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EXETER



THE RECTOR

EDITORIAL

The last six months have seen important events in the history of the College. At the end of November we learnt that continued ill health had forced Mgr Macmillan to lay down the Rectorship. The warmth of the House's feelings towards its Rector was shown by the general sorrow at his departure, and we can assure him that few will ever forget the noble ideals which he placed before us with unfailing enthusiasm. An appreciation of Mgr Macmillan and his work for the College will be found in the pages of this number.

Mgr Macmillan was obviously pleased to announce, and we were no less pleased to hear, that his successor was to be Mgr Tickle, who as Vice-Rector has long enjoyed the loyalty and affection of the House. We are happy to wish him *Ad Multos Annos* for many successful years in his new post.

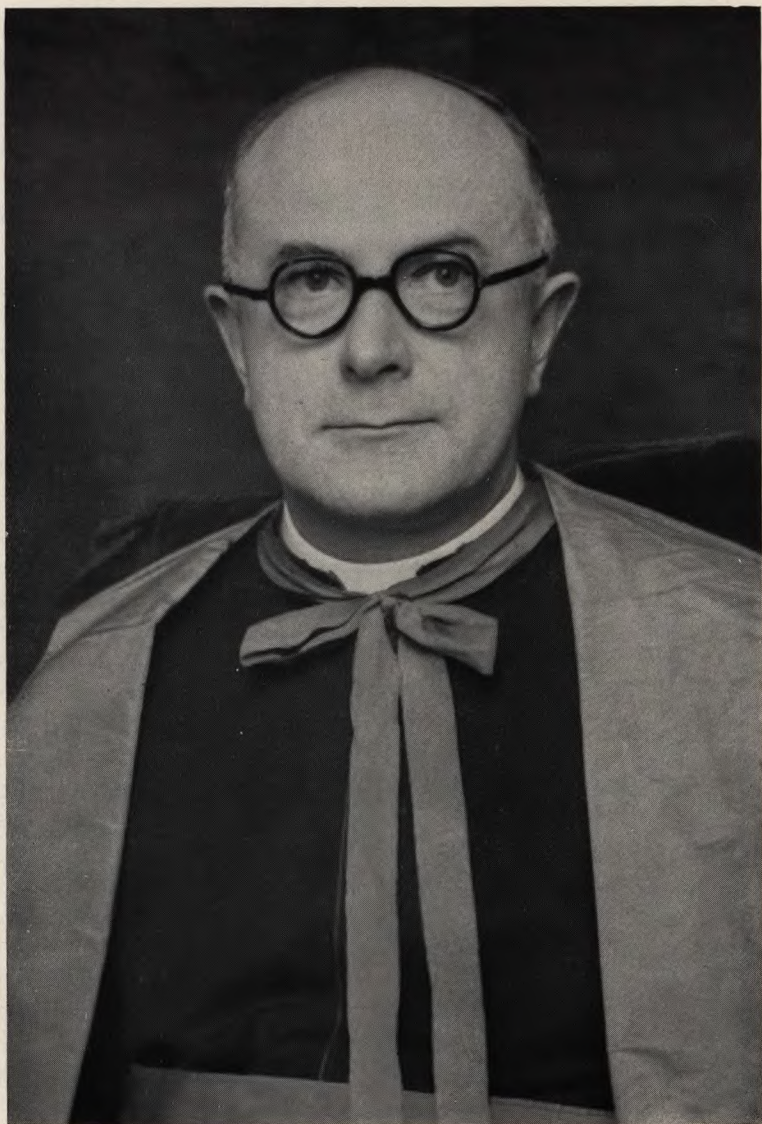
The new Staff was completed in February when the Cardinal Protector appointed Dr Alan Clark to the vacant Vice-Rectorship. To him also we offer our joyful congratulations and best wishes for his new duties.

It is entirely by accident that a change in the format of THE VENERABLE should coincide with these changes in the Staff of the College. The adoption by the College of a new Coat of Arms, incorporating the Buoncompagni dragon and details from the old Royal Arms of England, has made it necessary to re-design the cover of the Magazine. In many ways it is a pity that the old design, associated as it is with nearly thirty years of VENERABLE history, should have to be abandoned, but the alteration was inevitable and reference to our files shows that we are by no means the first generation to consider such a change. We can only hope that THE VENERABLE will continue to command the interest and support of its readers under its new colours as it has always done under the old.

MONSIGNOR MACMILLAN

Neither of the two Rectors who greeted one another in the Cortile on the afternoon of 5th February 1939 could have suspected the upheaval that would beset the College sixteen months later. Mgr Macmillan was not destined to rule in easy times ; but he will be remembered in history as the Rector whose spirit never failed in the face of problems that would have daunted the stoutest hearts. Of course, the resolution of these problems demanded the sagacity and courage of more than one man. But it is fair to say that the quality of a commander may often be gauged by the quality of his lieutenants, and Mgr Macmillan has not been slow to acknowledge his debts to them. Looking back indeed over those early years of his Rectorship, one finds comfort in the memory of his resolution and determination which inspired all those who had care of the destiny of the College. It would have been so easy to yield to fate and accept what many saw not merely as inevitable but as desirable—the dispersion of the College on arrival in England. It was therefore some reward for the worry and anxiety of decisions made for a future which at the time gave little indication how it would unfold, when he himself brought back the men of 1946, the tradition unbroken in essentials.

He leaves us just as the first post-war generation has reached the goal of the priesthood. It is a task completed: the post-war College has borne its first-fruits. But all who have received their training under his paternal rule, will remember with warmth his immense humanity and kindness, and will regret that the onset of ill health, aggravated so cruelly by the



MONSIGNOR MACMILLAN

disturbed years in which he governed, made it impossible for him to enter into the College life as much as he so ardently desired to do.

The hour is not ripe for anything like a full appreciation of his fourteen years of government. But it would be unhistorical even at this date not to recall the moments during those years when weighty decisions bore great fruit. There will be men in a later time who will find pleasure in savouring again the memory of six weeks spent in Lakeland at 'Croft Lodge'. The house there was ill-adapted to accommodate sixty odd refugees from Italy, but it was almost a stroke of genius to have brought them together at all under even a mild discipline within a month of their arrival at Southampton. It served to prove that the greater project of a permanent College with all amenities and a fully competent staff was no mere dream-child of unpractical nostalgia. The acquisition of St Mary's Hall which called forth and obtained the charity of so many was the Second Act of the Drama of the Exile, and in this Act the skill, resourcefulness and devotion of the producers could not be equalled. Those were heavy years for Mgr Macmillan, but they gave the tangible results that both critic and friend rightly demanded. Priests were ordained and sent on the Mission after a thorough course and after receiving an intellectual training which compared very favourably with that received elsewhere, at home or abroad. Then, in 1946, the more light-hearted Third Act showed the logic of the plot, the skill of the invention and the qualities of all the actors. The end had justified the means.

When he returned to Rome, the Rector was faced with a mass of 'War Damage', and much of those first years were spent in works of restoration and repair. In 1939 when he first came, he may have envisaged many further extensions and improvements which would have been carried out over the course of the years. But the war prevented all that, and his was the humbler task of furnishing anew the Villa after the devastations wrought there by its war-time tenants—no inconsiderable achievement when the war had reduced to negligible proportions the Italian sources of College income. In fact, he had to face not merely the task of financing the College with devalued sterling, but was forced to meet the ever-growing cost of living and the rise in wages and insurance. And though at times the balance sank perilously low, under Monsignor Macmillan's watchful eye we were always respectably solvent.

But although so few major projects could get past the planning stage on this account, Mgr Macmillan was always ready to spend money when possible on things that made the College life warmer and fuller for their presence. The nuns had new washing machines, a new stage was erected, a new cinema machine obtained. The Entrance corridor was re-decorated. Finally, new and effective boilers give heat once again to the College.

The other ventures that can be recorded here suffer from the fact that they are less tangible than building projects. His interest in the traditions and history of the College led him to demand greater and greater devotion to the College Martyrs and to their cause. The Martyrs Association, founded by Mgr Godfrey, has grown in size and value under his encouragement and direction. He always welcomed warmly scholastic achievement, and no modern problem failed to arouse his interest and comment. In fact, he was one of the keenest followers of all addresses to the Literary Society and would pursue his enquiries afterwards. His especial love was the Liturgy: here he was critical of any lapse from high standards in ritual and chant. This zeal for the glory of God's House is something, we think, that he has left with us.

It must be left to later generations to see how the main streams of ecclesiastical education flowed freely under Mgr Macmillan's Rectorship. All who were his subjects over those fourteen years cannot forget how in season and out of season he took every opportunity to set his fine ideals of the priesthood before the House. They won assent by the simplicity and sincerity with which he gave them to us as much as by their compelling truth. At this moment, however, we can express only gratitude to one who, though handicapped, did so much for those it was his office to guide and train: and to wish him peaceful, fruitful years of less onerous responsibilities.

THE EDITORS.

DECLINE AND FALL

3—THE VENERABLE UNDER ITALIAN SECULARS, 1773—1797

In the first two articles of this series we followed, with the aid of two diaries, the fortunes of the College in the last years of Jesuit rule and at the beginning of the government by Italian seculars. We saw how the permanence of the persecution of the Faith in England affected the state of the College in Rome, causing a decline in the quality and numbers of the student intake, and how Rome itself lost confidence in the administration of the English Jesuits particularly with regard to finance and discipline. Then the dissolution of the Jesuits effected what a Visitation had already recommended—a change-over to Italian seculars. Kirk's diary showed us the impact of the new régime on the students, the complaints about segregation, Italianization and the harshness of the discipline, complaints not unaccompanied by more active opposition and culminating in the daring escape and humiliating recapture of two of their number. For the remainder of the period we have no diary to help us, so we shall collect the evidence ourselves and attempt to give a general account of the government of the Italian seculars.¹

The period with which we are dealing is undeniably a miserable one in the history of the College, but before we pass

¹ All references unless otherwise stated, are to the Venerable Archives. The first three volumes of Mgr Ward's *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England* and *The Eve of Catholic Emancipation* have been used as authorities.

final judgement on it we should take a look at its background, for there are certain factors which defy the control of any college government, and of these the end of the eighteenth century had its fair share. Europe had nearly had its fill of rationalist enlightenment, but Bourbon politics and Jansenist intrigues had not yet overreached themselves and still dominated the stage. In Rome high policy was full of the plots of the Crown Cardinals and anti-Jesuit place-seekers. The Popes of the period were too occupied with trying to pacify the supposedly Catholic powers of Europe, to have the freedom to devote themselves to any single-minded policy of reform within the church. In Rome the anti-Jesuit faction was in the ascendancy, and this meant Jansenism in spirit if not in theory. This last feature was to play a big part as far as the English College was concerned, for on the death of Cardinal Lante in 1773, the English clergy and the College chose as their Protector Cardinal Andrea Corsini, a good friend of the Jansenists and a leading figure of the anti-Jesuit front.

As we have seen in Kirk's diary, the Cardinal at once installed in actual direction of the government of the College Mgr Pier Francesco Foggini. Foggini was also a friend of the Jansenists and already held a canonry of St Peter's as well as being Curator of the Vatican library. He was never Rector of the College but held a position midway between the Rector and the Cardinal. He lived in the building, however, and concerned himself with even the smaller details of administration.² His 'Florentine' economy in the running of the College was a frequent cause of complaint on the part of the students. For the first six years of the new régime there was no one who held the title of Rector; there is a series of Vice-Rectors; the first of these lasted no more than twenty-two hours, the second was Ferdinando Giovannucci who remained to the end of the year, and the third was Marco Magnani who became Rector in 1779. Mgr Foggini died in 1784.

² He was apparently in the habit of visiting the students' rooms as may be seen from the following incident which Kirk relates in his diary, an incident which also gives us a picture of the habitual give and take over the vexed question of door locking: 'One day Foggini having found a piece of string on Fuller's door wherewith he used to lock himself within, took it away, as he did another time also. Sometime after, coming to me, he asked the reason for which Fuller locked himself in, telling me that if he knew any good reason, he would let it be, telling me also of one that having locked his door and in the morning tumbled out of his bed and with the fall having broken some artery or another, because he had locked his door within, he could not be relieved and so died. I told him I thought that as Fuller saw he was locked in at night so that he could not come out, so he had a mind to lock others out that they might not come in.'

The Italian seculars were installed in the hope that the finances would be restored to order and the discipline improved. In both these matters they were determined to succeed. In the first there is no doubt that they proved their worth. The balance sheets before and after the change-over show an increase of income independent of any increase of property; even the annual rent totals increase substantially. In 1773 the income was under 5,000 scudi. By the next year the same capital produced over 6,000; most of the increase seems to be accounted for by efficient rent-collecting at Monte Porzio. Before the College lost the Abbey of San Savino in the duchy of Parma in 1768, the income was seven and a half thousand; after its return in the time of the seculars it kept steadily above ten thousand.³ The result was that whereas the Jesuits could only afford 400 for the *Salariati* the seculars kept a magnificent establishment on more than 1,000. The details of this establishment are worth our scrutiny. On Magnani's list (*Scritture* 47.10) we find the following persons drawing permanent salaries: Rector; Lecturers in Morals, Humanities, and Philosophy; confessor; teacher of Greek; two prefects; choirmaster; language master; writing master; rent-collector; doctor; architect; surgeon; sacristan and tailor; steward; infirmarian; porter; cook; barber; runner; washerwoman; two vine-dressers; *Ministro delle Bene* in Monte Porzio; *Garzone* in Monte Porzio; and accountant—in all twenty-nine officials. But as we shall see later there was little return for this expenditure.

In the matter of discipline the seculars were nothing if not thorough. There was never at any time any doubt who was master, and we do not read of any Rector being forced to 'draw in his horns' as in the days of the Jesuits. We have seen what Kirk thought of the system as a student, but even writing much later he continued to call it: 'government by mistrust, restraint, and espionage'.⁴ We must remember, however, that the students did not enter as senior seminarians, when we consider the closeness of the regulations. Kirk himself was probably only about eighteen when he wrote the diary, but in most cases the

³ A comparison of the figures for a specimen year before the loss of the Abbey with those for one after its recovery is illuminating. We will take 1761 and 1785. From the Abbey the Jesuits realized just over two thousand, the seculars more than three and a half thousand. From the houses belonging to the college the Jesuits collected just over three thousand in rents, the seculars over four thousand (*Scritture Diverse* 40 and 41).

⁴ 'An Account of the English College at Rome' from *The Catholic Magazine and Review*, Vol. II, No. 17, June 1832.

boys were sent out from England at ten or eleven. There was one student who became a member of the College at the tender age of seven! We must also consider that there was a bad reputation for discipline that had grown up in the last days of Jesuit rule, and that the student material was often completely unmalleable; many came with little or no desire to become priests and set their faces against the superiors and the rules from the start.⁵ But all this does not disguise the fact that the measures taken were no remedy for the situation. The superiors never seemed to gain the confidence of the students, they merely multiplied regulations.⁶ The position was aggravated in no slight degree by the methods of the Rector, Marco Magnani. He it is who is the villain of Kirk's diary, and the most sober reflection cannot do much to mitigate the judgements there formed of him. He did not scruple to delegate penal authority to the College servants, nor did he consider it unfitting to make frequent use of the whip on the students himself. All opposition was put down by physical violence. To cap everything he did not, according to the evidence available, set a good example himself. A memorial of complaint was presented by the students to the Cardinal in 1779, apparently at the latter's request, which alleges that the Rector was always out and spent most of his time in giving *pranzi sontuosi*, so that the cook had no time to spare for the students. The students contrast the present régime unfavourably with the Jesuit government which now comes to be looked on as belonging to the good old days. They complain about the increased study time on feast-days and at the Villa, the prohibition of games at the vineyard (near the Circus Maximus), the cutting down of recreation time after dinner from one hour to half an hour, and exclusion from the library (*Scritture Diverse* 44). Further, there were complaints about the Rector's personal conduct (C 14.15).

⁵ Two extracts from the '*Alumnorum et Convictorum Anglicani Collegii Album*' (the successor of the '*Liber Ruber*') show what the superiors had sometimes to put up with. Of Thomas Johnson, who left *re infecta* in 1788 it is written: '*Humanitatis vix studio confecto. Nullum profecto nec Collegio nec Angliæ Missionibus factum est damnum in eius discussu.*' John Taylor left in 1796 with the following testimonial: '*Iuvenis nullius ingenii, nullius studii, nec pietatis, nec fortasse religionis, pulsus incipientem, e Collegio ipsum dimittere visum fuit.*'

⁶ In 1776 a new and supplementary book of rules was issued regulating precisely the time and manner of prayers, grace, recreation and other matters to an extent which scarcely left the students an unoccupied moment. One extract will suffice to show the spirit which animated it: '*II. Per urbem incidentes, submissa voce et sine contentione colloquantur unusquisque solummodo cum socio sibi assignato, et Prelatis et quibuscumque aliis spectabilibus viris reverentiam exhibeant, omnibusque modestiæ exemplum se præbeant.*' Kirk's diary tells us that the *solummodo cum socio sibi assignato* was honoured in the breach, as were also a good many other points of the new *Ordo Diei*. Its spirit was manifestly Italian and unsuitable for English students of whatever age.

It would be difficult to find any aspect of College life with which the students could find no fault. An unfortunately anonymous though vivid document describes someone's animadversions about the food situation: the *pranzi sontuosi* were evidently private affairs whose existence provided, for those who were not invited, food only for thought.

'Gli alunni del Collegio Inglese in tempo del Sig. Rettore Magnani sono stati inquanto al vitto pessimamente trattati, scarsissime pietanze, una miserabile fettina di formaggio della peggiore qualità come ancora di frutta . . . vino il peggiore della cantina adacquato all'ultimo segno. Il venerdì ed il sabato si usciva dal Refettorio con un non indifferente appetito. (Temp. Classification C. 14).

