

# THE VENERABILE

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

May 1954

Vol. XVI. No. 4

PRINTED AT  
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS  
EXETER

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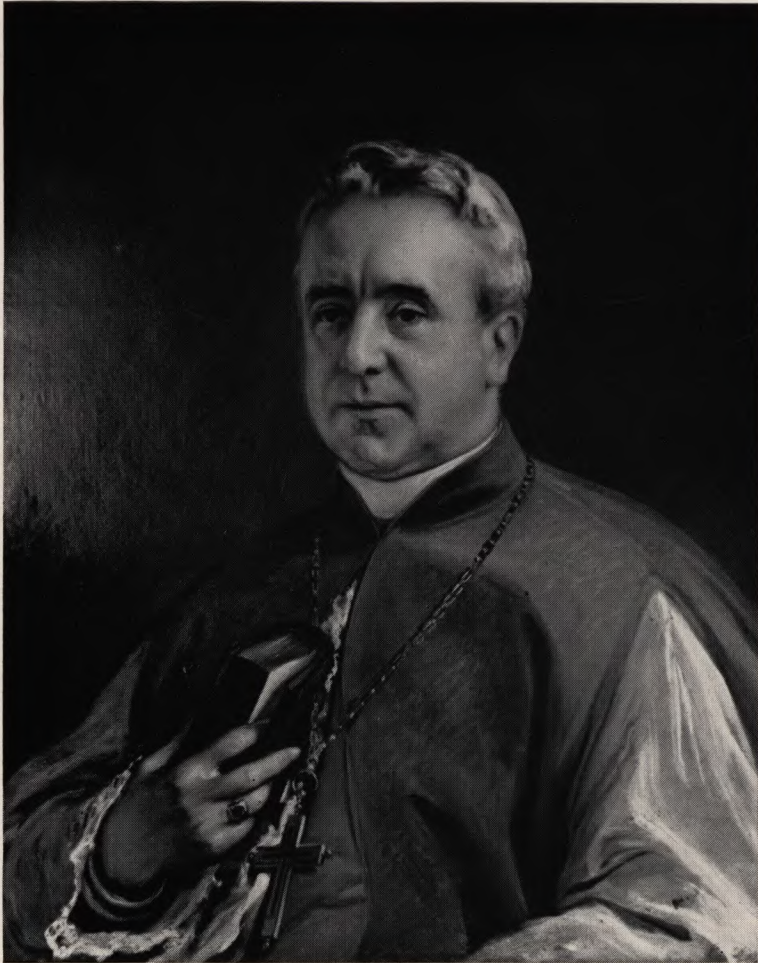
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Messrs PALL MALL DEPOT & FORWARDING CO. LTD

10 St. Alban's Place, LONDON, W.1

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HENRY O'CALLAGHAN

## COLLEGE RECTORS

### VIII—HENRY O'CALLAGHAN (1867—1888)

It is now nearly thirty-two years since Mgr Hinsley launched the first number of *THE VENERABLE*. On hearing of it Fr Thomas Scott, the oldest *Venerabilino* alive at the time, commented: 'The great O'Callaghan's spirit will kick off his coffin lid in horror at the idea'.<sup>1</sup> Who was 'the great O'Callaghan' that he should have been horrified at the idea of a College magazine? There hangs towards the far end of the Common Room a rather dingy photograph of a College group that few would notice. It is dated 1885 and is remarkable only for the fact that what appears to be the total complement of students is easily contained across the width of the passage in front of the Common Room. In the centre sits a stern but distinguished personage in monsignorial robes. On his right is the benevolent Dr Giles. The other figures have that far-away look in their eyes which is typical of so many photographs of the time; most of them are forgotten now: only Thomas Whiteside, Archbishop of Liverpool, and George Ambrose Burton, Bishop of Clifton, are still subjects for discussion. The dominating figure in the centre is Mgr O'Callaghan, the Rector. There is a forlorn isolation about this picture. In all the other College groups that hang in the Common Room, including those in which Dr Giles himself beams expansively in the rectorial position, students of the present day may still recognize an ageing parish priest or even their late Bishop looking extremely youthful but, nevertheless, recognizable;

<sup>1</sup> Letters of Fr Thomas Scott in the College Archives: to Mgr Hinsley 16th September 1922. Fr Scott was a student at the College from 1856 to 1861 and died in 1926 aged 90.

this one alone is beyond living memory and only attracts the eye of a brooding archivist.

But, to leave aside nostalgia, we find ourselves up against quite a difficult task in writing an account of Henry O'Callaghan. The period may be only just out of reach of living memory, but it is not as well recorded nor, in consequence, as well known as that of, say, Fr Persons three centuries before. O'Callaghan left nothing which helps us to know him or the College under him. Any correspondence we find of his relates to external or business matters—and there is a mountain of it concerning the liquidation of the College property in 1870. The records of the time usually only get as far as telling us that he was Rector of the College. So that what follows is the result of a very widespread search : a descent on Canon Peacock, his only surviving student, at Beaconsfield ; a meeting at Florence with the Sister of the Little Company of Mary who nursed him in his last years of pain ; a visit to the house of the Oblates of St Charles at Bayswater, his spiritual home ; and the discovery of an old lady of eighty-six at Monte Porzio who quite convincingly remembered him as the handsome upstanding *Rettore* who dominated the scene even before the days of the venerable *Monsignore Giles*. It was left to a faithful accomplice to play Sherlock Holmes in search of his tracks in the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

Of the early part of his life we know only one or two bare facts. He was born of Irish parents in London on 29th March 1827 and became a student at St Edmund's, Ware, at the age of sixteen. After he went to St Edmund's he met the influences that were to form him for the rest of his life—and also incidentally to play a large part in the reformation of the English College in Rome. He must have shown an early aptitude for reforms because we find him Prefect of Discipline in Dr Weathers' régime of the 'new rules' not very long after his ordination in 1851. But it was not until the young Fr Herbert Vaughan was made Vice-President in 1855 that a fundamental development in O'Callaghan's outlook took place. Here also began a stormy period in the history of St Edmund's.<sup>2</sup> Vaughan was about to enter the Oblates of St Charles. The Oblates are secular priests living a community life, whose purpose is to perform whatever missionary work the Ordinary chooses for them in his diocese. Cardinal Wiseman had introduced them into the archdiocese of

<sup>2</sup> For a detailed account of what follows see SNEAD-COX, *Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, Vol. I, ch. iv ; also WARD, *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, Vol. II, p. 266 et. seq.

Westminster because he found that they were a more pliable instrument for dealing with the varied problems of the time than were the Orders. The Orders were not free to do whatever he wanted when he wanted it, but the Oblates by their rule are absolutely at the disposal of their Ordinary. Vaughan was a strong personality and soon three of the superiors at St Edmund's joined him, including O'Callaghan.<sup>3</sup>

The four began to lead a spiritual life among themselves which was more intense than that practised by their colleagues. They held weekly 'spiritual chapters' including an exhortation and a 'chapter of faults', they went to Confession twice a week, they bound themselves to get leave from the Novice Master (Vaughan) before leaving the precincts of the College. In some ways, however, their innovations were not so radical: for instance the observance of the *magnum silentium* and the singing of the *Salve* after night prayers. All this, of course, did not pass without comment either within the College or outside it, and trouble was not long in coming. But the life of the Oblates at St Edmund's was only a minor cause of it; the main cause was the jealousy and suspicion that surrounded their superior at Bayswater, Dr Manning. There were many who resented his sudden favours and promotions, and not a few who suspected his intentions concerning seminaries. Unfortunately, this number included the Coadjutor Archbishop of Westminster, Errington, and its Chapter, as well as Bishop Grant of Southwark who also sent his students to St Edmund's at this time. They feared that the College was to be given over entirely to Manning and the Oblates, and they suspected that he wanted to introduce Roman seminary customs there—which was taken to mean a system of espionage and tale-bearing and Italian habits and devotions. Wiseman denied this but could not convince the opposition. It was the cause of his final breach with Errington, but he continued to support Manning until it became evident that the Oblates' presence at St Edmund's would never become acceptable to Manning's adversaries. Accordingly they were removed in the summer of 1861. O'Callaghan was sent out in charge of a house of Oblates in Rome.<sup>4</sup> He was now away from Vaughan and Manning and it would not be long before he would have to carry on even without the community, but the last few years at St Edmund's

<sup>3</sup> He became a postulant in 1857 and made his Oblation two years later.

<sup>4</sup> Of this community we know nothing except that they were first at S. Chiara and then at S. Nicola in Arcione, a church which no longer exists, not far from the Trevi fountain.

had marked him for life. He was an Oblate and a reformer—and the particular one to be suggested by Manning as a reformer of the Venerable. The Oblates in Rome suffered an epidemic of typhus in the summer of 1867 and had to return to England, but by then O'Callaghan had already entered into the history of our College.

The story of the change of Rectors at the English College at this time is a long and controversial one and there is no room to set it out here.<sup>5</sup> We cannot, however, avoid touching upon it in so far as it concerns O'Callaghan. The bare facts are that in July 1867 Dr Neve, who had been Rector for four years, resigned, and the Pope appointed O'Callaghan in his place. The Pope was acting on the suggestion of Mgr Talbot, the Pro-Protector of the College. Talbot in his turn was acting on the suggestion of Manning who was now Archbishop of Westminster. The other Bishops who had been in Rome when the matter was coming to a head were told nothing until it was over. Talbot's case is as follows. The College needed reforming along Manning's lines; Neve was inefficient and Talbot could not get on with him; the English Bishops if consulted would recommend 'some respectable old priest whom they want to get rid of'; therefore there had to be a *coup d'état*. That Talbot could not get on with Neve is clear but the other assertions have been called in question. Neve admitted his inability to keep discipline but complained that his authority was not upheld and this was why he resigned. In his dealings with the English Bishops Talbot did not create a good impression, but as they were never given an opportunity to suggest any names it is useless to consider this point further. Talbot's treatment of Neve is not above reproach either: he let the Newman controversy enter into their relations and they found themselves on opposite sides. The only point that concerns us directly here is the question as to whether the College needed reforming along Manning's lines.

In the last article in the series 'College Rectors' the writer,<sup>6</sup> in his defence of Neve, suggested that the change of Rectors was the occasion for stamping out the Wiseman tradition in the College and substituting for it an oppressive régime of rules and prohibitions; the bad discipline was a myth and merely a

<sup>5</sup> The classic account is in PURCELL, *Life of Cardinal Manning*, Vol. II, p. 365 et seq. It contains the correspondence between Manning and Talbot.

<sup>6</sup> THE VENERABLE, April and October 1931 and April 1932. In this account are included the letters in which Neve gave his side of the argument to Bishop Ullathorne.

pretext for the change. Before considering the truth of this assertion let us consider Manning's part in the matter. He had been corresponding with Talbot at least since December of the previous year, and certainly inspired even if he did not actually cause the new régime. He rejected a suggestion to reintroduce Jesuit rule but was determined on reform :

'Moreover, what is wanted is *three good rulers* like F. O'Callaghan. I will gladly give any man in this diocese if there be one fit. But the real difficulty is their bad *tradition*. If there were a system like the discipline of S. Chiara introduced, the rector, even a common man, would be able to work it. Now the rector is too weak to resist the tradition of liberty and laxity. The mixture of men from so many colleges will always make confusion, till a strong discipline is introduced . . . We have a fatal notion that Englishmen must be treated *altogether* differently. *Somewhat* perhaps, but in *the main* the same discipline ought to be imposed.'

Manning and Talbot expected the anger of the English Bishops over the manner of the change and were not disappointed, but beyond this there was little wholehearted opposition. No one was able to find fault with O'Callaghan apart from his being an Oblate and no *Venerabilino*, and his having an Irish name. Only three members of the hierarchy seem to have been really offended. On the other hand there was some positive approval from the same quarter : one example may be taken from a letter in Talbot's correspondence in the College Archives written by Bishop Chadwick of Hexham :

'I am delighted to hear that Rev. O'Callaghan is likely to revivify the spirit of the English College. I saw, when at Rome, that none of the students had confidence in poor Dr Neve and that he had no elans [*sic*] for a college.'

Even Dr Cornthwaite, Bishop of Beverley, who as a former student and Rector in the 'old tradition' might have been expected to oppose any such innovation, wrote to say that he was satisfied from the first that 'a change was expedient to say the least' and that 'F. O'Callaghan was the best man that I know either here or in Rome'.

Wilfrid Ward, in his biography of Wiseman, is content to describe the splendours of the intellectual and social life of his rectorship, he says nothing about the actual government of the College. In an article in these pages we see more of it and the



result is revealing.<sup>7</sup> Bishop Gradwell, the previous Rector, was, it seems, constantly worried about the discipline, particularly after the departure of Dr Errington, the Vice-Rector. Distinguished visitors moved freely among the students who themselves had frequent dinner engagements outside the College. Eighteen of them actually sent a round robin to the Cardinal Protector without the Rector's knowledge asking for further relaxations: no camerata rule, schools at home, and ordination six months before returning to England.<sup>8</sup> The following letter written by Bishop Baines to Wiseman while the latter was still Rector shows what a hostile witness could make of the situation. Wiseman had been enjoying the Bishop's hospitality at Prior Park but had commented unfavourably about it for various reasons. Baines had previously stayed at the Venerable and so took the opportunity to make this riposte:

'Place yourself, dear sir, in my position—suppose that when I was last in Rome [February to September 1834] I had collected reports from your own discontented subjects and others and had told some distinguished family then in Rome the following story—I have been residing in the English College by Dr Wiseman's obliging invitation and therefore I speak from knowledge as well as from authority: "There is a deplorable want of discipline in the English College—some of the young men do not communicate at all regularly and none of them so often as they do in such and such colleges. There have been so many disorders that Dr Wiseman was obliged to expel I don't know how many, and the remainder, though he thinks otherwise, are by no means united or so satisfied with him as he imagines—'some of his best friends' have serious apprehensions that philosophy is more attended to in his college than piety—I have heard that the studies are ill managed, that the students are dispensed with half that the Italian students learn—and that instead of seeing that they learn the rest Dr Wiseman is constantly engaged in giving them lectures on subjects which are little to the purpose, which few of them understand and which produce very little effect but to make them conceited—that it is much to be feared that their principles may be shaken by the *new learning* and the

<sup>7</sup> THE VENERABLE, October 1928.

<sup>8</sup> Going over the Rector's head to complain was a habit of this Rectorship and those that followed.

quantities of heterodox books which he puts into their hands—that as to rules the college has literally none, those they had being lost—so that all is left to the absolute will of the Rector, who is not always of the same mind and constantly out of the way—nay it not infrequently happens that the college is left without either Rector or Vice-Rector, both being out at some dinner or evening party—from which they do not return till a late hour at night—that of all the rectors of colleges in Rome, Dr Wiseman is the only one that is seen at the *ambassadori*, at Torlonia's and at all the gay assemblies, that of course his expenses are much increased by these and similar means—which may account for the college not maintaining more than two thirds the numbers it did in Dr Gradwell's time—that Dr Wiseman pretends that he has improved the [*illegible word*]<sup>9</sup>—but the only improvement which can be seen is in his own apartments which are very much improved and in some of the galleries, in adorning which he has spent great sums of money which can make no return . . .” Had I said such things of the English College and its rector I should have thought he had great cause to be angry with me, and had he sent me such a note as I sent you I should have thought him very gentle.’ (This extract is taken from a letter dated 10th November 1835 in the College Archives.)

We do not know much about the state of the discipline under the next two Rectors but things seem to be slack again under Cornthwaite<sup>9</sup> so that his successor to be, Dr English, was in fear of his return and wrote to Mgr Talbot : ‘But if Cornthwaite comes back to reorganize sleep and waste after all this I don't know whether I should be able to stand it’. Dr English himself made efforts to set the finances in order and managed to end the practice of the nomination of the students by the Cardinal Protector.<sup>10</sup> He had no hesitation in laying the blame for what was wrong in the College tradition fairly and squarely in a certain quarter : ‘The Cardinal [Wiseman] and Errington are confirmed patrons and champions of all the abuses here’. His last letter to Talbot from his deathbed was an appeal to resist Wiseman's influence. But even Dr English could not resist making the students stay up late at night to the detriment of

<sup>9</sup> THE VENERABLE, April 1930 : see especially p. 369 for indulgence of the habit of staying in bed till late in the morning.

<sup>10</sup> See THE VENERABLE, October 1930.

their health earning gold medals, and it was this 'reformer' who according to Neve had left him a heritage of bad discipline.

If I have painted rather a dark picture of Wiseman and his successors in this matter there is no intention of blackening them as priests or prelates of the Church. The conclusion is simply this: the English College before 1867 was a very independent institution that depended for its running very much on the personality of the Rector of the time, but that no Rector however brilliant could make up for the stability of the seminary rule that it seemed in some measure to lack. There does seem to have been some case for the kind of reform Archbishop Manning had in mind.

Let us now see what O'Callaghan made of his opportunity. He took over in October of 1867 and retained Dr Giles who had been Neve's Vice-Rector. These two seem to have been a perfect partnership, which says much for O'Callaghan's adaptation of himself to a colleague who was steeped in the Roman tradition. If it be said that Giles was subservient, let it also be remembered that he could have left at any stage of his long Vice-Rectorship and that he did not. There is no trace of any friction between them that ever amounted to more than a difference of opinion. And Giles was not a weak man. Of course the new Rector started with the goodwill of Manning and Talbot so we should not expect to see any other than glowing accounts of his progress: these there are, but to be unbiassed let us let the facts speak for themselves. As to the kind of rule he instituted let his adversaries prepare for a shock. Fr Kirkham, who arrived as a student at the College soon after the institution of the 'new régime', writes in the following terms:<sup>11</sup> 'It was then that I heard that the whole constitution of the College had been lately changed, and in the course of a day or two I found what these changes were'. He then goes on to describe an horarium differing in no essential from our own of the present day, down to the time of rising, the nature of communal devotions and the hours and quality of meals. If this were a complete change in the constitution of the College what had gone before? The 'repressions' of O'Callaghan were then no more than the establishment of the rule we now take for granted. It is true there were other rules that we do not now know: money had to be handed over to the Rector's keeping, the plays were stopped. If this was excessively strict, it was typical of his

<sup>11</sup> THE VENERABLE, October 1928, *Nova et Vetera*.

time, and it certainly did not seem to cramp the style of the students of the day. Their reminiscences are by no means miserable and they still enjoyed their Christmas concerts in their own Victorian manner. The Rector was a stern disciplinarian and kept the custody of the rules in his own hands but this is not to say he was a martinet. Indeed there is one clear instance to the contrary.<sup>12</sup> When Bishop Ullathorne's nephew made himself the centre for disaffected elements and was proving rather a handful, it was the benevolent Giles who expressed the Draconian point of view against the Rectorial clemency :

'Were I the Rector of the Venerable and saw a way of decently letting that promising youth return to his native air still *in minoribus* I should gladly embrace it and so shift one responsibility from my own shoulders. But I remember that on this point our opinions differ.'

No wonder that this student used afterwards to refer to the Vice-Rector as 'that crocodile Giles'.<sup>13</sup> Neither did the Rector take all his instructions from Manning as some have thought. The Cardinal cannot have had much time for the day-to-day management of a seminary over a thousand miles away, and when he did come to the College he did not always get his way : the Rector would not allow him to address the house on the subject of temperance. As for Mgr Talbot, he left Rome finally two years after the beginning of the Rectorship and O'Callaghan took his place as Manning's agent. It also seems to be a myth that the Rector was disliked though it is true he did not possess the social graces that might have made him more popular : a sense of humour for instance. Canon Peacock gave me the following account of his personality :

'He was of distinguished appearance and carried himself with an air of superiority. His manner appeared haughty but this was only exteriorly. He was not the sociable type and did not care to make friends.'

But this cannot have been entirely a matter of temperament : as a reformer of discipline the Rector would have to preserve some aloofness. It was Dr Giles who profited by this, for he had little to do with exercising authority in matters of discipline. Let Mgr Prior who was later his Vice-Rector state the case :<sup>14</sup>

<sup>12</sup> Fragment of a letter from Giles to O'Callaghan amongst the Liquidation of Property documents D in the College Archives. Bishop Cowgill also referred to the episode in an interview with a former Editor.

<sup>13</sup> Letters of Fr Thomas Scott in the College Archives. The Ullathorne nephew was a neighbour of his in later life.

<sup>14</sup> THE VENERABLE, April 1926, 'Monsignor William Giles' at p. 277.

'The Vice-Rector was thus freed from the odium which sometimes arises from the enforcement of College rules, and the way was made easier for him to cultivate those kindly relations which always existed between himself and the students. His duties towards us were, from our point of view at least, of an agreeable nature. He clothed us, fed us well, supplied all our material needs, and was our companion in our special recreations.'

But the Rector himself could thaw out on rare occasions and talk as affably as the next man;<sup>15</sup> he might even provide the students with hot wine on a festive occasion; he was very kindhearted when the occasion demanded some special attention on account of a student's health.<sup>16</sup> He was not, it seems, well enough equipped intellectually to satisfy the more select. Mgr Barry complains that the only occasion on which the Rector said anything to him about his studies was when lending him a philosophy book, and then it was accompanied by a reminder that he was supposed to be studying theology not philosophy.<sup>17</sup> He also complains that there was no training in preaching until top year. That the Rector was capable of being simple minded is indeed shown in an intriguing little anecdote told of him by Mgr Kolbe.<sup>18</sup> It is worth retelling :

'Of the stories that he tells of the Venerable of his day one tells of a student who was organist. He used to play a march at the conclusion of High Mass to the tune of *Obediah*. The Rector was a simple man, and when the matter was reported to him, he called the organist and said it was very wrong to play such a lively tune. "But what kind of tune should I play?" asked the organist. "Something soft and gentle and devotional", replied the Rector. So the organist played on the next occasion the same tune in a minor key and very softly. The Rector afterwards complimented him and said, "Now that is what I like; it was really devotional".'

<sup>15</sup> Fr Kirkham's diary in the College Archives: entry for 2nd April 1873. See also *THE VENERABLE*, October 1926, p. 6.

<sup>16</sup> Fr Kirkham, who records the hot wine, in the 2nd April entry, also describes a gita to Civita Vecchia and a very good lunch given him by the Rector when he was in poor health: entry for 16th August 1871.

<sup>17</sup> *Memories and Opinions* by Mgr William Barry, p. 100. The credit of this work has never stood very highly; it is full of inaccuracies, and shows no affection for the College whatsoever. See the review of it in *THE VENERABLE*, 1927, p. 209. Incidentally the reviewer says that Barry gives a false picture of O'Callaghan whom such a man as Mgr Prior found 'of immense support and helpfulness'.

<sup>18</sup> *THE VENERABLE*, October 1931, at p. 235. The story is at second hand.

But this did not prevent O'Callaghan having the precise manner of a don which belies the big Irish face we see in the picture.

