THE
VENERABILE

CONDUCTED BY THE PAST
AND PRESENT STUDENTS
OF THE VENERABLE
ENGLISH COLLEGE
ROME

May 1951

Vol. XV. No. 2

PRINTED AT
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

CONTENTS

		page
Editorial		91
Blessed Anthony Turner and the Popish Plot	*Michael Berkeley*	92
Bologna	*Michael Williams*	104
La Contadina in Inghilterra		110
Poetry and Pilgrimage	*Hugh Lavery*	111
Some Views and Memories of the Exile	*John Macmillan*	120
Romanesque	*Hugh Reynolds*	124
Nova et Vetera		
1854 : *The Definition of the Immaculate Conception*		136
1870 : *The Definition of Papal Infallibility*		138
1950 : *The Definition of the Assumption*		140
College Diary	*John McHugh*	143
Personal		170
College Notes		171
Obituary		174
Book Reviews		176

COLLEGE JUBILEE VISIT TO ST PETER'S, 12TH DEC. 1950

EDITORIAL

The Holy Year is now at an end, and pilgrims and vast crowds seem already very much a thing of the distant past. Rome is once more the city of the Romans, and perhaps both they and we prefer it that way for twenty-four years out of every twenty-five. However, in this number the jubilee bells still echo through the pages of the College Diary, pilgrimage forms the theme of one of our articles and our frontispiece commemorates the College Jubilee Visit, which put, one might say, a corporate seal on our participation in the greatest of all Jubilees. So, in these pages we have heralded the approach of the Holy Year, chronicled its progress and even exploited its journalistic possibilities. Now we have to bid it a reluctant farewell.

Though in these last numbers the main stress has been laid on the present, we are not unmindful of our obligations towards the past. In this connection pride of place in this number must be taken by the account of the life and times of another of our own martyrs, Blessed Anthony Turner. More recent history is represented by the photographs of St Mary's Hall and the short account by the Rector of their associations with the life of the College in the days of the exile. Living memory is a brief and elusive factor in the compilation of history unless its impressions are put on immediate record. So it seems worth while even now so soon after the event, to make sure that vital clues are not lost and seemingly unimportant details allowed to lose the significance they undoubtedly possess in forming for future generations a living portrait of the past.

BLESSED ANTHONY TURNER AND THE POPISH PLOT

'When Charles II returned to England in May 1660, after nine years of exile still a young man not yet thirty, he made a resolution expressed in a phrase which has become famous: he would set out no more on his travels. That decision directed his life for twenty-five years until Huddleston, the Benedictine monk, helped him to prepare for the last journey of all.'[1] We have here the key to the whole history of the relations between the Catholic Body and the Government during his reign. Probably from the first attracted to the Old Faith himself, at all events averse to any persecution on religious grounds, Charles was never prepared to withstand for long strong public feeling, and during his reign full play was given to the forces of deep-seated prejudice and blind hatred which inspired the greater part of the English people against Catholicism. These forces found their full expression in that phenomenon of religious mania on a national scale which has come down to history under the name of the Popish Plot, and added to the roll of the College Martyrs the names of John Wall, Franciscan, and Anthony Turner, Jesuit.

Anthony Turner was born in 1628, the son of an Anglican clergyman, the Rector of Dalby Parva near Melton Mowbray. Of his early years we know nothing until he joined his elder brother Edward at Cambridge University, and he was then about twenty-one years of age. The two brothers were soon embroiled in the religious question, for their mother had for

[1] M. V. Hay, *The Jesuits and the Popish Plot* (Kegan Paul, 1934), p. ix.

some time entertained doubts as to the divine origin of the Church of England, and when her sons came home for the vacation she asked with some anxiety what they had learned in the University regarding the true religion. They had to reply, somewhat shamefacedly no doubt, that the question had not arisen in the course of their studies, but apparently they had at any rate a hearsay acquaintance with the controversial literature of the day, for they obtained some of St Robert Bellarmine's works for her, and when she was convinced by these even endeavoured to find a Catholic priest to complete her instruction—a difficult enough task for the sons of a parson renowned for anti-Papist bigotry.

Eventually it was the spontaneous action of Fr Michael Alford, chaplain to a neighbouring Catholic family, which made possible Mrs Turner's reception into the Church ; he had heard rumours of her position and, at no small risk to himself, seized a favourable opportunity to meet her and resolve what difficulties remained. It seems, however, that the two young men still remained outside the fold : it was only the heroic endurance of their mother when her conversion became known to Mr Turner—'he cruelly assailed her with threats, reproaches and blows, and in the most infamous manner assaulted her with his fists and heels'[1]—which decided them to follow in her footsteps. Mr Turner's anger on hearing of Anthony's conversion was so furious that he died shortly afterwards, his wife having died some time before as the result of his brutal treatment.

At the time of their father's death the elder son, Edward, had already gone abroad to one of the English seminaries ; he hastened home to help Anthony in settling the family affairs ; then, when all had been put in order and the parson's extensive library of heretical books burnt, the two brothers set out for Rome and on 27th October 1650, were admitted as alumni of the English College. Anthony's entry in the *Liber Ruber* (No. 870 A) runs :

	Antonius Ashbaeus, vero nomine Turner (paulo post dictus Bainesius) Lecestrensis, annorum viginti duorum, non habens confirmationem, admissus est inter Alumnos S.D.N. Innocentii X. ex mandato Emmi Card. Barberini Protectoris, sub R. P. Thomâ Bab-
Accepit iuramenta sub veteri tantum formâ 18 Maii 1651	

[1] Foley, *Records of the English Province S.J.*, Vol. II, pp. 308–9.

Anthonius Bainesius manu propria

Suspensus est Londini pro fide An. 1680

thorpe Rectore 27 Oct. 1650. Accepit 1. tonsuram et omnes Minores in S. Maria Lauretana prope portam populi 29 Maii 1651. fuit antea confirmatus 30 April 1651. Discessit in Belgium die 18 Aprilis 1653 ingressurus tyrocinium.

Both of the brothers had taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Cambridge but, we are told, owing to the indiscriminate method of teaching and the haphazard curriculum followed there they had carried away little real knowledge and so decided to take up their philosophy again from the beginning —an interesting precedent for an occurrence not uncommon in these latter days. However, neither of them completed his course of studies at the Venerabile : Anthony left to enter the Jesuit novitiate at Watten in 1653, followed by Edward who, in the same year, went to complete his theology at Liége.[1] Anthony was ordained priest at Liége in 1670 and then crossed into England. We have few details of his missionary activities,[2] though it would seem that he was an indefatigable and laborious worker for souls and possessed great talent for preaching and controversy. 'He was the more skilful in unmasking heresy as having been himself so long deluded by it.'[3] The *Summary of the Deceased of the English Province* for 1679 concludes an account of the martyr with these words : 'He was industrious in conducting business, and indefatigable in labouring for his neighbours' salvation ; an implacable enemy to the heresy of the erring, but only with a view to their salvation ; he possessed also a special gift in reclaiming bad Catholics to their duty. In a word, without making any external display, he was a very treasure of hidden virtue and learning.'[4] For some years before 1678 he was living at Worcester as Superior and Agent of St George's Residence, and a collection of papers and accounts in his writing is preserved in the Jesuit archives in the portfolio of that district.

[1] In 1657 he entered the Society of Jesus at Watten. Ordained priest at Liége, he taught philosophy there for some time before being sent on the English Mission. He died in March 1681 in the Gatehouse Prison, Westminster, after spending two years there.

[2] Our only source for his life is Foley, *Records of the English Province S.J.* Foley's sources, apart from the Jesuit Annual Letters, are : *Persecutionis Catholicorum Anglicanae et Coniurationis Presbyterianae Hystoria* by Fr Warner S.J., 1660–85 ; *Florus Anglo-Bavaricus* by John Keynes, 1685 ; and Tanner's *Brevis Relatio.*

[3] Foley, Vol. V, p. 862.

[4] Ibid., p. 865.

The souls who occupied the missionary activity of these years were the men and women of Restoration England, a people amongst whom party feeling raged in politics and religion with the virulence of a disease. They had only to look back thirty years to a war in which the cry had been the liberties of the people, and this was followed by a theocracy in which perhaps the only issue on which conflicting parties agreed was the extirpation of Popery. Under the restored monarchy neither question ceased to be agitated; rather, the policy of Charles II with regard to France and his notoriously Catholic proclivities caused both to be reiterated with ever-increasing emphasis, and in intimate conjunction: Popery meant Slavery, the aim of the Catholics was to foist upon England a system which would combine the rigours of the Spanish Inquisition with the abuses of French political despotism.

About 1675 the Whig party was born, an association of all those—country gentlemen, the squirearchy and magistracy, religious dissenters, high-principled republicans, malcontents of every kind—who were determined to oppose the policy of Charles' government and to preserve what had been gained by the Civil War: they took up the old cry, the Liberties of the Subject, and with it, inevitably, No Popery. However, by September 1678 their position appeared desperate: the untiring efforts of three years, which at times had brought forth promising results, seemed to have ended in complete failure. Never had Charles been more completely master of the situation. But their leader was Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, the father of English party politics, a statesman who excelled in the art of rousing the country on religious issues to the support of his politics. Of that adroitness he was to give a superlative display in his adoption and fostering of the Popish Plot, and in his masterly handling of its creator, the infamous Titus Oates.

Titus Oates stands out as one of the most grotesque figures in the pages of English history.[1] The son of an Anabaptist

[1] His personal appearance was singularly ludicrous—it provoked such lines as:

> Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
> Sure signs he neither choleric was nor proud:
> His long chin proved his wit, his saint-like grace
> A church vermilion and a Moses face.

From Dryden (*Absalom and Architophel*, 646–9), while another contemporary, Fr Warner, makes it clear that this was no satirical extravagance:

'Frons contracta, oculi parvi et in occiput retracti, facies plana in medio, lancis sive disci instar, compressa, prominentibus hic inde genibus rubicundis nasus, os in ipso vultus centro, mentum reliquam faciem prope totam aequans, caput vix corporis trunco extans, in pectus declive, reliqua corporis hisce respondentia, monstro quam homini similiora.'

For this and further details *vide* Pollock, *The Popish Plot*, p. 7 sqq.

preacher, he was expelled from school and two Cambridge colleges before slipping into Anglican Orders. He lost his first living after a conviction for perjury and was deprived of a naval chaplaincy for 'odious misconduct'. It was while adrift in London in 1676 that he came into contact with Catholics, who eventually secured him a place in the Duke of Norfolk's household. His 'conversion' resulted : he was received into the Church on Ash Wednesday, 1677, and in April of the same year the Jesuits sent him to their college at Valladolid. Expelled from there and, given a second chance, from St Omer also, (not before he had propounded from the pulpit his belief that 'King Charles the Second halted between two opinions and a stream of Popery went between his legs'), Titus returned to London in June 1678 and almost immediately made the acquaintance of Israel Tonge, a hare-brained divine, Rector of St Michael's in Wood Street, whose main occupation was the composition of fanatical anti-Popery pamphlets. They entered into partnership and worked out the '*True and Exact Narrative of the Horrid Plot and Conspiracy of the Popish Party against the life of His Sacred Majesty, the Government and the Protestant Religion*'.[1] The preposterous concoction had some foundation in odd facts that Oates had gleaned at Valladolid and St Omer, but was in substance the figment of two fertile imaginations. The Pope had declared himself lord of England and Ireland, commissioning the Jesuits to the work of their reduction and government. Already Jesuit agents were stirring up rebellion in Scotland and Ireland, while in London on 24th April 1678, a consult of English Jesuits had met to plot the murder of the King, appointing no less than four sets of assassins for the undertaking. Ninety-nine persons were accused by name of participation in the plot, apart from the list given of those destined for high office in the new Government.

The 'disclosure' was made on 13th August : Christopher Kirby, an acquaintance both of the King and of Tonge, stopped Charles as he was starting on his accustomed walk in St James' Park and warned him that his life was in danger. Charles unconcernedly referred him to Lord Treasurer Danby and left for Windsor the following day as he had intended. Both he and his minister were at first openly incredulous of the monstrous tale, but the two parsons were persistent and eventually they

[1] At first the narrative occupied sixty-eight folio pages in forty-three articles ; these were later expanded to eighty-one articles.

were summoned to make their deposition before the Privy Council. Blatantly false though their account was, some details had a ring of truth and Oates was authorized to make arrests ; he spent that night scouring London with a troop of soldiers and by dawn the next day most of the city's prominent Jesuits were in gaol. At the same time the papers of Edward Coleman, a former secretary of the Duke of York and still a member of his household, were seized and furnished Oates with his most valuable documentary evidence, a long and highly indiscreet correspondence between Coleman and the Jesuit Père de la Chaise, confessor to Louis XIV. The letters were written in such vague terms that it is impossible for us now to know to what they refer, though it is clear that it was something which was too dangerous to be mentioned openly ; in all probability this was no more than some machinations on Coleman's part to secure a wider degree of toleration for Catholics and to safeguard the Duke of York's position as heir-presumptive, but there were passages which could well be construed as aiming at the murder of the King, and in this sense they were at the time accepted without question.

Already rumours of the Plot had spread far and wide and were causing considerable unrest ; but when in the middle of October, Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, the magistrate with whom Oates had deposited a copy of his *True and Exact Narrative* suddenly disappeared and was ten days later found in a ditch transfixed with his own sword, the whole country was convulsed, while in London panic reigned on all sides. The wildest rumours spread like wildfire—a general massacre of Protestants, the burning of the City and the blowing-up of Whitehall were hourly expected. Noble ladies carried daggers with them, specially maufactured and engraved by an enterprising jeweller, while the Countess of Shaftesbury had a set of pocket pistols made for her muff. Even the news that a troop of monks had arrived from Jerusalem expressly to sing 'Te Deum' for the success of the Plot was promptly accepted. All over the country the hunt for Jesuits began and with it a long period of acute misery for Catholics.

Parliament, which had been prorogued during the summer, met on 21st October and, in spite of the King's continued indifference, took up the plot with zest. Oates was called before them to repeat his narrative and met with an appreciative audience. It was voted unanimously that 'Upon the evidence

that hath already appeared, this House is of the opinion that there hath been and still is a damnable and hellish plot contrived and carried on by the Popish recusants for the assassinating and murdering the King, and for subverting the government and rooting out and destroying the protestant religion'. They voted Oates apartments in Whitehall and a generous allowance.

Though to a large extent the acceptance of the Plot is to be put down to Oates' amazing assurance of manner and his instinct for the dramatic, the credit for its development into a national preoccupation must go to Shaftesbury. We are given a good account of his tactics in the Jesuit Annual Letter for 1678–9 : 'The system of the sectaries is made a matter of religion, as it has been from the beginning an important engine of statecraft, of which politicians dexterously avail themselves, and apply it to their purposes whenever any turn of events occurs which exceeds their power to direct, whether in the promotion of an undertaking or the removal of an imminent danger. These things cause them no effort. Some calumny against Catholics is invented, no matter how absurd or manifestly false, if only it be sufficiently monstrous. It is amplified by the ministers in their sermons as a point for rhetoric. The report is spread by emissaries into every county of England, embellished with many additions, according to the inventive powers of those who publish it ; and if any untoward event occurs, this is made to confirm the tale, and attributed to Catholic stratagem. Everything is at once thrown into confusion, and turned topsy-turvy, while the unsuspected authors of the plot bring matters to the pass they desire.'[1]

It is not to be inferred that Shaftesbury actually invented the Plot : there seems to be no solid evidence for denying its fabrication in the first place to Tonge and Oates. It was only after they had conceived such a means of satisfying their needs —in Oates' case congenial employment, in Tonge's the persecution of Catholics—elaborated its details and laid it before King, Council and magistrate, that Shaftesbury stepped in

[1] Foley, op. cit., p. 10. The whole position which now arose, amalgam as it was of political intrigue and popular prejudice, is graphically described by Fr Warner, a Jesuit and a contemporary of the events he describes : 'Figure to yourselves these Ministers, seized with panic, saying to each other ; Venient Romani, et tollent nostrum locum et gentem ; the people fearing a change of the Constitution and loss of liberty ; both equally enemies of the Catholics whom they regard as the promoters of everything upon which their fears are grounded ; the judges with everything to risk if they acquit the accused, and nothing to lose if they condemn them ; figure to yourself all this, and then you will discover a great part of the secret'. From a 'Lettre escrite de Mons à un ami à Paris' (March 1679) in Hay, *The Jesuits and the Popish Plot.*

and told convincingly to all England a tale which till then had met with nothing but incredulity and derision.

> From hence began that Plot, the nation's curse,
> Bad in itself, but represented worse,
> Raised in extremes, and in extremes decried,
> With oaths affirmed, with dying vows denied,
> Not weighed or winnowed by the multitude,
> But swallowed in the mass, unchewed and crude.
> Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies
> To please the fools and puzzle all the wise :
> Succeeding times did equal folly call
> Believing nothing or believing all.[1]

A notable feature of Oates' original deposition is that it was directed almost exclusively against the Jesuits and those connected with them. The fact that having come into contact with Jesuits in the first place, the informer's Catholic connections should have been wholly limited to them and his knowledge of the Church in England confined to the whereabouts and the functions of Jesuit missionaries, is an indication of the rift between the secular clergy and the regulars, especially the Jesuits, which existed at this time—though the development of the Plot was to bring this more into evidence. Each body was working independently of the other with no attempt at co-ordination, in fact with a barely-disguised hostility that broke out every now and then into open strife. The division had existed for the last fifty years, arising in the first place out of disputes over the authority of Bishop Smith, and it was on the same issue that disagreement still centred. A large party among the secular clergy, led by Dr John Sergeant[2] and continuing the Blackloist, rather Gallican tradition, demanded from the Pope a Bishop who shared their own views and with full Ordinary powers such as would leave the Church in England only in canonical dependence on Rome. The Jesuits on the other hand strongly opposed these aspirations, aware that in the event of their realization they themselves would speedily be

[1] So writes Dryden, (*Absalom and Architophel*, 107–116), and with all the authority of contemporary evidence does much to create a false impression.

[2] For John Sergeant see Hay, op. cit. : with the aid mainly of unpublished letters from the archives of the Scots College, Paris, he rewrites the accepted version of Sergeant's life, based on Dodd, who was himself unfavourably disposed towards the Jesuits. In 1675 when Sergeant was in Paris, Peter Talbot, the Archbishop of Dublin, brought charges of heresy against him before the Sorbonne and almost succeeded in obtaining the condemnation of his works. Mr Hay describes the effect which this incident had on Sergeant, inspiring him with an anti-Jesuit mania which eventually, he would suggest, made him in part responsible for the Popish Plot.

made to depart, on one pretext or another, from the English mission-field, leaving their flocks a prey to the schismatical and heretical (so it appeared to them) tendencies of Sergeant and his followers. Whether or not Titus Oates and Shaftesbury sought to avail themselves of these dissensions and by aggravating them to weaken the Catholic position it is not easy to determine, though the Jesuit Provincial was convinced that this was their intention : 'They advocated a charge of high treason, and one that should not inculpate Catholics promiscuously, but strike at the Jesuits and a few of their patrons, on the ground that the rest of the Catholics were as innocent as the Protestants, and detested the crime. This was an old trick of the dominant party to set the Catholics at variance among themselves, the more easily to destroy the whole.' What, however, is certain and of more interest is what follows in the report : 'Such insinuations were too readily echoed by the more indifferent Catholics. They at once began to caluminate the Jesuits, whom they would have exterminated forthwith by fire and sword'.[1]

To what extent Worcestershire was infected with the prevalent anti-Catholic and particularly anti-Jesuit fury, and how Fr Anthony Turner was affected by it, we have no means of knowing : the only accounts we possess of the circumstances of his arrest are hardly satisfactory. The Annual Letter of that year (1679) states : 'At the same time (as Fr Gavan's arrest) Fr Anthony Turner came to London from St George's Residence, Worcester, and as though by some Divine impulse, rather than designedly—for he had been neither charged by name in Oates' scheme nor was he even sought after—he voluntarily surrendered himself to an officer and confessed himself to be both a priest and a Jesuit'.[2] This was at the end of January or the beginning of February, 1679, shortly after the execution (for alleged participation in the Plot) of Fr William Ireland, the Procurator of the Society. Fr John Gavan had come to London to wait for an opportunity of crossing to Belgium, and fell into the hands of the pursuivants. The number of the 'Five Jesuits', as they were called, was made up by Fr Anthony Hunter of the Hampshire district, who had come to London to assist the Rector, Fr Waring, and was betrayed by a servant and by Fr Thomas Whitbread or Harcourt, the Provincial,

1 Foley, op. cit., p. 19.
2 Ibid., p. 42.

and Fr John Fenwick, both arrested at the same time as Fr Ireland and tried with him but not yet sentenced.

Fr Turner's action in giving himself up seems to demand some further explanation, but it is impossible to ascertain the real history of the case. The *Brevis Relatio* gives the same account as the Annual Letter quoted above : the news of the persecution reached him while engaged in his usual pastoral duties around Worcester ; he had always entertained a strong desire to suffer for the Faith and on hearing that it was principally Jesuit victims that were being looked for he determined to share their captivity. As though urged by a kind of Divine impulse, he made his way quickly to London where, spontaneously, he went before a Justice of the Peace and declared that he was a priest and a Jesuit.[1] Foley's interpretation of this is that a vigorous search for priests was being made in Worcestershire and that Fr Turner, too well known there, had to go elsewhere, probably in obedience to a Superior's order.[2] His behaviour in London is explained by the author of the *Florus Anglo-Bavaricus* quite prosaically : failing to meet any fellow-Jesuits to provide him with the wherewithal for his passage to the Continent, and being reduced to his last sixpence, he went out into the fields and gave the first boy he met sixpence to guide him to the nearest magistrate, telling him to spread the story that he had freely given himself up to escape starvation.[3] He was committed to the Gatehouse Prison, Westminster.

The 'Five Jesuits' were brought up for trial on 13th June, at the Old Bailey, before Chief Justice Scroggs, who had distinguished himself in trials held earlier in the year for his blatant support of the informers and a determination that the accused should be condemned. As Lingard has it : 'So violent was the excitement, so general the delusion created by the perjuries of the informers that the voice of reason and the claims of justice were equally disregarded : both judge and jury seemed to have no other object than to inflict vengeance on the supposed traitors'.[4] The accused laboured under every possible disadvantage : they were given no chance to prepare their defence, being notified of the trial only on the evening before and allowed no communication with friends or legal advisers. Judge, jury

[1] In Foley, pp. 862–3.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] History of England, Vol. XIII, p. 105.

and spectators were all openly against them, Scroggs in particular acting the part more of a public prosecutor than of a judge, helping the informers to straighten out their contradictions and browbeating the witnesses for the defence.

The usual procedure was observed on the present occasion. Against Fr Turner in particular Oates brought the charge of meeting with certain Benedictines at Windsor to plot the death of the King. Dugdale followed and deposed that two years previously Fr Turner had conspired to kill the King with Fr Francis Every, chaplain to Lord Aston, and had undertaken to forward the proceedings in Worcestershire. A typical dictum of Scroggs in the course of the trial shows the hopelessness of any defence the Five might attempt : 'I see your defence will be little else than captiousness to disprove him in circumstances of time, place, persons or numbers. Now all these are but little matters of the substance.'[1] Nevertheless the accused made a brilliant and convincing defence, proving time and time again that the informers had contradicted themselves. Especially telling was the production of fourteen witnesses from St Omer to prove that at the time of the Jesuit meeting, allegedly held at the White Horse Tavern, at which Oates claimed to have been present and on which his whole case turned, he was in fact a student at St Omer.