But the substance of most of the complaints has already appeared in that part of Kirk's diary which was published in our last number. The students addressed themselves to all who would listen to them and wrote home forcefully on the subject. But the superiors' spy service was an efficient one. There is one letter in the Archives which starts: 'I have had no opportunity of sending my letter to you. I would have given it to our Rector, but he would not have sent it. I therefore send it slyly . . .'—but even then not slyly enough or it would not be in the Archives! (Scritture Diverse 46: 18c, 1). The writer, James Kennedy, was a ringleader in the campaign of opposition to the superiors and the attempts to present memorials to the Cardinal Protector. According to Kirk, he obtained the latter's signature by fraud to a memorial for which he could not collect enough names. Penances did not seem to deter him. There is one letter of his in the Archives, however (Scritture Diverse 46: 1779), couched in very melodramatic language and expressing the deepest distress. It was apparently intended for home. I say 'apparently' because the tenor of it is so violent that it may have been intended to be taken up by the superiors to frighten them:

' . . . I have this only favour to beg of you: that is to write to Mr Stonor⁷ to lend me the sum of 17 guineas and I will pay it afterwards for I hear no boys are coming at present. This is a favour that I ask for God's sake not for mine and I

⁷ Mgr Christopher Stonor, Roman Agent of the Vicars Apostolic, who died in 1795. He used to visit the College frequently. He is not to be confused with his uncle Bishop John Talbot Stonor, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, who campaigned to get the Jesuits removed from the direction of the College a generation earlier, and died in 1756.

also want to return this spring which if denied me, I will leave my cassock and cloack and walk by land and if I find that does not succeed, I will destroy myself not with poison, not with knives, but in a manner that I shall be bewailed by all and which no one can hinder. For what is death, it's a finishing stroak to all these troubles of life. It's true when it comes everyone fears it, but o Death, o Death by me so often desired, when wilt thou come! My thoughts are only fixed on thee. To thee I owe all my pains, to thee all my sufferings; but since as beloved a thing is denied me on account of my beloved sisters and on account of my religion, what shall I doe? Of making myself priest I despair, of acquiring learning there remains to me hopes. But that I may return to myselve do for God's sake write to Mr Stonor for to lend me the foresaid sum that I may at once be free, for I'm affraid that if you don't see me soon, you will never see me more. My health is ruining dayly and hourly my spirits consuming, and therefore if you have any pity, pity your poor son, who has strove to the utmost of his power to stay for 3 years but at last has given it up. Give my love to all.

I am your most afflicted but dutiful son

James Kenedy.'

The writer of this epistle of woe returned safely home after being transferred out of the college.

Complaints about the system were not restricted to those proceeding from within the College. The English clergy sent a continuous stream of petitions to Rome urging the instalment of national superiors. Propaganda debated the question at several sittings,⁸ but would not move in the matter. From a number of memorials submitted by both sides, copies of which are in the Archives (*Scrittura Diverse* 46), we can piece together the points at issue. For the change to English superiors it is urged: that under the present system the students forget their own language; that they are unable to preach; that they are uninformed about the topics of controversy in England; that the College is disturbed and discontented under Italian government; that parents are unwilling to send their sons, and so are the Vicars Apostolic unwilling for them to come; and that

⁸ It is to the credit of Cardinal Corsini who was a strenuous opponent of the idea of English superiors, that he absented himself so that the matter could be freely discussed.

English superiors are in charge of the English Colleges in Spain and France and Portugal and Flanders.⁹ Against these reasons it is argued: that the English cannot manage the finances; that the Rector should be *persona grata* with the Cardinal Protector; that the College was originally taken out of the hands of the national seculars (this means Dr Clynog the Welshman, the first Rector) because of the disorders of the system; that an Italian Rector would not show partiality or have favourites; that it is inconvenient to have English clergy travelling back and forth between Rome and England from the point of view of expense; that any failure on the part of the Italians is due to the bad student material they are given, that opposition to the present régime does not come from parents or children but from other persons fomenting disorder; and finally that the real reasons for this opposition are the hatred of these persons for the Italians and their desire to get control of the College property.¹⁰

Eventually, however, the English petitions seem to have prevailed, for a decree was sent out from Propaganda in 1783 recording the Papal authorization of an Englishman as Rector when next the post should fall vacant.¹¹ This decree seems to

⁹ The parents' unwillingness is subject to exceptions. The following letter from a father to his sons at the College who were contemplating coming home to England before their course was finished, shows a very different kind of sentiment: they were not to return until they had learnt something in Rome:

'My dear children,

Whoever persuaded you to return to England and not embrace the very kind offer of the Rector (Magnani's successor) and good Cardinal must be very ignorant of life . . . some fools have refused a like offer and have suffered for their folly ever since. Were you to come over now I could do nothing for you, I have lately been at such heavy expenses on account of your sisters and not suspecting you would leave College so soon. Indeed if you do come you will exasperate me so much that I do not think I shall ever consent to see you. Were I able to pay a pension for you I would rather give £50 where you are than £5 in London. Youth are so very corrupt here. I leave you entirely at the disposal of your superiors but would recommend copper plate engineering if agreeable to them and you have a genius for drawing. The Romans are the first in the world at this line. Once more think not of coming to England till you have learned a trade; if you do I will not see you . . .

Your affectionate father,

John Powell'

(Temp. classification: C. 9: 1790).

¹⁰ With regard to favouritism, it features in fact as an explicit cause of complaint against the Italians. Our friend Kennedy tells how he is upbraided with his parents' poverty at the College, and rails at the class distinction made there. He quotes the case of the two students who escaped: one of them was sent away in disgrace, but the other, Willoughby, because he has influential friends, remains and enjoys certain privileges (Scrittura Diverse 46 18c, 1. The memorials also are in the section 46, 18c).

¹¹ The wording shows reluctance: '*Quod attinet ad Rectorem censuimus quidem minime necessarium esse ad optimam disciplinam conservandam ut is ex Anglica Natione desumatur, posseque adolescentes Anglos etiam ab Italo homine bene, liberaliterque institui et gubernari, modo se dociles ac dicto audientes praebeant. Tamen quoniam hoc a vobis tantoque desideratur, curari in posterum posse, ut cum primum vacare contigerit aliquis ex vestris sacerdotibus praeficiatur . . .*' (Copy in Gradwell's Scrapbook, p. 189).

have been kept secret from the English Clergy, but the Italians in charge of the College soon got to hear of it, and their reactions may be seen from the following letter from Kirk to Gradwell in 1829 :

‘I was unacquainted before with the decree of Propaganda dated April 2, 1783, though I had strong suspicions of something of the kind. It satisfactorily explains the change that took place at the very time, in the behaviour of Mons. Foggini towards me. For in the following month he treated me with a jaunt to the Magliana, with the Rector Magnani, and Vice-Rector Salvaggi : treated me in the kindest manner, told me on the road that I should be removed from the Divines’ gallery and should have an apartment in another part of the College ; that I should have a place of Superior over the students ; and often had me at his home to read the scripture and other books to him, during his blindness, caused by an inflammation brought on by excessive grief on occasion of a dangerous illness which confined me to my bed in 1782 for 99 days. These things caused me to suspect that he had a design to give me a situation in the College with a view to defeat the applications which from time to time I knew were making from England to get English Superiors into the College. I therefore wrote to Bp. Talbot to acquaint him with my suspicions and grounds for them, and to request his directions, how I should act if they should be realized . . .’ (Temp. Classification : Gradwell, 10.)

Notwithstanding the decree of Propaganda, an Italian was appointed Rector on the dismissal of Magnani in 1787. The circumstances of this change are reported by Mgr Stonor :

‘A little Revolution has lately happened in ye English College. The rector, Abbate Magnani, has been dismissed in a very sudden, extraordinary manner. I saw him the very morning, and then he had neither knowledge or even suspicion of any such impending change. Nay, what is odd enough, Corsini had put his successor in actual possession before he acquainted him of his demission. The present Rector was before in ye Maronite College in ye same capacity, has a good character for prudence, sweetness of temper and piety, but has no great stock of learning, as I am told. The cause of his predecessor’s misfortune, Corsini told me, was negligence in the government of the house.’

(Quoted, from Westminster Archives, by Ward, i 65).

Mgr Stonor wrote afterwards in terms which showed he approved of Stefano Felici, the new Rector, though Kirk says that his government was of a piece with that of his predecessor. There is one letter at least written by a student who had returned to England at the end of his course, which expresses genuine gratitude for his days at the College at this time.¹² Felici added to the staff a Prefect of Studies, a Rhetorician, a third Prefect, *Ripetitori* in philosophy and theology, and eight other officials not counting two ex-*Maestri* and an Irish refugee priest.¹³ This should have made up for the Rector having 'no great stock of learning', and also shows that he was not without charity, whether misplaced or not.

The campaign for English superiors did not however cease. The main obstacle was Cardinal Corsini, who continued firm in his resolution to accept no change.¹⁴ He, however, died early in 1795 and Cardinal Campinelli, who was friendly to the national cause, was installed in his place, largely due to the influence of Sir John Cox Hippenley, a non-Catholic member of Parliament who was nevertheless friendly and enjoyed the good graces of the Pope and of the British government. Unfortunately, Campinelli died almost at once, and the process had to begin again with the young Cardinal Braschi, the Pope's nephew, who succeeded him. By this time Felici himself had come over to the side of the advocates of English superiors. Hippenley's work was not wasted and with the assistance of his memorial the same position was reached that should have resulted from the decree of 1783¹⁵: an English Rector was to be appointed on the next vacancy. Felici tried to resign in 1796, but it was not until the following year that his resignation was accepted, and then only at the instance of the Cardinal Duke of York. A considerable amount of argument about who was to be the new English Rector was cut short by the French invasion, and the whole vexed question had to be thrashed out for a third time after the end of the war, for from 1797 the English College ceased to exist. The tenacity of the Italian opposition throughout this hard-fought issue of the national

¹² Written by Harris, C. 9. The date is 1797.

¹³ An Englishman also was at last admitted to the staff—to teach English!

¹⁴ His reply to Mgr Erskine on the subject in 1794 is typical of his attitude: '*Il Collegio e Apostolico, fondato e dotato dai Papi e dal medesimo confidato ad un Cardinale che sono io presentemente, e non alla Congregazione di Propaganda!*' (Temp. classification C. 9: 1794).

¹⁵ This decree was not discovered by the English clergy until Mr Macpherson, the English Bishops' agent after the Napoleonic wars, found it by accident in the Archives of Propaganda.

superiors is understandable, if one recalls that the facts of the history of the English government of the College in the past did not speak well for it. It was only in the nineteenth century that it was satisfactorily proved that English superiors were capable of managing the internal and external affairs of the College efficiently. This is not so much a reflection on the capabilities of Englishmen, as on the unsettledness of the times of persecution. Apart from the heroic period of the end of the sixteenth century, English Catholics were isolated and disunited, and Rome was understandably reluctant to entrust them with the important matter of training missionary priests according to the mind of the Church.

We must now pass to the melancholy business of assessing the utility of the College to the English mission in the time of the Italian superiors. It is true that the number of students at the College swelled from ten in 1773 to a peak of twenty-five in 1789, but there was a steady decline after this and in the entire period only seventy-seven students passed through the College. Of these eleven were Italians with no prospects for the English mission. Forty-four others left *re infecta*. Another eight left and were ordained elsewhere. Another four died at the College before they could be ordained. This leaves ten who were ordained at the College. Of these only seven had arrived after the removal of the Jesuits.¹⁶ Of these seven, two never performed any missionary duties and the third only for a short time. One of the seven certainly apostatised (as did two of the eight who were ordained elsewhere). If we take the most charitable view—that this one was one of the three specified by Kirk as having been unavailable for missionary duties—that would still leave only four out of the original seven. A poor return for twenty-four years in the history of the College! The only one of these whom we hear about at all afterwards is Stephen Green who was recommended for the Rectorship in 1814 but died before anything further could be done.

The only really bright star in the firmament of the whole period, we might even say of the whole eighteenth century at the English College, is John Kirk himself. Ordained in 1784, he left in the following year and became chaplain to Sedgley Park. He was president there from 1792–97, and then became

¹⁶ Kirk says that only seven were ordained between 1775 and 1798 (*Catholic Magazine and Review*, loc. cit.); but he has apparently forgotten himself, because the total for this period is eight. For our purposes Kirk has been counted as arriving before the removal of the Jesuits. I have supplemented Kirk's figures with my own investigations.

chaplain and secretary to Bishop Berington, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District after Bishop Talbot. On Bishop Berington's death a year later, he was sent to the Lichfield mission which he practically founded. He built there the church of St Cross where he is buried. Although he remained in charge at Lichfield to the end of his days, he found time to sow the seeds of the foundation at Oscott and to plan the building for the College which was erected there and opened in 1838. He also engaged himself in a multitude of literary labours of which there is no space to write here. He lived to see the restoration of the hierarchy and died in the following year at the age of 91.

But it is doubtful whether Kirk would have achieved less had he not been at the English College in Rome, and one such career is no justification for the cause of the Italian seculars. Hard though it is we can only make the following judgement on the period of their government: it would have been better for the English mission had the College been closed and its students gone elsewhere.

(To be concluded)

THOMAS CURTIS HAYWARD.

ROMANESQUE

52—THE BOOK AUCTION

We might have foreseen trouble with the Romanesque when the half-century was, as they say in cricket reports, hoisted ; and sure enough we got it—in hatsful. The Editor of that moment, instead of recognizing himself as merely privileged by accident of birth, was filled with *hubris* and other inflationary agents ; instead of doffing his cap quietly, like any decent batsman, he loosened two Eumenides of the Critico-Historical Method in the otherwise blameless pages of Vol. XV, No. 4. You have doubtless read their lucubrations, conned their definitions, their caveats and quiddities, and trembled to realize how many Romanesques you have just failed to write, or alternatively thanked your guardian angel that you never succumbed to the blandishments of those who beckoned you into this boggy literary field. You can but pause, like ourselves, to salute in passing the intrepid author of Number Fifty-one, who, in eight firmly-written pages, betrays neither by word nor gesture that he has read the twin menaces who preceded him. You would have expected to find him wobbling pen towards paper very much as you used to wobble a bare foot (supposing that you had been foolish enough to bare it) towards the surface of the tank on St Gregory's day ; asking himself fearfully, is this going to begin with the Introduction Breezy, or the Exordium Philosophical, or the Polyglot Opening Gambit, or what the deuce ; and will it proceed prosperously to gladden the venerable eyes of the *Gilesiana Gens*, as well as tickling the

palate sharpened *entre deux guerres* and satisfying the streamlined requirements of the Post-Exilic epoch? Let us pray, brethren, that the wretched lines you have just read constitute the last bout of self-consciousness that those jubilant vivisectionists will excite.

Sursum Corda! The Common Room was properly the subject of an early Romanesque. I have not access to this, but one may safely assume that its author did full justice to the staple of Common Room life—conversation. Of the other occasional Common Room diversions which have been the subjects of separate Romanesques, some occupied us mainly to the exclusion of conversation: e.g. Concerts, Sketches (though I have known—and taken part in—examples of both that practically failed to interrupt the conversation at all, we must concede that it is of the nature of both, *principaliter*, *formaliter*, etc. to do so). On the other hand most of the activities probably described under ‘Christmas Week’ were merely other forms of, or stimulants to, conversation—as were Films, at least in the ‘silent’ days.

There remain a number of things, not easily categorized, however strong the itch, not readily promising enough ore for a Romanesque (not at least to a memory and invention impoverished by age) yet setting up a glow in the memory because they were of the Common Room, and the Common Room (*humanum dico*) is the heart of our life.

I still make use during the appropriate days of a battered *Officium Hebdomadae Sanctae*, its broken back surviving by the surgery of a piece of insulation tape, applied I cannot remember when. The book’s only claim to distinction is that its fly-leaf bears the name of one who now adorns (in a real sense) the episcopal bench. What led him to dispose of it so long ago (it is still quite serviceable): whether some American aunt or parish priest had just sent him something larger, more richly-gilt, more chant-embellished, or whether he was going through a fleeting the-rosary-was-good-enough-for-my-grandmother phase, or whether he was a few lire short of the fare to Sorrento or Siena, I know not; but it passed from him to me via my first Book Auction, and I never take it up without thinking of what was a rarely-recurring but thoroughly pure-blooded Common Room diversion.

Few people will resist the temptation or disclaim the ability to read a man’s character in the titles of his books—

it is one of those small illusions that never succumb to



*'Test this by observing the reactions of anyone who is left waiting
in your study for a moment . . .'*

experience: test this by observing the reactions of anyone, however little addicted to reading, who is left waiting in your study for a moment. The legendary member of a neighbouring College who characterized us in the lump as 'insufferably hearty' might have fancied his view confirmed had he witnessed the conduct of our Book Auction—until he scanned the contents of the shelves surrounding the auctioneer's perch and was forced to acknowledge the futility of his own or any other generalization. It was said of one of my contemporaries—an intelligent and shrewd man and an excellent companion—that his shelves contained nothing but his Gregorian text-books and a Bradshaw. St Thomas presumably would have feared him; lesser minds might exercise themselves unrewardingly on the psychological implications of such a library. On the shelves of another could be found a complete set of Galsworthy—which fact, whatever its psychological implications, will certainly date this Romanesque remorselessly for future research-workers. But this is only one of many pairs of extremes and paradoxical conjunctions that our annual re-shuffle of reading matter brought to the notice of sharp and irreverent eyes. Certain

curiosities were welcomed with a cheer of affectionate derision year after year : perhaps a three-volume work in Spanish on the Synoptic Question or the schismatic liturgies ; perhaps some long-dead Latin American Dominican breathing a couple of thousand pages of threatenings and slaughter against the Society ; perhaps one of those huge biographies of obscure Victorians which might have been sponsored by the paper industry ; irrepressible, their uncut edges rust-spotted with antiquity and exposure, they turned up, and doubtless still turn up, year after year like the failures of the family at a Christmas reunion.

Sometimes you can hazard a guess at their provenance : some innocent, perhaps, returning long ago through the Campo after a lecture in which some moment of eloquence had elicited an aspiration, more ardent than discriminating, towards scholarship, had poured out the price of a couple of packets of *Tre Stelle* as a libation to the Muses, and now hopes against hope to unload the fruits of his long-repentent extravagance. But many relics defy such particular speculation. One can only surmise that they are strictly traditional—that they belong to the room rather than to its occupant and that the latter is hoping profitably to divert the stream of tradition into a fresh channel.

There are the discards which tell of various stages, some happily reversible, of cultural evolution : the Baedeker being sold by the man who has skimmed the cream of Tuscany in one week and has now been bitten by the snow-bug ; the classics or poetry volumes being jettisoned by the man dazzled or panic-stricken by his first disputation (an echo of the twelfth century—Paris outstripping Chartres) ; the school prize, gorgeously bound and embossed, assigned with paternal solicitude and some aptness by a fond form-master, being thrown to the not very ravenous wolves by the sophisticated youth sitting over there puffing manfully at a 'Tusc'.