As to the studies, whatever was lacking in the College was made up for in the stars then reigning at the Roman College.<sup>19</sup> And no lack of brilliance is reflected in the distinction of the students that went out from the Venerabile during this period.<sup>20</sup> A lack of numbers indeed there was, so that between 1875 and 1887 the College contained an average of no more than sixteen students in any given year. But we must remember that there were several reasons contributing towards this state of affairs. In the first place there was a movement in England of reaction against Wiseman's and Manning's seminary policy : most of the Bishops wished to keep their students directly under their control and so did not swell the Roman entry. In the second place there was war in the vicinity of Rome until 1870, and no increase in the prospects of security for the College when the Papal monarchy fell. Thirdly, as a result of the political situation that came about then, the College income dropped from 56,146 lire to 30,304.<sup>21</sup> In the fourth place there was no top floor in the building (apart from the Monserrato side) until 1898 ; until 1875 the Venerabile and the Pio had to share the rest of the building.<sup>22</sup> What is surprising is that under the difficult

<sup>19</sup> We need only mention such names as Franzelin, Tarquini, Palmieri, Ballerini, Tongiorgi, Patrizi, Cornely, De Maria, Schiffini and Urraburu to give some indication of this.

<sup>20</sup> Out of 105 students between 1867 and 1887 there were seven who became bishops : Samuel Allen (of Shrewsbury), John Vaughan (Auxiliary of Salford), John McIntyre (Archbishop of Birmingham), Robert Cowgill (of Leeds), Richard Preston (Auxiliary of Hexham), Thomas Whiteside (Archbishop of Liverpool), and George Burton (of Clifton). Other distinguished names include William Barry, Henry Parkinson (Rector of Oscott), Thomas Scannell and James Moyes (members of the Pontifical Commission on Anglican Orders), Frederick Kolbe, John Prior (Dean of the Rota), and James Warwick (Rector of the English College at Lisbon).

<sup>21</sup> Liquidation documents : Bishop of Salford's visit.

<sup>22</sup> The Collegio Ecclesiastico, or Pio as it came to be called, was founded in 1852 for training late vocations but came under the same roof with the English College three years later. When Dr Cornthwaite left in 1857, Dr English became Rector of both colleges and this arrangement continued under the Rectors that followed ; it was the custom to have a separate Vice-Rector for each college. The Pio was originally intended to train what was expected to be a steady stream of converts after the Oxford Movement. As it turned out there was little more than a trickle. Meanwhile the discipline of the Venerabile suffered by the closeness of the association, as had been feared by Bishop Grant, and was not improved by the custom of passing its students into the Pio for their last year. It was these students who were the greatest source of trouble to Dr Neve. It was not, therefore, very surprising that taking the lack of funds and the unsettled nature of the times into account, O'Callaghan decided to discontinue the Pio. Accordingly he allowed it to die by the simple process of starving it of entries. The last student left with two minor orders in 1875. The last Vice-Rector, Robert Smith, later became a Cistercian. The present Beda College embodying the ideals of the Pio was opened by Cardinal Vaughan in 1897. See Mgr Mann's account : *A Brief Sketch of the College of the Venerable Bede in Rome*, published by the Salesian Press, London, 1918.

circumstances the quality of the students was kept at such a high level.

Of striking events during the Rectorship there is no lack, but O'Callaghan moved through them all apparently unperturbed. His first sung Mass in the College was a Requiem for the young Julian Watts-Russell who died fighting for the Pope at what was to be the last Papal victory, at Mentana in 1867.<sup>23</sup> Three years later came the shelling and occupation of Rome itself and the ensuing confiscation of a great part of the College property, the financial effect of which we have already noted.<sup>24</sup> There followed an uneasy time for clerics in Italy. The Rector of the Belgian College was stoned outside the Collegio Romano at four o'clock one afternoon, and the windows of more than one College were broken on the feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1870.<sup>25</sup> Frequent menaces and insults were offered the students and there is a record of an attack with a whip on our own students at Monte Porzio, who gave as good as they got.<sup>26</sup> The University was turned out of the Collegio Romano and had to take refuge in the cramped quarters of the Palazzo Borromeo.<sup>27</sup> Here it remained until the present building was erected.

There were also memorable events of a less violent order. During the Vatican Council, in the spring of 1870, Pius IX came to the College to see Bishop Grant on his death bed; it was the Rector who anointed him. Nine years later Cardinal Newman visited the Venerable for an address and presentation after receiving the *biglietto* at the Palazzo della Pigna which was then the residence of Cardinal Howard.<sup>28</sup> The year 1881 saw a large gathering of Bishops at the College for the promulgation of the

<sup>23</sup> See THE VENERABLE, April 1932.

<sup>24</sup> A student's eyewitness account of the fall of Rome appears in THE VENERABLE, April 1928, by Fr Kirkham. The effect on the College of the property law was briefly as follows. By a law of the Florentine government extended to Rome after its capture, lessees of church property were to become absolute proprietors of their leaseholds upon paying to the Treasury the market value of Roman or Italian *Consolidato* corresponding at five per cent to the annual charge now paid to the lessor. To this a small capital sum was added. The Treasury then issued stock to the amount in favour of the lessor. A case went through all the courts trying to prove that the English College was an English national institution and therefore outside the law, but there was no encouragement from England as soon as the political situation became clear, and the case was lost after two years' argument. See Liquidation documents: 'Correspondence respecting the affairs of Rome 1870-71 as presented to the Houses of Parliament', p. 115.

<sup>25</sup> See the index of the document cited in the note above for references.

<sup>26</sup> THE VENERABLE, October 1928, *Nova et Vetera*.

<sup>27</sup> THE VENERABLE, April 1936.

<sup>28</sup> MAY, Newman, p. 213.

Bull *Romanos Pontifices* which settled some sore points over the rights of Bishops and Religious in England. Two other matters in which the Rector was more directly concerned came to fruition during his time at the College. One was the Beatification of a number of the College martyrs of whose cause he was joint Postulator. The decree was signed in December 1886.<sup>29</sup> The other was the building of the church as we now see it; the first ceremony that took place in it was his own consecration as Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

O'Callaghan had been Rector twenty years when he was appointed to this See on 18th July 1887. The events which led up to the event make curious reading. Bishop Bewick died on 29th October 1886. At his month's mind the secular and regular clergy met and resolved all but unanimously to send a memorial to the Pope testifying that they would welcome the appointment of Canon Consitt as the new Bishop; he was meanwhile chosen as Vicar Capitular. Why was this course taken? It seems that they wished to anticipate a move from Manning who did not approve of Consitt and had already been held responsible for his unexpected failure to get appointed to the See at the last election, when Bishop Chadwick died. It is possible that Manning was trying to find an opportunity to remove O'Callaghan from the Venerable though it is not clear why, unless he thought it was time for a change of Rectors. It may of course have been the Bishops who pressed for this change: we find Clifford strongly pressing O'Callaghan to accept the appointment against his will.<sup>30</sup> There is also a story that one 'terna' after another was packed in Consitt's favour, and Rome may have retaliated by appointing its own candidate. Whatever the truth may be, the diocese was in a state of crisis until Consitt died in July 1887. Canon Wilkinson succeeded him as Vicar Capitular.

O'Callaghan's consecration was fixed for 18th December. But, according to Bishop Burton who was a student at the College at this time, the Rector's nerves were wrought up to such a pitch by 6th December as seriously to indispose him.<sup>31</sup> The consecration was consequently deferred. Burton himself had unfortunately written an anticipated account of the ceremony for the *Newcastle Chronicle*! O'Callaghan made further efforts

<sup>29</sup> POLLEN, *Life and Letters of Fr John Morris*, p. 212.

<sup>30</sup> Bishop Burton's Diary in the College Archives: entry for 10th January 1888.

<sup>31</sup> Burton's Diary: entry for 6th December.



to get out of the whole business but to no avail.<sup>32</sup> The consecration took place at the College on 18th January 1888. It was performed by the Cardinal Vicar, Parocchi, assisted by the Bishops of Clifton and Portsmouth. An eyewitness has preserved for us a small incident during the ceremony that shows that our Rector did not pass away unlamented :

‘When it was nearly over, a lady who was near me, and to whom I had just explained a few details of the function suddenly said impetuously, “How I hate it all”. For the moment I thought she was a Protestant, and simply said, “Why?” The whispered answer came back : “Why can’t they leave him here? You don’t know what a friend he has been and how many will miss him.”’<sup>33</sup>

The Rector left the College for his diocese on 17th February. Burton describes the scene afterwards :

‘Fr Bishop left an hour ago, after supper, much cut up—After his departure we stood chatting for threequarters of an hour on the landing with Bp Clifford—Poor old Rector. He’s been kind and considerate towards me despite an involuntary stiffness of manner, and I wish him life and health and happiness—and may I find him blooming in 1890.’<sup>34</sup>

On 13th March he was enthroned in the Cathedral in Newcastle, and while the preacher told of how he had given up the blue skies of Italy for the far north,<sup>35</sup> the tears streamed down the Bishop’s face. It soon became evident that it was not just humility that made him so full of repugnance for his new position. He suffered badly from scruples and found it difficult to make the simplest decisions without wanting to go back on them.<sup>36</sup> He

<sup>32</sup> The following entry in Burton’s diary for 10th January shows the strength of the pressure and of the opposition from another quarter. Many of the clergy were in Rome for Leo XIII’s Jubilee year.

‘Accompanied the English pilgrimage to the Vatican where after much waiting at doors and antechambers was finally ushered into the presence of the Pope, whose hand I kissed. I was told “Basta”, and withdrew with my Jubilee medal. In the throne room sat seven or eight English Bishops ; in their number the Rector. It seems he made this morning a final effort with Leo to get out of the Hexham business, but the Pope stood firm. Mgr Fenton brought out the news to the loggia : Canon Waterton seemed piqued, ran down “O’Callaghan” and misbehaved generally ; Matthews of Gateshead gave him two years ; Franklin two months.’

<sup>33</sup> J. G. Cox, *Jubilee-tide in Rome*, p. 45 et. seq.

<sup>34</sup> Diary : entry for 17th February. Burton was a student for the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle.

<sup>35</sup> The Bishop’s house in those days faced the cold sea at Tynemouth so the contrast was made as vivid as possible.

<sup>36</sup> Quite often a priest would obtain a dispensation from him only to find it cancelled by the first post afterwards. It seems that he had suffered from scruples while still at the College, for his server found him sometimes unpunctual or even an absentee for his Mass, though in all other matters he was never remiss.

made Canon Wilkinson Vicar-General and would do nothing without his advice. After ten weeks he returned to Rome and arranged for Wilkinson to be made Bishop of Cisamus and Auxiliary. He was constantly at the College in misery.<sup>37</sup> After returning to England, he resigned his See on 27th September. On 1st October he was made Archbishop of Nicosia, and the Chapter met to set up a new 'terna'. Wilkinson was translated to the See of Hexham and Newcastle on 18th December.

Only obedience had made O'Callaghan undertake what he knew was for him an impossible task. He now came back to live in Italy, but had lost his footing at the College. Dr Giles had succeeded him as Rector and would not have him permanently in residence—we can hardly blame him.<sup>38</sup> What was there left to do? He had a generous pension from the diocese of £240 per annum and seems to have spent his time between Rome and Florence, where he probably helped with the ordinations. He just disappears from view until the end of the century. Then while in Rome he had a sudden stroke which paralyzed his right side. From here he was taken to the *Casa di Cura* of the Blue Nuns in Florence, which was at that time in the Via Bolognese. Here he was to remain for the last years of his life, helpless and unable to say Mass. His scruples grew worse than before so that he wanted to go to Confession every day before Communion. To counter this his Capuchin confessor, Fr Carey, had to put him under obedience to the nuns, including the novice who was nursing him. He had a room next the chapel and used to be wheeled there in his chair for Mass. Apart from a few moments of crossness with the nuns, he was very patient and made no complaints. His rosary was seldom out of his hand. So it went on for about four years and then he died. That same novice who nursed him said to me that she used after his death to pray for his soul, but that after some time she felt there was no need of it—such suffering patiently borne for so many years would be all the Purgatory he would need. He was buried in the cemetery of San Miniato where his grave may be seen to-day, if

<sup>37</sup> For instance, from Burton (3rd June): 'The bishop took leave of us after dinner with much sorrow and in silence'.

<sup>38</sup> Mgr O'Connor tells of this in the following way: 'When Dr O'Callaghan had retired from an unsuccessful and brief pastorate of Hexham and Newcastle he gave quite unmistakable signs of wishing to reside at the College. It seemed the ideal settlement even to the impartial judgement of Leo XIII. But not so Dr Giles. For a meal, welcome; for a month at Monte Porzio, what better? But to reside in the Venerabile, that had no relish of salvation for our Rector. So he kept out of the way of the Vatican, even pretending to Leo XIII that his Latin was constipated and his Italian quite inadequate.' *THE VENERABILE*, April 1940, p. 295.

one first searches the register to find its position. It is just a slab surrounded by others—quite undistinguished and utterly untended. The inscription is as follows :

D.O.M.

HIC IN PACE QUIESCIT

HENRICUS O'CALLAGHAN

ORIUNDUS EX HIBERNIA LONDINI NATUS

CONGREGATIONIS OBLATORUM S. CAROLI

VENERABILIS COLLEGII ANGLORUM DE URBE

PLUSQUAM XX ANNOS RECTOR

SUMMI PONTIFICIS LEONIS XIII PRAELATUS DOMESTICUS

EPISCOPUS PRIMUM HAGULSTADENSIS ET NOVOCASTRENSIS

DEINDE ARCHIEPISCOPUS TIT. NICOSIENSIS

PARALYSI CORREPTUS INTEGRUM FERE LUSTRUM

VIM MORBI PATIENTISSIME SUSTINENS

SEPTUAGESIMO SEPTIMO ANNO MAJOR

PIE OBIIT

V ID. OCTOBRIS

MCMIV

This rectorship was no preparation for the pastoral success at home which it had been for so many of the previous Rectors. If O'Callaghan has any claim to the affection of posterity he has staked it all on the Venerable to which he devoted the best years of his life and which he was so loath to leave at the end. He came from a different way of life with a different tradition, but like the young Moabitess he gave all his loyalty to his adopted community. He was sent by his superiors to carry out a reform in the College and he did it thoroughly. Is it really a cause for lamentation that the English social life of Rome fled to San Silvestro? This could not exist as an integral part of a seminary life and so it had to go. He may have retained the mentality of a Prefect of Discipline—he always called the students of the Pio 'boys'—but it was perhaps what the Venerable needed in 1867. The discipline in the College was, as even critics admit, consistently well kept from that time on. O'Callaghan the man is forgotten, but his handiwork in the government of the College is still with us. Perhaps we take it so much for granted that we cannot imagine how it could ever have been otherwise. Some years ago a writer in these pages, in his enthusiasm for the rectorship of Cardinal Hinsley, saw fit to refer to O'Callaghan's period, as well as that of his next two successors, as a 'stagnant pool'. The end of the nineteenth

century at the Venerable was not a time for ambitious schemes and the wholesale purchase and alteration of buildings, it was a time to keep head above water, to prevent ourselves losing what we had, and to protect it as best we could from the shock of militant secularism and the collapse of the Victorian conventions that till then had stood for stability. What was needed, surely, was not so much a pioneer with a far-seeing eye as a reliable watchman. 'Circumstances alter cases', and we need not suppose that O'Callaghan would have kicked off a coffin lid when a magazine was started a generation after he left the College. That he was reserved in his personal dealings is unfortunate for his biographer, but there is no need for a myth. The only real mystery in his life is that one who had weathered the storms of such a rectorship should have been unequal to facing the tasks of the Episcopate. He was a simple holy man with a great devotion to duty. What he had to give, he gave. More he had not : we cannot blame him for not being a Wiseman.

THOMAS CURTIS HAYWARD.

## O QUAM METUENDUS

The little boy who grubs unsuccessfully under the bench during Mass to find the rock on which the Church is built will be consoled by his elders with the linguistic quibble that the word 'church' has two meanings. No metaphysician worth his salt will knuckle down to so facile a reduction of a perfectly good *quaestio de re* to a *quaestio de verbis*. The child has hit upon a most profound truth, which we shall endeavour to expand into the Dialectic of Ecclesiastical Hylomorphism.

*Explicemus.* None of us, I think, is ever tempted to look upon the Church as some purely spiritual entity outside the bounds of space and time. While denying that she is merely human, we insist that she is very human, glorifying in our infirmities to a sometimes embarrassing extent. We thus avoid, not only the crude atomism of the man whose religion is collecting lucky tram-tickets, but the gutless idealism of those who will not worship at all save under the blue dome above. For us, the Church is of no age and of every age, embedded in men's moods, desires, and hopes, without being reducible to them; to put it scholastically, the Church is hylomorphic, and you and I are the *materia informata ecclesieitate*.

So far so good, but the object of our dialectic is neither as static as the *horologium*, nor as definitely *passé* as the Duk di Vellington. It is a very fluent continuum, and an irreversible one at that; how is such a slithery frustum of space-time going to be sanded for observation and analysis? The answer to that, of course, is the whole of Church History, but I am content to emphasize one aspect of this hylomorphism. Fluent as is the

continuum called the Church of Rome, we have countless 'moments' of it frozen for our inspection in Roman Churches. Slick as this may sound, its results are interesting enough. Seven seasons may have passed over the Church, as they did over the man in the *Imitation*, but the waves of fervour, laxity, reform, counter-reform, syllabuses and the rest have each left in unmoving stones a record of their passage, stormy or the reverse. Here, in a *hyle* of marble and metal are limited, chained, anchored for ever the fleeting *morphe* of situations, decisions, and dreams as lost as Atlantis. The sanctified hotchpotch of a Roman church is, then, to be viewed affectionately, even reverently, because there is nothing too incongruous or too gaudy not to witness some stage of the continuum.

Such an attitude is going to have two very real claims for our consideration. First of all, when confronted by, say, a cosmatesque paschal candle, and a crib in St Robert Bellarmine's that needs 3-D spectacles to be appreciated, it will aim solely at assessing their morphological (if that is the correct word) significance. It thus sidesteps the ultimately meaningless quest for beauty, which means that a New Man sees something he thinks pretty in his first week, persuades himself for the next six years that he never held such an opinion, and spends Top Year trying to believe that he never abandoned it. Next, and this is even more important, this attitude is going to give a universally valid method of attack, a permanent yard-stick for the assessment of Roman churches, a new significance to bricking. In other words, it is going to be one of those primrose paths to omniscience called dialectics.

Dialectic not only appeals to the congenital laziness of fallen man; it offers him the finest sub-lapsarian equivalent of infused knowledge, and there lies its perennial attraction. We may or may not believe Thales when he tells us that everything is water, or the American Monsignore who says that everything is Freemasonry—but we cannot help admiring them. Our world is so complex and enigmatic that any economic and effortless squaring of the circle wins instant if not lasting applause. Hegel's claim to immortality is not so very different from Hugo's.

Let us see the dialectic at work by visiting a Roman church. San Niccolò dei Coronari, in that fascinating quarter of Rome beyond the Navona which we so shamefully neglect, is at least as old as Alaric, because he was able to destroy it. It was later bedecked with mosaics and screens, turned into a

castle, burnt twice, and sent through the inevitable round of occupants—canons, monks, friars, and captive-ransomers. We have a written statement from Cardinal Barberini that by 1620 it was labouring with incredible squalor; he has, at all events, destroyed all evidence to the contrary. It is a typical Roman church, lacking only the perfection of existence; and we shall step inside.

We shall begin at this side altar, with a good side altar's slightly soiled but very cosy devoutness. Look at the saints in Ignoto Romano's altarpiece; St Nicholas is examining the Gospels with St Lawrence, while St Jerome stands to one side with a translator's modesty. Ignoto has made it all seem very natural—a Bishop seeing what Martinucci says about Cardinals who bring lions on the sanctuary. *Sed hic incipit dialectica*, because the painting is simply the material expression of the successive patrons of the church. St Lawrence never really recovered from Alaric; St Jerome took his place, but was dethroned by the Friars in the days of the crusades, when their brethren at Bari received the body of St Nicholas as a share in the plunder. They all reigned in turn, fell into obscurity, and their conflicting claims are now peacefully reconciled in paint. Things did not stop at that stage, however, and the cascade of *sotto-immagini* in front of the picture is there to prove it. Below the altarpiece is a rather large Gerard Majella, in front of that a Pompeo Batoni, and last of all (still new, but weathering rapidly) a Maria Goretti; so many moments in the continuum of worship, and all faithfully recorded in the *hyle* of colour and canvas. No attempt is made to displace the old by the new; they co-exist peacefully, tossed up like seaweed by successive breakers of piety, and are the greatest witness to the Romans' *unicuique suum*.

Enough of the side altar; let us examine the church as a whole, where our dialectic will find weightier matters for consideration. Suppose we start with the sanctuary and altar, and see what informs this *materia ecclesieitatis*. The *forma* is not hard to detect—marble and metal have been worked to give expression to post-tridentine catholicism in all its well-lit definitiveness. It may be admired, it may be detested, but it cannot be ignored. Just as a thesis in theology, after a scriptural overture and a few unresolved discords from the Fathers, takes up its theme from the Eastern Councils and then works up, through a scherzo of medieval heresy-trials, to its grand finale

of the tridentine canons, so all medieval and earlier fittings, mosaics, ambos, and whatnot, can be discussed only in terms of Cardinal Barberini's *a fundamentis restituit*. Both consummations, theological and architectural, are definitive. Not, of course, that our dialectic denies the development of dogma, any more than it denies the development of architecture; but then a Roman church is not co-extensive with the latter, nor a thesis with the former. The efforts made of late to give a new cast to both churches and theses have met with equal disfavour—dialectic demanded that their fates should be identical.

The sanctuary faithfully reflects the age and mood that gave it birth. It was built to frame the Mass as a picture, a flat spectacle perfectly visible to the congregation, something at once near and remote, like the image on a television screen. The earlier form of sanctuary, for all its barriers and gates, was essentially three-dimensional, and extended itself through the whole church, with its processions, ambos, and schola cantorum. This third dimension, of course, had long been atrophied: but the matter, *iamdiu proxime disposita*, did not receive its new form until an avowedly two-dimensional sanctuary was built. The place of the lost dimension was taken by the pulpit, now no longer even nominally related to the sanctuary as the ambo had been, but embodying in its independence and conspicuousness that long-standing severance of instruction from liturgical worship that had waited centuries for this, its hylomorphic consummation.

No greater concession was made by the Church to the Reformers than this divorce of pulpit and altar. The new sects inevitably produced such an arrangement, because they regarded liturgy as a superstition that erected a barrier between man and his Maker. Its consequences for us, though interesting enough to the dispassionate dialectician, have not been altogether happy. If form determines matter, it is equally true that matter limits form, and you cannot set up the pulpit as the dominant feature of the nave without either reshaping the liturgy in subordination to the sermon, or letting it survive unchanged as the fossilized remnant of an older order. Benediction, on the other hand, which is an essentially two-dimensional service, adapts itself to the new sanctuaries in a way that High Mass, for all the ironing out of its ceremonies, can never do. Can we wonder that it is only when the *Missa de Spiritu Sancto* is over and the lights go up that the altar and sanctuary in Sant' Ignazio come into their own?



Our dialectic is not afraid of leaving the altar and descending to the *minutiae* of churches ; sepulchral monuments, for example, occupy a place of unique importance in its calculations, because there more than anywhere else the spirit of an age can be recaptured. The thought of death seems to beget an irresponsible frankness similar to that often engendered by the prospect of emigration, and men will reveal themselves in their tombs who would have shrunk from doing so when living. A tomb, after all, whether put up by the Cardinal himself or by his *fratris filius*, can cause its occupant no embarrassment ; it has all the uninhibited self-revelation of the suicide note, and like the latter is very definitely for publication. The traditional wishful thinking of epitaphs does not invalidate this assertion—however obesely lachrymose the cherubs, however *moerentes* the *ponentes*, our remorseless dialectic makes the mass of marble a faithful witness to the age that ‘informed’ it. Look at the delicately ironical Latin of Leo XI’s *ecclesiae ostensus magis quam datus*, the prim pussy-cat tails of the lions guarding the rigorist Innocent XI, and the rollicking fun of Bernini’s tribute to the seventh Alexander—*saxa loquuntur*, though you will rarely find sermons in them.

