

THE VENERABILE

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

May 1955

Vol. XVII. No. 2

PRINTED AT
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>
Editorial	69
Winter Felony	<i>Alastair Russell</i> 70
To Saint Francis of Assisi	<i>John R. Meagher</i> 76
The Inglorious Revolution 1594-1597—III	<i>Anthony Kenny</i> 77
At Palazzola	<i>H. E. G. Rope</i> 94
Romanesque	<i>Lawrence Howorth</i> 95
The Venerable Thirty Years Ago	102
College Diary	<i>Thomas Curtis Hayward</i> 103
Personal	127
College Notes	128
Obituary	131

Via Del Babuino 193 ROMA

CUSTOM HOUSE BROKER AND FORWARDING AGENT

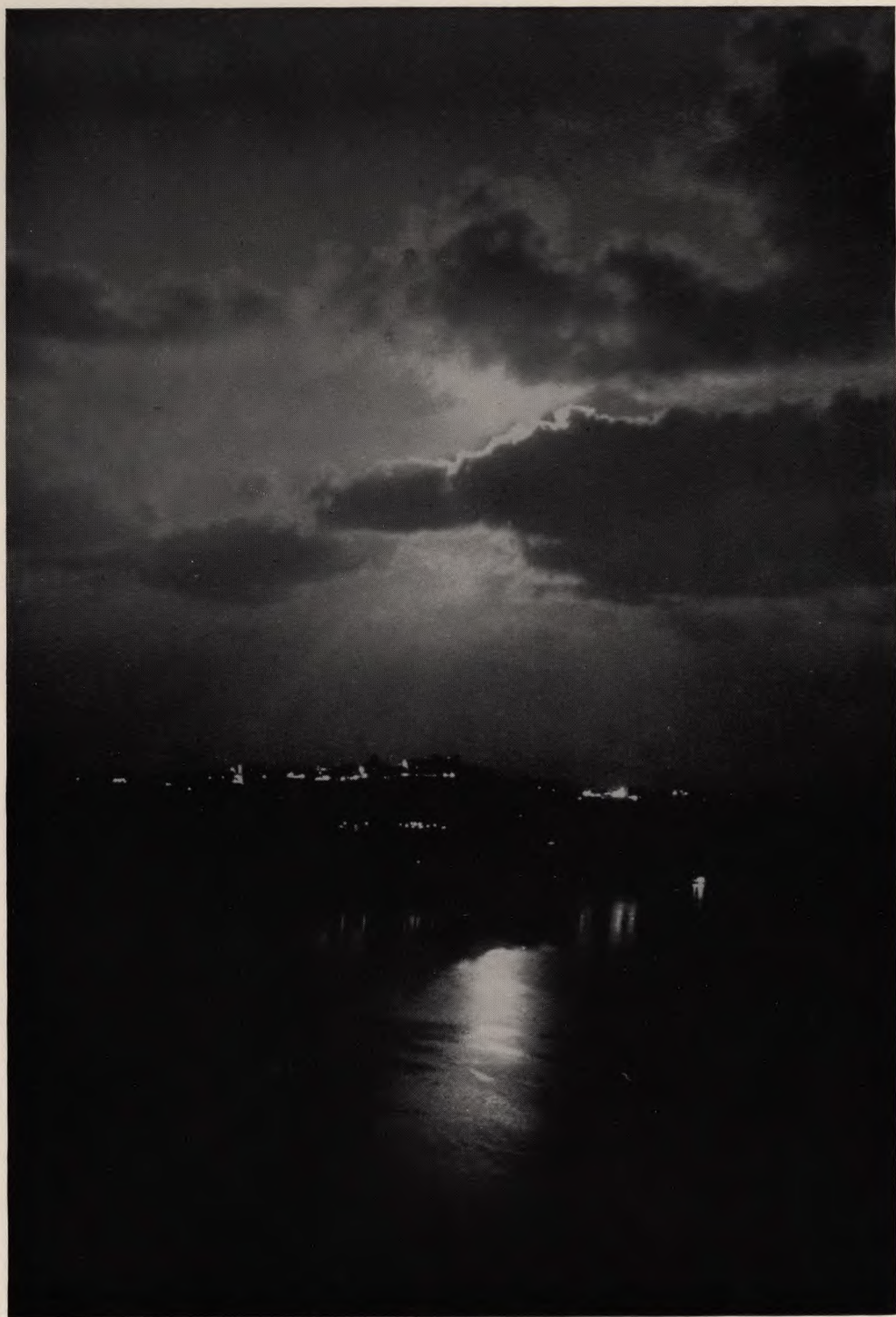
MOVING STORES PACKING

CORRESPONDENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Agents of C. STEIN, ROME:

Messrs. TALL MALL DEPOT & FORWARDING CO. LTD.

10 St. Alban's Street, Leicester Square, LONDON W.1.



EDITORIAL

The fairy tale starts on the yellow-brick path. Here we start with the Editorial. In the fairy tale the rule is vital: the wizard will not otherwise be found. We do not for our part pretend that there is no reaching the Romanesque except by way of the Editorial—though it would be gratifying if we could arrange it this way. This page does, however, have its significance. It may give or seek information. It may describe the contents, or take refuge in recording some event already written about in the Diary. But it is not bound to do any of these things really. This page is like any gold-stick standing at the threshold of the audience-chamber in the palace. He may lack the gift of conversation—this is of no account. He is there because his presence gives form to whatever is transacted within.

In this number our gold-stick is content to stand and do nothing more. His white-gloved hand remains at his side, so that one could count the buttons on his uniform. A passing glance at this triviality will show that he is a very uninteresting individual. But this glance is the title for admission to the more interesting regions that lie beyond the door he decorates. The perusal is over. Now, with a respectful inclination, he turns the handle of the door.

WINTER FELONY

I have often felt that the 'Old Roman' must find the sporting columns of THE VENERABLE very disappointing. He looks to the Magazine for descriptions of life as it is led by the student of to-day : as *Chi lo sa ?* is not available where else can he turn ? He looks up the section on Rugger ; he was a keen player himself, and having almost certainly founded the Rugger Club he has great personal interest in the rugger fortunes of the College. Much of what he wants to know will be there for him to read—'an exciting game against Lazio was lost 11—3', or 'we had several exhausting House games in November', but if he has any soul at all he will realize that something is missing. He is right, of course. 'We had several exhausting House games in November' is hardly a phrase which does justice to the thirty limp, lame young men who are crowded into an airless bus, dripping from a hasty shower, and who are familiarizing the Roman pedestrian with the louder compositions of Sir Arthur Sullivan. This is rugger as it is played at the College, and the memory of buses and changing rooms will remain with the student long after the exciting game with Lazio (lost 11—3) has faded from the sphere of important things.

It is the same with the other type of football. (I say 'other type of football' advisedly : the theory that only soccer can properly be termed football is founded on ignorance, and shows that few members of the College read *The Times*.) THE VENERABLE indeed marks down for posterity that agonizing fact of occasional defeat, but the greater agonies—that rush back to the College on blistered feet, for instance, which ends in the realization that Spiritual Reading is under way—these

are not mentioned. These gaps should be filled, and it is no easy task. One nostalgic sniff from an Old Roman is all I ask, and I do not suppose that scenes have shifted much over the ages: perhaps a horse-drawn bus differs a little from an electric tram, but a nail in the boot fifty years ago is the same as a nail in the boot to-day.

Football in the English College is played on classical lines. By this I mean that it conforms with that classic description of games-playing which emerged from the stern pen of Nicholas Cotton. Nicholas, an eighteenth century composer of moral verse, wrote of the sporting type:

‘Who games is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health’.

A careful application of this wise saying to College sporting activities will reveal how accurate an observer was Nicholas Cotton. ‘Who games is felon of his wealth.’ The soccer and rigger addicts are inevitably poorer than their abstemious colleagues, and the only person to escape this particular condemnation is the rigger secretary who, by scrupulous attention to past rigger debts, may well amass a minor fortune. He, however, falls more heavily on the other charges, for he has little time or liberty during the year, and responsibilities play havoc with his health. The other enthusiasts come under every one of the poet’s accusations. Let us take them one by one.

One hundred lire per person for the privilege of being sat upon once a week in the rigger bus. Twenty-five lire for the public bus to Gelsomino, which from somewhere near the College takes the players somewhere near the field, and twenty-five lire back. Which amounts to fifty lire for braving the glances of those who don’t like the English, who don’t think clerics should carry knapsacks, and who object to football boots on their laps. One might almost say fifty lire for explaining to the Rector why exactly the buses weren’t running so frequently to-day, and we had to wait twenty minutes, sir. All this, week by week, adds up. For the price of one year’s football several Gregorian textbooks might have been bound; and that puts the matter in its proper perspective.

The time wasted on the pitch, and on the journeys to and from the pitch, is not the only time of which he who games is felon. It is difficult for a soccer player to settle down to his studies after a game. It is difficult to expect a rigger player not to discuss the game against Rugby Roma on the succeeding

and preceding evenings. I suppose at first sight it is surprising that this tendency should continue right up to Easter, when exam consciousness ought, by rights, to be causing upheavals in college life, but on reflexion it is not so surprising. For the footballer, exams are the art of hiding one's lack of knowledge from the examiners—an art which is not gained by long hours at the books. This is one of the major distinctions between us of the *Venerabile* and so many of the Latins. The Latin in an exam doesn't concentrate exclusively on the matter in hand; he produces at high speed all the knowledge at his disposal which could possibly impress the examiner. The Englishman, however, keeps rigidly to the question asked by remarking at frequent intervals '*repetas, per favore*', or '*non intelligo questionem*'. The Latin has proved to the powers that be that he has a surface knowledge of all fifteen theses, whereas the powers that be have no certain knowledge that the Englishman is not fully and deeply acquainted with fourteen; and you cannot (or should not) fail anyone for being vague on one-fifteenth of a subject.

All this is criticized unfavourably by those who believe the conversion of England is a matter of keeping nose to text-book. These people seem not to realize that the way to an Englishman's heart and soul is through almost anything but his intellect, so they upbraid the sportsman for something which anyway is not entirely his fault. Not entirely his fault, because as N. Cotton so rightly points out, his very liberty is jeopardized.

What happens is roughly this. After lunch on Wednesday the secretary puts up a list for a soccer game on Thursday morning (presuming of course that the Greg have not organized a function at S. Ignazio, that S. Lorenzo haven't *Quarant' Ore* or *Fiocchi* processions, and that the Little Sisters are managing by themselves). So the list goes up, but several hitherto keen supporters of the game decide to have a day off to buy toothpaste and only eighteen names appear. As a result of this a flurried secretary rushes from person to person insisting on their making up numbers, and such are his powers of persuasion that twenty-six protesting players ultimately take the field. It is no use trying to complain about this, or to press the urgency of other activities, for

'He that roars for liberty
Faster binds the tyrant's power.'

This famous couplet has never been better illustrated. Indeed,

the word 'tyrant' is so aptly chosen that one feels that Tennyson was himself applying it to the activities of our soccer secretary. And it is not only here that Tennyson shows a startling insight into the life of the English College, for elsewhere he writes about 'The dear delights of health-restoring rest'. This description of the way in which body and mind recover from College sporting exertions pinpoints one of the laughable things about the footballer, who claims that he plays to keep fit. In fact, of course, a footballer on a walking gita (fitness a *sine qua non*) is a rare bird indeed, while in the infirmary he is common as garden. And if games make one healthy and supple, why are Friday's genuflections so much more strained than those of Thursday morning? We cannot pretend, therefore, that the football fetish has anything to do with health, which is fully catered for in our happy and inevitable walks round Rome, and in our soporific strolls to the Greg each morning. Our unfortunate American brethren have half the afternoon walks that we do, and are taken to work by bus. No wonder they find themselves keeping awake during lectures.

It has been rather maliciously suggested that our football enthusiasm can be put down to a desire for praise. Needless to say, this observation comes from critics who have never been near a football field in their lives, whether as spectator or participant; one has only to watch a single House game to realize that the majority of the performers could never seriously expect a word of praise for their antics unless it be from the opposing captain. Of course, they are worth their weight, these amateurs. There are few more enjoyable sights than someone sitting down hard after his failure to kick a ball, and here as elsewhere the actions of the inept add greatly to the amusement of all. But the inexperts cannot be taken lightly; many indeed provide our House games with that element of danger essential to all sports. Some, for instance, have no eye for the ball, but a great eye for the man in possession of the ball, who finds himself in the rôle of a matador evading charges, and in the fight for existence possession can be regarded no longer as of primary importance. There are others who, in spite of unlimited goal-scoring potentialities at full-back, are for some reason frequently transferred to the front line, where their opponents' goal offers no fascination for them.

Footballers of this type are to be found regularly in our House games, and they flatter the élite. In games against other

colleges, however, they are not met with in sufficient numbers, and at times we feel that our native game has been accepted rather too enthusiastically by foreign parts. A certain British ruggedness is maintained which may not lead us invariably to victory, but at least keeps our opponents at long range. The college supporters present a solid front, and even when we are unable to share our opponents' emotional outbursts at every goal scored against us, we always clap politely.

In our matches against other rigger teams we again manage to preserve a distinct Britishness. This is partly because our games are against mature men who have reached an age of leadership, and the resulting eight scrum-leaders keep up a mighty polyphony, in contrast to which the English seem engulfed in a sort of *magnum silentium*. But although our opponents may lack reserve of speech, they sometimes show surprising reserve when going into a tackle or rising from one. They scorn sympathy, and recover from injuries much more quickly if left to themselves. It would be true to say that the Italians, bred on spaghetti, look rather better rigger players off the field than on, but perhaps it is unfair to criticize them for a lack of technique in a game which they do not take up until school is behind them and the chance of constant practice is past.

This lack of technique makes most of the games at Acqua Acetosa very uninteresting to watch, and one cannot help feeling sorry for the College spectators who miss their walk and spend hundreds of lire on buses without getting any of the thrills of mud baths and cold showers. They nevertheless turn out game after game; which shows, I think, a genuine sporting spirit which is not sufficiently catered for in college life. This fine spirit could be catered for, no doubt: sometimes, in my very wild dreams, I see a squash-court, a grey, square block of concrete squatting in the garden, echoing the rhythmic clackety-clack of ping-pong balls and shrieks and howls from the Music-Room windows above. For the purely internal sporting facilities of the College at the moment entirely consist of ping-pong. The popularity of this sport is much too great for the time available; devotees tear down the Common-Room corridor after lunch in search of 'singles', but they have not had time to slam the door behind them before a howling mob demands 'round the table', an exhausting and ruthless monstrosity of a game. 'Singles' are not often seen except after breakfast, when

most people are too concerned with the formation of morsels and the after-effects of coffee to think about exercise, so the real enthusiasts (who talk about 'table-tennis' and keep their own bats) have almost undisputed possession of the table.

However, even these modest opportunities for ping-pong are disturbed by Christmas, which makes a dramatic entry into the only room available. The usual athletic scene gives place to a bustle of another kind: play-producers browbeat their casts, and scene-painters give full vent to their emotions. It is not until after the Epiphany that ping-pong regains its rightful place, and even then some weeks elapse before the last signs of grease-paint (favourable to spin) are removed from the table. This time is now upon us; even as I write the bats and balls are hidden under a heap of scenery and pantomime songs. The only thing that brings me back to earth when I dream of my squash-court is the thought that this too would be seized upon by culture friends: it would become a hall for our light orchestra, a harbour for debates and wind-instruments generally, and it might even become a board-room for the staff of *Chi lo sa?* It is this last that really resigns me to a squash-courtless state: the *Chi lo sa?* staff have no sense of proportion, they poke fun at everything; to them nothing, not even sport, is sacred.

ALASTAIR RUSSELL.

TO SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Frate Francesco, would thou wert with us,
Gracious, yet blithe as child on holiday,
To hush our lamentation dolorous,
To hold our hands and smile our tears away.

Thine was the laughter born of whitest thought,
The dancing eye that saw God's works are fair,
The song, with Love's own cadences enwrought,
That still embalms thy native Umbrian air.

Thou out of all God's Saintdom shouldst return,
Thou and none other. Our distemper needs
Thy Passion's naked flame to sear and burn
The fester that corrupts our words and deeds.

Thy truth to unmask the fiction of our joys,
Thy lowliness to tumble down our pride,
Thy kindly touch to mend our broken toys,
Thy arm to press us to thy wounded side.

Thy spirit's exhalation to dispel
The mists that part our minds from judgement clear,
Thy benediction's exorcising spell
To rid us of the incubus of fear.

Lead us along the purgatorial way,
Trusting the sureness of thy guiding eye,
Up to La Verna's fastness, there to stay
And see, with thee, the Dayspring from on high.

JOHN R. MEACHER.

