold blue, and so remained for a few days ; then, slowly at first, rapidly at the last it turned to an oily, laurel-coloured vegetable soup, and there recurred lazily the controversy between the hygienics who said it was a Disgrace and a Menace, and the hardboiled who said it was Better Full than Empty. And truly it was the nadir of Roman life to come back from evening lectures on a *sirocco* day and find the last few drops of soup oozing out.

Occasions at the Tank were many and well contrasted. The social zenith, I suppose, was the forenoon of the *dies non* in early June, before the examination virus had bitten deep. Then you would meet them all : the pretentious diver, the submarine man, the man who swam with his toes or his ears, the ducker, the splasher, the man who fetched up the heavy weight from the bottom, the man who decided he would'nt go in after all, the man who sat under the barren fig-tree and dispensed counsel, the man who remarked quarter-hourly, like a striking clock, that he must get back to the Sheet, the man who had just discovered that the Ontological Argument was valid after all ; the boisterous, the deliberate, the lizard-like,

the monumental, and the annual sensation-monger who insisted on having his life saved. With the sun making shifting patterns through the leaves of the fig-tree, some Capellar' soprano executing an inaccurate aria nearby, a clarinet being tortured by some aspirant to the orchestra and the typewriter of the Earnest Student putting in a bass—this was the Tank *allegro vivace.*

How different the scene at 5.30 a.m. : the stillness of dawn and the tranquillity of the blue surface shattered by the virile impact of the early bird's stomach. How different again as the hour of siesta drew to a close : the heroic few, with the red stripes down one side of the face, making for the life-giving water in drugged silence. Finally, at once the most grateful and most business-like of all—without which only the virtually disembodied could survive and which was austerely a means to an end—the " tank " which followed the walk to Pam and preceded evening study.

Mention of Pam will recall that our Roman bathing was not always confined to the Via Monserrato. " Pam Tank " was at one time the resort of an enthusiastic few, although I seem to remember that later even these deserted it. It lay far in the depths of Pam, whither some of the more sedentary *trinciato*-consumers quite possibly never penetrated in seven years. Here was no translucence, but an opaque grey suggesting immense depth. The most leather-chested diver, I fancy, never found the bottom, and there were those who maintained that this was just as well. But though one might occasionally find oneself cruising beside a frog, I recall nothing worse ; and only the pernickety would allow a frog to stand between them and the chance of getting wet and cool after that climb which began at St Dorothy's and ended at Porta S. Pancrazio—that climb beside which, mountaineers often said, the Gran Sasso was a pleasant stroll.

Gran Sasso suggests gitas, and gitas suggest the post-gita " tank "—a distinct occasion in itself. The washing facilities for the outer man on most gitas were in melancholy contrast to those for the inner man. I once discovered a swimming-pool in a remote part of Siena, but enquiry failed to produce a shred of evidence that it had been used since the days of the Piccolomini. After a fortnight of the dust and sweat of Umbrian roads and Appennine tracks, relieved only by nightly dabbings in places where a bath might easily require the intervention of *podestà* and *parroco*, and ending probably with a longish journey

in a train which dispensed grime freely, a "tank", very sharp and cold, played a great part in setting the gita in that rosy perspective which next day gave punch to reminiscence under the cypresses.

There, under the cypresses, we are very near to the scene of our last theme and, some would maintain, our noblest—the Villa Tank. A rich evocation of Venerabile life might be made in a series of contrasting pictures centred on the Villa Tank and the Roman. On one day at least in the year, everybody had a chance to point the contrast for himself—the greatest day in the Roman year, beloved of diarists with a turn for the precious phrase and the line from Horace—the day of departure for Palazzola. For the fullness of this experience two things were necessary : to have one's final *periculum* on the same day, and to travel out by the Albano tram. For those of the first series who had been looking superior for a week or more, the relief was diluted ; for those of the fourth series, travelling with their books, it was dashed with anxiety ; those, blue-eyed or not, who travelled out by car went too quickly and easily to experience any emotion at all ; but the man who went straight from the Piazza Pilotta to the tram terminus might wish for the tongue of Dante.

In the morning or early afternoon he would bathe in Rome, where the chill and slight hardness that never quite left the water was proper to the stern culmination of the Gregorian year. In the evening, rattling contentedly over the Campagna, glimpsing, like the poet, *il tremolo della marina* from the first Alban slopes, full of a serenity and content which it is useless to describe to those who have not felt it, he would at last wash away the traces of the city in warm, silky water of a soft green, his head and heart full of the sounds and scents of that calm old place.

The Villa Tank, too, had its varied occasions, but it was, in the first weeks at least, above all things a place of broad deliberation, where one might take an hour to dry oneself and feel it well and recuperatively spent. In mid-morning, before the approach of lunch-time brought its rush of heated cricketers and golfers soured or complacent, some few would generally be found stretching their limbs in the sun and their minds and tongues in conversation ungoverned by the curriculum. There was a time when these sessions were enlivened by the learning and pointed wit of a venerable bishop, who one morning sur-

passed his accustomed pungency when he was inadvertently dive-bombed by a too eager arrival from the Sforza. The principal gathering, at the end of the long August afternoon brought together not men united in escaping briefly from the grey Gregorian books, but men who were rounding off a rich variety of activities and inactivities : the golfers, accomplished, aspiring or merely irreverent ; pioneers with curiously improvised tools who had been making a cricket pitch *ex nihilo* ; gourmands from Nemi, symposiasts from Monte Gentile, longbowmen from the meadow or the golfhouse. Some had spent the afternoon in a deck chair by Bernini's fountain, with Wordsworth or Wodehouse as an antidote to recent over-doses of dialectic. Some had been cooped up in the Library learning to dance the catchouca, fandango, bolero or climb over rocky mountains, skip rivulets and fountains. Some, with a more practical approach to this task, had been down to the lake, and were having the swim which was necessary to recover from climbing up again. All flowed together under the shade of the rock as the sun sank below the distant sea. (The temptation inevitably arises to extend the concept of " tank " to include lake-bathing,but this could hardly escape the charge of poaching).

When we came back from Tuscany or Savoy or the Dolomites, with enormous appetites, to enter the second phase of the *villeggiatura*, the days of great walking to Palestrina or Cori, the keener nights with hot wine and singing in the cave above the lake, the water of the Tank grew dark and very cold, and its surface, now dappled with leaves, was less often disturbed ; it became a slightly melancholy reminder of the passing of summer and the careless days. But autumn came early to the Alban Hills ; when we returned to the swept and garnished Monserra' we seemed to step back into summer and the Tank *par excellence*, newly filled, was its most brilliant blue ; yet few would be found to bathe after a *lectio brevis* or a premiation. For your Roman, who practically knows no weather but only climate, the proper of seasons is everything. The great moments at the Tank belonged to high summer : after the press and candle warmth and exuberant polyphony of the Chiesa Nuova, after the rush back, through the Sunday evening crowds eating pork and fennel in the Prati, from a suburban Corpus Christi procession, after the stir of some Papal function, it was our one peculiar Roman magnificence which the Portuguese and all others might envy.

It seems that during the Exile we have been well blessed with the preservation of our home. I do not remember to have heard or read of what has happened to the Tanks—though I venture to suggest that it will not be long before the least frivolous-minded will be as interested in the question as in any problem of the balance of Italian political parties or what you can buy for fifty lire. Come to think of it, a Tank, though perhaps readily convertible to a variety of other uses (the imagination boggles at what the Italians, the race of improvisers, might have achieved here), is not too easily destroyed or seriously damaged, and the Roman water supply has survived far greater blows than this war has dealt the city. Whatever his disabilities, if the New Venerablino is sufficiently shod to walk where he will, if he has still the Common Room with its chairs and the great brass ash-trays for the winter and the garden with its Tank for the summer, he will have no great difficulty in playing his little part in the perpetual Resurrection of Rome.

W. A. PURDY.

ANTHONY MUNDAY

Biographies are the fashion nowadays, and while it is a fascinating study to follow the lives of great men and re-live them in days which seem to us in retrospect more colourful and adventurous than our own, yet few take the trouble to find out about the lesser men whose names, although well known to their contemporaries, have not come down to us. But these too can be interesting, provided the character is either notoriously bad or something of an unconscious humorist. Anthony Munday is both. For some, of course, he is merely a name and it would be interesting to see how many of the present at any rate, if confronted with the name in one of the now popular quizzes would be able to say anything about him. The majority, I'm afraid, would remain silent. Perhaps a few after a little prompting would recall that he was associated with the Venerabile in the days of Elizabeth. But, such is the price to be paid for continuity, there information would cease. And yet this is strange, for in that article in the Magazine some years ago which dealt with his *English Romayne Life*[1] there was a sentence that challenged research : " As for the character of the author, no possible apology could redeem it. We shall therefore say as little about it as we may."

We need turn no further than to Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* to find his name ; Ben Jonson ridiculed him in *The Case is Altered* ; he had the reputation of writing the best plots for the Elizabethan stage and if you refer to the account of the death of Bl. Luke Kirby you will find his name amongst those who gave evidence against the martyr. It is then with no apology that

[1] THE VENERABILE, Vol. III, No. 3, Oct. 1927.

we return to the author of *The English Romayne Life*. This does not pretend to be a defence of the man ; it is simply the account of the life of one who was so completely self-centred as to be a source of anxiety not only to his enemies but perhaps even more to his employers.