Modern tombs need a subtler approach. A diplomatic reticence shrouds the monuments of contemporary ecclesiastics which, while revealing just as inevitably the age that made them what they are, robs them of that expansiveness one likes to associate with the graves of dead prelates. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice* has become ‘if you want a tomb, be circumspect’. Unfortunately, the matter does not admit of easy solution—Bernini himself would have been hard put to it to fashion a *Genius Codicis*.<sup>1</sup> An interesting example is a recent tomb of a Cardinal in San Lorenzo in Lucina. It looks more like an exception at first sight, an attempt to cheat the dialectic, being an *incredibili sumptu* affair in marble. Ecclesiastical hylomorphism, however, admits of no exceptions, and the glossy veneer on the machine-polished ‘verde moderno’<sup>2</sup> gives the chapel, with its oddly appropriate sarcophagus, that up-to-date glitter that can only be called hygienic. A bid for magnificence has been made, but the dialectic has transposed it to a minor,

<sup>1</sup> My vote for this would go to the demure 1930 grotesques on the Vatican Library staircase. They are presumably modelled on those in the *loggia*, but it is not easy to set the Ride of the Valkyries to the spinet.

<sup>2</sup> Almost monochrome and, I fear, Swiss. Piedmontese at the best.

discreet key ; Scipio Cardinal Borghese reading *Rerum Novarum*, if you understand me.

Though only the tombs of the great will attract the marble-hunter who is after a sample of *breccia di settebasi*, those of simpler folk will be just as interesting to the dialectician, for whom every gravestone is informed with ecclesiasticity. Those beneficiaries of minor basilicas, who still linger in the churches where they sang so long ; the family tombs, with their founders craning back into time through casements of sepioid marble ; that fascinatingly ugly funereal script evolved in the early nineteenth century, which still survives in the equally ugly Italian inscriptions thrown up by the Risorgimento ;<sup>3</sup> such things have frozen in marble for us the moods of dead men and the world in which they died.

The ugly script I mentioned links nineteenth century Italy with Victorian England, where it survives abundantly in those unashamed pre-tractarian monuments that now unaccountably embarrass our separated brethren. On the whole, however, Victorian England has few genuine parallels in Italy, for there is a certain comfortable vulgarity about the Church and Chapel of a century ago that Latins can never hope to capture. In Italy, the break with tradition came, not through Protestantism, but through the French Revolution, with all the chilly pretentiousness of the Age of Reason. I think we were luckier in England. The legacy of the Revolution left Italy a fastidiously secular state aping in stone and bronze the more facile vulgarities of pagan Rome. The spectacle is a singularly unlovable one, and I prefer the snug drabness of a Victorian Bethel. Like Canon Chasuble, *grandezza* is peculiarly susceptible to draughts.

Men die, and marble can crumble ; the subject of change and destruction touch the dialectic very closely. Times must change, we are asked to believe, but the most humane mode of alteration is surely that of the *sotto-immagini*, where old and new are juxtaposed in a chord of piety more pleasing than either of its components. Any change, however, which leaves a significant residue of the past will be more or less acceptable to the dialectician. Even if the worse comes to the worst, he will be partly consoled for the ruthlessness of the *magnificentius erexit* by the revelation such a disaster makes of the men responsible

<sup>3</sup> Oddly enough, the best sample to hand is the inscription on Julian Watts-Russell's monument.

for it. I always like to think that Julius II wielded a pick himself in the destruction of old St Peter's.

A change which is of particular interest is the 'unsuccessful censorship' type. This lack of success comes either from subsequent ridicule (Braghettone's breeching of the Sistine fresco), or from sheer inefficiency of the blue pencil. Of this there is an excellent example nearby in the Sala Regia, where a somewhat bloodthirsty inscription beneath the mural of Coligny's murder has been humanely erased, not quite successfully.<sup>4</sup> Successful censorship is naturally excluded from the scope of our enquiry, and the dialectician can only wring his hands over the massacre. Old surveys and documents are a dissatisfying substitute for the real thing, and it is often very rewarding to quarry in the sacristy, because here, in the back kitchen of the *domus Dei*, are stored many little treasures now somewhat outmoded for use in the best parlour. The relegation may not be permanent; perhaps fashions will change, and the drop of St Dorothy's blood in Santa Maria in Trastevere, the 'Ave' times in Sant' Anastasia, and (who knows?) Cardinal Fonseca's inscription at Sancta Maria in Palatiolis will be restored to their former places of honour.

How fashions will veer I cannot say; I know that they have changed a great deal. The Romans to-day, like their fathers who built castles in tombs and burnt statues for lime, have a knack of putting objects to uses as new as they are disconcerting. Such incongruities delight the dialectician, and they are not hard to find. Take the Chapter Room at San Lorenzo in Damaso, with Chancellors of the Holy Roman Church in session round the walls. What deedy wranglings they must have watched, over *distributiones* and *jubilatio*, what endless litigation with some village Hampden of the Campo, in that snug, Cavourless world of ecclesiastical polity!<sup>5</sup> All they see now is discarded impedimenta of worship, a knot of youths from *Azione Cattolica*, and the Ven. Collegio e Missione degli Inglesi, in a general atmosphere of *skautismo* and the modern churchman. To cap the situation, the dialectician would like to see prominently displayed there (perhaps someone will remedy the deficiency?) a poster from the *Apostolato della Liturgia*, bristling with alphas and omegas, and crowned with one of these muscular lambs bred only at Beuron.

<sup>4</sup> The erasure is of some relevance to a contemporary theological discussion. In this, as in other matters, our dialectic can be of great assistance.

<sup>5</sup> A four-volume work of the period in the Library deals exclusively with *de praecedentia canonicorum*. So the Chapter must have had plenty to talk about.

But what about the new churches that the Romans are building—can we apply the dialectic to them? It is important here to set matters in their true perspective. For example, it is irrelevant to praise or condemn the retention in Santa Novissima's of a repository Saint Anthony with his little rash of votive-offerings, looking a trifle forlorn amid a sahara of distempered wall and benedictine pentagrams. The incongruity is no greater than that of a plainsong Mass in Sant' Ignazio, it is just not so common. Man bites dog, if you like. What is far more worthy of consideration is this. Up to the present, every kind of Roman church has been, and has gloried in being, a storehouse for the débris of the past, and has thus acquired a very real ability to assimilate the most discordant additions. Domenichino's roof may 'clash' with the *opus alexandrinum* of the floor in Santa Maria in Trastevere, but by those standards so do the ham and wine at Orvieto. If *assimilatio* is a sign of *vitalitas*, Roman churches are very much alive. But can we attribute this vitality to the more recent buildings? I should like to be able to give a definitely affirmative reply to this question, but I am bound to admit that there lurks in the praecordia of many contemporary architects a genuinely gnostic thirst for purity of style. His churches are to be new, simple, chaste, untrammelled by past associations—all so very Albigensian. I confess that these buildings terrify me with their swept and garnished vacuity. I cannot visit them without seeing out of the corner of my eye a desert-weary devil planning his come-back.

There is no time left to suggest a solution, no time even to continue our inspection of San Niccolò dei Coronari. Those whom such matters interest will have grasped by now the principles of Ecclesiastical Hylomorphism and will be able to set about answering them for themselves. I have something else to suggest. The faded associations of a Roman church lie so thickly sandwiched that any ordinary method of survey is made to look flat and shallow. Here, it would seem, is the one place where the down-at-heel virtuosity of a Joycean monologue would appear spontaneous and even inevitable. In other words, what we want is, *demptis utique demendis*, a Roman *Ulysses*. Who is going to write it?

P. J. FITZPATRICK.

# THE INGLORIOUS REVOLUTION

## 1594—1597

### I.—STATECRAFT AND SEDITION (October 1594 to September 1595)<sup>1</sup>

The death of Cardinal Allen in October 1594 destroyed the unity of English Catholics. During his life, indeed, there had been tensions and quarrels between certain groups; but once his calming influence was removed, comradeship gave way to

<sup>1</sup> The three years 1594–7 are probably the best documented of any in College history before the appearance of *THE VENERABLE*. I list here the main sources I have used for this first article, giving in brackets after each the abbreviation by which I shall refer to it in footnotes.

#### I. Unpublished contemporary sources :—

From our own archives : The diaries of *Usanze Generali* and *Feste Mobili* in *Scrittura*, 6.25 (*Usanze*); the *Libri Mastri* for 1595 and 1596 (LM); the *Libro dello Spenditore*, 1594–6 (*Spese*).

From Stonyhurst archives : Robert Chambers' *Brevis narratio eorum . . . quae gesta sunt in Collegio Anglicano tempore tumultuum anno 94, 95, 96, 97*, in *Anglia* II, 45 (Chambers); Grene's summary of Persons' *Brief relation of such things as have fallen out in the Engl. Coll. of Rome*, in *Collectanea*, P. 307a–310a (Coll. P.).

From the Vatican archives and library : Cardinal Sega's Report of March 1596, Ottoboni Latin 2473, translated fairly accurately into English in FOLEY, *Records of the English Province S.J.*, Vol. VI, pp. 1ff (Ottob. Lat. or FOLEY); *Avvisi di Roma* for 1595, Urbinate Latin 1063 (Avvisi); many papers in the Fondo Borghese (Borghese).

#### II. Contemporary printed works :—

PERSONS, *A Briefe Apologie or Defence of the Catholike Ecclesiastical Hierarchie . . . (Apologie)*; ELY, *Certaine Briefe notes upon a Briefe Apologie lately set out . . . (ELY)*.

#### III. Published collections of contemporary documents :—

TIERNEY, *Dodd's Church History of England*, Vol. III, Appendix XV (TIERNEY); KNOX, *The First and Second Diaries of the English College, Douay (Douay Diaries)*—especially the *Appendix of Inedited Documents*; KNOX, *Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen* (KNOX, *Allen*); LAW, *The Archbishop Controversy*, Vol. I, pp. 1–52 (LAW); Publications of the Catholic Record Society (C.R.S.).

I do not know of any writer since 1602 who has dealt in detail with this first stage of the troubles, except for Law, who describes some of the more spicy incidents in his *Jesuits and Seculars in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*.

I wish to record my thanks to Fr H. Chadwick S.J., who very kindly sent me transcripts or microfilms of the valuable Stonyhurst manuscripts, and obtained for me permission to quote from them; and to Mr A. F. Allison for his generous help in sending me microfilms of rare books from the British Museum and photostats of a paper in the Public Record Office.

controversy and the conversion of England seemed in danger of being forgotten amid the bickering of party-politics. A time was soon to come, when an influential group of seculars, instead of defending their Pope, would attack their Archpriest; when men were found who, for one book that they published against the heretics, wrote three against the Jesuits. Not ten years after Allen's death, seculars would betray Jesuits to the Queen, while Jesuits denounced seculars to the Inquisition. In 1594 the curtain was about to rise on this scene of strife; and the setting for the prologue to the disastrous drama was the English College at Rome.

As the Cardinal lay dying, he had called the students round his bed, and had begged them to be loyal and obedient to their Jesuit superiors. At first, it seemed as if his wishes would be respected. The College—normally a turbulent place during these early years—was enjoying one of its few periods of tranquillity. The Rector who had just retired, Muzio Vitelleschi, had governed admirably for two years; he had won the praise of all, and had shown that capacity for ruling men which was later to lead him to the generalship of the Society of Jesus. His successor, Girolamo Fioravanti, was a pious, kindly man. He was the sort of person who would bring sweets to you if you were ill, and one of the students' nicknames for him was 'mater'. Though ascetic himself—he never took breakfast during the whole of his Rectorship—he liked to see others enjoying themselves, and under his rule, the College entertained on a grand scale. True, he had the defects of his qualities, for he was a weak ruler who could not bear to say 'no' to any request; if he could not grant it, he would shift the responsibility, or would say 'I will think it over'. Sometimes indiscreet or forgetful, he had only the haziest idea of English affairs and the English character. But no Rector has ever started his rule with such good intentions.<sup>2</sup>

One of his first acts was to relax the College discipline, to lessen the students' grief at the death of 'so dear a parent' as Cardinal Allen. To relieve the strain of the daily round, he placed Community Mass after morning lectures, and during the summer the students took their walk in the mornings whenever possible. Hitherto, the whole College had taken the discipline in procession in Chapel or Hall on the feasts of St Thomas and the Trinity; henceforth, Fioravanti decided, all would withdraw on these days to their rooms, where those who wished could scourge

<sup>2</sup> PERSONS, *Appendix ad Apologiam*, 118; Borghese, III, 124gl, 166; LAW, I, 45; FOLEY VI, 22f, 29, 42f, 47.

themselves in private. He gave the students frequent permission to visit English gentlemen in Rome.<sup>3</sup>

Within the College, no opportunity was lost for celebrations and banquets. In November Father General Aquaviva attended a disputation and was treated to a ten-course luncheon, at which everybody had something extra '*per rispetto del P. Generale, che altrimenti non avrebbe mangiato il suo*'. In January Fioravanti gave a treat of *torta* and butter on the feast of St Paula, to whom he was especially devoted. On the great College feasts he invited the entire English colony and hired choristers to sing to the guests as they devoured their *lasagne* and game-pies; the bill for such occasions might be as much as 300 scudi or £600 of our money.<sup>4</sup>

This era of festivity reached its climax at Carnival 1595. To read the menus for this week is enough to cause indigestion; and the programme was fuller than a modern Christmas week:

<i>Sexagesima Sunday</i>	The <i>giuochi carnevaleschi</i> began after supper.
<i>Monday</i>	A cock-fight at the vineyard.
<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>Antipasto</i> at lunch.
<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>Antipasto</i> at lunch.
<i>Thursday</i>	First Masses. Eight-course lunch, <i>torta</i> and <i>finocchi</i> at supper.
<i>Friday</i>	A day at the vineyard, followed by a full supper contrary to the usual Friday practice.
<i>Saturday</i>	After a six-course dinner, the students walked out to S. Sebastiano and S. Paolo fuori le Mura, where they ate an <i>al fresco</i> meal brought by the College horse. They returned home for supper and a dance.
<i>Quinquagesima Sunday</i>	Seven-course dinner, commencing with a quarter of a chicken as an <i>antipasto</i> . ' <i>Dopo cena levati via le tavole nel Refettorio ballorno alcuni forestieri.</i> '
<i>Shrove Monday</i>	Seven-course dinner, augmented supper. Later, a Comedy, the actors in which received English broth, a

<sup>3</sup> Chambers I, *Usanze*.

<sup>4</sup> *Usanze*, FOLEY VI, 65, LM 1595, 269.

*Shrove Tuesday*

game-pie left over from the previous Thursday, and some cakes.

Ten courses at lunch, three at tea, seven at supper. After supper there was a ball for the guests, a Comedy in the *Salone* which lasted until midnight, the Litany of the Saints, and so to bed.

It was no wonder that the Prefect of Studies forgot about the Repetition which should have been given on Ash Wednesday. Fioravanti himself missed most of the fun, through an illness which made him cancel an engagement to preach at the Gesù. Though he had bought masks and stage properties for the Comedy, he was unable to attend it; but he was persuaded to come down to the Refectory to hear himself described, in a vote of thanks from the students, as 'a model Rector, and the real Father of Englishmen'.<sup>5</sup>

On the surface, the College was brighter and calmer than it had been for years; but currents were already running which, when they came to flood, would bring it almost to shipwreck. First, the students did not respect the system of discipline. Most of them had come from Douay where you could get up and go to bed when you pleased; where the door was always open for you to go out where you liked with whom you liked. They found it difficult to adapt themselves to the Roman system in which every moment of the day was accounted for and every action prescribed. Some of the younger students took Fioravanti's mildness as an excuse for rule-breaking and, what was worse, they found support among the student-priests. Indiscipline became a habit which was not entirely corrected when the Rector, in private talks, urged the priests to help him, by their example, in a reform of the College.<sup>6</sup>

Secondly, former students who had returned to the College had been gossiping. The Jesuits, they said, were using their wide faculties—especially their power to dispense from the obligation of restoring filched church property—to gain control of the money and allegiance of the lay nobility in England. This coloured account of the mission situation gained credence among the students, many of whom had come from Douay with an already strong dislike of the Jesuits, and made them feel that

<sup>5</sup> *Usanze, Spese* 6/2/95, FOLEY VI, 41.

<sup>6</sup> *Douay Diaries*, 368ff; Chambers, I.



when they went to England they would be unfairly thrust to the background.<sup>7</sup>

The third factor which was to upset the College was nationalist feeling. At first this showed itself in another outbreak of those English-Welsh troubles which had caused the Mutiny among the Martyrs nearly twenty years previously. Even at the time, this mysterious affair was never cleared up. The English were supposed to be circulating pamphlets libellous to Welsh national pride; but these pamphlets were never found. The incident closed when the leaders of the two parties—Edward Bennett from St Asaph and Edward Tempest of Somerset—were publicly reprimanded.<sup>8</sup> Henceforth the students' national feelings found an outlet in another direction: hatred of Spain. An ex-student summed up their views in the summer of 1595 when he told an English visitor to Florence that he was sorry that Queen Elizabeth was not a Catholic, but that if the Spaniards were to land in England he would take up a pike and fight them. They were ready to protest if their superiors spoke against the Queen, and they rejoiced at English victories over Spanish arms. They regarded Fr Robert Persons and some of his fellow Jesuits, who built their hopes on King Philip II, as little better than traitors; and such was their devotion to Elizabeth that they later told Persons himself 'that they would ioyne with her against any who went about to impugne her state'.<sup>9</sup>

The spark which set fire to this train of gunpowder was the quarrel over the choice of a successor to Cardinal Allen.

There was one obvious man for the post. The only prominent Briton in the Papal Court was Owen Lewis, the cultured Welsh

<sup>7</sup> See MEYER, *England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth*, p. 392, with sources cited there. It is obvious that this complaint must have originally been suggested to the students by a secular who had worked in England, but there is no need to presume, as Meyer does (quoting an irrelevant memorial in Borghese IV 209b, 198–201), that the students conducted a clandestine correspondence with anti-Jesuit seculars in England. There were quite sufficient jealous seculars visiting Rome to put these ideas into the students' heads: John Mush, for instance, the future Appellant, who had brought three new men out during the previous winter; or John Scudamore, who had personal and political grudges against the Society and had now returned to Rome to become a Dominican. (Pilgrim Book; KNOX, *Allen*, p. 396; FOLEY VI, 20; Hatfield Calendar, V. 269; LM 1594, 171).

<sup>8</sup> FOLEY VI, 20, 36. This incident seems to have made a certain stir outside, for in February 1595 (if the Calendar is correct) an Englishman at Florence wrote to Sir Robert Cecil: 'The Jesuites have showed themselves not such sayntes as the world thinks; they rest in such terms as a little help would dissolve yt [the College]. And Persons, when Rector, is supposed to have said 'that two Welshmen should never be of the College at once during such time as he was Rector, for if they were three they would set the house on fire'. (MEYER, *op. cit.* p. 391; FOLEY VI, 738.)

<sup>9</sup> John Dowland to Sir R. Cecil, 10/11/95 (Hatfield Calendar, V. 445); Agazzari to Persons 27/8/96, (TIERNEY III, lxxv); Persons (Coll. P. 307e).

canonist who had shared with Allen the work of founding the Venerable. In the quarrels which had followed the opening of the College, Lewis had been on the opposite side to Blessed Ralph Sherwin, for which posterity has never forgiven him; but since then, he had been Vicar General to St Charles Borromeo and had offset the hostility of a *beatus* with the friendship of a Saint. He was now Bishop of Cassano, though he resided almost permanently in Rome, engaged in reforming ecclesiastical discipline for Pope Clement VIII. He had always been a friend of the late Cardinal, even when their supporters had quarrelled; as Allen had put it, 'Abraham and Lot were both good men, but their shepherds could not agree'. Now that Allen was dead, Lewis's friends expected him to become the new Cardinal of England. At first, they made no move for his promotion; then, to their surprise, they learnt that an energetic party was striving to have Persons promoted instead.<sup>10</sup>

No one was more surprised than Bishop Lewis himself. In March 1595 he wrote to a friend:

'There is such a stincking sturre in Flanders, Spaigne & Rome, to make Fa. Parsons cardinal and so by consequente to exclude me that it is almost incredible . . . The doers of this are but 2 or 3 of our nation which tumble all up and down. All the rest, best and wisest, do love and honour me. And in this Court it is merveiled at of strangers highe and lowe. They say I am an Italian, that I passe not for the Nation, that I am Britannus and not verus Anglus. That I will never returne into Ingland, if it weare Catholick: false impudent lies and sclanders, which I pray you confute as occasion shall serve . . . Indeed I am 61 yeres old, and am not like to see Ingland, but if the way were open, I would leave Bishoprick and all worldly states in this case, and go to serve my naturall country and country men, whom in banishment I have ever served and loved more than all theis good fellowes. I seeke not to be Cardinall, bicause I knowe not, *An ille status expedit & saluti animae meae conveniat*. But let god do his devine providence, who knoweth what is beast for us all . . .'<sup>11</sup>

When the friends of Lewis found that Persons' supporters—in spite of his own reluctance—were collecting signatures to a

<sup>10</sup> DODD, *Church-History of England*, II, 43; *Douay Diaries*, ciii. For the scheme to promote Persons (sponsored by Owen, Verstegan, Worthington and others) see S.P. Dom. Eliz, 10/5/95; MORE, *Historia Provinciae Anglicanae S.J.*, 230-31; POLLEN in *The Month*, C. 180.

<sup>11</sup> Lewis to Ely, 10/3/95, in ELY 94f.

petition for his promotion, they decided to press the claims of their own candidate. Much of Lewis's support came from the so-called Scottish party in Flanders, which prided itself on its loyalty to the memory of Mary Queen of Scots, but was more distinguished for its hatred of the Society of Jesus than for any positive plans for converting England. Already, at the end of 1594, this party had sent to Rome one of its number: Thomas Throckmorton, a member of a historic house who was also a talented linguist and musician and the fiancé of Cardinal Allen's niece Mary. Now, in the spring of 1595, the party, under the leadership of Charles Paget and Dr William Gifford, sent to Rome a petition in favour of Owen Lewis, which Throckmorton delivered to Cardinal Aldobrandini, the Secretary of State.<sup>12</sup>

Throckmorton looked round for support in Rome. About half of the late Cardinal's household could be relied upon to favour Lewis; but an equally large party, led by Roger Baynes, was devoted to the English Jesuits and might therefore favour Persons. Then, in the April, somebody in Lewis's palace—we do not know if it was Throckmorton or Hugh Griffiths, the Bishop's fiery nephew—conceived the idea of recruiting the students of the Venerable to support his cause.<sup>13</sup>

Bishop Lewis was on excellent terms with the College. At Christmas 1594, he had given the Rector the princely gift of 180 scudi; he was a frequent guest at the vineyard on recreation days or in the common hall on feasts, and he pontificated regularly in the Chapel on holydays. The students, who were frequently entertained royally at his palace, were greatly devoted to him, 'whom they tooke to be founder as it weare of that College, and the fittest and worthiest of all secular Priests of our nation to have that honor after Card: Allens death'.<sup>14</sup>

In the middle of April two further circumstances gave Griffiths and Throckmorton the opportunity to harness the students' support. The time had come for the senior priests to be sent to England. Hitherto all faculties had been distributed by Cardinal Allen; who was to give them this year? The Protector, Cardinal Caetani, was rumoured to be pro-Jesuit—

<sup>12</sup> PASTOR, *History of the Popes*, XXIV, 11; Pilgrim Book; KNOX, Allen, 396; Throckmorton's epitaph in the Chapel; Borghese IV, 209b, 199.