THE INGLORIOUS REVOLUTION

1594—1597

III.—THE HAPPY ENDING (March 1596 to May 1597)

Richard Barrett, the successor of Cardinal Allen as President of Douay College, watched with concern the progress of the troubles in the English College in Rome. Like all moderate Englishmen, he had been shocked at the excesses of the rebellious students during the autumn of 1595. In December, when the General of the Society of Jesus thought of withdrawing his subjects from the government of the College, he had written to dissuade him, offering to make an exchange of students between Douay and Rome. The rebels' projects to obtain the recall of the Jesuits from the English mission affected Barrett intimately, since the finances of Douay were largely dependent on the generosity of the Fathers in England.¹ Moreover, people were saying that the troubles were really to be blamed on Douay College, which corrupted the students before ever they went to Rome. At the end of 1595 two English exiles in Flanders, Drs Worthington and Percy, wrote a memorial to Cardinal Protector Caetani in which they said that the Jesuit rule in the Venerabile was so faultless that no better one could be imagined, and that the troubles had come from the intrigues of the English colony in Rome and from the ambition and lawlessness of the students. The rebellion was the work of the devil, who had made the students gradually unfaithful to their vocations; the proximate occasion was their taking a hand in matters of high ecclesiastical politics which did not concern them. They wrote

¹ Barrett told Fr Garnet, the Jesuit superior, that he had received more alms from him and from Bl Robert Southwell s.j., than from all the seculars in England put together. (Garnet to Aquaviva, 16/4/96, Archivium Romanum Societatis Jesu Anglia 31, f 129.) Barrett's letter to Aquaviva, the General of the Society, is printed in FOLEY, *Records of the English Province S.J.*, VI, 52.

cipher letters, they arrogated to themselves tasks which belonged to Popes and Princes, and now they imagined that they represented the whole English nation. These faults in the students, said the memorialists, were the result of the training they received at Douay, where they were biased against the Jesuits. Dr Barrett, they said, was quite incompetent; under his rule discipline did not exist, and the finances were in such a state that embezzlement was suspected. The remedy for the troubles in the Roman College is to expel the rebels—even at the price of their apostasy—and to enforce a proper Seminary discipline at Douay.²

These and similar charges, exaggerated though they may have been, were finding a hearing at Rome. Cardinal Sega, when he completed his Visitation of the English College in March 1596, recommended a thorough reform of Douay as one remedy for the troubles. But by this time, Dr Barrett had journeyed to Rome to defend his reputation and to end, if possible, the disgraceful scandal of the rebellion among his former students.³ He arrived at the College on 12th March 1596, and was enthusiastically received by the students. Expecting him to support them, they related all their grievances to him. When they found that he had no intention of condoning their excesses, their persuasions turned into abuse and calumny.⁴

Shortly after his arrival in Rome, Barrett was received in audience by Pope Clement VIII. He defended the Jesuits warmly, pointing out that they enjoyed the devotion and gratitude of the great majority of English Catholics; at the same time he excused the scholars, saying that they had been pitifully deceived, and asking for pardon for any who would acknowledge their fault. The Pope received him very kindly. At his instructions, Barrett and the Cardinal Protector, in conference with Fr General Aquaviva, the Rector Girolamo Fioravanti, and Fr Tyrie, a Scots assistant to the General,⁵ drew up a provisional plan for restoring order in the College.

On 10th April, six days after this meeting, Barrett wrote to Fr Robert Persons in Spain to inform him of the latest

² The memorial is printed in *Douay Diaries* (KNOX), p. 368ff. It is incorrectly endorsed 1596. Dr Worthington, later President of Douay, was always a passionate supporter of the Jesuits. Dr Percy, at this time in their favour, later quarrelled with them, and joined the Appellants in Rome in 1602. (Vatican Archives, Borghese III, 98d, 146.)

³ His arrival is recorded by the Pilgrim Book. Another reason for his journey seems to have been that he was worried about the way in which the Jesuits in the College were acting as his agents in Rome: see TIERNEY's Dodd, III, lxxiv, and *Libro Mastro* 1596 in the Archives.

⁴ See Chambers' narration of the troubles, p. 9 (Stonyhurst, Anglia II, 45).

⁵ Fr Tyrie was visited by Persons with an 'Aparent Judgement' of God, so he must have been a friend to the rebels. (C.R.S., 2, 207) Cf. Bartoli, *Dell' Inghilterra*, p. 436.

developments. In his letter he blamed the troubles, as others had done, on the fact that the students had dealt in public affairs, when they had petitioned for Owen Lewis's elevation to the Cardinalate; but he pointed out that in this they had acted with the approval of the Rector. Among other causes of 'these shameful flames' he mentioned the ambition of some of the English colony in Rome to get control of the rents, and the haphazard system of admitting students into the College. 'There is one' he said 'vehemently suspected for a false brother, sent of purpose'—presumably by the English government. The students' heads were full of differences between Jesuits and seculars in England, and they were hostile to the Spaniards and to any that supported them. In all this they had now gone so far that they dared not go back.

Barrett made it clear that the students were in the wrong, but he said no less explicitly that the superiors were not free from all blame. He concluded his letter thus:

'Well, father, there must needs be a rector that is skilful in the affairs of England, and such a one as can and will give correspondence to the colleges and your friends abroad; and besides, he must be a man of gravity, of countenance, and of authority . . . Well, I find here and there many particularities, that must be amended, whereof I mean to concur with father General, whom I find most willing to hear me; and you will concur, I hope. This rector will never be able to rule in this place. Many things I can tell you of, that must be amended, concerning this college, in the manner of government, and concerning better correspondence with the College of Douay, or else you will never have peace.'⁶

We do not know what was the effect of Barrett's conference with the Cardinal Protector on 4th April. Shortly afterwards, the Protector was sent as Papal Legate to Poland. Cardinal Sega, the former Vice-Protector, now lay in an 'evident consumption', and was in fact at death's door. Pope Clement was forced to nominate a new Vice-Protector: his choice fell on Francisco Cardinal Toledo.

Cardinal Toledo was a Spanish theologian, the first of the illustrious line of Jesuit Cardinals. As a Spaniard he would be likely, one would think, to oppose the Hispanophobe rebels; as a Jesuit, he might be expected to support his fellow-religious who governed the College. In fact, the exact opposite was the case. Since his elevation to the Sacred College, Toledo had not

⁶ TIERNEY III, lxxiii. Tierney professes to be horrified at Persons' omission of this passage in the copy of the letter printed in the *Apologie*.

seen eye to eye with the superiors of the Society ; and it was he, as much as any man, who had persuaded Pope Clement VIII to absolve Henry of Navarre, the King of Spain's greatest rival. Thus, his attitude to the rebels was conditioned by cross-currents of high politics : cross-currents which are wildly over-simplified in John Mush's often-quoted phrase 'he knew the Society well, being one of them'.⁷

Cardinal Toledo summoned the leaders of the mutineers and pleaded earnestly with them to obey their superiors. His kindly but firm manner—we can still read it in the square-jawed scholarly face with the great bald dome of a forehead, the stubbly beard and the grotesquely short neck—made a great impression on them, and they promised all he asked. They found him very friendly, and went home in high spirits, encouraging their friends to hope for great things, while for the moment making their submission to the authorities.⁸

Toledo's first act was to send to the mission two of the priests in the College, Richard Button and Silvester Norris. These two had overstayed their time in the College because of the troubles, and had already once been commanded to leave. Having been provided with clothes, hats, ordination certificates, trunks and spectacles, they left for England on 17th May. Fortified with letters patent from the Cardinal, they were charged by the rebels to recruit support for them among the English Catholics.⁹ They did not have an easy journey ; one of them later described his as follows :

'I did so highly incur the Jesuits displeasure [during my stay in the College] that notwithstandinge that they could not lay any act agaynst me at my departure unfittinge a Catholike priest : & notwithstandinge that I was sent by his hol. in as much grace and favour as any before or since . . . as C. Tollet did wnesse under his hand & seale whose letters I have yet to shoue . . . as I went through Belgium . . . Fr Holt [a Jesuit] informed the Archduke & his counsayle that I was an enemy into the K. of Sp[ain] . . . & was like . . . to do great harme in England . . . some of the same crew were plotting to clap me up prisoner in Antworpe . . . I was

⁷ Toledo is occasionally met with in Gregorian text-books. It is maintained that he discovered, on purely philosophical grounds, the main principle of the atomic theory, centuries before Dalton. (HOENEN, *Cosmologia*, 349.) The exact date of his appointment is not certain : it was probably in the first weeks of May 1596, and certainly before 17th May. (Cf. below.) Mush is quoted in LAW, *Jesuits and Seculars*, xxxi.

⁸ Chambers, 10. Toledo's bust may be seen on his tomb in S. Maria Maggiore.

⁹ Chambers, 10. The purchases for the journey are recorded in the *Libro dello Spenditore*, 30/4/96–17/5/96. See also the Liber Ruber, and Libro Mastro 1596, f. 75 and 80, all in the College Archives.

enforced to steale backe again forth of his cuntrey in disguised apparrell, & hazard my selfe thorow the cuntreys of Leedes & Colon, pestered with freebooters in such dangerous sort that every man told me how, twenty to on, my throat would be cutt before I should gett to Holland.¹⁰

None the less, both these priests reached England in time to join in the attack on the Jesuits which has gone down to history as the Archpriest Controversy.¹¹

On the day that Button and Norris left Rome, Cardinal Toledo made a change of Rectors. The kindly Fr Fioravanti, who had always meant so well and had been so long out of his depth, was replaced by Fr Alfonso Agazzari from the *domus professa*. Agazzari, who had already ruled the College for several years, and had kept up a detailed correspondence with Dr Allen at Rheims, would certainly be more efficient and informed than Fioravanti had been. He began his rule with a sermon on obedience, and made a bid for popularity by giving a party to the students at the vineyard.¹²

A few days later the Cardinal dismissed the hired prefects who had caused so much ill-feeling. At his first visit to the College, he told the students that Pope Clement had decided, for reasons best known to himself, to retain the Jesuits in the government of the house, even if it meant expelling all the students. He himself, however, had gone surety with His Holiness for the students' good behaviour in future. 'I only ask you', he concluded, 'not to make me a liar before the Pope, to whom I have made such fine promises about you.' He then restored the two student-*ripetitori* to their office, leaving a Jesuit as a third, and went away with a few parting words commending the students to their new Rector.¹³

The rebels were delighted, and henceforth they were obedient to every word and gesture of the Cardinal.¹⁴ That same day, they returned to their long-broken friendship with the

¹⁰ LAW, *Archpriest Controversy*, II, 221. The letter, addressed to Bancroft, the Anglican Bishop of London, is anonymous. It must have been written by either Button or Norris, since they were the only two priests to leave the College during Toledo's protectorship. Norris picked up a D.D. somewhere on the way home, but was home within the year. (Cf. C.R.S. 25, 242.)

¹¹ Both of them signed the Appeal against Archpriest Blackwell. (TIERNEY III, cxliv.) Norris was still among the Appellant party in 1603, after his banishment from England (Vatican Archives, Borghese III, 448a, 388) but later changed sides and joined the Society.

¹² Liber Ruber, *Annales*, f. 79.

¹³ So Chambers, 10. His narrative is not without difficulties. In the Libro Mastro (1596, 73) it is stated that the extern-prefects were only paid until 9th April, which would suggest that they had been given notice after Barrett's conference on 4th April. Again, the reference to the restoration of the *ripetitori* is unexpected, since there is no evidence that they had been deposed. But that again may have been a result of Barrett's efforts.

¹⁴ 'Talmente s'era guadagnato l'anime di questi alunni . . . che non solo con le parole ma con un minimo cenno poteva far di loro quel che voleva.' So Agazzari to Persons, 25/9/96. (*Douay Diaries*, 387.)

obedient students—though the latter thought they were merely foxing.¹⁵ Toledo returned the rebels' affection. The student-confessor, Edward Bennett, now the acknowledged leader, was given permission (which he could delegate) to write and receive letters without showing them to the Rector. Each week he had a day appointed for an audience with the Cardinal, in which he was to express the views and complaints of the students. In this way, for instance, the students were able to reverse the Rector's decision that they should not have a collation on Fridays during Paschal time. Toledo's devotion to the students seems to have gone to extravagant lengths. He insisted that the student-*ripetitori* should have titles of honour on the notice-board; and when asked for his reasons he replied that he had been told to do so by a revelation from heaven!¹⁶

Friar William Sacheverell, the Dominican who had brought back the rebel leaders when they were expelled in 1595, was not pleased with the peace established by Toledo. Preferring to fish in troubled waters, he told the Cardinal that there would never be real peace in the College unless the Minister, Fr Girolamo Alaleone, was sent away. Toledo summoned several of the students and asked if this was true. They replied that they had no complaints against the Minister; so Friar William received a severe reprimand for his pains. Shortly afterwards, he disappeared from Rome. It seems that he 'was taken himself in Gods iuste iudgement in vitious deameanoure, and being for the same firste put in prison by the secular magistrate and afterwarde punished also by the religiose of his owne order in Rome; and then confined for his further Prison and punishmente to the Cittie of Vitterbo; hee fled from thence in Englande'. In England he was imprisoned, apostatized, and became a government spy.¹⁷

¹⁵ '*Leoninam pellem cum vulpina mutandam censuerunt*' says Chambers (10v).

¹⁶ Stonyhurst Coll. P. 307e; *Scripture*, 6, 25; Chambers, 11.

¹⁷ Persons in C.R.S., 2, 208. Chambers, 10v, gives details of the 'vitious deameanoure'. The rebel Robert Fisher, after his arrival in England (see below) met Sacheverell in a tavern, and eavesdropped on a conversation between him and one 'Pauline who is counted a knave'. He found that their talk was 'not anything but proof of religion, and truly the fryer did defend singularly well the Church of Rome, and withall sayd that he woold dye and live therein'. From this and his subsequent conversation with Sacheverell, Fisher concluded that he was still a Catholic and that stories of his apostasy were Jesuit calumnies. 'If an honest man come from Rome or Flaunders and not follow their vaine, he is no less at the first than a spie: and if he come from Spaine or from Hel if he serve them, he is no lesse the first day then a saint.' (C.R.S. 25, 242-46, summarised in Hist. MS. commission, xi, 7, 262.) But Fisher was mistaken, for already, on 1st March 1597, before the tavern meeting, Sir Richard Fiennes told Cecil that Sacheverell was a loyal subject who had renounced Popery and was willing to give information about Catholics in Rome. (Hatfield Calendar, 7, 87.) Fisher later saw Sacheverell in the street, and was disabused. 'He said he had been to Cecil and had agreed to give up religion if well paid. I often saw him afterwards in public places comoedies etc. where he passed openly for a monk and a priest.' (Fisher's Confession, Stonyhurst *Anglia*, VI, 22.)

Towards the end of May Toledo announced that any student who wished to leave the College could have letters of recommendation from himself and all expenses from the Pope. It was decided that Robert Fisher should be sent to Flanders and England to fan the anti-Jesuit flames there and recruit support for the rebels. According to Fisher's own later statement, the idea was not his own. 'As for my going to England', he said, 'Hill, Markham, and Sheppard proposed it to me one night when I was not the least thinking of such a thing.'¹⁸ He was given fifty gold scudi from the Pope for his journey, and set off at the end of May with Arthur Beckwith and Ralph Hyde, two students in very weak health. Since the number of rebels was now considerably reduced, the rest decided to stay together, though some of them welcomed the chance of leaving the College.¹⁹ Provided that they preserved their unity, they seemed to have a good chance of achieving their aims. Cardinal Toledo had reported to the Pope in glowing terms about the peace which he had made in the College; and his natural wish that this peace should not be broken made him more than ever willing to grant the students' requests.²⁰

On 9th June 1596 Toledo obtained from Pope Clement a Brief, *Cum tu qui absentis*, by which all the Jesuits in the College were withdrawn from the jurisdiction of their General and placed directly under himself, so that he could appoint to the College, or remove from it, any Jesuit he wished. After this Brief Edward Bennett, secure in Toledo's favour, boasted that, if the Rector ever misbehaved towards the students, he could drive him out of the College. It was no wonder that Agazzari wrote to a friend: 'We have gained nothing so far but an external appearance of peace and quiet, just enough to avoid scandal and offence to others'.²¹ On 15th June the Jesuit General, in a

¹⁸ These words are taken from Fisher's Confession, made before Persons at the end of the troubles. The confession is suspect in detail, since there are some indications that Fisher was trying to shift all the blame on to those who were out of reach of the College authorities. (Stonyhurst *Anglia*, VI, 22.) I am indebted to Rev. F. Edwards S.J. for a transcript of this document.

¹⁹ Fisher's confession (*Anglia*, VI, 22) mentions that he travelled with Beckwith; from Libro Mastro 1596, 75 it appears that Hyde went with them too, and that they left about 1st June, though May is the date usually given for Fisher's departure. Chambers erroneously gives Fowler and Grimston as Fisher's companions; but Fowler had left earlier and Grimston went to Douay later in June. (I.M., loc. cit., and Liber Ruber.) By this time nine of the rebels had left for one reason or another (i.e. about twenty-five per cent of them).

²⁰ After Toledo's death, Agazzari wrote to Persons: '*Era pericolo che questi seditiosi et particolarmente Benetto non lo [Toledo] tirassero a fare tutto quello che si volevano, come in molte cose di già havevan fatto.*' (Douay Diaries, 397.)