Sitting over where ? I do not recall the rostrum being situated but in one place—just to the right of the piano ; it is subtly chosen to the advantage of those commentators who are wont to drift in late and hover with some air of detachment on the fringe ; whose wit, if any, seems to gain point from being discharged *ambulando*, with loins girt, by men who have just dropped in for a moment. One inevitably sees them as smoking pipes. This air of critical abstraction is the greatest

humbug: they are among the most passionate of those who hope that the auctioneer's glibness will put another couple of weeks between them and penury.

Which brings us, leaving 'quid?' and 'ubi?' to 'quis?'

The man who mounts the rostrum is likely to be a domestic clown of some standing—if he is not this is his master chance



'The man on the rostrum is likely to be a domestic clown of some standing . . .

to establish himself as such. Nature or fortune could hardly devise a better field for the extempore wag. Each volume, taken up and exhibited with shades of feeling varying between reverence and indifference, between enthusiasm and sarcasm, is a challenge; if its title fails to fire his fancy, he has but to turn to the flyleaf and contemplate the name of the would-be vendor. Often the mere conjunction of the two, conveyed to the ghoulish customers with the right degree of insinuation, is explosive. What chance fails to offer it is for unscrupulous contrivance to supply, and supply it does. The *ad hoc* bibliophiles in the basket chairs expect their auctioneer to put pleasure well before business, and he seldom disappoints them. If Aunt

Isabel, or Mother Mary Euthanasia, speeding the young pride



'The ad hoc bibliophiles in the basket chairs . . .'

and joy to foreign parts with a volume of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, has failed to rise to a suitable inscription, none more qualified or less diffident to step into the breach than the man with the hammer. No eye more swift and sure than his as, waiting for the unwilling bids, he idly flicks over the pages, to spot and extract as with a pin the incongruous couplet, the blush-producing sentence; and if inspiration flags, there is no lack of willing lieutenants of ribaldry among those who sit at his feet.

Quibus auxiliis? These are not his only aiders and abettors. Though he is there primarily to entertain, he is also there to sell books, and the audience contains plenty of conspirators ready for the most interested motives to help in sapping the little sales-resistance that guileless first-year men can put up. 'What am I offered for this handsome Portuguese grammar—in French?' asks the master of the revels. Amid the coarse guffaws of the Philistines the covetous eye of the proprietor of this curio detects a nervous shuffle of *velleitas* on the part of some pale neophyte. 'Just the right healthy distraction from ontology—a bit of Portuguese', he says in a loud and too casual aside. The pale one jumps and, in a strangled voice, exhales a modest bid. 'The coming language, Portuguese', says another stooge of the same year and moral standards as the proprietor, 'and of course the only way to *get at* a language is through the medium of French.' So saying, with nerves steeled he raises the bid slightly. 'Wish I could afford to bid for it myself', says the

owner, inwardly canvassing what he will do to the auctioneer if the latter reads out his name from the flyleaf. But all is well, the wretched victim raises again and the hammer does the rest. And let not our hearts bleed for the pale one. In twelve months' time, much less pale, his knowledge of Portuguese *in statu quo antea* but his knowledge of the world vastly increased, he will be playing the same scene again—this time in the role of First Tempter.

Let us lurch for a moment from Breezy to Philosophical. 'Cur?' in fact. We shall have caricatured this Roman occasion if we leave the impression that it is a mere pretext for mild chicanery and that brand of mutual denigration by which, whenever voices are raised above conversation pitch, we signalize our mutual regard. In Rome there is comparatively little access to English books. The individual's modest collection assumes an importance out of all proportion to its possible value here in a land of plentiful bookshops, libraries and reading-rooms. A single copy of some important or even momentarily esteemed work takes on something of the status of a monastic manuscript in the tenth century. (I well remember—how odd it seems now!—the eagerness with which people awaited their turn to read *The Good Companions*.)

The oddities that appear year after year, testing the skill of a new charlatan and the gullibility of a new flock of yearlings, are but the flotsam and jetsam bobbing about on the surface of a steady and beneficial stream of traffic. We are drawn from a variety of seeding-grounds: men who have drunk in strong draughts of downright northern culture at the hands of the Uncle Tom Cobley chorus 'rub shoulders with great minds' from more ancient or more glossy institutions; Upholland near Wigan consorts happily with Downside near Bath. Jesuits, mendicants, seculars have disciplined, inspired or cajoled us into some schooling, leaving their various bents and enthusiasms. The sovereign alembic for all this richness is the Common Room circle, but even Romans cannot talk all the time. The Book Auction in a small way helps them to draw even in their reading on each other's background—helps in other words to make Romans of them; and in that it merits the distinction of taking up every year an hour or two of that most precious of commodities, Common Room time.

I wonder if that Bishop would be interested in a good second-hand Holy Week Book . . .

W. A. PURDY.

'A SEDITIOUS JESUITE CALLING HIMSELFE N.D.'¹

'Ut liceat libros catholicos imprimere et edere tacito nomine auctoris, loci et typographi, non obstante concilio Tridentino. Ut liceat etiam his facultatibus in aliis vicinis regionibus, nominatim in Scotia, Hibernia et Mona et aliis adjacentibus locis, uti, et etiam in eis qui ex aliis regionibus in haec loca venerint.' So ran a faculty granted to Father Persons on the 14th April 1580; and so began one of the strangest literary careers of any connected with the College. Behind it lay the whole story of the early Counter-Reformation, reflected in miniature in Persons' own life; before it lay years of most effective pamphleteering, a devotional best-seller, the praise of Swift, two centuries of oblivion, and the present-day attempt by Phillimore, Chambers and Southern to restore his prose to its rightful place in English letters.

Force was certainly the main weapon by which the government of Elizabeth hoped to stamp out the embers of Catholicism that seemed to be bursting into fresh flame; but it did not neglect more gentle methods of extinguishing the dangerous firebrands from the Continent. Among such methods, a high place was held by the written word, particularly in the form of the pamphlet, which was the easy and established way of reaching all such popular opinion as could read or be read to.

¹ The more recondite allusions and references come from Dr Southern's *Elizabethan Recusant Prose* 1559-1582. To refer to this work every time I have drawn from it would be to overload each page with footnotes.

The Elizabethan did not differ much from us in his desire for light reading ; so that both sides to any quarrel would expound their views in easily-digestible booklets bearing as attractive an exterior as possible. Persons was no exception to this rule. His titles, chosen to catch the eye as it scanned the bookstall, were as carefully selected as the slogans of modern advertisement :

‘A Discoverie of J. Nicols, minister, misrepresented a Jesuite, lately recanted in the Tower of London. Wherein besides the declaration of the man is containd a ful answere to his recantation, with a confutation of his slaunders and prooffe of the contraries in the Pope, Cardinals, Clergie, Students, and Private men of Rome.’

‘A brief and cleer Confutation, of a new, vaine, and vaunting Challenge, made by O. E. Minister, into N.D. Author of the Ward-Word. Wherin Yssue is joyned upon the five several pointes, proposed by the Chalenger : and his egregious ignorance, falshood and folly, discovered in them all.’

‘A Quiet and Sober Reckoning with Mr Thomas Merton, somewhat set in choler by his adversary P.R.’

Inside, likewise, the reader would find a good coating of sugar on the pill : however closely argued the point, there were few writers that could resist the temptation to turn aside and score a debating point against their adversary, either by punning, by invective and satire, or by plain scurrility. Where the writer has digressed to describe an event or person, his prose will even now spring to life like a cut-out picture standing out of the pages of a child’s book. In these pamphlets is buried—sometimes all too deeply—some of the most vivid prose writing of the period ; once the writer’s own imagination is fired, he seems almost unable to avoid conveying to the reader the drama of a scene or his own enthusiasm for a character.

Here, then, is sufficient reason for calling the attention of the present-day reader to these dead controversies ; but for all those concerned with the Venerable they have an especial interest as they help us to recall our own past. It was while he was Rector of the College, from 1597 to his death in 1610, that Fr Persons wrote twenty of the twenty-seven English works ascribed to him in Gillow’s *Bibliographical Dictionary* ; and we are lucky in possessing eighteen of these English works in the Library, and several early drafts of the pamphlets in the Archives. Bound up with the Library copies of the pamphlets

are texts of many of the very works he is answering, and it seems fairly certain that they were his own copies. Point after point is underlined or annotated in the margin, annotations which appear, slightly modified, in his own printed replies. The habit of underlining one's text is evidently of respectable ancestry; but we do not now, perhaps, express ourselves so freely in our annotations: 'Lyes', 'Falsehood', 'Base flattery', 'Knavery', 'Impudent'.

Perhaps the most interesting of our collection is the second pamphlet which Persons wrote, 'A Brief Censure . . .' which bears on its title page 'By N.D. . . . Roane 1581'. It seems that it was actually written and printed in England, in the space of ten days, at a secret press which he had established in the house of a brother of Lord Montague. His adversaries were so enraged by the speed at which this was produced that the hunt for his press was intensified, until it was eventually discovered and he had to fly the country. His nom-de-plume was also seized upon, and he was christened 'Noddy',² a name which seems to have stuck to him in all future controversies.

Though driven abroad, Persons was not quiet for long. At Douai he found the facilities he needed, and if England was too hot to hold him there were always ways of smuggling pamphlets into the country. From Douai they could be sent to the coast, loaded on a small boat, and shipped over to some port on the East or South coast. Was not this the way in which the heretical Bibles had first filtered into England? Thus for the rest of his life we see Persons intervening time and again in the paper war; and it was not his political intrigues alone that made him the best-hated preoccupation of Elizabeth's Government. He wrote on subjects that have now become a quarry for the antiquarian but were then of burning interest—the origins of the English conversion, the succession, the loyalty of Catholics and a score of kindred topics. But if there are many dull pages of charge, counter-charge and citation of authorities, there is also displayed the whole range of the pyrotechnics of pamphleteering. Invective, satire, puns on his adversaries' names, irony, all rub shoulders with noble passages of rhetoric in defence of his cause, sketches of friends or enemies, and brief dramatic narrative passages. Listen to him defending Campion, for example, in the *Brief Censure* where he uses his rhetorical gifts to the full.

² From his use of the initials N.D. to conceal his authorship.

‘Concerning the man whom you answer : To let pass all your evil speach towards him as pardonable in you which know little civilitie: you seem to deale otherwise verye hardlye with him : for what so ever he sayeth or doeth, you will have it to be taken in evil part. If he speak humblye, he dissembleth : If he yeelde commendation, he flattereth ; if he shewe confidence in his cause, he vaunteth : If he offer trial, he meaneth not performance : If he proteste his meaninge, he must not be credited : If he desire audience, he must not be admitted : Finally, what so ever he can imagine to utter for the justifying of him selfe or his cause, it must avayle nothing.’ (Sig D7v.)

This passage could be paralleled by many others scattered throughout his work, which are made all the more telling by their isolation. Persons was too good a writer to overwork a trick of style : the balance and careful construction which distinguish the passage quoted would become merely tedious when used at length. He always kept well in mind his aims in writing these pamphlets—to hit hard, and to keep his reader’s interest. Thus he will constantly address his opponents directly, and seldom will he let slip a chance of a side blow at them : ‘If Catholiques did hold that “ignorance were the mother of devotion”, then might they well hope to see Sir Francis Hastings a devout knight in time, for that he is as ignorant as ever lightly tooke pen in hand to write’. Again of Hastings he writes, ‘Let some friend blush for him, if he have not shame to do it for himself’.

Few holds were barred in Elizabethan controversy, and ‘Noddy’ was not the man to hang back. He would, for example, rub home the irony of his opponents bitterly denouncing the ideal of virginity in the cloister at one moment, while they fell over themselves to do homage to the Virgin Queen the next. On one occasion in particular he really seems to be enjoying himself. Thomas Bell had published a pamphlet entitled *The Pope’s Funeral*, which Persons answered with *The Doleful Knell of Thomas Bell*. In his Preface, he collects together divers of Bell’s ‘exclamatorie railinges and scoffing taunts which may verye fitlie be called Bels Litanies, or his fifteen Oos of in-devotion, as S. Briget is saide to have had hers tending to praier, and heavenly contemplation.’
 ‘O impudent Iesuites, more impudent, than impudency it selfe.
 O bloodie, and traiterous Iesuites.

O most cursed, wretched, and miserable Poperye.
 O shamelesse corrupter, where is thy honestie.
 O impudent Parsons : o shamelesse Iesuit : o faeres bratt.
 O deceitfull wretche, o cozeninge villaine, o childe of the devile.
 O dastardly cowardes, o most shamelesse Iesuites.
 O noddie noddie Iesuite.
 O impudent brazen-faced Parsons.' (Op. cit., *5, 4.)

Though his pamphlets represent the main body of Persons' published writings, they do not represent the whole range of his prose. From his prolific pen flowed a constant stream of memorials, state papers, and letters in Italian and Latin. Of his English letters, two have been published by the Catholic Record Society (Vol. 39) which show the two aspects of his correspondence. The first, to Campion, is a short, hastily-written account of the latest news, with no pretensions to style ; but the second is of particular interest to us. Persons is here writing to Fr William Good, under whom he had first made the Exercises in 1574 ; the letter is dated 19th March 1579, and is taken up mainly with a very full account of the recent troubles in the English College. Tempers there had risen so high between the English and Welsh students under the inept government of Dr Maurice Clynog that knives had been brandished in the Refectory. The future martyrs had pestered the Cardinal Protector and the Pope for better government, and when it was refused, had walked out of the College *en masse*. The Church of San Lorenzo in Damaso had resounded to a Jesuit appeal for alms for their support ; and in the end the students had won the day. The story is well known, and has been fully dealt with in these pages by Mgr Smith in his articles 'Mutiny Among the Martyrs'; but his account is concerned more with the matter of the story than with the way in which it is told by Persons. The letter to Good shows his power of narrative prose in a way for which his pamphlets never gave occasion. As a piece of dramatic story-telling it bears comparison with the best products of an age which is singularly rich in that respect. The Pope, the Cardinals, the Rector, and above all the students leap vividly to life under his pen ; the whole turbulent episode is vividly re-created for his distant friend, and so luckily survives for the successors of the main actors who took part in it.

To quote from this letter is to do less than justice to the tension reflected in the whole narrative ; but the temptation is

irresistible when we remember that we live on the same ground (since 'under the same roof' is not strictly correct) on which these incidents took place. Here, then, is Persons' account of the scene in the Refectory on 1st March 1579 :

'Whereupon at dinner Mr Morrisse (Clynog) caused to be read certayne patents from the Cardinall, wherebye he was appointed Rector which astonied the scollers much. Marry at the end, albeit the day of the month wrytten in figures were scraped out and changed, yet the yeare which was wrytten in letters remayned, and so the date appeared to be for the year past, and when Mr Pitts, who read that day at table came thither, he stayed, and saied "*falsatum est*". Whereupon there followed straight such a contention at table between Welchmen and Englishmen, that if our Fathers had not byn there, some evill perhaps had byn committed.'

Or when they were ordered to obey or leave :

'Little Cristofer Owen (I thinke you know him ; he is Mr Owen's sonne of Godstow) having halfe an ague in his chamber, came running doune and would go out too, and said "*Volo potius mergi in Tiberim quam sine istis hic manere*".'

When the troubles were settled, they offered to surrender all prerogatives to the Welshmen in the cause of peace, but '. . . one English gentleman, named Mr Pasquall, stept up and said he understood this in all things except in his portion of meate, for that his appetite or stomacke yelded to none of theirs'.³

But Swift's praise of Persons' prose style was probably not based on any of the works we have considered above. A catalogue of Catholic books on sale at 'Thos. Metcalf, Bookseller, in Drury-Lane', printed in a book published in 1705, lists '*The Christian Directory, Guiding Men to Eternal Salvation*. Writ by Fa. Parsons. 5s.' So that it seems that this most popular of Persons' books was still selling more than a hundred and twenty years after its publication. It is unfortunate that the College does not possess a copy of this work in its original form, but the copy we do possess in the Library bears witness to its widespread popularity even among Protestants. Three years after the first Edition appeared, Edmund Bunny, a

³ Persons dealt with this story again in his *Domesticall Difficulties* ; but he is there writing at some distance from the event, and the loss of tension is noticeable.

Protestant divine, had felt it necessary to counteract its influence by issuing an 'expurgated' edition :

'I perceived that the book insuing was willingly read by divers for the persuasion that it hath to godlines of life, which notwithstanding in many points was corruptly set downe . . . For this cause I have taken the pains . . . to purge it of certain points that carried either some manifest error, or else some other inconvenience with them.'

Persons re-edited the book in 1585, adding some additional matter, and our own edition is a further pirating of this so-called Second Part: 'And considering howe divers were desirous to have this latter part, because they had thorowly read the other : after passage the perusing of sundry learned men, who have thought it worthy to be seene as the first ; it is (gentle Reader) presented to thy viewe'. The bowdlerisation of this 'Second Part' does not seem to have been violent, if we can judge from the fact that the numbering and version of the Psalms corresponds to the Vulgate rather than to the Book of Common Prayer. Accepting, then, the text as being substantially the same as when Persons wrote it, we can see it as a fine example of straightforward prose, rising to a higher pitch as the occasion requires. He has just been describing, for example, the deaths of Herod and Agrippa (p. 174) :

'Now then would I demaunde of these two fortunate men, who laying aside all care of God and Religion, did follow the preferments of thys world so freshly, and obtained the same so luckily : how they liked of thys theyr course and rase in the end ? Truly, I doubt not, but if they were heere to answer for themselves, they would assure us . . . etc.'

And so on for a paragraph in this plain, workmanlike style ; but when he wishes to drive his point home, then the note changes :

'Use then, O Christian, use thys experience to thy commodie : use it to thy instruction, use it to thy fore-warning. That which they are now, thou shalt be shortly, and of all follies it is the greatest, not to profit or flee from dangers by the example of others.'

Richard Baxter, the Puritan Vicar of Kidderminster, pays perhaps the most eloquent testimony of all to the effect which the reading of the book had on him in 1698 :

'And in the reading of this Book (when I was about Fifteen years of Age) it pleased God to awaken my soul and

shew me the folly of Sinning and the misery of the Wicked and the unexpressible weight of things Eternal, and the necessity of resolving on a Holy Life, more than I was ever acquainted with before. The same things which I knew before came now in another manner, with Light, and Sense, and Seriousness to my Heart.⁴

The activity of Persons in the other spheres of the Counter-Reformation has long been a subject of discussion, and his importance has never been entirely forgotten; but encouraged by tributes such as have been quoted we may join with the growing demand that his importance as a literary figure be re-assessed, not only among the Recusant writers, but in the whole Elizabethan scene. Were we to consider his controversial works alone, we might justifiably dismiss him to the category to-day occupied by the good journalist; but the brilliance of his letter to Good and the sustained power of the *Christian Directory* give cause enough to wonder if his powers were not being cramped by being diverted into this ephemeral channel. Persons tum had little enough time for writing, considering his many other activities; and his main care in pamphleteering would be to produce an accurate and sparkling reply as soon as possible—a task which he could be relied on to perform admirably. But not everyone can write a *Rasselas* in the evenings of a week; and it does seem that what the recusants gained by the power of Persons' pen, literature lost as regards style. Persons would be the first to consider the price well paid; and who are we to disagree?