<sup>13</sup> Allen's household is given in KNOX, *Allen*, 374ff. During the coming troubles its members sided thus: for the Jesuits, R. Baynes, G. Allen, T. Hesketh, R. Haddock, L. Hughes; for the students, N. Fitzherbert, J. Smithson, T. Harley, C. Isham; sympathies of the other five not known.

<sup>14</sup> Chambers, 1; LM 1595, 258; *Usanze*; ELY, 94; Hatfield Calendar, V, 264.

perhaps, therefore, if these stories one heard were true, he might be very grudging in the powers he gave to seculars. But of course if Bishop Lewis were to be empowered to give the faculties . . .<sup>15</sup>

At the same time, the College authorities decided to hold an examination in Metaphysics for those who were finishing their third year of Philosophy. This decision was resented: not only were examinations an unpleasant novelty in themselves, but it was also known that those who failed would be sent to the schools of positive theology (what we should now call the minor course) and thus be baulked of their chance of studying scholastic doctrine. Griffiths and Throckmorton hinted to one of the senior students—Edward Tempest, the 27-year-old priest who had led the English faction against the Welsh—that in return for the students' support, the Bishop would be willing to use his influence to have the examination cancelled.<sup>16</sup>

Tempest accordingly asked the Rector's permission to work for Lewis's promotion. Fioravanti agreed enthusiastically. In this, as people never tired of pointing out later, he was ill-advised: the students should never have been allowed to deal in high ecclesiastical politics. Permission once obtained, however, Tempest went from room to room, sounding the students' opinions. One of the last to be visited, Robert Chambers, has described his own interview. Tempest told him, with conspiratorial secrecy, that the Jesuits were imposing an intolerable burden, and that unless this scheme of an examination was dropped, all the rest intended to leave the College. Chambers asked why he did not deal openly with the Rector; but he was put off with the remark that it was impossible to persuade a Jesuit to abandon anything he had once started. Next evening, he was taken into Tempest's room, where he found the majority of the College already assembled to put their signatures to a memorial. Three petitions seem to have been prepared in all: one to Pope Clement VIII, asking him to give Cardinal Allen's faculties to the Bishop; one to Cardinal Protector Caetani, asking him to use his influence with the Pope on Lewis's behalf; and a third to the Bishop himself.<sup>17</sup>

When we read the memorial to Lewis, the reason for Tempest's exaggerated secrecy becomes clear. The students

<sup>15</sup> TIERNEY, III, lxxvi. Fioravanti received the viaticum from the Pope for the departing students on 16th April, which fixes the date roughly (LM 1595).

<sup>16</sup> Chambers, lv. Even in this hostile account, there is no evidence that Lewis himself knew or approved the methods of his partisans.

<sup>17</sup> LAW, I, 28; TIERNEY, III, lxxiii; Chambers lv; *Apologie*, 50. The two latter sources contradict each other in detail. I have harmonized them as best I could.

announce their intention of asking the Pope to give Lewis, as an informed and impartial prelate, the power of awarding faculties. The Protector, they say, is not the man to be trusted with this power, because he does everything at the beck of the Jesuits, who cause discord and jealousy '*quod multo majorem curam habuerint propriae familiae, quam nostrum ; et ampliores illis facultates et privilegia obtinuerunt, quam nostri sacerdotes unquam habuerint*'. They ask Lewis to permit them to make this petition on his behalf, and to support them against any who oppose it, '*qui fortasse non deerunt*'. And thus, as the President of Douay was later to remark, 'a faction was cunningly brought in, before the rector suspected'.<sup>18</sup>

When the paper was handed to him, the Bishop behaved perfectly correctly, if not very tactfully : he handed it to Cardinal Protector Caetani. Caetani, who was naturally indignant at the secret meetings and at the tone of the memorial, reported the whole business to the General of the Jesuits, Claudio Aquaviva. Father General was the very last man whom the students would have wished to read the words quoted above, so two of the priests hurriedly prepared an explanation of their conduct which they presented to him after due censorship by Throckmorton, Lewis and Fioravanti. They pleaded that they had no grudge against the Society as a whole, much less against their dear Rector, but merely against certain English Jesuits ; and they improved the occasion by 'praising infinitely the Societies good government over them, and acknowledging their singular benefits bestowed upon them, and promising all obedience and gratitude for the time to come' if only Aquaviva would bring pressure to bear on Caetani in favour of Lewis.<sup>19</sup>

Aquaviva, who was the most obliging of men, saw the Cardinal as they had asked, but found that the Pope had already given the faculties to Caetani himself. So when the students came to ask him for his answer, he merely told them to go back to their studies, 'and to desist from these pretensions, untill either his Holiness should of himself think what was most convenient to be done for advancing some man of our nation, or that the matter might be proposed by other men of higher calling than scholars, whose estate required to be quiet, and follow their books'.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>18</sup> TIERNEY, III, lxxvi, lxxiii.

<sup>19</sup> Chambers, 1v-2 ; *Apologie*, 49v-51.

<sup>20</sup> *Apologie*, l.c.

A few of the students took this very sound advice, but the majority persuaded themselves that they had been betrayed by the Protector and General in a course of action which, after all, had been undertaken with the Rector's approval. It was whispered that Aquaviva had not done his best for Owen Lewis. Was he not of the house of Atria and thus allied by blood with Caetani? What more likely, then, than that he should want to see all the faculties in his hands? So they decided, or were persuaded, to persevere with their support of Lewis. Of the ten priests who should have left that April, seven stayed behind, partly to give weight to their faction, and partly in the hope of receiving more generous faculties in the event of Lewis's promotion. They continued to hold secret meetings in their rooms. After all, politics was so much more exciting than study.<sup>21</sup>

On the surface, however, all was in order. Fioravanti was satisfied with the students' explanation to Aquaviva—after all, in their original memorial to Lewis they had said that the Jesuits '*in regimine collegii omnibus non mediocriter satisfaciunt*', and he fully accepted their statement that they had nothing against himself or the Society, but only against 'several English fathers absent'. In his innocence, he even wrote to Robert Persons to assure him of this—forgetting that Persons himself was the chief of the 'English fathers absent' whom the students hated. When, some time after this, Bishop Lewis came to him with the request that the Metaphysics examination should be cancelled, he was delighted to agree. As a result, peace was restored—for a time.<sup>22</sup>

The only man who saw just which way things were tending was Fr Edmund Harewood, Fioravanti's Minister and Vice-Rector. Edmund Harewood had been a student at Douay until he joined the Society in 1578; since then he had lived in Rome, either on the staff of the College or as a Penitentiary at St Peter's. Now, at the age of forty, he had considerable power in the College, owing to Fioravanti's lack of acquaintance with English affairs. His friends called him 'a good, blessed, vertuous man'; the students had other ways of describing him. He was a conscientious man, but never seems to have learnt the boundary between conscientiousness and officiousness. In quiet times, he did his duty without being noticed; in a crisis, he would take fright and be led into actions which were indefensible.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>21</sup> *Apologie*, l.c.; Hatfield Calendar V, 184; LM *passim*.

<sup>22</sup> Chambers, 2; *Apologie*, 49v.

<sup>23</sup> MORE, op. cit. 24; FOLEY VII, 343; Chambers etc. *passim*.

Harewood was the first to notice that the students, contrary to Aquaviva's orders, were pursuing their plans for Lewis's promotion; and he was the first to realize that whatever they might say to Fioravanti, their actions boded no good to the Society. During May, he carefully patrolled the rooms, and pounced on all unauthorized meetings during study-time. After making diligent enquiries, he summoned one of the more trustworthy students, the sickly Francis Fowler, and persuaded him to withdraw from the plot. Fowler apologized to the Rector, who must have been rather mystified by the apology, and promised to convert his brethren. He had little success. At his first attempt, they marched in a body to the Minister and told him that they thought him no better than a mischief-maker sowing quarrels among the students. Afterwards, in a public meeting, they mooted plans for his removal from the College.<sup>24</sup>

Shortly after this, a rumour went round that Fr Harewood was trying to force some of the scholars to join the Society of Jesus. One of the student-priests, the bespectacled Richard Button, took it on himself, while preaching his practice-sermon in the Refectory pulpit, to make some very thinly-veiled references to the subject. Harewood, who was presiding, naturally told him to stop. It was only at the third telling that Button ceased, while the rest of the students began to murmur angrily. One of the oldest, Thomas Hill, rose from his place with all the dignity of his thirty years and his long beard, and went over to the main notice-board where he struck out the Minister's name from the house-list. A great crowd had followed him, which now broke into a rough-house: '*fit concursus omnium, hinc trahentium, inde rixantium, prohibentium et suadentium*'. The Rector appeared, and ordered the name to be restored; but Hill struck it out once again. So Fioravanti put on his hat and went off to see the Protector.<sup>25</sup>

Thomas Hill was a person of some importance. He had been an Anglican parson, and after his conversion had lived for a time with John Gerard S.J. He had entered the College in 1593, and had been ordained in the same year; now he was among the senior priests—one of those who should have left in the April—and the prefect of a camerata. It was with a shock, then, that he saw, on the following morning, an official messenger

<sup>24</sup> Chambers, 2v.

<sup>25</sup> Chambers, 2v. Persons, in *Apologie*, 52, merely says that the students 'put his name out of the College book by violence'.

arrive from the Protector to announce his expulsion. He appealed to Owen Lewis, but Lewis, when he came to the College on the following day, would only urge him to make satisfaction for his offence. Hill promised to do so, and awaited the Protector's visit, which had been scheduled for the same afternoon. But after lunch he found himself carried away on a wave of popularity. The whole College surged to his room, and a rash young admirer extolled him as a hero who had risked all for the common cause. It was only when a paper was produced for all to sign, announcing that they wished to take common responsibility for Hill's action, that some demurred. They were thrown out of the room, and the rest took 'a common oathe to sticke one to the other, and never to leave of', with the clause that 'whosoever should leave them . . . should be accounted infamous and traitorous to their country'.<sup>26</sup>

When the manifesto was sent to the Protector, he changed his mind about coming to the College, and cancelled the expulsion order. In its place, he decreed that Hill was to restore the Minister's name and do public penance. Hill grumbled that Harewood had not received a similar penance, but eventually submitted. We do not know what his penance was, but we do know the usual form which such penances took. 'When they are all set at the Tables, [the penitent] commeth in, cloathed in a Canuas vesture downe to the grounde, with two holes where through he hath sight, and a good bigge round place bare, against the middest of his backe : in this order he goeth up and downe the Hall, whipping himself at that bare place, in somuch, that the blood doth trickle on the ground after him.'<sup>27</sup>

In spite of Fr Harewood, the students now tried a second expedient for procuring Owen Lewis's promotion. Caetani had been given the faculties, but what was to prevent his sub-delegating them? They wrote another *libellus supplex* to the Protector, asking him to delegate sufficient of his powers to Lewis to enable him to deal with all ordinary English business. Caetani saw the Pope, and once more was told that he alone was to have charge of the College and of English affairs. He informed the students of this decision, but at the same time promised that they would find him not only a Caetani but an Allen.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>26</sup> *Dictionary of National Biography*, IX, 783; C.R.S. 37, 92; Chambers, 3; LAW, I, 28; *Apologie*, 51.

<sup>27</sup> MUNDAY, *The English Romayne Lyfe*, 33 (Bodley Head edition).

<sup>28</sup> Chambers, 3; TIERNEY III, lxxvi.



Still unsatisfied, the students, or the wire-pullers in the episcopal palace, devised a third scheme. Owen Lewis was one of the Apostolic Visitors of Rome. Suppose they were to press for a Visitation of the College? The Pope, they reasoned, would be certain to appoint Lewis to the task, and thus give him that control over the College which they desired.<sup>29</sup>

Fr Harewood soon learnt of this new development. He struck back, hard. He informed two of the students, Robert Sheppard and Henry Petts, that he knew of serious moral disorders among the students, which would certainly come to light if they called in the Visitation. At his instructions, they repeated his charges to their companions. The students were furious, and cried out that Harewood was worse than a heretic. They threatened to leave the College unless he was tried in a formal court; and they supplicated the Pope that he might be sent to the galleys for defaming the College and the nation.<sup>30</sup>

At this, the Minister was thoroughly frightened. He saw Sheppard and Petts again on the following morning, and protested that they had misunderstood him. But the students refused to be placated until Cardinal Caetani himself intervened in the quarrel.<sup>31</sup>

The proud Cardinal, many times Papal Legate, must have been an impressive figure, with his tired, majestic face, and all his scarlet trappings, as he spoke earnestly to the assembled students of the need for peace and concord.<sup>32</sup> But the rebels were not overawed. As soon as he had finished they obtained permission to speak. Their spokesman, prefacing his words with the remark that they were approved by all except for those who were either Jesuits or knaves, launched into a general attack on the government of the College, which showed that Fr Harewood had been right when he guessed that the students were aiming further than the promotion of Lewis. First he inveighed against the *Ripetitori*, calling them '*pessimos hostes, superbos, optimorum edulium devoratores*'. The only complaint of importance which the students had against these men seems to have been that they disturbed Vespers with the noise they

<sup>29</sup> See Lewis's epitaph in the Chapel, and *Avvisi* of 18/10/95, Urb. Lat. 1063, 779.

<sup>30</sup> It is impossible to go into this incident here. Details will be found in ELY, 77-83; FOLEY VI, 21, 37 (a mistranslation of Ottob. Lat. 2473, 220); Chambers, 3v; *Apologie*, 52. From these sources it seems clear that the charges were really made; that Fr Harewood later denied having made them; and that they were probably without serious foundation. See also Stonyhurst, *Anglia* III, 1, 22.

<sup>31</sup> Chambers, 3v.

<sup>32</sup> See his bust on his tomb in S. Pudenziana. He bears there a striking facial resemblance to King Edward VII.

made in the skittle-alley ; but none the less, they asked the Protector to send them away and appoint students in their place.<sup>33</sup>

The spokesman asked that a new *Economo* should be appointed to look after the spending of College money. Cardinal Caetani (whose sprawling signature can still be seen on the accounts) interrupted to say that he himself examined the books each year, and the matter could safely be left in his hands. He added that he had heard that only three or four of the students were in earnest about the quarrel, and that the rest were deceived by a false notion of loyalty. They cried out that it was a lie ; so the spokesman was allowed to proceed.

He went on to the accusation that the Jesuits abused their position in the College to promote the private ends of the Society, quoting the case of one John Percy, who had received journey-money from the Pope to go to the English mission, and had been told by the Superiors to use it to travel to Flanders to become a Jesuit novice. The Minister replied that the money had been given to Percy as a loan, not a gift. The students could not know, as we do, that there was nothing in the account-books to support this statement ; but presuming *a priori* that the Minister was lying, they greeted his words with abuse and catcalls.<sup>34</sup>

In spite of the shouting, Harewood hurried on to the main issue : the accusations against the students' morals. He explained to the Cardinal that he had never made the charges at all ; the whole thing was nothing more than a storm in a teacup arising from an unfortunate misinterpretation of an innocent remark. During this disingenuous explanation, he could barely make himself heard above the heckling of the students ; and as soon as he had finished, they gave their own highly coloured version of the affair, saying that he hated them so much that they were afraid he would poison their very food and drink. After a while, their exaggerations proved too much for one of their number, Robert Chambers, the 25-year-old Yorkshire priest who was later to write an account of these troubles which is now our main source of information about them. Having obtained the Cardinal's leave to speak, he commenced a third

<sup>33</sup> '*Lusibus ac iocis plus aequo indulgentes, immo divinorum officiorum tempore globulos ingenti cum strepitu versantes, saepe deprehensi sunt*' (Ottob. Lat. 2437, 202). When the students trumped up these charges, it was not six months since Bl. Robert Southwell, patron of *Ripetitori*, had been martyred. So closely are the sublime and the sordid woven together in our history.

<sup>34</sup> See LM 1594, *Viatici*.

version of what had happened. Pandemonium broke loose as the others howled against him. '*Tu nihil scis*' cried one; '*iurabo in contrarium*' swore another. A third, seizing the aged Cardinal by the arm, begged him to listen, but a fourth broke in with '*iste est factionis Jesuiticæ*'. Cardinal Caetani, now thoroughly alarmed, left the College without waiting for the speeches to finish. Some of the students were annoyed at having thus failed to bring Fr Harewood to account, and Button, waxing indignant behind his spectacles, went so far as to say that the Protector was more like a Persecutor. Others reflected that they had never liked the Cardinal very much anyway, and one lad—history is discreetly silent about his name—made the untranslatable remark '*quod tam egregie illa die virum cum pingui tergore tractassent, ut numquam in posterum auderet ad eos redire*'.

The few who had supported Fr Harewood were not forgiven by the rest. After lunch, as they sat in the garden for recreation, Hill came out to warn his friends to be careful of their words, because there were some people who reported every little thing to the Rector. In fact, he said, he had just seen Chambers showing some of their private papers to Fr Harewood. At this moment, Chambers himself arrived on the scene; a number at once left the circle. Some remarked that certain people were no better than bloodsuckers; others spoke bitterly of those who ate the bread of Martyrs only to become traitors to their College and their country. Chambers swore that Hill's story was a calumny, but it was useless: two years later he could still remember vividly how they snarled and gnashed their teeth and cried out against him for a traitor.<sup>35</sup>

For two years hence, there were always to be two parties among the students; their earlier unanimity was now destroyed. At this time, summer 1595, the vast majority (thirty-seven against seven) was in rebellion, under the leadership of Tempest and Hill. The seven obedient students had a difficult time. The others accused them of currying favour with the superiors, and of spying on their fellows in order to have them expelled. It was said that they were aiming at preferential treatment, rich food, comfortable rooms, and public dignities, which they could enjoy in peace when the others had been ejected. For this, said Tempest, he was sure they were all damned, and he hoped they

<sup>35</sup> Chambers himself (*Narratio* p. 4) is our only source for this part of the story. His account should be taken with some caution, since he is not always accurate even in the parts where he is not the hero of his tale.

would go to Hell. Whenever any of the seven approached a circle in the Common Room, it would break up and leave them in solitary embarrassment. They were heaped with abuse: one of them was told, with a fine disregard for the principle of contradiction, that he was an impudent, shameless, brazen, two-faced hypocrite. Sometimes the rebels would refuse to eat at the same table with the obedient students, and later they refused to say Mass in the same church or to attend the Community Mass if it was said by one of the opposing faction.<sup>36</sup>

This cold war between the students led to a quarrel between the majority party and the College Confessor, Fr Girolamo Fulegatti S.J. Robert Fisher, an intelligent and insolent young gentleman of whom we shall hear more, insulted one of the obedient priests. Fr Fulegatti refused to give him absolution, because he would not promise to take back his words. Fisher promptly went to an outside Confessor, and obtained absolution without difficulty. The other rebels then followed his example, partly to prevent him getting into trouble, and partly because they thought Fr Fulegatti was unpleasantly harsh.<sup>37</sup> They were particularly fond of confessing their sins at the Lateran. There, amid the scaffolding of the painters who were just then redecorating the transepts, they would make their confessions to the Penitentiaries of the Basilica. It looked, says Chambers uncharitably, exactly as if they were seeking absolution from reserved sins.<sup>38</sup>

Every rule that was broken, every quarrel that occurred, served the rebels' purpose by making life in the College so intolerable that sooner or later a Visitation would have to be made. The Pope had recently told Owen Lewis to excavate for the body of St Francis at Assisi; but if he were to learn that there was trouble in the College he might well keep the Bishop in Rome until the next creation of Cardinals. Hugh Griffiths was by now so sanguine that he prepared for his uncle's elevation by buying up all the vestments left by Cardinal Allen.<sup>39</sup>

Though Pope Clement VIII was fully occupied with the anxious question of the absolution of Henry of Navarre, the rebels had some ground for hoping that he might intervene. Clement, who later came so near to defining the Dominican view

<sup>36</sup> Chambers, 5; *Ottob. Lat.* 2473, 200v; *Coll. P.* 307e.

<sup>37</sup> It was alleged that he had given a sharp reprimand to a student who was at the point of death (FOLEY, VI, 23).

<sup>38</sup> Chambers, 6.

<sup>39</sup> Chambers, 5v; *Avvisi*, *Urb. Lat.* 1063, 773; *Apologie*, 50.

in the *De Auxiliis* controversy, was no great friend to the Jesuits; and as a former Vice-Protector he might be expected to take a special interest in the Venerabile. In August he sent his *maestro di camera*, the saintly humanist Silvio Antoniani, to visit the College as his representative, and to tell the students to end their quarrels and obey their superiors. This message, delivered no doubt in the most exquisite Latin, was a disappointment to the students, so they asked Antoniani to obtain an audience for them in which they could lay their case before the Pope. Antoniani replied that he had at home a sheaf of *libelli supplices* which they had sent in, and which stated their case quite adequately; and with that he left the College.<sup>40</sup>

The rebels decided to see the Pope in person on the following day. Fioravanti heard of the plan, and next morning he had all the doors locked while he sent a message to Cardinal Caetani to ask what he should do. The scholars rushed round to every exit; they were just too late to get through the chapel door, and it was in vain that a hefty Kentish lad called Robert Petts took a running leap at it. At last they found a little wicket-gate unlocked, and rushing through this, they 'ran like furious men untoe the Popes pallace' on the Quirinal. On their way, they were overtaken by Cardinal Caetani's carriage, moving '*summa cum velocitate*' in the same direction; to his indignation, they kept their hats ostentatiously fixed on their heads. When they arrived, breathless, at the Quirinal, they found that he had beaten them. They were kept waiting in the summer heat for several hours, and then the Cardinal himself came out and told them that the Pope ordered them to return home.<sup>41</sup>

A few days later, however, their importunity bore fruit. In the last week of August the Pope ordered the College to be visited by Mgr Bernadino Morra, the notary of the Congregation for Bishops and Religious. Mgr Morra made exhaustive investigations, but unfortunately his report has been lost, so that we know little about this visitation. During the course of it two of the junior scholars, Thomas Hatton and Henry Bird, left the College, probably under some compulsion, though they were given the usual *viaticum*. The scholars complained about the Minister and Confessor, and Robert Fisher told Mgr Morra that the students

<sup>40</sup> Chambers, 5v and 8v. Ippolito Aldobrandini was Vice-Protector in 1586-87 and in 1590 (C.R.S. 37.59ff). On his hostility to the Jesuits as Pope (e.g. his marginal note 'God resists the proud' on a Jesuit complaint) see *The Month*, XCIV (1899), 235-48. On Antoniani, see CIACONIUS and PASTOR XXIII, 36.