However, the conclusion was foregone ; after half an hour's absence the jury returned with a verdict of guilty—greeted with fervid plaudits by the court—and sentence in the usual form was passed the following day. The priests were sent back to their cells for eight days and spent the time preparing for death. On the day before the execution, having obtained a conditional pardon from the King, Shaftesbury visited Frs Gavan and Turner and offered them a reprieve if they would confess the Plot. Gavan answered for both that 'he would not murder his soul to save his body ; and that to acknowledge the Plot would be acknowledging what he knew not and what he did believe was not'.[2]

1 Extracts from State Trials, in Foley, p. 128—a full account.

2 By this time the country as a whole was returning to a more balanced outlook, and at the first trial after the execution of the Five Jesuits Scroggs changed his attitude towards the informers, causing them serious embarrassment : the result was an acquittal for all the accused. However, the Plot was prolonged over the next two years, as a political manœuvre to exclude the Duke of York from the succession and in the continued relentless seeking-out and condemnation of Catholic priests. It might be said to come to an end with the execution of Archbishop Plunket and Fitzharris on 1st July 1681, the last of Oates' thirty-five victims : shortly afterwards the informer himself was completely discredited.

The executions took place on 30th June, with the usual savagery, though the sufferers were not cut down till quite dead by order of the sheriff. The speeches which all five of the martyrs made created a profound impression on the bystanders, an impression which was only deepened when the Government published copies of the speeches together with adverse comments. By favour of the King the remains were buried in the churchyard of St Giles' in the Fields, Holborn.

'An implacable enemy to the heresy of the erring, but only with a view to their salvation', wrote Anthony Turner's first biographer in the year of his death,[1] and all those who tell the tale again must agree that this was the primary significance of his life and of his death. He stands as a witness to the perennial fecundity of the missionary tradition after more than a century of persecution, there being during most of that time no Bishop resident in England. Such a privation of regular ecclesiastical government had some unfortunate consequences and there are not a few pages in seventeenth century Catholic history which make sad reading. It is a cheering reflection that they are concerned only with an undercurrent in a life which flourished vigorously in the essentials of the Faith. Throughout these years the hard-pressed Catholic body kept the seminaries abroad filled with its sons ; the seminaries in their turn continued to supply the scattered flock with zealous and intrepid pastors prepared to accept the palm of martyrdom in as blithe a spirit as the protomartyrs of a hundred years earlier. The death of priests such as Anthony Turner consecrated not only their own missionary lives but the lives also of all those who laboured with no less enthusiasm without being offered its crowning seal, laboured at the seemingly hopeless task of destroying heresy in a life long struggle aginst ignorance, prejudice and blind hatred, fighting to all intents and purposes a losing battle, not even successful in keeping within the fold the old faithful families and having no possible hope of any immediate wide-spread conversions. Their pertinacity kept up the continuity of the Church in England, it ensured that the tide of prejudice and persecution should at last turn, and that Englishmen, should, on some far distant and unforeseeable day, come back once more to the Church of the Martyrs.

MICHAEL BERKELEY

[1]Summary of the Deceased of the English Province for 1679, quoted by Foley.

CITIES OF ITALY

1. BOLOGNA

That all roads leads to Rome has become a commonplace during the *Anno Santo*, and like all popular sayings it is suspect. The man who makes such a statement has really missed the whole point, for the truth is that all roads start from Rome. Rome is the centre and it is she who has spread her civilizing influence throughout the world, whether that influence be from Campidoglio or Cuppolone. As we leave Rome on our journey North, we begin to fall in with foreign ideas that tend to corrupt the purity of the Roman way of life ; and for the traveller to our *ultima Thule*, civilization, for all practical purposes, stops at Domodossola. But the observant eye can always detect some connection, however tenuous, with the *parens*, *magistra*, *patria*. This is comparatively easy with towns like Orvieto and Viterbo and Florence. Many of the artists and poets who were born in Tuscany came to Rome to gain their real fame. The country-side prevents us from being too nostalgic. There is the familiar sight of the Appenines, that same range that can be seen from the Janiculum. The Chianti mountains belong to the same formation as the Castelli, the Fucino is only a dried-up Trasimene. But after Florence there comes a change, the Appenines are crossed and we now enter the great Emilian plain ; our great rocky companions are gone and we meet with gentle undulating country ; the very houses seem different, they have less of the South about them. It is like coming upon a new country, for all the essentials are there. There is the vast mountain range to the south, while to the north there is the broad sweep of the Po separating us from Lombardy. The dialect is strange and the frequency of the 'gn' sound reminds us of the Spanish 'ñ'. Like the Spaniards these people have contracted Cæsar

Augustus to Saragossa. Bononia has become Bologna, Ravenna is Ravengna. That you may know the basic words ; for 'cucina' they use 'cuscina', 'mangiare' is 'magnar', 'amico' becomes 'amigo'. We are now in the old province of Gaul, at Rimini a few miles away is the Rubicon, and so at last it seems that we have reached the confines of Rome and are now among the barbarians. But to remind us of home there is the line of the Via Emilia, as straight as a sword and giving its name to the province, a name that is, however, less esteemed than the title Romagna, which is of course, Bolognese for Romana.

Nevertheless, reaching the capital of this province of Romagna there is at first a certain sense of loneliness and isolation, of being cut off from the more familiar Italy, a feeling which even Mussolini's ten mile railway tunnel does not dispel. The motto of the town sets the tone ; it is the single word 'libertas' which reminds us immediately of 1789. And indeed, century after century Bologna has pursued its old dream of liberty in revolutions and riots, without ever being able to accomplish it fully. It almost succeeded towards the end of the tenth century when it managed to liberate itself from the Lombards and then from the Franks, setting up as an independent commune. It was at this time that 'libertas' was chosen and to show that this was no idle boast Bologna was the first city in Europe to abolish serfdom by the *legge di redenzione*. If you go there to-day you are almost certain to see a body of Garibaldini or *partigiani della pace* marching behind a red flag to the strains of the town band. It is the same old story, and in pursuing an empty dream Bologna is being true to herself.

It is in many ways a disappointed city. Its school of painting would be famous were it not for Florence, Siena and Venice. It is as though Bologna has been continually cheated by its neighbours. When anyone mentions a leaning tower, thoughts immediately turn to Pisa, whereas Bologna has two, the Asinelli and the Garisenda. Why cannot Pisa be satisfied with its Duomo and Baptistry without encroaching on the rights of another ? Many climb the campanile at Pisa, but few take the trouble to scale the Asinelli. This lack of appreciation has led to the claim that from the top of Bologna's highest tower you can see 'cento e una città'. After laboriously climbing the 498 steps you find when you get to the top that the una città is Bologna, and Cento is a little village about five miles away. And yet in spite of this neglect and in spite of Dante's gibe that there are more

Bolognese in hell than anywhere else, this city was famed in the middle ages as a centre of learning and its university earned for it the title of 'la dotta'. These people for all their restlessness and rioting were the great exponents of law. It was here that Canon Law thrived side by side with Roman Law, it was the home of Irnerius and Gratian. From the long shadow of the Asinelli, in those days kept company by another two hundred such towers, went forth the knowledge of Roman law and order throughout Europe.

Although to-day her university is no longer world famous, there is still one sphere at least in which Bologna stands supreme. It is the capital of gastronomy. There is hardly a *trattoria* in the length of Italy that will not make some attempt to provide *spaghetti alla bolognese.* The word 'polony' reminds us that the dying wish of St Camillus of Lellis was for some bologna sausage. For this town has not only given to the world Cardinal Mezzofanti, it has given us *Mortadella.* Other towns have their specialities. At Naples you eat *pizza napoletana*, the Florentine is partial to beans, the Milanese (who are half germanic anyway) stuff themselves with *panettone* ; while for your *Romano di Roma* a host of memories is summed up by the magic words *cucina romana* or the more specific *giovedi gnocchi, sabato trippa.* But for spaghetti served as Hebe will serve it in heaven you have to go to Bologna. Bologna is not only *la dotta*, it is also *la grassa.* It is as if this town thinking it impossible to compete with cities like Florence and Venice in art, impossible to outnumber Umbria in saints, has decided to specialize in the art of cooking. Notice, I say cooking. It is not a question of quantity, for this Rome is chief. I once found written in the visitors' book in a Venetian hotel, 'In questa taverna si mangia bene, ma a Roma si mangia di piu', which sums up the situation fairly well, for where in this wide world do you get such large portions of *abbacchio* as they serve in the Cisterna in Trastevere ? Bologna then, has turned to the world and said: 'If you will not look at our leaning towers, if you will not pay your respects to the home of Domenichino and Guido Reni, nor come on pilgrimage to the tomb of our patron, San Petronio, then here is something that you will take notice of'—and therewith flashes before our hungry eyes a mighty platter of steaming *tagliatelle.* The Bolognese have realized to the full the truth of the famous saying of Gioacchino Belli the romanesco poet (the man in the top hat whose statue stands outside San Chrysogono) :

La prima scola in terra e la cucina,
Er piu stimato personaggio e er coco.

What exactly is the origin of this cult I cannot say, but it probably dates from the time of the university, when some pinched and starved student had to exist for a week or more on a metre of *mortadella*, surreptitiously eaten during lectures, and then on attaining his degree would make up for the lean years by riotous feasting. *Tortellini* and *tagliatelle* are the kinds of macaroni in which Bologna specializes, and the latter is very often green in colour due to the mixture of spinach with the flour. It has inspired the following verses which have the sincerity of all bad poetry :

Questa minestra che onora Bologna
Detta la grassa non inutilmente
Carezza l'uomo dove gli bisogna,
Da molta forza ai muscoli e alla mente
Fa prender tutto con filosophia,
Piace, nutre, consola. E cosi sia.

If you should have the good fortune to eat at Bologna go to the Pappagallo, for there is an old saying 'se tutti potessero mangiare al Pappagallo, poveri medici'. After the *tagliatelle* you should try their *canestrello* which is a sort of *saltimbocca*. It is composed of chicken, cheese and spinach, all wrapped up in *prosciutto*. What you have after this depends on many factors, perhaps the chief being financial considerations. But when at last the fruit comes round remember that some of the finest peaches in the world are grown in Emilia. Of course all this time we have been drinking some of the Emilian wines. These are not as famous as Chianti or the Castelli but they are good, although I must say that personally the red spumante Lambrusca does not please very much. It is a deal too sweet for my liking ; give me that red wine they served me in Teramo which had to be eaten with a knife and fork.

And so having paid our homage to the kitchens of Bologna we stagger out into the sunlight, and when we look up and see the Garisenda about to fall on top of us, we wonder whether that Lambrusca wasn't perhaps deserving of more respect, and perhaps after all it is true that the wines of Emilia 'vanno giù come le gazzosine, ma poi danno alle gambe e al cervello'.

It is almost impossible to capture the spirit of a place in a hurried visit, but even if you cannot spare long in Bologna, you must notice the profusion of colonnades and porticos.

There are the low, picturesque colonnades of the poorer part of the town, whose groined vaulting and pointed arches contrast with the stalls below ; the vegetables, the evil-looking fish and the rows of suits and overcoats dangling from hangers. Then there are the Renaissance porticos, and finally the modern arcades of the Via Independenza, damaged by the war-time bombing. It is down one of the older colonnaded side streets that you can find the little restaurant where Rossini used to eat his favourite truffles, and if you do visit it, you too will cease to wonder how the 'Thieving Magpie' came to be written.

But apart from the two towers the most interesting building in the city is the Palazzo del Podestà. It is the oldest surviving edifice and recalls the story of King Enzo, and so without more ado I shall assume the role of Marion Crawford and tell you the tale of this young king.

'It was in the early summer of 1249. At Fossalta the commune of Bologna defeated the imperial forces and took captive the young king Enzo of Sardinia, who was the son of the Emperor Frederick II. He is described by the chroniclers as "bello di corpo, d'angelica faccia, coi capelli biondi infino alla cintura". The Bolognese were resolute in their determination to keep him safely, but they surrounded him with all the state and comfort that was consistent with security. He was kept in chains, but the chains were of pure gold. Sixteen citizens were elected every fortnight to converse with him. His guards were chosen from the noblest families of Bologna, so that he was not allowed to languish in captivity through want of society. For many long years the commune kept its prisoner safe, deaf to the constant entreaties of his royal father who offered enough gold to encircle the walls of the city if only the proud burghers would set his son at liberty. Until at last one day there was a plot to set him free. Pietro degli Asinelli found a strong man, a *brentatore*, and under the pledge of secrecy confided to him his designs. On the pretext of bringing wine to the King he gained admittance to the *sala* of the Palazzo. Having emptied the *brenta* Enzo placed himself inside it, and the stout *brentatore* carried him down into the open as gaily and lightheartedly as if his *brenta* had been empty. But ere they reached the place where an accomplice was waiting with the horses ready for flight, a soldier spied the golden hair of the king emerging from the top of the *brenta*. He gave the

alarm and the King was retaken. For the remainder of his life he devoted himself to the making of graceful verses. In 1272, after twenty-three years of captivity, he died and was laid to rest in the great Dominican church of the city. We are told that his body was embalmed and placed on a bier covered with the finest scarlet, with clothes of the same, lined with ermine. Under a canopy of crimson velvet, lined with miniver, he was carried with most solemn pomp to the church, preceded by the clergy and followed by the magistrates and all the nobility. It was thus that the citizens paid their last honours to the brave young king who they feared in life, and refused to set at liberty lest his energy should prove a menace to their freedom. But Enzo's spirit is still in Bologna and it is said that his figure is seen to-day walking the empty halls of the Palazzo del Podestà and composing his verses as he did in days gone by.'

Every town has its Madonna, and for Bologna it is the Madonna di San Luca. Every year on the Rogation days it is carried in procession through the city, a custom that has prevailed up to to-day when Bologna is supposed to be completely 'red'. It is a sight to bring despair to the godless and the 'liturgist' alike. San Petronio is the patron of the city and the church that bears his name is the largest in the town. Only the bottom half of the façade is covered with marble and the rest is plain unfaced brick and looks like San Lorenzo in Florence. Like several other great Italian churches it is incomplete ; the original plan would have made it longer than St Peter's. The crypt where San Petronio is buried is almost derelict, chairs piled in the corner, old statues huddled together, condemned to gesticulate in baroque eloquence to each other. But when you have visited the Blessed Sacrament chapel, go straight to the sacristy and if you are quick enough you will meet a very old man. He is due to make a long journey soon, and before he departs give him the joy of seeing your Roman celebret. You will discover through the coarse Bolognese accent and the reek of garlic that he studied and was ordained in Rome. And as you board the *circolare* for the station and pass the public gardens that are called Pincio, you will become aware of a certain nostalgia. You will realize that this city for all its Etruscan origins, its strange dialect and spirit of independence, is proudest of all of its connections with Rome.

M. E. WILLIAMS

LA CONTADINA IN INGHILTERRA[1]

How I have prayed Madonna della Strada
To show to me the way I will forget,
But still the scenes and sounds of my contrada
The songs, the cries, are calling to me yet.

I see the sky that frames my own castello,
The wall below that guards it on the hill,
The gateway and its beggar—poverello !
Each day and night some memory finds me still.

I see them setting sticks down in the vineyards,
The women at the well-side waiting me !
Ma bella primavera in the orchards !
O Dio il bel tempo che fuggì !

The fountain splashing rainbows in the sunshine,
The moonlight making silver all the street,
The path that climbs and hides amid the olives,
Its rocks would all be roses to my feet !

To wear a coloured scarf of my pœse,
To help them yoke the oxen for the plain,
To hear once more the convent bell at Ave,
To listen to some laughing song again.

Sometimes I'd give my fortune, mamma mia !
If come il vento I could fly away,
To where they work together in piazza
And sing the sun upon his golden way.

[1] These poor verses are an attempt to render, in the broken half-English half-Italian idiom of the immigrant, something of their yearning for their *bel paese*. There are many lonely Italian wives to-day in almost all our large cities in surprising numbers. Recently a letter appeared in THE VENERABILE (June 1948, Vol. XIII, p. 273), urging the establishment of branches of the Anglo-Italian Club wherever possible.

POETRY AND PILGRIMAGE

When Belloc wrote his *Path to Rome*, Rome was still far away. His book had something of the salt of adventure. But the Jubilee of 1950 and the Great Return have brought Rome to every parish in the land ; for comparison we look to the days of medieval pilgrimage and see there a strand of our history uniting Bede to Belloc and the airlines of the B.E.A. It is the sad truth, however, that at one time the medieval stream dried up to a trickle ; the old English Hospice for pilgrims was put to a sterner purpose. But with the Reformation England did not cease coming to Rome. It is truer to say that now two Englands came to Rome, old and new. The old tradition of pilgrimage was kept alive by the refugees seeking asylum in Rome and a training for the work of re-conversion. The new England flowed alongside, the stream made of poets rather than pilgrims ; it has its shrines and emblems in that curious Rome of the Keats-Shelley memorial, the Protestant Cemetery and the strident accents of superior old landladies. This double flow is a fine symbol of our modern history, and it is interesting that each stream has its source in Rome. Rome, the tangled, untidy city of two millennia, cradle and grave of unnumbered isms and ologies, city of the priest, politician and poet, the dazzling panorama of art, the intersection of time and eternity, State and Church, this multiple city has a shrine for every dream and opinion. A man must choose his Rome, and his choice lights up his deepest prejudices and predilections. Rome will define him, classify him, and judge him. She will soon have his definition of important things, life and death, penance and enjoyment, of human perfectibility and of wine. That is the power of this wise old city. From the most reserved and phlegmatic Englishman it can extract opinions usually unformulated ; even his definition of England, a corollary of his definition of Rome.

There are many Romes lining the Tiber, and each has its monuments and adherents : the Rome of Caesar, of the Risorgimento, of the Fascist, of Bicycle Thieves. The small piazza of the Capitol keeps the memories of many different Romans, Mark Antony, Arnold of Brescia, Rienzi, Victor Emmanuel, and the priests of Ara Coeli. Sympathies and antipathies must stir in a man as he stands there by the Church, the Forum, and the Monument. It was there that Gibbon resolved to write of the decline and fall of the Rome he espoused and revered, that of the Forum, over which, in his words, barbarism and religion had triumphed. Rome evoked from that Englishman a judgement on life and history in many volumes. Rome was the natural, the inevitable spur to this English work, so close are the affinities uniting England to her. Without Rome England might have died of insularity. Had she repelled Caesar and Augustine England might have stayed behind her cliffs and currents, a world apart, dim with legend. The impulse from Rome gave birth in her hills to a rich Catholic civilization, which did not annihilate but enlarged and baptized its indigenous Northern character. England and Rome worked hand in hand. Canon Law governed the Church. In the civil courts the customary law of England was paramount. Our art and architecture, our thinkers and craftsmen received the blend of two influences, indigenous and derivative, English and Roman. The cathedrals and the two universities, still the finest flowers of our civilization, were creations of an Anglo-Roman alliance.

The English pilgrim of 1950 or of any year is at once the child and symbol of that alliance. For him there is only one Rome, one significant and ageless Rome, as there is only one Church. In this Rome he is no stranger ; for it is the hearth of his civilization. The panorama from the Capitol will interest but not bewilder him. Everything falls into place around the church of Ara Coeli, the only living monument in that assortment of the centuries. His grip of what is the essential Rome adds to his enjoyment of the minor differences dividing South and North. For though Catholic and Roman many things in this Southern city will seem odd to him, un-English. He appreciates the links binding Paris, Vienna and Madrid to Rome ; affinities of climate and contour, familiarity with mountains, strong heat and wine ; the Hapsburg shadow over their history. They have the pavement café, the continental Sunday, shuttered windows, oil painting and grand opera. They have in common

a dismal failure to master the lore of the tea-pot. The English pilgrim shares neither their failures nor their successes. First of all he comes from a land famed for a climate almost humorous in its unpredictability of mood. His England is a country of changing colours and undefined horizons. Nothing is ever hard or fixed or glaring. Intense heat lasts for a matter of days ; drought is purely relative. A golden morning may wash a garden party and the parish into the sink of insolvency before tea.

If physical laws were everything this difference would have made us strangers to Rome. Such a climate might have reared a morose and rainy people for ever chanting long and mournful sagas of dour, skull-cleaving warriors who retired to Valhalla for a drear and unsmiling eternity. English plays might have been monuments of gloom, Ibsen-like dramas of men without laughter or redemption—the sort of play that, at times, makes the Third Programme a challenge to the wish to live. Instead we have Shakespeare, master of every mood and climate, as English as Bottom, as Roman as Brutus, and at home in Cheapside, in the Forum or on the Rialto. A true artist, he knows the ideal setting for the mood to be played. For the sickness of the soul that makes life pale and pointless he turns North to the blear, sunless towers of Elsinore. For the cruel world of unjust gods and foolish men he roams over the wild untenanted heaths of pagan Britain and there lets the storm of vast and inexplicable suffering blow itself out. For lighter themes he crosses the Alps to Italy, Athens and Illyria for some of his most chiming pieces. Bottom is a Greek, yet with the accents and breathings of Stratford. Sir Toby Belch carouses on English ale along that classic coast where the suave rule of Duke Orsino has been replaced by Marshal Tito's harsh régime. But in the fields and taverns of England Shakespeare finds a stage for every theme, for the vernal fantasy of Arden, the burlesque of Falstaff, and the martial tones of the histories. Staid English names, thick with consonants, and the easier operatic names of Italy tumble from his pen and mix most amiably. He was of the old tradition, English and Roman, and a genius who flowered when the two influences had achieved a mature blend. Ironically enough, when he was writing, a new ideology deifying the insular, enclosed state was already wedging the two influences apart. But Shakespeare was never insular ; he was deeply aware of the sources of English civilization. For him the demi-paradise was

a native English soil irrigated by the abounding streams of the South.

As Catholics and citizens of Shakespeare's demi-paradise we too are heirs of that Anglo-Roman legacy. Like him we should, no matter how urban our imaginations, have an eye for the real character of England, for that native element in our civilization so peculiarly our own. No man has understood England as has Shakespeare. None has released its melodies with such felicity. For him it was not, as with later poets, a sepia Italy, a poor print of Mediterranean glory, its sky a blur, its trees a degenerate version of vine and olive. He knew its capricious personality ; he saw its virtue in the surprises and deceptions of its climate, in its quality of change and temperateness. He saw June not August as its prime.

And June is still a glorious month in England, despite the scars of industry. It is then that our fields, meadows and woodland mature imperceptibly. As if controlled by some unerring instinct these separate effects seem to shed simultaneously their individuality and blend to perfection, so that we no longer look wonderingly on the rival excellencies of creation but regard with contentment the configuration of them all. One does not see anything quite the same in the South ; no such coalition of line and light, colour and contour, land and water. This is a Northern thing. Moderation is, surely, the mode of English beauty, its perfection realized in blend, not in fullness. The early spring sees its motion begin. At first when the year is young and adolescent it presents an imperfect beauty. We notice the blemishes, the ungainly proportions that attach to growth, the sparseness of spring corn, a lanky foal too long in the limbs, the incompleteness of early foliage. In June comes the transformation. At some unrecorded instant these different creations blend mysteriously to a new and transcending harmony which satisfies the eyes of common men and teases philosophers who behold the inadequacy of their categories in this annual transformation. This is the meridian of renascent England, a thing more lovely and more temperate than high summer.

Shakespeare is the poet of the English landscape in its prime. In August for beauty we must travel South. There perfection resides in fullness, and its archetype is the sun, the indefeasible Southern sun who will not be deposed. Colours are strong, temperatures high, weather predictable. Hence the bright stucco houses, roof gardens, the outdoor café. We cannot

for an instant match their superlative purples and golds, the blue of their lakes, the glint of their cities, the grand, severe sweep of their sky. It is silly to compare August with August. There is a difference of age. When June dies in England the grace of temperate beauty passes. Trees before so gently draped become dowdy, overdressed matrons. Greenness loses verve and variety; nature ages suddenly and goes into a deck-chair to relax. This is the time for newspapers to rant about drought or floods. There may be much to please the eye in July and August, but the sweetness of June, its blend and animation have thickened into middle age and over-fullness.

Not the least of Shakespeare's gifts is his feel for natural beauty in its individual setting; and not the least mark of his comprehensiveness to take North and South, Gothic and Classic into his vision without confining himself to either persuasion. He is aware that since petrine Rome spread its message over the swamps of Europe these lesser differences of Gothic, Roman, classic, romantic have been largely submerged by Baptism. This detachment from adjectival conflicts is part of Shakespeare's Catholicism, as well as, though less easily perceived, his true appreciation of England and its character. When the break from Rome was complete English thought and literature were warped by insularity and narrowed by heresy and partisan affiliations. The character of England was transformed, and the comprehensiveness of Englishmen was curtailed. They still went to Rome, and still went to learn. But how differently! Their Rome was different; so was their England.