CYRIL MURTAGH.

⁴Quoted in Southern, op. cit., p. 186.

CITIES OF ITALY

5. VENICE

*I saw from the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
And Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.*

(Byron, *Childe Harold*).

Thus the poet first saw Venice, the most individual of Italian cities. And indeed from Mestre the towers and domes and palaces do seem to rise by magic from the legendary blue of the Adriatic ; so that one's first view of Venice can never be a disappointment. It might so easily have been, for no city in the world, save Rome itself, has been so gilded in the imagination of every traveller since his earliest schooldays. It is a picture to which Wordsworth, Shakespeare and Gilbert have each contributed in their different ways : a picture of a gay city of dancing and music, and a romantic city haunted by the legends which surround the Bridge of Sighs ; a picture of a proud republic, a maiden city who as each Ascension Day returned took to herself for mate the everlasting sea. The most blasé of us cannot avoid an irrational feeling of excitement when arriving in Venice : as if we expected to see a Shylock whetting his knife behind every pillar, or as if Marco and Giuseppe might appear at any moment and begin to dance the Cachuca.

My own first approach to Venice was in someone else's car. I thought at first that this lift was a piece of good fortune ;

but now I know better. Whoever enters Venice by rail or road arrives across the lagoon by the back door—he sees first the shabby detail, the ruin and decay. The front door is designed for those who come by sea, and here Venice has laid herself out to receive them with fitting splendour. Those who sail up the channel from the mouth by the Lido see first the Piazza, the Piazzetta, St Mark's and its campanile, and the imposing façade of the Doges' palace, set off by the white front of San Giorgio Maggiore and the cupolas of the Salute. This first group of buildings combines in itself all the periods of Venetian history—Byzantine, Gothic and Renaissance. In seeing it you see in one glance the Venice which the world knows and raves about.

But however you come, there is always an unforgettable thrill connected with your arrival in Venice, because you do seem to step into another world. You are greeted, not by a noisy street with rattling carts and roaring traffic, but by the salt waters of the Grand Canal lapping against the marble steps and grey walls, and the soft splash of wave and wash against the black sides of the moored gondolas. In such strange surroundings it is a surprise and relief to find that you can make yourself understood; and it is well that this is so, for even to find one's quarters in Venice is a difficult task for the beginner. The address is no help: it looks more like a telephone number than anything else—'S. Benedetto 5957', for example, or 'Cannaregio 7791'. Only a detailed study of the guide-book will reveal that it is the centuries-old division of the city which is responsible for this strange system of numeration. Venice is divided into six *sestieri* or sections. Three of these are on the land side of the Grand Canal—Castello, S. Marco and Cannaregio; the rest, Donachino (including the island of Giudecca), S. Polo and S. Croce, are on the other side of the canal which is open to the Adriatic. These *sestieri* are numbered throughout, and are subdivided into thirty parishes. Once you know these two divisions it is comparatively easy to locate yourself because the appropriate name of the *sestieri* with that of the *parrocchia* is printed in large letters at all the principal points of the city.

One of the first things to do in Venice is to climb the campanile in the Piazza S. Marco. The old campanile, built in the twelfth century, fell down in 1902, apparently for no other reason than old age. The present tower, a reproduction of the old, rises some 300 feet out of the Piazza and provides a magnificent view. If you climb it you will feel, for once while in Venice,

the full effect of the sea air ; and only from here can you understand the intricate plan of the water-city, laid out below you like a map with all its towers, churches, and distant attendant islands. To complete the picture you can see the snowy peaks of the Alps.

As you stand under the shadow of St Mark's amid the wheeling pigeons—sacred birds in Venice—you find it difficult to analyse your reactions to the great Piazza that stretches before you. Gradually you realize that this 'square' is no square at all, and that it is surrounded by buildings of totally dissimilar style and many different dates; yet there is no incongruity, and clever design hides the asymmetry. Here is the focus of the Venice that once held the glorious East in fee. The golden basilica of St Mark's forms the eastern side. On the north there is the Procuratie Vecchie, a straight range of building with an open arcade and continuous lines of round arches characteristic of the simplicity and directness of the early Renaissance. Here lived the nine Procurators of St Mark's, the principal officers of the republic after the Doge.

Adjacent to this is the Torre dell' Orologio with its conspicuous dial of blue and gold and two bronze figures who strike the hours upon a bell. The least successful building in the Piazza is the Procuratie Nuove, which was built in 1584 and is neither graceful nor simple. Napoleon, whose extinction of the Venetian republic occasioned Wordsworth's lament, was responsible for the group of buildings at the west end which are still called the Nuova Fabbrica. All these buildings make up a Piazza full of many interests and affording many delights.

St Mark's, of course, provides the Byzantine element. There is really no point where you can begin to compare it with the other cathedrals of Italy. It is the general impression, not the detail, that is important. Underfoot and overhead brilliant mosaics present a continual succession of crowding imagery, one picture fading into another. Perhaps the most striking is the mosaic above the main door with its unusual subject of the Vision of the Apocalypse ; but it is impossible to go into detail. The present church, in the form of a Greek cross, dates back to the eleventh century but it has undergone alterations and additions as it was gradually enriched with booty brought from campaigns in the East, and as it came under the growing refinement of artistic taste. The effects of the dim shadows and the atmosphere compel the conclusion that it is

essentially an oriental building. St Mark's emphasizes that where architecture is concerned Venice is no part of Italy, no part of the dominions of the Western Empire.

'The further exploration of Venice', says my guide-book, 'for all except the most fanatical sightseer, can best be undertaken by gondola.' No doubt, for those who come to Venice with time on their hands and money in their pockets; but the hurried and poverty-stricken student will find that the gondoliers' prices are prohibitive and their notions of time impossibly vague. Of course, some people play at sour grapes, and pretend that gondolas are overrated craft. Could they not be some other colour than a funereal black? 'A coffin clapped in a canoe', Byron called them; and except that they have lost their awnings, they still answer to his description. And nowadays their sombreness is not even set off by the gaudy kerchiefs and sashes of the *gondolieri* which are familiar to us from the paintings of Canaletto and the props of Palazzola. Only the striped mooring-poles and the occasional palace-gondolier in full livery add a dash of colour to the prevailing sobriety. One might well think that these long, black craft are only fully in place when they sail in funeral procession to take the dead for their traditional farewell visit to S. Maria della Salute.

Nevertheless, few can resist altogether the temptation to throw economy to the winds and take a trip by gondola. The only way to enjoy it is to admit frankly to yourself that you are being extravagant and to wallow in your prodigality. It is useless to try and bargain with the gondoliers—they are wise with the wisdom of generations. I remember once haggling with one of the tribe over the price of a trip from the Piazzetta to the Ponte Rialto. Eventually he came down to our figure, and we took our seats on the cushions full of joyous anticipation of a pleasant trip by moonlight on the Grand Canal. But the gondolier had the last laugh, as he turned down a side canal under the Bridge of Sighs, shot through a maze of foul-smelling backwaters, and in a matter of minutes landed us at the Ponte Rialto where he took our money with a graceful bow.

The *vaporetti* are the normal vehicle for passenger transport. They are not romantic, by any stretch of the imagination, but it is delightful to find that you can enjoy a canal-cruise packed with interest for the price of a normal bus-ride. Venice, however, is not all water, and there is much to be seen on foot. The exploration of the narrow *calli* and *salizade*, with their inextric-

able confusion of shops and houses, shutters and balconies, can be quite a romantic adventure when your nose has got used to the smell of stagnant sewage and tainted sea-water which rises from the smaller canals. Venice boasts of 400 bridges, so the walker is well catered for and is in no danger of finding himself marooned on one of the seventy-two islands which constitute the city.

By these humbler modes of travel it is possible to inspect all the art treasures of which Venice is full. The Doge's Palace, while it is captivating from the outside because of the charm of its broken Gothic, has hardly a rival for the fine proportions and grandeur of its interior. In it are displayed examples of the work of the finest artists of the Venetian school, Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Veronese and Tiepolo, including among them Tintoretto's vast *Paradiso*, said to be the largest picture ever painted on canvas. Work was in progress on this palace, at intervals, all the time from the ninth to the nineteenth century, and it is an unsurpassed record of the majesty of the republic and the genius of its artists.

Among the many schools or guildhalls of Venice, the most unforgettable is that of San Rocco. It is a real temple to Tintoretto whose paintings cover the walls of the staircase and the upper and lower halls. As you look at his most celebrated work, *The Crucifixion*, or any of the early scenes from the life of our Lord, you can well believe the old story that it was from jealousy that Titian expelled Tintoretto from his school, and you find it hard to realize that for years the work of this master was considered cheap, uncouth and coarse. But the greatest picture gallery of Venice is the so-called Accademia delle Belle Arte at the southern end of the Grand Canal. Among its many masterpieces is Titian's *Presentation in the Temple*, which many consider the finest of all Venetian pictures.

The Venetians, though frequently at loggerheads with the Popes and never unduly disturbed by the Interdicts which were laid upon them, were great church builders, and the city still contains numerous specimens of fine church architecture from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Across the grand Canal is S. Maria della Salute, which is probably the best known church of Venice after St Mark's. It was built by Longhera in 1633, according to a decree of the Senate, as a votive offering to our Lady for the deliverance of the city from the plague.

But the most interesting of the churches in the city is SS. Giovanni e Paolo, where many of the more crowded festivals are held. According to the story, it was built by the Doge Giacomo Tiepolo in the year 1226 in response to a dream in which he saw the little oratory of the Dominicans with the surrounding ground (now occupied by the church) become covered with roses while a voice said 'This is the place I have chosen for my preachers'. This is where the Doges lay in state and where their funeral services were held. Ever since the thirteenth century, when St Mark's became too full to hold the tombs of the great, this church has been the burial place of Doges, Admirals and military commanders. Inevitably, it has come to be called the Westminster Abbey of Venice. It is a valuable link with the spirit of the Venetians through centuries of greatness and a fitting monument of their struggles to save Europe from the implacable Turk. Typical of the church is the monument near the Rosary chapel to Doge Sebastian Venieri, the victor of Lepanto.

Besides the monuments and works of art which are listed in the guide-books, Venice has a more precious possession in the courtesy and kindness of her people; and like many a city of Italy it is full of generous communities whose only fame is a grateful reference in an obscure corner of the Gita Book. Everyone will have his own memories of such people; mine are of a happy and hospitable group of Salesians at the Istituto Coletti, who never showed the slightest impatience at our consistent lateness for meals and who even gave short reading (with its accompanying cry of *Buon Appetito*) in anticipation of our eventual return. These hosts of ours gave us an insight into the character of the Venetians, in intimate and informal surroundings, which could not have been acquired in weeks of study of galleries and museums.

Such, then, is the *Città delle Lagune* as she was and as she is. But no Venetian would forgive me were I to conclude without a mention of the city's latest glory and proudest boast: Blessed Pius X. Here, as Patriarch, he worked and prayed for nine years. The people were quick to appreciate his devotion, and he soon won his way to their affections. '*Torni presto, Eminenza!*' cried the crowd as he left for the Conclave of 1903. And all who have seen Venice, even if only for a short time, will echo his reply: '*Vivo o morto ritornero*'.

BERNARD CONNELLY.

NOVA ET VETERA

THE NEW COAT OF ARMS

Some years ago steps were taken to design a Coat of Arms for the College more satisfactory than that assumed in 1922: drawings were made, and a mural painting executed at St Mary's Hall. Matters rested there after the return to Rome until 1951, when the Rector consented to another attempt being made, and agreed to make an application to the Vatican for such a Coat of Arms when the design had been fixed.

The previous suggestions had been of two kinds: the first tried to combine symbols of the College patrons and founders into a specifically new shield, while the other aimed at a Coat that would show the development of the College from the Hospice, and their juridical continuity. Perhaps the most effective design was an 'achievement' of two shields, the Royal Arms on the dexter side and the demi dragon of Pope Gregory XIII on the sinister. However, the use of two shields—other considerations apart—was contrary to Vatican usage, and it seemed preferable to employ an inescutcheon, on which would be the Buoncompagni dragon impaling the three hares of Cardinal Allen.¹

Discussions were held with officials at the Secretariate of State, and they were willing to present his Holiness with a petition for such a Coat. Then complications began. The incorporation of the Royal Arms into the shield of an institution abroad, and the approval of such a step by the Vatican, seemed a point nice enough for the advice of the English College of

¹ The addition of Allen to the Coat not only gives due honour to the *fundator aequae principalis*, but sets off and relieves with its black and silver the red and gold that predominates in the design.

Arms. They were consulted and gave the opinion that such an incorporation would be unjustified—not because of any doubt as to the continuity of Hospice and College, but because the presence of the Royal Arms in the Hospice² meant no more than Crown protection or dominion. Not even their appearance on the Hospice seal (see below) proved anything more than this—they remained the arms of the King, not of the Hospice. We were advised, however, that it would be fitting to incorporate *elements* from them into the College Arms, and this accordingly has been done. The two lions passant guardant (leopards in plain English) are from the Royal Arms, with the cockle-shell to signify the purpose of the Hospice, while the demi dragon and the three hares show the founders of the College, Pope Gregory XIII and Cardinal Allen.

His Holiness has graciously approved this Coat of Arms for the College, and has in addition granted us the privilege of bearing the Tiara, with the Papal Keys in saltire behind the shield.³ The English blazon is as follows: *Gules a demi dragon Or between in chief between two Lions passant guardant Or an inescutcheon argent charged with three hares couchant in pale sable and in base an escallop also Or.* The Papal rescript describes it thus: *Scutum anglico more delineatum⁴ cuius ad centrum exstet aureus dimidiatus draco alatus; in superiori vero parte duo habeantur aurei pariter leopardi currentes qui stent hic atque illic ad latera parvi scuti argentei quod tres nigri coloris quiescentes lepores superpositos ferat; in inferiori autem parte concha etiam ex auro sit.*

Some comment should be made on the choice of *Ignem veni mittere in terram* as a motto, rather than the terser and more epigrammatic *Potius hodie quam cras*, which had been originally suggested. The criterion used was not so much stylistic effectiveness as historical association and, although either motto has much to commend it, the former has the singular and undisputed merit of linking the new Coat of Arms with the earliest known symbolism of the English Hospice. This employment of the design of the Eternal Father with Christ Crucified and the Dove antedates the founding of the College by more than a century, and Durante Alberti simply took

² On the stone shield beside the *saletta*, and on the hammer-beams in the garden near the Nuns' sewing-room.

³ The Popes bear them *above* the shield.

⁴ That is, not the more common cartouche form.

over a motif which was already in common use in his day as a symbol for our House.

The justice of these considerations has been recently confirmed by a discovery of the greatest interest and value—the seal of the Hospice. The Rev. Peter Tierney, who found the seal in Lincoln Museum, has very obligingly supplied us with photographs, sketches, and much useful information about it: we offer our thanks to him, and to F. T. Baker, Esq. of Lincoln, who verified the existence of a similar seal at the British Museum. (Dept. of Seals 22412). The general design of both seals is the same: under a canopy of masonry is shown the Blessed Trinity, with the Father holding the cross, and with the Dove over the Son's Head,⁵ while in the base is St Thomas (in the example at Lincoln) or the Royal Arms (in the example at the British Museum). The inscription on each reads S '(igillum) ✠ frat' nitat' ✠ hospital' ✠ sci ✠ thome ✠ martiris ✠ in ✠ roma ✠, and each matrix is a pointed oval $2\frac{3}{8}$ " x $1\frac{1}{2}$ ", in brass. The British Museum Catalogue gives no date, but the presence of the Royal Arms on the shield points to the 1490's, when Henry VII began to increase the power of the Crown over the Hospice.⁶

An account of an example of the seal (the Lincoln variety), then at Salisbury, is to be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXI (1791), pp. 1177ff. The author is a Mr J. Milner of Winchester (who may well be Bishop Milner) and the description includes a slightly garbled account of the fortunes of Hospice and College. It is interesting to note the perennial but erroneous identification of the Schola Saxonum (thought to be an ecclesiastical College) with the medieval Hospice. Little information, however, is given about the discovery of the seal—Salisbury Cathedral disputes the honour with a wandering Jew—nor have we been able to discover whether this example still exists.

The seal displaying the Royal Arms has been resumed by the College, with the inscription now reading: S ✠ FRATNITAT ✠ HOSPITAL ✠ ET ✠ COLL ✠ SCI ✠ THOME ✠ MARTIRIS ✠ IN ✠ ROMA ✠

⁵ There is a strong likeness between the seal and the design of the Blessed Trinity, St Thomas and St Edmund on the Indulgence of Pope Gregory XIII published each year outside the church door. Could this be a still later form of the seal?

⁶ Cf. the letters exchanged between the King and the Hospice in the *Liber Ordinationum*, Archives, Lib. 17.

TRAVELLERS' TALES

The third of the Pilgrim Books in the Archives is a mine of interesting and improbable stories told by the hungry vagabonds who came to the College in the eighteenth century to claim the traditional hospitality as pilgrims. Their accounts were duly recorded by the students who held successively the post of Prefect of Pilgrims, and who, if they were sometimes a little gullible, at least had a good ear for a story, as the following extracts from their entries show.

* * * * *

March the 26 (1736) came here Tho. Richardson, born at Liverpool in Lancashire, and William Cithon an Irishman, both seafaring men, and had lately suffered shipwreck at Porto di Goro. The Irishman had bruised his hand between the ship and the longboat as they were making their escape. He stayed here two days and two nights, and on the 28 went to St Isidor's. Upon the 29 Thomas Richardson told me he would go to St Peter's to confess and communicate, being holy thursday, but being more solicitous to get a little cash (being in great want) left the church and went to the Kings palace¹ where his majesty gave him and the aforesaid Irishman 2 chequins. He came not again to our colledge before he had spent all his money except one Julio.² April the 7th he confessed and communicated at St Peter's, and at night they both went together in a boat for Naples. Tho. Richardson had given him at his departure, by Fr Rector's orders, 6 hard eggs, a lump of cheese, 2 or 3 loafes of the larger size, and a bottle of wine.