<sup>41</sup> Chambers, 5v; *Apologie*, 52.

would not do any more public penances. They asked, above all, for an impartial judge between themselves and the Jesuits.<sup>42</sup>

When Morra had concluded his report, he brought back the Pope's official decisions. Clement declared that he himself would be the 'impartial judge' between student and Jesuit. He removed the control of the temporal and official side of the College from the General of the Society, and gave it to the Protector.<sup>43</sup> As well as the Jesuit Confessor, the students were to have a confessor chosen out of their own number. The Jesuit *ripetitori* were to be replaced by two student-*ripetitori*, and the infirmarian, too, was to be chosen from among the students. On the other hand, those who had rushed to the Quirinal were to be punished by a severe fast, and one of the rebel priests was to be suspended. Both factions among the students were told to make friends again, though Morra was not sufficiently sure of himself to order them to give the kiss of peace, which alone would have been decisive. Finally, the whole house was to make a retreat under the direction of a neutral from outside, a devout religious called Fr Athanasius.<sup>44</sup>

When these terms were announced, the rebels claimed to be very dissatisfied with them, and asked Morra if they might be allowed to leave the College with the usual *viaticum* and Papal blessing. This permission was granted, but not one rebel took advantage of it : they had come to see that Morra's terms marked a real victory for themselves, and that by accepting them they could gain permanent advantages at the price of passing humiliation. After the Retreat was over, they found a certain difficulty in persuading the Superiors to carry out the recent instructions. At first the Rector appointed as Confessor, William Blundell, one of the minority who supported the régime. To the rebels, this completely nullified the concession, and they complained loudly. A harsher man might have claimed that he

<sup>42</sup> FOLEY, VI, 38. The date is given by an entry in *Spese*, 25/8/95, recording the purchase of mullet for Mgr Morra's dinner. The students missed their weekly day at the *vinea* on the 27th (*Spese*) and Hatton and Bird left on the 28th (LM 1595, *Viatici*).

Since these pages went to press, I have seen a microfilm of Stonyhurst, *Anglia*, III, 1, 22, which gives a full list of the students' requests to the Pope at this time, together with the superiors' replies. Among other things, the rebels asked that a confessor, three *ripetitori* and a guest-master should be chosen from among the students; that all who intended to become Jesuits should leave the College within three months of so deciding; that accounts should be presented by the superiors each year; and that the traditional rules of the College should be restored. The superiors, in reply, pointed out the obvious difficulties and *petitiones principii* involved in these requests.

<sup>43</sup> Aquaviva retained power over the spiritual and educational side; and it was 'left to his prudence' to change any of the Staff. Was this a hint?

<sup>44</sup> Chambers, 6.

had fulfilled the letter of his orders ; but Fioravanti yielded, and appointed one of the rebels' own leaders, Edward Bennett, who was later to be described by the President of Douay as 'the greatest dissembler and most perilous fellow in a community that ever I knew'. Two more of the rebel leaders were appointed *ripetitori* : the intriguer Edward Tempest, and Anthony Champney, an intelligent agitator who kept well in the background throughout the troubles and was careful never to be caught in open breach of the rules.<sup>45</sup> When a discreet interval had elapsed, Father General asked Fr Harewood to retire to the noviciate at S. Andrea, 'for his health's sake'. Finally, although the students did not know it at the time, the Pope decided to raise Bishop Lewis to the purple at the next creation of Cardinals. The victory of the rebels was complete.<sup>46</sup>

And so ended the first phase of the 'stirrs' in the English College. The highest authority in the Church had decided in the rebels' favour. Now that their grievances, legitimate or not, had been redressed, would they settle down and return to the studies for which they had come to Rome ? Or would they persist in their violent course until they or the Jesuits were driven out of the College ? The event alone could show.

(To be continued)

ANTHONY KENNY.

<sup>45</sup> Champney, a tall, thin, suave young man, was still remembered sixty years later as the classic exponent of the 'injured innocence' technique. Muzio Vitelleschi, twice his Rector, said of him that he was '*di tanta modestà, pietà, e santità di vita in apparenza che rapiva a se l'occhi di tutti ; ma occultamente seminava continue zizanie per dividere li sudditi dalli superiori con tanto artificio, che non lo poteva mai cogliere giuridicamente in fatto veruno*' (Vatican Library, Barberini Latin 8624.4).

<sup>46</sup> Chambers, 6-7 ; MORE, *Historia Provinciae Anglicanae S.J.*, 24 ; *Douay Diaries*, ciii.

# ROMANESQUE

## 54—WINDOW DRESSING

When do the children in the Monserra' go to bed ? Certainly not in time to give the student a chance of seeing the street clear of them ; indeed, I fancy some of them retire later than he does. Not that the matter necessarily ends there—if they are dissatisfied with the situation, one good yell seems sufficient to ensure picking up and petting. (At any rate, you never hear a child go on crying for very long : which cannot be due to any natural reticence on the part of the children.) One remembers Pont's cartoon of the English nanny firmly withholding her infant charge from the doting mother who would fondle it outside the appointed hours for fondling. In England, the rearing of children is orderly and regulated ; that it should be so, is an axiom unquestioned either by the bible-and-birch paterfamilias of tradition or by the advanced fathers and mothers who, steering carefully between this complex and that, guide the burgeoning psyche to final and harmonious integration. The method is disputed ; but a method there must be.

How different an Italian childhood. Disregard for the clock is typical of a disregard for all the disciplinary palings which John Bull erects along his children's path. John Bull smacks his children judicially and on principle ; if he abstains from doing so, that is a matter of principle too. Tizio and Sempronia smack their children when ungovernably exasperated, and the rest of the time either pet them or let them run free. That they should be 'seen and not heard' is, it seems, no part of the plan ; they move, seen and heard, on easy and equal terms with their elders, to whom they are not infrequently rude.



In that straiter upbringing which made us the men we are proud to be, nothing was more severely frowned upon than 'showing off'. So it was with much head-shaking that in the central city of civilization we found this capital sin, not indeed overlooked, but positively encouraged. We have all been—once—to the Ara Coeli to see the future citizen of Rome delivering his or her (particularly her) Christmas piece amid parental applause and, if need be, prompting; and we should have been hard put to it to avoid all knowledge of the droves of matadors and marquises that parade at Carnival-tide. In our own reverend presences, the young Christian has been put through its pious paces—genuflection, folded hands, the sign of the Cross, and blow a kiss to the *Santissimo*.

Such a system—if system is the proper word for this casual scramble into maturity—can scarcely fail to produce a race of exhibitionists. A recent Romanesque spoke of the histrionic, not to say acrobatic, eloquence of Roman preachers; but one need not wait for a sermon to see what I mean—you can see it in the Campo any day, or wherever the youth of Rome play football. Wait till one of them jumps and heads the ball. 'He heads the ball'—grammatical and, as far as it goes, true; but how bald, how inadequate, to describe that balletic ascent, that toss of the locks, that eye cocked to the spectator.

I shall not easily forget the afternoon when one of the Rugby Roma forwards got a bit of mud in his eye. The stampings, the kneelings, the postures of a strong man strongly suffering were wonderful to behold; and, protracted to ten minutes, were such as to earn the warrior a burst of applause when he returned to the field. This flamboyant style of acting—which one need not be a centenarian to have known as the normal convention of the English stage, before 'emotional understatement' and 'throwing away lines' became the vogue—appears in every walk of Roman life: in the pulpit, on the football field, in accidents on the Corso or back-street quarrels and, of course, in the Chamber of Deputies.

What a come-down, sighs your classicist, from the ancient *gravitas*! How well we know the typical statue of the Roman statesman, so respectably restrained that his toga might almost be Mr Gladstone's frock-coat. Yet it was in those far-off days, when most of life and all of literature was a matter of rhetoric, that the seed was sown; and imperial despotism did nothing to stop its growth—on the contrary, the less the rhetoricians had

to say, the more showily they said it. As for the Middle Ages, the rest of us might spend them unostentatiously settling down to be bourgeois, but Italy was a glorious collection of capital cities and no provinces. So if a few decades of sedate monarchy, efficient dictatorship and uninspiring republicanism have not weakened the Roman's immemorial habit of acting as if the eyes of the world were upon him, we need not wonder.

The setting could not be more propitious. The backcloth against which these actors move is nothing less than the city of Rome. The dominant note—if in the architectural conglomeration of twenty centuries any may be said to dominate—is the Baroque; and Baroque is intensely theatrical, unashamedly sensational—at bottom, extremely obvious. It must make its impact upon you at once or it will not make it at all: I never heard of a gradual conversion to Baroque. It puts all its goods in the shop-window—almost literally, in some cases. The English have a phrase for a façade with nothing to back it, 'Queen Anne in front and Mary Anne behind', and to how many church exteriors in Rome does it not apply? Sant' Andrea della Valle, Sant' Ignazio, San Girolamo della Carità . . . Make your own list: little or great, there is only one angle from which to look at all of them, and that is the angle of ninety degrees to the front.

Inside the church, your senses face the assault of improbable curves, angels and saints in swirling drapery, rich profusion of marble, and false vistas in wall and ceiling: the last, of course, a specifically theatrical device. The centre of the whole composition is, or should be, the altar—which may, by the way, suggest a partial explanation of the magnificent failure of St Paul's in London. How could a simple communion table provide a proper focal point for so much grandeur, such as is provided by Bernini's sunburst behind St Peter's throne and the writhing columns of his baldacchino? Prune away the extravagances of Baroque, and what have you got left? An emasculated classicism, suitable enough for a national museum, but guaranteed to leave the heart of the worshipper untouched and his head in that perfect state of equilibrium which a self-respecting Christianity demands.

The phenomenon of classical lines without classical force, already apparent in some of Rome's more restrained Baroque churches—take Sant' Apollinare (if it's open) or San Gregorio—is much more so in certain buildings of the present century. The church of the Mother of God, across the Milvian Bridge, is a

good example ; but the prize specimen, it must be confessed, is none other than Alma Mater Gregoriana, where the very marble has a sterilized look. Much more effective (the epithet prescinds from praise or blame—elementary prudence) are those churches which have resorted once more to a directly theatrical appeal. You may not like Christ the King or St Robert Bellarmine's, but you can hardly overlook them. It is a very different kind of theatre from the Baroque, of course—a set for some very advanced ballet of the twentieth century, rather than for a masque of the seventeenth—but it is theatre all the same.

Where the Church is, there will always be colour. But into secular life a dreary cosmopolitan uniformity is everywhere seeping, and would that we could declare Rome free of the infection ! Let us shed a passing tear over the fate of the chemist's in the Farnese : a place, not twelve months back, of shady recesses, where in blue and white jars there lurked Heaven knew what of alchemy and folklore—love-philtres, for all I know ; it is properly lit now, and on glass shelves the patent medicines stand in alphabetical array. But in the world's rearguard action against these levelling forces, the Romans are playing the gallant part that one might expect of such irrepressible personalities. And it is pleasant to see that, where other peoples have meekly absorbed the preposterous assumption that display, if tolerable at all, is the province of the female, in Rome the lords and masters are in the forefront of the battle—witness their clothes, their rings, their visiting-cards. The Englishman's card measures a modest two and a half inches by one and a half, and bears his name (with any handles it may have kept down to the essential minimum), his address and, possibly, his club ; the Italian's will proclaim the holder as '*Prof.*', '*Dott.*', '*Comm.*' or at the very least '*Ing.*', and will tell you—taking up twice the dimensions in the process—the exact nature of his calling and what he did in the war.

My title has been hanging over my head far too long. It is, beyond question, in commercial display that the twentieth-century Roman's showmanship appears in greatest brilliance. Rome is the paradise of the window-shopper. Even a male eye can be held by dress materials hanging in such lavish sweeps and folds, the bright colours made brighter by contrast with a rich, glossy brown or a sober but sumptuous grey ; even a church student—exempted by his calling from desire, and by his cassock from need, of certain masculine vanities—may pause as a white shirt emerges with dramatic suddenness from a

ground of deepest black, while further on ties and gloves compose a symphony in colour. At the florist's, no judicious gradation of shades in unobtrusive good taste, but red and yellow carnations blazing—anything but unobtrusive—in one bowl. ('Primary colours! Oh, South Kensington!') Brilliant lighting and rich stuffs—blue velvet, crimson satin—to set off silver, jewellery, china and glass to the best advantage. No flight of ingenuity is too far fetched, no material comes amiss. You may even be left wondering, when a small window holds a gay bowl of flowers and a green china mandarin, which is the merchandise and which mere bait for the eye.

I have spoken of luxuries, as if the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker—for which read the *drogheria* and the hardware-shop—were not often to be found laying out their humdrum wares with as much feeling for a gay show as the biggest store that ever had half an acre of plate-glass in the via del Tritone to play around with. But, above all, the food shops . . . ! Dull would he be of soul who could pass by without the slightest watering of the mouth, where improbable antipasti parade in green and yellow and red; where crystallized fruits or bottles of Aurum diffuse the rich glow of an Aladdin's cave; where cakes, cream-filled or sugar-iced, beckon like the Sirens—and beckon, let me add, to as certain disenchantment: Italian cakes so often turn out to be a meretricious casing for something little superior to sawdust.

Is it disappointments such as these that have given the word 'window-dressing' a pejorative sense in English mouths? Once bitten, twice shy. (Perhaps the historical accident which has presented us with Gothic cathedrals and Greek temples in a white, cool chastity, far removed from their original gaudiness, has something to do with it too.) But to make a distinction between the glitter and the gold is one thing, to make a complete disjunction quite another; and we scholastics, of course, could never perpetrate so gross a fallacy as to confuse the two; yet for minds unfortified by Minor Logic it may, perhaps, be not impossible—and there are many such minds in England. So *either* you have a well-stocked window and an empty shop (like the Baroque façade) *or* you have a well-stocked shop and nothing in the window. From which it follows that a drab or at least a plain exterior is a guarantee of solid worth, and that all Frenchmen are immoral. When the authors of 1066 and *All That* classified Roundheads as Right but Repulsive and Cavaliers

as Wrong but Wromantic, they crystallized to perfection a traditional attitude. 'Gay and demonstrative=morally unstable' is an equation which, despite frequent exorcism, continues to haunt the English mind. A random example (culled from recent meal-time reading) of this outlook in its heyday appears in a letter of the Empress Frederick to Queen Victoria on the fall of Napoleon III. 'Such a downfall', she writes, 'is a melancholy thing, but it is meant to teach deep lessons. May we all learn what frivolity, conceit and immorality lead to !' The implication is unmistakable.

Without swallowing whole the view that the really traditional Englishman is a totally uninhibited creature, laughing uproariously and drinking a great deal of beer—a sort of composite portrait of Falstaff and G. K. Chesterton—we may venture to suggest that the reserved and often superficially unprepossessing creature with whom we are more familiar is not quite a natural growth ; that it was the Reformation which first brought him to figure in any notable degree on the English scene ; and that it took him another three centuries to work his way into the best society, where his final advent was secured by such influences as Dr Arnold and the Prince Consort. (Queen Victoria in her youth, we learn, used to laugh unrestrainedly, showing her gums.) The aristocracy of the eighteenth century were a sadly exuberant lot ; the Stiff Upper Lip, as a social requirement, is only about a hundred years old.

Well, the reserved Englishman is easy game, and has in any case been sufficiently worried by more expert hounds. Let us say this in our own favour : that when we apply the formula 'Wrong but Wromantic', we do genuinely admit the wromance. And we do succumb, with whatever mental reservations, to Italian charm. When, for instance, we receive one of the hyperbolic compliments with which the Italian is so free (a letter I wrote to a friend in Rome was hailed as '*degno di Dickens*'), we accept it : the palpable exaggeration, we dimly realize, is an overstatement of something sincere, not a substitute for it. And that is the point : exaggeration itself is natural—and not only, we may suspect, to the Italian. The children in the Monserra' and the parents who, by sparing the rod, may be presumed to spoil them are only giving rein—with reprehensible prudence, no doubt—to normal human instincts : which instincts tend more powerfully towards lavish exhibition than *l'anglais avec son sangfroid habituel* might consciously admit.

RICHARD INCLEDON.

## NOVA ET VETERA

### AUTO DA FE

On Whit Tuesday, 16th May 1595, the students of the Venerabile were given an unexpected holiday from repetitions, so that, as the official diary tells us, they could attend the '*Atto dell' Inquisitione*'. This Act of the Inquisition was the burning at the stake, in the Campo dei Fiori, of a former student of the College, Walter Marsh.<sup>1</sup>

Walter Marsh was born in London on 17th October 1559. After studying at Cambridge, he crossed the sea to Rheims, where he was received into the English College in 1591. Having spent most of the following year in England, he was sent to the Venerabile on 14th January 1593, and admitted as an alumnus at the age of thirty-four. He was only in the College for a few months before ill health caused him to be sent away to Flanders ; but he was here long enough to obtain the reputation—according to Fr Persons—of being an 'unquiett scoller'. Before the next year was out, he was back in Rome, having returned in such a suspicious manner that he was 'putt in the Inquisition by the Cardinal Allen his meanes'. A few months after this, in October 1594, the Cardinal died, and Marsh was released, 'being gotten forthe by the suite (as is thoughte) of the Bushop of Cassano [Owen Lewis] and lodged in his owne howse'. Lewis had Allen's own precedent for taking under his protection erring fellow-countrymen whose views might get them into trouble with the Inquisition ; but when Marsh offered wanton sacrilege to the Blessed Sacrament exposed for *Quarant' Ore* at S. Agata dei Goti

<sup>1</sup> College Archives, *Scripture*, 6.25.

not even the Cardinal could have saved him from the brand and the powder. When he was burnt, it was only two years since he had left the College, and a dozen of those who listened to his dying cries were his former classmates.<sup>2</sup>

Next week, on Corpus Christi day, Bishop Lewis sang High Mass in the College, during which, as one of the congregation later told Sir Robert Cecil, 'one of the scholars made a beautiful oration in praise of the blessed sacrament, detesting the heresy of that Englishman who was burned last week'. During the Octave of the feast the scholars, probably in reparation for Marsh's crime, went in cottas to take part in processions at various churches in the city—St Peter's, St John of the Florentines, Trinità dei Monti and so on.<sup>3</sup> Marsh's name was scored fiercely out of the *Liber Ruber*. He died too late to be included in the gossip of Munday or the panegyrics of Foxe, and his memory was eventually handed down to posterity by Fr Persons—not as a Protestant Martyrdom but as a warning of the terrible judgements that fell upon such as were 'unquiett scollers' during their course at the Venerabile.<sup>4</sup>

### THOUGHTS ON TUSCULUM

Ut libet campos Latii patentés,  
Collibus lætas positas et urbes,  
Et procul Tuscum mare, regiamque  
Cernere Romam !

En silent silvæ, silet omnis aura,  
Pipilant raræ volucres in umbra,  
Perstrepunt muscæ, per aprica reptat  
Saxa lacertus,

Hic ubi rerum domini subactis  
Otiabantur populis, et unde  
A peregrino nituere longè  
Marmore villæ.

<sup>2</sup> Persons, *Certaine Aparent Iudgments*, C.R.S. 2.208; *Liber Ruber*, printed in C.R.S. 37.89; *Douay Diaries*, pp. 241–49.

<sup>3</sup> Hatfield Calendar, v, 264; *Scripture*, 6.25.

<sup>4</sup> The moral was particularly topical, since at the time of Marsh's death the students were in revolt against their superiors. See *The Inglorious Revolution*, p. 248 above.

Hac sub ingenti cruce dum recumbo,  
Ore fragrantem revomente fumum,  
Carmen effinxi rude, Tusculana  
Solus in arce.

(From Bishop Burton's diary, 30th September 1886.)

## OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM

Since this is Marian Year, it is worth bringing to the notice of readers details of the Pilgrimages to Walsingham which have taken place, each year since the War, towards the end of the holidays in England. First Year Theology usually form the largest body of those present at these Pilgrimages, but First Year have a chance to meet a few Romans, and there are a few Priests who turn up with great regularity: their number gradually increases as those who have enjoyed the Pilgrimage in student days return after Ordination. The Pilgrimage now takes place midweek, on or following 8th September.

The Pilgrimage begins with Compline, Benediction and a talk on the Shrine; after supper, all walk barefoot along the Holy Mile, saying the Rosary and other prayers. Next morning Mass is offered and Holy Communion distributed at the Slipper Chapel; later there is a High Mass, also in the Slipper Chapel. There is time for the Stations of the Cross in the Meadow, for a visit to the original site of the Holy House in the 'Abbey', and for a walk round the charming village. The party disperses after lunch.

Needless to say, the Pilgrimage is made *con slancio*, and has a strong Roman tang. There is time in the betweens for a good time to be had by all. The stay in Walsingham is concentrated but enjoyable. Finally, transport is arranged from various parts of England so that the Pilgrimage can be made in a comparatively short time. The great need is for one or two of older generations to come and help younger pilgrims by providing more transport.

ANTHONY HULME.



## COLLEGE DIARY

**JULY 1st *Wednesday*.** Yes, dear reader, the tide of time has ebbed, and you are back at Palazzola, waiting for the curtain to rise on 'The Villa 1953'. But I, alas, am swept forward in the icy current of the actual. It is 26th January, and it is snowing. The Diary is an unfinished masterpiece, and the Editor goads me on like the Platonic gad-fly. I brood with bitterness on that sultry afternoon in June when his suave persuasion extorted a grudging consent, and left me to a siesta nightmare-medley of Bad Boy's Diaries, *entia quibus*, semi-Pelagianism, the Monday morsel and Samuel Pepys. But enough of self-pity. We are on the Via dei Laghi, and Palazzola is in sight . . .

The Advance Party had as usual worked themselves to a standstill before any luggage, pillows or mirrors could be distributed, or the lights persuaded to function. A crowd assembled rapidly and broke into spontaneous applause when a bulb in the New Wing was found aglow. It was without doubt the electricians' day : they contrived a cunning black-out during night prayers, just before Avancinus, and the sabotage was only foiled by the resourcefulness of the Practical Man who leapt gleefully to his feet and produced a torch.

**2nd *Thursday*.** A 'No Bell Day', a phrase which would have rung less hollow had it occurred two days later when the Deputy Senior Student's understudy brought down half the cloister wall in his efforts.

Not another day must pass without mention of the new Library, as the renovated compartment next to the Refectory is now known in official quarters. A tasteful arrangement of grey tiles flecked with red, a *peperino* fire-place, mullioned windows and an imposing pair of wrought iron chandeliers have earned it the disrespectful and unofficial title of 'The Morgue'.

**3rd *Friday*.** Rain and thunder in the morning. Confessions to Mgr Heard who comes out each Thursday, returning to his work in Rome by the Friday evening bus. Outdoor activities began in earnest to-day : the gardeners were crazily paving, the cricketers gambolling on the green,

and the Rector was contemplating work on his unfinished monument to posterity, the Sforza Steps.

As the tennis-court will crop up tirelessly in the course of the next three months, I may as well introduce it straight away. The facts are as follows: the fourth year in the Five Year Plan has now begun, and once more the hypothetical court has swung a full ninety degrees so that the most recent maps show it running parallel to the De Cupis wall; meanwhile an impregnable stone foundation is being laid, and conscripts are urgently needed to supplement mining operations on the obtruding boulders.

5th *Sunday*. The first rainless day. To dinner Mgr Reggio, Major Utley and Fr Ashworth—the latter got nothing from his Benefit Match after tea save a pulled muscle. Messrs Turnbull and Collier departed to Rome for their priesthood retreat at SS. John and Paul's, and Fr Peter Moore, the last of Top Year to leave us, recited *Faustus* for the last time, and received an enthusiastic *Ad Multos Annos*.