One of the most interesting of the new post-Reformation men was the genius who trod on Shakespeare's heels. He visited Rome some twenty years after Shakespeare's death, and inscribed his name in the guest-book of the English College—Iohannes Milton, Anglus. The nearness in time in contrast to the difference in achievement that distinguishes these two giants invites analysis; they floodlight the dark places of the Reformation and sharpen the point of the phrase—the break with Rome. With what Rome? Here is Milton dining at the English College. Outside he defends his Puritanism. Clearly his Rome was not the pilgrim Rome, but some transient city of Italy. He has not come for the bread and wine of civilization, but to bask in the afterglow of the Renaissance. His work pictures the change. Even an untrained reader is aware of a strangeness in Milton. He feels he is walking on different ground, breathing a rarefied,

less bracing, less English air. The real England is missing. Details of words, names, images he recognizes, but the totality is different. It is like visiting a new, distant continent colonized by the old.

This sense of estrangement is not diminished by the argument that his theme, ranging through vast, infernal regions, requires a more than earthly setting. It is there in his smaller pieces, in the epic it is writ large. Shakespeare, the carols, Chaucer are worlds away. This lack of feeling for the English countryside, for its temperate and fleeting beauty is striking in a pastoral poet of genius. He can describe well. Some of his Tuscan scenes are commonplaces of literature. But not for a moment does he capture the animation and verve of an English setting. His pictures are static and unsubtle ; too general for England. Moreover nature seems to mean less to him than to Shakespeare, in fact to have no meaning beyond pageantry. With Shakespeare nature is enmeshed with life, it has point and purpose, enlarging and deepening experience like a parable. It leads somewhere, beyond itself, upward. It is not mere surface, but surface and symbol. It leads to God.

Perhaps this want of symbolism comes nearer to the heart of Milton and his break with the past. The Catholic vision of things is so thoroughly sacramental that another view must seem strange and empty. The commonest things have for the Catholic a nobility unknown to outsiders, since Grace is distilled through the humblest fibres of creation, bread and wine, oil and water. Their ordinary symbolism as created things is overlaid with the richer symbolism of Redemption. Nature, so good in itself, is additionally good when a symbol of the prodigality and nearness of Grace. Shakespeare is full both of the goodness of nature in itself, and of its symbolism. Life is a garden, and weeds like sin grow rank in it. He sees evil as parasitic on good ; sin is a blister on the fair forehead of an innocent love. It is a probed wound, a vicious mole of nature able to corrupt virtues be they pure as gold. But above all there is Grace, a mercy that is not strained. It has the rain for its symbol. Here is an English image, a Catholic idea, all in a Venetian setting. This is the bread and wine of Catholicism, of Roman England.

We miss this symbolism in Milton. His world does not lend itself to representation by nature for it is a world where sin is dominant and mercy unknown. Sin is not the weed but the

plant. Even in his epic of fall and Redemption Milton invests Satan with a prepotency that the narration of his defeat is powerless to quell.

A preponderant Satan and a sin-ridden theology cannot find a mirror in nature. So nature must dim. Detached from life it loses point and particularity and becomes a formal and often ponderous thing. Shakespeare's work kindles with lyrics that evoke the light and limber beauty of England. Some lines start from the page with the unexpectedness of the daffodil that comes before the swallow dares, or they erupt into unforced song with the twitterings and hey nonninos of an English spring. We miss this in Milton and in his posterity, and have not yet recovered it. It belongs, perhaps, to a world where nature, man and God are integrated; where, if sin abounds, Grace more abounds. We received the secret of this world from Rome, and lost it when we returned to insularity. True our new men went to Rome, but to the passing Rome of human device, the Rome of the Forum, the Renaissance or the Risorgimento. The pilgrim is the symbol of the old way. His Rome resides in the Basilicas and in the solitary magisterial voice of the Pope. The poet and the pilgrim embody the two streams of our English life and history. After the Reformation English life bifurcated. Milton marks most clearly the bifurcation in its literature.

The old tradition continues alongside the new, and has its characteristic distinguishing marks ; a consistent vision of fundamental things, of God and man, human capacity and dependence, and of that mysterious interlocking of the contingent and the eternal at all the joints and stresses of existence. It has a strong but not an oppressive moral sense, a sympathy with the follies and foibles of men, humour and humility. We see the old idea in Johnson, a tornado of a man, with all the prejudices of a partisan—for the old idea is now at bay—yet with the sound sense of a discerning observer of human virtues and vagaries. Burke is a thinker pervaded by the sacramental view of life. He sees a harmony in the processes of creation, the decay, fall and renovation of nature a mirror of history, of men and societies. In Newman we see the theologian and Christian educator at work re-stating the old idea for a generation either ignorant or contemptuous of it. Among contemporaries outside the Church Mr Eliot is distinguished by his attempt to make the Christian message articulate in modern idioms. This is the old tradition, Catholic in origin,

and we can recognize it by its great sanity, its comprehension of the whole range of human experience, its steady vision of death and its charity.

In contrast the new idea is narrow in range, unsatisfying alike to reason and emotion. In Hume we have a strong, misguided intellect at sea in an uncharted world. The light has been turned off. With it have gone all the colour and attraction of life. His comment is sceptical and deflationary with the polish and pointlessness of the cynic. With the Utilitarians, Bentham and the Mills, life is reduced to a diagram ; man is a zero, a unit as pale and bloodless as a shadow. Every man is to count for one and no man for more than one ; this is the text of the new creed for the new world of the infallible calculus. With Mill this stark notion becomes pathetic as his honest mind sees how little it squares with life, with the variety and inequalities of mankind. Socrates dissatisfied, he declares, is better than a fool satisfied. This is the new idea in travail. Death for it is grim and inexplicable, humour cannot break in, and Bentham decides that quantity of pleasure being equal, pushpin is as good as poetry. Our century has seen disillusion overtake this philosophy and even Mr Wells despaired of the improvement of Homo Sapiens. But it is still with us, now more extreme. It is marked by a fantastic hope or a black despair, by a deified or degraded view of man ; and sometimes by an insufferable pride, a sort of hubris which is strident in Shaw. We cannot, of course, blame Milton for this draining of life. But perhaps we are not entirely wrong in seeing a family likeness between the Puritan putting a vast chasm between man and God and the posterity that finally lost both in its closed and lifeless planet.

Rome and the break from Rome provide a key. The City which is the shrine of truth is surrounded by the tombs and trophies of a hundred false faiths and fantasies. To be seduced by a Rome of fashion, by a glittering temporal city is human. It is also to miss the Eternal City. Milton is the symbol of England turning away from faith to fashion. Starved of the bread and wine of Rome she fed on its cakes, sweetened to excess, the delicacies of the Renaissance. But Rome was still rich, and still the Alma Mater of civilization. So English scholars delved in the Forum, copied baroque forms, or sang hymns to Garibaldi ; and they believed themselves Roman. It was easy for Rome to classify them ; romantic but not Roman, poets,

perhaps, but not pilgrims. An odd England was the result, the England of Milton and his epic in which gay Italianate forms house the stark legend of Calvin. It was a new, non-Roman England.

Rome remains the City to which a man must bring discernment. An affecting profusion of monuments sprawls promiscuously over its patient hills, triumphs of wisdom and folly stand juxtaposed so that it is easy to fall for brilliant aberrations mistaking them for the true good. Young men are given to extremes, and easily go all baroque or all Gothic in taste, start pronouncing Latin as though munching some strange jellied confection, affect alarming flourishes or a stony impassiveness in ceremonial, all as part of the one true good. This exorbitance in little things is a necessary stage on the road to discrimination ; it should not be a destination. Rome will be a great teacher to the man who drops the illusion of personal infallibility. There among the finest monuments of men of genius stand examples of excess, tawdriness, idle intricacy and misplaced flamboyancy. All this is instructive. Above all Rome should implant a sense of history. From the Janiculum the crowded panorama disposes a man to contemplate the complexity and disorder of ages of effort. It should at least cure a man of idle generalization and the belief that a tidy pattern can be imposed on the labyrinth of centuries. Most of all, Rome can teach men to see the Church as the only custodian of truth, as the one universal thing and as the great educator. All this Milton and his England miss. All this belongs in substance to the humblest pilgrim who knelt at the shrines in 1950.

And so as a child of the Roman diaspora, the English Catholic visits Rome without strangeness and leaves it without a sense of exile. As he stands on Pincio on his last evening, fingering his last lire and entranced by the faultless rubrics of sunset he looks with eyes accustomed to softer shades at the quick descent of daylight. He may watch the sun next descend against a darkening English skyline. We may allow him a wisp of nostalgia at this ritual moment and an emotion of gratitude as he reflects on the fortune of his land which first broke through the mists of insularity when it received the secret of dawn and sunset, of death and life from the golden and garish City of the South.

HUGH LAVERY

SOME VIEWS AND MEMORIES OF THE EXILE

With the approach of summer in 1946 I took a number of half plate photographs. These were of Croft Lodge, taken on the Whit-Monday gita of farewell to Ambleside, and of St Mary's Hall, taken whenever the sun was shining. Those who took part in the Exile, while recognizing many of what must be to them familiar details, may not realize how precious these will seem to future generations at the English College. Hence, at the request of the Editor, I venture briefly to touch on the thoughts which these photographs provoke, even should the thoughts—at this proximity of time—seem rather obvious and commonplace.

The first of these photos to appear in THE VENERABILE, in the June number of 1949, was of the Common Room at St Mary's Hall. Apart from contrasting architecturally with the Common Room here, it embodied conscious efforts to repeat individual features, for instance, the cinema screen painted on the wall, and beneath it the open fireplace around which we always gathered after Midnight Mass and Office and the Refectory meal, just as we do now, singing carols and waiting for *Chi Lo Sa* ? to appear. The piano, the tables surrounded by chairs, the home-made ash trays, the notice-board, the framed water-colours of Italian scenes (painted by a student, John Chapman, in company with Dr Giles[1]) are not merely the furnishings of *any* common room, but those consciously chosen by a community determined to remember Rome. Not everything,

[1] Cf. THE VENERABILE, May 1945, Vol. XII, p. 148.

THE FRONT AND GARDEN, ST MARY'S HALL

of course, could be reproduced. Coffee could be had, but no kind of *liquore* or small glasses. We had to use wine glasses, and for *rosolio* (after some experimenting) we used cordials ; I think we always managed to have a little port for Christmas Day and St Thomas's.

The May number of 1950 reproduced the photo of Croft Lodge, at Ambleside. It will be remembered that the summer we arrived there was glorious, and that under the copper and green beech (background to right on the photo) one could sit out and study. Crossing the lawn, to the right, and continuing along a bridge spanning the road below, one came to a long garden containing tennis courts and a large boat-house, all along the edge of the Brathay River, not far from where it poured quietly into Lake Windermere. From this centre there set out frequent gitas of discovery, up the fells and among the lakes. I myself made a number of journeys to Chester (H.Q. of the Western Command) and Stonyhurst, on the urgent business of acquiring a more permanent home for the College[1] —for what turned out to be six years !

THE VENERABILE of November 1950 reproduced the Chapel of St Mary's Hall, and also the Refectory. The Chapel is too big a subject to write about briefly, but in general we were only too keen and glad to carry out, as far as was at all possible, Bishop Marshall's desire that we should continue the ceremonies, prayers and customs as if we were still in Rome. An earlier photo taken on 16th October 1940, and printed in the May number of 1941, of the Mass *In Instauratione Novi Anni* shows a function which in Rome was naturally attended by the whole Gregorian University in the church of Sant'Ignazio. A comparison between the two photos will reveal the urge to get back to the traditional choir disposition of the benches, which was accomplished in 1942 and was the combined result of the direction of Monsignor Smith and the skilled hands of Dick Holden, our carpenter and handy-man. The gold, silk tabernacle veil was made by Monsignor Smith's sister, and he himself gave the effective medallion shaped Stations. The carpet covering the Sanctuary was lent from Westminster Cathedral —at Miss Hinsley's request. But the 1940 photo brings back most vividly our earliest ceremonies and the first Benediction, at which we sang *T'adoriam'* after the *Dio sia benedetto.*

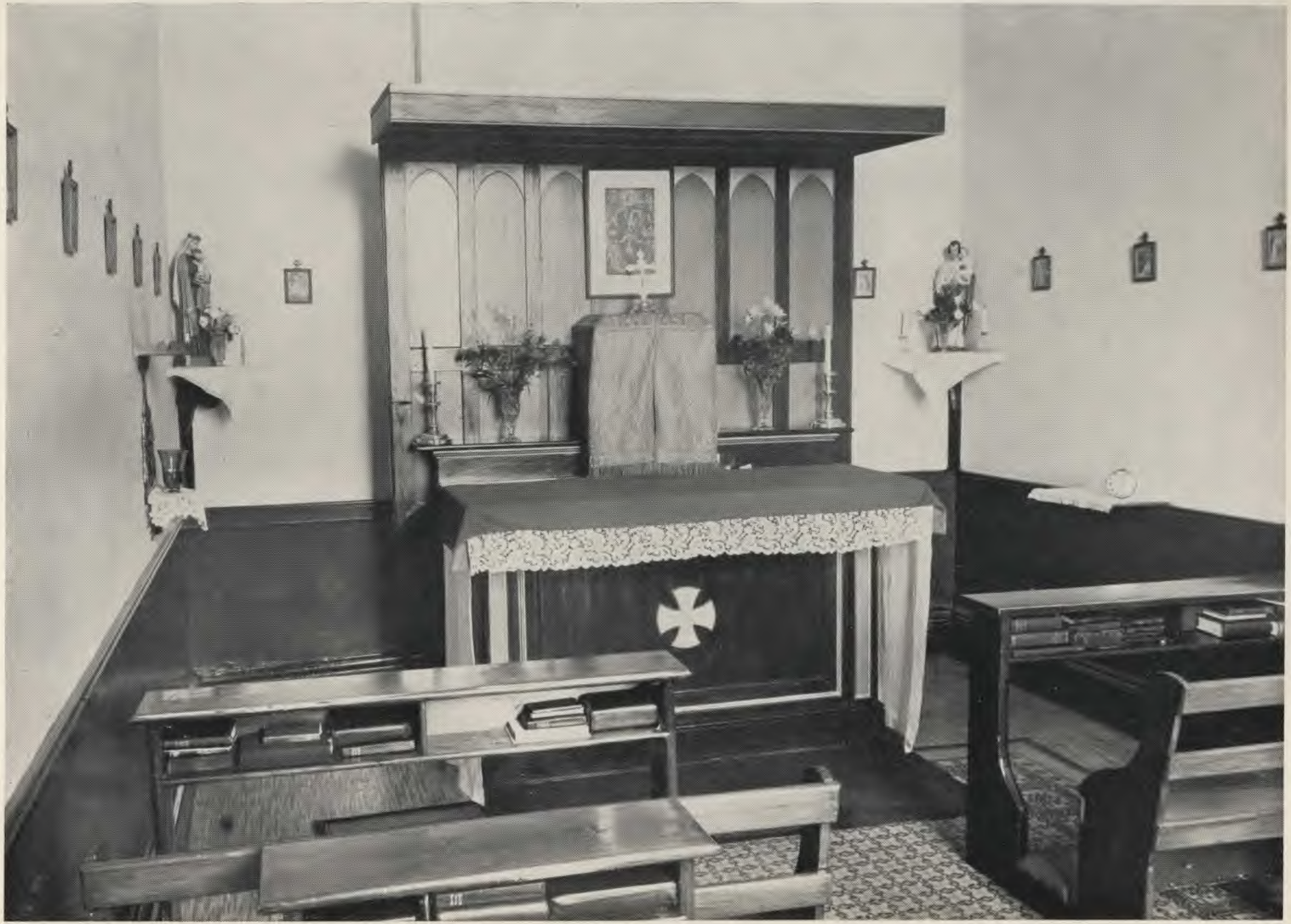
[1] Cf. THE VENERABILE, May 1942, Vol. X, p. 209.

The second photo is of the Refectory. Here there were bound to be many differences from Rome. The white-jacketed *camerieri* gave way to white-aproned clerics, oven-bottom loaves replaced Italian bread, water replaced wine (though at Sunday's dinner there was MacEwan's dark ale), the food was English war time fare, but well cooked once the Sisters came. Turning to the Refectory itself, the Crucifix came from Leeds Seminary, the pictures, tables and chairs from Upholland College. The Reader's desk was adapted from the Jesuit furniture left over from the old 'Seminary' days, and from it there began to come, as soon as we had a non-Roman Second Year, surprises impossible (I hope) in Rome : I well remember the tragic day (the book was one of Pastor's volumes) when the Reader came out with 'Tras-te-vè-re' ! Another difference from Rome lay in the number of Superiors and Professors—not infrequently seven or eight.

This present number of THE VENERABILE contains two photos, that of the College Front, and that of the Nuns' Chapel. The latter occupied the room on the right (as one faces it) of the Main Entrance. The coloured reproduction of the Martyrs' Picture above the altar was lent by Dr T. Marsh ; it helped the visit before and after walks to enjoy to some extent at any rate, the illusion of being in the Rome Chapel. This custom died out, partly because of the narrowness of the Chapel door, and partly because it seemed sacrilege to be bringing the mud on our boots into the beautifully kept chapel of the Sisters of St Joseph of Peace !

Immediately before the College Front ran a broad strip of soil which, in summer and autumn, was alive with colour ; those who arrived in September 1940 will always remember the welcome from the cheerful rich flow of the asters. Nearer to the camera extends the vegetable and fruit garden which, in addition to its valuable yield, added continual interest to a life that would have seemed otherwise very much bleaker after Rome. Apples, pears, gooseberries and currants, when not nipped by frost, regularly made their appearance. By force of hard but rewarding work, came up in due season, potatoes, cabbage, lettuce, green peas, carrots, leeks, beetroot, etc. All our liturgical Processions, such as at Corpus Christi, in Holy Week, and at the Rogations, passed through the garden and thus acquired a touch not to be had in Rome.

It can well be understood that the many activities unknown



THE NUNS' CHAPEL, ST MARY'S HALL

in Rome gave rise to new offices among the students, such as those of Gardeners (the head one being called 'the gaffer'), Servers (in the Refectory), Coalmen (to haul up the weekly ration in the winter), Laundrymen (to control the hampers going to and from the Rosehill laundry and to lay out the fresh linen), Blackout Men (an unpleasant necessity in war time), and House cleaners (for the students not only cleaned their own rooms, but also took turns at brushing the public corridors, halls, etc.). With all these activities coming on top of studies, it will be appreciated what a great boon was the coming of the Sisters. It freed us from the constant fear of those breakdowns on the domestic staff which inevitably led to conscripted labour for dishwashing and potato peeling. In a way, only those who were at Croft Lodge, and at St Mary's Hall in the first three months, can fully appreciate the deep relief brought by security from this fear. So the Nuns' Chapel, and their Sacristy (on the corresponding left side of the Main Entrance), symbolized the cheering influence, both spiritual and temporal, which came to us all from the presence of a Religious Community in our midst, sharing with us, especially in the first years, the hardships of exile.

In conclusion, I wish to say that much of the above has been written not only as a record of facts, but also to bear witness to the spirit and preoccupations of all during the period of exile, and more especially to the spirit of the generation which having formerly known Rome, more fully understood, and was therefore more keen to preserve, customs and arrangements which could only have been devised by a College rooted in Rome.

JOHN MACMILLAN

ROMANESQUE

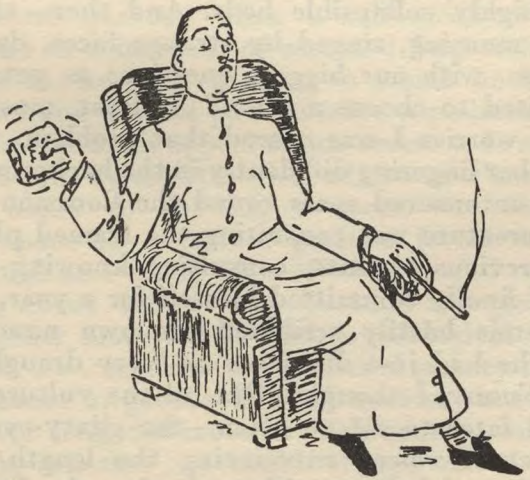
49.—ROOMS

No one accuses Romans of reticence ; the whole of a diocese may have to endure our memories of high-jinks at the Greg., of gitas to villages unnamed on the map, of functions we gate-crashed at St Peter's and of glorious binges at Tor di Specch'. But when we knock the dottles from our pipes and lever ourselves from our arm-chairs, an unasked question wrinkles the brows of the company : 'Had these people no home of their own ? No well-established base for these numberless excursions ? Did they never sit down quietly and get on with their work ? And if so . . . when, and how, and where ?'

Now, when we deduct lecture-hours and walks from our total waking day, we sometimes begin to feel dubious ourselves. But even after the statistician has further dismayed us by adding up the time spent in Chapel, Common Room and Refectory, we find to our astonishment that more hours than we imagined were spent in spiritual wrestling in the privacy of our rooms. Do we remember those hours with any affection, or were they unrelievedly grim ? A lot depends on the harmony between ourselves and our appartments.

This is a topic which baffles the outsider. Even the well read Catholic layman has few facts on which to feed his imagination, and his mental pictures follow the hints given by oleographs of St Gerard and eighteenth century Gothic romances—he hears cassocks flapping dismally upon emaciated youths as they slide springlessly into whitewashed cells ; he sees these same sombre figures with 'lank lean cheeks' and feverish eyes contemplating skulls. A glance at the photograph of the College Staircase in Gasquet's 'History' will confirm his gloomiest suspicions. He can hardly ask his parish priest what he was

really doing when supposed to be studying theology, and the clergy themselves, as far as we can judge, regard the domestic arrangements of a seminary as unmentionable. So the basic facts of a church-student's life remain a tantalizing mystery. Many of us have vivid memories of our own efforts to arrive at the truth. From tender years we had known priests from the Venerabile, and had heard much about the Seven Churches, Gilbert and Sullivan, bay leaves at the Villa and a peculiar local variation on golf. 'But what', we inwardly screamed, 'about living conditions?' We hoped that church-students were allowed to sleep and presumed they were expected to work. Did they, then, recline on barely-covered planks with some twenty books 'at the beddes heed' or did they, like Cardinal Newman, stand at a writing desk and work through the night? Your new arrival at the Venerabile is a docile young man and until his first Public Meeting would endure even that. Maybe —and hope flickered—our rooms would be Oxbridgean in tone and we should rapidly develop a mellow mood in which we philosophized from arm-chairs with elegant waves of a piece of toast. Personally I had a doubt . . . I had taken note of a sterner régime, admittedly among the furthest Hebrides: 'their way of study is very singular. They shut their Doors and



'... philosophised from arm chairs with elegant waves of a piece of toast ...'

Windows for a Day's time and lie their on backs with a Stone upon their Belly, and Plads about their Heads, and their Eyes being covered they pump their brains for Rhetorical Encomium or Panegyrick ; and indeed they furnish such a Stile from this Dark Cell as is understood by very few.' But —the facts ? the facts ? the facts ? Those who knew refused to speak, and so the facts were hidden from all but the few who enjoyed progressive revelation in their Junior Sems.

We first got a hint of a solution in those hectic minutes between being whisked from the Station to the Monserra' and whisked away again to St Peter's. Not an adequate solution, or an altogether fair one, mind you. For our quick wash and change to ecclesiastical garb we were thrust into the room of some absent theologian and saw lines of books shrouded in newspapers ; the tiled floor looked cold and clammy and helped the general impression of a morgue. The wall opening inwards and masquerading as a window, however, threw a steady light on the white bed and softened the suggestion to that of a sanatorium. A timid glance under the newspapers revealed that the books were bound in black, and that none of them were in English. Depressed by the consciousness of our ignorance we set out for the Villa.