²¹ Agazzari to Creswell, 28/7/96, quoted MEYER, *England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth*. Toledo's Brief (more correctly described as a *motu proprio*) is in *Chronologia Monumentorum*, under the date, (College Archives) and in A.R.S.I. Romana, 156 II.

curt and cryptic note to Cardinal Toledo, told him that the Pope had declared himself to be most satisfied with the state of the College. The General himself did not seem so pleased, and asked the Cardinal, if it was not possible to shut the door entirely to malcontents, to prevent the Pope from listening to complaints.²² The pro-Jesuit students found it difficult to deal with Toledo. Whenever they made complaints to him, they found him smilingly full of fair promises; and he assured them that he had a good mind to expel the chief mutineers in disgrace. But the mutineers remained and, according to the loyal students, '*omnia antiquum in chaos redierunt*'.²³

None the less, Toledo was using his influence at the Papal Court to better the miserable financial state of the College. To pay off some debts, he obtained from the Pope one thousand scudi (about £2,000 of our money) during June, and on 21st July he persuaded the Dean of the Papal Grooms to forgo his claims on the College vineyard at S. Maria alle Fornaci. There was no open breach between Protector and Rector. On 8th August Agazzari obtained for Toledo all the ample faculties once enjoyed by Cardinal Allen.²⁴ The students returned to their studies, and in the last week of July one of the rebels (a grand-nephew of Cardinal Pole) gave a disputation at which Toledo presided.²⁵

The only outward sign of revolt in the College was the students' hostility to the Spanish cause which Fr Agazzari had at heart. When the Book on the Succession to the English Crown, written by Verstegan and Persons in favour of the claim of the Infanta of Spain, was chosen as the Refectory reading, the reader, Jasper Lobb, refused to read it. In August Agazzari wrote to Persons: '[The students] speak often & bitterly about the Book of the Succession to the English Crown, and against its author, that is, as they believe, Fr Persons, whose name they can scarcely bear to hear. They all rejoice at the disasters which happen to the Spaniards, as recently at Cadiz; they grieve about their successes, as recently at Calais. I do not know

²² Aquaviva to Toledo, 15/6/96, Vatican Archives, Borghese II, 448a, 47. Aquaviva's almost illegible handwriting makes this note something of an enigma.

²³ Chambers, 11.

²⁴ These events were duly noted by Agazzari in the Liber Ruber, *Annales* f. 80.

²⁵ *Spese*, 1596 records the purchases made in connection with this disputation. On 24th July a copy of Toledo's coat of arms was made; a tribune was erected for him at the Collegio Romano. On 25th July thirteen chairs were borrowed from Cardinal Farnese, ten from Cardinal Paleotto, and eight from Cardinal Colonna. On 5th August Agazzari paid a bill of six scudi to the musicians who had performed at the disputation.

whether they hate the Society because of the Spaniards, or the Spaniards because of the Society, or both because of the Scot or the Frenchman or something worse.' In the street they refused to salute the Duke of Sessa, King Philip's Ambassador to the Pope.²⁶

Apart from this, all was quiet. Agazzari mistrusted Toledo profoundly, and the régime must indeed have been galling to the superiors. But the College was no longer a scandal to Rome, and at times Toledo's gentle policy looked as if it might have a lasting success. It was not, however, given time to prove itself. In September, after the briefest of illnesses, the Cardinal died. Agazzari could not conceal his delight. He pointed out, in a letter to Persons, how providentially God removed all those who opposed the Society. While Cardinal Allen was faithful to it, God blessed and prospered him; as soon as he began to drift away, God cut him off. Then a more dangerous enemy arose: Owen Lewis. He, too, was removed at the height of his power, followed closely by his henchman, Throckmorton. And now Cardinal Toledo, the greatest hope the rebels had—he, too, is dead. *Deus pugnat pro causa sua.*²⁷

Agazzari, whose views on providence did not affect his practical charity, wore himself out watching, night and day, at Toledo's deathbed. He was too ill to attend the funeral, or to see the Pope about appointing a successor. In his stead, Dr Barrett had audience on 22nd September. The General of the Jesuits, it seems, had taken the opportunity to renew his request to be freed from the government of the College. Barrett told Pope Clement that if this request was granted, the College would come to an end—or else it would become a mere den of sedition, since all the obedient students would leave with the Jesuits. The Jesuit seminaries, he said, were the greatest consolation of the suffering Catholics in England; and if the Jesuits left the Venerable, he himself would not have the heart to continue ruling Douay. In the name of all the faithful and martyrs of England, he begged the Pope not to let the Jesuits go. After this impassioned speech, the Pope remained silent for a moment; then said coldly, '*Putasne quod totus orbis periret, si Societas relinqueret gubernationem?*' Barrett replied, that as far

²⁶ TIERNEY, III, lxxv. Stonyhurst Coll. P. 307e.

²⁷ *Douay Diaries*, 387. The idea appealed to Persons, and he later wrote a pamphlet on the same theme, entitled *Certain Aparent Iudgments against suche as have bene seditious*. He had, however, sufficient taste not to repeat the slur on Allen. The rebels, too, noticed how conveniently the Jesuits' enemies died off: they attributed it to poisoning. (C.R.S. 5, 342.)

as the world was concerned, his Holiness was the man to judge ; but the Jesuits' departure would certainly mean the end of the English mission.

On the question of Toledo's successor, Clement promised that either Baronius (the great Oratorian) or Borghese (the future Paul V) would be made the new Vice-Protector. He agreed to a request of Barrett that whoever was appointed should tell the students to banish from their minds all thought of the Jesuits' dismissal, and forbid them to take any part in the government of the College.²⁸

During the next few days the Pope gave audience to the Jesuit General, Aquaviva, and to Fr Agazzari, who had now recovered, and was hoping that Cardinal Baronius would be the new Vice-Protector. The rebels were striving to have the anti-Spanish, anti-Jesuit Cardinal Salviati, appointed with full rights as Protector. They maintained that Toledo's actions had deprived Cardinal Caetani of his Protectorship. Pope Clement, however, issued a formal decree confirming Caetani in his office, and appointing Cardinal Borghese as Vice-Protector during his absence in Poland. The rebels did their best to win the new Vice-Protector to their side, but he would give no decisions, preferring to wait for Caetani's return.²⁹

Dr Barrett now prepared to return to Douay. Before he left, he lunched with Hugh Griffiths, Owen Lewis's anti-Jesuit nephew, who was now the leader of the English colony in Rome. After the meal, Griffiths took his guest into his chamber, and made a violent attack on the Jesuits and their friends. Barrett became quite heated in reply, and returned to his lodgings in the College hoarse and almost ill with rage. He had, however, won over to the Jesuit side Thomas Hesketh (the nephew of Cardinal Allen), and several other leading Englishmen in Rome. Consequently, when Griffiths left Rome to take up a benefice in Cambrai, and the leadership of the English colony passed to Hesketh, the rebels could no longer rely on support in Rome outside the College.³⁰

Since Toledo had given Bennett permission to write uncensored letters, the scholars had turned more and more to Flanders for support in their anti-Jesuit plans. Their leading supporter there was Dr William Gifford, the Dean of Lille. One

²⁸ Barrett to Persons, *Douay Diaries*, 384-86.

²⁹ Chambers, 11.

³⁰ Agazzari to Persons, *Douay Diaries*, 387. MORE, *Historia Provinciae Anglicanae S.J.*, 228.

of the first students of the Venerabile, Dr Gifford had spent a vacillating youth, now plotting against Queen Elizabeth's life, now in suspicious contact with her Government. He eventually died as a saintly Benedictine, Archbishop of Rheims, and the first peer of France. At the time of this story he was the leader of the 'Scottish' party in Flanders, in the confidence of the Archduke and Nuncio, and marked by a violent and unreasoning hatred of the Jesuits. In April 1596 he first intervened in the quarrels in the English College, by sending a letter to the rebel leader Tempest denouncing the Jesuits as ambitious, grasping, and subversive of law and order. At first he counselled the students to submit to their superiors for safety's sake, though he sent them a memorial for the Pope to ask him to curb the ambition of the Jesuits. No English priest in exile, he said, was safe unless he had the mark of the Beast (i.e. the Society) on his forehead. Later, when Fisher had visited him and told him of Toledo's favour, he grew wilder in his charges against the Jesuits: they were vindictive tyrants who pursued their foes even beyond the grave, avaricious swindlers who ground money out of the English laity for the coffers of the Society abroad, contemners of Pope, Cardinals and nobility, who had tried to ruin Douay College and were anxious to make England a mere appanage of Spain. Through Robert Markham, a former rebel student now acting as his agent in Rome, Gifford sent a libellous memorial to the Pope. He urged the students to seize the opportunity of Toledo's favour, and the Pope's estrangement from the Jesuits, to have the question of the English Colleges referred to a congregation of Cardinals. They should also press for a settlement of the vexed question of faculties for secular priests.³¹

In spite of these fire-eating letters, the College remained outwardly peaceful. During the autumn five of the *tumultuantes* received Major Orders—the first ordinations recorded in the College since early 1595. In the middle of October the first known Subiaco gita took place, when Edward Tempest and several other students made a pilgrimage there fortified with letters of recommendation from the Rector.³² But there were occasional quarrels. One of these was over the vineyard where

³¹ On Gifford, besides the *Dictionary of National Biography* and GLEW, see (for this period) *Analecta Vaticano-Belgica*, Correspondance d'O. M. Frangipani, I, 259; *Libro Mastro* 1596, 69; *S.P. Dom.* CCLII, 8; *Douay Diaries*, 394; KNOX, *Allen*, 386; *Month*, CIII (1904) pp. 243ff, 348ff. Gifford's charges against the Jesuits in his letters to Rome are given in LAW; *Archpriest Controversy*, I, 7-15.

³² *Scrittura*, 6, 25. The Ordinations are in *Liber Ruber*, *passim*.

the students spent their weekly day of recreation. Because the College was deeply in debt, the superiors decided to sell the *vinea* at S. Maria alle Fornaci and to buy a cheaper one near San Gregorio.³³ Agazzari showed the new vineyard to some of the student-priests, and asked them what they thought of it. They seemed very satisfied, and one of them, Thomas Hill, was most enthusiastic. '*Si mihi fas est ita loqui*', he told his friends, '*haud dissimilem sententiam de illa fero, quam Ecclesia de Adami peccato pronuntiat : O felix peccatum quod tantum et talem meruit habere redemptorem. Sic et ego dico : O felix infortunia quod nos adegit ut superiorem nostram vineam vendemus, ut istam tam praeclaram emeremus.*' But the other students, who had not been consulted about the vineyard, were full of complaints, and in the end they all complained to Cardinal Borghese, and asked that the money spent on the new vineyard should be refunded.³⁴

At a meeting with the Assistants of the Society on 29th October 1596, Claudio Aquaviva decided to make a final effort to abdicate the government of the College. But before taking an irrevocable step, he wrote to Spain to ask the advice of Robert Persons, while more letters came from Flanders imploring him not to withdraw the Jesuits from the College.³⁵

The English Jesuits in Spain, Robert Persons and Joseph Creswell, both ex-Rectors of the Venerabile, had followed the troubles with mounting alarm and a frustrating sense of helplessness. Creswell had written many letters to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Aldobrandini, from September 1595 onwards. His constant theme was that the poor scholars were deceived by self-seeking Catholics in Rome and secret emissaries of the English Government. He urged that the prefectures and *ripetitore*-ships should be taken away from the students, and constantly fretted at being away from Rome during such a crisis. To the Pope, too, he wrote more than once, sending him

³³ The Fornaci vineyard was worth 4,500 scudi, the new one only 1,500. The new vineyard, called in the College records '*vinea a San Gregorio*' or '*vinea ai cerchi*', was on the slopes of the Palatine, overlooking the Circus Maximus. It was used for many years after this period, and it is said that within living memory there was still a British coat of arms on one of the arches by the Circus.

³⁴ Chambers, 12. Another quarrel occurred when the Rector decreed that the sacristan should make out a *rota* for the priests to say Mass one after the other, because of the shortage of altars. The scholars objected to this as untraditional, and Borghese reversed the decision (*ibid.*). There was also a storm when the prefect of studies held a Repetition on the day before Christmas Eve (*Scripture*, 6, 25).

³⁵ MORE, *op. cit.*, p. 227. More's narrative is compressed, and there are so many references at various times and in various sources to Aquaviva's wish to abdicate the government of the College, that one cannot be sure if this attempt was distinct from earlier ones. The letters from Flanders are in the Appendix to HUNTER'S *Defence of the Clergy and Religious*.

an account of the martyrdom of Blessed Henry Walpole to show that there was a brighter side to English College life.³⁶

Persons, too, had written to Rome in January 1596 saying that he was anxious to try his hand at settling the troubles. At last, in November, he was summoned to Rome. Creswell, who had been expecting to be summoned himself, furnished him with a letter of introduction to Cardinal Aldobrandini, saying that if the Jesuits left the College it would mean the end of a glorious work unparalleled since the primitive Church. Moreover, he added with some bathos, the political affairs of France and Spain would suffer. Writing to the Pope on the same day, 15th November 1596, he urged him to listen to Persons' advice, which had always hitherto been most useful in such cases. Sir Francis Englefield, a veteran survivor of the Council of Queen Mary I, also wrote a glowing letter of recommendation.³⁷

Persons arrived in Rome, after his 'longe and werysome jorney from the Spanish costs' on 27th March 1597. He found, he says, 'the Colledge as a field with two hostile campos within it, father generall and his assistants wholly aversed, and throughly resolved to leave the government; the cardinals protector and vice protector throughly weryed, and all the rest of that order extremely scandalised, one namely Baronius, who often told me that our youths bragged much of martirdome, but they were Refractarij (that was his word) and had no parte of martirs spirite, which was in humilitie and obedience.' 'Many great and wise men began to suspect', he says, 'that the sufferings of our blessed martyrs also and Confessors in England was not soe much of vertue and love to gods cause as of a certain chollere and obstinate will to contradict the magistrate there.'³⁸

During the first week of April, while Persons stayed at the Casa Professa, many of the students, now weary of the troubles after six months of stagnation, visited him to discuss 'how to end these stirs and to put an end to that, which was an occasion of so great scandal'. Persons struck the right note immediately. 'He offered us conference to hear our griefs', wrote Edward Bennett, 'to give us remedy where we had reason, and desired us likewise to hear reason, not to be carried away with passion, because it was God's cause; promising that we should find all

³⁶ Creswell's letters are in the Vatican Archives, Borghese III, 124g2, 73-103.

³⁷ Persons to Baynes, Stonyhurst Coll. P. 488a. Creswell's letters, as above. Englefield to Clement VIII, in Borghese II, 448a, 390.

³⁸ Persons to Garnet [?] LAW, *Archpriest Controversy*, I, 28-29.

charity and indifferency in him, that we could piously desire or expect.' Besides this, Persons saw his General, Claudio Aquaviva, and the incensed Spanish Cardinals in Curia. He also visited the Spanish Ambassador whom the scholars had insulted, and found him anxious to know whether Persons' own seminaries in Spain might not in time turn out like the one in Rome. He spent several days entreating all these people 'to have patience, and to beare for a while longer, and for what might be brought to passe'.³⁹

After this, he had audience with Pope Clement VIII. It was the first meeting between the Pope and the man who was to be his mentor in English affairs for nearly five years. After the formalities, Clement himself brought the talk on to the English College. He told Persons that 'he never was so vexed with any nation in the world, for on the one side they pretended zeale and piety and one thother shewed the very spirite of the divell in pryde contumacy and contradiccon . . . Ever now and then his holynes would putt his finger to his brayne, signifeing that there stade their sickness and so wold most of the courte when they talked of Inglesi, and some plainly wold say that Inglesi were *Indiavolati*, and like wordes. His Hol. added also that he knewe not what resolucion to take, for one the one side to punishe them openly wold be a scandall by reason of the hereticks, and yf he should cast them forth of Rome some had told hym that they wold have become hereticks.' He 'seemed highly to mislike all such as he presumed to have bin authors or doers therein [in the troubles] especially out of the College, and of them he named some by name'. He asked Persons if he was staying at the College. 'No', said Persons, 'at the Casa Professa.' So the Pope told him to move his lodgings into the College and see what he could do.⁴⁰

Next day Persons moved into the College and began negotiations with the discontented students.⁴¹ 'He called us all together', wrote Bennett, 'told us we had God's cause in hand, laid before us the detriments that our countrymen suffered abroad because of our troubles, the inconveniences within the College that we found and, in fine, the harm that the cause of

³⁹ Bennett to Griffiths, TIERNEY, III, lxxxi. Persons to Garnet [?] in LAW, I, 30. Stonyhurst, Coll. P. 307e.

⁴⁰ LAW, I, 29, and Stonyhurst Coll. P. 307a.

⁴¹ On 10th April Persons was welcomed with a feast at the vineyard (*Scripture*, 6, 25). Chambers says that he had already visited the College before his audience, and warned the students of the harm that they were doing; but neither Bennett nor Persons (in his three accounts of these events) mention such a visit.