We have quite a deal of information about him. He was born in London about the middle of the sixteenth century and while there is something to be said for his claim to be of a Midland family in view of his later association with Michael Drayton, yet we cannot accept this as certain, for Munday would claim any connections if he thought he would gain by so doing. In October 1576 he was bound apprentice for eight years to John Allde the stationer, and even at this early stage in his life there is a story that he was engaged in some shady business and deceived his master. But Munday was not the sort of man to allow a slight on his character, whether deserved or no, to go unheeded and in 1582 he rebutted the charge in his pamphlet *The Breefe Aunswer*. In 1578 he left London for his tour of the continent that eventually ended in his stay in Rome. The purpose of this expedition he claimed to be "to see strange countries and learn their languages ", but it is more probable that he went to make literary capital out of what he could learn to the detriment of the English Catholics abroad. It is hardly likely that an unknown apprentice would be entrusted by the Government with the task of spying on the Seminary in Rome. It seems far more reasonable to suppose that Anthony knew a good thing when he saw it and the prospect of a holiday and a little more money was not to be lightly dismissed. But the fact that he was not an official spy does not exculpate him, for he went about his task of deception with a thoroughness that only springs from self-interest. It is probable in view of Bl. Luke Kirby's statement on the scaffold that he never went as far as to become a Catholic, but he certainly led the authorities to believe that he was well disposed to our religion and was considering being admitted to the Church. And this is the reason for the contempt that Cardinal Allen and other notable Catholics felt for him—not that he was a renegade but that he practised on the goodness and hospitality of his hosts. Another thing that should be remembered in connection with his stay in Rome is that it is very improbable that he was ever admitted to the College as a student. He himself claimed to be " The Pope's Scholler ", but this was denied at the time in a pamphlet called *A true reporte of the death and martyrdom of M. Campion, Jesuite*

and priest, and M. Sherwin & M. Bryant, priests, at Tiborne, the first day of December 1581. *Observed and written by a Catholic priest which was present therat*, where it is said of Munday: " . . . coming to Rome, in his short abode there was charitably relieved, but never admitted to the Seminary, as he pleseth to lye in the title of his book; and, being weary of well doing, returned home to his first vomit again." It is easy to see how the worst kind of perfidy has been attributed to him, as he is the sort of man around whom legends easily grow, but the facts seem to show that however much he deceived his hosts he never became a Catholic and remained a guest at the Hospice.[1]

During this brief tour he built up many connections with the continental Catholics, but as we have only his own word for this one wonders how much " secret " information would have been divulged to any Protestant however well meaning he night appear. Munday's account of the life of the students in Rome has already been treated in these pages, but it is perhaps of interest to say something of the " treasons" alleged to have been uttered in the College. Quite obviously these were Munday's own fabrications, but is it stretching the facts too much to suppose that he regarded this as a heaven-sent opportunity of slandering the Government and getting away with it by attributing it to the Catholics ? In view of his later history it seems just the sort of thing that he would do.

" First heere is my Lord Keeper, the Bacon hogge, the Butchers sonne, the great guts, oh he would fry well with a faggot, or his head would make a fair show upon London Bridge, where I hope shortly it shall stand. Next is eloquent Maister Cecill, Lorde Treasorer, you shall shortly see if he can save his owne life with all the wit he hath. . . . Then heere is the Earle of Leicester, the Queenes Ostler. . . ." There speaks the Pageant Poet of the City of London ! And does he expect us to take seriously the marginal comment to this passage. " I desire thee gentle Reader to use some reverence in reading these undecent woords, because they are truly set downe, after the order as they were spoken."

In 1579 we find him back in England and publishing *The Mirror of Mutabilitie*, a play in blank verse in which the Seven Deadly Sins are reproved by well-known personages who had

[1] But even so, this latter point is not as definite as it might be, since Fr Persons in his memoirs states that Munday was a scholar at Rome. However it must be remembered that this was written over twenty years after the event and that in a letter of 1581 he refers to Munday as having been in Rome but makes no mention of in what capacity.

suffered by committing them. About this time he returned to his old profession of extemporary player, but this does not seem to have lasted long as we have a contemporary report that he was hissed off the stage. Nothing daunted, our Anthony returned to pamphleteering and produced a treatise against stage plays. The next we hear of him is two years later when the arrest of Bl. Edmund Campion gave him an opportunity of airing his recently acquired knowledge of the lives of the Papists. In this as in all other cases of Munday's dealings with Catholics I think we must remember that although he certainly had no love for our religion, he was no bigoted Protestant, but was simply out for his own personal gain and in most cases this was hard cash. There is no concealing the fact, and even in his moral treatises we can detect his absolute self-centredness. However he may have appeared to his contemporaries, at this distance he is a complete failure as a hypocrite. His five tracts written this year against the Catholics are unpleasant reading of themselves, but when we see them in their right perspective they become not only trivial as accusations but also very strong arguments and proof for the integrity of the martyrs and the corruption of the Government. For instance, his narrative of the taking of Campion was resented not only by the " Catholic priest " referred to above, but also by George Ellyot, the traitor who brought about the martyr's capture, and it brought a counterblast in *The Very True Report of the Apprehension of Campion. A controlment of a most untrue former book set out by one A.M. alias Anthony Munday concerning the same.* There is also a story that one of his pamphlets against Campion was suppressed by Archbishop Grindal of Canterbury, the Protestant scholar. Yes, Munday was as much a liability to his employers as he was a danger to his enemies. About this time, like many other play writers of his day (including the great Kit Marlowe), he found employment with Topcliffe who describes him to Pickering as a man " who wants no sort of wit." But he was a bit too tough a proposition even for these gentlemen and we find an agent of Walsingham finding it necessary on one occasion to reprove his misplaced zeal which led him to lay hands on forty pounds, the property of a widow whose strong box he had seached for Agnus Deis and hallowed grains. Not that they minded the robbery, but the idea of the proceeds all going to a mere creature like Munday must have sore troubled them.

The eighties were a busy time for Anthony and about the

same time as the Campion pamphlets he tried his hand at something new. *A view of Sundry Examples* is a sort of fifteenth century *Believe it or Not.* It relates murders and prodigies that had occurred between 1572 and 1580. " How George Browne murdered George Saunders, of the woman of lix years who was delivered of three children ; of one in Worcestershire who slew his brother and buried him under the hearth of his chimney " and so on. But Anthony knew his public, and lest this work should smack too much of the sensational and so be eschewed by one section of the community he went on to tell of how the murderers were wonderously brought to justice by the intervention of God. Perhaps the richest section of the book is Munday's preface : " The simpleness of my capacity, the meanness of my learning with the lack of eloquence causeth my book to sound nothing pleasant to the dainty ear. But as the newest vessels hold not the sweetest wine, the tallest tree not the pleasantest fruit, nor the biggest wine the best grapes, so perhaps the largest labour contains not so much method of matter as a small volume may sufficiently unfold, nor the most learned preacher edify not so much as one that professeth less learning. *Munera sunt aestimanda non pretio suo, sed animo donantis.*"

At this time too there appeared the following curious work : *Ant Munday, his Godly exercise for Christian families, containing an order of prayers for morning and evening, with a little catechism between the man and his life.* Alas ! this is no longer extant. But the most interesting document from our point of view is Munday's account of the martyrdom of Thomas Forde. The title of this effort is : *A breefe and true report of the execution of certain traitours.* What exactly Munday hoped to gain by these publications is hard to say, for in them the accused acquit themselves very creditably. He relates Thomas Forde's last words as being : " I have not offended her majesty, but if I have I ask her forgiveness and all the world and in no other treason have I offended than in my religion which is the Catholic Faith wherein I will live and die." Robert Johnsone replied to Munday's accusations, " Well Munday, God forgive thee " ; and to the sheriff he said, " What, master sherif, shall I save this frail and vile carcass and damn my own soul ? No, no, I am a Catholic, in that Faith was I born, in that Faith I will die and here shall my blood seal it." Munday has an interesting anecdote about Bl. John Shert which, if it is true, is a very striking example of the humanness of the martyrs and how even

they were fearful of the halter. We are so apt to imagine them as being of a completely different mould from ourselves that we tend to deprive them of all reality altogether. "To manifest that his former boldness was but mere dissembling and hypocrisy, he lifted up his hands and caught hold of the halter, so that everyone perceived his fair outward showe and his foul inward disfigured nature, also how loth he was and unwilling to die." Of course the explanation of the facts is Munday's (if facts they be), but there seems no reason to doubt that Bl. John Shert was perhaps of a more timid nature than the rest. Two days later there was another execution at Tyburn and Munday was again present. He relates in another pamphlet how the judges thought that Bl. Thomas Cottam was going to renounce his religion and how they untied the halter and brought him down from the cart only to find their mistake and send him back again as "having the same obstinate nature as was in them all". But the most astounding account of all these is what precedes the martyrdom of Bl. Luke Kirby. There was an open dispute on the scaffold between the martyr and Munday in which the latter came off considerably the worse. Fr Kirby said that neither Munday nor Sledd could upbraid him with anything traitorous. Whereupon full of confidence our Anthony came forward and accused him of traitorous speeches in Rome. And there and then these two began to talk of their days at the College, Kirby saying what friendship he had shown to his accuser and others not of the Catholic religion. This seems to have annoyed Munday for he then maintained that Bl. Luke Kirby did not know that he was not a Papist, the reason for this being that he entrusted him with "pictures hallowed by the Pope" to convey to some of his friends in England and at Rheims. The reply to this was that the martyr did no such thing but only gave him the money to buy them, for he would not credit him with any hallowed pictures. At this point the sheriff interrupted and cut the proceedings short, from his point of view a wise action as Munday was doing a lot of damage to the Government's case by his behaviour.

Why exactly Munday wrote all this is a bit of a mystery. Perhaps even he felt some sort of remorse at having betrayed his former friends, and decided to make amends in some way by giving a straightforward account of their death; he may have been moved by their fearlessness before their judges; but whatever it was, this state of mind did not last long and

as if to clear himself of any charge of weakening he goes on to describe in another pamphlet the sufferings of Bl. Edmund Campion with a savage joy that is barbaric even for that age. Having accomplished all this he cannot resist turning it all to his own account and he concludes with a passage that can only be described as an advertisement for his next book. The mask is again dropped and we see the real Munday who owed allegiance to nobody but himself.

" Let this suffice thee gentle reader at this time ; and if thou desirest to be more acquainted with their Romish and Sathanicall juglings, read my English Romayne Life, which as soon as it can be printed, shall be set forth. And thus committing thee to the God of all Trueth, who gives us his grace to cleave to the Trueth, I byd thee hartelie farewell."

And it really was farewell this time. Munday did not publish any more religious tracts—perhaps at the request of the Protestants—and from now on he devoted himself to the writing of plays.

Between 1584 and 1602 he was concerned in eighteen plays, only four of which are extant. His best work is generally supposed to be *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon* which was performed at Court in 1599. It has no outstanding merit but is a typical piece of minor Elizabethan work. From now on Munday became the chief pageant writer to the City of London and it is in this that he has most claim to any sort of literary fame. Apparently he achieved great popularity in this rôle and it is about this time that he earned from Francis Meres the title of " the best plotter of the English stage ", a thing which made Ben Jonson furious and Munday was parodied as the pageant poet of Milan, Antonio Balladino, in the play *The Case is Altered.* Another interesting contemporary reference to him is found in Marston's *Histrio-mastix* and this gives us an inkling as to the sort of popularity he attained, for we are told he " uses no luxury or blandishment but plenty of Old England's mother words".

In 1598 he went on a foreign tour with the Duke of Pembroke's men, his chief task being to furbish up old plays, translate French romances and put words to popular airs. Evidently the position of pageant writer entailed producing a lot of short poems and songs and a number of them have found their way into collections of Elizabethan verse. There is some dispute as to whether the lyric " Beauty sat bathing " that appears

in *The Golden Treasury* is really to be attributed to Munday, but there seems no good reason for doubting it.