Here we found a warmer and cosier world, if somewhat more cramped ; a world of dark brown wardrobes, dark brown tables and highly collapsible beds. And then—the mockery ! On our first morning, ringed by strange faces, dazed by their private jargon, with our biggest questions as yet unanswered, we were invited to choose a room ! At least, most of us were. After all my worries I was spared that problem.

I remember lingering diffidently in the background watching the heaving untonsured mass round the Common Room table. One frantic creature was consulting the framed plan of rooms, consulting previous tenants, consulting knowing friends. And when he had finally committed himself for a year, one of those knowing friends hastily scribbled his own name next to a room which he had just dismissed as 'very draughty and desk all wonky'. Funny, I thought. But all the vultures were there whom I was later to see so often—the glinty-eyed specimens with the factual voices announcing the length of table-legs and the number of drawers without knobs ; the Job's comforter who waited until you had made the best of a limited choice and then told you about the crack across the desk ; the weaker

... while keeping his thumb over the room he wanted himself ...

hopeful who made a show of nonchalant chit-chat whilst keeping his thumb over the room he wanted himself—and the real social menace, the patient 'offer-you-all-up' man who had moved to better quarters when a subdeacon cracked under the strain, who in a moment of assumed forgetfulness had put himself down as 'keeping' a room to which he had no claim and who now hung around pathetically, explaining his mistake and rolling his eyes in an appeal to our decency. It never worked. But all could join in disinterested advice to First Year. They brought it home to us that a room was not simply so much cubic space in a certain position (some rooms in fact gave us a rough and ready idea of what Euclid was getting at when talking about things with position but no magnitude). There were other more subtle and psychological factors to be reckoned with . . . whether we preferred rickety furniture and a sleepy neighbour or good, solid stuff next to a bassoon, whether we could cover long distances at high speed whilst buttoning up a cassock, whether we could always see the joke when people peered in through our fanlight. We were asked to choose between dubious pigs without even being allowed to set eyes on the pokes.

It was then that an inoffensive chess-player raised his eyes from the board over which he was meditating blandly, chin cupped in hands. 'Your turn soon ?' he inquired.

'No. I'm last on the list.' But I felt thankful he had broken the ice.

'Horsebox' he said authoritatively, and moved a pawn.

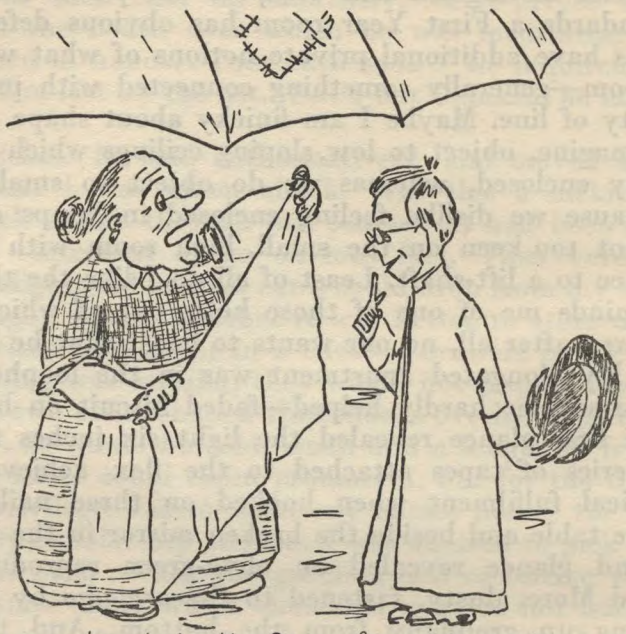
I admit I was taken aback. Was this a nickname that would stick to me through my course ? It had been offered as the plain statement of an obvious fact. Then veteran after veteran enlightened me. All cares could drop from my shoulders. Others might debate whether it was better to store underwear in a hingeless *armadio* or in a chest-of-drawers in the corridor, but one thing was certain ; they would not dispute my claim to one of the two coffin shaped Horseboxes overlooking the distant Cappellar'. It would be cold, small and a long way from Medi. If anyone left I could claim promotion, but for the time being my sole privilege was to make my choice before the holder of the Stanley Scholarship arrived. I was advised to pick the room nearest the bath ; when the gurgling and recitative was ended I would know there was a chance of a quick hot bath—if the water was still coming through. I picked it. Later I understood the remoteness of that supposition.

Back in Rome we were agog to see our new homes. I was told I would find my own Little Ease 'up a couple of floors, turn right when you see a window, right again at the next corridor, then left, then straight on'. I arrived, with trunks, in what was then the Billiard Room. 'Friend', said a kind infirmarian, 'go higher'. With less lively step I retreated to the clock, made the pertinent inquiries that would abbreviate this game of snakes and ladders, and completed my first mountain gita. I opened the door . . . so this was it.

And then, somehow, size didn't seem very important. Perhaps we all experienced that at the time. No matter how cordially others had welcomed us, this was the first moment when we felt that we really belonged to the College. We had obtained a foothold, however precarious, in the Eternal City. This was *ours*, this was where we would train our soul in sanctity and our mind in syllogisms. Then we looked round.

Now, Aristotle (bless him !) has his usual apt comments. He suggests that our æsthetic sensibility demands not only orderly arrangement but reasonable size as well ; nothing is really beautiful if the eye comprehends the whole instantaneously

before it can distinguish and compare the parts. Judged by those standards a First Year room has obvious defects. But most of us have additional private notions of what we expect from a room—generally something connected with proportion and dignity of line. Maybe I am finicky about shape. But few of us, I imagine, object to low, sloping ceilings which make us feel snugly enclosed, whereas we do object to small, perfect cubes because we dislike feeling enclosed in lumps of sugar. We are not too keen on the small, high room with a vague resemblance to a lift-shaft. Least of all do I like the thin room which reminds me of one of those holes out of which people shot arrows ; after all, no one wants to boast that he lives in a loophole. My elongated apartment was in the loophole class. The colour-scheme hardly helped—faded biscuit on battleship grey. The first glance revealed the light six inches from the floor (a series of tapes attached to the flex achieved some metaphysical fulfilment when hooked on three nails—above bed, above table and beside the broken mirror in the window). The second glance revealed an olive-green reproduction of Fisher and More, dusty, fastened to the *armadio* by two pins and curling up gradually from the bottom. And the room seemed as mockingly empty as a cracker that contained nothing but the motto. The full complement of furniture was there, all right. A strictly functional bed, a wardrobe, a table and—oh ! luxury—two chairs stood to attention along the walls. This exercise in perspective by an unknown servant carried the eye past the ink splash on the wall—had Luther been here too ? —and out of the window where one could just see a weird world of tiled roofs and flat balconies, an open-air lumber-room, noisy with people arguing, washing, playing gramophones ; the whole backed by a hard, blue sky. I poked my head out and was promptly cheered by two scantily dressed children with big, unwinking eyes. At last I was really at home, an honorary member of the Cappellar'. There were domes and distant roof-gardens to be seen if one so wished. The secret of the room was already out ; it was an extrovert, focused outwardly on Rome itself. When I turned back from the window, the room was warmer and more human ; we understood each other, and we pitied those sheltered seminarians who lived worlds away on the Monserra', a region of mere window-dwellers where life was but a shadow of the full-blooded thing on our side of the house, amid the wide open spaces, the silhouetted skyline of



...haggled on the Campo for a shimmering blue tablecloth...'

the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, and frank comment from the house-tops on school-reports and amorous entanglements.

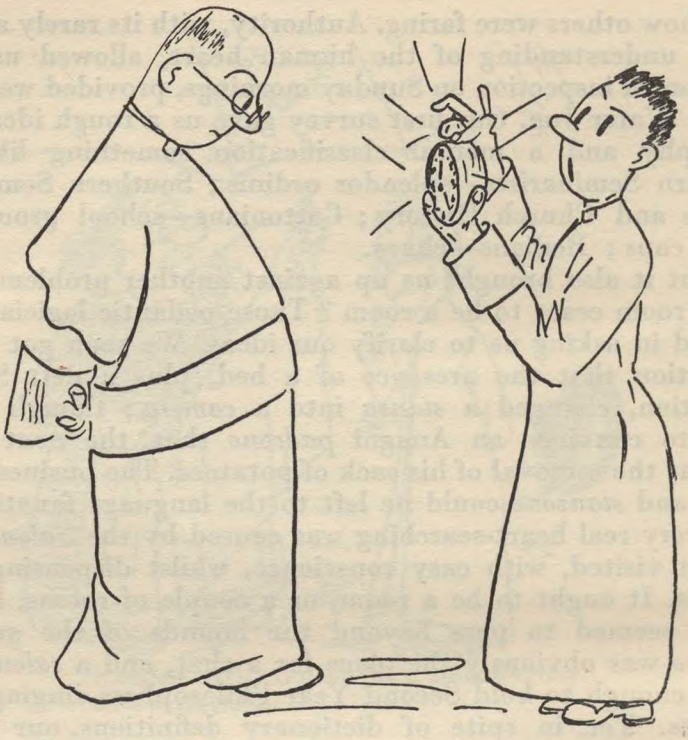
But sturdier members of the community would let no room get the better of them like that. They had made up their minds to impress their personality upon it. This they did by moving the furniture about. Then came the great campaign to add a touch of colour and they haggled on the Campo for a shimmering blue tablecloth. Lastly, funds permitting, came the reading-lamp. And there, oddly enough, the battle ceased except for the addition of a framed reproduction of the Martyrs' Picture, a photograph of St Peter's, a passe-partout of Fabiola and a technicolor sunset over Castel Sant' Angelo. The mural decoration might go on for years but the rooms began to look strangely alike. At least the forces we deployed were fairly evenly matched, but the great general, the genuine room-man, could marshal them with genius.

We soon learned to discriminate between rooms. Naturally enough, having achieved moderate comfort at home, we wanted

to see how others were faring. Authority, with its rarely acknowledged understanding of the human heart, allowed us to go on a tour of inspection on Sunday mornings, provided we carried a Holy Water Jug. Our first survey gave us a rough idea of the geography and a mental classification something like this. Northern Seminarists—splendor ordinis ; Southern Seminarists —pipes and Church History ; Cottonians—school groups and rugby caps ; Bedians—chaos.

But it also brought us up against another problem. When does a room cease to be a room ? Those pedantic logicians were justified in asking us to clarify our ideas. We soon got used to the notion that the presence of a bed, plus a deft Scotistic distinction, changed a *stanza* into a *camera* ; though I later failed to convince an Anagni *padrone* that the next logical step was the removal of his sack of potatoes. The business about *stanza* and *stanzone* could be left to the language fanatics. But some very real heart-searching was caused by the *Salone* which we first visited, with easy conscience, whilst dispensing sacramentals. It ought to be a room, or a couple of rooms, but was it ? It seemed to pass beyond the bounds of the genus. A *salottino* was obviously the place for a chat, and a *salotto* could be big enough to hold Second Year Philosophers singing Opera choruses. Yet, in spite of dictionary definitions, our Roman *Salone* had emotional overtones which made it unique. Itself foreign and changeless, it offered repose to no one else ; it bore no relationship to the Smugglers' Cave at the Villa which was ingeniously inserted between two storeys. Few of us aspired to the O.N.D. or beyond, and nothing tempted us to tarry awhile ; even the North-West Passage was to be, by comparison, homely. Heraclitus himself would approve the fluidity of our presence. Admittedly there were rumours about bishops sipping apéritifs and merrily quaffing Ovaltine, but to us it remained a glorified corridor through which we scuttled to apologize for eccentric alarm clocks or to suggest desperately that maybe the examiner had lost our last sheet.

This invitation to linger, this 'putting-of-a-person-at-ease', was an infallible criterion of a satisfactory room. We looked around and judged our fellow-men, and their living quarters, by the way they affected our nervous systems. There were, I think, three obvious classes—the Stark, the Fussy and the Soothing, and our Sunday morning tours tested our quivering sensibilities.



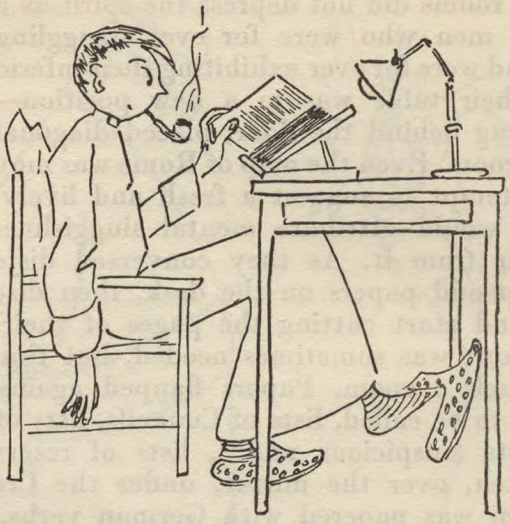
... to apologise for eccentric alarm clocks...'

Some people, even in Top Year, had made an unhappy marriage ; in spite of vast experience they had taken a room on its hearsay reputation and now cursed the match-makers who had praised their ill-favoured bride. They would be found marooned in distant corners, as strange in their own lodgings as a one-night visitor in a third-class hotel ; often enough they would be having a wash, ready to leap into the corridor when a bell gave an excuse. A few, however, of Jansenistic bent, made starkness their deliberate choice and could make an otherwise habitable region look like a pre-Mousterian cave. We even heard of a man who came back early to Rome not to filch his neighbour's chattels but to thrust out unnecessary comforts. He encamped in the middle of his airy Bastille while a bust of the Curé d'Ars stood on guard above the door, ever-watchful lest the world should intrude. A more thorough Manichee had packed all his books in his trunk and put that under his bed. Such men were meant to live on pillars.

Yet such rooms did not depress the spirit as much as those of the Fussy men who were for ever struggling to dominate their rooms and were for ever exhibiting their inferiority complex. Each week their table was in a new position—over by the window, lurking behind the door, placed diagonally across the middle of the room. Even the map of Rome was moved to another wall in an attempt to suggest a fresh and lively imagination. Not that we would attribute mental sluggishness to the inhabitants. Far from it. As they conversed disjointedly they would tidy up odd papers on the desk, then discover a rusty razor blade and start cutting the pages of their Canon Law. Perhaps the hint was sometimes needed, but time was always pressing in such a room. Papers flapped against the wall—lists of people to be called, lists of Councils, lists of useful texts, *Biancheria* lists (suspicious mind), lists of reserved sins ; by the light switch, over the mirror, under the Crucifix, at the bed. One room was papered with German verbs. And as you departed they waved a fluttering farewell; and you departed with a less springy step because you had seen a man frantically active and remembered your own unkept diaries, postponed letters and unsoiled *Pars Secunda Secundae*. 'Had we but World enough, and Time.'

There were, of course, rooms which were untidy in a homely sort of way. People just seemed to drop in and leave things —those whose rooms were on the stairs had to be very wary indeed. The props man who appropriated the stuffed cockatoo was clearly ready for any old junk, but even he surrendered and went to live in the library. The professional pumper of footballs could not be expected to keep all things in order but his cheery grin from the *scendiletto* was a more cordial welcome than we ever got from the mender of clocks who was surrounded by whispering, clicking skeletons whilst the whole room held its breath in hush, waiting for something, somewhere, to cough and die.

But there did exist other rooms that we honestly envied, rooms as full of repose and bourgeois virtues as any we beheld in a placid Dutch painting. There were enough books to fill the bookcase ; there was the right depth of American cloth behind the washstand ; the chequered floor did not look too chilly ; the window was not too small for the room. They did not necessarily belong to Top Year—someone felt contented there and might stay for years. It was the serenity that



...gave us the odd feeling that he was wearing old slippers and a smoking cap...'

impressed. The lucky owner gave us the odd feeling that he was wearing old slippers and a smoking cap ; he turned the pages of Vermeersch gravely and unhurriedly like a connoisseur savouring a strange Vesuvian wine. He was as dignified in his deck-chair as at his desk. His Medici prints were arranged on the wall in a tasteful pattern—and were not what we thought the inevitable few. The reading-lamp did not convert the room into a ghastly submarine cavern. Everything was under control. And we tiptoed out, souls at peace, but somewhat ashamed of our towel billowing from the window, the sheets of notes around the floor, the rude efforts at passe-partout that squinted down on us as we sat surrounded by books that seemed to move of themselves from bookcase to desk, and lie open there for days on end, with lurid *santini* marking the place where we gave up the struggle with Bañez. In our hearts we knew that even orderliness was not essential for these soothing rooms. 'Paddy', for instance took his room with him wherever he went and, though nothing you wanted could ever be seen, there was the calm assurance that it would inevitably be found—given time. Our most bewildering problems in Cosmology would be, not answered, but stroked away by quiet unearthly tunes on the

flute, and we mentally floated away from this world of time and stood beside Paddy *in aevo* gazing, maybe, from the Devil's elbow at the sunshine rippling over the Golden Vale.

Most of us were inferior creatures. We were probably not worthy of our rooms. We pushed things about a bit, felt dissatisfied when they looked the same and swore we'd get a better room next year. Yet we were very conservative, and had rooted prejudices against whole suburbs in the College. The Monserra' dweller thought the corridor opposite the Common Room was characterless except for noises-off provided by bodies flopping in the tank ; the rooms above the Common Room were often dismissed because of their higher ceilings and colder floors; no amount of new furniture could lure me into one of the pigeonholes that propped each other up in the North-West passage.

And when we left, which room did we remember ? Possibly our first. Certainly our first, if we were 'born' on the Cappellar'. We should hate to be disloyal to the wandering Monserra' where we spent so many years, but our so-called promotion struck us as a fall in the social scale. We should not like to be psycho-analysed on this point but we seemed to exchange a world of clear metallic blue for one of muzzy ochre ; we left the comparative spaciousness of corridors with rooms on one side for darker galleries where pit ponies would stumble ; we lost our glimpse of people who lived in the stars and came in amongst strangers who shut their *persiane.* Our companions were hospitable, no doubt ; there was a greater tolerance of rain-drenched hats in a world where umbrellas lay about like bloated toadstools. We were no longer rebuked by composed deacons as we raced along the episcopal rifle-range. But in our yearning for material comfort we surrendered spiritual poise. We were one of a vulgar rout in a region of soulless rooms.

Or is that just the perversity of one who has a warped affection for what cold reason says was a monstrous room, but about which memory adds, 'It was there that you learnt how Italians laugh, and why Descartes and Cartesius held such similar views ?'

HUGH A. REYNOLDS.

NOVA ET VETERA

1854 : THE DEFINITION OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

The Definition of the dogma of the Assumption has inevitably given rise, in the Press and elsewhere, to comparisons between this and the two previous Papal Definitions of the last hundred years. We can therefore count ourselves fortunate in having eye-witness accounts of the ceremonies of 1854 and 1870 written by former students of the College, for a comparison of these with the description of our present-day diarist can hardly fail to be of interest.

For the ceremony of 1854 we can call once again on George Johnson, whose inimitable diary has already made many appearances in these pages, and will doubtless make many more. It makes no pretence at being a literary masterpiece and was obviously not composed with reference to the needs of posterity ; like every good diary it is a personal account of daily happenings, written with a disarming frankness and with considerable verve and freshness. Unfortunately, however, such a diary can so often madden the historian with its absorption in the trivial and its consequent neglect of the momentous, and this is often the case here. George, 'our charming egoist and boy eternal', cares but little for great happenings in which he has no personal interest or part to play. Thus it is that we can learn from him scarcely anything about the preliminaries that must have taken place before the Definition. The first inkling of what is in store is given us on the fourth of November when he records the arrival at the College of Cardinal Wiseman and his own bishop, Dr Roskell of Nottingham. Five days later two more bishops, Dr Grant of

Southwark and Dr Briggs of Beverley, are announced, and on the fourteenth we hear of their all going off with the Rector, Dr Cornthwaite, to Porzio and Albano. The vague passing reference on the twenty-second to 'the assembly of bishops' is nothing if not tantalizing, but we can rely on our chronicler for a description of the main event of that day, 'the grand dinner to all the bishops who spoke English, given in the College refectory by the English bishops, chiefly Dr Roskell and the Cardinal. The bishops present were as follows : the Cardinal ; Archbishops of Dublin, Armagh, New York, Halifax, Baltimore, Tuam ; Bishops of Philadelphia, Southwark, Buffalo, Northampton, Clogher, Beverley, Pittsburg, Cloyne, Clonfert,Nottingham, Salamanca, Gera. Other prelates, Monsignor Vescovo di Caristo, Monsignor Segretario di Propaganda, Rectors of Irish and Scotch Colleges ; Dr English, Dr Michale, L'Abbé Mais, Monsignor Talbot, Monsignor Searle, Provost Croskell, etc. Eleven piatte, it lasted three hours. At the conclusion the Cardinal made a most miserable and faltering speech, responded to by several American and Irish bishops. Went to bed after seeing all the bishops off. Got fires in the evening on my asking the Rector as it was wet.'

On 28th November there is a brief entry, 'Novena and Benediction began for the Immaculate Conception'. During the following days our diarist is chiefly occupied with examinations for the Tonsure and Minor Orders. The former he received on the evening of the 7th, and the latter on the evening of the 8th of December, from Cardinal Wiseman in the College. So now for Johnson's account of the great day itself :

'*December 8th Friday*. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. All called up at 4 o'clock. The Cardinal began to give ordinations at $4\frac{3}{4}$. All was over at 7 o'clock. Went out alone immediately after breakfast to St Peter's, as the cams had already gone. Took my station on the steps of the "Scala Regia" whence the procession soon descended from the Sistine Chapel. I shall never forget the glorious sight. First came about 200 of the Noble Guard all in their richest dress. Then religious orders, canons of St Peter's, etc., etc., followed by 150 Archbishops, bishops and abbots, all with white, silver lama copes and mitres, followed again by fifty Cardinals, all in splendid vestments, walking two by two ; last of all came the Pope under a splendid canopy. They sung the litany of the Saints as they descended, and took more than half an hour in doing so ; I then fell in at

the back of the procession between it and the soldiers, and thus we quietly marched to the shrine. A crush now began which had never before been equalled. I, however, pushed right up to the Noble Guard, with the wing of my soprano nearly torn off. The poor fellows could not keep back the crowd, in vain the Swiss Guard tried to help them. The homage to the Pope took a very long time. Before the Creed, the Pope read the bull, I heard him very plainly, for the good old man put heart and soul into it, took the book from the bishop who held it, and made great efforts to make himself heard by the thousands present, he cried nearly the whole time. At the end of Mass, he himself gave out the "Te Deum", and well was it taken up by the thousands present. After this the procession moved off to the Pauline Chapel, where the Pope crowned a statue of 'Our Lady'. Thus ended this glorious and ever to be remembered scene ; some affirmed who had been in Rome thirty years, that St Peter's had never been so full, and certainly never had there been such reason. We had a most splendid dinner on our return, all our bishops dined with us. Went out at night to see the illumination of St Peter's, it was very magnificent, all Rome was also illuminated, even our College. Went to hear the Cardinal at night at the Campidoglio, got back very late and went to bed.'

1870 : THE DEFINITION OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY

Far different to the schoolboy journal of George Johnson is the account of the Vatican Council and the Definition of Papal Infallibility given by William Barry in his autobiography, *Memories and Opinions*. Writing in 1926 at the age of seventy-seven, Monsignor Barry naturally reviewed his youthful past in the light of later experience ; moreover his writing bears the imprint of a lifetime of literary activity. Unfortunately we cannot give the whole of his account of the proceedings of the Council, but by following his description of the main events we can form some idea of the background against which this momentous Definition was seen by a student of the Venerabile in the Seventies.

'December 8th 1869, was a dull and rainy winter's day on which the spectators who thronged St Peter's had but clouded glimpses of the Procession in which, as though it were a moving pageant, all the Catholic Hierarchy passed along.