England was like to suffer, if that these factions and dissentions did continue.' The students replied, that they too had reason on their side ; so all agreed to deal with Persons and see if he could give them 'that satisfaction which as yet we had not found'.⁴²

There followed several days of discussion, during which each side found that there was more to be said for the other than they had ever dreamt. They went through the troubles from the beginning. Every cause of offence was raked up. 'Much ado there was, you must think, in ripping up so many old festered sores . . . but truly it pleased God so to help them all, in this good purpose of theirs, that, in all the time of their conferences, there fell out nothing, of any part, that might give disgust.' Persons listened patiently to all the scholars said, and yielded them reason, if he thought it was on their side ; and they too listened to him, and admitted that in many points he was in the right. In particular, he was able to convince them that there was no 'intention in him or any other F. of the Society to subiugate our country to strangers, but only to provide the best they could to have a Cathk. prince'. Both sides to the discussion were generous in their admissions. Persons wrote, immediately after the settlement : 'in untwisting of this clue, and unfolding matters past, I have found errors on both sides, *saltem in modo agendi*, which, you know, may stand with the best intentions in the world. And who will marvel at this, seeing the one were strangers to the other, and the other had to deal with strangers. Each part did as much as they knew, and could do no more. Suspicions, aversions, and exasperations were daily multiplied, *et arbiter pacis* was not amongst them. And, to conclude, methinketh that I do see that, if many of the things, that have passed here, should have happened in the quietest college that we have either in Spain or Flanders, they might have put the peace out of joint, supposing our English disposition.' Bennett, on the other hand, wrote of Persons, 'He whom we most feared, and whom we accounted for our greatest enemy, hath been our greatest friend ; yea, and the only man that hath satisfied us'.⁴³

⁴² TIERNEY, III, lxxxix.

⁴³ TIERNEY, III, lxxxix and lxxxix ; Stonyhurst Coll. P. 308a. Persons' words quoted above were written immediately after these conferences ; some months later (and also in the *Apologie*) he was less generous. Cf. LAW, I, 30-31 : 'fynding them at the first to be most obstynate vpon pretence of reason, and redy to runne into any inconvenience by the invitacion of some amonge them, he [the writer, Persons] to calme and mitigate them resolved to heare with patience all their reasons . . . were they neuer so impertinent'. This change of tone was not due only to propaganda reasons (as Tierney thought) but also to Persons' increased knowledge of the discreditable side of the rebels' activities, as will be described in the final article of this series.

When Persons had gained the students' confidence, and had shown them the testimonials he had from all parts of Europe in favour of the Jesuits, delegates were elected to deal with him and draw up peace terms for the regulation of the College. The leading delegate Edward Bennett ('The Tribune', as Persons called him) removed one of the chief causes of trouble by voluntarily resigning his post of Confessor, thus leaving the way open for the students to return to the Jesuit spiritual director.⁴⁴ Both sides finally agreed to the following terms, which were approved by Cardinal Borghese :

1. The general confessor of the College was to be a Jesuit ; but there was also to be an *alumnus parochus* to whom the students might confess, provided this was not done in contempt of the Jesuit confessor. This *parochus* was to be a student chosen by the Rector, not elected by the scholars.⁴⁵

2. The traditional rules of the College were to be kept intact '*tam quoad formam verborum, tam quoad sensum, explicationem, et praxim*'.

3. The confessor was not to entice, of set purpose, any alumnus to join any religious order ; but if asked by his penitents, he could advise them in good faith.

4. If any alumnus had received a religious vocation, and was accepted by the superiors of the institute he intended to join, he was not to remain any longer in the College.

5. The superiors were to choose three *Ripetitori*, from the students if suitable men were available ; otherwise, from the Jesuits.

6. With 2000 scudi granted by the Pope, a better vineyard was to be obtained as soon as possible.

7. There was to be no more mention of the *examen pro positiva theologia*.⁴⁶

8. There were to be no more appeals to the Protector over the Rector's head, and all *conventicula* and rebellious meetings were forbidden.

⁴⁴ LAW, I, 31 ; Chambers, 12a ; Stonyhurst Coll. P. 308a. Bennett, in his own account of the reconciliation, merely says : 'Now . . . the scholars confidently go to confession to the fathers'. (TIERNEY, III, lxxii.)

⁴⁵ The office of *alumnus parochus* was originally devised by Cardinal Sega, in his Constitutions of 1585. It had clearly been in abeyance since 1594 at least, or there would not have been such a fight about the student-confessor.

⁴⁶ To this is added the clause '*nisi forte quod in regulis cautum est post logicas institutiones non convenire iudicetur*'. If this means, as it seems to mean, 'except where a student is not judged fitted for the regular course provided after Logic', the whole regulation seems meaningless, since it was only in such cases that the examination was necessary.

9. The superiors were to forget and forgive, and the reputation of the College was to be restored by any who had damaged it.⁴⁷

On Ascension Day, 15th May, Cardinal Borghese came to the College for the official celebration of the reconciliation. He was received by all the English colony in Rome, including Geoffrey Pole and Christopher Isham, both of whom had sons in the College among the former rebels. A modest *pranzone* was held, at which the most memorable items seem to have been a nondescript *dolce* and some sausages. But there was no doubt of the general mood of rejoicing. In reply to a speech by one of the students, the future Pope expressed his real pleasure at the new concord, urged that it should not be broken, and told his hearers to publish the good news amid their friends in every part. The students were overcome with emotion: 'the full peace', wrote Persons, 'was made with exceeding contentment of both parties as it seemed by their words actions and teares &c'. Later another, more substantial banquet was held at the vineyard, mostly at Persons' expense, and again all the English colony came. There was joy in the whole city at the news of the peace.⁴⁸

As Borghese had instructed, Persons sat down to write to Fr Holt in Flanders to tell him what had happened. 'There remaineth nothing now', he wrote, 'but to give thanks to Almighty God for this singular mercy of his: and that you signify the same there to all those of our nation, as also to any others that have heard of these troubles; for that this union here is not made only within the house, but with all in like manner abroad, both of our nation and others, and namely, with the fathers of our society everywhere: and the success hath so contented his holiness and all the cardinals of the town, as you would wonder.' Meanwhile, Bennett was writing a similar letter which must have come as a shock to the anti-Jesuit Griffiths to whom it was addressed. 'I could wish you',

⁴⁸ TIERNEY, III, lxxix, lxxxii; Stonyhurst Coll. P., 308a; Chambers, 12a; *Scrittura*, 6, 25; LAW, I, 17 and 31. There is some confusion about the date; but all agree that the events took place on Ascension day, which was in fact on 15th May, New Style, in 1596.

⁴⁷ Barrett was mentioned by name as a calumniator of the College: it seems that the rebels had still not forgiven him for his unexpected opposition to them. These peace-terms have come down to us in two forms very different from each other. One list, sent to Griffiths (LAW, I, 16) stresses what is favourable to the rebels; the other, given by Chambers (12a) exaggerates in the opposite sense. A reference in a letter of Persons (Coll. P. 308) shows that the Griffiths list is trustworthy; I have supplemented it from Chambers.

It will be noticed that the rules are very favourable to the scholars: they are quite similar to the rebels' *Petitiones factae Sanctissimo* of 1595, and very unlike what Persons himself imposed when he became Rector later in the year, under different circumstances.

wrote Bennett, 'with your vantage, to make your peace ; for the Jesuits have carried it away ; for the pope hath determined to give all into their hands, and hath already given it.' He told Griffiths that he had made friends with Persons, and urged him to do likewise. His concluding words were prophetic : 'If you mean to do any good for our country, you must unite with the Jesuits ; for the common cause hereafter is like to lie altogether upon them'.⁴⁹ If Bennett, Griffiths, and their party had remembered these words, the Church in England would have been saved a generation of scandalous dissension.

(To be concluded.)

ANTHONY KENNY.

AT PALAZZOLA

27TH OCTOBER 1954

Were Paradise on earth this day would be
Its pattern, this Italian Arcady

Amid the hills that cradled infant Rome,
These golden summer hours amid the trees'
Autumnal green and golden harmonies,

Blue Alban mere beneath the sky's blue dome.

This terrac'd garden, whence our eyes behold
The beauty of creation wide unroll'd

From Cavo's crown unto the Tyrrhene sea,
The fruitful land of olive, corn and vine,
The chosen land, so close, by heaven's design,
Enwoven with the Church's history.

The afternoon in peaceful joyance fleets
Until yon Midland Sea the daystar meets,

With gleaming sunset flooding half the sky
With golden light, and lemon, clouds of rose
And crimson, till the whole horizon glows

One fiery red, the day's last obsequy.

Swift pass the gleams of vision'd Paradise.

The longest, loveliest day too early dies
To let us linger in Time's brief domain.

Glimpses of unimagin'd glory they,
Given to lift our hearts upon our way

Unto the light and life that cannot wane.

H. E. G. ROPE.

⁴⁹ TIERNEY, III, lxxxii, lxxxix.

ROMANESQUE

56—'VILLA WALKS'

In *my time* . . . dare I head my Romanesque with the phrase? I suspect that not a few of my Younger Brethren are already scuttling off to their guns, itching to defend themselves against the forthcoming attack upon them and *their* time. There lurks in the words, one feels, an inference that the passage of time has brought corruption rather than mellowing of the vintage, and there is good excuse for the Venerabilino who bristles at the suggestion. But *In my time* can be also the preface to an attack of nostalgia, which is my present frame of mind and the proper one for a Romanesque. With which brief apology, *andiamo*.

As I was saying, in *my time* there was no such thing as the Villa Bus. As an innovation, the Villa Bus has bid fair to lay siege to what was once one of the basic and most equaiizing occupations of the *villeggiatura*—walking. Getting to Palazzola was, in those days, a somewhat hardy experience. True, there was a vehicle euphemistically called a Villa Tram, but that was, as everyone knew, but a courteous misnomer which one learned by experience to distrust and eventually, though in retrospect, to enjoy. With all the unpredictable malice of the Servizio Tramviaria, the Villa Tram would deposit its contents anywhere but at the Villa. One's goal had to be either Rocca di Papa or Albano, both these places having equal claim to fame, that they were equidistant from Palazzola. The operative part of the word is that they are distant. From either point the traveller would have the best part of an hour in which to complete his journey; and this most pleasant hour would be spent on foot. And that was a Good Thing. One had to reach

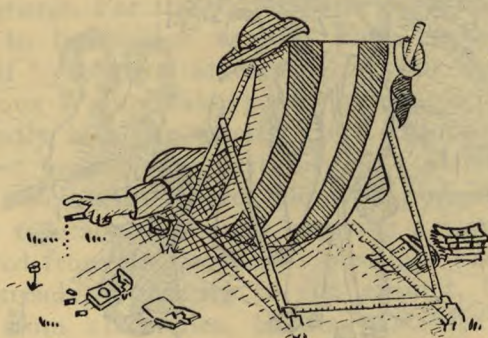
the Villa on foot. Whatever quality it is that makes the Villa what it is—and there are as many opinions as there have been inhabitants—all must admit this for certain. The perfection of the Villa is that it elevates all to the fraternity of walkers. The town bred and the countryman, the thick and the thin, the athlete and the gentleman, all must bow to that great humanizing art of walking. From the moment you step into the Monserrato, Villa bound, you are literally on your uppers. The horizon of each is limited by a pair of feet.

It is true that not all rejoice wholeheartedly in this privilege, but the exceptions are surely the as yet uninitiated. Tastes must be educated. Fledglings may be encouraged by the example of those connoisseurs in the art who spurn even the sketchy comforts offered by A.T.A.C., setting out at dawn by the shadowy Appia and arriving footsore, weary, but enviably happy at the Mecca of all who have borne the heats of the city and the bedevilment of a thesis sheet. There are, true, many others whose feet are loth to leave the fleshpots of a transport system. You can see their faces bearing a faint look of disapproval as they watch rucksacked figures clatter noisily through the Campo, but before long they will grudgingly admit that perhaps there is something to be said in favour of a pair of feet shod comfortably in leather and iron.

Most people arrive at Palazzola having endured nothing more exciting or arduous than a dust-laden, fly-infested walk. But there are others of a different calibre whose spirits bear affinity to the Empire builders of long ago. These are the men who, throughout the long year, have secretly been cherishing the memory of a track round the lake which must surely prove to be the Cut to end all Cuts. The intervening months have lent breadth to that dream until any selfrespecting *autostrada* would blush at its own insignificance. Somewhere here, or over there, there has to be a certain tree. Not any tree, but the one that looms so largely in our mentor's mind. It is the tree upon which all depends, a tree whose exact colours and locale were most carefully noted but one villa ago . . . and while we look for it we are led slowly but inevitably nearer the limpid waters of the Lake. And when one is lost, Albano woods can put any primaeval forest to shame. It is on just such occasions and at just such moments of crisis that a small half-read notice inflicts itself upon the consciousness like an angry buzzing. *Lunch 1.00 p.m.* That is the deadline, and no other emergency is as

effective as this in writing 'finis' to the ambitions of the most serious walker.

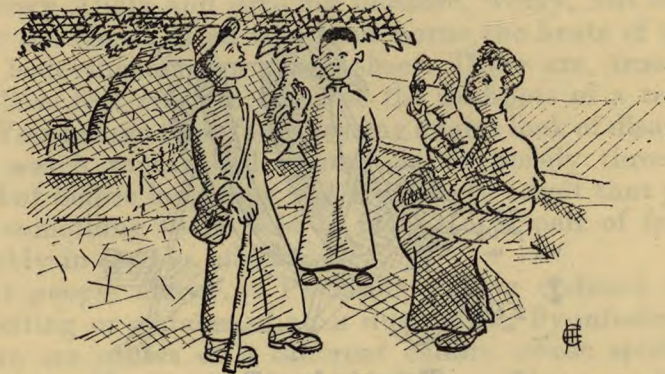
The Villa is, of course, the individualist's paradise. Personal eccentricities are somewhat curbed during the academic year, but that one man should allow himself to be swallowed up amid the entrails of the Villa clock passes without notice. Again, one is only slightly perturbed when the notoriously irresponsible shows tendencies which would do him credit in any mining community. There are even some who, harking back to more martial days, declare war on the advancing undergrowth, and with fire and blade drive the enemy to his defined and recognized limits. But there will come a time when even such pastimes pall and there is only one thing to do. Clearly, a walk is called for. It sounds easy, perhaps a little prosaic; but one man's meat ...



'Their recipe for a villa'

Yes, for some it is poison indeed. Their recipe for a villa is simply : 1, a deck chair ; 2, the Wiggery. To ascend, snailwise, sforzawards, is an adventure ; once a week, perhaps, a journey upwards into the great unknown is not excessive, especially if dinner depends on it. But for the privilege of being an inhabitant of Palazzola one is obliged to perform a minimum, poison or no poison. Personal inclination apart, day by day and two by two, all must make their way to Albano. Object : the Post Office. Route : the Villa path. Means : by foot. Sis and Your loving Aunt can hardly realize what their letters are going to mean to somebody in terms of sweat and dust and filth—and blood, for no Cerberus ever ruled the underworld more ferociously than the horse-fly the Albano path. It is not a pleasant walk : we find ourselves doing it during the hour which nature set apart for a siesta, but, alas, ours has been cramped and confined lest

it grow out of hand. We feel a certain loneliness as the choking dust swirls upwards. Even a pipe gurgles horribly as it, too, pants for air. There is little shade, and what there is is jealously guarded by swarms of angry flies, great massive flies which swell grotesquely as you peer at them through sweat-laden eyes. But we are men of honour. The Mail must be brought through. In poetic vein it is possible, just once, to pause and muse on the natural beauties which surround us. But no flight of fancy ever covered hard miles, and love of beauty is never an excuse for that most unforgivable of sins, Arriving Too Late at the Post Office. There is consolation when we reach Albano; although there hangs over us the shadow of the great return, still, here are amenities which cater for the tired, thirsty and worn traveller.



'has insinuated himself'

This sort of thing, hard though it may be, is merely the walking of the dilettante. The walker worthy of the name is the man who seriously expects, and gets, others less enthusiastic than himself to join him on what he is pleased to call a morning's jaunt. The route? Rocca, Tusculum, a quick brew on the summit, down to Frascati, back via the woods and all in time for a tank before prayers. He has it all worked out to the last detail—except, perhaps, the way. Such men are dangerous. They bear on them the mark of Cain. From the cloisters will come the sound of a falling stick, none of your puny walking sticks but something in the nature of a club. There is a clatter and scratch of nails on the tiles and then, somehow, your serious walker has insinuated himself into the peace and repose of some terrace-bound circle. Be not polite to such men; they trade on your

good nature. It is only a step from enquiring 'Whither dost thou wander?' to being a member of his *camerata*. Witness the man's cunning. He mentions a stroll, he outlines his journey with such a host of alternatives that one feels there must always be a back door out at any moment. It is a *stroll*, he insists. To my way of thinking, a stroll is an effortless amble; but I am yet to learn. To our would-be host, a stroll means something the like of which not even Dante in his wildest nightmares could have conceived. From the moment we set foot on the dust-laden track there must be no rest, no pause. A goal has been set and must at all costs be attained.

To Rocca all goes well, and there you are liable to discover that you are the procurator of the party. Yours to rush hither and thither purchasing tea and milk and sugar and perhaps even a little *grasso*. For this latter there is no specified purpose, unless it be to lie hidden in that huge rucksack which has attached itself by natural attraction to your shoulders.