He returned to England from the continent in 1599 and it was now that he brought off his *tour de force*, *The True and Honourable History of Sir John Oldcastle, by William Shakespeare.* His triumph was short lived and he was made to withdraw Shakespeare's name from the title page and reveal that the real authors were A.M., Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson and Thomas Hathway. But the play was a great success, Hensloe bought it for ten pounds and the first night was so successful that he added another half-crown to be given to each of the authors. One wonders whether Munday had much hand in the actual writing of the piece, so far in advance of his other work is it. Yet his name appears first of the four, though this might easily be due to his natural tendency to push himself to the forefront. At any rate one could imagine the relish with which he would pen such lines as :

" I think the iron age begins but now
Which learned poets have so often taught
Wherin there is no credit to be given
To either words or looks or solemn oaths
For if there were how often hath he sworn
How gently tuned the music of his tongue
And with what amiable face beheld he me
When all, God knows, was but hypocricy."

Among his literary friends was Stow, the Antiquary, and several years after his death he produced an enlarged and complete edition of *The Survay of London.* This is the last we hear of him, but evidently old age brought respectability, for he was buried in the church of St Andrew, Coleman Street and a monument was put up to his memory. The tomb was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666 but, according to the 1633 edition of *The Survay*, the inscription ran :

To the memory
Of that ancient Servant to the City, with
his Pen, in divers imployments, es-
pecially the *Survay of London*,
Master *Anthony Munday*,
Citizen and Draper
of *London*.

He that hath many an ancient Tombstone read,
(In labour seeming more among the *dead*

To live, than with the *living*) that survaid
Obstruse Antiquities, and ore them laid
Such vive and beauteous colours with his Pen,
That (spite of time) those old are new agen,
Under this Marble lies inter'd : His Tombe,
Clayming (as worthily it may) this roome,
Among those many monuments his Quill
Has so reviv'd, helping now to fill
A place (with those) in his *Survay* : in which
He has a monument, more faire, more rich,
Than polisht Stones could make him, wher he lies
Though dead, still living, and in That, nere dyes.
Obiit Anno Ætatis suae 80. *Domini* 1633.
Augusti 10.

It is interesting to speculate what Anthony Munday was like in old age. He could certainly look back on a long and adventurous life. His versatility was remarkable even in the Elizabethan age. In his time he had written plays, family prayers, religious tracts, popular songs and romances. Yet although we have so many facts about him we don't know for certain what sort of a man he really was. Did he take himself seriously ? Was he so conceited as to imagine that he had built up a reputation as being the paragon of truth ? Had he any religious beliefs at all ? After reading of his exploits it seems as if he was one of those men who go through life without the slightest thought of the things that matter and oblivious of everything outside of himself and his own particular needs. It seems hard to believe that this was still his attitude when old age gave him a respite from work and left him more with his thoughts. He certainly had a sense of humour and perhaps after all he took a grim delight in having annoyed everyone that mattered, the Catholics, the Protestants, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, the Archbishop of Canterbury and, of course, the Public. But there is another alternative and this is borne out in some way by the restraint that marks his epitaph. It is strange that the Anthony Munday we know should appear to posterity as the author of the *Survay of London*. Nothing is said of the Pamphleteer, the Pageant Poet or the Dramatist. Is it too much to suppose that in the end he saw the nature of his fame and becoming serious applied himself to the study of antiquities ? It is at least an interesting and charitable suggestion, but I'm afraid we shall never be able to learn its truth.

M. E. WILLIAMS.

THE CAMPAGNA

It used to be said of a certain figure, well known to several generations of Romans, that he knew every square mile of the Campagna. There was, I daresay, a good deal of pious exaggeration in this statement, for Fr Peter Paul was something of a legend amongst us, but the mere claim to know the Campagna appeared to us like claiming to know the surface of the sea. For the most part it was just an uncharted waste to be got over, separating like the Channel our home from the beauties that lay abroad. Some of our more enterprising antiquarians knew a thing or two about the tombs and ruins that fringe the City, but the rest of it just belonged to Barbary. Perhaps no other city of the world is so unique in being severed from its civilized hinterland by a tract of land, so wild in itself and so primitive in culture. In the later days of the Regime the reclamation schemes did something to alter its character, and the aftermath of war may have hastened or reversed this process for all I know, but I should imagine it would be very difficult to take away the atmosphere we all knew so well.

For the Campagna has a fascination all its own. I remember reading somewhere that only Englishmen seem to be able to see it. For the Italians it is too inhospitable, for the French too harsh and primitive, for the Germans too wild and untidy. There may be something in it. Lawrence, Kipling, Whymper and the rest of them revelled in extolling places most inimical to human comfort and *Gemutlichkeit*. However this may be, there were many of us who found a strange attraction in roaming beyond the gates of Rome. Even in an afternoon it was possible to walk sufficiently far to imagine that one was in the heart

of Africa. With a whole gita day in front of one, there was the prospect of breaking all ties with the civilized world. A pitiless sun, meagre fare, the vain search for siesta shade would turn an ordinary day off into misery, but somehow the Campagna demanded it and one was willing to pay the price. I was not in Rome myself during the Magliana interlude but I can well imagine the bitterness of the two factions concerning it. Doubtless the ordinary trials of an incidental venture into the Campagna were avoided, but there are certain things about it that you cannot get away from.

But what are these compared with what the Campagna has to offer! It is commonly thought to be intolerably flat, but that is believed by the dullards who will only look at it from the roofs of Rome or the Bastion of the Alban Hills. Its gentle undulations are constantly opening up new view-points and at every turn something new and curious meets the eye. There are dilapidated *palazzi* and farmhouses whose age it would be very difficult to conjecture, decorated and buttressed by the quaintest flights of fancy. Occasionally you will come across an old papal bridge, which judging by the size of the commemorating tablet should have found a place in the annals of history. The Osterie look like the entertaining halls of some monstrous hero of the Walkyrie, huge, bare, and primitive. If you are lucky enough you may find outside the door a chequered shade under a trellised vine, but it is quite certain that you will get nothing more to eat than bread and wine and the staple foods of life. Even the animals have something strange about them. Sheep, cattle, goats . . . the genus is familiar enough, but the species might as well have materialized from the fancy of a Disney. I remember once in a tract of country between Ardea and Nettuno coming across what my severely limited zoological knowledge could only class as buffalo. What they really were I have never found anyone able to tell me. The roads too have their own character. With the exception of the great old Roman highways, they have the engaging peculiarity of going nowhere in particular. They start, end up, and converge in a most unforeseen manner, so that if you are one of those annoying people who boast of sense of direction you have wonderful scope for the display of your talents. Mercifully the surface is very indifferent, so that for once in a life spent amongst traffic you can be reasonably sure of never seeing a vehicle. Meeting even a human being

becomes an interesting event, and one to be promptly made use of where direction-finders are not numbered among the company.

As to the best way of seeing the Campagna, there can be no two opinions. It has to be on foot. One never really sees anything, of course, in a car, and in this case there is the additional disqualification of carrying the *adminicula* of civilization with one. It is rather like seeing wild scenery from the plush seats of the cinema. In any case any kind of vehicle is a risky business. There is one generation of Romans who will not readily forget a large scale expedition from Palazzola to Pratica in Giobbe's lorry. The evil genii of the Campagna allowed us to get there somehow but reserved their pranks for the return journey. The beginning was not propitious because a half hour was lost in rounding up a missing member of the party, who was eventually found like the vulgar corpse of fiction with his feet protruding from under a bush. After covering a few miles the whole party narrowly escaped annihilation when one of the wheels came off. Only Signorello could have done justice to the ensuing scene, when dark figures rushed about with flaming improvised torches under an autumn moon hunting for an essential piece of machinery. Another hour saw us precariously mounted again, only to be followed by the discovery that we were now short of petrol. A five mile sprint to a dilapidated substitute for a garage brought us petrol and another equally unsound vehicle to transport it back to the lorry, where the rest of the party were beginning to find the novelty of the situation wearing somewhat thin. By this time we were well into the hours of the night and, as we expected, our welcome back to the fold was none too cordial. Other tales can be told, too, of those who would trust themselves to this kind of travel in the Campagna. From the point of view of getting to know the Campagna, the bicycle has much more to recommend it, but history has been even more unkind to attempts at cycling across it. The day when an earlier generation of Romans decided on mass invasion on wheels is remembered even in Albano. I happened, strangely enough, to be one of the good boys on that occasion and was astonished on returning from Subiaco to find the Refectory empty. Moloch had claimed its victims. But someone must write of that epic some day. It would be a pity to recapitulate a story that should read like one of the Arabian Nights.

There are not wanting instances of disaster on foot, but taking things by and large it is the only way in which one can safely savour the savagery and remoteness of this strange countryside. Even this statement requires a certain modification. Normally the average man has a distaste for what may be contemptuously termed " footslogging " and I am in hearty agreement, but it is really the only way to move in the Campagna. It may be quite the wrong way to see the charms of Umbria or Tuscany to move at *bersagliere* speed across that gentle, cultured land from one Della Robbia to another. Violence of that kind ill accords with the leisure that the Muses call for. It is certainly the wrong way to taste the joys that the mountains offer. But there is no sense in ambling in the Campagna or in that slow but forceful pace that eventually conquers the peaks. It would be useless, of course, to put up an apologia for this sort of thing to those to whom all walking is anathema ; but those who, in the words of Stevenson do not know which gives greater delight—taking up one's sack in the morning or laying it down at night—may appreciate what there is to be said for " footslogging " in certain circumstances. There is that fine sense of relaxation that is given by rhythmical effort, a feeling of purpose, and solitude without loneliness. You cannot afford to talk much, but there is the comradeship of common effort. Your mind wanders for hours through mazes it would be impossible to retrace, in a way that in other circumstances would tire the head and make you long for the voices of others ; but here the tempo of the march gratefully dulls the wit and gives your thoughts a dreamlike impersonality. It is good at times to feel completely detached from our normal mode of living, and as you move with dimmed consciousness along the open road, you feel part and parcel of all about you. Now nowhere in the world will you find a better field for such a walk than in the Campagna. There is variety and interest but nothing to distract and break the pace. There is the magnificent silence that the consciousness of the nearness of Rome accentuates, as the beating of the waves on the shore stresses the silence of the sea. More than anything else there is that fixity of purpose without which a rollicking march degenerates into mere physical exercise. To get to some previously arranged goal in the Campagna requires an unusual amount of resolution, for definite destinations are widely scattered and there are no half-way substitutes. Transport

is almost non-existent and what stations you may have the luck to come across never seem to have any trains that will condescend to stop. On an enterprising long-gita venture failure may even mean spending the night there. History has it that some of our hardy forbears have deliberately lodged in these forbidding places, but in these softer days the prospect would appear grim even to the toughest . . . This is true in varying degrees of whatever direction you strike out from the gates of Rome. Unlike so many of our own cities, Rome is not cursed with those never-ending tendrils that link one centre with another, but is fixed in the Campagna like a star in the firmament.