We might have been gazing at some vast fresco dimmed by time rich in its mingled tones, and solemn as a Last Judgement. We scholars, belonging to a Papal College, enjoyed, by virtue of our uniform, the privileges of Court dress. All doors were open to us : and after witnessing the full round of the Papal year we seemed in the Vatican Basilica like children at home, noting the guests as they arrived from the four winds to begin this œcumenical campaign—for there was to be fighting as of old at Ephesus and Chalcedon. The crowd of bishops broke into groups ; leaders appeared ; and we soon came to know those who were making fame by their words and acts, however secret the debates might be reckoned. Of real secrecy there could be little. The bishops, in fact, deliberated in perfect freedom. We could hear in St Peter's some of their loud disputes as we knelt at the Apostle's Shrine. Two of our students, the Rector's nephew, J. Guiron, and S. W. Allen, had been chosen as stenographers. They kept their secret absolutely. Allen, for years after the Council, would not exhibit his shorthand notes to any mortal, though the contents of them were actually in print.

At home we saw our own bishops day by day ; several were guests in the house ; and Dr Grant, of Southwark, venerated in Rome as a Saint, died there. I call to mind the visit which Pius IX paid to him not long before the end came. As his manner was, the Pope remarked on all he saw ; cast a glance at Wolsey's portrait among the English Cardinals in our gallery, observing, "Non era un buon pezzo quello" (Hardly a Saint that one !) and stood on the stone stairs a moment to refer—I know not why—to "the principles of '89".

At Christmas, 1869, we had midnight service in our College chapel, the Church being still a ruin. And at eleven we heard Pius IX sing the Mass of the Nativity for the last time over St Peter's resting-place. Clear and sweet rang through the Basilica that appealing voice to which the kings of the earth would not listen. Thus we were led into the fatal year, 1870, which I have named the "climacteric", or Judgement Day, of the nineteenth century. A new world was at the doors.

At first it was thought the Opposition would not last long, and our Roman College professors had drawn up decrees which were to be passed in time for the great festival of the Epiphany, 1870. It was not to be. The Epiphany came ; St Peter's was crowded, but, instead of decrees new-minted, came an act of

faith in the ancient Creed, which was unique in history. Seated on his throne the Holy Father received from each of the 750 bishops present a solemn renewal of faith and loyalty as they passed before him. Then the discussions were taken up once more. They filled the whole of Lent, but now had lasting results, in the Constitution "Dei Filius", promulgated on Easter Sunday. On that Easter Day the scene of enthusiasm displayed by so many thousands in the Piazza of St Peter's, when Pius IX gave his blessing from the Loggia, was indescribable ; and I believe much of the feeling in Roman hearts was sincere.

On Corpus Christi Pius IX carried the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession round the Piazza of St Peter's for the last time. All the bishops, the Religious Orders, and the Roman Basilicas, were represented in that superb spectacle of many thousands. The Papal Seminaries had their share in it ; and during the brief time allotted to us of the Venerabile I was one of those who bore up the tassels of the Pope's Canopy—a solemn moment in my own life.

On 13th July was taken the last voting in private Session, when the decree of Papal Infallibility was carried by a great majority. On 16th July, as some of us English students were kneeling at St Peter's in front of the Confession, the Bishop of Northampton came up and whispered in our hearing, "The French have declared war, and have crossed the Rhine". They had not crossed the Rhine, they never in that war would cross it ; but the die was cast. The bishops of the Opposition went home. On 18th July the Council met for its concluding act in the crowded Basilica, whilst lightning flashed about the dome and thunder pealed overhead. The bishops shouted "Placet" and St Peter's rang like an answering choir. Then Pius IX confirmed and published the Decrees. Immense applause broke out ; men shook hands with one another, exclaiming "Credo, credo", and the vast audience of many thousands sang the "Te Deum" as with a single mighty voice. Next day war was declared by the French.'

1950 : THE DEFINITION OF THE ASSUMPTION

And so we come to the present day and to the chronicler of modern times, the College Diarist.

On the feast of All Saints, the day chosen for the Definition of the dogma of the Assumption, the morning dawned cloudless

and cold, but by 8.15, when the procession was to leave the Bronze Doors, the sun was already beginning to warm the crowded Piazza. We had hurried from the College immediately after breakfast towards St Peter's until, across the Tiber, we reached a cordon of police and carabinieri who were busy diverting traffic away from the Piazza. In the Piazza del Sant' Ufficio the bishops and other dignitaries who were to take part in the procession drove into the Vatican in an endless stream of Fiats and Lancias. Seeing, however, the impossibility of reaching a good position near the front of the square from that approach we joined the throng which was crowding into the Piazza through the left colonnade and gained a central position well forward. There we set ourselves to wait. The clean grey façade of St Peter's stood out against the blue sky-line, and in the bright November sunshine, so different from the dazzling light of summer, it looked as if it might have been built but yesterday. About 8.20, as the procession began to leave the Vatican, the Litany of the Saints was intoned over the loudspeakers, and was answered over the whole square, while a long cortège of regular and secular clergy filed past. After them came over five hundred bishops and a body of abbots, all in white copes and mitres, and then no less than forty Cardinals, each wearing the dalmatic, chasuble or cope according to his office, and soon the esplanade was filled with the assisting clergy. Even in Rome, which is accustomed to magnificence, their attendance singled out this day—'Cressa non caruit pulchra dies nota'—for not since 1870 has equal splendour been seen in the city. Last of all, behind the Cardinal Bishops, surrounded by the Noble Guard and the resplendent blue and gold of the Swiss Guard, came His Holiness, wearing the triple crown ; high above the crowd on the Sedia Gestatoria, smiling at everyone and bestowing his blessing on all sides, as he was borne through the middle of the acclaiming crowds, first to the centre of the Piazza and then towards the entrance of the Basilica.

Eventually he reached the throne erected under the loggia, where he sat to receive the homage of the Cardinals ; then, as Cardinal Tisserant began to read the petition for the Definition, stillness came over the crowd until half a million voices broke into 'Mentes Tuorum visita'. That day upon which the Holy Ghost first came down upon the Church did not witness a gathering as cosmopolitan as this ; everywhere Italians,

Spaniards, English, French and Germans were mingled together and testified to the common faith of the one Church as they sang the hymn. Even the Yugoslav and Hungarian flags were there, emphasizing the unity with Rome rather than the artificial barrier which to-day cuts them off from regular communication with the Holy See. The hymn sung that morning in the piazza was sung in the name of all the nations in the Church, and it was to all of them that the Holy Father was speaking when he pronounced the definition : 'Immaculatam Deiparem semper Virginem Mariam, expleto terrestris vitae cursu, fuisse corpore et anima ad caelestem gloriam assumptam'. Immediately afterwards the scene changed into a sea of waving hats and fluttering handkerchiefs, and cries of 'Viva Maria Assunta' mingled with 'Viva il Papa dell'Assunta !' The ceremony outside closed with the 'Te Deum', and as the Papal procession entered the basilica for Mass the people in the Piazza joined in the Credo. We stayed to hear our Schola's rendering of 'Hail Queen of Heaven'—for hymns in the main European languages had been recorded for broadcasting—bestowed on that too our Placet and returned at our leisure to the College.

After supper we went out to view the illuminations. Our own electricians announced in terse Latin 'Assumpta est Maria', with bulbs fitted on the wall of the church in the Piazza Santa Caterina. Satisfied that it was orthodox, tasteful, distinctively English (because of its laconism) and at the same time a credit to the neighbourhood, we passed on to the Castel Sant'Angelo which was illuminated with a multitude of oil lamps ; St Peter's was floodlit and the interior was ablaze with light, as it had been all day long, but the crowds were too thick to enable us to make our way inside. Other cameratas told the same story of how, with little lamps and candles hanging from every window in almost every Via or even Vicolo, Rome had become, as was intended, 'un vero faro luminoso'. One group from the College even travelled so far afield as S. Croce, which was claimed to take first prize ; true the carozza driver quadrupled the fare (at first), 'è vero', he pointed out, 'ma non ogni giorno vi viene definito un domma'.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 1st 1950, *Saturday*. Tram, bus or train—Albano, Rocca di Papa or the Via dei Laghi—they are all but means, and all refreshingly easy to justify by their end, the peace and tranquillity of Palazzola. One does not need to travel by the Albano tram—indeed, now that the Velletri bus passes along the Via dei Laghi it bids fair to become the theme for lyrical Diarists in years to come ; if it is hard to say farewell to the Albano tram, 'ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute', 'ad meliora cotidie' and such-like proverbs will persuade most people that Tradition, as embodied in the Proverb-Maker, demands it. After all, Palazzola is the same once you reach it.

And so we arrive and as usual some will begin to clean their rooms, while others, wiser, or perhaps just weaker, will want to make sure that the Tank is all right ; this year a first glance told them that here was an attraction to rival Capri's Blue Lagoon itself. One man found an excellent desk in his room—capacious and well-polished—but his jubilation softened on discovering that it was the harmonium. Things soon became normal, however, and by 5.30 we felt we could dispense with the Senior Student and his Deputy, who left us to begin their priesthood retreat at S. Alfonso.

2nd *Sunday*, the first day at the Villa, was a *No Bell Day*, as decreed by Tradition. This, together with a hazeless sky, enabled us to enjoy to the full all the beauty that lies between the blue-grey promontory of Monte Circeo and the Bracciano hills. Monte Gentile is, of course, the spot from which to scan the Campagna, and from there a good pair of binoculars will show Anzio and all the coastline in a variety of colours against a background of the richest blue.

4th *Tuesday*. The Rector left for his holiday in England.

During these hot days the labourers in the Campagna are not working after 10 a.m. Sunstroke or sunstrike ? The Vice-Rector chose the more charitable interpretation and warned us that we should be on our guard against working too hard in the heat. Rarely have we felt in such full agreement with one of his announcements.

5th *Wednesday*. No Sforza gita, but we enjoyed one of its major blessings in being dispensed from room-time in the morning. This was all the more welcome as our Italian sun is at present scorching the Campagna —reports say that yesterday Rome experienced a temperature of 113° —and we were glad to be able to repair early to the shade of the cypresses or the cool of the Tank, which is looking less like a Blue Lagoon every day.

8th *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Lowery and Howorth, who were ordained by Archbishop Traglia in the Basilica dei Dodici Apostoli this morning.

9th *Sunday*. Mr Lowery said the Community Mass and Mr Howorth the second Mass at 9 o'clock. At lunch the newly-ordained priests, Canon Quinn, Mr Howorth and Mr John Lowery were welcomed to the Superiors' table, while Mr Lowery's mother and sister had lunch in the adjacent room. The toast was proposed in the usual manner, and our *Ad Multos Annos* must have been as hearty as the Refectory has ever heard. Afterwards we enjoyed coffee in the garden, and even the bell for Rosary found many people still gossiping under the trees.

10th *Monday*. We were very pleased to see at lunch two former students of the College, Mgr Elwes and Fr Anglim, along with one student-to-be, Mr Bourne. Mgr Elwes and Mr Bourne are to stay with us a day or two.

11th *Tuesday*. His Excellency Sir Victor Mallet, the British Ambassador to the Quirinal, brought out a cricket side to represent the British Embassy against the College. Hitherto the laurels have been fairly equally shared, but to-day we had the good fortune to dismiss the Embassy side for 62 runs in about an hour and a half. Then, strengthened by tea on the Sforza and the delicacies provided on these occasions, our representatives soon recorded the necessary runs. Later we entertained our guests in the Common Room for a while until they had to return to Rome, but not without the promise of an early return fixture.

12th *Wednesday*, and the first Sforza gita day. The lake, whose attraction never seems to wane, enticed a large number of swimmers to its shores. Many of the rest walked round it, so that nearly everyone was in fine fettle for lunch, when Domenico came into his own.

16th *Sunday*. In the early hours of the morning Fr Clark arrived back from England. Mgr Elwes has been suffering from a cold, but to-day he was distinctly better, and we took advantage of the fact, since there was no one else available to hear confessions.

17th *Monday*. There are some Romans in every generation, I suppose, who inevitably lose their way as soon as they set foot in the Ariccia woods ; at any rate, there are some in this generation and to-night they set out to map the many paths—*ad usum privatum*, we hope.

19th *Wednesday*. The second Sforza gita sent the more energetic off to Tusculum and Rocca Priora 'for the view' ; others argue that one can enjoy a far superior view with less fatigue from Monte Cavo.

Mgr Elwes and Mr Bourne took the road to Foggia to visit Father Pio ; and to both we said '*Buon viaggio ed arrivederci !*'

20th *Thursday*. The Vice-Rector is complaining that our clock is racing ahead, and so the pessimists insist that we are losing our sleep (though the leader of them does not ring the bell any later on that account). The optimists, however, are hoping for a leap day in the near future.

This evening a tentative start was made at mending the Handball Court by the Tank ; one of the working party has actually used cement before, so the position *could* be worse.

24th *Monday*. To lunch, Mr P. G. Wodehouse in *Mr Mulliner Speaking*.

26th *Wednesday*. Another Sforza gita saw the House divide into those practising for the Opera, those working on the Handball and Tennis Courts, those at the lakeside and the gentlemen of leisure. Perhaps the last designation is a little unkind ; as is clear from the list, one has to strive hard to remain unconscripted these days.

27th *Thursday* saw the opening of the Public Meeting and, happily, the closing too.

29th *Saturday*. There were eight people on the Handball Court ; there were three laying steps up to the Sforza. To the right of the latter a further trio was laying a water pipe ; as one approached the Tennis Court a party of ten came into view—again, all busy with tools. And another dozen were working on the cricket pitch. Virtue, they say, is its own reward—though, of course, the labourer is worthy of his hire.

30th *Sunday*. His Excellency Sir John Perowne paid us a short visit and stayed with us overnight.

31st *Monday*. This morning the long-awaited blasting of the rock on the site of the Tennis Court began. The intermittent explosions make the Sforza resemble Dartmoor even more than . . . but we won't go into that just at present.

AUGUST 1st *Tuesday*. During the Gregorian summer—preferably during the fourth lecture—no image can impress the weary mind with an attraction equal to that of a cool August evening by the lake, appreciating to the full its limpid unfathomable depths and listening to the quiet lapping of the water by the shore.

'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas' one might sigh, but it was with more conviction this evening that we thought

'fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes'.

3rd *Thursday*. When will this midsummer madness for manual labour abate ? The labour party (small letters, note) on the Tennis Court to-night numbered no less than twenty long before the peak hour (that is, when the 'prentice brings round tea), and also tried their hand (or should one write 'chanced their arm' ?) at lighting fuses. The first fuse exploded, but when the fuse of the second burnt out without exploding the charge there was a chance to observe the consummate heroism of the War Veteran Who Knew How To Approach These Things. 'Oh, do you ?' said the director of operations, 'Well, you go ahead and I'll make sure that everyone else is safe . . .'

The Handball Court is at last reconcreted, and the unemployed may find it difficult to obtain work with the present glut on the labour market. Of course, the Vice-Rector has already offered to find them a job at the bottom of the Sforza steps . . .

5th *Saturday*. We celebrated the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows rather quietly this year. Mgr Flanagan, Fr Coffey S.J., and Fr Mitchell C.SS.R., were our guests at lunch. Fr G. Mitchell came to stay with us for a few days to rest (the verb is of his own choosing) after a hard year's work at Upholland and a tiring week at Lourdes.

7th *Monday*. Six hundred and fifty pilgrims from Birmingham arrived in Rome this morning and for the next few days a number of students will go into Rome each day to show them round.

8th *Tuesday*. The Vice-Rector ceremonially opened the newly restored Handball Court after tea, but soon decided that the game was perhaps a little fast for him. The first game proved that the surface was flawless—until the ball was lost down a large crack on the side wall which the court menders had overlooked. All the same, it should be cheaper than golf.

9th *Wednesday*. We had an early supper at 7 p.m. to enable us to go afterwards to Rocca where the body of S. Maria Goretti arrived to-day. It is being carried around the Castelli towns before it finally returns to Nettuno.

10th *Thursday*. This evening the Saint's body was carried along the top road to Velletri and at the cross-roads near the Sforza we had a small *rappresentanza*, but the rest of us were busy entertaining our visitors from Propaganda. Though this year there was 'no possible doubt whatever' about the result, they still promise that they will come and try again.

In the evening Mgr Heard took up residence in the Piazza Venezia.

12th *Saturday*. We hear, if that is the correct verb, that the law forbidding the use of motor horns in Rome (long since abolished) has been reintroduced as from to-day. A sound idea.

13th *Sunday*. To lunch, Fr A. Jones.

It is still possible to walk to Faete and back in the evening and the vista it commands makes it more than worth while. From the summit one can look down on Tusculum's cross and over beyond it to the sombre purple of Palestrina and Zagarolo ; Scalambra, too, and the Volscians help to build up the picture until the sun dips behind Cavo and reminds someone that we shall have to run back through the woods if we are to have time for a Tank before supper.

14th *Monday*. Considering that it was a day of fasting and abstinence, it was kind of Fr Paul Clark to pay us a visit . . . though of course he *did* arrive in time for the full meal.

15th *Tuesday*. *The Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady*. The annual procession at Rocca—which must be the most solemn event in the liturgical calendar there—had to be replaced by a procession round the Church because of an untimely thunderstorm. Rocca Church, incidentally, looks

very clean nowadays ; nearly all the frescoes and the plaster were destroyed during the war, so now there is just cream plaster all around.

'Bella ?' they will ask.
'Bellissima !' you reply.
'Ah, ma non è quale era !'
'Ma è molto bella' you say and avoid the issue.

16th *Wednesday*. More thunder, and the last Sforza gita was converted into a Cloisters' Gita when the rains came. Domenico, now seventy-five, made his usual speech, and his usual spaghetti.

17th *Thursday*. A contingent of twenty-one genuine Big Lads from Ushaw paid us a visit to-day. Those who previously had known only the retired veterans (the finished article, if you like) were at least interested to see the real thing. Our guests at lunch were Frs Pickering, Groarke and Orrell, all from Ushaw.

Work on the Tennis Court, which began as a Two Year Plan, expanded into a Four Year Plan, and two days ago cast off the mask and was declared a Five Year Plan with forced labour, is at a standstill. Even the Minister of Labour was reading on the Sforza to-night.

18th *Friday*. Bishop Halsall, who is leading the large Scout pilgrimage at present in Rome, came to lunch with Sir Henry Digby-Beste K.C.B., Fr Ormsby, National Chaplain, and his assistant, Fr Coghlan.

19th *Saturday*. To lunch Dr L. W. Jones. A casual visitor might have suspected that we were holding a jamboree from the number of Scouts at the Villa to-day. A group of French Scouts passed last night on the pergola ; Dr Jones brought a troop of Scouts from Oxfordshire and in the evening a bus load of Rover Scouts from St Edmund's, Upholland and Ushaw came to inquire after the health of their quondam fellow-students. They left reassured.

20th *Sunday*. The end of work on the Tennis Court has brought golf into its own. True, the fairways are visible only to the trained eye, the greens appear somewhat brown and at the edge, among the undergrowth, the risk to balls is considerable, but the popularity of golf *alla Palazzolese* has never waned, and competition for games is now keener than ever.

21st *Monday*. The Opera is drawing closer each day ; to-night saw the dress rehearsal of the first act, and the making of the 'stills'.

24th *Thursday*. A very busy day for all in preparation for the first performance of *The Gondoliers*, to which we welcomed Mgr Flanagan, Dr Dwyer, Fr Winchell C.SS.R., Mr Somers Cocks and about forty students from the North American College. There was the usual wait for the darkness to come, and then the finishing touches had to be put to the dresses and make-up before the audience could wrap their zimarras around them and settle down in their deck chairs. But at last everything was ready, the piano began the overture, and we realized with a sigh of relief that our official Diarist's day was at an end and we could hand over to this year's dramatic critic, Fr A. Clark.

THE GONDOLIERS
or
THE KING OF BARATARIA
by
W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN

The Duke of Plaza-Toro (a Grandee of Spain)	Mr Lowery
Luiz (his attendant)	Mr Buckley
Don Alhambra del Bolero (the Grand Inquisitor)	Mr FitzPatrick
Marco Palmieri	Mr O'Hara
Giuseppe Palmieri	Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor
Antonio	Mr Broome
Giorgio } Venetian Gondoliers	Mr Gordon
Annibale	Mr More
The Duchess of Plaza-Toro	Mr Dakin
Casilda (her daughter)	Mr Formby
Gianetta	Mr Hunt
Tessa	Mr Foulkes
Fiametta Contadine	Mr Tierney
Vittoria	Mr Mallinder
Giulia	Mr Brady
Inez (the King's foster-mother)	Mr Bickerstaffe
Chorus of Gondoliers	Messrs Byron, P. Keegan, M. Keegan, Bickerstaffe, Travers, Swindlehurst, Rice, Kennedy, Taylor
Chorus of Contadine	Messrs Rossiter, Smith, Duggan, Kenny, Harding
Pianist	Mr Laughton-Mathews
Conductor	Mr Kirkham
Musical Director	Mr Broome

The Opera was produced by Mr Lowery

'No Venetian masque was played in a lovelier setting than the song and dance of to-night's *Gondoliers* in the phantom-lit Cortile under a calm, August evening sky. It was a triumph of music and merriment. The rich colours and dazzling movement bewitched the eyes, and the overwhelming gaiety of it all made it an unforgettable experience. Wedged tightly within the cloister or lolling at ease on the edge of the stage, we, the audience, were no more than an appreciative Venetian populace, halting their evening's leisure in some hidden piazza behind San Zaccaria, to laugh and applaud a masque performed just for the joy of it by a carefree band of gondoliers and their sweethearts. It was indeed a *bel divertimento.*

It seemed to matter little that more than one *contadina* was, if anything, too unbending ; their lighter singing and gentler demeanour from the very outset provided a sharp enough contrast to the strong, masculine tones of the gondoliers. The soft opening chorus, with a sprightly solo from a vivacious Fiametta, awaited the invigorating singing of Antonio's "For the merriest fellows are we" for the scene to swing into a pace and gaiety which never (well, hardly ever) faltered till the wild finale of the Second Act. Marco and Giuseppe, a well-matched pair, gave us a courteous and gentle "Buon giorno", and at once we realized what excellent singing we were going to hear. Of that there never was the tiniest, possible shadow of doubt ! This opening musical attack was sustained even through the mixed rhythms of "Gay and gallant gondolieri", with only a slight strain clouding the smiles of even the prettiest of the ladies to show us that Sullivan is not always easy.

A slight pause and in walked the Ducal Quartet. The perfection of these four aristocrats baffles description. The Duke and Duchess, matrimonially united, cannot be divided even by an analytic critic. The exuberant naughtiness of His Grace reached full flower only under the shadow of his dutiful, if scheming, spouse. The accents, the antics, the broken tones and epileptic gestures of this bankrupt grandee made even laughter hurt. There was nothing withering about his wife, no attempt to make the contrast too strong and thereby lose the human *motif* in chaotic burlesque. She sang, she glided, with the attractive bearing of a long-suffering but firm-chinned lady who married a duke, it is true, but found it not quite what she expected. As for their daughter—a not unattractive maiden—Gilbert has sketched her character too vaguely, but to-night's Casilda had the poise and grace of the true aristocrat when reduced to long periods of immobility. It was a triumph to have so tall and princely a Luiz ; the duets with his lady-love were among the finest singing of the evening, his ringing tenor filling the air with rich overtones against the background of the slight, but true, voice of his partner. The audience did not applaud wildly—but that was a tribute to their singing.

I always imagined Don Alhambra a portly gentleman, but really there can be no justification for saying he must be so. This Grand Inquisitor was a rake of a man but a courtier to the tip of his aquiline nose. Complete self-possession and masterfulness marked the quality of his blood—the type that would have taken snuff during interrogations under torture. Whether he sang or tried an odd step or two, he was a joy—but most of all when, in accents of supreme resonance, he handled a preposterous situation. If he meant his baton to be upside down, it was just a further touch of character in the scene where even *his* reserves of patience are almost used up at such spurning of tradition. On the stage he dominated all, and the immensity of his person and the god-like importance of his office seemed to haunt it even when he was absent—presumably in the torture chamber glancing through the illustrated magazines. I enjoyed the fleeting, exquisite quintet, "Life's a pudding", where his bass ably anchored the open tones of Luiz.