6th *Monday*. A vast amount of energy was expended this evening. The badminton court was scythed, the cricket pitch shampooed; one group descended briskly to the Lake, another set off loudly proclaiming their intention of 'climbing Faette' (a recognized euphemism); our golfing expert gave himself lessons on The Approach to Lost Balls, and one of the amateur miners cut his nose with a pick.

8th *Wednesday*. The first Sforza gita. Camerate set off in all directions: Cavo, the Lake, Marino, Faette and Rocca Priora. Luncheon on the Sforza found the Rector reclining in the shade of a beach-umbrella; he is said to intend hiring it out to Anzio parties when the day-gitas come round (fee: a night-shift on the steps).

9th *Thursday*. To Castel Gandolfo's *sala parrocchiale* after tea to see the film *A Queen is Crowned*. The College car, now recovered from the Vice's May excursion, brought Major Utley to supper.

We complete our tour of the estate with a mention of the golf course. The greens are still something of a legal fiction, but things are improving. A copy of the rules of the Royal and Ancient as modified by the Palazzola Golf Club was recently posted on the Common Room board. We may cite Rule One as fairly typical of the difficulties to be encountered by golfers in exile: 'The ball may be picked out of a mole-hill or out of loose earth caused by a mole without loss of a stroke. A mole-hill does not mean merely an unpleasant lie.'

10th *Friday*. Large-scale mining operations on the tennis court resulted in a certain amount of hot air and one or two displaced persons. Led by our Olde English Degree, a motley group of intellectuals and their admirers descended to the Hermitage after tea for a reading of *Twelfth Night*.

11th *Saturday*. Our first encounter of the season with Sir Victor Mallet's Embassy XI. The arrival of Fr Howorth during his favourite sport brought a breath of Old Trafford to the game. The match came to an exciting finish with the Embassy striving to bat out time, but the mat defeated them. Victors and vanquished then met on the terrace for wine and conversation.

12th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Turnbull and Collier who were ordained priests today at the Sacred Heart Church in Rome. Mr Collier gave Benediction in the evening.

13th *Monday*. First Masses. Mr Turnbull's party of twenty-six must be an all-time record, so many that they had to hire a bus. While the ladies were entertained next door, the menfolk dined with us in the Refectory. After the toast proposed by the Rector, we adjourned to the Common Room for *caffè e liquori* which overflowed (so to speak) into the Cloisters.

14th *Tuesday*. The Rector, opening the badminton court in a floppy white hat, proved conclusively that he must have been quite good at tennis. It takes the cunning of a Palazzola lizard to avoid the attentions of the tennis Secretary's *agents provocateurs*. They engage you in innocent conversation on sport, and wring out of you a qualified admission of interest in the Wimbledon finals. Your next sensation is that of a pick or sledgehammer in the hand, and off you stagger to the scene of carnage.

15th *Wednesday*. St Swithin's. But did it rain? No, Father, it was the hottest day so far—and a Sforza gita, too. My camerata, arriving at Genzano after a long and dusty walk, noticed a modest and likely looking *osteria*. Alas, the only entertainment it could offer us was a picture of Comrade Stalin and some rabidly anti-clerical cheese. After the Sforza picnic the Rector gave his official blessing to the golf course, easily defeating the substitute Senior Student.

17th *Friday*. A yellowish glow far out on the horizon led to an angry dispute on the Terrace after supper. One party held it was the moon; others backed the Rector's postulate of incendiarism at Anzio. The fire was noted to have spread a good twenty miles after night prayers.

18th *Saturday*. The Wiggery was well populated this evening, for heat is on the increase and activity dwindles fast. The furrows on the Opera Producer's elastic forehead are growing in length and depth as the Day of the Great Slavery approaches. A Penguin cookery-book arrived to-day for Gita Menace number one. After supper a tireless third-rate pianist was joined in the Common Room by a tone-deaf violinist who narrowly escaped the ordeal by water meted out to his accompanist by a sensitive circle of Solo sharpers.

20th *Monday*. Opera practices began after the ten o'clock glass of milk, and the Twenty Love-sick Maidens spent their morning languishing noisily in the Common Room. Arrival to-day of two very welcome guests, Fr M. Elcock and Mr Bernard Tickle, the Rector's brother. Two Osterley students stormed the citadel by night, and honoured us with their company during the following week.

21st *Tuesday*. Two *minatori* from Rocca have replaced our amateur saboteurs on the tennis court, and are said to intend starting work at 4 a.m. every morning. One feels that blasting will not be confined to the lower reaches of the Sforza.

22nd *Wednesday*. Sforza gita. One can set off briskly for the nearer end of Nemi lake, and under the generalship of Fr Howorth broke their way through the woods in just under two hours. Is this a record? Shortly

before lunch the Rector was to be seen supervising Mr Bernard Tickle's labours on the Monument to Posterity. An irreverent Philosopher was heard to drop a remark about step-brothers.

Departure of Fr Howorth for Assisi and England.

25th *Saturday*. The appearance of a troop of Heavy Dragoons in the Cortile sent the bookworms scuttling away to quieter nooks. Fr Elcock and Mr Tickle are rapidly building up a reputation as full-time athletes: golf in the morning, handball after tea—besides yesterday's cricket.

To dinner Comm. Freddi, unperturbed by the increasing heat. Indeed it is so hot at night that sleep is an effort. One gentleman in the New Wing camps out in the corridor, much to the annoyance of the local sleep-walkers. Mosquitos are becoming very frequent: *semel morsus bis reluctans*, as they say in the schools, and one man became so exasperated with the pests that before retiring to bed he sealed all exits and laid down a heavy smoke-screen of 'Flit'. He was bitten next morning by a horse-fly on the Sforza.

26th *Sunday*. The news that the Vice is too busy to be back by 1st August was the cause of a wave of popular emotion. The three-round golf competition ended most unfairly to-day: last year's Diarist came first with an aggregate of 120, this year's came last with 161. Still, 'Strong in th'arm. . .' as they say in Yorkshire.

28th *Tuesday*. This morning our tame Guardsman was engaged to put the Heavy Dragoons through their paces. Statistics reveal that the average height of a present-day H.D. is 6 feet 1 inch, and his weight 13 stone plus.

30th *Thursday*. Fr Elcock and Mr Tickle left us this morning, and we wept a grateful tear over the jam and *paste* which their posthumous generosity provided at teatime. Straw hats (not to be confused with 'Dr Clark hats', a felt concoction dating from 15th May this year) are very much in vogue at present, and are worn at the slightest provocation. Our bronzed opera-producer insists on wearing his while down at the Tank, thus heightening the resemblance to a cannibal chieftain.

31st *Friday*. A fish day. Not remarkable in itself, but acquiring a certain poignancy from being my birthday.

The Theologians began a series of convert-classes this morning. Each speaker is allowed five minutes and two heresies before the unleashing of Top Year's official pursuivant.

AUGUST 1st *Tuesday*. Arrival of Domenico for his annual holiday. The usual misanthropes reminded the community that a third of the Villa was over.

3rd *Monday*. An animated cricketing duel took place to-day between the World and the Seminarists. Despite the former's sinister and powerful allies, The Devil (a demon bowler) and The Flesh (several Heavy Dragoons), the triumph of goodness was complete. To tea, sandwiches and *paste* provided *in absentia* by Fr Rope.

Besides Bank Holiday tips Mr Lett also informs me that 'at the time of going to press the duration of Summer Time is uncertain'. How right he was: in the late evening the Albano fireworks were completely eclipsed by a splendid electric storm.

4th *Tuesday*. The Sforza gita was rained off, and dinner held in the Refectory. Later some barbarians dared to disturb the dignified *otium* of the Old Wing with aquatic sports on a grand scale; self, endeavouring to settle accounts with the sandman, was not amused. The Nig Whist Drive after supper (Clerics *v.* Laymen) was quite a hilarious affair, with the greenhorns revoking fearlessly and trumping their partners' aces with aplomb. One cleric actually played against his fellow-gospeller for the greater part of one hand. All this unorthodoxy seared the souls of the elect and landed your scribe at the bottom of the class. A bad day.

5th *Wednesday*. *Feast of our Lady of the Snows*. High Mass sung by the Rector at nine o'clock. The *pranzona* was excellent. I must note, however, a slight deviation from earlier traditions: bay-leaves used to be scattered on the Chapel floor in the days gone by; nowadays they appear in a thin veneer of batter at the dinner-table. Our guests were Bishop O'Connor, Rector of the North American College, Mr Etherington-Smith, Mgr McGeough and Lacey, Dr Gogarty and Fr Meechan.

After tea the golf course was crowded by hordes of the experts all playing extremely badly. Handicaps are due for publication shortly.

7th *Friday*. The rude mechanic who arrived twenty minutes late with the fresh bread was, we are glad to hear, suitably terrified by the angry roar of sixty breakfastless English lions. Mgr Heard is now with us until the end of the month. To dinner, Fr A. Jones, a familiar figure in print and person. Cricketing for the Players against a very dubious set of Gentlemen, he showed his prowess with bat and gloves.

8th *Saturday*. At last, the Public Meeting. Grievances had piled up like compound interest during the long summer recess and it was necessary to trespass on the Sacred Siesta Time. However, the Badminton Secretary's requests for grass-seed were ignored and the Postman's defamers were at last reduced to silence. The Rector is now selling stale 'Camel' at 170 lire a packet. The subtle thing about it is that you have to plead poverty before you are allowed to buy them. With English cigarettes scarce and costly, the *Alfa* and *Nazionale* are coming into their beastly own.

10th *Monday*. *Dies Irae*: (i) I was eliminated from the golf handicap tourney. Oh for the winter blood-sports! (ii) Another wave of popular emotion at the news that the Vice is delayed by the French train-strike. (iii) A squad of hand-picked goats descended on the Pergola tonight and, gobbling up last month's vegetation, escaped with little worse than a couple of bruised flanks and a shower of unclerical epithets. *Et ab haedis me sequestra*.

12th *Wednesday*. Return of the Vice-Rector for the opening of the grouse-shooting season and the closing of the Sforza-gita sessions. At 4.30 a select group of singers assisted at the nuns' Benediction given by the Rector in honour of the centenary feast of St Clare.

14th *Friday*. Fasting and abstinence for the Vigil of the Assumption—could one detect a touch of *Schadenfreude* in the 'Happy Birthday' intoned for a theologian? Fr Alfred, arriving for supper fresh from his visit to England, looked strange in *borghese*; still, *cucullus non facit monachum*.

15th *Saturday*. *Festa dell'Assunta*, and our annual function at Rocca. The Rector sang the High Mass and the Schola (though I say it who

shouldn't) was on good form. Particularly the first tenors, I thought . . . The procession processed up and down the gaily-festooned hill, and the usual battle between us, the 'Ave, Ave' and the gramophone shop was fought out to the satisfaction of all concerned. *Tempora mutantur . . . et mores*, and next week Miss Castelli 1953 will be chosen in the foyer of the Albergo del Sole. After tea Fr H. Richards and Fr P. Murphy-O'Connor arrived with some colourful gita-stories of Bavaria and the Dolomites. Mr Brian Murphy-O'Connor gave a strange example of brotherly love by retiring promptly to bed.

16th *Sunday*. This morning at the second Mass, Mario, Alfredo's young brother-in-law, made his first Holy Communion. A rectorial edict about tonsures and their visibility spread alarm in clerical circles. After supper our visitors entertained the Common Room with their version of well-known melodies, orchestrated for harmonica and recorder.

18th *Tuesday*. To dinner, Professor Ian Wilson, and the Propaganda Cricket team. The Palazzola Ashes were wrested from us by 15 runs, and the only consolation was the approach of victory in the current Test Match.

The time : 3 p.m. A crash in St Edward's cortile. Oh no, nothing serious ; just Dr Clark trying out the strength of the Fiat's mudguards.

Despite the Rector's warning of typhus cases at Anzio, three thick-skinned warriors signed up for their day-gita there to-morrow.

19th *Wednesday*. The first day-gita. The Castelli were as popular as ever. The Pied Pipers of Palazzola, Frs Richards and Murphy-O'Connor, led a team of wine and music lovers round the various Rocce and Monti, ending up in Frascati in time for that convenient 7.15 bus. The three Anzio *gитanti* made acts of faith and contrition, and were jolted seawards in the Fiat with Dr Clark more or less at the wheel.

20th *Thursday*. The departure of our two visitors left us quieter and sadder. The Shakespeare-lovers ruffled the serenity of the Hermitage with *Measure for Measure*.

22nd *Saturday*. The Embassy team came out for their return match, led for the last time by his Excellency, Sir Victor Mallet, who is due to retire very shortly. The victory was ours, but the encounter was as friendly as ever. Over wine in the Common Room the Rector paid tribute to the sportsmanship and kindness of Sir Victor, and proposed his health and future happiness with *Ad Multos Annos*, to which his Excellency made a most generous reply. Storm clouds were gathering, and our guests witnessed one of those incomparable crimson sunsets. Alfredo is said to be sleeping in a hammock to-night, firmly convinced that the earthquakes in the Ionian Islands are marshalling their subterranean forces for a march on Rome.

23rd *Sunday*. No earthquake : in fact a gloriously clear day with Soracte etched against the Northern horizon. An excellent Opera dress-rehearsal after tea—the general aesthetic effect was a cross between Schubert's 'Unfinished' and the *Pathétique*. But these things, the know-alls tell us, augur well. Another Palazzolaesque sunset, this time a deep rich purple reflected in the still and shadowy surface of the Lake.

25th *Tuesday*. Day gita. Amateur cooks are an integral part of modern Villa life, and days like these are their delight. Canon 2258 § 1 has them

neatly summed up : *alii sunt vitandi, alii tolerati*. In order to steer clear of both classes a party of vegetarians (by necessity not choice : the cooks had emptied the Madre's meat-safe) went up the Maschio di Lariano—Algidus to you and Horace. Meanwhile, down at the Lake and far away, one of the leading *vitandi* was smuggling garlic into his victims' goulasch, with horrible anti-social results. Arrival of Fr G. Fonseca, followed next day by Fr P. Tierney—both of them members of a Year which takes the *ad limina* rules very seriously.

27th *Thursday*. Opera day dawned wet and sullen. Torrential rain in Rome, where 150 feet of the Leonine Wall collapsed. A telegram of *auguri* arrived from the plain chant half of the choirmaster to his polyphonic counterpart, and the weather cleared up obediently. Our guests were the American College superiors and a handful of the students. Supper beforehand delayed the start, but all was over by midnight, and there followed the usual bickerings between the supporters of Greenwich, Central European and Etna time. For a critique of *Patience*, I refer you to a later performance.

29th *Saturday*. Yesterday was notable for two events : seven o'clock rise, and a very enjoyable production of *Pinafore* by the Newman Society of Propaganda College. To-day, while the Golf Secretary was replenishing his stocks of *palle usate* at the Rome *Circolo del Golf*, a Top Year veteran lowered this season's record to 32. To supper, Mr Christopher Mayhew M.P., who played a couple of years ago in one of the Embassy matches at Palazzola.

30th *Sunday*. Canon Ford and Fr Tierney and family paid Palazzola a visit. Departure of the long *gitanti* after tea. And so the diarist, bowing gracefully, retires at high speed for Verona and the North, leaving his readers to the mercy of another Editor's tool.

31st *Monday*. The captains and the kings having departed, the tumult and the shouting is left largely to Philosophy. There is still a defiant four of bridge in the New Library.

SEPTEMBER 1st *Tuesday*. The Villa is lonely without the Theologians . . . To-day the remaining infirmarian retired to bed and left the medicinal field to amateurs and veterans. Some culture-hounds read Milton at the sixth tee, and the Rector's steps want only a few inches for the Wiggery. The Parish Priest of San Lorenzo in Damaso came to supper.

2nd *Wednesday*. Day-gita. A salute to the camerata that *nearly* did Anzio on 300 lire.

7th *Monday*. The first half of Third Year having returned from Assisi two days ago, the remainder set out on their gita. Domenico made his last bow of the season on the terrace, and dealt exhaustively with British Somaliland, her stamps. The Lake has become viscous and opaque—perhaps because of the Ionian earthquake ; but the more pedestrian suspect the sewers of Castel Gandolfo.

Fr J. Lowery arrived in the evening.

10th *Thursday*. Palazzola is fairly full again and the Recording Angel is busy taking down inaccuracies in the gita stories. ' . . . only 75 ? Why, I got a 200 km. hitch from Firenze to . . . yes, Etna's a pretty easy stroll, did it in a morning . . . Venice, dear boy, is not a bad hole ; I found a wonderful

thou-a-day *pensione* just by St Mark's . . . climbed the Matterhorn, Italian ridge of course, in under ten hours . . . now *we* scaled 500 metres of vertical Dolomite cliff-face in our stockinged feet . . .—all of which are fairy-stories except the last [*sic*] and deceived none but their raconteurs. Justice and loyalty demand that I record the completion of the Sforza Steps. The best September gita weather in years is breaking, but who cares?

11th *Friday*. Fr Lowery streaked back to Birkenhead. It was cold and wettish. There are no cigarettes in the House. Return of Second Year Philosophers from Subiaco, bursting to tell us of their new invention: the Taxi-gita.

14th *Monday*. A very pleasant day with our American friends. Their usual lavish hospitality included a film-without-words entitled *The Thief* (moral: don't filch atomic secrets or waste your half-smoked Camel) and the loan of a capacious lorry to carry us back to our side of the lake. We left them to the grim task of sorting out the names and faces of seventy-five new men.

The sands of time are running out, and Scripture-reading in the evening has begun. Arrival after supper of some old friends: Canons Bell and Donnelly, and Frs Campbell and Lyons. Their mode of transport is new, though: a luxurious Morris Six.

15th *Tuesday*. The Relief of Mafeking. Nicotine reinforcements succeeded in breaking through to the starving garrison. A Second Year Philosopher had the audacity to win the golf handicap tournament. Not content with this snook at convention he went on to victory in the 'long-driving' competition.

16th *Wednesday*. An Ember day gita. The Vice went with the visitors to fish at Monte Circeo. We hear he was allowed to drive part of the time—in second gear, up hills.

19th *Saturday*. Weather poorly. The Opera producer cracked his whip, and rehearsals began again. It was the day for the Scots' annual visit, and they came over *en masse*, all nineteen of them. Present at dinner were Mgr Clapperton and Fr McEwan and Fr J. Meagher whom we welcomed last evening. After coffee and liqueurs the sleepier Scots were tucked up for the afternoon and the others taken for a stroll round the estate. Rain after tea made sport impossible, so Fr Lyons (whose talent was unearthed soon after his arrival) obliged at the piano. A card from the yearly Walsingham pilgrimage sent the minds of the veterans back to that unholy mile of penitential gravel. Fr Hulme, leader of the pilgrimage, added a postscript: 'Religion rearing its ugly head again'.

21st *Monday*. Departure of the four Salopians, promising another visit next year. Reviving an old custom, we welcomed twenty Americans to the Villa. As cricket was one of the things thrown into Boston harbour with the tea, golf and handball encounters were arranged for the sporting fans.

23rd. *Wednesday*. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus*. Horace had the right idea about comic Operas. To make the setting complete, a full moon and an appreciative audience of Americans were provided. Supper during the interval was voted much better than supper beforehand. All was over by 10.15. I leave you now to the critical mercies of Mr McConnon.



PATIENCE  
or  
BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE

by  
W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN

<i>Colonel Calverley</i>	. . . . .	Mr Mason
<i>Major Murgatroyd</i>	. . . . .	Mr Turnbull
<i>Lieutenant the Duke of Dunstable</i>	. . . . .	Mr Travers
<i>Reginald Bunthorne</i>	. . . . .	Mr Bickerstaffe
<i>Archibald Grosvenor</i>	. . . . .	Mr Formby
<i>Mr Bunthorne's Solicitor</i>	. . . . .	Mr Bowen
<i>The Lady Angela</i>	. . . . .	Mr Davis
<i>The Lady Saphir</i>	. . . . .	Mr Brady
<i>The Lady Ella</i>	. . . . .	Mr Mooney
<i>The Lady Jane</i>	. . . . .	Mr Moakler
<i>Patience</i>	. . . . .	Mr Foulkes
<i>Chorus of Dragoon Guards</i>	Messrs Murphy-O'Connor B., Doran, Swindlehurst, Lightbound, Taylor, Tweedy, McNamara	
<i>Chorus of Rapturous Maidens</i>	Messrs Kenny, Crossling, Rand, Wilson, Mullany, Philpot	
	<i>Musical Director</i> : Mr Formby	
	<i>Accompanist</i> : Mr Higginson	
	<i>Conductor</i> : Mr Sutcliffe	

The Opera was produced by Mr T. V. Smith.

'Of all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas which we perform, *Patience* is surely the most difficult. The Venerable tradition favours an effervescent girls' chorus and a fair measure of wholesome buffoonery from the principals. In *Patience* the girls are *ex professo* languid and only Bunthorne is intended by Gilbert to be a clown. In short, this opera cannot be judged by ready-made criteria ; it creates new ones of its own.

When, therefore, the twenty lovesick maidens drooped listlessly about the stage and sang of unrequited love in a mournful opening chorus, we had to make a broad-minded wretch from tradition : we were not to hanker after sprightly *contadine* or tripping bridesmaids. We were in the presence of aesthetic gentlewomen. By a brilliant *coup de théâtre*, the atmosphere of sober aesthetic calm was broken by the heavy cavalry charge of the 38th Dragoons. In a moment, the cortile was transformed into a temporary barrack-square by one of the most sensational entrances ever seen at Palazzola. The Dragoons' brassy, virile chorus was a rousing contrast to the sombre tones of the opening chorus.

By now we were ready for the entrance of Bunthorne. He arrived draped by a group of rapturous maidens. Not only the ladies' chorus but the whole audience hung upon his words. "Life", says Bunthorne, "is made up of interruptions" ; and it is almost true to say that whenever Bunthorne left the stage for any length of time we had a sense of interruption. His

affected grimaces, grotesque mechanical dances, and the whole apparatus of his whimsical clowning aroused the audience's enthusiasm from the start.

Patience's duets with Lady Angela, and later with Grosvenor, were pleasing and fragrant. Lady Angela's speaking voice was probably the best and clearest in the cast, but her singing, though dainty, was not sufficiently robust. At the beginning of the finale Bunthorne returned and introduced us to his solicitor. Though the latter had not a word to say or a note to sing, his dresden china expression and waxen grin amply demonstrated a singular histrionic talent. The Colonel's solo "Your Maiden Hearts" was probably his best achievement of the evening.

The raffle for Bunthorne's hand was suddenly interrupted by the untimely appearance of Patience—untimely, that is, for her rivals, but very timely for the audience. Her voice, though not strong and occasionally sharp, was delicate, and her acting was accomplished. By accepting Bunthorne's hand, she put the other maidens back into circulation—until the appearance of Grosvenor, a young Apollo who was not only aesthetic and poetic, but had a rich, savoury voice which the Dragoons could never quite equal. Still, they pounded their way through the closing bars of the first act with sufficient martial determination to cover any possible defects in tone.

On returning to the cortile for the second act we were treated to an excellent solo by Lady Jane who bewailed the decay of her autumnal charms. Actually, though intended by Gilbert to be the ugly duckling of the girls' chorus, she was more comely than many of her juniors, partly, no doubt, because of her superior make-up. Grosvenor now reappeared with a highly adhesive girls' chorus, whom he favoured with the most tuneful singing of the evening—"The Silver Churn". The entrance of Bunthorne and Jane was the signal for an unforgettable duet in which the split-second timing of the "booh"s and "pooh pooh"s was a joy to watch.