* * * * *

Saturday May ye 12th Came hither one John King born, as he said, at Wapping. He has served ye Hollanders (being a sailor) near 12 years which perchance occasioned that Affectation in his speech which was so very perceptible. He came from

¹ The court of King James III, known to his friends as the Chevalier de St George, and to his foes as the Old Pretender. After the failure of the 1715 rising he lived in Rome until his death in 1766, dwelling at first in the Palazzo Puti Papazzurri, on the north side of the Piazza Pilotta, and later in the Piazza Odescalchi opposite the Dodici Apostoli.

² A chequin (zechin, sequin, chickin) was a Venetian coin worth perhaps two pounds. A Julio (from Pope Julius II who first issued it) was worth approximately two shillings.

Genua where he had, as he told me, been robbed of 120 French Livres.³ His reccommendations were from Father Douglass, a Franciscan at Leghorn, & ye Archbishop of Corinth his Holiness's Nuncio at Florence. On his way to Rome he was attackd as he sat down on a bridge by an Italian who struck him with a knife in the Throat & King springing up Tumbled over the Bridge & lay a few moments in ye mud but recovering his spirits he follow'd ye Italian who was making of withe his wallet. The Italian seeing King following him with A Good Stick threw down his wallet to run away ye lighter & so made off. At this time Our Sailor saved his wallet which was afterwards stole from him by a boy. He had a Collation supper & A Nights Lodging & the next Morning went to ye house of ye New Converts⁴ being a Protestant but very well inclined to our Holy Faith. He return'd on ye 26th of June & had 3 Days victuals and lodging of ye College. He would have had 8 had he not past amongst ye Scotch for a Scotchman tho I thought him a Hollander.

* * * * *

November the 5th 1738, Came one Roff an Englishman but being a Quaker by R. F. Rectour goodness was kept a Day: and then dismisst but after few days being converted and having been at the Convertiti for seven wickes and there instructed by Mstr Lossen and baptized also they gave him the Princes name and was called Charly Roffis. After which he was detained in this pious Place five days through R. F. Rectour goodness; having received from his Majesty ten Chickins at one strock and ten others as he told me at an other. So in all he received twenty Chickins: and also kept in Rome by some of the Kings Gentle Men.

* * * * *

February the 10th (1747): Came one Mary Joseph Bedford, an old Woman of Pensilvania upwards of 60 who had been here before on ye 10th. of May 1738, coming now from San

³ The livre is said to have been worth just over five shillings.

⁴ This house, more commonly known as the Convertiti, was an establishment by Sta Maria in Traspontina where catechumens of all nationalities were instructed in the truths of the Faith before being received into the Church.

Giacomo in Galicia ; she had been in Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and to all holy places, she could hear of ; but now being somewhat disabled in her limbs, she has a mind to end her days here at Rome, & for this end, I, at her request, wrote a petition for her to His Royal Majesty, of which she got 2 Zecchines, besides what she got of ye Gentlemen at Court and of severall other pious persons. She had hired a little Chamber which will just hold a bed, Chair & herself, & has bought also flints, steels, & matches & other such like trinkets, which she sells about the Streets. But her merchandise going poorly on, she was forced to lay it all aside. This old woman was married to a Middle age'd Franchman who after some time run away to Ancira whence she brought him back ; but by reason of her following him not being able to get her basket at last died at Loretto.

April 4. Came here an Irish-mán ; who had a great mind to be entertained here ; but finding who he was I gave him a direction to the Irish College & so without asking him his name or anything else, I sent him away, & never heard more of him.

In 1748 & 1749 Came here several strolers, according to custom, who for ye most part are Sailors. They get something here out of Charity & so are soon dismissed ; this Place being only for true Pilgrims, who come here only out of devotion sake, or at least ought to come so . . . Poor old England, who has been ye dwelling place of so many Holy Saints, & Martyrs, alas is now become, as I may say, a Den of Theives ! How many Pilgrims !

Aug 21. (1749) Came here one Peter Whittel a R-Catholick, a Watchmaker by trade, 48 Years of age. This Man had suffer'd many hardships in his life, originally occasioned by his father's severity, who put him Prentice to a Watch-Maker against his inclination. Having served 4 years he ran away on account of his Hump-backed Mistress, who was very cross to him, & would only afford him gruel in a morning, which don't well go down with a hungry lad, many other hardships he had to go through : if ever he complain'd to his Father he got no other Comfort, then a Jack-rope about his shoulders. He went on his own accord into France, where he served out his time, & then returned home ; but was very poorly looked on by his Father ; who soon after sent him to Spain with Mr Hatton a famous watchmaker, where he did very well ; but not knowing when he was well, & being young, he marryed a very good young woman, but an Italian, who was ye cause of all his misfortunes :

what would she have been then, if she had been a bad woman? In Spain he was very well, but his wife always teized and plagued him to try his fortune in Italy, which she praised to ye skies; he condescended, came to Italy, where alas he was quite ruined by ye Italians. He has all his tools with him & has a mind to go to Naples to set up, & there he expects his wife to come from Ancona: he came hither himself out of Devotion, & was robbed on ye road of 2 Zecchines all ye money he had. I made a memorial for him to his Majesty, who was so good, as to give him 3 Zecchines. This Man had suffered much on account of his being so stiff a Jacobite, as likewise all his family; & once his Father drunk openly in ye Old Baily ye health of his R. Majesty King James, for which imprudent action he was forced to pay 600 Pound, & put to a deal of trouble likewise, & in this he took too much after his Father. He was very bashful, & would not for some time accept any victuals. I know his Sister, & some other of his relations very well.

Nov 9. Came here Samuel Hopkins an English Sailor; the Ship he was in, was cast away, & all ye Crew perished excepting himself, who getting hold of a piece of Barrel got safe to shore by swimming at least 3 miles. He had hardly Cloath's enough to cover his Nakedness, when he came here; so he had given him a pair of Breeches, & stockings, & a dinner. He was a Protestant, & having a mind to be converted, I gave him a little bill, & so sent him to ye Convertiti.

* * * * *

October 26. 1750. Came heare one William taylor who being come to gain the jubiley & consequently being a pilgrim, but nevertheless was not receiv'd as such because he was a Scotchman. He desired to get him a dubble mannel⁵ (they are prohibited) I tould him over & over again they were prohibited, but nevertheless he being an old man upwards of 70 years, half deaf alas, whether through devotion or whether he never had any breans I could not drive it into him that they were prohibited. At last he ask me for something to eat, oh me, there was no'one at home but Scholars so I told him to stay till fat. Minister came home he told me that he was old & that he had got no wure to hood to noight (Schothman.) so he would go to Sant Pijters to node.

⁵A prayerbook with Latin and vernacular in parallel columns.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 1st *Tuesday*. *Carpe diem!* Yes, there is an ephemeral quality about the Villa that not even the most casual approach can assuage. After some years' practice we have got into the swing of reaching the Villa and our approach was more casual than most. First the usual post-breakfast cigarette and the inevitable last-minute packing of toothbrush and/or swimming tande into the rucksack—preferably someone else's, if they are wet. Then we strolled casually through the front door, made a leisurely progress to the Lateran for the Via dei Laghi bus, and by 10.30, having rearranged the furniture of our room, unpacked, and drunk a glass of milk, we were quietly disposed to enjoy the entertaining spectacle of the lower Sforza ablaze.

Various other bodies arrived by various other routes. Nowadays most people come out in comfort. The Vice-Rector came out in his new car. This was still in good running order and went very well if you placed a small boy in the front seat, if you placed a small tin of petrol in the hand of the small boy, and if you connected the whole thing up to the carburettor. Finally, it was advisable not to smoke nearby.

In the afternoon a number of people decided to start the Villa really well and try the effect of a good long sleep. Fortunately, the Rector overslept as well, not having heard the bell for rosary. The net result was that a new bell was ordered. After supper in addition to those waiting unnecessarily to report having missed rosary there was a sorrier, if smaller, queue waiting for marks. By and large these were felicitous.

2nd *Wednesday*. By tradition a No Bell day. From the outer fringes of civilization over in the new wing one actually hears of people using this time to straighten up their beds—with a hammer. In the old wing was the gentle murmuring of innumerable bees.

3rd *Thursday*. Another scorchingly hot day. Despite this, a noble band of labourers commenced work on the cricket pitch. In the evening cameratas set off smartly on the long and dusty roads that lead to Rocca and Nemi respectively. Of course some people are still trickling resentfully back from exams in Rome. Apparently it has been hot there too.

4th *Friday*. With the usual gang of foremen and a workman engaged in repairing a set of deck chairs we feel that life at the Villa has really started. A brisk process of cannibalization ensured that out of five quite uninsurable propositions were produced two reasonably unsound seats. In the evening the seal of peace and repose was firmly set on that Villa feeling by the first cricket match of the season.

5th *Saturday*. The last of the second series brethren drooped listlessly into Rome to expiate their sins of commission, and more probably of omission, during the year. In the evening Fr Alfred joined Mgr Heard (who had arrived the night before) in hearing confessions.

Let it be understood, lest there is no further reference to this venerable custom, that the usual confraternity gathered on the balcony each evening after supper.

6th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Broome and McHugh on their ordination to the Priesthood.

We took a trip to Rocca after tea and found the road exceptionally busy. This was true most Sunday evenings throughout the summer. The top part of Rocca remains as charmingly primitive as ever but the lower Piazza and the top of Cavo look like Epsom Downs on Derby Day. Captain Tom Morris dropped in to supper.

7th *Monday*. With two First Masses in the morning and benediction in the afternoon, to-day seemed more like a Sunday. There was, of course, a *pranzone* and an *Ad Multos Annos* for the new priests. Later we bade farewell to Messrs Hunt and Carson who had stayed to assist at the First Masses.

9th *Wednesday*. The first Sforza gita. *Mirabile dictu* no one in First Year overestimated his capacity for wine under the open sky. Possibly the chilly rumour that orangeade had been substituted for wine had a sobering effect. Gambols on the Sforza followed, *coram Rectore*, and at 4 o'clock or thereabouts the Vice-Rector, who had issued a pressing invitation for everybody's company at tea, was discovered, much to everyone's surprise, to be reclining in a not too distant deckchair. Later on he was seen hard at work on the steps where a precipitous gap had to be filled in preparation for the coming game with the Embassy on Saturday.

10th *Thursday*. We woke to find that a cool breeze had sprung up during the night; even so the cotton wool clouds gave no indication of early rain until at about 11 o'clock the storm burst with an enormous clap of thunder. In a matter of seconds the 'Ride of the Valkyries' was being enacted over the lake with full scenic and musical effects. Castel Gandolfo was eventually completely blotted out and visibility reduced to the next ridge, barely discernible, beyond the end of the garden. By twelve o'clock the 'All clear' had sounded and the air was fresh and the sky serene. During this same storm hailstones as big as tennis balls ruined the Velletri wine crop, and eighteen inches of water were reported in the Piazza del Popolo.

The superiors returned from Rome with Fr F. Duggan and Mgr Heard who thus displaced a new clock and a new bell that were due to come out.

12th *Saturday*. Once again Sir Victor Mallet led his merry men out on to the Sforza. Perhaps they were upset by one of the umpires wearing a rigout that a rickshaw wallah would have been proud of—be that as it may, this year we had probably the best victory of the series, and after half the Embassy had had a second innings, we adjourned for the less formal engagement with vino on the terrace.

13th *Sunday*. The new bell was placed above the holy water stoup outside the chapel. It is a fine looking bell. It is a loud, clear bell and it has an insistent institutional clangour. Moreover, it has the further advantage that it can be heard all over the Villa, even first thing in the morning. Lastly it is a strong, heavy bell and it is an even bet which, of the wall and the bracket, will be the first to crack under the strain. My money is on the bell being moved, but I fear it is wishful thinking.

15th *Tuesday*. The Sforza saw the Tenors take their revenge on the Basses—at cricket.

16th *Wednesday*. To-day was the second Sforza gita and we took the opportunity to hold a Mass on Tusculum. This year we had a record attendance of 27. There is no doubt that the path through the chestnut woods by Rocca makes a lovely walk in the cool of the morning, and coming out into the hedgey lanes in view of Tusculum itself takes one back to the by-ways of the English hunting shires, but the last part of the journey makes me feel that Mahomet founded a bad tradition! The lake, it may be added, has seldom seemed a more fiendish blue than when we rounded the corner from Rocca on our return with five minutes to go to lunch.

After the usual salad meal had been concluded the Rector opened the golf-links with a well-judged swing and was followed at a respectful distance by the Senior Student. In attendance was a nimbus of lesser loafers. The greater or common species, as it is sometimes called, is not to be found in such exposed altitudes at this time of day.

17th *Thursday*. *Niente*. Lay on my back watching the oak-leaves against the sky. I can recommend this pastime.

18th *Friday*. Following ministrations by the plumbers (consultation on the Sforza), activity by the Police (a visit to the cistern) and representation from the Superiors (suspected), Rocca reluctantly doled out some of the water due to us since last October. And about time too, as the well is down to its last foot of water, and on

19th *Saturday* the melancholy notice appeared 'No showers until further notice'.

20th *Sunday*. To lunch Fr Michael Buckley who had bought out a small party from Leeds.

21st *Monday*. At lunch we returned to Belloc on Cranmer. Innumerable waterworks of a technical and highly impressive variety have broken out like a rash all over the garden.

22nd *Tuesday*. To-day the disease even spread to the cortile. The underlying theory appears to be to rob Peter to pay Paul. But we trifle: the really important event was the all-day cricket match. The teams were North and South, which made it look like a Bridge problem. There were certainly No Trumps. South held the black suits, with hard-hitting clubs

and stonewalling spades, but they lost the lead over a couple of club finesses, and were squeezed by North who made the odd trick with three wickets in hand in the penultimate over.

23rd *Wednesday*. In the morning Fr Duggan slipped quietly away. He had had to retire to bed for a few days at the beginning of his stay, but had soon recovered and we were glad to see him joining in the Sforza activities.

In the afternoon even the better men just beat the rain back to the house. A select band stayed out on the Sforza and defied the elements. On the advice of the scientist of the party they ensured an equal liquescence inside and out.

24th *Thursday*. Long reading! It would perhaps be too much to say that the Senior Student's rigid refusal to ring the bell was greeted by a stunned silence, but anyway the stupor lasted long enough to pull us through the Public Meeting by 1.50—something of an achievement, if not a record.

Rain provided a fine sunset (for description see previous diaries) and cut off the electric light. It was a pity Fr Rope was not with us. He would have enjoyed the candles at supper time. But most of us were glad when the damnable mass-produced switch began to function again just before the *Salve*.

26th *Saturday*. Mr Somers Cocks came for a final view of the Villa before relinquishing his appointment at the Vatican.

29th *Tuesday*. Beneath a glorious afternoon sky Top Year's challenge to The Rest was fought out gallantly. Though the former were in a position to field eleven men, the latter volunteered to handicap themselves by batting and bowling left-handed. The Rest opened the bowling with two wides from the Nemi end, and closed their innings a run behind Top Year, but of what went between I will not speak. A. G. MacDonald and Tom Webster alone could do it full justice.

30th *Wednesday*. To-day there was a cortile practice for the Opera. About this time the old wing became uninhabitable every morning, and we were therefore obliged to resort to the bottom corner of the lower Sforza where one could have a quiet cigarette in peace and meditate on the varied iniquities of life in the consoling company of another benicotined grumbler.

AUGUST 1st *Friday*. Sermons, shriving and spaghetti. Chinese whist has largely replaced hundred-and-tens as the most popular post-prandial card game, though a few hands of the latter were played during the close season when the lunch time Common Room is practically deserted.

4th *Monday*. Fr Ashworth returned to Rome after spending a quiet week-end with us. The Rector left for England just before rosary. After supper 'The Nig' held a highly successful whist drive. Bridge skill seemed largely at a discount: Dr Clark won the first prize, and the booby went to one of the bridge experts.

5th *Tuesday*. *Buona festa*. The Vice-Rector sang the High Mass and we entertained to lunch H.E. Sir Walter Roberts, Major Utley, and several old friends from the Scots and American colleges and the Redemptorist villa aloft.

The Roman Ordo tells me that to-day there was an eclipse of the moon. We must have anticipated here as I have it down in my notes as visible from the end of the garden last Sunday.

6th *Wednesday*. Scene: The Sforza. Time: Ten minutes after the start of lunch. Stage Direction: Enter a minute donkey under the Vice-Rector.

Fr O'Hara paid us a short visit and promised to return later.

7th *Thursday*. A deputation arrived from Propaganda to fix up the annual fight for the Ashes. There was some talk that this year might be the last of the series, as there was a possibility of the Propaganda Villa being moved to another part of the country. Later it transpired that this was merely a rumour.

8th *Friday*. While Propaganda were over here yesterday, enquiries by our piscatorial experts—we wish we could call them ichthyophagous experts—elicited the fact that they, Propaganda, got very good results by using grilli as bait. When tested, this proved to be an excellent method—if you want a laugh. We found that after the grillo had eaten half the previous catch and had kicked the other half aside as too small, it detached itself nonchalantly from the hook and flew away again into the great unknown. After that the market reacted strongly in favour of bent pins.

10th *Sunday*. After supper we were entertained by a conjuror who had come out with Fr O'Hara. In the circumstances most of his tricks had to be done with cards; but he also made a large glass of wine disappear and reappear. Most of us are proficient at the first part of this trick, but some day we really must find out how to do the second half.

11th *Monday*. To-day was the last day before the Ave began to remind us of the transient nature of all human things and of holidays in particular. Naturally anyone with any pretence to being an athlete, a walker, or a fresh air fiend (and a good many more who could not be so described by any stretch of the imagination) took the various high and low and medium roads and scattered about the surrounding countryside. Mgr Heard arrived to take his holiday.

15th *Friday*. *Feast of the Assumption*. An account of this week would read like the 'arrivals' list in a gossip column. On Wednesday Mr Philip Lane, looking sunburnt and very fit, strolled across the Sforza at the end of lunch. Yesterday Fr Townend of Leeds joined us for a brief rest. And to-day we welcomed H.E. Sir Walter Roberts who has come to stay the week-end.

There was also, of course, the arrival of the Vice-Rector in Rocca to sing the High Mass, at which the Schola distinguished themselves. The evening gave us a fine view of the Campagna with an unusually blue Mediterranean. Having done our turn on the post to-day we were free to suspect rain with a clear conscience.