Probably the new man's introduction to the Campagna is by way of the Via Appia. It is a far cry from this to the wild-bush land between Ardea and Anzio, but they both belong to the same unmistakable part of Italy. Once you are launched on the open sea beyond the tomb of Metella, there is the same wide expanse flanked by the distant mountains and the same sense of committing yourself to Fortune. There is no possible chance even of a " lift " here and it is extremely improbable that you will meet a single soul for miles. On the other hand there is a certain aspect of gentility here that you do not get in other parts. A softer green, a certain neatness and tidiness is a slight concession to the eye inured to the bijou countryside of England. Undoubtedly the best time to see it is on one of those magic days of the Ottobrate, when the sun is still warm but the air cold and the grass is enjoying its brief second spring and the distant hills are a smoky blue. When the date for the return from Palazzola was a day like this it seemed a crime to come back by tram. Once past Frattochie no milestones would tell you how far you travelled ; the Sabines kept an unchanging face and the Albans would refuse to recede into their familiar Roman setting. Not until the statues on the façade of the Lateran appeared through a silhouetting pine could you measure your distance from the City. It was a fitting gita with which to end up a *villegiatura*, because so unlike all the rest.

Due north the Campagna is somewhat spoilt by the great highways of the Flaminia and Salaria (though we had many a pleasant afternoon out by Castel Giubilaeo) but both North East and North West it regains its atmosphere. The road to Bracciano is a desolate one and a mile or two off it can be

found one of the most curious sights of the country. I wonder how many people have heard of this Deserted Village. I have forgotten the name of it for the moment, but half an hour from the road there is a walled village complete with church but entirely over grown and uninhabited. All that one could glean of its history was contained in a few lines in the T.C.I. Guide saying that Charles V quartered there and that the malaria had driven out its inhabitants. Everything to be seen in this direction from Monte Mario to Ladispoli is thoroughly typical. North West is the bleak road to Mentana. Somehow one associates this road with the screaming Tramontana, and certainly to be caught out in it in bad weather is not an agreeable experience. The hovels on the roadside are a snare and delusion because they turn out to be practically roofless. On one occasion a party of us were constrained by a storm to spend an hour in one of these with the sole consolation of finding " Arturo Hinsley " and " Ambrogio Burton " scratched like some antediluvian *grafiti* on the stone walls. An equally austere reception awaits you if you ever reach your destination, for Mentana is a primitive citadel of noisy steamy inns and very strong food.

East is not a direction with which many people are familiar on foot. For some reason or other the last two generations of Romans have looked upon Tivoli with considerable aversion, and as far as I remember nobody seems to have thought of spending a day trying to walk there. Further South the neck of the valley of the Sacco is choked with the classical highways so that it was pointless to go wandering far afield, but every year some venturous soul would promote an expedition to some such elusive site as that of Lake Regillus and get well and truly marooned.

It is really from the West that the call of the Campagna comes. You can start from the back of Pam, forget all about Rome and get lost in an afternoon. On a day's gita from Palazzola you can explore the reaches that separate you from the sea, while best of all on a longer gita there is the whole expanse down to the Pontine Marshes. The long trek from Velletri to Terracina may not belong technically to the Agro Romano but it has the same geographical features. Italy in all her lovely moods and tenses shows so many enchanting facets of nature that it sounds strained and artificial to apply the superlative to one above the rest ; but anyone who has

been down there at night and heard the *grillo* and seen the moon above the Volscians and felt the superb solitariness of the scene will feel that the Campagna is by no means the cinderella of the countryside.

I can see quite a few people getting impatient with all this. I must confess to pleading a cause that has been unpopular since the days of the " journey to Brundisium ". Most people seem to find the only really pleasant part of a day spent in the Campagna in the cool twilight ascent through the vineyards on the return journey. At least they must grant me this, that without the Campagna, Palazzola and the Albans would not be what they are. The hills rise from it abruptly as from the sea, and half the charm of the Castelli lies in the view from them as from the prow of a ship. Those who dislike storms may relish the sound of them from behind comfortable walls, and those who look from the Palazzola terrace at the Campagna shimmering under the Sol Leone will feel that Palazzola would be a different place without the contrast. For that, at least, let us be grateful!

WILLIAM PARK.

EPILOGUE

The men calling for silence were at last persuaded to hold their own tongues and the Rector was able to speak. Another letter from Sig. Freddi or Mgr Carroll-Abbing, we thought, something about the coming Consistory perhaps, but nothing sensational at this hour of night. Nor was there anything sensational, apart from the Rector's announcement that he would be leaving for Rome in a few days' time. On a bitterly cold Thursday we gathered on the drive to wish him God-speed, and then returned to our books as though nothing had happened. But every one of us knew what that journey would bring.

In the early stages of the Exile one used fondly to imagine that a Papal monsignore would appear one day to summon us back to the Monserra'. " The R.A.F. will take us back by plane ", " The bells will ring in all the campanili " . . . College songs are a good indication of the House's mood. The event was altogether different. In a delightful letter from the Rector to the Senior Student, tucked away among tales of Cardinals and Dakotas so casually as almost to escape one at first reading, came the words " We shall be opening in October ". Next day was Sunday and the postman was heavily laden on his way to Bolton's. That was all.

The last six months in England were the least eventful of any since the Exodus. Perhaps it was that nearly all those who had tasted the joys of Rome in their first year knew that they would not be returning, while those who were to cross the Alps in October did not fully appreciate what lay beyond ; or was it that after nearly six years of exile the House was

LANDSCAPE : PENDLE

tired ? Not until we reached Rome were we to realise the true explanation.

It was April 9th before the Rector returned, and that day saw the one great exception to the restrained mood of the times. Props excelled themselves. The grim face of St Mary's Hall was decorated as never before, banners roofed the drive, carpets covered the bare entrance. There was a slight hitch in the warning system, but the Vice was equal to the occasion and kept the car moving until we emerged from the house. " Well, lads, there's no doubt about it this time." A belated blare of triumphal music from the gramophone room made further speech impossible, but those few words had told us all. Almost immediately the bell summoned us to a lecture.

Then followed a horrible period of anxious waiting. That we should be leaving Stonyhurst, we knew ; that the College would return in October, we also knew. But what of us as individuals ? Would all the Bishops allow their men to join what so many still regarded as a hazardous adventure ? Low Week would bring the answer, and once again it reached us in a personal letter. We realised then that we had never really doubted the outcome of it all, but, in true scholastic manner, had contrived once more to present the adversaries' case more formidably than they would have done themselves.

From then onwards events moved fast, but we were moving with them and to us at the time it seemed just part of the day's work. The borrowed furniture, which is to say all the furniture, was neatly labelled for return to its various owners, the library shelves became even more bare than had been their wont, and the Sacristan prayed daily for the speedy arrival of Canon Turner. Theatre scenery had been transformed into packing cases for our worldly goods, and an " R.T.O." of rare efficiency saw to their removal. (These same gentlemen transported us on Whit Monday to Ambleside, the Villa of 1940, and succeeded in bringing back all except four, innocent youths whom cruel Nature had forced into the immortal ranks of the Great Liars. But of that another time.)

There were many visitors during those last weeks. The Beda came on Ascension Day and took the cricket match a little too seriously. They were puzzled by the Rector's remark in his speech of welcome that we were glad we should never have to see them again at St Mary's Hall, but the Old Boys, a week later, enjoyed the same joke immensely. So do the Beda

now. On Trinity Sunday we were honoured by the presence of the new Father Provincial, accompanied by Fr Swindells from " across the way ", and it was on this occasion that the former admitted us to the " Third Order " of the Society, himself having long been " adopted " by the Venerabile. It was a happy occasion, and our joy at seeing both Fr D'Arcy and Fr Mangan among our first guests the following October can well be imagined.

About this time we were introduced to " POD 53950/H ", that mysterious potentate of Berkeley Street whose agents, it was said, would escort us to Rome. Passport applications had to be completed, forms for clothing coupons, forms for Swiss visas (in duplicate), for French vias (in triplicate), for Italian visas (in sextuplicate on pink paper and in broken English) . . . Photographs were called for, and that entailed a mass descent upon Clitheroe's palatial " studio ". The results were not always flattering and when one read " I certify that this photograph is a true likeness of N ", one had charitably to suppose mental reservation rather than intentional malevolence. It was a time of goodwill to all men—even the examiners were forgiven.

" Decora Lux " had first been rendered at St Mary's Hall with nostalgia, then it came to reflect resignation, but on the Apostles' Day 1946 it rang with virile expectation, and the " Te Deum " after Mass was no mere formality. The day's celebrations, in Refectory and Common Room as well as in Church, marked the end of the Last Six Months in fact no less than on the calendar. Lectures had ended and there was a bare ten days in which to prepare for examinations, Gregorian examinations, as well as to complete one's packing. But cameratas found time to climb the Fell in solemn pilgrimage for a parting glimpse of Ingleborough and Pen-y-Ghent ; the Hodder valley was at its loveliest, Pendle no longer storm-bound, and the sea showed itself to the west. Six years in any part of Lancashire would have brought us a whole host of new friends ; in the neighbourhood of Stonyhurst they meant that everyone was our friend. We did not say good-bye, only *arrivederci*, because English College men will often be seen again in Ribblesdale. But we did say " Thank You ".

PETER ANGLIM.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

The Staff is now composed of :—

Editor : Mr Williams
Sub-Editor : Mr Alexander
Fifth Member : Mr Balnaves
Secretary : Mr Anglim
Under-Secretary : Mr O'Dowd
Sixth Member : Mr Fonseca

We wish to express our thanks to Fr H. Lavery for seeing to the proofs of this number.

The photograph of the Rector and Fr Grasar appears by permission of Pictorial Press Ltd. and that of Pendle by permission of Harold Eccles of the Ribblesdale Camera Club, Clitheroe.

Despite currency difficulties, cheques and P/O's may be sent to the Secretary as previously, provided they are made payable to THE VENERABILE MAGAZINE. The Secretary has to hand a few copies of pre-war issues.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges : *Beda Review*, *Claves Regni*, *Downside Review*. *The Edmundian*, *The Lisbonian* *The Oscotian*, *Pax*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Wonersh Magazine*.