The return in song from the marriage should have been much more measured : "Bridegroom and bride" is a pæan of joy, to be sung in madrigal solidity. Tessa, looking for all the world like the Duchess of Gloucester, small, perky, neat, sang her "Merry maiden" very pleasantly—and it is by no means an easy song even for so well disguised a male. With the entrance of Don Alhambra to spoil the fun the ladies flowered into character, even in their misery. Gianetta, an attractive personage, played her straighter part with gay reserve; after all, unlike her sister, she has no coquetry to enliven her normality. The quartet, "Then one of us will be a Queen", was a delight and deserved all the encores it got ; why is it that a simple dance so warms the heart ? "We sing as one individual" was technically perfect, the patter song tripped cleanly into the farewell, and away sailed the princelings, drifting slowly out of sight on a well-oiled gondola. There was noticeable hesitation in the "Away, away", but the bustle of parting covered deficiencies in musical attack. And we, too, bustled off to that excellent institution—supper between the Acts.

The Second Act opened easily enough but could have been a good deal firmer. There is no real need to dwell on Marco's "Sparkling Eyes"—it was the most brilliantly sung song of the evening, quietly capable and definitely entrancing. The clatter and cackle of the girls broke in on our reverie, and the musical "Twenty Questions" of Tessa and Gianetta swung the pace into a *presto* once again, into, in fact, the *Cachuca*. It was triumphantly done, with swirl and dash—yet too fast and breathless, the pattering words being lost in the whirling steps. One felt for the foundation 3—1 rhythm which is the real parent of the thrill of clashing sound and intoxicating movement. The sweating conductor may be pardoned for getting entangled in the chorus' enthusiasm ; he should have bribed the basses beforehand. Don Alhambra's entrance into this mass of humanity was excellent, magnificent ; his courtly sarcasm effectively braked an atmosphere that threatened to reduce audience as well as caste to nervous exhaustion. I liked Don Alhambra ; he so obviously relished the more human temptations. "In a contemplative fashion" was a wriggly, entertaining tangle, musically very clever and controlled. Then we were back again to the precision and delight of the Ducal Quartet. They were such a human suite—nothing venomous in this Gilbertian satire, an easy comedy of manners ably presented by these noble grandees. The Duchess' song, "On the day that I was wedded", was admirably sung, with a riot of ducal antics to garnish it, and the same must be said of the duet. Again the opera moved into one of its lovely intervals of serenity with the *gavotte*, beautifully danced, even if the mimicry of the gondoliers was unconvincing. And, at last, the finale which surged forward to a grand musical climax with its galaxy of melody and the swirl of the unforgettable *Cachuca*.

It is really necessary to say much more ? This was perfect entertainment, both Principals and Chorus reaching a high standard of excellence. There were, of course, faults—Marco, for example, was inclined to underact his part and Giuseppe to leap out of character. There were moments, too, when the musical attack of the Chorus was sadly weak. But these blemishes did not take away from the fine character of the production.

It would be almost invidious, after what has been already said, to single out further individual performances ; it is enough to say that the Duke and Duchess were *sans pareil*, that Marco's singing and Tessa's acting had no rivals. But unless there had been a well-drilled and spirited Chorus such excellence would have gone for nothing. The Chorus was the framework of it all, so obviously pleased with themselves but in full control. They danced and usually sang—pardon the expression—*con slancio*. They deserved a good audience, and they got one. But have we nothing to say of the Producer ? No, nothing ! We can only offer him our heartfelt thanks ; his outstanding success is measured by the real delight he gave us.

If there are any thanks to be offered—we are usually sparing with these—we would offer them to the very good pianist, and to a musical director who must have slaved beneath a Castelli sun for time-less hours to reduce such a cross-section of Venerabile society to musical order and accuracy. The indefatigable conductor also deserves honourable mention, even if he did worship the goddess of speed. Finally one's thanks are due to the great army of "backroom boys" ; the dresses were so gay and finished, the minor properties always there and neatly turned, the stage so ideal and colourful, the lighting so co-operative . . . And we, the audience ? Well, we ought to be appreciative. We were, and are, a thousandfold.'

25th *Friday*. One way of resting after the Opera is a quiet gita ; and quiet most of them were. But we must record the story of the earnest student (he had devoted more time to Italian than anyone else in First Year) who asked for '*Francobolli con panna*'.

The Common Room has now been completely redecorated ; the two extra doors leading to the Superiors' Salone and the visitors' rooms have been bricked up and the walls covered in light cream with a border of peperino where the ceiling curves away from the wall. A new fire-place of a very simple design, again in peperino, has also been installed.

26th *Saturday*. Our second encounter with the Embassy was no less decisive and no less enjoyable than the first.

27th *Sunday* was anything but a day of rest, for to-morrow the Theologians depart on their long gitas. There is thus no guarantee about anything which may be reported in the next ten days.

28th *Monday*. Have you ever noticed how people instinctively lower their voices when the Refectory is half empty ? Anyway, it is a relief to see Theology go ; they have been talking about it long enough.

29th *Tuesday*. Shortly before eleven this morning a body of Philosophers from Ushaw, ably led by one of our old students, Fr D. Fahy, invaded the Villa. Though they put up a good fight, they were quite unable to stay the pace on the spaghetti.

30th *Wednesday*. By now we are feeling the full effect of devaluation ; the most enterprising day gita party could get no further than Velletri. Still, it is only fair to say that they had been hampered by several people who were 'fairly sure of the way, though of course it's a few years now since I . . .' And they *did* have dinner with Horace 'nigrae feraci frondis

in Algido'. The postcards are now beginning to arrive *a fratribus nostris gitantibus*. Why is it that those who say 'X marks the one we went up' always write 'by funicular' in such small letters ?

31st *Thursday*. The low elasticity of glass was demonstrated when the infirmarian dropped the thermometer from a comparatively low height. A doubtful centigrade thermometer having been procured from an even more doubtful source, a sick man's chances are as uncertain as anything can be.

SEPTEMBER 1st *Friday*. We learned to-day that the 'old bus', the 'shooting brake', the 'Death or Glory macchina' (or what have you ?) has been relicensed for a period of two months. A considerable portion of its new licence must have been used up trying to coax it into action after breakfast. The pushers were *not* late for Spiritual Reading.

4th *Monday*. We were pleased to welcome to lunch Fr Hamilton, who is visiting Rome with a team of English athletes.

Returning from Rome after a few days' guiding, one of our students enjoyed the company of a friendly Italian priest. Whether he was more pleased or surprised to share Fr Sweeney's company at supper would be hard to say.

5th *Tuesday*. To lunch Frs Buxton and Farrell, of the Lancaster diocese. Fr Farrow, too, paid us a flying visit.

'Ubicumque fumus, ibi ignis.
Atqui ibi est fumus.
Ergo.'

Good heavens, there must be a fire ! Thus did the swift-reasoning intellect of one of our Philosophers infer in one syllogism that there must be a proportionate cause of the smoke in the Cortile. The flames, in the rafters above the kitchen, were soon under control and were extinguished some time before midnight. A system of fire-watching prevented any further outbreak.

6th *Wednesday*. But imagine the righteous indignation of the three men who slept through it all and were in their places for Meditation at 6.30—exactly one hour too soon.

7th *Thursday*. Third Year Philosophy left this morning for Florence and Assisi, and the return of the Theologians in the evening brought more geography lessons.

We were pleased to welcome Fr W. and Dr T. Lynch to Palazzola.

8th *Friday*. To lunch, Bishop Petit.

10th *Sunday*. Dr Purdy and Fr Swan arrived. The bridge fans are delighted at the influx of guests, for a number of stalwarts went home this year.

11th *Monday*. Frs Fallon and Fraser paid a brief call in the afternoon.

12th *Tuesday*. And now we can have the whole story of the longest gita this year. Drs Delaney and Redmond have arrived after walking from

Bologna in nineteen days ; very wisely, they have made their Jubilee visits before coming here. It is making gita leaders who wanted to advertise for to-morrow 'Long Walk—Plenty of *Hard Slogging*' a little hesitant about the blurb.

14th *Thursday*. The great majority of us enjoyed a most pleasant day at the North American College's Villa. Once more we found on our return that our own Tank looked rather primitive after the luxurious swimming pool in which we had sported during the day.

16th *Saturday*. Both infirmarians have now succumbed to appendicitis within a fortnight. We state the fact simply. No doubt a senior contemporary of ours would have published a drawing of 'A few of the People who suggested a joke about "Physician, heal thyself" '.

Dr Lennon's visit was the only ray of sunshine throughout a miserably wet and windy day. But it made us appreciate all the more

18th *Monday*, which showed the Villa at its best. The parched brown of July and August has given place now to a softer green. To lunch, Frs Mullen and Carey.

20th *Wednesday*. Those who went up Faete are busy explaining how the sunrise really did look magnificent in spite of the mist which reduced visibility to four metres. Of course, they really go for the sake of the walk through the woods and a nice spot of breakfast on top. It would all be rather more convincing if they were not the very people who last night were explaining how the thought of breakfast never entered their heads, and that though they disliked the walk it was well worth while just to satisfy the aesthetic sense of colour. Gitas in general were rather more enterprising to-day. Those who went to the Volsci did not see the sun rise from Lupone, but were not far from there when they saw it set, rather to their consternation.

21st *Thursday*. The entire Scots' College converged on the Villa shortly before lunch. After discussing the merits of various English cigarettes (the Scottish National Pilgrimage had just been out), the demerits of our golf course, our plans, hopes and fears for the Tennis Court, the history of the 'Scala Sforza', and singing all the songs in the album from 'Annie Laurie' to 'Ye Banks and Braes', we plaintively inquired 'Will ye no' come back again ?' as the Velletri bus, hopelessly overcrowded, staggered cautiously down the Via dei Laghi.

23rd *Saturday*. The cricket season came to an end in a blaze of glory with a match against an XI from H.M.S. *Gambia*, the flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, which is at present at Anzio. Victory was ours by seven wickets, but when we met them round the tables in the Common Room afterwards we told them how the Embassy were regularly beaten too, and the Australians ; after all, *we* put down the concrete on the cricket pitch, so we should know where the bumps are.

26th *Tuesday*. It was evident at break of day (writes our correspondent who was up then) that it was going to be a rough day. When the wind had registered 'gale force' all morning, one or two people began to question the advisability of staging the second performance of the Opera. We

were pleased to see Mgr Smith, along with his curate, Fr Fitzsimons, at lunch, where they met Fr Walshe, who arrived yesterday. All doubts about the Opera were resolved when the rains came ; the heavens opened after lunch, kept us indoors after tea and remained open until

27th *Wednesday*, thus causing the weekly gita as well as the Opera to be postponed. Ironically enough, having thus shattered our well-laid plans, the weather cleared after breakfast and provided, by way of compensation, a superb view of the Campagna, unobscured by any haze.

His Excellency Sir John Perowne, who arrived last night to see the Opera, stayed overnight and spent most of the day here.

A party of visitors to H.M.S. *Gambia* gave us a very colourful picture of the difficulty of boarding in a very choppy sea ; and another in equally high colours of the Fleet in port.

28th *Thursday*. To-day brought the annual visit to the Scots' Villa at Marino. They were, as ever, the soul of hospitality, and the quality of their wines does not deteriorate with the years. Unhappily, we were rather rushed and had to leave early in order to return for the second performance of the Opera. Though the sky was overcast, we took our places about 6.45, but even as we took them the clouds broke. After some forty-five minutes of indecision, it was decided to hold it in the Music Room, where we accordingly squeezed ourselves and our American visitors.

And now, although our Opera Critic has already had his say on the first performance, it seems that so unique an event as a Music Room performance calls for a special mention, and so to-night's guest of honour, Monsignor Smith, has jotted down a few remarks on this evening's entertainment.

'It was a great joy to hear Sullivan's *stornelli* again reverberating across the *peperino* of Monte Cavo, to savour anew the unique atmosphere of an opera night. There was finish and style about the performance, a delight therefore to watch. At the outset however I must admit that *The Gondoliers* has never been one of my favourites among the Savoy Operas. It takes a long time to get going, it is never hilariously funny and both the dénouement and much of the characterization are feeble. Surely, its continued popularity is due to Sullivan's music, and in this performance the Venerabile served the composer nobly. Never, in all my experience, have I heard so many true tenors in a Roman G. and S. Usually, our best heroes were baritones who could sing falsetto with some artistry, and who made up in humour for the lack of a head register. The humour, at least, was an asset. But, on this occasion we had humorous tenors, and the stock seemed inexhaustible, for some of the chorus deserved principals' parts on their voices alone. Looking back on at least three editions of *The Gondoliers*, I can remember individuals who reached greater heights than any of the principals in this edition, but they did not all happen in any one show. Never has there been so musically satisfying a version of the Opera as this one.

The Duke was in the true Savoy tradition, and gave the part all it deserved. Don Alhambra was a highly original Grand Inquisitor, fussy

rather than static, almost anxious in place of pompous. The critic would be a fanatic who objected to any originality in a Savoy Opera : Gilbert has been dead too long to resent novelties. But this Inquisitor hardly convinced, and he lost many of his better lines with his loss of dignity. The Duchess had spirit ; yet she should have been far more formidable, a real old battle axe in fact. We did not dislike either Luiz or Casilda ; indeed I felt that Casilda would have been a nice person to know if Gilbert had bothered to introduce her. In the circumstances this is high praise. Giuseppe and Marco are old hands on the boards, and their company was genuine pleasure. There have been more lively Gianettas and Tessas in the past, but these too were pleasant folk.

Has it ever happened before that an Opera was rained out of the Cortile ? A finale once got drenched, but it was the finale, and that is the worst I can remember. In the circumstances, it was impossible to judge the production. Woefully cramped, without any scenery or props to create illusion, the company performed prodigies of extemporization. No other troupe has ever been so sorely tried, and no other troupe has ever brought off so gallant a triumph. But the magic vanished with the Cortile, and nothing could be done about it.

The last comment, the amazed comment, one made every year on reading all the names on the programme ; where will the audience come from ? The United States helped to swell it on this occasion. But even so !'

29th *Friday* showed us the Cortile looking very sorry for itself with the colourful habiliments of Venetia's shores miserably bedraggled. The stagemen and electricians are almost heart-broken. Anyhow, it was a very wet day, so we had no cause to grumble about our hard luck with the Opera.

30th *Saturday*. So even was the voting as to whether Wednesday's postponed gita should be held to-day that the Vice-Rector made a bold bid for universal popularity by allowing an optional gita. Strange to say, it was hailed as a satisfactory solution—even by those who wanted one 'just for the sake of the principle'.

OCTOBER 1st *Sunday*. The transferred Feast of St Edward was a quiet one this year, with Fr Alfred C.P., as our only guest. At least, it *was* very quiet until the arrival of *Chi Lo Sa* ? in the Common Room. These Holy Year numbers should prove a useful work of reference in 1975.

2nd *Monday*. 'Now the last of many days,
The loveliest and the last is dead.'

The morning was wasted, as usual, in packing and dismantling, but by midday we could settle down to enjoy the last few hours. After tea the *Ripetitore* (escorted by a large number of students, as was only consistent with the solemnity of the occasion) blessed two crosses which were placed on two of the large rocks on the East shore of the lake which have kept our rock-climbers occupied (and thus quiet) for most of the Villa. Three or four others chose to spend the evening on Cavo's slopes, admiring for the last time this year the glow of the autumn sun over the Campagna,

and by the time they were making their way across the Sforza, the wheelbarrows and tools had all been carried down the iron steps, the golfers had played their last hole and most of the House were making the lakeside resound as they sat and sang around the fires on the pergola. The last country walk, the sharp October evening and the clear, starry sky all underline the fact that we are still at the Villa, but only until

3rd *Tuesday*, when, early in the morning, about 2 a.m., the walkers rose to trudge along the Via Appia for Mass at S. Callisto at 7 a.m. But most of us waited for Dawn, the rosy-fingered, which was early-rising enough for our tastes, heard Mass at the usual hour and found our way to Rome by the prosaic 9 o'clock bus from Rocca.

Rome, we were not surprised to find, was still much the same as when we left it ; so were our rooms. Hence, as most people appeared to have changed their habitat, a certain amount of tidying up went briskly forward throughout the day. All this unwonted effort required energy, of course, and no one was sorry when the day drew to its close and we began to doze with the familiar discords of the Cappellar's prize vocalists gently reminding us that we were once more back in Rome.

4th *Wednesday*. The New Men did not arrive all in a bunch, which was very considerate and less confusing. The Old Men did, though, and at the last possible moment ; this also was considerate. The new First Year comprises Messrs Bourne and Ashdowne (Westminster), Short (Liverpool), Curtis-Hayward (Clifton), Brewer (Shrewsbury), Incledon and Brennan (Southwark), Kearney and White (Hexham and Newcastle), Murphy-O'Connor, C. (Portsmouth), O'Connor (Salford) and Pearce (Leeds), to all of whom we gave our *saluti, benvenuti ed auguri*. After that, we turned into English again.

6th *Friday*. After lunch (and the Villa) the annual weighing-in took place ; several people have more weight to throw about, it seems.

Later in the day we were glad to see the Rector back from England, and also Fr Rope. But by supper-time we had already been committed to the care of Dr Heenan until

12th *Thursday* morning, when one may officially chronicle the arrival of His Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham and Fr G. Malone.

13th *Friday*. Some four hundred pilgrims attended Benediction in the Cortile, for the Church was too small to contain them all. The Rector spoke a few words of welcome and Bishop Ellis gave Benediction. There was tea in the garden afterwards, and the old rosary-seller, John Shepherd, would have rejoiced to see the 'Old Firm' still dispensing hospitality to pilgrims under English management. We were very pleased to see Fr Grasar once again ; he was out with the Nottingham pilgrimage and acted as Deacon at Benediction, and was able to stay for supper.

14th *Saturday*. The first day of the National Pilgrimage, which arrived at about 1 o'clock this morning. Nearly half the College were out guiding, for there were no less than one thousand five hundred English pilgrims at St John Lateran's. However, somehow or other, they were all straightened

out into a procession and ushered into the Basilica and kept separate from the large Brazilian pilgrimage (and the German one and the French one). They were indeed paragons of patience, and this was even more noticeable in the afternoon when, gathered in St Peter's for their papal audience, many found themselves in the same plight as Zacchaeus. But even the smallest found it the biggest of thrills.

His Lordship the Bishop of Shrewsbury arrived with the pilgrimage and is staying in the College. This is his first visit to Rome, but we feel sure that it will not be his last.

15th *Sunday*. After High Mass and during the afternoon many people went out guiding. So far no one has been able to cap the story of the man who had excelled himself in showing a party round the Big Church in the Vatican. Clarity and detail on the one hand, interest and enthusiasm on the other had never once flagged, until out in the Piazza a Dear Old Lady asked, 'Excuse me, Father, but what did you say was the name of the Church we've just been in ?' The truth of the incident is guaranteed by a highly respectable (but honest) member of the House.

16th *Monday. Lectio brevis*. Have you ever asked a professor at the Gregorian

(a) which is the most important subject in the entire course and

(b) what he teaches ?

Afterwards the Schola sang the Mass of the Holy Ghost at S. Ignazio, but unfortunately not all their more ardent admirers could attend, as a small contingent of Theologians was requested to help with the National Pilgrimage at St Paul's. Still, we all wish them better luck next time.

The pilgrims made their visit to St Peter's this afternoon and afterwards repaired to the College for Benediction in the Cortile, given by Archbishop Masterson and preceded by an address from the Rector, and for tea. This taxed to the utmost our organizing capabilities, for there were easily one thousand five hundred guests to cater for. The Nuns were, as ever, heroic in their washing up of the crockery and First Year stoic in their waiting on the pilgrims while their elders reaped the kudos for the more intellectual work of showing the parties round. It was not, however, without a sigh of relief that we saw Raniero emerge from the Portineria to close the front door, and to signal the end of that day's life.

17th *Tuesday*. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn (no twittering) bade us hasten to the Esquiline for the last of the basilica visits, which eclipsed all previous performances or simultaneous rivals. In the afternoon the entire pilgrimage went by bus *via* Frascati to Castel Gandolfo, where they had an audience of the Holy Father. Decidedly a *causerie*, not an address, it was perfectly relayed over the loudspeakers, so that all returned to Rome brimming with enthusiasm and avowing that it alone would have made the journey out more than worth while. *Meminisse iuvabit.*

18th *Wednesday*. This was the last day the National Pilgrimage was to spend in Rome and was a free day, so some parties went to the Vatican Museums, some rose higher still (the dome), while others just went shopping.

In the evening we said our adieux and returned to start being normal students once again.

20th *Friday*. 'Creeping like snail unwillingly to school.' As we trudged back from our Mecca before lunch we were bewildered at the folly of Averroes 'qui posuit unum esse intellectum agentem omnium hominum'.

23rd *Monday*. Second Year Philosophy have begun to introduce us to Dr Pastor's account of *The Protestant Revolt*.

The Public Meeting opened without any *very* extraordinary proposals, so we were able, and happy, to close it to-day. With the Literary Society, the Debating Society, the Wiseman and even the Mezzofanti all as flourishing as Pandemonium, Public Meetings are no longer deemed such vital affairs by those who think they need practice in public speaking.

25th *Wednesday*. The *Ripetitore* has delivered his *Lectio brevis* and announced his plan of campaign for the coming year ; as no drastic changes have been introduced, our standard of philosophy can legitimately be presumed to be that aimed at by *Humani Generis*.

27th *Friday*. We were pleased to welcome to the College once again Dr Butterfield, who has come out for the Definition of the dogma of the Assumption.

28th *Saturday*. To-day we had as guests of honour at lunch their Eminences Cardinals Griffin and Gilroy ; Mgri Duchemin, Heard, Clapperton and Worlock were also present, together with Dr Butterfield and Fr Tracey. His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan was unhappily unable to come as he was addressing the International Mariological Conference. The Rector, in welcoming the guests, reminded them that it was in the College that they had received the *biglietto* together, and now that they were all three once more in Rome he wished to recall the memories of that first *radunanza* by a second. The College, he said, was no longer empty of its most important element, the students, to whom each of them had already been introduced on separate occasions ; this was the first opportunity he had had to welcome them both together, not only into the house, but also into the home. We did all that was humanly possible in the *Ad multos annos*, and His Eminence Cardinal Gilroy made a short reply, thanking the Rector for his kind invitation and the House for its good wishes.

29th *Sunday*. *The Feast of Christ the King*. To lunch Mgri Parmentier and Davis, Dr Worsley, Canon A. and Fr L. Williamson, and Frs Holloway, Ashworth and Iggleden. In the evening we rejoiced to see that the film machine was still running as it ought to, with *The Blue Lamp* as the entertainment.

30th *Monday*. *Scholae vacant* both to-day and to-morrow in honour of the Definition of the dogma of the Assumption, which is to take place on Wednesday. For once we find ourselves in perfect agreement with the powers that be, in that anything else would have been *minus decens*.

31st *Tuesday*. In the evening nearly all the clergy in Rome took part in the procession from Ara Cæli to St Peter's, in honour of our Lady. The ranks must have been nearly a mile long, and we walked four abreast

down the Corso, singing the Litany of Loreto and other hymns, until, arrived at the Vatican, the painting of our Lady *Salus Populi Romani* was borne through the densely crowded Piazza. By now it was quite dark, but all the floodlights were switched on and gave a fine light at the front of the Piazza. His Holiness then read a prayer to our Lady, which was relayed from his study to the loudspeakers, and he later appeared at his window to give his blessing to the crowd. We left immediately afterwards to return for supper, but there were several pilgrims who intended to spend the night under the colonnades to make sure of a place to-morrow. On the whole, one feels that the majority will be discreet enough to spend a warm night in bed to enjoy to-morrow's ceremony the better.

NOVEMBER 1st *Wednesday*. 'But I'm no Barry!'

'Don't I know it', said the Editor, 'but someone or other has got to write it.'

'Of course', I replied.

'Well, you're someone or other.'

A cogent syllogism, which led to the transference of to-day's momentous entry to *Nova et Vetera*.