Our Serious Walker takes a last glimpse at civilization and steps confidently into the woods. Here, the object is to find a woodpile. Last year it was certainly just about here . . . no, over there . . . well, somewhere. Soon it is possible to see lurking behind every tree some peasant carrying a woodpile which he has just moved from its last year's position. Finally, we find it and throw ourselves panting to the ground. Our evil genius considers it from all angles, thinks, tests for air, scratches, then triumphantly pronounces: 'This isn't it!' What an unknown debt he owes at such a moment to centuries of inbred civilization! Far from kind tones adjure us, as we sling that sack back on to our torn shoulders, to be careful with the eggs. We didn't even suspect that there were eggs nestling happily between our shoulder blades. Something in the mien of our determined walker stifles unborn our heretical opinion that it would surely be better to retrace our steps now. Wisdom cries for retreat. We go on. Then it happens. Tusculum appears—not as we fondly imagined, in front of us, but away several light years to the rear. Spirits rise. Perhaps now this glimpse will satisfy his ambition? How little we know of the soul of the Serious Walker. We climb. There is a path. We ignore it. Fear for our hard-earned brew causes momentary rebellion in the ranks. 'Water', we say firmly, 'Water is always found at the *foot* of a mountain.' Our protest is ignored. We arrive at the summit and look anxiously for some blessed shade. The whole

horror of the situation dawns upon us as we realize that there is no shade. There is a spring . . . but there is no water. Someone remembers that it is the height of summer and like a theme it dances through the mind. There is no water, there is a spring, but there is no water. Aeons ago we had made just that point and we were right. Oh, the joy at being right just for once . . . ! There is an unnatural stillness as we arrive back at the Villa. The hum of prayer permeates through the chapel door, and we realize that once again the perfect 'stroll' has gone awry.

Cavo, Nemi, Frascati, even Rocca Priora, (though this latter, for purely extrinsic reasons, is officially classed as severe), are names known to all, and whosoever has visited them has done so on foot. But look at the Via dei Laghi. Here is a magnificent motor road. It is always at hand, and yet how many have ever walked it in cold blood? Yet if the number be small



'The Lake lies still and peaceful below'

there are few of us who have not, at some time, made our expectant way along it an hour or so before dawn. Before us lies all the glittering uncertainty of a long gita. Our clattering steps evoke a snarl from some cur as we pass on in the cool darkness. At such times, Marino and the station seem but a stone's throw away. But it often happens that on the return journey we take a lingering departure from the attractions of Marino and our so familiar road springs on us a host of surprises. This well-known last bend gives way to another and yet another. Palazzola lies so near, and the way to it is so long. Time, the enemy of all who travel as nature meant them to travel, draws shorter, and expectations of a refreshing tank dissolve and vanish as another bend appears which most certainly was not

there an hour ago. The Lake lies still and peaceful below, and even the humble row-boat seems to make better progress than our hurried steps. No car is in sight, and if there were it would without a doubt be full. A pleasant if unharmonious pulsation creeps across the intervening water and while we marvel at the acoustic we realize also the bitter truth. That was the bell.

With feet we began and with feet we must end. No villa can last for ever, and for those who will drink to the last the sweets of blessed freedom there is always the journey back to Rome. For the last time boots are greased and laces borrowed. Sacks are packed with an air of finality. The peace of the night is interrupted by that most penetrating of sounds, the whisper. The pad-pad of unshod feet slides almost silently but insistently into our dreams. From some distant part comes the sound of nails and leather, a door bangs, a dog barks and is cursed into silence, there is a clatter of falling stone and student, an hastily suppressed ejaculation; and finally, the crunch of honest boot on honest earth. Some, at least, have bid adieu to the Villa. Dawn will see them passing the shadowy tombs of ancients long dead. The ghosts of the Appia accompany them Romewards, and already in someone's mind there is a growing picture of the Cut to end all Cuts . . .

LAWRENCE HOWORTH.

THE VENERABLE THIRTY YEARS AGO

EXTRACT FROM 'THE VENERABLE', VOL. II, APR. 1925 (p. 179)

THE NEW ORGAN

On Sunday, 15th March, His Eminence the Cardinal Protector [Cardinal Gasquet] came to the College to bless the new organ built by Cav. Giovanni Tamburini. Unless put on record somewhere, future generations are likely to be nonplussed by the problem of how the larger pieces ever got through the narrow door of the Tribune. The truth is that the wall of the Computisteria had to be knocked down, but the presence of the Cardinal marked the triumphant issue of this and other inconvenience. After the brief ceremony in the Tribune, His Eminence gave Benediction, when the organ was used for the first time—formally that is. Virtually it had already become a portion of the life of the House, which had patiently endured a fortnight of intensive tuning. For the benefit of the three bishops staying in the College, and especially of Bishop Keatinge, who was organist himself here in his student days, a member of the Pontifical School played for some time after Benediction. But the real *Collaudo* took place the following Sunday when Il Maestro Renzi, Organist of St Peter's, gave a recital on the completed instrument.

[NOTE.—The Organ was thoroughly overhauled last summer. Making the miniature bellows with leather instead of the original paper has greatly improved the action.—ED.]

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 2nd 1954, *Friday*.

*Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;*

Palazzola and peace. First the one, and then after several hours the other. It has not been merely a matter of hobnailed arrivals and the clatter of trunks on stairs: the relief after Rome must express itself in excited conversation and hysterical laughter. This time it continued into the sacred reaches of afternoon, compelling a Senior Theologian to denounce the 'blatherscites' on the terrace from an upper storey window. Now all is quiet and we can remember the gentler welcome on the way: the Albano path bright with flowers—larkspur, centaury and even a few sprigs of broom left over from the day of the Beda cricket match.

*Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake.*

Perhaps there are no lilies by our lake, but I am sure this is what they would do if there were. The first terrace sunset—what goes with it? A quiet passage of Wagner? A sentimental chorus from Gilbert and Sullivan? What does it matter—this first evening has a fragrance all to itself. Even if you do have to go back to Rome to meet your examiners in four days' time.

3rd *Saturday*. A 'No Bell Day'—with its one less Bell than usual. Work has already started on the golf course which we opened informally yesterday before the Secretary could even open the holes on the greens. Meanwhile the Tennis Secretary, his 'Folly' resplendent with bracken and thistles, talks of his future achievement in terms of umpires and parasols.

Fr Patrick Daly arrived this evening to stay with us a few days before going to Africa to take up his duties as Secretary to Archbishop Knox.

5th *Monday*. The Senior Student and his Deputy left us yesterday after tea for their Retreat at S. Alfonso.

Mr Abbott's Benefit Match took place on the Sforza to-night after the sheep pen and their other properties had been removed from the wicket. The beneficiary captained his side to victory.

7th *Wednesday*. There appeared on the Common Room notice-board yesterday a plan bearing some resemblance to the disposition of the troops before Waterloo. On closer inspection it turned out to be the new golf course. After to-day's Sforza gita the Rector solemnly opened the season in a foursome covering the first two holes (which happen to be the same as the ones on the old course). The match was carried on by a five-ball fivesome most of whose members were fairly well loosened up for the occasion.

The Handball Secretary tried the other day to patch holes in the wall with *pozzolana* and water but no lime. This valiant attempt to transcend nature was left unrewarded, but science has now intervened and the court is once more in action.

9th *Friday*. SS. *John Fisher and Thomas More*. It is decidedly cool. Mgr Heard remarked this morning that he was thinking of going to England to get warm. The after-tea smokers on the terrace seek the sun rather than the shade. These conditions favour the active life. Walking for exercise is already fashionable; the sweated labour on the tennis court shows no signs of flagging. The culture organizers are Legion: Italian, German, Greek plays and Dante are all under consideration, and there is a possibility of two Shakespeare reading groups.

10th *Saturday*. You can actually hear the orchestra growing—not without the pains that go with growth. Soloists tune up in the house and then take themselves off to various glades of Pan in the neighbourhood of the Sforza. They tend to live in the future:

*Other loves may sink and settle, other loves may loose and slack,
But I wander like a minstrel with a harp upon his back,
Though the harp be on my bosom, though I finger and I fret,
Still, my hope is all before me: for I cannot play it yet.*

The new library on the ground floor is gathering to itself a façade of learning: students passing by the old library upstairs find themselves carrying the best bindings downstairs where they are arranged in a tasteful hierarchy of calf, cloth and *mezzo-tela*.

11th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Swindlehurst and Bickerstaffe who were ordained this morning at the Church of the Sacred Heart in the Piazza Navona.

Emissaries left this evening for the *Sagra del Porco* at Ariccia. Some of us escaped from the brass bands and hearty squalor of that town to the homelier and more respectable air of Albano to eat our token *etto* of pig-flesh. There is of course no 'r' in this month or any adjacent one.

12th *Monday*. First Masses of the new priests, and the traditional toast at dinner. The weather continuing inclement, *caffè e liquori* were taken in the Common Room. To-night the inclemency reached its climax. Thunder clouds well equipped with sheet and fork lightning disported

themselves over the sea before night prayers. In a short time the inferno reached Rome, and after a bright blue explosion, many of the lights in that capital went out. Our own made a malicious attempt to strike in sympathy, but were frustrated, presumably due to the work of last Villa's electricians.

There is a coming and going in the guest apartments: Fr Daly left yesterday, and Mr Abbott received his *Ad Multos Annos* this evening; Frs Molloy and McManus arrived in time for supper.

14th *Wednesday*. Owing to the damp of the last few days—I was unable to see the other side of the Cortile for mist yesterday morning—the Sforza gita was ordered on the terrace. By midday, however, the sun was blazing hotly, leaving the long distance cameratas in the position of proverbial mad dogs and Englishmen. After supper the terrace again proved an attraction with its telescope and full moon. The number of guests is still on the increase. Frs McCormack and Johnson joined us yesterday, and to-day Frs Lowery and Reynolds brought the total to six.

17th *Saturday*. The Embassy Match. We missed the usual complement of children scampering round the telegraph and being introduced by the Rector to the mysteries of fun and games below the Sforza, but in their place appeared two mascots. The first was a terrifying bulldog named Gabriel. For an ambassadorial watchdog he showed a truly archangelic meekness, submitting himself to be led about by members of the House. He actually shied away from the other mascot, a royal French poodle with moustachios like Nietzsche. In spite of the efforts of the wives of the opposing team, who made two wickets drop by sheer concentration, our side emerged victorious—a special demon bowler accounting for seven wickets in the last two overs.

20th *Tuesday*. The guests have all departed, and the Senior Student and his Deputy are back with us once again. Now that opera practices have started we know that we have passed the novelty period of the *Villeggiatura*. Perhaps this is why a general relaxation set in this afternoon, with a massed display of deck chairs on the Whiggery and below. How most of them were capable of being erected is a mystery. From this point of vantage the seated ones could indulge in that favourite British pastime, watching other people work. There are no aesthetic flower gardeners with us this summer, so they had to watch stone-breaking and destruction: in this case the perishing of an ancient monument: the stone casing of the water pipe and tap above the iron steps. There was no Augustus Hare present to do justice to the pathos of the occasion.

Meanwhile other excavations are in progress. A notice posted by the Table Tennis Secretary announces that the 'sub-terrace' rooms will be available for that sport. 'A few alterations', it says, 'will be needed to make them more convenient.' Then follows an appeal for volunteers. A little unwonted enthusiasm arose from the fact that the harried official had written 'ale rations' instead of 'alterations'.

21st *Wednesday*. Another Sforza gita of the terrace variety. Last week's improvization seems to have become a tradition. A visit to Nemi this morning revealed the sad fact that our favourite *padrone*, known to so many generations as 'Nemi Joe', died last February. *Requiescat in pace*.

The beery notice about the table tennis accommodation has been withdrawn. In its stead is a business-like programme of catechism questions for the convert instruction classes.

24th *Saturday*. The two sheep dog puppies who spend their lives ravaging the Sforza are making the most of the dog days. They are keen cricketers and can turn their hand to spoiling a game of golf as well. The sheep have their part to play of course. Their pen may be found each day enclosing a different hole on the course, and if they are not in it, they will be acting as obstacles on the fairway. When there is not a game actually in progress they will visit the operations where the golf-house is being restored.

26th *Monday*. *Peperino* paving is forming around the cypress trees at the front entrance. The 'pavement' artists from Rocca find that their hours of inspiration coincide exactly with those of Meditation and Mass. Their hammerings at the resisting stone are an apt illustration of the spiritual efforts being made within.

A hen pheasant has been sitting for some days on eleven eggs in the bracken near the first tee. Having somehow escaped the attentions of three dogs, two mares, two foals, a flock of sheep, a pig and the other animals infesting the Sforza, she has now been removed to the protected precincts of a hencoop in the Nuns' garden. Should she not take advantage of this undeserved comfort, and refuse to continue her duties, a turkey is being held in reserve to carry on the good work.

27th *Tuesday*. The Public Meeting was just squeezed into one afternoon to-day. Fr Rope's donation of *paste* for tea was a welcome relief afterwards. Then followed the serious business of the day. Those who have been seeking some means of putting the orchestra out of action for the past few weeks lighted on the scheme of a cricket match against us. All the demon bowlers were on the side of the critics. In fact they almost decided to give us one to make it look like fair play. Having won the toss and put themselves in to bat, they retired their men with great magnanimity after fixed spells at the wicket. Imagine their chagrin when our batsmen soundly defeated them at five wickets down. For good measure their captain was put in the Tank afterwards.

31st *Saturday*. Events do not wait for the attention of the chronicler. In consequence, since our last entry, a Sforza gita (on the Sforza), the cricket match against Propaganda (happily won this year at five wickets down), and fleeting visits from Frs Butterfield and English have all passed into history. To-day will be more fortunate in receiving immediate attention.

To-day was the day of the Tusculum Mass. An experience that must have been familiar in the Porzio days, it now occurs once a year and only for those who feel capable of the walking marathon involved. The organizer—*potius ille quam ego*—completed the return journey in the record time

of an hour and seven minutes, being the last to leave and the first to arrive. The efficiency of the cooks at breakfast time was terrifying. But the experience that made the day was the unaccustomed and unforgettable sight of a chalice of gleaming gold raised against the deep blue sky.

AUGUST 2nd *Monday*. Three new guests have arrived—all by plane. Mgr Elwes came by night and was met at an unearthly hour at Ciampino. Frs Maguire and Dwyer preferred the daytime.

In honour of August Bank Holiday we held the North versus South cricket match. The South, after a deadly display of bodyline on a dangerous wicket (which it always is), triumphed by thirty runs. Nature bore witness to the carnage when the sun went down like a squashed tomato. We round off with a whist-drive for the 'Nig' and fireworks from Albano.

8th *Sunday*. July went at a gentlemanly pace, but this month is behaving like the famous Shell advertisement. Consequently, six days have slipped past without an entry, and among them last Thursday which was the Feast of the Dedication of the Villa Church. And there was a *pranzone* with *caffè e liquori* to follow, and there were guests: the Minister to the Holy See, the Rector of the Scots College and Fr Gredler from the Redemptorists.

This middle period of the *Villeggiatura* does not last. Already the morning sun is too late to catch the wall at the end of the garden before Meditation. He scarcely reaches farther than a roof-cornice in the Cortile before breakfast. We must record something else, then, before we find ourselves in the middle of next week. Two more guests have looked in and out again: Dr Alexander Jones on Saturday and Fr Peter Storey for lunch to-day.

Last as well as least, the pheasant's eggs have been found to contain only water.

10th *Tuesday*. Yesterday evening a reading of *Richard II* took place at the hermitage in a high wind. The king battled gallantly against the blast, only to be smothered by the din of Bolingbroke's jet fighters on reconnaissance over the lake. The gale kept up all last night with a dismal howling, and dropped this afternoon just in time to make things hot for Fr Dwyer and three stalwarts who climbed Faete during siesta.

11th *Wednesday*. To-day's Sforza (terrace-type) gita was enjoyed even by the opera cast: the absence of the pianist in Rome prevented a Cortile practice. This evening the College walked round the lake for a Papal audience at Castel Gandolfo. His Holiness was looking better but spoke to us from a chair on the balcony. The greeting for the College was especially affectionate, and we replied with a verse of 'O Roma Felix'. We could not help wondering, however, whether this would be the last time.

On the return journey there was an extravagant sunset: on the lake colours varying from duck-egg blue to mulled claret were reflected from a sky tinged with old tawny port. In the east the nearly full moon sat in an expanse of Stephen's Blue-Black. It needs Mgr Giles to do justice to a scene like this.

13th *Friday*. Guests now get a smart first impression of the Villa, that makes it worthy of its name, Palazzola, in a new way. They pass a long stretch of Amerigo's wall all down the front of the New Wing, upon a road freshly surfaced with brown shale from Rocca, and they draw up—if they come on wheels—on crunching yellow gravel in front of the church. The cypresses are now fenced in at the end with stone posts and chains. Dogs are admitted only on leash.

And now those who have forgotten what it is to see the sun will forgive me if I describe another sunset. Unfortunately, it could not be put off until it was required for the Diary, but insisted on taking place to-night. The sea was visible right out to the horizon about forty miles away. If one looked sideways at the view to get rid of the shape and take full advantage of the colouring, it was as if a solid rainbow hung between the blue space of the sky and the blue space of Lake Albano. Starting with yellow-green haze, it passed through the silver sea to the blackness of the opposite shore of the lake. A little later the whole Campagna was on fire with gold, and the steep silhouette of that shore stood in front of it like a cardboard 'flat' in a puppet show. The sun went down, a burning orange, a spiritual colour that nevertheless puts one in mind of a cool drink.