LITERARY SOCIETY

A follower of Hegel might find some justification for his theory if he were to study the recent history of the College Societies, for the years in England have shown a remarkable cycle of peaks and troughs and it is rather unfortunate that the last season of the Literary Society at St Mary's Hall should have been something of an anti-climax after the record season of 1944–45. It is not our task to find the why and wherefore of this phenomenon, we simply record the fact that this year only saw nine meetings of the Society and even in these nine we did not achieve that wide variety of subjects that is our wont. One is apt to forget the number

of difficulties that have to be overcome each year and when one gains only moderate success it is very hard to resist recriminations instead of being eternally grateful that there should be any outside speakers at all. And strange to say these have been the mainstay of the Society in England, contrary to all the prognostications that we would have to depend upon speeches from ourselves. For those who like statistics we might mention that of the sixty-four addresses to the Society during the last six years only four have been from the House. Why this should be so we once more leave to others to determine, contenting ourselves with the wish that there will be a more even distribution in Rome.

It was fitting that the season should open with a talk on France, and Mr Robert Speaight once more delighted us with his vivid description, ease of expression and that economy of words which is the mark of the dramatic artist. The burden of his talk was encouraging, particularly as he eschewed the easy optimism of the day without adopting the profound pessimism that seems to have descended on many thinking men.

From France we turned to the Far East and we had two talks about personal experiences in the war against Japan—Fr Cunningham speaking for the Navy and Major Walker for the Army. But our excursion into military affairs was short and we returned to the English scene with a timely paper by Fr Rope on Cardinal Newman ; during the year we also had a lantern lecture by Mr Harvey, M.A. on the Venerable Dominic Barberi, the Italian Passionist who received Newman into the Church. On the literary side, Professor Rowland Childe of Leeds came and gave us an address on "Some aspects of Nature Poetry", and Professor Tolkien very kindly interrupted his holiday to read us some extracts from his new book. This meeting was chiefly remarkable for question time, where the discussion turned mainly upon dreams and was the occasion of interesting confessions by members of the audience, although we would have been spared these self-revelations had more of the listeners grasped the real point at issue.

Of recent years we have suffered from a lack of papers of musical interest, but last season we did in some measure atone for this. Mr Chambers presented us with *The Dream of Gerontius*, first giving a short introduction and then leaving the music to speak for itself. Mr McDonnell gave us an address on Beethoven and he illustrated his well constructed paper with a selection of well chosen gramophone records.

And so the year ended with the usual business meeting, when thoughts were turned more to the future of the Society in Rome under the Presidency of Mr Swan with Mr Balnaves as his Secretary, than to indulging in profitless post-mortem on the past.

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

Perhaps the ideal debating society would be one which only concerned itself with questions at least a year old, for then the speakers might be expected to have all the facts in their possession. This would prevent that futile quibbling over points of fact which is the accompaniment of any debate on current affairs. But then, again, surely it is of the essence

of debating that the subject should be of present importance, for only the historian can have a lively interest in the dead and buried topics of yesterday. We reach an impasse.

Whatever may be the solution, it was evident to all at the end of the season that some changes in the system of the Society were, to say the least, advisable. So it was that the season ended with a plea for constitutional reform, the formation of a party system, with Mr Speaker in the chair. Perhaps the principle is to correct one excess by another, for when the Society is in its more flourishing condition it resembles neither the formalities of a Parliamentary session nor the disputation of the schools. The tendency of this season has been towards the latter. The art of debating seems to be peculiar to the English genius, and once an attempt is unconsciously made to cast it in scholastic mould, the spontaneity of witty repartee disappears and the debate flounders. This may partially explain why the debates were again reduced to three.

In the October debate on whether the war had left Britain morally and materially bankrupt the motion was apparently treated as a thesis and the first evening spent in quibbling over definitions. On the other hand, the Balloon Debate, a novelty introduced from former years, was entertaining more on account of the characterisation than as a clever defence. The Nuremberg Trial, the subject of the final debate, inevitably led to an ethical treatment and precluded the usual *jeu d'esprit* of the Society. Yet some speeches showed something of the serious rhetoric of the nineteenth century.

Perhaps the suggested reconstruction of the Society may give greater opportunity for a development in this vein. As a transitional phase it promises well, until the more immediate post-war questions naturally give way to the topics of Roman Life.

Mr O'Hara is the President and Mr Tierney the Secretary for the coming year.

WISEMAN SOCIETY

" And though the Sects of Philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remaine certaine discoursing Wits, which are often of the same veines, though there be not so much Blood in them, as was in those of the Ancients." Bacon was referring, of course, to the sceptics, but the words are equally true if applied to that " Sunday park of contending and contentious orators ", literary criticism. Coleridge's type of criticism, for example, has its importance, and a great deal of interest, but it is often too creative to be soundly critical ; and it is no business of the critic, *qua* critic, to indulge in metaphysical abstractions. The only kind of criticism which is really valuable is that which puts the reader in possession of the relevant facts necessary to the " understanding " of a poem.

We had two papers this year (one by Mr Walmsley, the other by Mr Balnaves) which might be classed as " critical ". The first dealt with painting, the second with poetry, but their object was the same—to deter-

mine the nature of artistic experience. They had at least the merit of arriving at the articulation of their differences (which is a rare enough thing in criticism of any kind), but they lacked that full-blooded quality which belongs by right to any discussion of the arts. " They left no redder stain their faith to write ", it would appear, than what they could squeeze out of arid abstractions. From the very nature of their subject-matter and the little time at their disposal perhaps it could not be otherwise, but in effect it was just so much waste of breath, since it is very doubtful if a " theory of aesthetics " is necessary, or even advisable, to the appreciation of painting or poetry.

On the other hand, it is essential to have an objective criterion if artistic appreciation is to be any more than " the adventures of the soul among the masters ", and it was precisely in order to determine this criterion that Mr Walmsley and Mr Balnaves came to metaphorical blows. The trouble was, that they started at the wrong end. The only way to decide what distinguishes good from bad in a work of art is to examine one particular work and discover why it is good or bad (and that should be ample for one Wiseman paper) and then to go on to compare it with other works and establish relative values (which would make any number of Wiseman papers). But, as Margaret Eyre would say, let that pass.

With regard to historical criticism, Fr Rope showed us, in an excellent paper on Edmund Plowden, that there is just as much blood in his veins, at any rate, as was in those Ancients. Full-blooded scholarship of the best kind, together with a vigorous and often humorous style, made a paper of a sort which we do not hear often enough in the Society these days.

The new Secretary is Mr Spillane.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

A healthy dislike of planning is one of the characteristics of that pillar of society " The Man in the Street ". The reason is not far to seek. Partly it is a preference for living in the present rather than in the future, but chiefly it is because " Planning " is so often the pretext for a committee whose members take it in turn to soliloquize while the remainder of the company sip their tea. The possibility of their planning resulting in action is abhorrent to them. The blueprint is an end in itself.

While not subscribing to this creed, we must confess that the C.S.G. began the year with a blueprint. In extenuation let it be said that the plan did not remain a dead letter. In all main particulars it went into operation.

The C.S.G. set out to tackle a few of the great social questions and to do this in a way both practical and interesting. As it was impossible to cover much ground in a single year, we concentrated on the fundamentals of Catholic sociology, trade unionism, political parties and education. A circle was run on each of these with varying success. To assist the work of these circles, we had four general talks from outside speakers, to whom our thanks are especially due. Mr Bernard Sullivan, trade unionist and L.C.C. member, gave us some insight into trade unionism and union

problems as one vitally concerned in them. Fr Beck, A.A., headmaster of a school undergoing radical changes under the new Act, made a fine plea for a fresh outlook on education to meet those changes. Fr Fitzsimons dealt very ably with the difficulties in training the Catholic working men to be apostles of social action, and finally Fr Crane, S.J. from Oxford outlined the whole basis of the C.S.G.'s work.

To come down to the question of method, it seems essential to have study circles if the fundamental knowledge on social questions is to be attained. But other methods can and must be used if the Guild's work is to be interesting and if the facts regarding social problems are to be pressed home. The plan for the year was based on this belief and a debate, three paper readings and a discussion were held in addition to the talks mentioned above. All these methods proved very helpful, but the one most worthy of note was the discussion. The meeting needed very little preparation, for it was based on an issue of the *Catholic Worker* and the matter was all to hand in that issue. It was a most successful venture and a fitting close to a good season.

The Secretary for the coming year is Mr Stewart.

SPORT

CRICKET

For many a Roman quietly recalling old memories under the influence of a glowing pipe, the name of Palazzola appears to lead to two trains of thought. One concerns the stars, though why they should be associated with one place more than another is more than can be fathomed. The second thought which seems to follow so hard upon the heel of Palazzola is *cricket*. Not perhaps that variety of the game which flourishes under the hardly benevolent eye of a watery English sun. Cricket in all the stiff formality of white flannels and immaculate gloves. Rather it was cricket in his lounge suit or his old clothes, out only to enjoy himself and heedless of convention and appearances, with the sun not only friendly but warmly caressing.

There were occasions during this last season in England when the thought of cricket at Palazzola and the thought of cricket at Stonyhurst were so much at variance that we earnestly echoed the plaintive sigh of Keats : " O for a beaker full of the warm South." For only too frequently the sun was a visitor conspicuous by his absence.

However, in spite of all this, our twenty games were very enjoyable. The average number of players was such that we had to be content with nine a side. As it happened, this was fortunate, for there was just time in an afternoon for everyone to have an innings. In the game with Stonyhurst we were badly beaten. The Stonyhurst XI were definitely a far better team than we had expected to meet ; as for our team, lack of confidence was the main obstacle to our making any headway in batting, and sound Stonyhurst batting was the main obstacle to our bowlers. We also had a very enjoyable match with the Beda, who soon showed us that this time they really meant business.

Mr Cross deserves our thanks for all his help and for the keen interest he took in our cricketing exploits. It was due to his kindness that our pitch was in good condition throughout the season. In conclusion we would like to thank all those who helped to make the season the success which it most certainly was, especially the Jesuit Fathers and the staff of Stonyhurst, who always did so much to smooth over the many difficulties which we encountered as cricketers.

TENNIS

There was very little play on our own court this year. The poor surface, the shortcomings of the net, the inclement weather and the inevitability of losing balls in the undergrowth all combined to make tennis not a pastime but an heroic adventure.

However, to borrow an idiom from another ancient sport, we had another string to our bow. The Jesuit Fathers kindly allowed us to use the Mill Court and there we played some very enjoyable games, though we were unable to arrange the usual game with Stonyhurst on account of our early departure in July.