16th *Saturday*. Our prophecy about rain is supported by Alfredo, who, by the way, has taken a wife and succeeded his father as caretaker of Palazzola this year.



ROCCA DI PAPA, AUGUST 15TH 1952

17th *Sunday*. The circle at the bottom corner of the lower Sforza on a Sabbath morning is the best of the week. One can hear (apart from the flow of soul etc., from one's neighbours) the soothing sound of birds in the woods—we have even had an owl and a yellowhammer in the cortile this year. The work of the landscape gardener and the crazy pavers, who have ordered the contours more sweetly in this corner, provide matter for conversation should the morning's preacher ever fail. And if anyone drops out to write that weekly [*sic*] letter home, his place will soon be taken by some new-shriven sinner with the radiance of a clear conscience.

In the evening, arrival of the rain. At night prayers, the reader, rather than agonize us with a wrongly accented word in Avancinus, kindly omitted it altogether. It was really rather unfair when it came up again in the very next line.

18th *Monday*. A quorum visited Propaganda's Villa to be entertained by the English-speaking students there, who presented a play based on the life of St Simon Stylites.

21st *Thursday*. Propaganda's virtually new team proved no match for us to-day and we avenged last year's defeat. After we had wined them in the Common Room and bidden them farewell, a glance across the Campagna revealed the presence of two mountain ranges normally quite invisible behind Rome.

25th *Monday*. Over the week-end we lost three northern Seminararians who have been staying with us, and gained Major Utley with his nephew and Fr Alfred. In the morning alternate spells of drizzle and downpour seemed to suggest that the former had had the better of the deal. However, by the evening the sky was auspicious and we were able to present *Ruddigore* in the traditional style. The programme and a criticism will be found under the date of the second performance.

27th *Wednesday*. The first gita day. The lake proved as happy a hunting ground as ever. Some highly ingenious and complicated meals were cooked down there, and the hermitage was much in favour. There were of course all the other various activities—those which can be indulged in from a horizontal posture retain their traditional popularity.

Some fifteen lucky people went over to enjoy a first-class day with the Scots. They returned with tantalizing descriptions of the bill of fare. After all to-day's activity, the next few days passed very quietly, and I will leave the stage clear for my *locum*.

31st *Sunday*. The afternoon bus to Rome took with it many of the long-gita parties. Our hearts go with the three campers and we hope that no avalanches, landslides, torrential rain, or other Acts of God will disturb their holiday. A model aeroplane, the fruit of several weeks' painstaking labour, had its trials to-night and proved to the delight of its maker and the surprise of the onlookers that it could really fly. It flew, indeed, not wisely but too well, and finally disappeared into the woods, Nemi-bound, successfully eluding all subsequent search-parties.

SEPTEMBER 3rd *Wednesday*. Fr Hasset from S. Silvestro has been staying with us for a few days. A party returned from to-day's day-gita boasting that they had paid a prolonged visit to Frascati without touching a drop of the wine. *O tempora, o mores!*

5th *Friday*. Mr Douglas Hyde paid a lightning visit to the Villa before going to see the Pope at Castel Gandolfo—only a few of us caught a glimpse of him.

6th *Saturday*. This evening was scheduled for an elaborate and symbolic play-reading of *The Tempest*. The symbolism was a little upset by the unexpected descent of a real tempest, which drove the cast from the Wiggery into the less Arcadian atmosphere of the Music Room. Trinculo's 'Alas, the storm is come again' fell rather flat.

7th *Sunday*. At this point the stand-in departed unexpectedly with two other theologians on a short gita. Critics with a taste for this sort of thing might like to detect the influence of a hand P₁ between P and the original hand J which recommences in a pure and unadulterated form on Thursday.

10th *Wednesday*. The first half of First Year sneaked off surreptitiously to Subiaco. One day-gita party that went down to the lake found the start of lunch delayed an extra hour after midday for each full course they had. As there were four full courses on the menu, this was not amusing.

11th *Thursday*. The remainder of First Year set out to gather the raw materials of a good gita story. Their more experienced and less scrupulous brethren of Theology returned with tales of cheap travel and free hospitality extorted by cunningly contrived hard-luck stories. The *Imitation* had a most appropriate passage explaining 'why there is so much coldness in monasteries'.

We were glad to welcome Fr Boulton.

12th *Friday*. Those gluttons for punishment, the Tennis Committee and associated bodies, went once again into action, providing a concerted menace to life and limb. A very fair method of drilling and blasting has now been evolved, and though many problems remain in the way of court surfacing, there is an apparently inexhaustible reservoir of goodwill.

14th *Sunday*. In the early hours of the morning there was almost a small cloudburst. A tremendous volume of water must have hit the Sforza in a very short time, for in the morning one could see that the paths had been regular streams; nor can I remember a greater residue of mud.

Mr Bernard Price arrived in nice time for a glass of milk.

17th *Wednesday*. *Gita à la mode*. Four students walked the eighteen odd miles to Genazzano; four bodies returned in varying stages of disrepair. A fire was lit early in the Common Room for the accommodation of those who elected to eat in. An assortment of enthusiasts chanced the weather down by the lake, but I noticed at least one year who were all but complete for the Refectory lunch.

At supper, the Vice-Rector took occasion to appeal for the full complement of bedding in the vacant rooms, pointing out that they would soon be in use. The older hands remembered that the Scots were due on the morrow.

22nd *Monday*. The week-end has seen the arrival of Bishop Grimshaw together with Fr O'Neill and Fr I. Jones. Today brought Bishop Murphy and Fr T. Welch. So the Superiors' table has quite a distinguished air.

25th *Thursday*. We snatched a few hours fine weather amid the prevailing drizzle to present the second performance of *Ruddigore*. As tradition gags the diarist on these occasions I will just give you the programme and then hand over to Mr Kirkham for a criticism.

RUDDIGORE

or

THE WITCH'S CURSE

by

W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN

<i>Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd</i>	.	.	Mr FitzPatrick
<i>Richard Dauntless</i>	.	.	Mr Broome
<i>Sir Despard Murgatroyd</i>	.	Mr Curtis	Hayward
<i>Old Adam Goodheart</i>	.	.	Mr Abbott
<i>Rose Maybud</i>	.	.	Mr Foulkes
<i>Mad Margaret</i>	.	.	Mr Brewer
<i>Dame Hannah</i>	.	.	Mr McConnon
<i>Sir Roderic Murgatroyd</i>	.	.	Mr Keegan
<i>Chorus of Village Maidens</i>			

Messrs Turnbull, Cox, Smith,
A. Davis, Stappard, Moakler,
Mason, Rand

Chorus of Bucks and Blades (and Ghosts)

Messrs B. Murphy-O'Connor,
Burtoft, Doran, Ashdowne,
C. Murphy-O'Connor, Murtagh,
Tweedy

<i>Pianist</i>	.	.	Mr Collingwood
<i>Musical Director and Conductor</i>	.	.	Dr Clark

The Opera was produced by Mr Lloyd

'*Ruddigore* is not among the most popular of the Savoy Operas and the reasons for this are perhaps not hard to find. The first Act with its happy lightheartedness would seem to recall its immediate predecessor *The Mikado*, whereas the second Act is already pointing forward to its more serious successor *The Yeoman of the Guard*. The result is rather disappointing: the second Act lacks those spirited ensembles which have given the *Mikado* its justified popularity, and many of the songs even in the first Act have not that initial appeal which enables people to go around whistling them for days afterwards. This is not to say that *Ruddigore* is a failure: it only shows why it is not so popular as some of its fellows: it is not a good musical unity. This last observation also applies to the plot which is well sustained until the second Act where it hangs fire to enable the principals to indulge in some virtuosity.

It I were asked to sum up this evening's performance in one word, "happy" would be the word I should choose, for it ran in my mind—as well as in the script—the whole night long. The whole cast looked as if it was enjoying itself from the first appearance of the bridesmaids before the opening chorus to the triumphant "chorale" of the Finale. Indeed the bridesmaids' opening was in great part responsible for this feeling: never have I heard a girls' chorus to equal this one in the confident assurance shown both in acting and in singing. Would that Gilbert had let us see and hear more of them in the second Act! Dame Hannah's voice was not strong but she enunciated clearly and not a word of her song was missed. Rose was happier with the dialogue than with her singing which, nevertheless, stood up well for itself in her duets with Robin and Richard. Richard's arrival brought with it all the freshness of a sea breeze and incidentally the best singing of the night—it was a joy to hear his full confident tone and his fearless attack of the higher notes. Robin also sang and acted up to his usual standard, but this hero's part is a poor thing compared with Gilbert's other creations and does not convince us as easily as the hearty mountebank his foster-brother. "I shipped, d'ye see" was easily the most popular song of this part of the opera.

Gilbert called Mad Margaret "an obvious caricature of stage madness" but Sullivan, preferring to sound the tragic note, gave her some of his most imaginative music. In tonight's performance, after a moment's hesitation on the part of the audience, it was Sullivan's interpretation that prevailed. Her strong voice matched the confidence of her acting, and it was not until she demonstrated how she had killed a fly the same morning that the spell was broken, and we were ready for the entrance of the Bucks and Blades. The men's chorus is scarcely an entity in *Ruddigore* and so it is to the credit of these gentlemen that they made an instant success of their first showing in "Welcome Gentry", the first belated rousing chorus of the Act. But now it was Gilbert's turn to dominate, and the jollity was abruptly swept aside by the arrival of the Bad Baronet in person. Sir Despard did full justice to the melodramatic possibilities of the occasion, but showed us in the aria of his solo the innocent heart lurking beneath the evil features. His duet with Richard, a patter with a racy rhythm, was another Gilbertian mood.

The Finale of Act I was a great achievement, and the Madrigal was a masterpiece, but in the latter I must quarrel with the producer for dividing his soloists so that their voices did not have time to blend before reaching the audience. It is to be admitted, however, that this arrangement did provide more effective grouping, and the achievement of the finale really belongs to the choreographer. He had understood the rule which should be written in letters of gold before the eyes of every producer: "Never dance away the song". How often have I seen a chorus struggling through the most difficult steps while at the same time trying to gather sufficient breath to sing their song and sufficient time to glance occasionally at the conductor! Tonight the step was controlled until the barrier of words was removed, and then the chorus freely gave themselves to the complicated but fascinating movements that followed. These were only the culmination

of the success of the hornpipe earlier in the Act, and both this and the jigge thoroughly deserved the encores they received.

When we arrived back in the Cortile fortified by supper, we found sea and village swept away, and in their place seven solemn figures looked down upon us from as many portraits. Robin, now looking more like his usual self, was joined by Adam who also expressed his transfer to the cause of evil by assuming once more his ordinary tone of voice. The bridesmaids paid a fleeting visit and then the spirit of the first Act departed for good. The portraits then came to life. The wags who shouted "Encore" after this event may have ruined the atmosphere that both Gilbert and Sullivan were striving to obtain at this moment, but they certainly gave voice to the satisfaction we all felt at the great work the stage-men had accomplished. But, separated from each other and alone in their frames, the ghosts lacked the confidence and sureness of pitch in their opening chorus that greater proximity would have given. I enjoyed Sir Roderic who took his song, surely one of Sullivan's best, at a pace well suited to the urgency of his subject but not so fast as to prevent us hearing the words; yet I was disturbed a little in my enjoyment by his fluctuations in volume.

After the disappearance of the ghosts we were treated to the return of Despard and Margaret in a mood as sombre as their attire. The two reformed persons gave a performance of self-conscious sobriety that will long be remembered. Their duet: "I once was a very abandoned person" was without a doubt, the greatest success of the evening. Gilbert and Sullivan are now in complete agreement, so that words and music combine in a parody of the more ridiculous elements of Victorian propriety. The mock-solemnity of the dance was another stroke of genius on the part of the choreographer. The song "There grew a little flower" was given to these two instead of to Roderic and Hannah so as not to hold up the action at the end, but though it is of itself a pleasing sentimental melody, it did not fit in here either; the action becomes too slow at this point. Eventually after a very fast yet completely intelligible patter trio we saw Hannah's stirring duel with the horrified Sir Ruthven and plunged thence into the Finale. This latter was the producer's triumph, if anything can be singled out as such. The most recent scores leave us only a few lines, the older ones only one short chorus in which to round off the whole opera. To-night we were given a splendid coda which included part of the Madrigal and some new dances; the effect was very satisfactory.

Despite its obvious faults *Ruddigore*, given skilful direction, can be as enjoyable as the other operas, and to-night's performance was the result of such direction. Both the producer and the conductor are to be congratulated on their accomplishments. One might quarrel with the producer, as I have done, for sacrificing, at times, music to stage effect; one might have lifted one's eyebrows, as I did, at the conductor's idea of the *allegretto moderato* of the opening chorus which seemed, to one less wise, to verge dangerously on the *allegro*. But they were small defects in an excellent production. One or two factors deserve special mention as having enhanced our enjoyment of this particular opera. The achievement of the

'props men' particularly with the ghosts and the girls' dresses made sure that it was always easy to look at. The stage men and painters made what seemed a very difficult proposition, the ghost scene staged in the Cortile, an easily accomplished fact. The electricians were efficient. And lastly (but not leastly!) the pianist, who knew his score well, was an excellent accompanist, and his playing, though unobtrusive, was a delight to the ear.'

28th *Saturday*. Bishop Murphy was introduced to the golf course in the first of two fourball foursomes that he played here. Golf has been very popular this year, and one or two of the competitions, particularly the handicap, were fought very fiercely indeed. But although there were a number of players on the course this morning, the maniacs with the football seem to have the ascendancy just now. Handball is less affected by cool weather and is still being played. There was a slight but welcome decline from last year's popularity, which made it occasionally possible to book the court this year. Badminton retains its adherents as does tennis. So far the adherence to the latter has remained of the non-playing variety.

30th *Monday*. Bishop Grimshaw departed. To-night we were allowed to stay out until 7 p.m.; the fact that this was an appreciable extension will show you how much work we have been doing during the past month. Farewell visits were made to Albano and all the usual haunts. One camerata may well have revisited Cavo where earlier in the holiday a Cardinal had stood them a glass of wine. Finally as a special reminder, without which no Villa could come to an end, the lights performed their usual vanishing trick in the evening.

OCTOBER 1st *Wednesday*. As we are due to move back to-morrow, it was decided to hold the feast of St Edward in Rome. A new staircase arrived for the Nuns' quarters to replace one that I suspect was knocked down by the large clap of thunder that heralded the first storm of the Villa. The installing carpenter was seen measuring up a new set of shelves for the fiction library which is to be built out of the remains of the old stairs.

Chi Lo Sa? eventually turned up, as did the Stations of the Cross from St Mary's Hall which have been awaiting transport in the College in Rome for some weeks. To-night the sacristans had all but one *in situ*.

2nd *Thursday*. To-day tradition prescribes that I should dwell on the last ill-packed trunk and the tear-stained eye that are synonymous with the yearly exile, or exodus. Anyway, while the servants are disposing of the final gita *fiasco* here, we are meandering back to greet each of the seven hills by name—those of us who know them—and the various *raconteurs* (always a happier word than 'bore') are polishing up their final version to prove to the licentiates of both faculties, including the new O.N.D., how much better they would have done to stay in sunny Italy.

3rd *Friday*. These unfortunates, after thirty-six hours in the train, are not in a position to argue about anything. The faces of First Year are the real interest, though long experience has taught us to expect nothing more than a slight reshuffling of the features of the departed. Since many of them may achieve fame in later years, and one of them will almost certainly be unlucky enough to be College Diarist, we had bett

record their names : Messrs Loftus (Leeds), McNamara (Hexham), Lang and Philpot (Northampton), C. D'Arcy (Salford), Mullany (Brentwood) and Mooney (Southwark).

5th *Sunday*. The ordered features of the garden had been somewhat disturbed when we arrived from the Villa by a large hole leading into the cellars below the Refectory where the two enormous old boilers had given place to two smart and efficient looking new ones. In preparation for the interminable walks around the goldfish pond much of the soil was to-day shovelled back and the path is now comparatively level—apart of course from an enormous mound that had been taken out but, as is customary on these occasions, would not go back.

In the evening we went into Retreat under Fr Honan c.i.

12th *Sunday*. We came out of Retreat a week older and, *speriamo*, a week better. Bishop Murphy had left us shortly after Retreat started.

13th *Monday*. *Feast of St Edward*. His Grace the Apostolic Delegate arrived by plane and gave Pontifical Benediction in the afternoon. We were sorry that he was not able to appear in time for the festive *pranzone*.

15th *Wednesday*. Premiations home and away. *Prosit* to Mr Lightbound for his silver medal in Philosophy.

17th *Friday*. Refreshed by yesterday's rigger we trudge to the first full day at the Piazza Pilotta. First Year Theology have to face Fr Tromp twice a morning the first semester as Fr Zapelena is completing the latest edition of his *De Ecclesia*. I shall be very surprised if this diary is not published before that.

21st *Tuesday*. Start of the October Public Meeting. 'Welcome to First Year, and get those three speeches sorted out.' The Senior Student's signature tune seemed to be 'No more money in the bank' The usual hardy annuals were proposed and met the same fate as their predecessors.

23rd *Thursday*. The Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle is staying with us. To-day he took his now quite large body of students for a day out at the Villa. In the evening Mr Bryan Little addressed the Literary Society on 'Mediaeval Cathedrals'.

26th *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*. *Prosit* to Messrs McManus, J. D'Arcy, Lloyd, FitzPatrick, Kirkham, Boswell and Keegan on their diaconate, and to Messrs Davis, P. More and M. Moore on their subdiaconate.

To lunch came His Grace Archbishop Downey with his Secretary, Fr McKenna. We were also glad to see Mgr Vernon Johnson.

27th *Monday*. The Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle left us to-day and so at lunch we started another volume of Churchill's history of the Second World War. In the afternoon rigger down at Aqua Acetosa—Monday afternoon games retain their popularity. A sing-song in the lorry on the way back, and then tea : hardly an adequate protection against the ensuing blow—*viz.* the appearance of the Sermon List.

28th *Tuesday*. His Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow, and their Lordships the Bishops of Paisley, Motherwell, and Argyll and the Isles made a fine array of purple at the luncheon table to-day. They are staying at the Scots College while paying their *ad limina* visit to the Holy See.

30th *Thursday*. Bishop Petit and Fr Hemphill arrived to stay with us ; they joined Archbishop Myers who arrived yesterday evening.

NOVEMBER 2nd *Sunday*. A day of Recollection. The Apostolic Delegate gave the morning Conference, which was greatly appreciated throughout the House. During the week we have been trying out new deacons at the nightly benedictions. At this morning's High Mass the Celebrant, Deacon, Subdeacon, M.C., and Thurifer were all performing their office for the first time. We are happy to say that we are still associated with the Roman rite.