But Bunthorne's greatest triumph came at the end of the act. After a humorous caricature of aestheticism by the three chief Dragoons, and a frolicsome canter with their ladies, Angela and Saphir, we listened to Bunthorne and Grosvenor singing the brilliant song "When I go out of Door". Gilbert's genius for writing patter-songs and Bunthorne's talent for singing them with inspired facial contortions while prancing round the stage combined to make some priceless buffoonery. Nor must one pass over the contribution of Grosvenor. His comparative staidness acted as a useful foil to Bunthorne's capers and his melodious voice added sweetness to the harmony.

When Grosvenor, now no longer aesthetic, selected Patience for his bride, we could all applaud his choice. Admittedly she had sometimes sacrificed simplicity for cuteness but hers was a difficult part and she had played it with daintiness and restraint. The Major is to be congratulated on being the backbone of the bass line and the Duke on his husky charm and aristocratic offhandedness. Unfortunately, their superior officer was a shade too loose-limbed even for a cavalry colonel and lacked confidence as a result. The other Dragoons acted with appropriate martial truculence and their marching was a credit to their drill-master.

Did the production, considered as a whole, show a fertile imagination? Perhaps not, though it was more than competent and had moments of inspiration. The props men were quite successful with the principals but less so with the choruses. The pianist was confident and reliable and the conductor decisive if slightly mechanical. The stage-men deserve a special bouquet for the superb drawbridge and portcullis of Castle Bunthorne. And this brings us back once again to Bunthorne himself. To him above all we must give the credit for such an enjoyable evening, for it was his peerless antics which made the opera possible. "If you are fond of touch and go jocularity", he says, flipping his chest, "this is the shop for it." He never said a truer word.

25th *Friday*. Rose at 3.30 this morning. No, not to polish up my Yogi, but to see the sunrise from Faette. Handball has been popular all summer, and the tournament now in progress is drawing the crowds. A strong south wind in the evening wove fantastic patterns on the grey surface of the lake.

26th *Saturday*. The wind dropped overnight, and it was a gloriously hot day for our visit to that hospitable outpost of Scotland near Marino. Joy and bitterness reign as the Rome room-lists are published (no, I'm not bottom this time, but pretty near it).

27th *Sunday*. Fr Ashworth came for the day to say good-bye before leaving for his new post in Japan. *Prosit e auguri*. The relaxation of the Ave curfew put everyone in a good mood for *Chi Lo Sa?*'s appearance after supper.

30th *Wednesday*. Tradition prescribes a definite code of conduct for the last day of the *villeggiatura*, and this year was no exception:

1. The Vice-Rector coaxes the luggage downstairs with threats of the most 'orrible sort.

2. The better-class golfers play a last tearful round (it usually rains in sympathy).

3. The men who trudge to Rome by night assure each other loudly what a terrific walk it is.

4. The Tennis Secretary makes a note of the present position of the court.

5. The Diarist, sobbing, quotes a suitable elegy (*Hoc anno non fit*). And so the curtain falls on 'The Villa, 1953'. There is some scene-shifting to be done before Act II, 'Roman Autumn, '53', can commence, so I suggest that you use the interval to flick back the pages and count the number of references to sunsets (the best without doubt is on 23rd August). Meanwhile, I'll try and conjure up some way of enlivening the dog-days of early October—no easy task, as it is now 2nd February, it is snowing again, and the Editor is buzzing insistently.

OCTOBER 1st *Thursday*. And so to Rome, to find Fr Flynn in possession. It was broiling in the city, and many declined the option of an afternoon walk. The shuttle-service of lorries between Palazzola and the Via Monserrato broke down as usual, leaving an important Theologian soapless and razorless.

2nd *Friday*. Arrival of my soap and razor, two thirds of the O.N.D., and the twelve new men, carefully chaperoned by the returning Philosophy

Licentiatees in various degrees of corpulence. Another tobacco shortage is upon us, so the newcomers were given a chance to show their generous natures.

5th *Monday*. Despite last night's thunderstorm it is as hot as ever. This would seem the right time to quote Q. Horatius Flaccus to perspiring new men who seek solace in the Tank :

*Frustra per autumnos nocentem  
Corporibus metuemus austrum.*

The mosquito too, an urban rarity, has followed us to Rome. After tea, last year's M.C. gave the credulous a talk on the Office ; meanwhile, the *plebs* bellowed operatic airs in the Common Room, till the knell of 6.30 sounded, plunging us into soul-healing silence under the direction of Fr George Dwyer.

6th *Tuesday*. A warm *prosit* to Madre Ildegonda on the Golden Jubilee of her profession. A very apt book has been chosen for Refectory reading : *Inuk* or how an Arctic missionary keeps warm.

11th *Sunday*. *Te Deum* to end the Retreat. To lunch Frs Copleston and Caraman S.J., besides Canon Hugh Welch and his brother Fr Terence Welch who have been with us since Thursday. Madre Ildegonda was toasted in Chianti. Fr Dwyer has left us to give a Retreat to the Beda.

13th *Tuesday*. Feast of St Edward. High Mass sung by the Rector ; smoking afterwards ; a pleasing *pranzone*, with Mgr Heard, Fr Kevin, Fr Alfred, and our two Shrewsbury guests at the top table. It is time to tell you of the University's Fourth Centenary Celebrations. The main point is, of course, that we don't start lectures till the 23rd instead of the 15th. There are, however, other items of interest : the official opening of the festivities was held this evening at the Gregorian, and a handful of the brave set out in pouring rain to attend.

14th *Wednesday*. May we congratulate our American friends on the opening by His Holiness of their new College on the Gianicolo ? The *Congressus Scientificus* began at the University to-day. Fr Zapelena attracted a large crowd in the afternoon, for he was tracing the development of Ecclesiology from Reformation times right up to the futurable publication of his *De Ecclesia, Pars Secunda*. Fr Ford joined us at tea-time.

17th *Saturday*. Yesterday a service of thanksgiving at the Gesù, to-day a Papal Audience, to-morrow a Solemn High Mass to be sung by the Cardinal Vicar at S. Ignazio, and an *Accademia* at the Palazzo Pio—there is no lack of Centenary Celebrations.

18th *Sunday*. We were very sorry to learn this morning of the death of the Rector's father. R.I.P. Mgr Tickle left for England in the evening.

19th *Monday*. Not even a Jesuit University can carry on for four centuries without students. To commemorate this elementary and flattering truth, an international gita to Mondragone was arranged by *Vita Nostra*, the student organization. Highlight of an enjoyable day was the Great Britain *v.* The Americas soccer match, which ended fittingly in a draw. Fr Arnou, genial leader of the professorial *assistenza*, announced over the loudspeakers that the Rector Magnificus had given us Wednesday off. Lunch, *al fresco* or otherwise, followed, and Benediction at the Gesù in Frascati ended off the gita.

20th *Tuesday*. A solemn Requiem at S. Ignazio for past professors and students of the University. To lunch, Abbot Aidan Williams O.S.B., the new Procurator in Rome of the English Congregation. Fr Dwyer (who, we regret to say, will leave us to-morrow) brought Fr Charles Boyer S.J. to supper.

23rd *Friday*. 5.30 rise! Lectures began again. One Professor was so ungracious as to complain of the time lost in celebrations. He needn't have worried: this year no fewer than seven of the fourteen movable festas fall on Sundays or Thursdays. A new feature of University life is the fleet of lorries which ferry our transatlantic cousins to and from the Gianicolo daily.

Today was noteworthy also for the first afternoon game of soccer *fra noi* on a University day for many a year. We can now play occasionally on Friday afternoons at a pitch near the Church of *Domine Quo Vadis?* Meanwhile, the luckless rigger-fans pray fervently for a speedy increase of grass on the new Acqua Acetosa ground.

25th *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*. A *pranzettaccio*, followed by *caffè e rosolio*, and a walk in the rain. At 6.30 we had Holy Hour for the '*Chiesa del Silenzio*'. After supper our first film of the season, *The Ringer*.

26th *Monday*. A heavy drizzle at 8.10 this morning just failed to qualify for the 'bouncing back' division, so out we sallied to face the usual cloud-burst which hits you somewhere near S. Andrea. Canon and Fr Welch left us to-day, and there was no excuse for short reading. Fr Bulliard accordingly continued his story of Inuks in the husky Arctic.

27th *Tuesday*. Sir Walter Roberts, Minister to the Holy See, who was unable to attend a dinner in his honour last Saturday owing to an unlucky fall, had recovered sufficiently by this evening to pay us a farewell visit. He very kindly presented us with a fine photo-portrait of her Majesty the Queen, which now hangs in the Common Room.

A Wiseman Society paper on the private life of Fr Robert Persons S.J. revealed the interesting fact that in the old days Superiors were provided with a horse and pistol for their journeyings to England. The students walked unarmed.

29th *Thursday*. The Mezzofanti Society held its first meeting to-night to decide whether man wouldn't be better born dumb. A babel of polyglot harangues left the audience in no doubt which way to cast its vote.

31st *Saturday*. The Public Meeting has dragged into its third day, and is still alive. Bright spot of to-day's session was the invalid election as Ping-pong Secretary of an ex-alumnus. A rumour that the Northampton Mission Van was in the cortile proved unfounded, but its driver, Fr A. Hulme, was in the Refectory for supper.

NOVEMBER 1st *Sunday*. 'Thirty days hath September—April, June and dull November.' Yes, we are entering that sombre month of Gunpowder Plots and half-roast chestnuts, of decaying leaves and shattered Retreat resolutions—all of which are depressing in retrospect. Dull November this year will be crammed into considerably less than thirty days.

To-day, mind you, was joyous enough, for it was the feast of All Saints. High Mass was sung by the Vice-Rector. The guest of honour at lunch was his Excellency, Sir Victor Mallet, who is retiring from his post as

Ambassador very shortly. Also present were Sir D'Arcy Osborne, Fr Tindal-Atkinson O.P., Frs Gill and Copleston S.J., Captain Cole R.N., and Group-Captain Pinfold R.A.F. Our sincere good wishes go with Sir Victor. *Ad multos annos.*

3rd Tuesday. 'All power tends to corrupt. Absolute power . . .' The C.S.G. Secretary is certainly making the most of his : last night he addressed the Guild on the Secretary's own social activities when in England. In his capacity as President of the Wiseman Society he is expected shortly to give a talk entitled 'Recollections of the Last Four Months'.

7th Saturday. The Trieste rioting and the police reprisals have led to serious demonstrations here in Rome. We ourselves have a size-twelves police sleuth on guard in the Monserra'. Though some derive comfort from this symbol of security, others find his vigilance far from reassuring : when he is not chafing morosely in the garage opposite, he is sipping despondent *espressi* in the nearby tavern. Familiar wall-slogans such as '*Scusa porco se ti chiamo Tito*' have been joined by 'Go ome Yanki', 'Died to the English' and similar blood-curdling phonetics.

12th Thursday. Fr Smith S.A.C., sang the Requiem Mass at San Silvestro for those who fell in the two wars. Dr Clark preached the sermon.

In the afternoon our first team played and won their first outside match of the season : 4—1 against the Spanish College. This seems a favourable opportunity to mention the revival of the University Soccer League. Its organization has been entrusted to the impartial care of a *Direttore dello Sport* who also has charge of the making of a championship shield. The *Direttore* is English. The shield is not expected to pass from our hands.

14th Saturday. Very cold these mornings. One unlucky man has lost six pairs of stockings in the wash ; only his neighbours' charity keeps him in circulation. Fr Hulme, who is suspected of dark designs on yet another Doctorate, is away at present in Assisi.

At lunch we learnt the good news of Mgr Godfrey's appointment to the See of Liverpool.

15th Sunday. A day of recollection. Fr Tindal-Atkinson O.P., gave the Conference. We were honoured at lunch by the presence of Archbishop Knox, newly consecrated Apostolic Delegate to British Africa ; the other guests were Mgri Cenci, McGeough and Ryan, and Fr Oswald Moan O.S.B.

19th Thursday. We were glad to see the Rector back last evening. This afternoon at the Gregorian was held the annual *Festa della Matricola* (Freshmen's Concert). Great Britain's contribution was described poetically in the following number of the *rivista* : '*La Scozia ci ha fatto sentire il suono delle cornamuse accompagnate dai caratteristici balletti in costume. L'Inghilterra, inventrice del veloce Comet e del Radar, ci ha dato una visione panoramica della futura Gregoriana.*' Which all boils down to a sword-dance and a sketch. As usual the College was called to the bar, and dispensed justice to the hungry multitudes.

23rd Monday. A rigger victory 21—3 against *Stelle Azzurre*. Great rejoicing : the pipes are on at last. The Rector is suffering from a bad cold.

25th Wednesday. *Feast of St Catherine*. Over coffee and *liquori* the Rector officially welcomed the new First Year ; their three spokesmen rose

in turn to reply, and acquitted themselves with credit, thus robbing the audience of its customary sadistic satisfaction. Philosophers' Concert after supper was very successful: the items were varied and enjoyable—especially the one-act play.

### PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1953

#### 1 FIRST YEAR SONG

#### 2 OCTET

*Rolling Down to Rio,* Messrs Davis, Rand, Mooney, Mullany,  
*The Lincolnshire Poacher* McNamara, White, G. Burke, Udall

#### 3 SKETCH

##### ORANGE BLOSSOM

<i>Mr Duckworth</i>	.	.	.	Mr Stappard
<i>Mrs Duckworth</i>	.	.	.	Mr Moakler
<i>Gladys Duckworth</i>	.	.	.	Mr Philpot
<i>Auntie Lola</i>	.	.	.	Mr Steele
<i>Auntie Lottie</i>	.	.	.	Mr Howell
<i>Amy Foster</i>	.	.	.	Mr Sutcliffe
<i>Fred Ashford</i>	.	.	.	Mr Wigmore

Produced by Mr Tweedy

#### 4 MUSICAL INTERLUDE

*And then there were Two* . Messrs Mason and Moakler

#### 5 TOPICAL SKETCH

Messrs Bowen, D'Arcy, Lang, Loftus, Murtagh, Hay, Russell,  
Downey, Mooney, Smith C., Bradley, Buckle

28th *Saturday*. The Nig Auction began to-day, and bidding was keen. It is reported that Fröbes' *Psychologia Experimentalis* went for a higher price than in any previous year. This may, of course, be due to the efforts of an auctioneer completely devoid of moral sense, whose favourite trick was the creation of rich and imaginary bidders.

The latest Refectory book, *Victoria of England*, certainly distracts the mind from the meal in hand, as I believe all such books should do. Having surveyed the Queen's emotional life, the convict settlements and the big-city slums, we are now reviewing the character and habits of Lord Melbourne. Gladstone will be a positive relief.

DECEMBER 1st *Tuesday*. Yes, there are many now present in the College who have never known the Domenico of active days—never heard the shuffle of his breakfast slippers, never sung the praises of his matchless Sforza spaghetti, nor offered to teach him colloquial English. The aged retainer is seldom seen these days, and his presence honours only the more important feasts. He was here to-day, of course, for the feast of the Martyrs, that joyful day in the annual cycle when the Chapel doors are opened wide, and in rush the madding crowd and the Monserra' cacophonies. The Rector sang the High Mass, using for the first time in Rome the chalice which belonged to Cardinal Hinsley. There was soccer at Gelsomino,

followed by a pleasant *pranzone*. In the evening the film committee presented *Cry the Beloved Country*, a well-acted but slightly lugubrious story of *apartheid*. We learn with sorrow to-night of the death of Archbishop Masterson. R.I.P.

2nd *Wednesday*. While the rigger men were busy dislocating wrists in an unlucky defeat by *Rugby Lazio* (6—3), an amateur colour-film show was arranged for the stay-at-homes, including some fine shots of the Rhine and Lourdes. The evening found us at St Mary Major's successfully asserting our right to assist at the Benediction novena in preparation for the Marian Year. The Basilica was looking its regal best: the lines of façade and campanile were skilfully picked out in rows of flickering electric [*sic*] lamps, while the whole interior was flooded with golden light. The special preacher to-night was Fr Lisandrini O.F.M., an eloquent orator with a thundering line in perorations. His *e così sia* was the signal for a roar of applause, and it took all the efforts of some sturdy Catholic Actionists to save him from the relic-hunters.

3rd *Thursday*. Glorious weather for a gita day. The brethren dispersed in every direction: Orvieto, the Sabines, *candidum Soracte*, Ostia Antica and so on. One party was enticed to the Villa by the siren charms of the Penguin Cookery Book. The details of their awful fate will be chronicled later in a Pantomime ditty: suffice it to say that the product of the head-cook's genius was not an ambrosial spread but a gargantuan whole-burnt offering.

I was right. Fr Hulme was in pursuit of a Doctorate, and we must rejoice that he overtook it to-day *summa cum laude*. The laurels of a D.C.L. will add an air of even greater distinction to the Mission Van.

7th *Monday*. Our first rain for four weeks (was I too hard on November?). To-day we were glad to welcome Dr Wilfrid Kelly. The failure of the lights at supper caused a twinge of nostalgia for the opening day of the Diary.

8th *Tuesday*. *Feast of the Immaculate Conception* and the start of the Marian Year. After tea we all set off for St Mary Major's, where his Holiness was to give Benediction and impart his blessing from the loggia. The papal *corteo* drove slowly up the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, along the Via del Corso and the Via Condotti to the Piazza di Spagna, where a short service was held before the lofty statue of the *Immacolata*. Then on to the Basilica where an immense crowd was thronging the piazza and the streets converging on it. After the Papal Blessing there was time to hurry back to the Piazza Venezia and see his Holiness returning along the Via del Corso and back to the Vatican. The city had donned its festal robes, and the brilliant flood-lights, the Chinese lanterns and the variegated *persiane* reminded one forcibly of that unforgettable evening of 1st November in the Holy Year.

10th *Thursday*. A red-letter day in the sporting Kalendarium, for our 1—0 victory over the Scots ended a three-year succession of draws. There was smoking after tea to celebrate the event.

Arrival to-night of the Magazine (November's of course. If this number doesn't reach you till June, please write an indignant letter to the Editor—and the more vitriolic it is the better: the embittered cause of the delay is none other than the Diarist). The Common Room is being painted at last.



The colour is still a secret, but the Rector is said to favour a vivid blue. To save trouble in years to come, I suggest a nicotine brown.

14th *Monday*. I have left a gap of three days so as not to bore you with references to the face-lifting process in the Common Room. Anyway, the third coat is on now, and the outlines of the pictures are coming through nicely. The colour—I nearly forgot—is a tasteful mottled cream.

The Rector announced to-night that he is starting a fund for the completion of the College Chapel. A collection-box and a picture of the finished article are to be set up outside the *saletta* for the benefit of stray millionaires.

15th *Tuesday*. The world seems strike-happy: six million workers downed tools in Italy to-day, and we are all rushing our Christmas mail in case the English transport strike takes place next Sunday. The stage-men have finished painting the Common Room, and were happily scrubbing the floor this morning. A rubbing-board has been extended right round the wall, and its wet paint is claiming a cassock per day. Fr Kelly, too, has not been idle: he spends most of his day up a ladder, busily refurbishing the Martyrs' Picture.

17th *Thursday*. The rugby team played a draw 11—11 with Roma to-day. A party of drones went out to the Villa 'to collect holly'. Everybody knows that they buy the stuff in Rome on the way back from a day of merrymaking in the Castelli.

19th *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Abbott, Cox and McConnon on their ordination to the Priesthood at St John Lateran, and to Second Year Theology who received their first minor orders at S. Cuore.

20th *Sunday*. First Masses of the new priests. It was close on two o'clock before they returned with their guests from a papal audience, and everybody was ready to do justice to the *pranzone*. The Rector proposed the toast, and we retired upstairs for coffee and *liquori* in the Common Room. The photographs are back in their places there, but the Giles paintings, to the regret of many, have disappeared.

21st *Monday*. Christmas is coming . . . and the turkeys, we hope, are well-developed and not too muscular. *Quarant' Ore* began this morning with High Mass at 9.30. This year we are doing our own night-watching, and the Philosophers are most disappointed at not being allowed to volunteer. Much traffic on the Monserra' this morning: *Chi Lo Sa?* has rented some cheap premises, and is settling in for the next few days. Having made a fine job of the Martyrs' Picture, Fr Kelly is now rejuvenating the enormous Mary Magdalen canvas in the Refectory.

23rd *Wednesday*. Ostentatious '*Si Prega*' notices marked out the second batch of night-watchers this morning, and *Quarant' Ore* ended with the 10.30 High Mass. *Prosit* to Fr Sean Monaghan who received (vicariously) a silver medal for his Canon Law doctorate at the Gregorian to-day.

24th *Thursday*. *Christmas Eve*. Rose at 6.00 (everybody did, not just me). The daylight was whiled away with a Pantomime dress-rehearsal, arguments about the fasting rules, Christmas shopping, High Tea, baths, slumber and what you will. This year the bell for Matins did not sound until 22.30 hours, for a streamlined form of Midnight Office is in vogue:

a simple plain chant tone is employed for the Invitatory, the Schola is kept gagged until the Second Nocturn, and the Psalms, for once, are sung at the choirmaster's speed. Midnight Mass began at 12.10 a.m. and it was . . . but hold, we are anticipating. It is the 25th. A Merry Christmas!

25th *Friday. Christmas Day.* The ceremonies were over by 1.45, and we adjourned to the Refectory to enjoy (a) the traditional first breakfast; (b) the pleasing spectacle of Top Year trying to look as if they thrive on fasting. Thence to the Common Room, which looked quite romantic in the pirouetting shadows cast by a cheerful fire—though by day you cannot help missing the familiar paper-chains and playful proscenium decorations. *Chi Lo Sa?* came down at five to three, and I went up after a cursory chuckle.

Mgr Heard, Fr Copleston S.J. and Fr Moverley joined us for the excellent Christmas dinner. Congratulations to the turkeys on a fine performance.

And now it is time for a rapid survey of the Pantomime. *Snow White and the Seven Oafs* was splendid entertainment. The songs, perhaps, were a little below recent standards, and the dialogue (though usually clever) may have raised a trifle more than the regulation number of groans; but these blemishes were more than compensated by some classic Pantomime characters and scenes—with a special word of praise for that wonderful loose-limbed horse!

### CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1953

#### CAROLS

Dives and Lazarus . . .	arr. Vaughan Williams
The First Nowell . . .	arr. Vaughan Williams

#### SNOW WHITE

<i>Snow White</i> . . .	Mr Davis
<i>The Jack of Clubs</i> . . .	Mr A. White
<i>Buttons</i> . . .	Mr Crossling
<i>The Wicked Queen</i> . . .	Mr Murtagh
<i>The Huntsman</i> . . .	Mr Bourne
<i>The Doctor</i> . . .	Mr Kearney
<i>Ermytrude</i> . . .	Mr Kenny
<i>Matilda</i> . . .	Mr McNamara
<i>Agatha</i> . . .	Mr Udall
<i>Doc</i> . . .	Mr C. Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Grumpy</i> . . .	Mr Higginson
<i>Sneezy</i> . . .	Mr T. V. Smith
<i>Sleepy</i> . . .	Mr Mooney
<i>Happy</i> . . .	Mr Swindlehurst
<i>Bashful</i> . . .	Mr C. Smith
<i>Dopey</i> . . .	Mr Duggan
<i>The Fairy Queen</i> . . .	Mr Vella
<i>The Horse</i> . . .	Messrs Bourne and Higginson

Pianist: Mr Collingwood

Produced by Messrs Bickerstaffe and Crossling

27th Sunday. A restful day yesterday (except for the soccer men), with a first-rate film after tea, *The Cruel Sea*. To-day we had the first of the Christmas plays, a good start to the trilogy. *Third Time Lucky* assumed no social airs and graces, and did not pretend to be anything other than a farce. The cast were quick to realize this and exploited its comical possibilities to the full. The result was an evening of laughter which smoothed out the wrinkles on a slightly elderly forehead.