2nd *Thursday*. The Vice-Rector sang the Requiem in the morning. After lunch only a few rushed to the Campo Santo, for at 4.45 there was Solemn Benediction in the College for five hundred pilgrims from the Salford diocese. By now we are all adepts with the teapot and sugar spoon, and past masters at conducting groups around the College.

After supper Dr J. Walsh addressed the Literary Society on 'The Catholic Press in England' and certainly left us on

3rd *Friday*, with plenty to talk about at breakfast. Their Lordships the Bishop of Clifton and the Bishop of Southwark left to-day.

After supper we prevailed upon Canon Donnelly to speak in the Common Room by threatening to clamour for a song unless he did so; he was content to say how happy he was to have been taken in so and to find that the College had been a good deal better since he left it. Archbishop Masterson then rose to the occasion, for on

4th *Saturday*, both of them left by air for England, and with the departure of the large Salford Pilgrimage the last big English Pilgrimage was over.

5th *Sunday*. *Ritiro Mensile*. Wet and thundery; had Horace lived to-day he would have thought twice about calling Gennaro 'amoenus' and adding that it warded off the 'pluvios ventos' from his goats. Rome may have been wet, but to be a goat on Gennaro . . . !

7th *Tuesday*. The Aula Magna has again become a box-office for the approaching *Festa delle Matricole* at the Gregorian. A pleasant thought, that Suarez' successor is encouraging this sort of thing.

The Wiseman Society, stimulating as ever, opened this year's programme with a paper on 'Art as Creation', the point being, presumably, that art is making something out of nothing, and that the supreme art is to conceal the fact.

9th *Thursday*. The concert at the Gregorian opened with an address of welcome from the President of *Vita Nostra*, our own Mr Carson. In the course of the afternoon the College undertook a musical joke, a sketch entitled *Un Pellegrino alla P.U.G.* and most of the responsibility for the catering department. An interesting point, emerging from the American College's item, is that the Italian for cowboys is not *ragazzi di vacche*.

On our return we were very pleased to see His Grace the Apostolic Delegate at supper.

11th *Saturday*. The Rector sang the annual Requiem at S. Silvestro, with the Beda as *assistenza* and the Scots as choir for the Mass. Their Excellencies the Ambassador to the Quirinal and the Minister to the Holy See were present.

14th *Tuesday*. The Mezzofanti opened its year with a rollicking bout on the use of the vernacular in the liturgy. All this cant about every Catholic understanding either Latin or the vernacular seems patently false.

17th *Friday*. Extract from Cæsar's Diary : 'Continuatio imbrium'.

In these hard days the Holy Year exhibitions by St Peter's are attracting quite a number of people ; they cover Modern Sacred Art, the Missions, Works of Charity and of Catholic Action, the Eastern Church and the Holy Land, and must cost very few *centesimi* per minute.

19th *Sunday*. We celebrated officially the centenary of the restoration of the Hierarchy, with His Grace the Apostolic Delegate as our guest of honour ; Mgr Duchemin, Abbot Langdon, Fr Vernon Johnson, Fr Alfred C.P., and Fr Ashworth were also present.

After supper we were entertained by a farrago of 1910 cars, Swiss restaurants and foolproof safe-cracking in *The Spider and the Fly*. A most amoral film.

22nd *Wednesday*. At supper we drank the health of His Grace the Apostolic Delegate and bade him *Ad multos annos*. Speeches followed in the Common Room afterwards, as he is leaving us to-morrow.

25th *Saturday*. The Feast of St Catherine and, by the kindness of the last Public Meeting, only three of First Year are to be called upon in future. The evening brought the traditional initiation of First Year into the world of Roman functions, and afterwards a most enjoyable concert :

PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1950

1 First Year Song

Chorus

Nos qui quondam peregrini Anni Sancti fuimus,
Nunc Venerabilini facti subito sumus ;
Convertatis ad nos igitur, quam peregrinis iam
Sat magnam ostendistis, hanc benevolentiam.

2 PIANO SOLO
Prelude in C Sharp Minor (*Rachmaninoff*)
Waltz (*Chopin*) Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor

3 SKETCH

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER
A melodrama in three scenes

Gervase, Lord Yewemsey . .	Mr Bickerstaffe
Clare, Lady Yewemsey . . .	Mr Ketterer
The Hon. Simon Yewemsey (their son) .	Mr Bourne
Etheldreda (their daughter) . .	Mr Kennedy
Mordred (a servant) . . .	Mr Smith
Sir Jasper Heartbreak . . .	Mr Burtoft
A Pilgrim-father . .	Mr Curtis-Hayward

4 THE ASH GROVE . . The Philosophers' Choir

5 SKETCH

LOTS IN A NAME

Miss Dodimead	Mr Brennan
Mr Slingsby	Mr Pearce
Mr Perkins	Mr Doran
Lady Cooper-Cooper . .	Mr FitzGibbon
The Vicar of Little Puddleton . .	Mr Incledon
The Man from the Office . .	Mr Leonard

6 SKETCH

A COLLECTION WILL BE MADE

Count Martel	Mr Taylor
Paul Roger	Mr Brewer
The Reverend Cuthbert Cheese . .	Mr Connelly
'The Colonel'	Mr Travers
The Proprietor of the hotel . .	Mr Ashdowne
Joan, the Colonel's ward . .	Mr Brady
Waiter	Mr Kearney

First Year roused the House to the strains of 'McNamara's Band', with proper apologies for their youth and inexperience, and the befitting good resolutions which we have come to expect on such an occasion. Then, after a brief piano solo, we settled back in our chairs for what was to prove the drama *kat' exochen* of the evening's trilogy. *Bruce and the Spider* was a melodrama, richly spiced with local colour, treating of the fortunes of a New Man arriving in Rome fresh from the stately ancestral home :

'Weep not, good father, I shall soon be home,
Three fleeting years will see me back from Rome—
And what is more, if everything goes well,
Next time we meet I'll be a Ph.L.'

It abounded in a bizarre mixture of pathos and bathos (the essence of melodrama), and the acting was always lively and interesting. The rest of the concert was, to use the time-honoured phrase, 'well up to the usual standard' and all in all we felt at the end that we could thank the Philosophers warmly for a most pleasant evening.

26th *Sunday*. Rarely does a professor of Philosophy at the Gregorian claim to be more of a journalist than a philosopher, but Fr Murray S.J., giving a talk to the Literary Society on 'Britain looks at Europe' proved that journalism is not incompatible with philosophy (or vice versa).

27th *Monday*. Whether the highlight of the day was the 'Nig Auction' (*uti dicitur*), or the debate after supper on whether Youth Clubs are the solution to the Youth Problem, would be a difficult question to answer. *De iure*, the former does meet in order to be charitable ; *de facto* debates do strive to elevate something more than prices.

29th *Wednesday*. Fr Cunningham, the General of the Paulist Fathers, gave us a talk. Enough said. He said it.

30th *Thursday*. A soccer match against the German College at Gelsomino. Honours just ours 3—2.

DECEMBER 1st *Friday*. *The Feast of the College Martyrs* was kept in the customary way. The Rector sang the High Mass. To lunch Mr Walshe, the Irish Ambassador to the Holy See, Fr Dyson S.J., Fr Coffey S.J., Frs Ashworth and Iggleden and Mr Michael Derrick.

In bygone days the amateur Pepys would enter in his journal some such item as '11 piatte' but, as every schoolman knows, *sensus corrumpitur excellenti sensibili*, so that since the revival of Scholasticism such Gargantuan feasts have fallen from favour and in this age of moderation and austerity a festa is saluted with a modest four courses. The *differentia specifica* which determines a *dies non* into a *festa sensu stricto* (O the advantages of studying philosophy in Latin !) is nowadays no Lucullan banquet, but the film at night. And so, after two and a half hours of *Stage Fright*, to bed.

2nd *Saturday*. To moralize once more on the days of yore, I wonder has the College ever before made a communal Jubilee visit ? Smug and comfortable as Chaucer's company itself, we drove to the Vatican after lunch and sang the Litany of the Saints as we entered St Peter's. Here, as at each of the other basilicas, the Rector bore the Cross with two torch-bearers at his side. 'Full in the panting heart of Rome' was, quite clearly, the hymn for this basilica and as we had arrived rather early in the afternoon, we could make ourselves heard throughout the almost empty nave. After that we drove round to St Paul's, St John Lateran and St Mary Major's, where we sang other hymns as well as saying Jubilee prayers—in short, we followed the ordinary programme of those many English pilgrimages with whom we had made the visits before. It was a memorable experience, which we should only like to repeat with the College in 1975.

In the evening Fr P. Kelly came to stay at the College.

3rd *Sunday. Ritiro Mensile.* See 5th November.

The Wiseman Society is again in the field with 'Modern Shakespearian Criticism' as the ground for tonight's battle of wits.

7th *Thursday.* 'What is the difference between a Holyday and a holiday, Mary ?' said the curate who was visiting the school.

'Please, Father, they're spelt differently.'

So we too, to celebrate the Holy Year, had an extra day gita, which allured men south to the Villa, east to Tivoli and Palestrina, and north to Orvieto and Viterbo, to explore those places of which Belloc has said that humanity has twined itself into them, and the separate thoughts of men, both those that are alive there and those dead before them, have decorated them all.

8th *Friday. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception.* A number of people went to a *soirée* at the French College ; the theme, 'Our Lady in French Art and Literature', included reproductions of old stained glass (including Chartres' treasures) and some early polyphony, appreciatively executed. As our leading Philistine remarked, just the sort of thing to ensure everyone's returning

'plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son age'.

11th *Monday. The Feast of S. Lorenzo in Damaso,* whither we all repaired for Benediction. Every Roman function has a touch of magnificence about it ; be the congregation never so small (which was not true of St Lorenzo this evening), the 'five-frankers' never so husky, the parish never so poverty-stricken, the *Santo titolare* is always guaranteed the best of which the *parroco* is capable. *Et populus dicit : Amen.*

12th *Tuesday.* To supper, Fr E. McCann.

13th *Wednesday. S. Lucia.* Most of the priests out for Mass (including Fr Kelly, who left this morning) and the Monserrato looking like a candle-market in the afternoon.

14th *Thursday.* Mr Michael Derrick and Colonel Stephens to supper. The former afterwards addressed the Literary Society on 'The Political Scene in England To-day'. Too much make-up and not enough scene-shifting seem to be the dominant notes.

16th *Saturday.* Talking of dominant notes, do you know

(a) that we are not allowed a *flexus resupinus* during Choir Practice ?

(b) that surfeiting, the appetite may sicken and so die ?

That strain again !

In the evening most of Top Year left to begin their Priesthood Retreat at S. Alfonso.

17th *Sunday.* About ten of the House attended a Mass in St Peter's said by the Holy Father for a *Pellegrinaggio Romano,* and in the evening, as a number of cameratas set out on a last series of Jubilee visits, they found all the Basilicas packed with other Romans of like mind.

18th *Monday*. One of the happiest days since I took to writing this Diary—the heating is on. After all, it is not every day that a Diarist can put on record news which is at once unexpected, welcome and true.

20th *Wednesday*. Gone are the days when the P.U.G. was merely a seat of learning. Carols between lectures are quite a common feature this year, sung by the *rappresentanze* of the bigger colleges in a particular aula. To lunch, Fr Krane, and to supper Fr Mitchell and Mr Pat Keegan. Dr Kavanagh has arrived to stay with us over Christmas.

21st *Thursday*. Our annual Quarant'Ore began this morning, and in the afternoon some of the younger members of the House went off to make (by bus) their last Jubilee visits until they are at least forty-two, or, if their luck is out, sixty-seven.

23rd *Saturday*. Messrs Walmsley, Fonseca, O'Hara, Frost and Buckley were ordained priests at the Lateran this morning by the Vicegerent. To them in particular, and also to Second Year Theology, who received the first two Minor Orders, we give a hearty *Prosit*.

24th *Sunday*. The new priests offered their first Masses in the College this morning, and afterwards we made our way to St Peter's for the closing of the Holy Door. The ceremony was quite brief. The Holy Father was borne round the Basilica on the *Sedia Gestatoria*—a blessing with the greater relics being given when he reached the Confessional—and back to the Holy Door. No one in the College was fortunate enough to see the procedure there, though a number of us were only a short distance away in the portico. The morning itself was dull and damp, and many were unable to obtain entrance into the Basilica, but they were not altogether disappointed because His Holiness came out of the Bronze Doors into the square (returning the same way) before he entered the Basilica. And thus the greatest of all Jubilee Years came to an end.

The afternoon of Christmas Eve just ticks by, but at 10.15 p.m., which is, if you have any liturgical feelings, already

25th *Christmas Day*, our 'better voices' launched into the Invitatorium and challenged an even more spirited reply from the choir. The psalms were sung better than ever—the only possible explanation of the fact that High Mass began several minutes after midnight. This Midnight Mass was sung by the Rector and the rest of the morning was all 'according to plan'. All, that is, except the appearance of *Chi Lo Sa* ? which did not arrive until five minutes to four, what time the embers were growing smaller, the ashes greyer and the number in the Common Room fewer ; one gloomy soul was even heard to moan that one would think they were waiting for its more respectable younger brother.

Though Christmas Day's dinner is usually strictly *in famiglia*, by way of exception five Ushaw professors were invited this year—Frs Bell, Lavery, Vasey, R. Carson and Loftus.

And so to the evening and the annual Christmas pantomime :

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1950

1 CAROLS

O little town of Bethlehem (*arr. Imogen Holst*)
Nowell, Nowell (*arr. Vaughan Williams*)
The Polyphony Schola

2 PANTOMIME

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

Town Crier	Mr Doran
Demon King	Mr More
Fairy Queen	Mr Formby
Smart, *Green* } Bailiffs	Mr B. Murphy-O'Connor, Mr Bickerstaffe
Ma Lamb	Mr McConnon
Baron Munching	Mr Kearney
Idle Jack	Mr Abbott
Gog, *Magog* } Giants and sons of the Demon	Mr Broome, Mr Gordon
Sue (a Giantess, betrothed to Magog)	Mr Swindelhurst
Zilla (the Princess)	Mr Burtoft
Chorus of Villagers	Messrs Turnbull, Marmion, Harding, Berkeley, Curtis-Hayward, Brewer

Produced by Mr Abbott

26th *Tuesday*. Boxing Day is always a film night nowadays, and *The Golden Salamander* was to-night's fare. It is perhaps best described as 'a good straight blood', and we *did* enjoy the fights.

27th *Wednesday*. To-day was the day chosen for the celebration of last Saturday's ordinations. The guests at the Superiors' table at lunch were the newly-ordained priests, Messrs Walmsley, O'Hara and Frost senior, and Mr Frost's brothers. The toast was proposed in the usual manner, and as this is the biggest number ordained at one time since our return to Rome, we felt that a little extra volume was called for. We gave it.

In the evening *The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse* paid a return visit to the College stage:

ST JOHN'S CONCERT, 1950

1 PIANO DUETS

Doll Dance (*M. H. Brown*) Messrs C. Murphy-O'Connor
Marigold (*Billy Mayerl*) and Brown

2 CAROLS

The Holly and the Ivy (*arr. Imogen Holst*)
Dives and Lazarus (*arr. Vaughan Williams*)
The Polyphony Schola

THE AMAZING DOCTOR CLITTERHOUSE

By Barry Lindon

Ann (a nurse)	Mr Brennan
Dr Clitterhouse	Mr Lowery
Inspector Charles . . .	Mr Davis
Pal	Mr Tierney
Oakie	Mr Ashdowne
Benny Kellerman . . .	Mr P. Keegan
Daisy	Mr Kenny
Sergeant Bates	Mr D'Arcy
Constable	Mr White
Badger	Mr Grech
Tug	Mr Hunt
Sir William Grant . . .	Mr Travers

Produced by Mr P. Keegan

Clitterhouse is a play which starts at very good odds merely because the script itself is very fine ; to-night the development of the plot certainly gripped the entire audience from the start, and among the cast one or two surpassed anything that might have been expected. From the beginning to the end the plot moved confidently and interestingly, and if a more mature and well-pondered judgement revealed many points in which the production could have been improved, in building up an atmosphere for each situation, or in securing a more delicate interpretation of a given character's position in the plot, for instance, it was only after the guests had gone home that we began to reflect on these things.

28th *Thursday*. 'What I liked about the English College', an Old Roman once told me, 'is that they are all so young.' A good thing, too, at any rate during Christmas week, which must be the most hectic of the year. Still, people can be found for soccer at St Paul's, so perhaps we balance our lack of the first Cardinal Virtue by excessive Fortitude.

29th *Friday. The Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury*. The Rector sang the High Mass. Our guests at lunch included His Excellency Sir Victor Mallet, British Ambassador to the Quirinal, His Excellency Sir John Perowne, British Minister to the Holy See, Abbot Smith, Mgri Duchemin, Heard, Clapperton, McDaid, Byrne, Fr Bolland S.J., and Mr Somers Cocks.

In the evening :

ST THOMAS' CONCERT, 1950

1 PIANO DUETS

Three Waltzes (*Brahms*) Messrs C. Murphy-O'Connor and Brown

2 PIANO SOLO

Rhapsody in G Minor (*Brahms*) Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor

3 MONOLOGUE . . . . . Mr Incledon

4 QUARTETS

Fain would I change that note (*Vaughan Williams*) — Fr Clark and Messrs O'Hara, Hunt, Broome and Brown

Metaphysical Tobacco (*Gordon Jacob*)

5 CAROLS

Dives and Lazarus
Nowell, Nowell (*arr. Vaughan Williams*)

The Polyphony Schola

THE GHOST TRAIN

By Arnold Ridley

Saul Hodgkin	Mr Taylor
Richard Winthrop . . .	Mr FitzPatrick
Elsie (his wife)	Mr Leonard
Charles Murdock . . .	Mr Kennedy
Peggy Murdock (his wife) . .	Mr Rossiter
Miss Bourne . . .	Mr Laughton-Mathews
Teddie Deakin . .	Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor
Julia Price	Mr Foulkes
Herbert Price	Mr Duggan
John Sterling	Mr Carson
Jackson	Mr Turnbull

Produced by Mr Byron

As this is the third time within a week that the Schola has presented carols by way of an *hors-d'oeuvres*, it would be hardly fair to pass them by in cold silence time after time. Indeed, for once a Diarist (the traditional champion of the cause of freedom against tyranny, particularly in matters musical) finds himself compelled to admit that they have acquitted themselves with distinction, but as the Magazine cannot include recordings, readers will just have to take his word for it.

The original script of *The Ghost Train* is rather long-winded and unwieldy, but very drastic though judicious cutting left us with a fast-moving play. The production as a whole was excellent, and the all-round performance left little to be desired except on the part of the author. The effects would have squeezed a *summa* out of the most hard-headed of examiners, and they played no small part in building up the atmosphere desired. Unfortunately, after two good acts, we are presented with a dénouement feeble in the extreme, but the producer's blue pencil made it mercifully short. A very enjoyable play.

30th *Saturday*. *Nurse Edith Cavell* was a film which, if it had no other merits, at least set the moralists wrangling. Not that *her* case provided much *pabulum*, but once these men are switched on . . .

31st *Sunday*. To-day is the day for the annual fair in the Common Room, and this year's contained all the usual attractions and a few unusual ones, such as the *pizza*. Thanks to the generosity of Dr Kavanagh, it was even more successful than normally, so that we were all very jolly when the time came for 'Auld Lang Syne' and the end of yet another year.

JANUARY 1st 1951. *Monday*. Domenico's ' 'appy New Year' (in English nowadays) as he hobbled to and fro with the coffee-pots at breakfast was also his swan-song (metaphorically, we trust), for he is retiring to-day, having reached the age when Italian law demands that he should combine 'otium' 'cum dignitate'. Had he been but six years older, he would have been a survivor of papal Rome.

We learned that the Senior Student for the coming year is to be Mr Hunt, with Mr Byron as his deputy. Our congratulations are more than usually cordial as our Senior Student elect was, until his retirement a few weeks ago, no less a person than the Editor of THE VENERABILE.

Our guests at lunch were Dr Kelly and Fr Wells, of St Edmund's, Ware. In the evening we saw the last of the Christmas Concerts :

NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1951

1 PIANO DUETS

Marigold (*Billy Mayerl*) Messrs C. Murphy-O'Connor
Popular Song from the 'Façade' Suite and Brown
(*William Walton*)

2 SONG

'Three Juvenile Delinquents'
Messrs Gordon, Duggan and Formby

LABURNUM GROVE

By J. B. Priestley

Elsie Radfern	Mr Brady
Mrs Lucy Baxley	Mr Dakin
Bernard Baxley	Mr Smith
George Radfern	Mr Alexander
Harold Russ	Mr FitzGibbon
Joe Fletten	Mr M. Keegan
Mrs Dorothy Radfern	Mr Incledon
Louis Stack	Mr Connelly
John Morris	Mr Rice

Produced by Mr Collier

Laburnum Grove was undoubtedly the best script seen this Christmas, and the production was quite competent. If one or two of the characters could have been a little more lively, the play might have been of outstanding merit, but even as it was, the 'quiet' tone of their performance ensured that it was steady and satisfying. There were, however, certainly other examples of quite excellent acting, so that it would be no exaggeration to say that it was one of the more attractive productions since our return to Rome in 1946

2nd *Tuesday. Docetur. Sufficit.*

4th *Thursday. The Hasty Heart* was the last of the season's films. They can hardly have been said to have contributed much to the prevailing festive mood and it is to be feared (or hoped) will be soon forgotten.

5th *Friday.* Canon Wall, the Rector of Wonersh, came to lunch, together with Fr Iggleden.

6th *Saturday. The Feast of the Epiphany.* The guests at lunch were Mr Power, First Secretary to the Irish Embassy to the Holy See, Mgr Heard, Colonel Stephens, Major Utley, Fr E. Ryan and Fr Ashworth. In the evening His Excellency Sir John Perowne, the British Minister to the Holy See, Mgri Duchemin and Caroll-Abbing, Fr Alfred C.P., Fr Murray S.J., Dr Whitty, Fr Meecham and Fr Connolly were among those who came to see the Opera, which proved in every way a worthy reproduction of the performance at Palazzola. But its praises have already been adequately sung and *The Gondoliers* is now at once a delightful memory, an historical detail of the immediate past and a newly polished item in the Common Room repertoire.

And so another six months have passed and our Diarist's task is at an end. It is the mark of the historian, so we are told, that he gives an intelligible account of human actions, that of the journalist that he tells his readers what they want to hear. *In medio stat virtus*—to use up our last poverty-stricken tag—but fortunately no one expects (or even hopes) that the College Diarist, even when flaunting for the last time his official capitals, should be a historian.

JOHN MCHUGH

PERSONAL

We extend our warmest congratulations to Rev. J. Heenan (1924–31) on his elevation to the episcopate. We last saw Dr Heenan in October when he gave us the Retreat, and we are looking forward to seeing him again in the near future.

We were very pleased to be able to welcome to the College once again His Eminence Cardinal Griffin. He called one afternoon while we were entertaining the National Pilgrimage to tea, and later came to lunch with Cardinal Gilroy. We were also pleased to have Archbishop Godfrey staying with us once more, and other welcome guests were Archbishop Masterson, Bishop Rudderham and Bishops Cowderoy and Murphy. Other members of the Hierarchy who paid us a visit at some time during the National Pilgrimage were Bishop Ellis, Bishop Grimshaw and Bishops Parker, Petit and Beck.

Of the other old students who have visited us, our records list the following: Rev. B. Kavanagh (1898–1905), Very Rev. Canon Hunt (1902–09), Very Rev. Canon Donnelly (1916–23), Very Rev. Canon Wilson (1919–26), Rev. L. Williamson (1919–26), Rev. G. Worsley (1920–27), Rev. W. Butterfield (1923–30), Very Rev. Canon Restieaux (1926–33), Rev. T. Duggan (1926–33), Rev. G. Malone (1929–36), Very Rev. Mgr D. Cashman (1933–39), Rev. H. Reynolds (1935–42), Rev. J. Key (1935–42), Rev. H. Lavery (1936–43), Rev. E. McCann (1937–44), Rev. E. Holloway (1937–44), Rev. P. Kelly (1938–45).