3rd *Monday*. Locked Refectory doors at 4.30 caused much speculation as to whether the celebrations of the Vice-Rector's birthday had been transferred along with the Commemoration of All Souls. But it turned out to be merely a misunderstanding in the kitchen about the length of our walk-time. The heathens who were bruised on the hard ground at Aqua Acetosa probably wished they had joined the usual crowd at the Campo Santo.

4th *Tuesday*. We said good-bye to His Grace the Apostolic Delegate.

6th *Thursday*. Archbishop Myers left us, after having given last night a most instructive talk on the Church in France.

In the afternoon a select body watched a game of American football, which is described as 'basically similar to chess, in which the two non-playing captains direct mere pawns on the field'. Perhaps the two vital men were missing on this occasion, for the frequent stops for strategical discussion seemed interminable. To be just, however, necessary equipment was missing and what we saw was obviously no fair sample of the game. Later we had something in a more classical vein : a Wiseman paper about a passage in Suetonius. What little I heard—passing through from the infirmary—sounded vaguely reminiscent of early Robert Graves ; but those who stayed right through assure me that it was both erudite and elegant.

9th *Sunday*. To lunch Frs Duffy, Bibby and Blenkin. After an early supper we listened to an interesting and incisive talk on the Church in Wales by Bishop Petit.

11th *Tuesday*. *Armistice Day*. We provided the choir for the solemn Requiem at San Silvestro. Afterwards a Benedictine told us that our singing was better than any he had heard at Sant' Anselmo. The knowledgeable ones were quick to point out that the mixture of congregations up there is not conducive to good results. But at any rate the choir stalls at Sant' Anselmo leave nothing to be desired—the church was rebuilt in the summer with great taste and care for comfort. Perhaps the Order have taken a leaf out of the Ignatian book ! After that last remark let me hasten to assure old students at the Piazza Pilotta that the desks at the Gregorian are still of the Scavenger's Daughter pattern.

In the afternoon some of us hurried up to the other church of St Silvester, better known as S. Martino ai Monti, and we are able to record with pleasure that on meeting P. Hertling S.J., we had a personally conducted tour of the ancient Roman house below the crypt. Since last year another stairway, presumably leading to a further storey below, has been

successfully excavated. The main result of our visit was an increased distrust of our guide-books. 1975 jubilee-ers please note.

13th *Thursday*. Our old boilers ended their life in the cortile to-day. With a pounding fit to wake the dead a workman hammered the rust off them while the chief *ingegnere* cut through the half-inch plates with a very efficient flame-thrower.

Much activity in the sporting world. In the morning we sent out a second XI to play the White Fathers, who have recently opened an international study-centre here. At first the students boarded at the French seminary; now they have a house of their own, but have been unable to obtain a soccer pitch. This, it was alleged, was their first game. That being so we were very happy to give them their first victory, 3—1 at Gelsomino. News that their Rector had promptly found them a pitch as a result, led us to wonder whether we couldn't come to some arrangement with the Brazilians.

In the afternoon the first team beat the North American College 8—0 on the small pitch opposite the Foro Italico.

18th *Tuesday*. In the afternoon a keen game between the College and Rugby Roma gave us the victory by eight points to three. Advance propaganda at the University made sure that there was a fair audience in the new stands.

In the evening the Schola and the sacristans went down to the nuns for the benediction in honour of St Elizabeth. Former Choir Masters and others will be cheered to hear that the polyphony sounded as flat as ever.

20th *Thursday*. The soccer secretary struck a very early blow to start off the silly season by having a match 'Classicists and Seminarians' *versus* 'The World'. (Cf. report of the Rector's talk, October 32nd.) One well-degreed classicist turned out as referee which perhaps accounts for the classical victory 3—2.

In the evening Fr Copleston S.J., who has recently joined the staff at the Gregorian, gave us a good introduction to modern trends of English Philosophy.

21st *Friday*. Some of us went to visit the exhibition of Leonardo da Vinci's models at the Farnesina. They were not unduly interesting, but the building, surrounded by autumnal plane trees, was looking at its best. We thought it would make a nice annexe to the College. There is even a tower for the Ripetitore.

At lunch the Vice-Rector gave us battle instructions for the arrival of an addition to First Year: Mr Bowen from Southwark. Chaos in the chapels, and the first public viewing in the Refectory during supper.

22nd *Saturday*. In the afternoon, to St Cecilia's, as popular, and as difficult to locate, as ever. Exploration in the crypt was impossible, *perchè la cara gioventù* were receiving a homily from an energetic catechist.

25th *Tuesday*. *Feast of St Catherine*. Over coffee to-day the Rector made the first official announcement of the fact that he is soon to retire. This was sad news indeed, but we realize what a strain it must have been for him to continue his heavy responsibilities under an increasing burden of ill health. It gave us all great pleasure to realize that he has been able

to stay with us long enough to have the consolation of seeing the first completely Roman post-war year admitted to the Priesthood.

It was an unenviable position for a student to have to reply in such circumstances: the initial speech from First Year was therefore advisedly brief. But with the others we were soon back in our own early days, experiencing their emotions from a comfortable distance and enjoying their reaction to apocryphal situations.

The function at St Catherine's followed in the evening, and then an abbreviated supper preceded a concert that almost started on time. Here is the programme:

PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1952

1 FIRST YEAR SONG

Chorus

Romanitatis cupidi efficimur Pugini,
Et Venerabilini, et Venerabilini.
Romanitatem ergo vestrum munus est docere
Et nobis indulgere, qui vobis fidimus.

2 SKETCH

THE BEAR

<i>Elena Iavona Popova</i>	.	.	Mr Incedon
<i>Luka</i>	.	.	Mr Lang
<i>Gregory Stepanovitch Smirnov</i>	.	.	Mr Russell

Produced by Mr Incedon

3 SONG

The Gentle Maiden . . . Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor

4 TOPICAL SKETCH

Messrs Higginson, Murtagh, McNamara, Loftus,
C. D'Arcy, Mullany, and Mooney

5 MUSICAL INTERLUDE

The Five Bartenders . Messrs Ashdowne, C. Murphy-O'Connor, Mason, Brewer and Moakler

6 SKETCH

MR TWEMLOW IS NOT HIMSELF

<i>Mrs Braby</i>	.	.	.	Mr Collingwood
<i>Alice</i>	.	.	.	Mr Davis
<i>Mabel</i>	.	.	.	Mr Philpot
<i>Braby</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tweedy
<i>Hattie</i>	.	.	.	Mr Sutcliffe
<i>Mr Twemlow</i>	.	.	.	Mr Curtis Hayward

Produced by Mr Pearce

This is, by recent tradition, one of the best concerts of the year, and to-night's was no exception. The audience, while always tolerant of things that are not quite all right on the night, is on the other hand more prepared for humour than tension. The Chekov sketch which opened the proceedings was therefore a little too ambitious, and the slight topical sketch had a greater success. The Bartenders sang well and were a welcome departure from the inevitable Octets of previous concerts. The last sketch was very competently performed and one wonders how it has escaped the notice of the Sketch Committee for so long.

28th *Friday*. We held the annual auction for 'The Nig' after lunch: 'Bombay Financial Times' please copy. At this far from dull commercial event, anything might happen. I have known crafty price-raisers actually raise their own bid just as the lot was about to be knocked down to them, in order to start the bidding going again: moreover the ruse has been successful. Then there are the people who bid against themselves *without* realizing it.

30th *Sunday*. The weather warmed up to celebrate the introduction of heating by the new boilers—which incidentally are a great success.

DECEMBER 1st *Monday*. The Rector held a reception in the Salone to mark his resignation. Top Year were invited, and most of the British Catholics of Rome attended.

2nd *Tuesday*. Having had the Martyrs' day blocked three times since our return to Rome, we decided to press the Congregation for a permanent Indult to transfer the feast whenever it was impeded by the Sunday or St Andrew's. As they agreed, we held the feast this year in full regalia, with the special Mass and everybody reciting the office. Everybody? You would think so if you saw the fourteen members of Top Year clustered round the lamps in the morning before Meditation.

At lunch, amongst a large number of guests, we welcomed for the first time Mr Etherington-Smith, the new Secretary to the British Minister at the Vatican.

3rd *Wednesday*. *Dies non* in honour of St Francis Xavier. At the Gesù they were celebrating his fourth centenary and the Colleges were asked to attend the High Mass and Solemn Benediction there. About twenty of us went along, asserted our claim to torches, and got a place on the altar. Meanwhile a gang of grafters took a day out at the Villa. Pressure of work unfortunately kept the Vice-Rector in Rome so that the steps still retain an unfinished albeit a purposeful look.

6th *Saturday*. Play practices are in full swing—at this stage, more play than practice.

8th *Monday*. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception*. High Mass, with smoking to follow. Theology's pride was then considerably reduced when they were defeated 3—1 by Philosophy on the Pious Latin pitch. The winning team made a most unsporting departure from College soccer tradition by using their brains.

To lunch Major Utley and Captain Morris. In the afternoon we convened at the Piazza di Spagna. We can now join in the first verse of *O Santa Vergine*. As normally only the first three verses are sung, and then repeated *ad libitum et ad nauseam*, there is a good chance that in a few years we shall be able to compete with the crowds. After supper a film, *Five Fingers*.

10th *Wednesday*. During night prayers we were privileged to have a ring-side seat for the first faint of the year. The body was temporarily accommodated in the Sacristy, where the Vice-Rector, from within the folds of a zariba of zimarra, suggested that perhaps the Chapel was overheated. Personally we suspect overwork.

13th *Saturday*. The Scots' match was postponed for the first time. The Brazilians too seem anxious to put off our annual encounter. Chance encounters with them have shown them sycophantically pessimistic, dwelling on the fine players that they have lost in the last year. Apparently there are no replacements in their First Year: all their new arrivals, they assure us, are extremely studious types. Fr Morandini's views on this subject have not yet been canvassed.

Eleven good men and true departed for the comparatively unknown and silent regions of SS. John and Paul's.

15th *Monday*. A College XI met a team from the Mediterranean Fleet at the Foro Italico in conditions that the rugger players might well have envied. A hitch in the arrangements had led to two of the R.N. missing their train from Civitavecchia, and so, with hospitable mien, and malice aforethought, we wined the submariners and frigateers in the Saletta while we waited. By the time that the last sailor had sunk into a comfortable doze, and we were ready to move off, we discovered that one of our own team had been lured away to buy a Christmas tree for the party. Eventually we arrived at the ground to find that H.E. the Ambassador had been waiting there over half an hour. In view of this the College kicked off two short: whether the Navy were reluctant to use this advantage, or whether the iron-hard Maltese pitches had left them unfamiliar with wet grounds, it is hard to say; anyway, the final result was 8—0 in favour of the College. Afterwards we entertained the team to tea and they left us swearing eternal friendship.

16th *Tuesday*. A lone subdeacon went up to join the rest of his year at SS. John and Paul's. A personal inspection confirmed the happy rumours that the rooms were palatial and the meals sumptuous. The time taken to circumnavigate the garden gave you the choice of a cigarette or a rosary. A cursory glance suggested the possibility of both!

The Common Room men, accompanied by the hoi polloi, or the omnium gatherum, if you prefer it, took their seasonal trip to the Villa to collect holly. As usual an enormous quantity was gathered and on

17th *Wednesday* it was delivered to the College where it was ransacked by the Flower Man. The ten berries were carefully sewn on to a couple of sprigs and the result was used to decorate the altar for to-morrow.

18th *Thursday*. Mass of Exposition began the forty hours' prayer. About this time parents and visitors started to arrive in droves. Frs Cunningham and Neary are to stay with us for Christmas.

19th *Friday*. Twenty-three men in Retreat left the Refectory unusually empty. We were therefore not a little surprised when flasks of red wine appeared on every table. The Rector soon silenced our speculations to tell us with evident pleasure that the Holy See had appointed Mgr Tickle to succeed him as Rector. Great applause greeted the announcement and we rose to sing a hearty *Ad Multos Annos*. The Vice-Rector—that is to say, Mgr Tickle: I need hardly add that for the next few days nomenclature was very confused—the new Rector, then, rose to tell us briefly that he intended to keep to the traditional ways of running the College. After lunch Mgr Macmillan vacated his old place by the Cortile door and passed straight up the stairs: and so we entered on a new Rectorship.

20th *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Davis, P. More, McManus, D'Arcy, Lloyd, FitzPatrick, Kirkham, Boswell, Grech and Keegan on their ordination to the Priesthood, to Messrs M. Moore and Rossiter on their Diaconate, and to Messrs Bickerstaffe, Burtoft, Travers, Vella, Swindlehurst, Smith, Doran, Rice, Burke, Foulkes and Connelly on receiving second minor orders. The Ordination was held at the Chiesa Nuova, and the Celebrant was Archbishop Traglia, at whose hands Top Year had specially asked to be ordained. Afterwards the new priests and their families spread all over Rome for their private celebrations and on

21st *Sunday* they were reassembled for the First Masses—there were five at the High Altar alone—and for lunch in the Refectory. We seemed to spend most of the morning intoning and singing the *Veni Creator*. Lunch eventually began with a spectacular array of tables down the middle of the Refectory. Superiors, new priests and their guests brought the tally up to thirty-six. Mgr Tickle made a brief introductory speech, in which he pointed out that we were celebrating the ordination of the first post-war generation to complete its course in Rome. In these circumstances it was only fitting that Mgr Macmillan should propose the toast. To this the latter consented, and fulfilled an ambition that was clearly very dear to him.

22nd *Monday*. The stage which was dragged up from the cellar on Saturday, and has been strewn about the Common Room floor ever since, was quickly assembled this morning, and though it is too much to expect the electricians to be as brief, working conditions look as if they will be established in good time. To-day is positively the last day for handing in that song you promised for the Pantomime.

24th *Wednesday*. *Christmas Eve* and an air of expectancy is discernible even in the most blasé member of Top Year—more about this gentleman later. The Common Room men are wondering about the Common Room. The Choir Master is wondering about the Schola. The *Chi Lo Sa?* Editor is wandering about the house and the Panto producer is wandering about the Panto. Anyway, about 10.20 or so, with the House rubbing the sleep

out of its eyes after forty winks, the choir wends its way into Chapel. Four hours later we come out, and I suppose technically we should now be talking about

25th *Thursday. Christmas Day.* Christmas greetings, therefore, collation in the Refectory, carols upstairs, and last but not least, *Chi Lo Sa?*

In the evening came the Pantomime. This had a good grip of the audience from start to finish. The cast was imbued with a good sense of fun and obviously enjoyed themselves throughout, and their good spirits were soon communicated to the audience. In the songs the combination of words, music, and execution was as good as I can remember. The programme was as follows :

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1952

CAROLS

Of One that is so fair and bright	.	<i>A. S. Johnson</i>
Ding-Dong merrily on high	.	<i>Arr. Fr Day</i>
Angels we have heard on high	.	<i>Arr. Fr Day</i>

ROBINSON CRUSOE

<i>Robinson Crusoe</i>	.	.	.	Mr Lightbound
<i>Ma Crusoe</i>	.	.	.	Mr McConnon
<i>Luke, her son</i>	.	.	.	Mr Marmion
<i>Billy</i>	} The Crusoe family	.	.	Mr Rossiter
<i>Tilly</i>				Mr Moakler
<i>Sue</i>				Mr Bradley
<i>Nancy</i>				Mr Mooney
<i>Skull (an ex-Pirate)</i>				Mr Burtoft
<i>Polly, his adopted niece</i>	.	.	.	Mr Downey
<i>Ben Cotto</i>	.	.	.	Mr Swindlehurst
<i>Ken Blotto</i>	.	.	.	Mr Bickerstaffe
<i>Peter Gurney</i>	.	.	.	Mr Broome
<i>Dan Whiddon</i>	.	.	.	Mr Mason
<i>Harry Hawk</i>	.	.	.	Mr Crossling
<i>Tom Cobby</i>	.	.	.	Mr Rand
<i>Man Friday</i>	.	.	.	Mr Bourne
<i>Drug-Ha, Cannibal Chief</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tweedy
<i>Tuesday</i>	.	.	.	Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Wednesday</i>	.	.	.	Mr McNamara
<i>Thursday</i>	.	.	.	Mr B. Murphy-O'Connor

Produced by Mr Doran

26th *Friday.* An easy day followed in the evening by a film about the Lone Star State of Texas and a short Somerset Maugham story from *Encore*. The latter entertained us greatly ; during the former we entertained ourselves. After supper we encored the Panto songs.

27th Saturday. The Concert was as follows :

ST JOHN'S CONCERT

Ioanni Macmillan

Quem etsi a collegio tot tantaque sibi debente mox discedet
in precibus tamen et corde semper habebimus

necnon Gerardo Tickle
novo sed non ignoto Rectori
qui primus, ni fallimur,
a vestis scenicae cura
ad eam dignitatem pervenit
scenas nostras

pari in utrumque amicitia dedicamus.

1 CAROLS

In dulci iubilo (*arr. Imogen Holst*)
Ding-Dong merrily on high (*arr. Fr Day*)

2 PIANO

Marcia Turca (*Beethoven*)
Messrs Lightbound and C. Murphy-O'Connor
Fantasy Impromptu (*Chopin*)
Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor

3 SONGS

In Brittany Mr Broome
Bless this House

MASTER OF ARTS

by

WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME

Ronald Knight	Mr Russell
Robin Spender	Mr Kenny
The Rev. Hildebrand Williams	Mr Abbott
Charles, Earl of Whitrig	Mr O'Connor
Miss Osborn	Mr Harding
Fiona Spender	Mr Collier
Duchess of Fernyrigg	Mr Rice
The Duke of Fernyrigg	Mr Travers
The Rt Hon. Frederick Spender	Mr Taylor
Mrs Spender	Mr A. Davis

Producer by Mr Collier

Master of Arts is only a slight play, but it is full of bright dialogue and preposterous situations. The possibilities were competently exploited by both producer and cast, and there was no doubt that the audience enjoyed themselves. Two of the minor parts, Mr Spender and the Duke of Fernyrigg, were probably accorded the best reception.

29th *Monday*. *Feast of St Thomas*. Archbishop Leger of Montreal and Archbishop Mathew were the chief of a score of guests at a gargantuan *pranzone*. In accordance with custom we were dispensed from prayers for the Conversion of England and the Rector spared us any midday martyrology. Just to complete the picture the reader did his little bit by turning up just too late to read at supper. We made up for this by having ordinary long night prayers for the first time for nearly a week.