The success of cricket reduced somewhat the chances of a good tennis season, since cricket required the mobilisation of all available sportsmen. Let us say that the season was short but pleasant, and what more do we ask ?

THE OPERA

RUDDIGORE

or

The Witch's Curse

by W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan

(by kind permission of R. D'Oyly Carte)

Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd . . .	Mr Peters
Richard Dauntless .	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
Sir Despard Mugatroyd . . .	Mr Lowery
Old Adam Goodheart . . .	Mr Haughey
Rose Maybud	Mr Dixon
Mad Margaret	Mr Lane
Dame Hannah	Mr Spillane
Zorah — *Professional Bridesmaids*	Mr Tierney
Ruth — *Professional Bridesmaids*	Mr Derbyshire
Sir Roderic Murgatroyd, the Twentyfirst Baronet . .	Mr O'Hara
Chorus of Ancestors, Bucks and Blades	Messrs Swaby, Barry, Farrow, Williams, Anglim, Hamilton, Davis, Byron
Chorus of Bridesmaids .	Messrs Devaney, Gallagher, Street, Hunt, Dakin, Hallett

Act I : The Fishing Village of Rederring in Cornwall
Act II : The Picture Gallery of Ruddigore Castle.
The Opera produced by Mr Richards
Musical Directors : Messrs Scantlebury and O'Hara
Conductor : Mr Scantlebury
Orchestra led by Mr Shelton
Messrs Falconer S.J., Alexander, Walmsley (*violin*) ; O'Hara (*bass*) ; Frost (*flute*) ; Taylor (*clarinet*) ; McDonnell (*pianoforte*)

Stage Management	Messrs O'Dowd, Spillane
Scenery and Portraits	Messrs Stewart, Balnaves
Lighting	Messrs Haughey, Hallett
Properties	Messrs Murphy-O'Connor, Derbyshire, Street
Make-up	Messrs Richards, Peters, Howorth, Balnaves, Lowery

Criticism is generally supposed to be much easier than performance ; in fact, by those whom we would venture to call the undiscerning, the two are contrasted as the creative art and the destructive. The present writer does not wish to hazard an opinion on this point, for as regards the Opera he has no previous experience in either province. It would seem that the art of criticism, or what is sometimes called " writing appreciations ", consists in sincerity which does not savour of discouragement. This is probably difficult to achieve ; here nothing more is attempted than the description of what the BBC so grandiloquently terms " the impressions of an eye-witness ".

From the very beginning of this performance of *Ruddigore* there was to some of us a new feature, in that the College Orchestra played the overture and then went on to accompany the whole of the singing ; and very well done it was. Then a student conducted the whole, with obvious ability—another mark of progress to me ; for earlier generations never dreamed of an orchestra, and your conductor was often playing on the stage, working eye to eye with the pianist. One could not help thinking from the moment that the opening theme (adapted Viotti) stumped its way along, that here was difficult stuff indeed, as much as to say to would-be players that none but the bravest hearts need hope to prosper here. College hearts had been brave once before, and this year, well, there were brave hearts again. A chorus of bridesmaids began " Fair is Rose ", but these ladies were not fair ; and if they were full in voice, the lack of lighter voices is unavoidable when numbers are not high. At first they were nervous, but once that was overcome they did well and obviously enjoyed their part. Rose sang with a conviction that was slowly infectious, and was on the whole outstanding for singing among the leaders. Robin promised much at his entry, and the duet " I know a youth " was pleasing ; in fact, thus early there was real life in the play. It was left to Richard to bring the Act to a climax with " I shipp'd, d'ye see " and the hornpipe. Here was confidence and to spare ; and as the orchestra, too, hornpiped nobly, we had high art. In fairness though to a certain seagoing man who hornpiped to another generation, I set it down that his playing was

not equalled, excellent though this undoubtedly was. The only blemishes here were that the bridesmaids tended to be ultra-marine in their support, and that Richard laboured pointlessly at an accent in his dialogue.

Rose, Richard and Robin gave a splendid rendering of the trio " In sailing o'er life's ocean wide " ; and congratulations to flute and clarinet. They were outstanding in the best sense.

Mad Margaret's entry brought us acting of a high quality with a thorough grasp of the part. This really was most impressive. But perhaps through exhaustion, or was it stage fright, " To a garden full of posies " was a little disappointing.

It was a very solemn business when the Bucks and Blades appeared, but they sang splendidly and with balance of voice, which is, after all, the primary aim even of light opera performers. Their costumes reminded us yet again of our indebtedness to the Fathers at Stonyhurst and other friends whose kindness seems to be unbounded. By now the stage was beginning to look very full ; but Sir Despard was good enough to draw our attention from that to himself, as he swaggered across the stage in the way that gifted actors have. His song, too, was well sung. His duet with Richard " You understand ? I think you do " was really amusing, and we passed on to the Finale in very high spirits. The audience, be it said, was small, which added to the difficulties of those who were playing ; but it thoroughly enjoyed itself from the moment that Richard appeared on the scene.

Much thought had been taken for the setting of the Finale, but there was the very evident drawback of an overcrowded stage. The result was that actions which had been learned, no doubt, at pains could scarcely be done, and movement was well-nigh impossible. This was a pity too because it was difficult to assess the effectiveness of the ensemble of the costumes.

There again, however, the singing made amends ; the " bad Bart " came through in best Victorian manner, and it was encouraging to see how good the balance was and how well the singers responded to their conductor's hand. Another generation of *Ruddigore* players may be interested to know that " Who is the wretch who has betrayed thee ? " went past without a sound or reaction from the audience—*o tempora, oho* ! " O happy the lily " brought us cheerily to the end with a feeling that the anxious stage had been successfully passed ; and one went to an informal supper in the Common Room with the thought that all was well and that this was great entertainment.

Robin and Adam opened the second Act. Somehow Adam had escaped the powderer's hand in Act I, but this was righted now and he looked more like Adam old. After their song, Act II passes on to " Happily coupled are we ", where something of a quickening ought to come with the jaunty notes of " a neat little craft ". There came instead a little series of minor mishaps which made this Act somewhat more subdued than the previous one. Richard could not rise to his note and sent a facial telegraph of his distress to the audience. The piano ran away from the conductor who threw a rapid, meaning look behind ; but somehow it ended happily enough. Rose and the bridesmaids, who were full of confidence now, wandered from

the note on their song " In bygone days ", but we still had expectations of great things from the Ancestors. No doubt the stage at St Mary's Hall makes this scene a producer's nightmare ; no doubt, either, that all the art and craft of those who lighted, set and dressed the scene had been exerted to the full, but the fact remained that from the auditorium it was not possible to see these good gentlemen, who covered each other badly. Robin was not so well suited to be the " bad Bart ", though he sang well enough.

" When the night wind howls " was sung by a Twentyfirst Baronet of whose voice we would willingly have heard more. It is down to be sung *allegro energico* ; and so it was, very fast. Experts assure me that this is the right tempo ; but I must say that one of the audience—a musical member, by the way—mentioned to me afterwards that he had not realized that the song had been sung, and I personally preferred the probably incorrect rendering of a certain fifteen-stone Sir Roderic who years ago roared it at his own slow speed and brought down the house in the Roman Common Room.

The finest acting and singing of this second Act was provided by Margaret and Sir Despard, whose duet " I once was a very respectable person " deserved and received the loudest applause of the evening, and was encored twice. Sir Despard might have varied his actions a little in the encores, but that was a very minor detail. I think that in the whole history of operas done in the College the performance at this point has not been bettered. The trio which follows, " My eyes are fully opened ", with Robin to make the third, was of similar high quality ; and this was the climax of the Act as we received it.

With " There grew a little flower " we were back in the subdued atmosphere, which as was said, ran through most of the second half. Dame Hannah had not much confidence, and the two voices did not go so well together.

Of the Finale it should be said, as of the earlier one, that it was well sung ; and so we ended in a happy mood. The Vice-Rector said some kind words on behalf of the audience, and after prayers one went to bed and lay awake with the hobbling little tune that begins the overture refusing to go away, with memories of the other time that *Ruddigore* was done, and with wonderings of what next year and where.

T. J. E. Lynch.

PERSONAL

Although we had never actually met MOTHER CLARE she was as well known to us as any other friend of the College. She always took a keen interest in our life, not only by her eager reading of THE VENERABILE but in a more personal way by the letters she wrote to the Senior Student, the Editor, and, of course, the Shrewsbury students. All can testify to her great generosity and kindness that never failed even during the time of her long and last illness.

We feel her loss all the more since we cannot help feeling that the friendship was rather onesided, as we were always the recipients of favours and never had much opportunity of doing anything in return. We only knew her by her gifts, but on another page we publish a more intimate appreciation by Father Rope.

As we go to press we are very pleased to announce the award of the Silver Medal for bravery in the field made to MONSIGNOR CARROLL-ABBING by the Resistance Front. We quote the *Osservatore Romano* of November 2nd : " L'attività del giovanissimo prelato irlandese fu quella di un apostolo della carità che non si arrestò davanti ad alcun ostacolo e nelle situazioni più critiche della guerra, portò non solo il conforto della sua parola sacerdotale ma l'aiuto materiale di ogni genere : dal cibo al vestito, al medicamento, ricoverando i senza tetto, avviando al lavoro quelli che, per effetto della guerra e di una vita randagia, se ne erano distaccati, ricomponendo mondi familiari frantumati a restituendo la speranza a tanti derelitti."

We also send our congratulations to BISHOP HALSALL (1924—1931) on his appointment as Provost of the Liverpool Metropolitan Chapter, and to REV. G. McBrearty (1901—1908) on his elevation to a canonry in the Hexham Chapter. Canon McBrearty is now at St Lawrence's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Of the teaching staff at St Mary's Hall, FR GRASAR and FR EKBERY have returned with the College to Rome ; DR REA is now at SS. Joseph and Teresa's, Wells, DR LYNCH at St Joseph's, Southampton and DR

REDMOND teaching at Ushaw College. At the time of writing we have not yet heard of DR BUTTERFIELD'S appointment.