The following were ordained this year:

Messrs Lowery and Howorth by Archbishop Traglia at the Basilica dei Dodici Apostoli on 8th July 1950.

Messrs Walmsley, Fonseca, O'Hara, Frost and Buckley by Archbishop Traglia at the Basilica of St John Lateran on 23rd December 1950.

Messrs P. Murphy-O'Connor and Tierney by Archbishop Tonna at Sacro Cuore on 24th March 1951.

It was a great shock to us to learn of the death of His Excellency Sir John Perowne, Minister to the Holy See. Sir John was a popular figure in the College and besides paying us frequent visits in Rome stayed with us on several occasions at Palazzola. By his death the College has lost one of its best friends in Rome.

The Senior Student for the coming year is Mr Hunt. Contributions can be made to the Public Purse by means of cheques made payable to the Senior Student. No other formalities are now required.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

The members of the present Staff are :

Editor : Mr Lloyd
Sub-editor : Mr Kenny
Secretary : Mr P. Keegan
Under-secretary : Mr Leonard

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges : *Baeda*, *The Downside Review*, *The Edmundian*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Beda Review*, *The Oscotian*, *The Cottonian*, *Pax*, *The Douai Magazine*, *St Peter's College Magazine*, *The Wonersh Magazine*, *The Prior Park Magazine*, *The Pylon*, *The Lisbonian*, *Korrespondenzblatt.*

VILLA SPORTS

For the second time this decade the Sforza resounded to the thunder of explosives and its core of volcanic rock was heaved into the hot blue Villa skies. Cavo gazed on the scene impassively as the rumble of explosions echoed back from its weather beaten face like spray at the foot of a cliff. But it was neither Lake Albano's water-filled bosom in eruption, nor even, as eight years ago, the roar of a destructive enemy barrage, which shattered the silence of those peaceful afternoons on the Sforza. This minor bombardment is essentially a constructive one—or so we are assured by the secretary of the tennis club. For at last the plan to blast away the outcrop of rock by the Di Cupis' wall and to lay down two permanent tennis courts has been put into operation. Ardent members toiled away moving the newly blasted rocks under the masterly direction of the secretary himself (which issued from the golf house where he was brewing tea). In consequence, then, of these lengthy operations there was no play this summer, and the simple question 'Anyone interested in tennis ?' masked the cunning of the press-ganger, rather than the zeal of the sportsman.

Another body of skilled labourers were meanwhile engaged in repairing the badly damaged surface of the handball court. The latter was eventually opened by the Vice-Rector himself, to whom we are greatly indebted for the generous financial aid which he rendered to us. His agility in the opening foursome proved beyond all doubt that there are more things in a philosopher than Horatio ever dreamed of. The popularity of handball increased rapidly, and reached a climax when the autumn breezes began to chill the September evenings.

Further hard work rendered the badminton court fit for play by 12th July, and Mgr Elwes opened the court in the traditional style. While the store of shuttlecocks lasted there was always a game to be had, and great keenness was shown. With the shortage of shuttlecocks, however, the numbers waned, and the falling interest was only restored by the welcome gift of two dozen shuttlecocks from Fr A. Jones, to whom we extend our thanks.

Golf, the last of the litter of Villa sports, was not officially opened until late in July, when the Vice-Rector played the first hole with the Senior Student. But his game, like everyone else's, had suffered from his long sojourn in Rome and his opening drive, despite the cheers of the spectators, fell short. This year saw once again an interesting professional touch added to Villa golf when the greens were marked with white flags. Unfortunately the greatest interest was shown by the goats who developed keen appetites overnight and consumed the linen flags, leaving behind the bare poles as a silent witness to their misdemeanours. The shepherds quickly remedied this distressing state of affairs by removing the silent witnesses and using them as goads to urge on their recalcitrant flocks.

So with the handball court back in use once more and the promise of better things to come, the Villa offers more sporting attractions than seemed possible at the beginning of the year. It is only to be hoped that by next July the miners will not have blown away the whole of Palazzola in their misplaced ardour to provide us with tennis courts.

BERNARD DORAN

ASSOCIATION

At Palazzola ambitious plans were laid for getting the soccer season off to a flying start with four-a-side competitions on the Sforza during the closing days of the *villeggiatura*. Unfortunately, however, the combination of monsoon conditions and our early return to Rome prevented the fulfilment of our expectations. On our return to Rome, enthusiasm waxed strong. Gelsomino, that most international of grounds, was the site of most of our House matches and the increasing numbers clamouring for a game made the invention of new positions such as 'attacking wing halves' and 'assistant inside forwards' a social necessity.

Outside matches were fewer than usual this year. Early in the season we gained a narrow victory over the German College team at the St Paul's ground, but weather and Ordinations united to prevent further inter-college matches before Christmas, and our annual encounter with the Mexicans took on the aspect of a final trial before the Scots' match. We conceded a goal in the first few seconds, but after that play was seldom out of the enemy half, and only desperate defending aided by the treacherous condition of the pitch reduced us to a victory by one goal. The Scots' match was finally played on St Patrick's day, and it was the Scots' centre-forward who had the honour of taking the first kick at the new ball so kindly donated by Canon Wood. After scoring our traditional goal in the

first five minutes, we were outplayed and held on the defensive throughout the first half, and the interval found us a goal in arrears. A revitalized team appeared after the change of ends and constant pressure earned us an equaliser. The final minutes failed to provide a deciding goal and perhaps the 2—2 draw was the fairest result that could have been obtained to reflect the balance of play.

The following have represented the College :—Messrs Fonseca, Turnbull, Hunt, Lightbound, Scantlebury, Frost, Kearney, Kennedy, Lowery, Abbott, Brady, Taylor, Murphy-O'Connor C., Carson, Buckley and Murphy-O'Connor P.

Mr Kennedy has been elected Secretary for the forthcoming season.

WILLIAM BURTOFT.

RUGBY

The season commenced leisurely due to the Holy Year, but after Christmas we were away to a flying start. Despite a succession of wet pitches, enthusiasm was so high that the scrum could be gathered in the House for some much needed instruction—particularly in packing. There has been a good fighting spirit in the practice games, and though falling on the ball and jumping in the line-outs were not good, the team pack shaped well together. The wings this year have been well filled by versatile forwards, and the centres playing their fifth (and unfortunately last) season in partnership were as enterprising and yet reliable as usual. However, the outlook for the future in this department is unpromising, while the halves have, once again, had a lean season.

Apart from a number of scratch games against Roman teams of varying strength, we drew a pointless game with Stell'Azzure before Christmas, beat Rome's second team 14—6 and Rome University 20—0 during February, and wound up the season by beating the full Rome team 3—0. The Rome game was an epic. In the heavy mud that also characterised the other games, our pack had threequarters of the play against a heavier, taller and by no means inexperienced scrum ; the three-quarters ran and tackled keenly so that our victory by a penalty goal to nil was well earned and proved a happy *valete* to Messrs Frost, Lowery and P. Murphy-O'Connor ; we shall miss their keenness and experience. Also, farewell to Fr Catcheside who partnered Brother Baxter (also of the Rosminians) as our halves against Rome.

Mr P. Keegan was Secretary for the season and Mr Hunt Captain. The Secretary elect, as last year, returns these notes. The following have represented the College : Messrs Brown, Murphy-O'Connor C., Murphy-O'Connor B., Hunt, Murphy-O'Connor P., Fonseca, Lloyd, Formby, Cox, Keegan P., Doran, Keegan M., Lowery, Frost, Byron, Abbott, Kennedy, Travers, Taylor.

ROBERT J. ABBOTT.

OBITUARY

The Reverend Bernard Grimley d.d., ph.d.

Bernard Grimley was born at Shepshed on 23rd March 1898, the eldest of twelve children of a good Catholic family. He was accepted at an early age as a student for the priesthood for his native diocese of Nottingham, and after a short period at St Andrew's, Barnet, he was transferred to the English College, Valladolid. He completed his Humanities at St Alban's in Spain, and was then sent by Bishop Dunn to the Venerabile, where he took his degrees in Philosophy and Theology. There he imbibed the intense love of the Vicar of Christ and the Holy See that was the outstanding feature of his future career. Here, too, was laid the foundation of friendship with Monsignor Hinsley who was at that time, of course, Rector of the College. This intimacy, like all true love, did not run smooth and from what I have heard he must often have tried the Rector's patience ! However, Bernard Grimley was duly ordained priest on 28th November 1921 at the age of 23 and he was then already covered with academic distinction.

He returned to the Diocese the year after his ordination and served for three years as curate in Grimsby, Mansfield and Leicester. However, the humdrum routine of parish work irked him, and he chaffed after wider fields of operation. Providence found the niche he was to fill so ably. At that time the Mission House at Brondesbury, Kilburn, under the directorship of Dr Downey was looking for priests who were sound theologians and good preachers. Bishop Dunn offered Father Grimley's services which were gladly accepted. His Missions to non-Catholics took him all over the country, and he soon acquired a national reputation as an eloquent preacher and an exponent of Catholic Truth in the simple language of the Man in the Street. He was essentially a 'Man of the People', and had a very human understanding of their needs, their faults and their foibles. Whilst his voice was vibrant with eloquence, he was busy with his pen teaching and defending the Catholic Faith, and his articles covered a large field of instruction and apologetic. He was a fearless defender of the Church

and did not hesitate to cross swords with that bitter but clever antagonist of the Faith, Dr Coulton, History Professor at Cambridge.

In 1936 he left the Mission House and its activities to become Editor of *The Catholic Times*. That journal owes its continued existence to the energies of Dr Grimley who in the space of two years lifted it from a state of depression and insolvency. To the end of his life, Father Grimley was a frequent writer in the paper, and his last articles, published after his death, were an exposition *comme il faut* of the doctrine of the Assumption.

The fame of Father Grimley's preaching reached the U.S.A., and in 1937 he was invited by Monsignor McMahon, the Rector of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes in New York, to preach the Lenten sermons. He gladly availed himself of this opportunity and prolonged his stay some months after Easter, giving lectures in various cities and taking stock of the American scene.

After his American tour Father Grimley felt a strong desire to return to the diocese and take up pastoral work. Bishop McNulty gave him the newly formed parish of Cleethorpes where he laboured for seven years. After a brief interlude in the Sacred Heart parish, Leicester, he was appointed to St Mary's, Boston, where he remained until his death.

During the last ten years of his life he was very much in demand as the preacher of Retreats for Diocesan Clergy, the greater Seminaries, Religious communities and colleges. His last Retreat was to the Community of Mount St Bernard, almost on the threshold of his old home.

He was also called upon to speak to vast numbers through the medium of the B.B.C. His broadcast sermons were most popular. They were 'strong meat' made digestible by his simple, everyday language and he spoke from the heart without affectation or histrionic tricks. The Radio never had a better champion of the Catholic Church than Bernard Grimley.

His untimely death, with due reverence to the Will of God, has left his diocese and the Church in England bereft of a very Big Man. Nature had endowed him with ample bodily proportions, but these were the symbol of a big mind and heart. Despite his great intellectual gifts Father Grimley was a humble man without the least trace of affectation or vainglory. His sincerity made him the enemy of cant and hypocrisy, and his genial character abhorred all kill-joy Puritanism. Humour was second nature to him and he had a tremendous sense of the comic as well as the tragic in life. He was never so happy as when he was telling funny stories, often against himself, and his infectious laughter bespoke the joy of a deeply Catholic soul and the gaiety of the Saints.

It was on the feast of St Michael that he died and the words 'Suscipiat eum Sanctus Michael Archangelus Dei' were almost the last that fell upon his ears as Father Kavanagh recited the prayers for the dying. He had 'finished the course and kept the Faith' and surely Saint Michael *did* conduct him to receive his 'Accolade' from the High Priest. *Requiescat in pace.*

H. A. HUNT

BOOK REVIEWS

Apologetics for the Pulpit. By Aloysius Roche. Pp. 771. (Burns Oates.) 18*s*.

There is no doubt that Newman preached the same Faith as we preach to-day, and that his name has gone down to posterity as one of England's greatest ecclesiastical orators. Yet it is just as true that the needs of the preaching clergy vary from age to age. We live in a time that demands that everything should bear the stamp of utility: clear thinking and clear exposition have taken the place of oratory. One quarter of an hour on Sundays must take the place of the hour of a generation ago. The chief beauty of *Apologetics for the Pulpit* is that it is a masterpiece of concise and accurate theological thinking. This Omnibus, which is a collection of previously published sermons by the same author, would in an earlier age have carried the sub-title 'A Busy Priest's Guide to Sermons on All Subjects'. Ranging widely from the most sublime mysteries of the Faith to everyday controversial subjects, it presents a constant clarity of thought and a refreshing modernity of expression. Those cumbersome text-book phrases which mean little or nothing to the untrained mind have given place to a reserved, up-to-date English. Practically no attempt has been made to present the sermons in a finished form. They are essentially merely expanded sermon notes. It is as if the author had said: 'Here is the matter for your sermon. My style will not suit you and your style will suit no one else. Write it up as it pleases you.' Special care has been taken to supply each sermon with a pre-fabricated beginning and end. The reader will either like these or not according to his taste. Some of them seem rather strained to us. But whether your sermon is to be on Socialism or Celibacy, on Baptism or Bells, there is the raw material of a sermon ready here for you. Just one criticism—in future editions of this book the addition of a classified index of the scriptural quotations used would greatly enhance its value.

LAWRENCE HOWORTH.

Advent. By Jean Daniélou. Translated by Rosemary Sheed. Pp. 181. (Sheed and Ward.) 8*s.* 6*d.*

Fr Daniélou is a well-known figure in France, a reformer by temperament, with a keen sense of the missionary vocation of the Church. He leads a group of clergy, chiefly Jesuits, who are dissatisfied with the contemporary presentation of the truths of faith. Many of the leading ideas of this reform group have been severely checked by the recent encyclical, *Humani Generis*. In their desire to jettison all unnecessary barriers between the Church and men of goodwill outside it, they had threatened to compromise certain Catholic positions that must never be overset. But of the apostolic zeal and courage of these pioneers there can never be the slightest doubt.

Advent sets out to show that the great stumbling block to those outside the Church, the unique and intransigent claim to be the one ark of salvation for all, can be presented in more sympathetic terms if it is realized that Christianity fulfills that element of truth which is to be found in every religion. All these religions, says the author, are connected parts in God's plan of salvation for all. They prepare the way for Christ even as the Old Testament religion showed God educating His people for the coming of the Messiah. All things co-operate in this plan and no action of man can thwart its eventual fulfilment.

Fr Daniélou illustrates his ideas by a series of meditations on the precursors of Christ. They show great poetic feeling and have all the attractiveness of a new approach. The final chapters show the meaning of the Cross which alone can save the nations and bring them to the final triumph of the Last Day.

Because Fr Daniélou is an optimist, his viewpoint is mainly eschatological. He is inclined to handle incautiously the delicate problem of the salvific will of God and reduce it to a kind of determinism. This optimism leads him to state half-truths. He says 'the coming of Christ goes on for ever' (p. 78), and shades off the reality of the historic Christ. He has the hardihood to say that 'in a sense we are living in a time before the true Church'. Is anything to be gained by such statements ? When he says that 'we know a man can be saved in *any* religion—and yet our wish is that everyone be converted', has he not made the problem harder ? Is it true that China can really enrich our ideas of motherhood and India of true virginity ? One cannot approve of his use of 'sacraments' in an untechnical sense (p. 24), nor his tendency to symbolize everything in terms of the Last Day. Further, Origen is noted for obscurities that cannot help a true understanding of doctrine, and the frequent citations of this author in the chapter on the Angels make it one of his least happy.

With many reservations one can sincerely say that it is a book worth reading. It encourages real study of a real problem and the transparent zeal of its author in an excellent translation forces a deeper study of issues involved.

ALAN CLARK.

The Glorious Assumption. By J. Duhr, S.J. Pp. xi + 153. (Burns Oates.) 8*s.* 6*d.*

This book is a translation from the French written in 1946 in favour of a definition. The author first states the theological principle of development, insisting on a distinction between the merely historical and the dogmatic criterion, and the irrelevance of the former. Then he treats of the first liturgical evidences and the conclusions of the Greek Fathers from the other Marian dogmas. The history of the doctrine is traced through the spread of the liturgy, clearer declarations of the Popes, the more positive teaching of theologians and the indications of Christian art, to the consent of the present day. A discussion of the opportuneness of a definition ends the main part of the book. There is an appendix on the iconography of the Assumption. The cover design, which to some might wrongly suggest a work of 'piety' would be better in place here.

Here is a scientific little work. While chapters are brief and clear, the author makes points by generous quotation and reference. The apologist will discover much that is of value in relation to the state of controversy with the non-Catholics in England, though naturally Fr Duhr does not select this viewpoint. Acknowledging its scope, to follow the progress of belief in the doctrine and to present the case for a dogmatic definition, we strongly recommend this book. And if theological knowledge is a condition of full intelligibility, this clear portrayal of our faith in the Assumption of Our Lady as the triumph of sure development will be of benefit to all who need it.

THOMAS DAKIN.

Vessel of Clay. By Leo Trese. Pp. 126 (Sheed and Ward.) 7*s.* 6*d.*

Any new book on the priesthood will arouse the interest of the priest or a future priest, if only because he finds it instructive to compare another's priestly ideal with his own. Father Trese is a parish priest in a country parish of the diocese of Detroit, and in this book he has divided up a typical day and tried to set down the various trials, successes and failures which occur, and the conclusions which he draws for his spiritual life.

The ordinary parochial experiences which he describes and meditates upon are much the same everywhere, although at times Father Trese gives some example which seems unusual to us. In addition, he is often concerned with questions which arise only for a priest living alone in a country parish. In general, however, his work is of great interest and value, and his patent sincerity compels our attention. The book is not intended as an exhaustive treatise, but only aims at setting down his reflections upon the manner in which he has performed his duties as they occur during the day, so that many things are passed over while he ponders some particular aspect which has struck him.

The book is dedicated to the Laity, 'whose love and reverence for their priests makes us so often ashamed of falling so far short of their just expectations'. This is the thought which recurs constantly throughout, and it is the measure of his grasp of his vocation.

JAMES MOLLOY.

Altar Wines

Fully Certificated and Guaranteed

Authorised by the Archbishops and Bishops
of England, Scotland and Wales.

		Per bottle	Per gall.
"No. 1"	Cyprus Medium Sweet	8/6	48/-
"Lizbona A"	Light Medium	9/6	54/-
"Muscatel"	Medium Sweet	9/6	54/-
"Malvino"	Pale Sweet Lisbon Malaga	9/6	54/-
"No. 5"	Sweet and Mellow	10/-	56/6
"No. 9"	Dry	9/9	55/6

Carriage Paid on orders of Six bottles and over

Less 2/- per gallon for orders of 28 gallons
„ 3/- „ „ „ „ „ 56 „

Standish & Co. (Wine Merchants) Ltd.

3 Tithebarn Street :: :: Liverpool 2
(Cellars : GEORGE STREET)

TELEPHONE NO. - CENTRAL 7968

ADDRESSED TO OUR CLERGY

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS,

May we, of the CATHOLIC HERALD, respectfully explain the motives of our work—motives sometimes misunderstood.

The Catholic of today cannot possibly be protected from contact with the secularist and pagan environment with which he is surrounded and in which he must earn his living. Newspapers, radio, amusements, books, conditions of work, neighbours, all these in greater or lesser degree, tempt him to find his life's meaning in ideals and modes of behaviour which usually are anything but Catholic.

We believe that one of the most valuable antidotes to this poison is a Catholic paper which weekly tries to face—rather than escape—the facts and dangers of the world today. Such a newspaper will not pretend that the world is better than it is; it will not pretend that Catholics themselves are better than they are. But it will try to show that Catholic values are infinitely better than the values of the world, and that the Church possesses the answer to the most plausible of difficulties.

In such a paper the Catholic will have a chance of applying to the problems of the Christian life the spirit of enquiry to which he has become inevitably habituated by the conditions of modern environment. In this way he will be trained to be a fearless Catholic *in* the world, in other words an active apostle, instead of being content to live a double life —Catholic personally and in his domestic surroundings, half-pagan in business and the world.

This type of modern Catholic paper is necessary, we believe, for Catholics themselves; but it also has high value for non-Catholics who happen to see it. The CATHOLIC HERALD, for example, has been happy to note a *steadily* increasing regular circulation among non-Catholics.

We shall be the first to admit that our high ideal is not an easy one to attain; that it cannot be pursued without some risk of misunderstanding; and that great caution and judgment are always needed.

We have always sought to bear these points in mind, and we trust that an honest appraisal of our record will suggest that we have undertaken a hard, but very necessary, job in a conservative and truly Catholic spirit. Or at any rate, we have sincerely tried to!

May we then ask for the active support and constructive advice of the clergy? We are always happy to hear from priests and to have their guidance. We are always grateful when priests introduce the CATHOLIC HERALD to Catholics and non-Catholics, especially those who, they feel, will profit from it most.

THE EDITOR,

CATHOLIC HERALD.

Altar Wines

Fully Certificated and Guaranteed

Authorised by the Archbishops and Bishops of England, Scotland and Wales.

		Per bottle	Per gall.
"No. 1"	Cyprus Medium Sweet	8/6	48/-
"Lizbona A"	Light Medium	9/6	54/-
"Muscatel"	Medium Sweet	9/6	54/-
"Malvino"	Pale Sweet Lisbon Malaga	9/6	54/-
"No. 5"	Sweet and Mellow	10/-	56/6
"No. 9"	Dry	9/9	55/6

Carriage Paid on orders of Six bottles and over

Less 2/- per gallon for orders of 28 gallons
„ 3/- „ „ „ „ „ 56 „

Standish & Co. (Wine Merchants) Ltd.

3 Tithebarn Street :: :: Liverpool 2
(Cellars: GEORGE STREET)

TELEPHONE NO. - CENTRAL 7968

ADDRESSED TO OUR CLERGY

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS,

May we, of the CATHOLIC HERALD, respectfully explain the motives of our work—motives sometimes misunderstood.

The Catholic of today cannot possibly be protected from contact with the secularist and pagan environment with which he is surrounded and in which he must earn his living. Newspapers, radio, amusements, books, conditions of work, neighbours, all these in greater or lesser degree, tempt him to find his life's meaning in ideals and modes of behaviour which usually are anything but Catholic.

We believe that one of the most valuable antidotes to this poison is a Catholic paper which weekly tries to face—rather than escape—the facts and dangers of the world today. Such a newspaper will not pretend that the world is better than it is ; it will not pretend that Catholics themselves are better than they are. But it will try to show that Catholic values are infinitely better than the values of the world, and that the Church possesses the answer to the most plausible of difficulties.

In such a paper the Catholic will have a chance of applying to the problems of the Christian life the spirit of enquiry to which he has become inevitably habituated by the conditions of modern environment. In this way he will be trained to be a fearless Catholic *in* the world, in other words an active apostle, instead of being content to live a double life —Catholic personally and in his domestic surroundings, half-pagan in business and the world.

This type of modern Catholic paper is necessary, we believe, for Catholics themselves ; but it also has high value for non-Catholics who happen to see it. The CATHOLIC HERALD, for example, has been happy to note a *steadily* increasing regular circulation among non-Catholics.

We shall be the first to admit that our high ideal is not an easy one to attain ; that it cannot be pursued without some risk of misunderstanding ; and that great caution and judgment are always needed.

We have always sought to bear these points in mind, and we trust that an honest appraisal of our record will suggest that we have undertaken a hard, but very necessary, job in a conservative and truly Catholic spirit. Or at any rate, we have sincerely tried to !

May we then ask for the active support and constructive advice of the clergy ? We are always happy to hear from priests and to have their guidance. We are always grateful when priests introduce the CATHOLIC HERALD to Catholics and non-Catholics, especially those who, they feel, will profit from it most.

THE EDITOR,

CATHOLIC HERALD.