ST THOMAS' CONCERT, 1952

1 CAROLS

I saw three ships (*arr. Imogen Holst*)
Kings of Orient (*J. H. Hopkins, jnr*)

2 SONG

In Cellar Cool Mr B. Murphy-O'Connor

I KILLED THE COUNT

by

ALEC COPPEL

<i>Count Victor Mattoni</i>	.	.	.	Mr Brady
<i>Polly</i>	.	.	.	Mr Duggan
<i>Divisional Inspector Davidson</i>	.	.	.	Mr Smith
<i>Detective Raines</i>	.	.	.	Mr Formby
<i>Martin</i>	.	.	.	Mr Pearce
<i>Louise Rogers</i>	.	.	.	Mr Brennan
<i>P.C. Clifton</i>	.	.	.	Mr Loftus
<i>Samuel Diamond</i>	.	.	.	Mr Ashdowne
<i>Johnson</i>	.	.	.	Mr Murtagh
<i>Mullet</i>	.	.	.	Mr Higginson
<i>Bernard Froy</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kennedy
<i>Viscount Sorrington</i>	.	.	.	Mr Curtis Hayward

Produced by Mr Kennedy

This play cannot be seen to its greatest advantage without more time on the stage in rehearsal than we can command; nevertheless, the actors tonight succeeded in maintaining a very creditable degree of tension. The three confessed murderers, Froy, Lord Sorrington and Mullet, carefully contrasted a quiet narrative style while interviewing the detectives, with dramatic energy when acting in the half-light. The two detectives, who had a prodigious number of lines to say, provided the connecting link in the story, while the comic relief was ably supplied by Diamond and Polly.

30th *Tuesday*. Another day of recovery, and in the evening a Hitchcock film; many found it a little tense for this time of the year.

31st *Wednesday*. The evening fair started off with some rather inflated prices in the catering department. Whether this was responsible for a quieter party on the stage and brisker business in the stalls it is hard to say. Certainly there seemed less inclination for the usual heartiness in the Common Room afterwards.

JANUARY 1st, 1953. *Thursday*. By the time the Capellar' had finished its revels and we had just fallen into a fitful doze—or so it seemed—the bell went for the first meditation of the New Year. Subsequent experience indicated that the ensuing resolutions must have lacked a due meed of prudence.

NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1953

1 CAROLS

Angels we have heard on high (*arr. Fr Day*)
Of One that is so fair and bright (*A. S. Johnson*)

2 PIANO SOLO

Romance in D Flat (*Sibelius*) Mr Kirkham

BLITHE SPIRIT

by

NOEL COWARD

<i>Ruth</i>	.	.	.	Mr Philpot
<i>Charles</i>	.	.	.	Mr Inledon
<i>Edith,</i>	.	.	.	Mr Stappard
<i>Dr Bradman</i>	.	.	.	Mr Bowen
<i>Mrs Bradman</i>	.	.	.	Mr Turnbull
<i>Madame Arcati</i>	.	.	.	Mr Brewer
<i>Elvira</i>	.	.	.	Mr Foulkes

Produced by Mr Leonard

Everything conspired to make to-night's play the most successful of the three. A good script, a well-chosen cast, and confident production ensured an enthusiastic reception by the audience. It would be unfair to single out any actor, for all suited their parts and gave of their very best. The *tour de force* in the last Act gives us an opportunity to congratulate the stage men on their work this Christmas : the newly-constructed furniture has brightened all the sets and increased our green-room resources.

3rd *Saturday*. A group went over to the Beda to see their play, *Tons of Money*. The afternoon's entertainment had a tragic ending when one of the cast died of a heart attack shortly after the end of the last Act. At night prayers the Rector asked us all to pray for the repose of his soul.

5th *Monday*. A *rappresentanza* attended the Requiem for the deceased Beda student at San Silvestro.

6th *Tuesday*. *Feast of the Epiphany*. We were pleased to entertain Sir D'Arcy Osborne among the guests at lunch to-day, and also to welcome back Fr Tyndal-Atkinson O.P., whom we have not seen for some time owing to a trying series of operations. Both of them stayed with us for the Opera in the evening, at which we also entertained Sir Victor Mallet, Mr Etherington-Smith, and many other visitors. For the first time printed programmes were provided for the Opera, which in no way fell below the high expectations aroused by the two earlier performances.

7th *Wednesday*. Continued in our next, but not, thank heaven, by

ROBERT J. ABBOTT.

PERSONAL

We offer our congratulations to THE RECTOR on becoming a Domestic Prelate. The rescript of his appointment was presented to His Lordship BISHOP HEENAN (1924-31) during a stay at the College.

We were very pleased to welcome HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GRIFFIN who stayed at the College while attending the Consistory in January. During this period we were also privileged to entertain their Eminences Cardinals McGuigan, D'Alton, Leger and Gracias, and to congratulate the latter three on their elevation to the Sacred Purple.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP GODFREY favoured us with a long stay in the College at the beginning of the scholastic year, and made frequent and welcome appearances in the Common Room. The *ad limina* visits gave us an opportunity to see many Episcopal friends of the College once more. His Grace Archbishop Myers stayed with us, as did His Lordship Bishop McCormack, His Lordship Bishop Petit, and His Lordship Bishop Beck. We welcomed His Grace Archbishop Downey as a guest at table, and other visitors to lunch included His Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow and their Lordships the Bishops of Paisley, Motherwell, and Argyll and the Isles.

Other no less welcome visitors to the College included the following : REV. J. HEMPHILL (1919-26), REV. B. CUNNINGHAM (1927-34), REV. E. NEARY (1929-36), REV. T. MCKENNA (1934-41) and REV. P. CLARK (1939-41).

The following students were ordained priests this year :

Messrs Broome and McHugh by Archbishop Traglia at the Lateran Seminary on 6th July 1952.

Messrs F. Davis, P. More, McManus, J. D'Arcy, Lloyd, FitzPatrick, Kirkham, Boswell, Grech and Keegan by Archbishop Traglia at the Chiesa Nuova on 20th December 1952.

Messrs M. Moore and Rossiter by Archbishop Traglia at the Lateran Basilica on 28th February 1953.

We were very sorry that MGR MACMILLAN could not be with us to celebrate his Silver Jubilee on 7th April 1953, but we can assure him that he was well remembered in our prayers. We must congratulate also these others who have celebrated their Silver Jubilees recently : VERY REV. CANON G. FORD (1921-8), REV. D. CROWLEY (1921-8), REV. G. HIGGINS (1921-8), REV. W. O'LEARY (1921-8) ; and also REV. G. WINHAM (1919-25) who has been made a Domestic Prelate.

The Senior Student for the coming year is Mr Turnbull. The retiring Senior Student wishes to thank all those who have sent gifts for the Public Purse. Our thanks are also due to Mgr Macmillan, Mgr Carroll-Abbing and Fr Rope for generous gifts to the Library.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The members of the present Staff are :

Editor : Mr Kenny

Secretary : Mr Brady

Sub-editor : Mr Curtis Hayward

Under-Secretary : Mr Brennan

Fifth Member : Mr Moakler

THE UNIVERSITY

In October the University celebrates the fourth centenary of the foundation of the faculties of Theology and Philosophy. To mark this event, all ex-alumni are to receive a copy of the magazine *Sint Unum* together with an invitation to take part in the celebrations. Since *Sint Unum* will supply our readers with much of the information which is usually given on this page, we will content ourselves with giving certain details of the Academic Congress to be held in October, which have not yet been published at the time of going to press.

In the faculty of Theology there are to be four themes for discussion. Theses will be presented by Fr Michael Browne O.P. (Maestro del Sacro Palazzo Apostolico), on theological method ; by Fr Tromp S.J., on progress in ecclesiology since Trent ; by Dom Athanasius Miller O.S.B. (Secretary of the Biblical Commission), on the different senses of Scripture ; and by Fr Charles Balic O.F.M., on Mariology since Trent.

Philosophical discussion will centre round three points : the contribution of present-day existentialism to the founding of a metaphysic (Fr Picard O.F.M. of the Antonianum) ; the relation between the sciences and cosmology (Dom Beda Thum O.S.B. of the Anselmianum) ; and the particular nature of the proofs of God's existence (Mgr de Raeymaeker, President of the Institut de Philosophie at Louvain).

In the faculty of Canon Law papers will be presented by Mgr Staffa of the Rota, and by the Deans of the respective faculties at the Gregorian,

the Antonianum, Munich and Louvain. The services of several eminent Italian lawyers have also been enlisted. Similar activity is taking place in the faculties of Church History and Missiology. Among the speakers will be the General of the Trappists, and Prof. Josi, the noted archeologist and director of the recent excavations under St Peter's.

The New Year, 1953, marks the completion of Fr Abellan's first year as Rector. There are now 2371 students in all faculties, of which almost a quarter are English-speaking. Among the professors there are now six Americans on the staff, and Fr Copleston of the English Province lectured in Philosophy for the first half of the academic year. It is gratifying to see that an attempt is being made to reduce the disproportion between the numbers of English-speaking students and English-speaking professors, and we hope that further steps may be taken in the same direction.

Among the other professors we note that Fr Capello celebrated his golden jubilee in April, and that Frs Hanssens, Arnou and Zapelena have celebrated their fiftieth year of religious life. Fr Filograssi continues to expound the tract *De Eucharistia* with his customary vigour and has this year produced a new edition of his book with notable additions, particularly an introductory treatise on the evolution of Dogma and a development of the sacramental theory of the Mass, in harmony with the Encyclical *Mediator Dei*.

Lastly, *Vita Nostra* continues to flourish and shows every sign of being a stable and useful influence in the life of the students. We wish it every success.

FRANCIS McMANUS.

THE LIBRARY

In June 1951, with the approval and encouragement of Mgr Macmillan, work began on the compilation of a Subject-Catalogue to the Library. There already was, of course, an Author-Catalogue, compiled twenty years before by Dr Joseph Reinthaler, of Innsbruck, with the assistance of the Rev. L. W. Jones, the Librarian at that time. The separate cataloguing of each room had, however, proved inconvenient, as had the arrangement of the cards, which were tied together in stiff covers and stored in pigeon-holes. It was decided to merge these three catalogues into one, and to store both author and subject catalogues in a wooden cabinet installed in the second window bay of the First Library.

Dr Reinthaler had also compiled a shelf-index to the Library, which was transcribed *in toto*, and the transcriptions (on cards 3" by 5") rearranged to form the Subject-Catalogue. The generous co-operation of the House in the labour of this transcription, and in that of merging the three Author-Catalogues, enabled the work to be completed in the next two Villas, and the new Catalogue was installed by Christmas 1952.

Rather than attempt to force a specialized Library like ours into the categories of, say, the Dewey system, it was decided to devise a classification more adapted to the books we have, yet flexible enough to meet

any additions to the Library. A copy of the scheme adopted has been provided, with a plan of the Library, while coloured guide-cards inside each drawer mark the sections and sub-sections. It is hoped later, by a copious use of shelf-labels and the installation of more manageable ladders, to overcome the unwillingness displayed by Library users to consult any shelf not at eye level, and thus enable the new Catalogue to be put to the fullest use.

P. J. FITZPATRICK.

ASSOCIATION

The rapid expansion of Rome's building programme and the consequent shortage of ground space is becoming a great threat to many of the smaller sports fields. Those fields which belong to Catholic organizations are all overcrowded, and the rents of the Municipal *campi sportivi* are prohibitive. Therefore, we are fortunate to be able to secure Gelsomino for one morning every week. Up to Christmas good use was made of this, and the constant practice gave us a team that was playing better than any we have had for many years. The most notable improvement was in our goal-scoring capabilities. We won our first two games, against the North American College and against a Royal Navy XI: on neither occasion were we fully extended, winning 8—0 each time.

Attempts to meet the Scots and Brazilians while we were still in this scoring vein were unsuccessful. Then our confidence was shaken when what should have been an overwhelming Theologians' team was deservedly beaten 3—1 by a zestful Philosophers' XI ably generalled by a veteran from the OND. After Christmas we did not have much time for practice and the standard of our play declined. In a hard game we had a struggle to make a 2—2 draw with the French College. However, the Brazilian match found us in a happier mood and for the first time in six years we were able to deny them the victory, forcing a draw 1—1. Doubtless the fact that we persuaded them to play at Gelsomino, which is bigger than their private pitch, gave us an advantage.

In spite of the fact that the Scots' match had been postponed more than once in order to permit the teams to be at full strength, we eventually played on St David's Day with a slightly depleted side. The Scots' superior craft gave them a 2—0 lead at half-time, but they were unfortunate to have a man injured just as they were dictating the play. In the second half we fought back and gained the lead, but in the final few minutes the Scots equalized and the closing score of 3—3 was a true indication of the run of play. And so though our team did not fulfil its early promise it completed the season without having suffered a defeat.

The following have represented the College: Messrs Turnbull, Lightbound, Brennan, White, Murphy-O'Connor B., Crossling, Kennedy (*Capt.*), Mason, Kearney, Foulkes, Abbott, Murphy-O'Connor C., D'Arcy C., Brady, McNamara, Carson, Taylor. Mr Lightbound is the Secretary for the coming year.

FRANCIS KEARNEY.

RUGBY

This year has seen a great increase in the number of regular rugby players, but due chiefly to injuries and the hardness of the pitch we have not been able to play as often as we would have liked. The standard of house games has been good, and what we have lacked in quantity has been gained in quality. To supplement these house games we have played one or two scratch matches against Lazio teams during the year. Our relations with Rugby Roma are of the best, and we are grateful to them for their kindness in giving us preference for the use of the pitch on Mondays.

The team itself has had a very successful season, winning all four of its outside matches. We played Roma on the first pitch early in December, cheered on by a throng of students from the Gregorian, who turned up in force in response to a *Vita Nostra* advertisement. Two tries and a goal gave us a victory of 8—0. CUS ceded us their match 8—0, and Lazio too were beaten 3—0 by a weakened team. But perhaps the most enjoyable match of the season was that played against a team captained by Brother Baxter C.I., and comprising ten Rosminians, four Irish Dominicans, and Fr Sweeney from Propaganda. In spite of the high score of 19—0 in our favour, the match was by no means a walk-over. It was good English rugby, clean and hard, but our fitness and team work told on the opposition, who grew fatigued during the second half. To Brothers Baxter and Placid, who leave Rome this year, we would like to express our thanks and best wishes for the future.

The following have represented the College: Messrs Carson, Lloyd, Keegan, Abbott, Murphy-O'Connor B., Travers, Doran, Formby, Kennedy, Taylor, Brady, Lightbound, Marmion, Murphy-O'Connor C., Mason, Wilson, Stappard, Tweedy, McNamara, Bowen. The Secretary for the coming season is Mr Formby.

BERNARD DORAN.

OBITUARY

THE REV. ALBERT WOOD D.D.

Dr Albert Wood died in St Anthony's Hospital, Cheam, on 11th November 1952, the day before his sixtieth birthday. He was on holiday in Jersey last August when he was stricken with what seems to have been a cerebral thrombosis. By the time he reached hospital at Cheam his condition was grave. His last weeks were passed in a condition of almost continuous coma; but he was fortified of course by the Sacraments and by the Catholic care of the Religious on the nursing staff.

Albert Wood came to the Venerable in 1910, after having spent three years at Wonersh. He was ordained in 1914 and took his doctorate in 1915. Returning to Southwark, he spent a few weeks 'on supply' at Earlsfield and was then appointed to the staff of the Junior Seminary which was then still at Wonersh. Here he taught mathematics and logic, and for some time also held the office of Procurator. After eight years at Wonersh, he went as Assistant to Woolwich in 1923, and two years later to Orpington as chaplain to the two large Orphanages of the Southwark Rescue Society. In 1929, he went to Barnes as Rector, and nine years later was appointed Parish Priest of Plumstead. There he collected the material for his *History of the Catholic Church in Plumstead*, a well-documented work which was published in 1948. There also he bought the site for the church at Plumstead Common, which was erected in 1950 by his successor, Dr Wood having been appointed Parish Priest of Blackheath two years earlier. At Blackheath he attended to the war-damage and redecorated the church.

At the Venerable I was with him for only two years. Both being Southwark men we had certain interests and activities in common. His manner was always rather shy and retiring, but his ideas were very clear and his opinions quite firm. In those great days, with less than thirty students in the College, certain of the hotter discussions in the Common Room (we called it the Playroom) would easily involve everybody present, especially round the fire in the winter; but I cannot remember Sammy ever contributing more than half-a-dozen words at a time to that sort

of discussion. He would be very much part of the 'circle' indeed, and listening closely; but when he spoke, it was always shortly and dryly, never eagerly or with the warmth common to those occasions.

I forget, if I ever knew, quite why we called him Sammy at the Venerable. At home in Southwark, more naturally, he was Bertie. But in Rome, in those days, this name was already allocated.

Modest and unobtrusive, Sammy was none the less fully in the life of the College. He was a tireless worker, and had a knack of unhurried punctuality. His tastes were simple to the point of austerity. Two full sides for football were hard to raise in those days, and Sammy would turn out when really needed. He did his share of brick-hunting; he could be relied upon for the Debating Society, where his reserved manner, his rather deep and leisurely voice and his dryness of diction added piquancy to his points.

All through his life, he was a man of hobbies, clever with his hands. He knew more than a little about electrical engineering and was an accomplished mathematician. He devised and constructed a television set that worked, in the very earliest days of this science. At the end of his life he was engaged in making a microscope.

For all his reserve, he was no recluse. He did valuable work for the Girl Guides organization; he was actively interested in the Catholic Stage Guild.

I am not aware that he made any close friends: some men don't. At the larger gatherings of clergy, we usually drifted together and were comfortable in each other's company.

During his last years, Sammy was in constant and serious ill health; but he worked on until the last few weeks. I was with him some twelve hours before he died. I was told that he was in a coma, but seemed sometimes to recognize people. I put my hand on his and told him who I was: I then said an appropriate prayer or two, close to his ear. His hand closed tightly over mine, and in the end I had some difficulty in drawing it away. Having got as far as the door, I found that I could not leave him like that. So I turned back and said a few more prayers in the same way. Again his hand closed tightly round mine. There was no other sign, but I like to persuade myself that he knew I was there.

Perhaps he was a lonely soul: some priests are. But he was a sterling priest, a lovable friend, and a worthy son of the Venerable. May he rest in peace.

H. A. CALNAN.

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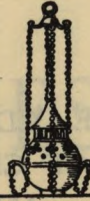
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