## ST JOHN'S CONCERT, 1953

## PIANO SOLO

Rondo alla Turca (*Mozart*) . . . . . Mr Murphy

## THIRD TIME LUCKY

by

Arnold Ridley

<i>The Rev. Arthur Fear</i>	.	.	Mr Connelly
<i>Mrs Clutterbuck</i>	.	.	Mr Bradley
<i>Mrs Scratton</i>	.	.	Mr Collingwood
<i>Vincent</i>	.	.	Mr D'Arcy
<i>Jennifer Elling</i>	.	.	Mr Brady
<i>Captain Crowther</i>	.	.	Mr Bowen
<i>Gregg</i>	.	.	Mr G. Burke
<i>Stanley Crofts</i>	.	.	Mr Wigmore
<i>William Meggitt</i>	.	.	Mr Taylor
<i>Mrs Gordon Startwright</i>	.	.	Mr Philpot

Produced by Mr Connelly

29th Tuesday. *Feast of St Thomas*. We were honoured to welcome his Grace Archbishop Godfrey last night; and Fr Paul Clark also arrived in time to share in the festivities. The Community Mass was said by his Grace, and the Rector sang the High Mass at 9.00. Besides Mgr Godfrey, the chief guests at lunch were his Excellency, Sir Ashle Cylarke, the new Ambassador to Italy, and Bishop O'Connor, the North American Rector. Coffee and liqueurs were served in the Cardinals' Corridor—a useful innovation on days when guests are numerous and space upstairs is limited by the stage.

To-night's play, *The Winslow Boy*, was an extremely well-composed drama with delightful extremes of humour and tension, and it received the production it deserved. If one must single out any of the players, then praise must go to Sir Robert Morton and Arthur Winslow who reached a level of acting rarely surpassed on the Venerable stage.

## ST THOMAS' CONCERT, 1953

## 1 CAROLS

The Holly and the Ivy . . . . .	arr. Imogen Holst
A Virgin Most Pure . . . . .	arr. Imogen Holst

## 2 SOLO

Two songs from <i>Merrie England</i> . . . . .	Mr Broome
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## THE WINSLOW BOY

by

Terence Rattigan

Ronnie Winslow . . . . .	Mr Magner
Violet . . . . .	Mr Howell
Grace Winslow . . . . .	Mr Brennan
Arthur Winslow . . . . .	Mr Travers
Catherine Winslow . . . . .	Mr Sutcliffe
Dickie Winslow . . . . .	Mr Russell
John Watherstone . . . . .	Mr Moakler
Desmond Curry . . . . .	Mr Burtoft
Miss Barnes . . . . .	Mr Lang
Fred . . . . .	Mr B. Murphy-O'Connor
Sir Robert Morton . . . . .	Mr Inledon

Produced by Mr Brewer

31st *Thursday*. After *Cinderella* last night we were brought back to grim reality when we tried to add up our financial losses at to-night's Fair. Party games after supper were just reaching a climax when the 9.30 bell rang and cheated us of Auld Lang Syne. This was, I think, the first time I have ever slept through the boisterous arrival of New Year on the Monserra'.

JANUARY 1st, 1954, *Friday*. You are lucky to find an entry for to-day. I was under the impression that duty ceased with the old year, and but for an indiscreet remark to the Editor would have wound up my accounts.

Our guests at lunch were Mgr Mostyn, Fr Paulinus Lavery O.F.M., and Frs Kennedy and Ryan O.E.S.A. And so for the last of the Christmas plays.

'*The Lady's not for Burning* is not an easy play to produce for the Venerable stage. The period setting, the accuracy required in learning verse, and the unfamiliar tone of the play conspired to set a difficult problem for the producer and cast—and indeed for the stage- and props-men. We must congratulate them all on overcoming these difficulties triumphantly and giving us an entertaining and highly finished performance. Even the minority who were surprised to see the play done at all had to admit that it was done extremely well.'

## NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1954

## 1 CAROLS

- O Little Town of Bethlehem . . . . . *arr. Imogen Holst*  
 The Coventry Carol . . . . . *arr. Imogen Holst*

## 2 SOLO

- The Castle of Dromore . . . . . Mr Mason  
 A Flow'ret thou resemblest (*Schumann*)

## THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING

by

Christopher Fry

<i>Richard</i>	.	.	.	Mr Formby
<i>Thomas Mendip</i>	.	.	.	Mr Collier
<i>Alizon Eliot</i>	.	.	.	Mr Downey
<i>Nicholas Devize</i>	.	.	.	Mr Steele
<i>Margaret Devize</i>	.	.	.	Mr Doran
<i>Humphrey Devize</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kennedy
<i>Hebble Tyson</i>	.	.	.	Mr Ashdowne
<i>Jennet Jourdemayne</i>	.	.	.	Mr Foulkes
<i>The Chaplain</i>	.	.	.	Mr Lightbound
<i>Edward Tappercoom</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tweedy
<i>Matthew Skippis</i>	.	.	.	Mr Abbott

Produced by Mr Lightbound

2nd *Saturday*. The Gregorian has graciously extended our holiday, so the evil hour of the evil day is postponed until Monday. The Opera Producer was uncaged again to-day, and gave us no peace all morning.

6th *Wednesday*. *Feast of the Epiphany*. To-day's lunch was strictly *in famiglia* in order to celebrate amongst ourselves the appointment of an ex-Rector of the Venerable to the See of Liverpool. In reply to Mgr Tickle's toast, his Grace spoke of his gratitude to his Holiness for the honour done him, and asked our prayers for the success of his new work. The final performance of *Patience* was dedicated to his Grace, and we hope the evening passed pleasantly for him and the many other guests.

7th *Thursday*. The curtain is falling on our Second Act and Epilogue. Involved in its downfall are the stage, the decorations and the spirit of Christmas. It is snowing in the Albans, it is raining in the city, it is cold in the College. Is there an unbroken run of eighteen Greg. days ahead? Most certainly there is. Is there a cigarette in the House? No, no, not one. Is then the Diarist a pessimist? Not at all. Indeed, now that the Diary is complete, he is optimist enough to hope that your final judgement on it will not be entirely the same as Macbeth's:

... it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

CHRISTOPHER LIGHTBOUND.



ARCHBISHOP GODFREY

## PERSONAL

We were honoured to welcome HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP GODFREY as a guest of the College shortly after Christmas. His Grace's visit gave us the opportunity to offer him our good wishes and congratulations on his translation to the Archiepiscopal See of Liverpool.

We congratulate THE VICE-RECTOR heartily on his nomination as Papal Chamberlain.

The REV. L. ASHWORTH (1932-39), who has been living at the College during his employment at the Secretariat of State, has now left us and gone to Tokyo to take up his duties as Secretary to the Internunciature there. We congratulate him on his consequent elevation to the rank of Papal Chamberlain.

The following former students have stayed at the College during the past few months : REV. W. KELLY (1926-33), REV. B. CUNNINGHAM (1927-34), REV. A. HULME (1934-40), REV. P. CLARK (1934-41), REV. P. MURPHY-O'CONNOR (1943-51). We have also been pleased to receive visits from our former students resident in Rome : RT REV. MGR J. CARROLL-ABBING (1930-38), and REV. F. DAVIS (1946-53).

The following students were ordained priests this year :

Messrs Turnbull and Collier by Archbishop Traglia at the Church of the Sacred Heart in the Piazza Navona on 12th July 1953.

Messrs Abbott, Cox and McConnon by Cardinal Micara at the Lateran Basilica on 19th December 1953.

Mr B. Murphy-O'Connor by Archbishop Beretti at the Dodici Apostoli on 13th March, 1954.

We congratulate the REV. W. BUTTERFIELD and the REV. R. GOWLAND (1923-30) who have recently celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their ordination to the Priesthood.

The Senior Student for the coming year is Mr Swindlehurst, with Mr Bickerstaffe as deputy. The retiring Senior Student wishes to thank all those who have sent gifts to the Public Purse.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

The members of the present Staff are :

Editor : Mr Kenny

Sub-Editor : Mr Curtis Hayward

Fifth Member : Mr Moakler

Secretary : Mr Brady

Under-Secretary : Mr Brennan

Sixth Member : Mr Davis

### THE UNIVERSITY

Celebrations for the four hundredth birthday of the University cast a festive light over the beginning of the Scholastic Year, and postponed for us the dread day when attendance at lectures began again in earnest. Four days were devoted to sessions of the Academic Congress in which the various faculties held discourses and *communicationes* on themes of current interest. The proceedings engaged the attention of no less than two hundred professors from universities in Europe and America, and the plain black of the Jesuit cassock became a background for academic colours of medieval brilliance.

On the last day professors and students past and present gathered for the Papal Allocution and Blessing in the Sala delle Benedizioni at St Peter's, and were reminded of the example of their predecessors who have been raised to the altars of the Church. The celebrations closed next day with Solemn High Mass in Sant' Ignazio sung by Cardinal Micara, and a grand Concourse at the Palazzo Pio in the evening. A speech from our Rector, Fr Abellan, was followed by the congratulations of legates from the Universities of Bologna, Salamanca and the Sorbonne. Cardinal Siri then delivered his commemorative address.

When lectures finally began, it was with some changes amongst the professors. Fr Hoenen has now retired to less arduous labours than teaching Second Year Cosmology, and his place has been taken by Fr Selvaggi.



Instead of Fr Donnelly who has been with us for two years, we have a Canadian, Fr Lonergan, lecturing on *De Verbo*. Other new arrivals are Fr Papa who has taken over from Fr Hertling in Church History, and Fr Korinek who is teaching History of Philosophy to First Year.

Another feature of the centenary celebrations was the *Vita Nostra* exhibition. The Venerabile was in the forefront with a display illustrating the connection of the Martyrs with the Roman College, and including a life-like model of the gibbet at Tyburn. From this beginning we went further, and by means of an attractive poster at the main entrance and a copious distribution of leaflets, we interested a good number of professors and students in our Novena to Blessed Ralph Sherwin.

For the Marian Year *Vita Nostra* is organizing a pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady at Galloro to take place on 1st April. There will be a variety of routes and mixed *camerate*. With the numbers taking part the occasion should be an impressive one.

We take this opportunity to congratulate Fr Filograssi who this year completes twenty-five years as a lecturer in the Theological Faculty. There is sorrowful news too, for the University lost three former professors this Christmas. Fr Monaco (1905-25) and Fr Lehmann (1923-27) were both lecturers in Philosophy; Fr Galdos (1932-52) lectured on Scripture in the Seminaristic Course. We also learnt of the death of Dr Barluzzi, the Roman architect who designed the present University building. *Requiescant in Pace.*

RONALD COX.

## ASSOCIATION

When the College arrived back in Rome the Secretary was fortunate enough to discover an 'afternoon' pitch for House games, near San Callisto. This is a valuable asset and has distinctly increased the popularity of football in the House. Its size and surface compare favourably with Gelsomino.

Last year's Secretary, Mr Kearney, who is *Direttore dello Sport* at the Gregorian, organized a League last October. It consists of four divisions, each comprising four or five Colleges, and the winners of each division become semi-finalists. To date the Scots, Brazilians, and Pious Latins have won their positions in the semi-finals, while we still have to play the Pallotine Fathers to make sure of ours. The play in these matches has not been all skittles: our own first match against the Holy Ghost Fathers was a gruelling game ending in a goal-less draw.

Outside the League, we have only had two matches this season: the weather and the League commitments have both contributed to this. Our first game gave us an easy victory over the Spanish College, by four goals to one—but the second, against our perennial enemies, the Scots, was a more difficult business. The pitch at Gelsomino was in bad condition after heavy rain. Our forwards kept up the attack in the first half but it was not until twenty minutes after the second half had begun that there was any

score. Happily the achievement was ours. We tried again, but the finishing of the forwards was erratic, and there was no other score in the game. The actual shooting of our goal was effected by the Scots' centre-half, so our opponents' agony as they retired with their victory flags tucked under their wings, must have been specially poignant.

The only other match worthy of mention was Second Year Theology versus the Rest of the House, and it ended with that year being put in its place with some difficulty at three goals to one.

The following have represented the College : Messrs Turnbull, Murphy-O'Connor B. and C., Lightbound, Buckle, Kennedy (*Capt.*), Mason, Crossling, Abbott, Brady, McNamara, Carson and Taylor.

The present Secretary is Mr Lightbound.

MICHAEL TAYLOR.

## RUGBY

The increasing popularity of rugby in Italy, which has, in the past few years, made it difficult for us to get a pitch whenever we wanted one, this year made it impossible for us to play any rugby at all in the afternoons except by way of matches with one of the six clubs who now use the Acqua Acetosa ground. Apart from one House game, which, incidentally, was of a very high standard and most enjoyable, the rest of the season's rugby has been outside matches. The College team played four matches of which three were won : twice against Rome University (8—0 each time) and once against *Stelle Azzurre* (21—3) ; and one lost : against *Rugby Lazio* (6—3). This team is rapidly approaching the standard of Rome.

*Rugby Roma* have now become too strong for a purely College team to give them a good and enjoyable game, and even a team strengthened by the inclusion of five other rugby-playing clerics studying in Rome only managed to draw 11—11, but it was a good clean open game played in almost perfect conditions. An even stronger mixed side later lost 6—3 to Lazio—but perhaps we ought not to have played so soon after Christmas !

Once again it was mainly the half-back positions which caused concern : a wing-forward and a centre playing respectively at scrum and fly-half cannot possibly be expected to be as efficient as people trained to the job, and the lack of House games rendered any sort of training or even practice impossible. The most heartening thing was the increase of the spirit of unity and cohesion among the pack. They played together very well, and on a couple of occasions really distinguished themselves.

For the rest, we can only hope that the attractive ground plans that are waved at us whenever we mention the prospect of a pitch, will eventually be translated into terms of earth and (perhaps—who knows ?) grass, and that next year will see things back to normal again.

The following have represented the College : Messrs Carson, Murphy-O'Connor B., Abbott, Travers, Doran, Burke J., Formby, Brady, Kennedy, Lightbound, Taylor, Murphy-O'Connor C., Murtagh, Tweedy, Stappard, Wilson, McNamara, Bowen, Wigmore, Hay, Buckle, Murphy, and Udall.

JOHN FORMBY.

## OBITUARY

THE MOST REVEREND JOSEPH MASTERSON, D.D., PH.D., D.C.L.,  
FIFTH ARCHBISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM

It seems trite to say that by the death of Archbishop Masterson the Church has sustained an immense loss. The tributes that have already been paid to his memory show the unique position which he occupied in England, where he was revered for his wisdom, admired for his integrity, sought after for his good company and good humour and loved for himself. In Joseph Masterson there existed an immense capacity for friendship. When the news of his death at the early age of fifty-four became known all who had the privilege of knowing him mourned the loss of a personal friend.

For a number of us this privilege of knowing the late Archbishop dates back to student days at the Venerable. Blessed with a good Catholic home in Manchester, Joseph Masterson had had a brilliant school career. From an early age his happy disposition, his very pleasing personality and his great powers of leadership had made themselves felt. Almost inevitably he had become captain of his school at Douai and, of course, captain of games : he was God's athlete in every sense of those words. His desire to commence studies for the priesthood had been prevented by the first world war. But after service in Ireland as a Dublin Fusilier, he came to Rome as a student for the diocese of Salford.

In him we recognized the rock upon which our student life was built. We came to appreciate his good companionship, his quiet humour, his brilliant mind and his deep devotion towards the priesthood. Gentle in his dealings with others, there was nothing soft about him. For he was a man's man, generous and dependable, playing his full part in the life of the house, the essence of good humour, the soul of loyalty. Which of us who knew him in those years can forget our fellow-student, whose brilliance left him quite unspoiled, whose generous friendship was the cherished possession of all with whom he came in contact ?

No Roman lacks reminiscences of student days. Perhaps within these privileged pages it is permissible to relate a few anecdotes, the better to paint our picture. Joseph Masterson was a tower of strength. His was a formidable figure in the 'tank' ; formidable also in the Common Room, as latter-day students will recall from the night when he challenged 'any six'. But the supreme moment was surely when as a student he solemnly carried the Vice-Rector up the College stairs and set him on his feet with the simple apology : 'Sorry, sir, I thought it was Tich'. He was always master of the situation and I cannot forget the day when a snap roll call was made at the Apollinare. Noticing his absence and in accordance with accepted procedure I answered his name with '*aegrotat aliquantulum*'. A few moments later he

walked in as large as life and twice as natural. Consternation reigned and, when remonstrated with, he replied blandly : 'You should not tell lies'.

Loving Rome as he did, devoted to the College and its traditions, fired with the enthusiasm of youth and inspired by the example of the Rector, Monsignor Hinsley, yet he never lost sight of the goal of return for priestly work upon the English mission. Rome was to be but the place of training and every advantage must be taken of the opportunities it provided. He won a doctorate in Philosophy and a doctorate in Sacred Theology. He was ordained in July 1924 and after the completion of his course the following summer the Bishop of Salford sent him back to Rome for two years for yet a further doctorate in Canon Law.

And so, in 1927, covered with academic glory, Doctor Masterson returned as a priest to his native Manchester. He was appointed to Mulberry Street and there for the next eight years he served as a curate. There are many of us who believe that these were the happiest years of his life. In 1935 he was transferred to the Church of the English Martyrs and in 1940, whilst still a curate at Alexandra Park he was, to the immense satisfaction of his brother clergy, appointed Vicar General of the diocese and Rector at Levenshulme. Now all those Roman doctorates, embellished by years of experience, were to be put to the test. Yet it was not alone for his brilliant mind that he had the confidence of the priests. It was because they knew him to be their friend. They knew that in every decision he reached he had their good and the good of the people at heart. Monsignor Masterson knew them and he knew their problems. High office did not and could not change him from being one of themselves.

So many were his qualities of greatness that there might seem at first sight to have been something of a paradox. His brilliance of mind was matched by utter simplicity. His physical strength by supreme gentleness. His orthodoxy by a disarming freshness of approach. His wisdom in counsel by a quiet wit. His power of oratory by an ability to listen with patient understanding. How often did we see him sitting apparently detached amidst those engaged in animated discussion when, with a twinkle in his eyes, he would make some penetrating comment reaching to the root of the problem and restoring good humour and proportion ! Was there a paradox here ? Rather do I believe that those qualities did not conflict but had been brought to harmony and perfection by his deep inner spirituality.

It was in 1947 that he was appointed Archbishop of Birmingham, an office which he was to hold for just under seven years. Is it too early for us to attempt to measure his work ? The full judgement may have to wait but I believe that Archbishop Masterson's episcopate will be remembered more even for his endearing personality than for his many other accomplishments. It has been said of the Archbishop that, apart from his family circle, he was most at home when he was with priests and when he was with children. His love for both was truly reflected in his work in the Archdiocese.

In memory of his great predecessor he has established St Thomas' Seminary at Grove Park where students for the priesthood receive their preliminary training. He undertook the tremendous task of restoring St Mary's College at Oscott and, under his personal supervision and inspired

by his own enthusiasm, the whole of that college has been renovated and brought to full working order. So great was his love for priests that he was determined to use every effort to ensure their adequate training. It was the same with the training of the children. During his episcopate His Grace set in motion great plans for ensuring that Catholic education should be available to every child of the diocese. Numerous new schools have already been opened. Numerous new schools will be opened in future years as a result of his initiative.

None can deny his greatness, but at no time was he greater than when in face of death. It was only in April of last year that he learned the full gravity of his illness. He accepted it unflinchingly and thanked those who broke the news to him. He told them not to worry, for now that he knew he was not worried himself. His tremendous physique assisted medical skill to bring him safely through the operation which he underwent in the spring, but he had no illusions as to the uncertainty of the future. A severe setback to his recovery occurred in early November. He was anointed once more and removed to hospital. But though for a while he seemed better, the thought of a further period of convalescence and inactivity irked him. Such was not to be the case and he died peacefully in the evening of 30th November. His body lies buried in the priests' cemetery at Oscott. May this devoted son of the Venerable rest in peace.

✠ BERNARD CARDINAL GRIFFIN.

#### SISTER MARGARET OF THE MOTHER OF GOD

Sister Margaret of the Mother of God, of the Carmel at Quidenham, Norfolk, who passed away after a brief illness on 6th December 1953, has a sure place among our benefactors as the artist of the beautiful window to Blessed Ralph Sherwin set in place in 1935, the year of our Martyr Saints' canonizing.

Born in Shrewsbury, 20th June 1882, Margaret Agnes Rope was received into the Church in January 1901. From the outset she had a special devotion to the English Martyrs. Having studied at the Birmingham School of Art she shared a studio with an aunt and cousin in London. Her first commission for a church window, I think, was that given her by the late Bishop (then Canon) Moriarty of Shrewsbury, the large west window of the Cathedral there, unveiled and blessed by the Bishop, Dr Singleton, in March 1910. The 'window-wright' managed to escape observation in a hidden nook behind the organ. For the same church she did other windows later, including that of which the Venerable has the framed cartoon on the stairway, of our students and St Philip Neri's blessing. Other windows at Birkenhead, Tyburn and Sale attested the designer's devotion to the Martyrs, and her very last design, for the windows of the church at Quidenham now building, included St John Fisher and St Thomas More. She entered Carmel in 1923.

There is not room here to recount Sister Margaret's holy life and death, but we cannot doubt that the martyrs whom she did her utmost to honour will have helped her when she gave up her devout soul to God.

H. E. G. ROPE.

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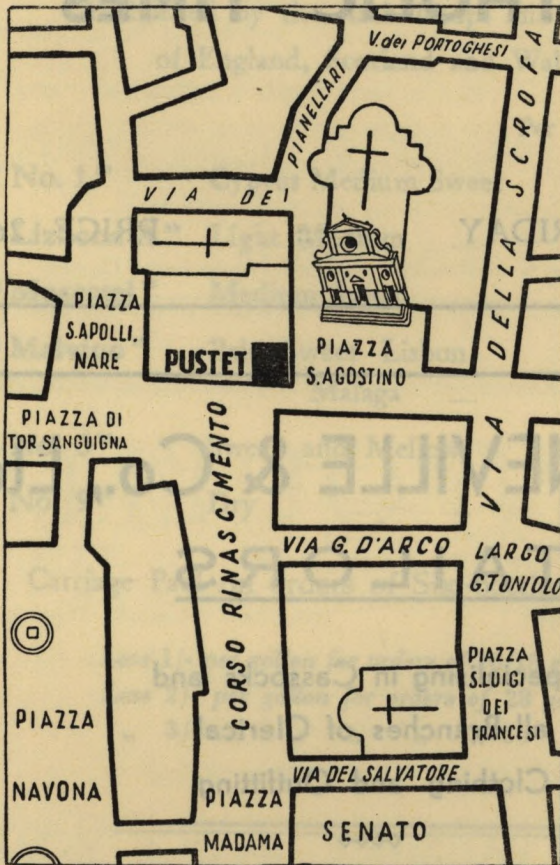
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