Other new appointments include :—
REV. W. O'GRADY (1919—1923) to St Boniface's, High Bentham.
REV. A. BENTLEY Ph.D. (1919—1925) to St George's, Maghull, Liverpool.
REV. F. GRIMSHAW D.D. (1919—1926) to Our Lady's, Bath.
VERY REV. MGR V. ELWES (1922—1925) as Chaplain to Oxford University.
REV. L. J. WILKINSON D.D. (1925—1932) to St Joseph's, Wesham.
REV. G. PRITCHARD Ph.D. (1927—1934) to Our Lady and English Martyrs, Cambridge.
REV. M. PEARSE (1929—1936) to St Peter's, Doncaster.
REV. E. DOYLE (1930—1937) to St Wilfrid's, Northwich.
REV. M. ELCOCK (1930—1937) to St Joseph's, Sale.
REV. P. J. PEDRICK (1932—1939) to St John's, Tiverton.
REV. A. IGGLEDEN (1933—1940) to St Mary Magdalen's, Brighton.
REV. T. BROWNE (1934—1939) to Cotton College as Bursar.
REV. B. KEEGAN (1935—1942) to St Austin's, Wakefield.
REV. J. P. HOLLAND (1936—1943) to Upholland College, Wigan.
REV. A. STOREY (1936—1943) to St Joseph's, Grovehill, Middlesbrough.
REVV. H. LAVERY and D. FAHY (1936—1943) to Ushaw College, Durham.
REV. E. HOLLOWAY (1937—1944) to English Martyrs, Walworth.
REV. B. WYCHE (1937—1944) to English Martyrs, Litherland.

REVV. E. COONAN (1933—1940), A. CLARK (1938—1945), T. WALSH (1940—1944) have returned to Rome for Higher Studies and also MESSRS RICHARDS, FARROW and SCANTLEBURY of last year's Top Year. The other new priests have been appointed as follows :
MR M. R. SWABY to Nottingham Cathedral.
MR A. CHADWICK to St Edmund's, Bury St Edmunds.
MR M. KILLEEN to St Joseph's, Bradford.
MR G. BARRY to Our Lady and St George's, Enfield.
MR G. W. SHELTON to St Peter's, Leamington Spa.
MR J. F. R. TOLKIEN to St Mary's, Coventry.
MR E. TYLER to St Joseph's, Upminster.

MR BRENDAN PETERS is Senior Student for the year 1946—1947. Any contributions to the Public Purse should be made payable to Mr Peters and sent to

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OBITUARY

Rev. Mother Clare.

Amongst the greatest benefactors of the English College in our time was Mother Clare, for many years Superior of the Sisters of Mercy of St Winefride's Convent, Shrewsbury, who died in her 72nd year on September 26th 1946, only two days before her fellow-jubilarian, Sister Mary Joseph.

Alice Englefield belonged to the old Catholic family made famous by Sir Francis Englefield (d. 1593), an exile for the Faith in Elizabeth's reign, Father Felix the Franciscan (d. 1767) and Sir Henry, the antiquary (1782—1822). Her devout parents, Joseph and Agnes Englefield, had settled in Italy but sent their daughters to be educated in England, and Shrewsbury gave Mother Clare her schooling and her vocation. She was about eighteen when she entered her order as a postulant. It is worth noting that her forefathers were Lords of the Isel estates, about five miles from Shrewsbury, which Sir Francis forfeited by his voluntary exile for the Faith early in Elizabeth's reign. Edmund Plowden, the great Catholic lawyer, was granted the wardship of his heir and nephew.

I had the privilege of knowing Mother Clare during the last thirty-five years. From first to last she was the same, except that her marvellous charity and her angelic patience in suffering became more and more heroic as the years went by. No less outstanding was her magnificent generosity. To give and go on giving, to spend and be spent for others was her delight and her never failing practice. For every kind of trouble or distress her instant and unwearied sympathy was ever ready, and she had exceptional powers of consoling and of reconciling those at variance. In the last ten years especially she was a great sufferer, but never seemed to have any thought for herself, except how best to conceal it. I shall never forget seeing her in January last when she was unable in spite of strenuous efforts to hide her pain. A few years ago she had very great trouble with her eyes and a severe operation could only give a partial relief but when I saw her in January I was convinced that she was doomed, and unlikely to see another year. As the winter was ending she had to take to her bed. Her

painful illness lasted for months, long after all hope of recovery had been given up. I think that she was the very last to be convinced that her active life was over and as long as possible she continued to rule the community from her sick-bed. My brother, doctor to the Convent, attended her throughout. I last saw her in August when she was her old cheerful and eager self, thinking of the many needs of many persons, but never her own, with the same minutely careful attention to individual cases as of old. How she carried them all so distinctly in her head was always a sheer wonder to me. The Venerabile will never forget her lavish Christmas hampers, which even the war failed to stop ; in 1939 it reached us through the Vatican City. It was not easy to baffle Mother Clare's persistance in good works !

Again, she was a most diligent correspondent, keeping in touch with all whom she could help, not least students of the Venerabile, Shrewsbury men in particular. Some of her last messages were hardly, if at all, legible. Her sunny character went with a marked sense of humour ; her courtesy and consideration were always perfect. Quick to console in trouble, she was no less swift to congratulate on all occasions of rejoicing. Her repeated election as Superior is a testimony of the love her community bore her.

When the end was daily looked for she lingered on, seemingly neither better nor worse, until late in September, when she passed away as Canon Byrne of Shrewsbury Cathedral was giving her the last blessing.

In the course of thirty odd years I received many notes and letters from her, of which one passage may here be given from the three or four that I have with me. On March 4th 1940 she wrote :

> Dearest Rev. Father and Friend,
>
> I have just had your dear loved mother in to see me, and she told me that you kept your Jubilee in February ! ! ! Oh oh . . . peccavi and I forgot it ! ! So sorry, dear friend. I enclose a bit of paper to get you some little thing you like. I wish it were more—and must make it up in prayers. So glad the dear Masters and Students celebrated the event well. Splendid. Deo Gratias. Please excuse my writing. You see I have not yet gone into hospital, [Your] mother seems wonderfully well considering her 82 years. May God spare her to you.
>
> Renewed greetings from all,
>
> Your devoted
>
> Sr M. Clare.

Mother Clare loved the Venerabile ; it was inseparable from the English Martyrs to whom she had a special and constant devotion. It is a great privilege to have had such a friend. Great, I doubt not, will be the eternal reward of this selfless, loyal, devoted and humble soul who radiated charity ; this very cheerful giver who gave all. May she befriend the Venerabile more than ever from her place in heaven.

H. E. G. Rope.

Rev. M. Egan, R.N.

Fr Michael Egan, R.N. is the first of the "1920 men" to pass to his reward. He was one of those who helped to stabilise that very title bestowed upon a Year rightly anxious to assert itself against the possibly excessive care and patronage of " my First Year ". He was one of the many Nottingham students sent to Rome in those days by Bishop Dunn. Although he did not belong to the Diocese by birth—he was born in Liverpool—he had family connections which made it fitting for him to offer himself to that great "Roman" bishop.

His early education was received at St Francis Xavier's College, Liverpool. He served throughout the 1914—1918 war in the Army and then the R.F.C. During this period his vocation to the priesthood developed and upon demobilisation he was accepted by the Bishop of Nottingham who sent him to Osterley to revive his studies. Of all men he was most self-deprecatory of his intellectual powers—self-deceptive might be a more just description. He had what are now called fixed ideas or inhibitions that he was not called upon to excel in his studies or even to make the humblest impression. So shine he would not. Nor were studies his only pitfall. Ceremonies and preaching were not for him. With ingenuity worthy of a better cause he would seek to evade the Vice-Rector's notices of weekly offices in the Hebdom Book. I have vague recollections of his evasive gymnastics to avoid a first appearance as thurifer. His well established nickname of "Gister", one of the most adhesive ever carried and bestowed in the Venerabile, dates from his early days in the College. I have forgotten the exact origin ; it had something to do with the weekly notice book. He was one of the first footballers of his generation doing much to build up a strong team and arouse interest in the game. Nor did he lack vocal and dramatic talent. None will forget his rendering of Katisha in the first of the series of operas which, since his day, have been presented in the College.

His remarkably clear and strong voice would have helped him in his preaching—and did as far as his complex would permit. He certainly preached better than he knew, and later as a Naval Chaplain he developed a most useful talent of pastoral catechetical instruction. After one of his exercise sermons in the College Chapel with all its attendant agonies, he was most astonished to be visited at night by the late Cardinal Hinsley, then Rector, who complimented him in his most expansive manner, by saying that he had rarely heard better efforts in Westminster Cathedral. But still "Gister" would not believe that he could do things.

He was ordained in 1925 at the age of twenty-nine. His first appointment was to the post of Secretary to Bishop Dunn, who highly valued his efficient services. A short period as curate at Grimsby was followed by his joining the Royal Navy as a Chaplain in 1929. Seven years of his service were passed in Malta ; he also served in H.M.S. *Rodney*, *Marlborough* and *Courageous*.

At the outbreak of the recent war he was in England where the most fruitful work of his career was done in the reception and instruction of the many hundreds of young sailors who were drafted to Chatham. During

this period it fell to him to conduct the funeral service of Commander Esmond V.C. and this time he did not shrink from an eloquent few words.

On July 1st 1946 he had a cerebral haemorrhage which resulted in a three months illness during which he rarely recovered consciousness. He was visited by his old friends Bishop Ellis and Fr H. Wilson. The end came on September 25th. Mgr Dewey, the Senior Naval Chaplain, sang the Requiem at St Michael's, Chatham, assisted by Fr Michael Halliday O.F.M. (a relative) and Fr Wilson. He was buried with full naval honours in Woodlands Cemetery, Gillingham on September 28th.

His contemporaries will not forget him nor the many hours of interest and amusement his friendship provided. He would not let himself shine at the Gregorian ; he did not seek academic fame but he certainly did not pass unnoticed through the Venerabile. That he may rest in peace where his light will no longer be hidden under a bushel is the friendly prayer of all who knew him.

E. H. Atkinson.

BOOK REVIEWS

A History of Philosophy. Vol. I. Greece and Rome. By Frederick Copleston S.J. Published by the Jesuit Fathers of Heythrop College in The Bellarmine Series, No. 9. pp. i—x and 1—521. Distributors: Burns Oates. 18*s.* cloth.

History of Philosophy is a branch of philosophy which does not always receive the attention it deserves. Considerations of time and the necessity of a full and systematic exposition of scholasticism have combined all too frequently to thrust the study of the history into the background. This may not be considered a defect by those who see in philosophy a mere preparatory formation for future theological studies, but at least in these days it seems that philosophy has other functions. Catholic apologetics has to deal with philosophical questions far more now than formerly. The progress made by science has brought into everyday conversation problems which can only be solved by the application of philosophical principles. Those who have studied and mastered the principles of scholastic philosophy are well equipped to deal with such matters but find themselves on occasions handicapped by an inability to translate into their own terms philosophical notions and phrases current in modern circles. These philosophical ideas and phrases are frequently the heritage of one or other of the " great " modern philosophical systems and they carry with them assumptions and principles which often remain undetected. A better acquaintance with these philosophies would be invaluable to the schoolman in dealing with many of those matters which are of importance at the present day.