15th *Sunday*. *Feast of the Assumption*. This must have been the coolest Rocca procession for a long time. The only mishap was the collapse of the second acolyte's candle in the street—it had been mauled by a very young blood in the sacristy beforehand. The *Parroco*, obviously steeped in Genesis, snapped the top off the other acolyte's candle (wick and all) and—'ecco un'altra candela!' Luigi still does sterling work with the big banner of Our Lady (St Bonaventure on the reverse side), and the band distinguished itself by playing *Noi Vogliam' Dio* a record number of times with introduction from 'Colonel Bogey'. It reached its peak performance while we were trying to sing the *Te Deum*. The vermouth, we are glad to report, is as good as ever.

Opera practices follow: the taskmaster has ordered us into the Cortile for every free evening as well as some mornings until the performance on the 24th.

17th *Tuesday*. This was the day of the Scots' visit to us (all thirteen of them). Your chronicler was not able to report in any detail, being occupied first with a visit to Propaganda Villa as *socius* to Mgr Elwes, and then with tidying up the hinterland of the Sforza before the second Embassy match.

18th *Wednesday*. A Day Gita. The Oxford Group took Mgr Elwes on foot to Rocca Priora and it was discovered that two of its members in Second Year Theology had never been there before. *Pereat memoria!* Fr Dwyer reached Lariano on the way to Artana. He had, however, climbed Algidus.

Mgr Atkins joined us at supper this evening. Frs Maguire and Dwyer leave to-morrow.

21st *Saturday*. Our last outside cricket fixture took place this afternoon. The Embassy innings tailed off, appropriately enough for the occasion, with a small boy and then a smaller boy until there was nobody left.

Cricket may come and cricket may go but the tennis court goes on being built for ever. Even while the sunshine turned to gold on the parasols and deck-chairs of the spectators, another load of shale arrived and was taken across a highway cleared from the jungle to its (final?) resting place just north of the site.

We should record here the passing of Alcide de Gasperi who died on Thursday. It is not simply that his Villa is a very short distance from us on the Via dei Laghi: by restoring a more Christian outlook to Italian politics he has made a welcome *ambiente* for clerical students in this country.

24th *Tuesday*. The skies have been glowering for some days now, and this morning did not promise well for the opera. But the clouds remained high, and by midday a walk down the garden surprised a number of lizards basking in the box hedges. There was really little need for anxiety—the same may also be said for the performance, without unduly usurping the functions of critic. It was dedicated to our guests Mgr Atkins and Elwes, both of whom were concerned with the pioneering days of our opera. Mgr Elwes was our first Mikado, and Mgr Atkins was responsible for the lighting effects.

25th *Wednesday*.

*The solemn temples . . . shall dissolve
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.*

This oft-quoted extract fits quite literally this morning, for, during the night, rain reduced the backcloths and the central pagoda to pulp. The only piece remaining firmly attached to its strut was, ironically enough, the 'threatened cloud' which, according to the script, should have passed away. There is something very pleasing, nevertheless, about this showery weather; the atmosphere over the lake seems almost solid enough to walk on. This afternoon we said good-bye to Mgr Elwes, and au revoir to the Senior Student and his gita party.

26th *Thursday*. To-day is our turn to visit the Scots. Fate is unrelenting: my name has again failed to come out of the hat. I shall look forward all the more to my first opportunity to visit them—in Top Year. For the rest there is a day gita, but squalls of rain have made it an optional one. People who generally show themselves immutable in their opinions have spent the early part of the morning changing their minds with each passing cloud.

In case those who are scraping together to afford a long gita are finding the task too easy, some long-awaited Bible Commentaries at six thousand a time have just arrived.

28th *Saturday*. Here for the moment I resign this account into the hands of the only Theologian who is not going north to-morrow.

29th *Sunday*. The prospect of those not going on long gitas was cheered to-day by the arrival of three new guests : Dr Redmond, and Frs Delany and Cunningham.

30th *Monday*. By breakfast time the House was down to only a little over quarter strength. Already you could catch the Villa for a moment in a strange empty mood, reminding you that when it is not a community it is simply a building.

SEPTEMBER 1st *Wednesday*. A cloudless day for a gita. Dr Redmond joined a hill-going camerata for Rocca Priora. Those who went to the lake and to Lanuvio converged on the Propaganda Villa for a very enjoyable open-air performance of *Julius Caesar* in the afternoon.

6th *Monday*. Our guests have all departed except Mgr Atkins who leaves to-morrow. To-day all eighteen of us who were not away on gitas enjoyed the hospitality of the Villa of the North American College. This included a film : *Sitting Pretty*.

10th *Friday*. Your original scribe is back. Having sufficiently recovered to resume this account, he notices one or two changes in the *ambiente*. There is a litter of five puppies on the terrace. They were found deserted by their mother, but now seem to spend their lives in danger of being overfed. Secondly the fanlight over the door of the Refectory has taken on a stained glass appearance which it certainly didn't have ten days ago. Lastly some young golfers have been practising assiduously for the doubles tournament, from which I made my exit this evening.

11th *Saturday*. The American College has to go back to Rome early to welcome over eighty new men. They take with them the main reason for the second performance of the opera, so there will be none till the Epiphany.

13th *Monday*. To lunch Mgr Canestri, Auditor of the Rota and Postulator for the Cause of Pope Pius IX.

Our late summer continues. Poor England ! A soft coverlet of cotton-wool cloud lies tenderly over the Campagna ; the sunset is ribbed with mild colours. There is scarcely a breath of air ; the silence is disturbed only by gentle explosions from the tennis court.

14th *Tuesday*. Recreation after breakfast is now spent watching the puppies have theirs. Perhaps table manners in the Refectory are not so bad after all.

This evening an army of press-ganged labour swarmed over the tennis court in an intense effort to break up a record number of stones. The three month plan has not reached the standard expected by the commissars. Nature, to condole with this sweating of blood, has pushed up a crop of wild cyclamen nearby.

Dr R. Meagher arrived to-day with his brother Fr W. Meagher.

16th *Thursday*. It has been one of those evenings on which sound carries a very long way. From the Whiggery we could clearly hear the singing and cheering at the Papal audience two miles across the lake.



SUNRISE ON FAETE

No peculiar acoustical conditions were needed to hear the Deputy Senior Student and his camerata break into the serenity of study time with their return from gita land.

18th *Saturday*. Fr Alfred visited us yesterday after a long absence and will be with us for the week-end. Dean Rogerson is also to stay with us for a spell. Not the least remarkable of this evening's arrivals was that of the Vice-Rector from his American 'holiday'. He came in a machine which strove to combine the dignity of royalty with the chumminess of a soup-kitchen: Rolls radiator in front and canteen store room behind. Some observers thought it looked white with large floppy ears and a trunk. Fr M. O'Leary also arrived in this conveyance.

20th *Monday*. The clock chimed 3.15 and the alarms began to sound. It would be morning in six hours time. But for twenty or so early birds life was already beginning. Mass was said at 4, and a cup of tea followed. Haste was the order of the day. By near upon 4.55 the Senior Student arrived from his thanksgiving just in time to see the last of the tea being thrown out of the window, and the head of the party had already started for the sunrise on Faete. Your reporter was naturally full of a sense of duty and well in the van. He exhausted himself and two stalwart colleagues in an effort to make sure that someone arrived in time, and reached the top in fifty minutes with quarter of an hour to go. Unfortunately, the best part of the dawn takes place long before this. Photographers now began to arrive, and then the provisions. The sunrise took place as expected. Most of the water and cauldron carriers were in time to set down their burdens before the event. Our appetites were jolted a little by the discovery that the sugar had been left behind, but we were saved from the banality of collecting wood, by finding that the tea had been forgotten as well.

21st *Tuesday*. To-day we had an athletic meeting on the Sforza after tea. With incredible speed the committee worked its way through sprints, marathons, relays, jumps and novelty events, culminating in an obstacle race. All this was inspired by the sight of two eccentrics taking their daily run in shorts during the past few weeks. In another ten years' time when there are javelins, starting guns and cinder tracks, with six weeks' training to precede the annual sports day, we shall recall with pride the era when the whole thing was worked out overnight, and the competitors just went in for the fun of it without any preparation.

22nd *Wednesday*. Day gitas varied from the ridiculous to the equally ridiculous. One camerata walked all but twelve kilometres of the way to Subiaco, while another, containing two members of Top Year, got lost in the woods on the way to Genzano.

Fr Buckley arrived in time for supper, thus completing our staff for next year.

26th *Sunday*. The Frs Meagher both left us yesterday, taking the sun away with them. We will wager they will not get it back as far as England. The nights are becoming noticeably colder, and the days are

in that awkward stage where it is too hot to sit in the midday sun and yet too cold to sit in the shade. Sir Douglas Howard has come to stay with us for a short week-end.

28th *Tuesday*. The sun has returned as predicted, and now enjoys himself picking out the colours on the wood-and-gilt altar piece in church during Rosary. The room list is up. Better stay away until one's name comes up, for a word of idle chatter about one's possible choice may influence those who are higher on the list.

Fr J. Meagher joined us this evening.

29th *Wednesday*. The last day gita of the Villa made sure that we should have little opportunity for nostalgia. A procession of low mists with short breaks and spittings of rain delayed the decision which eventually sent us out. Then with the malice he usually reserves for Greg days and afternoon walks, Jupiter Pluvius waited until we were all well away from cover before unleashing his more mature fury. To-morrow is sure to be fine.

30th *Thursday*. As it is. This must be the finest Villa holiday within living memory, though we have grouched now and again. Mr Ted Kavanagh came to lunch.

There was a sing-song this evening in the Common Room for the opera songs. Madre Beer made a receptive atmosphere for *Chi Lo Sa?*

Fr O'Leary leaves us to-morrow.

OCTOBER 3rd *Sunday*. We leave the Villa a little later than usual this year, but by now thoughts turn very distinctly to departure. As the hours run out there is a sense of urgency that we must pack them with enjoyment before we have to pack our cases with sorrow. The last pleasures are the most poignant, and sometimes the most rewarding. On Cavo this evening we could see its shadow cast out beyond Valmontone towards the Sabines. In Marino there was the wine festival, and fireworks to watch from the balcony after supper.

4th *Monday*. To-day's entry is dedicated to the tennis court which is now complete apart from its top surface and accoutrements. The Trojans who gave up even their siestas to wield picks and shovels have the satisfaction of knowing they have built well. The site could now support a hotel.

5th *Tuesday*. As I write from an island of tidiness amid an ocean of alien property in the room of my choice I record that the Villa is over and we are back on the long stretch again. After yesterday's hot wine above the iron steps the leader of the party plunged with his torch into the depths of the tunnel, a fitting sign to finish the Villa. This morning those of us who did not start tramping off to Rome at 2 o'clock after midnight could see a last wonder. The shadow of Cavo was projected as far into the Campagna as it had been in the opposite direction when we saw it two days ago. This happens often enough but it is seldom that the country is clear enough to show it.

Fr Meagher has left us and Fr Monaghan has taken his place. The puppies, except one which has been given away, have taken up residence in the garden.

6th *Wednesday*. Timely arrivals were the rule to-day. Some took the overnight train from Turin and arrived in time for breakfast.

8th *Friday*. His Lordship the Bishop of Lancaster came to lunch to-day with Canon Wickwar. This evening we go into Retreat under the direction of Fr Morris O.S.M.

14th *Thursday*. Out of Retreat again. They seem shorter each year. We kept the spiritualities of St Edward's yesterday with a High Mass, leaving the temporalities over for to-day. His Lordship Bishop Flynn was here again to grace our board, and gave us a speech in reply to the toast in his honour at *caffè e liquori* afterwards.

There is an epidemic of sore throats this evening, some voices having already made up for their lack of exercise over the last few days. We may mention, though we were deep in spiritual thoughts at the time, that Mgr Grech, the Vicar-General of Gibraltar, was our guest during Retreat. He brought with him our new student from that diocese. Fr L. W. Jones is now with us.

15th *Friday*. The student is an adaptable creature :

*Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.*

From the Retreat to the University in twenty-four hours and we are all intellect again.

17th *Sunday*. Friday gave us *lectiones breves*, High Mass at S. Ignazio and Premiations to prepare ourselves all of a sudden for yesterday's full morning's work. So to-day we had a Floorshow in the Common Room to give us a chance to laugh about it all.

21st *Thursday*. It is evening :

*Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,*

Save where . . . the uncouth din of the bath-night serenade reaches up to my window from the Queen Mary.

There has been a certain lightness of heart in the House since we found out that, to enable us to attend the Marian Congress at the Lateran University, all lectures at our own seat of learning would cease next week.

In the last few days we have had an almost imperceptible visit from Mgr Ashworth and a visit from Fr O'Hara, who is a scoutmaster on an even larger scale than when he last saw us. And yesterday there was a film, left over from St Edward's, called *Scandal at Scourie*, a well handled account of a Catholic orphan in a Protestant home in Canada.

S. Maria del Popolo was the church selected for Community Mass this morning.

25th *Monday*. It is a good thing we do not have to attend the Lateran regularly : we should have to get up earlier. At the Congress a very large

number of professors are crowded into a small space and a very short time. The overcrowding is not of course confined to the professors. Mgr Davis arrived this evening to stay with us and will represent our country at the Congress.

It was a surprise to find that Friday last was Mr Frank Sheed's first visit to the College. He talked to us about the Catholic Evidence Guild.

27th *Wednesday*. Early this afternoon we left in two buses for Palazzola. It was a perfect day from every point of view: the walkers walked, the golfers golfed, and Fr Jones led a party in astronomical observation assisted by the telescope. Those of us who left three weeks ago did not know whether we felt as though we had just returned from the long gitas or come out for the day in what might as well have been Easter week. The New Men face eight months' tantalization.

29th *Friday*. If the temperature were anything to judge by, one would think that 'summer is icumen in': it has become steadily warmer ever since we left the Villa. It was very pleasant basking under the olives in Pam watching the flying saucers go past.

This evening Mgr Davis addressed the Literary Society on Cardinal Newman. We now have with us His Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham, and also Frs Gerard Langley, Gerard Hulme and McKenna. Are three Gerards at the Superior's table a record?

31st *Sunday*. *Christ the King*. We congratulate Messrs Burtoft, Travers, Vella, Doran, Rice, Foulkes and Connelly on receiving the Diaconate at the Dodici Apostoli. There was a modest *fiesta in famiglia* with *caffè e liquori*.

The *Salus Populi Romani* was carried in procession this evening from St Mary Major to St Peters, accompanied by deputations with Marian banners from all over the world, among whom walked Frs Hulme and Langley with the Walsingham banner. A burst of clapping greeted the *Chiesa del Silenzio*: in particular Russia, Poland, and Korea. It was a moving sight in a way which is difficult to describe.

NOVEMBER 1st *Monday*. *All Saints*. After Mass in St Peters this morning the Pope instituted the Feast of the Queenship of Our Lady and blessed two crowns for the picture *Salus Populi Romani*. He also received and blessed a Marian banner from each country represented in the procession, Fr Hulme presenting the English one. After this His Holiness was carried through the Piazza to the Bronze Door and appeared on the central loggia of the Basilica where the newly crowned picture was displayed to the crowd. By his side was Mgr Davis carrying one of the *flabelli*.

At *caffè e liquori* after lunch Archbishop Grimshaw replied to a toast proposed by the Rector in honour of his elevation to the See of Birmingham. His Grace gave Pontifical Benediction this evening. Mgr Davis has now forsaken us for the lecture room at Oscott.

2nd *Tuesday*. *All Souls*. The Sacristans have been hard at work for the last few days with saws and hammers. The result was a coffin lid, so there was just a hope that the sickening puppies would be given an

honourable dispatch. As it happened the scheme was more ambitious than this. We inaugurated this morning an annual Mass for the past students of the College, and it was concluded by the *Libera me* and incensations of a very smart catafalque in the aisle between the top benches. No less than eighteen yellow candles were in evidence, though the liturgists may be assured they were not all on the altar.

After placing the traditional flowers on Mgr Giles' grave this afternoon, we had our own little celebration for the living, with *paste* for the Rector's birthday.

3rd *Wednesday*. In Sermon Class to-night the Deputy Senior Student criticized the Senior Student's sermon and then attempted to leave the room and ring the bell to silence his own critics. After supper the Wiseman Society finished its reading of *Comus* which was broadcast from the Second Music Room—to the First Music Room.

4th *Thursday*. We have now lost Frs Hulme and Langley. This morning we went to S. Ignazio for the Solemn Requiem for the past professors and students of the Gregorian. Frs Boyle s.j. and Copleston s.j. came to lunch.

5th *Friday*. We arrived at the University this morning to find it at sixes and sevens. Most Theologians could be sure of one thing: wherever they have been for any given lecture till now, they will be somewhere else in future. My Year finds itself still travelling up and downstairs, only the other way about. Two aulas on the first floor have been made into one. The net result of these operations is that the crowds are still as thick as before, but they are composed of different people.

We are now seeing a little more of Mgr Ashworth who is staying at SS. John and Paul.

8th *Monday*. Farewell to Archbishop Grimshaw who flew home this afternoon. His Grace managed to catch a cold here, but nothing would convince him that it had anything to do with bathing in the Tank in November.