Study of the history of philosophy can also throw light on many of those functions which are fully dealt with in the philosophy course, but which are full of difficulty and obscurity to those unfamiliar with their historical development. Much wasted time might be saved on some questions by a somewhat fuller historical treatment. This is particularly the case with regard to epistemology and metaphysics—frequently the subjects of the first year of philosophy. Many of the problems seem at

first exaggerated and the tendency to dismiss the whole of philosophy, with the possible exceptions of ethics and natural theology, as unpractical speculative juggling, is quite natural. In the long run time could probably be saved and interest sustained by more attention to the history of philosophy.

Fr Copleston has made a notable contribution to the study of philosophy in ecclesiastical seminaries by his latest work—*A History of Philosophy*. This first volume covers the Greek and Roman Thinkers. It is the first instalment of what is intended to be a complete history. It is written primarily for students and is designed to supply " Catholic ecclesiastical seminaries with a work that should be somewhat more detailed and of wider scope than the textbooks commonly in use and which at the same time should endeavour to exhibit the logical development and interconnection of philosophical systems." It is written from the standpoint of a scholastic philosopher and is therefore critical in its presentation, but Fr Copleston's ambition to write as a scholastic does not lead him into the mistake of misrepresenting or undervaluing the philosophical thought of those who maintained views at variance with the *philosophia perennis*.

The fact that it is written primarily for students naturally imposes certain limitations, but it would be wrong to assume that only students will derive profit from this book. Fr Copleston has incorporated in his history results gained by European scholars by years of research and this makes his book interesting to those who are already proficient in this study.

The first volume is divided into five parts following the more or less accepted division of Pre-Socratic, Socratic, Platonic, Aristotelean, and Post-Aristotelean philosophy. A great deal of the volume is naturally devoted to Plato and Aristotle (pp. 127—372), but the post-Aristotelean philosophy is fully treated (p. 379—486). Of particular interest is the section on Plotinus and other Neo-Platonic philosophers.

Fr Copleston writes clearly and well and his effort to trace the interconnecting elements in the various philosophies is sustained to the end. This fact should prove of great value in retaining the interest of those who, with good reason, are apt to tire quickly of a mere catalogue of philosophers and their opinions.

Altogether Fr Copleston has succeeded admirably in his aim and has maintained the high standard which he has set himself in previous works. We look forward to the publication of the next volume with eagerness.

G. EKBERY.

Walsingham, The History of a Famous Shrine. By H. M. Gillett. Photographs by Claude Fisher. Burns Oates. 5*s*.

When a book has a foreword, and a laudatory one, by the Apostolic Delegate (by now a past-master in forewords) ; when it is written by one who knows more about shrines of Our Blessed Lady than anyone in the English-speaking world and when it is about the greatest shrine of Our

Blessed Lady in England, it will be opened by readers with a lively anticipation. Nor will they be disappointed in Mr H. M. Gillett's *Walsingham* which, from its dust cover bearing a dainty sketch of the now world-famed Slipper Chapel to the last reference to the Breviary of the last Prior, is a real delight. In its pages, we have all that is gripping in our nation's story.

The book takes us through the whole story of Walsingham, we live again through the vision of Richeldis, we share with her the building of the shrine to Our Lady's honour : the copy of the Holy House ; the legends and story are re-told ; the miracles have their place including that of Edward I suddenly thinking of Our Lady of Walsingham and walking away from his game of chess, scarce in time to escape equally sudden death ; we see the coming of the Black Canons to care for the shrine and raise the mighty Priory Church. The Franciscans come in their poverty, come to stay. The Kings of England come in all their glory What a day that must have been when Henry VII, supported by every loyal bishop and noble in the land, came in thanksgiving ! The pilgrims come, by every road and by sea, lepers make their solitary way, knights in armour clatter through the pages, one at least seeking sanctuary and finding a miracle. Erasmus, invaluable for his testimony, comes and goes. All this is told in a way that keeps our interest and yet with ample textual reference.

The great days are over, the chapter on the Suppression makes sorry reading. As England's chief shrine, it was the first to be attacked. True there were those who died in defence of the Shrine but Legh and Ap Rice, Southwell and Cromwell did their work well, as agents of destruction, putting paid to the shrine for ever. And at last comes the tragic entry in Henry VIII's book of payment : September 29th, 1538. . . . For the King's Candle before Our Lady of Walsingham . . . Nil. The Martyr Philip, Earl of Arundel was one of the few yet to visit Our Lady's chosen spot to write in utter desolation . . .

> Sin is where Our Lady sat,
> Heaven is turned to hell,
> Satan sits where Our Lord did sway,
> Walsingham, oh, farewell.

Walsingham was dead, " bereft of its darling, shorn of its glory ", left to the archaeologists who yet had a part to play. Yet the miracle has happened, " as great a miracle as ever the founding of the place was". Mr Gillett describes the modern resurrection of the Shrine, the conversion of Miss Boyd after she had bought the Slipper Chapel where the shrine now is, and the pilgrimage led by Cardinal Bourne, the first Cardinal to visit Walsingham since Wolsey. He brings us to the war, the end of yet another chapter in the history of our premier shrine of Our Lady, nor is the part played by Kings Lynn forgotten : Walsingham was in the parish of Lynn when devotion first began again last century and when a copy of the statue of Our Lady of the Rosary in Santa Maria in Cosmedin was used and dubbed Our Lady of Walsingham, and placed in a shrine at Lynn.

The book has an interesting series of appendices, the ballad which gives the story of the shrine, other pieces about Walsingham and the rules for bathing the pilgrims in the Middle Ages found written on a spare page of an old breviary.

Everything about Walsingham is delightful and this book is no exception, a word needing too to be said about the photographs : they have been amply praised in the Press, and, truly, anyone who sees them would be bound to want to visit Walsingham.

The Venerabile has a warm corner for Walsingham : in 1940, the College had a one hundred per cent membership of the Guild of Our Lady of Walsingham, and by no means all stampeded in in that first First Year rush of enrolments. Mr Gillett finishes his book with a reference to Cardinal Hinsley's leading a pilgrimage in 1938 : they lit the beacon again that night ! I may be forgiven for finishing with a reference to a Venerabile gita to Walsingham this year when, in the gloaming, as the candles were being lit in front of the Shrine in the Slipper Chapel, to the accompaniment of heavy boots on the roadway, the advance guard came along the road singing an Italian hymn in honour of St Catherine, Patroness of Pilgrims, to whom the Slipper Chapel, is dedicated. But alike to those who know Walsingham and to those who do not, this book will well repay reading. Mr Gillett recently had a long audience with the Holy Father and presented a copy of the book, being invited, in view of his labours to spread knowledge of this shrine of Our Blessed Lady, to join the select ranks of Vatican Archaeologists.

A. HULME.

Questions and Answers—The Sacraments. By Canon E. J. Mahoney D.D. pp. 400. Burns Oates. Price 18*s*.

In *Questions and Answers* Canon Mahoney has collected and classified the " Questions and Answers on the Sacraments " published in the *Clergy Review* in the years 1931 to 1944. We read in the foreword that the book is compiled for the convenience of those who have not been able to obtain, or have not kept, past numbers of the *Review*, but it will be welcome also to those who have been more fortunate ; for few are they who have the opportunity or determination to make a classified index and keep it up to date. Some form of classification is necessary, however, if we wish to find quickly the answer for which we are seeking, or indeed sometimes if we wish to find it at all. In this book we have not only an excellent index but the questions and answers themselves collected and classified in a handy and attractively produced volume.

The Table of Contents has eleven main headings : one for each of the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders and Matrimony ; three for the Holy Eucharist, viz., the Mass, Communion and Exposition : one for Indulgences, and one for Sacramentals. Each heading is divided into sections, which, in turn, are subdivided into the questions themselves. The number of each question is given and the page on which the question is to be found. The sections are quite small, so that we are able to find easily and quickly the reference

to any particular subject. At the end of the book there is a Code index which lists the canons quoted and the numbers of the questions in which reference is made to the Code. The classification is excellent, and the indexes quite sufficient. A classified list of Roman documents published since the Code, might have been a useful, though by no means necessary, addition.

The questions themselves deal for the most part with canonical, moral or liturgical problems which occur in the priest's ordinary everyday work, and which are liable to confront any priest at one time or another. The answers given are thorough and clear. Canon Mahoney quotes his sources, discusses the problem with ample reference to the authorities, and gives his solution. The discussion might at times be even more interesting if a little more canonical or theological reasoning were interwoven with the arguments from authority. The solutions are most helpful. They are definite, without being more bold than the arguments warrant. We are given a solution upon which we may act, confident that we act legitimately and wisely.

Questions and Answers will be a most useful book of reference when problems arise, and a stimulating book at all times. It is to be hoped that it is but the first of a series, and that Canon Mahoney will collect and classify in the same way his answers to questions on other subjects.

W. E. GRASAR.

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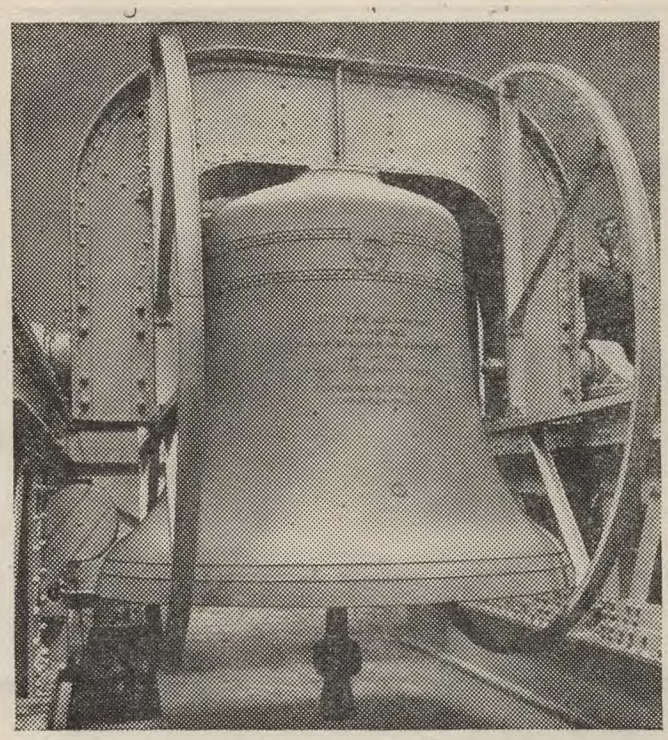

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