10th *Wednesday*. A Solemn Requiem this morning preceded the discovery that the puppies are no longer in the garden.

11th *Thursday*. We provided the *assistenza* at the Requiem for the dead of both wars at S. Silvestro. Mgr Clapperton sang the Mass, at which the British and Australian Ministers to the Vatican were present.

13th *Saturday*. On the way back from the University some of us were in time to see the end of the funeral of Cardinal Bruno at S. Maria sopra Minerva. Detachments from the three armed services filled the *piazza*. The driver of the horse-drawn hearse carefully turned round in a confined space to face a more convenient direction, as he thought, but this did not suit the Papal M.C. so he had to go through another complicated manœuvre bringing him back to his original position. Then the body, in a shining metal case surmounted with the hat and mantle of crimson, was lifted in, and the hearse drove away through the crowd.

14th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection. After supper the Vice-Rector addressed the Literary Society on his two months in the United States this summer. Those who had been convinced it was a holiday revised their opinions when they found out it contained no rest periods.

16th *Tuesday*. The Madre del Divino Amore is at present being fêted at S. Maria in Trastevere where there was a large crowd this afternoon for Rosary and Exposition. The picture is associated not only with the protection of Rome during the war but with acts of devotion in reparation for blasphemy.

Fr Peers came to lunch and will be staying with us for a few days.

18th *Thursday*. The winter has suddenly arrived. However, those who took advantage of the permission to wear zimarras when we went to S. Maria sopra Minerva for Mass overrated the austerity of the Dominicans. Mgr Ashworth and Fr McKenna have departed for England.

19th *Friday*. *St Elizabeth of Hungary*. The usual party of singers and sinecure holders went in to entertain the Nuns for their festa this evening.

21st *Sunday*. The last Sunday after Pentecost. The Main Church does not seem to have allowed for green vestments in its colour scheme, so it will be gratified to have them packed away until next year.

The trees on the Janiculum are now beginning to show light through their branches. The sight of them from the steps behind Trajan's column as one returns from the afternoon walk is a favourite inscape at this time of the year. The sun sets in a red haze just behind them.

22nd *Monday*. The red haze was nearer to us than usual last night because the Regina Coeli prison was on fire. This afternoon's inspection of the damage revealed that it was the officers, not the prisoners, who were affected. But even these could not have suffered much inconvenience for there were curtains still hanging in the windows beneath the gutted roof.

23rd *Tuesday*. We won the game with Rugby Roma this afternoon. The pitch was so hard that a great number of the players preferred to wear canvas shoes. In justice we should mention that the ground at Acqua Acetosa has been improved out of all recognition in the last few years: there are better and more numerous pitches including two football grounds.

25th *Thursday*. Domenico died yesterday. *Requiescat in Pace*. The College will send a *rappresentanza* to the Solemn Requiem at S. Croce to-morrow morning. An obituary note appears in this number.

26th *Thursday*. *St Catherine*. The Rector, introducing the speeches at *caffè e liquori* this afternoon, proclaimed the 'bursting into flower' of First Year. We can do no better than follow suit, so here's wishing *mille auguri* to Messrs Canovan, Trevett, Boorman, Williams, Chatterton, T. Rice, Lewis, Nash, Newman, Lloyd, Jones, Manighetti, Robinson, Needham and Linares. The speeches bore witness to the fact that over the past few years each body of New Men possesses more assurance than the last.

The day was a full one for most of us because it coincided with the *Festa della Matricolà* at the Gregorian. This year we provided the compère.

At the function at St Catherine's those who were to sing after supper tried to give themselves excuses for not being in good voice. The Concert was designed to employ the talents of every Philosopher in the House, and it managed to be very enjoyable at the same time.

PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1954

Reverendo Domino Michaeli Buckley,
nobis ut invitis nuper abrepto
ita laetissimis nunc restituto
qui post laborem apostolicum
inter Anglos indoctos iuga ferre Catholica
bene perfectum
nunc inter nos
indoctos iuga ferre scholastica
Magistri munera suscepit,
has nostras scenas
dedicamus.

1 FIRST YEAR SONG

Chorus

Salvete benigni Domini,
Nolite nos damnare,
Nos semel eiectos cupimus
Vobiscum sociare.

2 PIANO SOLO

Intermezzo op. 117 n. 2 (*Brahms*) . . . Mr Boorman
L'île Juiveuse (*Debussy*)

3 SKETCH

THE DEAR DEPARTED

Mrs Slater	.	.	.	Mr Needham
Victoria Slater	.	.	.	Mr Jones
Henry Slater	.	.	.	Mr Buckle
Mrs Jordan	.	.	.	Mr Chatterton
Ben Jordan	.	.	.	Mr Rice
Abel Merryweather	.	.	.	Mr Canovan

Produced by Mr Bowen

4 MUSICAL INTERLUDE

The Happy Wanderer (*Müller*) . . . Songs arranged by Mr
The Donkey Serenade (*Friml and Stothart*) Boorman and directed
by Mr Mooney

5 MONOLOGUE

Little Aggie

Mr D'Arcy

6 TOPICAL SKETCH

Messrs D'Arcy, White, Newman, Magner, Manighetti, Burke, Smith, Lewis, Trevett, Lloyd, Linares, Nash, Udall, Steele, Howell, Robinson, Loftus, Williams.

Pianist

Mr Murphy

Producer

Mr Philpot

29th *Monday*. A long guestless period ended to-day with the arrival of Frs Higgins and Nixon.

30th *Tuesday*. The fourth centenary of the last great reconciliation of England with Catholic Christendom. The occasion is all the more poignant because it falls the day before

DECEMBER 1st *Wednesday*. *Feast of the College Martyrs*. Yesterday evening we venerated the Relic of Blessed Ralph Sherwin. To-day we sing the Mass of the Martyrs and then, still sure of their approval, we eat and drink in their honour. Guests at our *pranzone* included the Minister to the Holy See, Sir Douglas Howard, His Grace Archbishop Mathew and Mr Ross, the First Secretary at the Embassy.

This evening's film, *The Love Lottery*, was a successful twentieth century variation on the theme of last year's opera, *Patience*.

2nd *Thursday*. Anyone touring the Volscians in a helicopter at lunch-time would have seen the principal peaks acting as seating accommodation for a quarter of the College. Three itineraries were attempted, and one party—modesty forbids me to say which—came back in time for supper. It did not seem like winter up there: '*über allen Gipfel ist ruh*'.

Other nature lovers are at work nearer home. In the garden there are giant new pots for old ones, and lemon trees to go in them. Some of the palms which must surely have been planted for the College Martyrs during their lifetime have now been unearthed to make room for friendlier looking plants.

3rd *Friday*. It is possible that you may have forgotten that to-day is the eighth centenary of the election of Adrian IV, the English Pope.

5th *Sunday*. The Rector of the Belgian College and Fr Hawkins c.ss.r. came to lunch.

8th *Wednesday*. *The Immaculate Conception*. To-day is the centenary of the Definition and the end of the Marian Year. It is therefore an auspicious occasion for Top Year ordinations. *Prosit* to Messrs Burtoft, Vella, Doran, Rice, Foulkes and Connelly, the new priests, and also to Second Year Theology who were lucky enough to receive their first Minor Orders in the same church, S. Marcello al Corso. Over the last four days there have been fourteen Ordination Masses in Rome, and two hundred new priests.

At St Mary Major this evening Cardinal Tisserant gave Benediction at the closing ceremonies of the Marian Year. The Pope's voice was relayed from his sick-room in the Vatican. He recited the 'Hail Mary' in the way he alone can do it : slowly and with great feeling. All those who heard it were deeply moved. But what a pity the vast crowd was not allowed to sing even a *Salve Regina*. To-night there were festive lights in the windows, church bells and a bright full moon.

9th *Thursday*. This morning brought us the First Masses of the new priests, and it did not seem long before they were sitting at a much extended Superiors' table in the Refectory surrounded by relations and listening to the singing of *Ad Multos Annos*.

THE VENERABLE appeared this evening. Minor critics could be seen in corners of the Common Room eagerly searching for misprints.

11th *Saturday*. Notwithstanding all that has been done by our Senior Contemporary to discredit the improvements at the Villa, the same process is being carried out in the garden here. A stone fence of some elegance was already nearing completion outside the Nuns' workroom when we came back from Palazzola. The lemon trees have been recorded, and the Ali Baba pots containing them—perhaps the trees are intended to grow tall enough to keep their fruit out of the students' reach. At any rate some of the other trees are being cut down. And now the yellow gravel is with us again : all the paths are under a rich carpet of it. A mark of distinction now, to get your shoes full of pebbles. Still, it must be admitted that these changes are for the better. There are, of course, isolated pockets of resistance : our leading Capability Brown complains that an obsolete shrub removed by him was found back in its bed a few hours later.

This evening we assisted at the function for the Feast of St Damasus at our parish church. Cardinal Costantini gave Benediction.

Posters are now abroad announcing the beginning of the Cause of Pope Pius IX.

12th *Sunday*. This morning Mgr Montini was consecrated Archbishop of Milan at St Peter's.

18th *Saturday*. Where has last week gone ? It is no use : the Diarist was not gathering winter rose-buds to suit your fancy, he was immersed in Christmas play rehearsals. He could, of course, have looked up his predecessors and given you a convincing and fascinating story of what might have happened, but there is quite enough fiction for this time of the year in the plays themselves.

The College has beaten the *Mercedari* Fathers in the first round of the Vita Nostra Football League. Mgr Carroll-Abbing came to lunch.

19th *Sunday*. Our guest at supper was Fr Thomas Kaippacherry of the diocese of Nellore in India. The College is happy to have been able to support him in his student days. He will be coming to us again at Christmas time.

21st *Tuesday*. Out with an umbrella on the Janiculum, returning by the Ponte Sisto just too soon to see the unveiling of the statue of Trilussa, the Trastevere poet, in the *piazza* of his name. The statue stands in a

newly cleared garden plot on the left as you approach the bridge from the Via Garibaldi.

2nd *Wednesday*. The statue does not stand—it leans argumentatively across what might be a coffee bar. The effect is not very pleasing, but perhaps this was the poet's natural position.

Quarant' Ore started at the College this morning. In the five days from now until St Stephen we shall sing six High Masses, and another three between then and 2nd January. Choir practice will be interrupted from time to time to allow us to take part in them.

24th *Friday. Christmas Eve*. The Vice-Rector sang the Mass of Deposition at the end of *Quarant' Ore*. Now, while the rest of the House gets into the spirit of fun and games for the morrow, the staff of *Chi Lo Sa?* or at any rate the one who is not painting scenery, decorating the Common Room, erecting the stage, or learning songs for the Panto, sits by himself in a room trying to think of funny jokes. Luckily for the issue this state of affairs did not last all day.

25th *Saturday. Christmas Day*. A Happy Christmas! as a member of White Choir said to the man on his right when he should have been passing on the Pax at Midnight Mass. When Lauds were over we discovered in the Refectory an enormous basket of fruit presented by the Marchesa Cambiaso, who has also very kindly given us a Christmas tree for the Common Room. Our midday meal was, according to tradition, a family one, so no one worried where the *Spumante* corks were going.

The Pantomime producer started to write *Aladdin* but he must have been affected by the new pots in the garden before he got very far with it, and so we have the alternative title. We had the pots too. A pantomime usually lacks the finish of the plays, so it was a pleasure to find that the parts were known this year, and the racy dialogue could appear to its best advantage. Unfortunately, last year's mistake of making the songs too complicated for the audience to remember was repeated.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1954

1 CAROL

God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen (*arr. R. Vaughan Williams*)

2 PANTOMIME

ALADDIN or ALI BABA

<i>The Sheikh of Baghdad</i>	.	.	.	Mr T. White
<i>The Princess Noemi</i>	.	.	.	Mr Robinson
<i>Cassim, Grand Vizier</i>	.	.	.	Mr D'Arcy
<i>Fatima, Cassim's wife</i>	.	.	.	Mr Howell
<i>Ali Baba, the court jester</i>	.	.	.	Mr Bickerstaffe
<i>Fuad, his wife</i>	.	.	.	Mr Murphy
<i>Widow Twankey, his sister</i>	.	.	.	Mr Crossling
<i>Aladdin, her son</i>	.	.	.	Mr Manighetti
<i>Tabitha, her daughter</i>	.	.	.	Mr Sutcliffe
<i>Mustafa, a magician</i>	.	.	.	Mr Doran

<i>Tobias, the sorcerer's apprentice</i>	.	.	Mr Rand
<i>Four Thieves, disguised as musicians :</i>			
<i>Sinbad</i>	.	.	Mr Bourne
<i>Onebad</i>	.	.	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Twobad</i>	.	.	Mr Lightbound
<i>Threebad</i>	.	.	Mr A. White
<i>The Spirit of the Lamp</i>	.	.	Mr Newman
<i>The Wandering Minstrel</i>	.	.	Mr Formby
Pianist	.	.	Mr Higginson
Producer	.	.	Mr Kenny

26th Sunday. A film called *The Actress* which, for all we know, was great fun for a rainy day at a New York theatre before the First War. Afterwards we recovered our spirits by performing carols and community songs on every available musical instrument in the House.

27th Monday. 'And this evening an old favourite of the stage, *Tons of Money*, a real classic of its kind, and like all classics assured of a good reception'—extract from the College Diary for December 1939. Curiously enough *Ali Baba* was done that year also. The play was performed again in 1947, the same year as the *Mikado* . . . 'neither is any man able to say : Behold this is new. For it hath already gone before in the ages that were before us.' We are glad to record that the response of the audience was as cheering as if they were all seeing the play for the first time.

ST JOHN'S CONCERT, 1954

1 CAROLS

- Good King Wenceslas (*arr. Fr Day*)
- Come love we God (*arr. Mr Collingwood*)

2 QUARTET

- Down among the sugar cane . . . Messrs Formby, Murphy-O'Connor, Brewer, Moakler

3 PLAY

TONS OF MONEY
by Will Evans and Valentine

<i>Sprules, the butler</i>	.	.	Mr Loftus
<i>Simpson, a housemaid</i>	.	.	Mr T. Rice
<i>Miss Benita Mullett</i>	.	.	Mr Short
<i>Louise Allington</i>	.	.	Mr Brady
<i>Aubrey Henry Maitland Allington</i>	.	.	Mr Russell
<i>Giles, a gardener</i>	.	.	Mr Marmion
<i>James Chesterman, a solicitor</i>	.	.	Mr Davis
<i>Jean Everard</i>	.	.	Mr McGuire
<i>Henery</i>	.	.	Mr Taylor
<i>George Maitland</i>	.	.	Mr McNamara
Producer	.	.	Mr Curtis Hayward

28th *Tuesday*. It is with a certain bitterness that I report that rehearsals for the opera have started already. Fr Paul Clark arrived to-day.

At a Public Meeting some time ago it was suggested that the monochrome prints of Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel should be removed from our staircase to make way for some more interesting form of decoration. We knew what we should be losing. To-day we found out what we were gaining. All the old favourites of the last four centuries have reappeared. Some of them may have been preserved because of their frames, others because of their associations. Others again have not been preserved, and for these it is a case of 'Friend, go up higher'—for the exclusive enjoyment of the students.

29th *Wednesday*. *St Thomas of Canterbury*. At the *pranzone* a full table of guests included the British Minister to the Vatican, the Australian Minister to the Vatican, and Sir D'Arcy Osborne. The Christmas tree was brought down to the Cardinals' Corridor for *caffè e liquori*, where its electric illuminations continued winking until long after there was anyone about to see them.

To-night's play is a recent production. Considering the cast was originally picked for something entirely different, it was a very creditable performance. The producer was Chief Electrician so we were treated to some complicated effects, including being able to hear the other end of telephone conversations. As a criticism of the play itself, it could be said that the central figure is a villain so devoid of humanity that we are only mathematically interested in the fate of his experiment.

ST THOMAS' CONCERT, 1954

Reverendo Patri Paulo Clark,
Alumno hospitique pergrato,
Tempore festivo saepe apud nos
Comiter degenti,
Scenas nostras
Dedicamus.

1 CAROLS

In the Bleak Midwinter (*arr. Gustav Holst*)
Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen (*arr. Imogen Holst*)

2 PLAY

DIAL 'M' FOR MURDER

by Frederick Knott

<i>Margot Wendice</i>	Mr Brennan
<i>Max Halliday</i>	Mr Kennedy
<i>Tony Wendice</i>	Mr Steele
<i>Captain Lesgate</i>	Mr Ashdowne
<i>Inspector Hubbard</i>	Mr Canovan
<i>Thompson</i>	Mr Burke
Producer	Mr Tweedy

31st *Friday*. Yesterday we had a film called *The Kidnappers* which belied its title and was not likely to disturb anyone's night's rest. This was just as well because we do not get any to-night.

JANUARY 1st *Saturday*. The noise was worse than ever last night. Only the lateness of the hour prevented the ex-service men among us reaching for tin hats. The Fair has again shown that there is more money going about in the College than debt-collectors suspect.

To-night's play suffered from changes of cast made during the course of rehearsals. Nevertheless, the novelty of its theme, which was humorously sustained throughout, helped the actors to give us a very enjoyable evening.

NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1955

1 CAROL

Joseph dearest, Joseph mine (*arr. Mr Collingwood*)

2 SOLO AND TRIO

Quem pastores laudavere	(<i>Arr. for instruments by</i>
Come all you worthy gentlemen	<i>Mr Sutcliffe</i>)
Voice	Mr Broome
Violin	Mr Collingwood
Flute	Mr Curtis Hayward
Clarinet	Mr T. V. Smith

3 PIANO SOLO

Minuet and Trio from Sonata Op. 10, No. 3 (<i>Beethoven</i>)	
Waltz Op. 69, No. 1 (<i>Chopin</i>)	Mr Murphy-O'Connor

4 Play

THE WHITE SHEEP OF THE FAMILY by Ian Hay and L. du Garde Peach

<i>Janet, a maid</i>	Mr Magner
<i>Alice Winter</i>	Mr Needham
<i>James Winter</i>	Mr Inledon
<i>Pat Winter, their daughter</i>	Mr Trevett
<i>Asst. Commissioner Preston</i>	Mr Wigmore
<i>The Vicar</i>	Mr Harding
<i>Sam Jackson</i>	Mr Higginson
<i>Peter Winter</i>	Mr Lloyd
<i>Angela Preston</i>	Mr Jones
Producer	Mr Kearney

3rd *Monday*. The first entry from the revised Obit Book was read to-day. The revision is not complete but should keep pace with the progress of the calendar. This will give popular opinion a chance to influence the revision towards brevity.

5th *Wednesday*. Mr McHugh defended his thesis in Divinity this afternoon. The opera cast, making up for the lost second performance at the Villa are kept in during walk-time from Monday to Thursday. It is generally thought that being in the opera is a high price to pay for this privilege.

6th *Thursday*. *The Epiphany*. I assert this in spite of the beggar who wished us *Buona Pasqua* on the way to the Gregorian yesterday.

And now at long last comes Mr T. V. Smith's seasoned criticism of the opera.

Douglas Howard Equiti,
Reginae nostrae apud Sanctam Sedem legato,
tum propter officium,
tum propter ingenium nobis acceptissimo,
scenas nostras
unde etiam post longam ad Caracallae Thermas commorationem,
aliquid eum jucundi speramus esse capturum,
amico animo dedicamus.

THE MIKADO

or

The Town of Titipu

W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan

<i>The Mikado of Japan</i>	.	.		Mr Bowen
<i>Nanki-Poo, his son</i>	.	.		Mr Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Ko-Ko, High Executioner of Titipu</i>	.	.		Mr Bickerstaffe
<i>Pooh-Bah, Lord High Everything Else</i>	.	.		Mr Curtis Hayward
<i>Pish-Tush, a noble lord</i>	.	.		Mr Udall
<i>Bah-Sûn, another noble lord</i>	.	.		Mr Bourne
<i>Yum-Yum</i>	}	.	three sisters	Mr Formby
<i>Pitti-Sing</i>	}	.	wards of	Mr A. White
<i>Peep-Bo</i>	}	.	Ko-Ko	Mr Brady
<i>Katisha, Daughter-in-law Elect</i>	.	.		Mr Brewer
<i>Chorus of Nobles</i>				
Messrs Swindlehurst, Kennedy, Taylor, Lightbound, Crossling, McNamara and Burke				
<i>Chorus of Schoolgirls</i>				
Messrs Kenny, O'Connor, McGuire, Mooney, Philpot, Howell, Steele and C. Smith.				
Conductor	.	.		Mr Ashdowne
Pianist	.	.		Mr Collingwood
Musical Director	.	.		Mr Formby
Producer	.	.		Mr Brewer

'As a general rule the opera never seems to recapture the freshness it had at the Villa when it appears, after a few days' dusting, on the Rome stage at the Epiphany. This time there was no second performance to remove the flaws of the first, so that all those concerned were sure that

to-night's show could not be worse than they foretold. Were these gloomy rumours deliberately put abroad? Whatever the truth may be, your critic was completely satisfied by the high standard this *Mikado* achieved.

It is an opera written for the soloists, who have the advantage of Gilbert's best libretto as well as first-rate songs. This is a good thing in Rome, where dances are ill suited to the small stage; we did not mind so much that the chorus had to stand around with little to do—and even the Japanese marionettes, for all their experience of keeping it up all day long sometimes wilted visibly. As it was, the Gentlemen confidently, if not tunefully, performed their task of preparing the audience for Nanki-Poo's solo, and this was really all they were required to do. They were backed by a "flat" that looked remarkably like Gennaro with Lake Albano in front.

The audience, although prepared, was scarcely "warmed up" when the Wandering Minstrel appeared on the scene, but, nothing daunted, he sailed straight into his ordeal, singing clearly enough for us to hear every word and every note, despite the support of the chorus. The action then passed into the hands of the funny men. From the first appearance of the Tremendous Swell, followed fairly closely by the rest of Pooh-Bah, there was no doubt that these funny men were not going to be weighed down by the reputation of any of their predecessors. We did not need to be told that the Lord High Everything Else was born sneering, he had obviously never stopped. His dialogue was in keeping with his appearance, and if his voice was a little thin when it came to his first song, what can you expect from a first tenor singing a bass part? Ko-Ko, lacking the inches of his reception committee, was at first invisible to us, but he soon wove his way to the front of the opera. Among the comedians that have graced the boards of the Common Room or the flags of the Cortile, this one deserves a very high place. Every fibre of him was put into action, often in delightful independence of its neighbour. Gestures would fly off in all directions. He could do nothing but what made the audience laugh. And all this detracted in no way from the clarity of the words in the songs. It has been said that his Ko-Ko was not different enough from his Bunthorne of last year. In the opinion of this critic, this does not matter. His prime function was to keep us amused.

The schoolgirls came in hand in hand, wondering what the world could be, and they did this so intently that they forgot to wonder what the note should be sometimes. Their dress lacked finesse but they did look convincingly Japanese. Doubtless some of them are going to be fairies, *contadine*, bridesmaids, cousins and/or aunts, and they will not be so shy when they have had the benefit of these other experiences—there were in fact two of this chorus who could each count more previous appearances than the rest put together. Into the midst of them came the three little maids telling us they were straight from a ladies' seminary, which we believed, in spite of their average height of six feet and a little bit under. All three sang sweetly. Under their thawing influence, Pooh-Bah dropped the role of haughty aristocrat, and ogled them like an accomplished roué.

After Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum had played on the softer chords of our nature, we were led by the swiftly developing plot to the Finale. Those two certainly deserved the encore for their duet, and we should also give Pish-Tush an honourable mention here: he sang and acted capably in a part that does not give great opportunities for display. The sustained chorus and solo work at the end of the First Act must have cost the musical director much sweat and labour, to say nothing of the untiring conductor. This was Katisha's turn to dominate the stage, and she did this physically as well as vocally. Her powerful voice carried through the massed opposition, despite her position at the back of the stage, while her presence never failed to keep it in subjection. One thing jarred badly during the both Finales—the placing of soloists behind the choruses, where they could not be seen, and where they had difficulty in making themselves heard. The chorus had no space to dance adequately in any case. This, however, was a minor point that hardly detracted from the happy impression we carried into the corridor for a much needed interval.

The lead up to the Mikado's entrance in Act II brought us some tuneful singing from the girls, especially Yum-Yum, and then the hit of the evening with the trio: 'Here's a How-de-do'. The lovers supported Ko-Ko's clowning through two encores. The six-foot-nine of Mikado and headgear, clad in a superb scarlet robe, now took over the show—that is except for his Daughter-in-law Elect. His rich bass voice gave one or two indications that he felt more at home in a Japanese quarter tone scale, but this was all in keeping with his evil chuckle and golden talons. His dignified ferocity was well set off by the capers of the wretched accomplices, now firmly trapped in the web of their own 'corroborative detail'.

This opera left us a very pleasant impression. The singing was of a very high class and so was the dialogue. It is Ko-Ko's last appearance in Venerable opera; he had so many tricks up his ample sleeves, that future producers may well wonder with Katisha: 'Where can I find another?' We must compliment the musical director on the quality of the singing, both by principals and by choruses, and also the producer, who managed to combine his duties with taking the difficult part of Katisha. The properties and make-up were artistically carried out by some very hard-working handymen. The accompanist was always ready with improvisations to assist the faltering: on one occasion he did it so well that the audience thought the mistake was his rather than the singer's. To one and all then, we are very grateful for an excellent evening.

'Now is the hour', in the words of the popular song, 'when we must say good-bye'. This is the point at which words fail the Diarist. You wish they had done so before? You should have seen the purple passages the Editor cut out. Why should words fail at this point particularly? Because when he signs off, the Diarist is expected to be original, traditional, clever, sensible, poetic, down to earth, and—of course—brief, all at the same time. He would like to try, but the Editor says there is no space for any of these qualities now, except the last one. I bet there's half a page left blank at the end of this when it's in page form; even then of course he will say it's meant to be like that, there's no getting round the Editor. And now this opportunity of writing the perfect ending has been frittered away in an imaginary argument. Still, this leaves it open whether I could have done it after all. Good-bye.

THOMAS CURTIS HAYWARD.

PERSONAL

It was a great pleasure to welcome HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP GRIMSHAW as our guest in October, and to offer him more tangible evidence of our good wishes which go out to him for his work in the Archdiocese of Birmingham. Earlier in the same month we were glad to welcome His Lordship the Bishop of Lancaster at our table on two occasions.

The Very Rev. Mgr Davis was able to spend a week with us while he represented our country at the Marian Congress at the Lateran University.

The following former students have visited us since we returned from Palazzola : RT REV. MGR J. CARROLL-ABBING (1930-38), VERY REV. MGR L. ASHWORTH (1932-39), REV. G. HIGGINS (1921-28), REV. L. JONES (1924-31), REV. P. CLARK (1934-41), REV. T. MCKENNA (1934-41), REV. S. MONAGHAN (1946-49), REV. J. O'HARA (1944-51), REV. F. DAVIS (1946-53).

Those ordained to the Priesthood were :

Messrs Swindlehurst and Bickerstaffe by Archbishop Traglia at the Sacred Heart in the Piazza Navona on 11th July 1954.

Messrs Burtoft, Vella, Doran, Rice, Foulkes and Connelly by Archbishop Marquez of Puebla at the Dodici Apostoli on 8th December 1954.

Mr Travers by the Cardinal Vicar at the Lateran on 5th March 1955.

Mr Smith by Archbishop Traglia at the Dodici Apostoli on 9th April 1955.

We congratulate the MOST REV. MGR ARCHDEACON J. APAP BOLOGNA NAVARRA-CASSIA (1900-04) who celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood since our last number.

We also offer our congratulations to the RT REV. MGR J. HALSALL, Bishop of Zabi, and to the REV. L. JONES (1924-31) whose Silver Jubilees occur at this time.

The Senior Student for the coming year is Mr Lightbound, with Mr Kenny as his 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 Curtis Hayward
Sub-Editor : Mr Moakler
Sixth Member : Mr Steele

Secretary : Mr Brennan
Under-Secretary : Mr Davis
Fifth Member : Mr McNamara

THE UNIVERSITY

Students of Theology will recall this year as remarkable for the accent so rightly given to our Lady during the year's work. On 15th May the University celebrated the Marian Year *more academico* with a scholastic disputation *De Maria Virgine*. Appropriately the defendant was an Oblate of Mary, and two leading Mariologists, Fr Roschini (Servite) and Fr Balic (Franciscan), were invited to occupy the chairs of the adversaries. The finer distinctions of the various schools did not appear to meet in the unity of truth ; or was it merely a case of 'de verbis', I can never really tell. But the resulting discussion had more flesh and blood in it than many of its abstract predecessors. An appreciative audience included Cardinals Pizzardo and Cicognani and the recently elected Archbishop of Milan, Mgr Montini. At the end of October an international congress of the world's leading Mariologists was held at the Lateran University, and for a week we reclined in the luxury of its modern lecture theatres. Our deepest regret, apart from the closing of the congress, was that the only English representative, Mgr Davis, was not allowed sufficient time to express himself adequately.

At the Gregorian, in the Faculty of Theology, Frs Boyer, Filograssi, Lo Grasso and Hanssens are no longer lecturing to prospective Licentiates, while new members of the Faculty include Frs Fuchs (Morals), Bortolotti (Canon Law), and Porubcan (Hebrew). Glancing to the future, First and Second Year Theology will treat Patrology as a subject in its own right, and this year too has witnessed the introduction of two courses on the theology of Cardinal Newman : one a Practical Exercise and the other a Special Course. Among the recent books Fr Zapalena's *De Ecclesia Christi : pars dogmatica* has already been brought to your notice, but I might also mention a new edition of Fr Vermeersch's *De Castitate et Vitiis oppositis*, edited by Fr Creusens.

Many hearts have been saddened by the loss of Fr Dezza, who no longer teaches Metaphysics ; he is replaced by Fr O'Farrell. Fr Dezza is now secretary of the Catholic Universities and lecturer at the newly founded University for nuns, and his time at the Gregorian is limited to teaching the Text of St Thomas to Third Year, and a general course of Philosophy to laymen as part of the course of Higher Religious Culture.

Vita Nostra continues to flourish in a virile way, despite limitations of space and time, and its outstanding triumph during the past year was undoubtedly the Marian Year pilgrimage to the shrine at Galloro. Parties walked from Rome, Frascati, Marino, Rocca di Papa, Divino Amore and Albano, arriving at the shrine in time for High Mass at midday. Fr Arnou preached a short sermon, and after Mass the pilgrims divided into what can only be termed 'catholic or universal' food parties, reuniting later in the afternoon for Benediction. The Catena Missarum, whose object is that a Mass shall be said each day of the academic year for the past and present professors and students of the University, still continues and has now reached its fourth year.

WILLIAM BURTOFT.

ASSOCIATION

During the last month or so of the Villa the weather was good enough for a five-a-side game of football almost every evening, so we came back to Rome in good form for the year's Soccer. I see no reason why training at the Villa should not become a tradition: all that is needed is a sufficient amount of enthusiasm in the House—which the Secretary can usually see to—and a run of moderately favourable weather.

In Rome our enthusiasm was dampened by the difficulty we encountered in obtaining pitches for regular practice. Quo Vadis was no longer available for afternoon games, and despite a long search no substitute could be found. Occasionally we were able to use the pitch at St Paul's, but we cannot rely on this ground regularly since it is generally booked up by other teams every day of the week. Now we have to be content with Gelsomino on Thursday mornings, but the pitch is in very poor condition—far too hard and uneven when dry, and too muddy after rain.

This season the College team has beaten the Holy Ghost Fathers 3—1, the French College 1—0, and the Germans 7—0. Top Year distinguished themselves when, aided by two members of the O.N.D., they drew 1—1 with a team drawn from the rest of the House.

The Scots eventually won the shield in the Gregorian League Competition last year, but not until there had been long disputes over the question whether it should be played off on the league system or as a knock-out competition in its later stages. Early this year the Vita Nostra Soccer Committee decided unanimously on a knock-out system for the 1955 tournament. It has been a great success up to date. We won our first tie 8—2 against the Mercedari Fathers, but lost our second round 4—1 to the South American College. It was an excellent game, and the result, due to two lucky goals, belies its closeness. Of the semi-finalists, Germans, Brazilians, Pallotines and South Americans, I think I can safely predict a South American final.

The Scots game will be played next month. Our chances? One dare not make predictions, but we have an excellent tradition since the war which should be maintained.

The following have represented the College during the 1954-55 season : Messrs Doran, Brady, Formby, Kennedy (*Capt.*), Lightbound, Taylor, Murphy-O'Connor C., Short, Ashdowne, White, Mason, Wilson, MacNamara, Bowen, Buckle, Needham, Rice, Linares.

MICHAEL TAYLOR.

RUGBY

It was with some trepidation that we viewed the prospects of College rugby this season, as we had been unable the year before to obtain the use of a pitch for practice games. However, it was pointed out to the owners of the ground at Acqua Acetosa that if Roman teams wished to profit from the English style of rugby, it was essential for us to have some practice. This approach succeeded and we now have one afternoon a week for House games. This concession, however, did not help us in our first game against Rome University, when we lost 14-5. The annual game with Rugby Roma was played before Christmas and a College side, strengthened by the inclusion of other rugby-playing clerics in Rome, put up a very good display to beat them 13-8. Later on, in February, the same team beat a very strong side A.S. Roma 8-3. This was a magnificent game played in perfect conditions, the pack distinguishing themselves against a much heavier opposite scrum.

With regard to House games, those we had were most enjoyable, though for a time after Christmas the continued rain prevented us from playing. It was a great relief, however, to be free from the anxiety of relying on matches with Roman teams to provide us with our rugby. Though those games are very pleasant every so often, they are no substitute for House games. We all hope the present situation will continue in the years to come.

The following have represented the College : Messrs Travers (*Capt.*), Doran, Formby, Brady, Kennedy, Lightbound, Taylor, Marmion, Murphy-O'Connor, Tweedy, Stappard, Wilson, Mason, Wigmore, Hay, Buckle.

CORMAC MURPHY-O'CONNOR.

OBITUARY

RT REV. MGR CANON HUGH COGAN D.D.

The writer of this notice was not a student at the Venerable at the same time as Mgr Cogan. He belongs to a later generation. He has, however, for the past twenty years been a near neighbour of the Monsignor, and during that time he has come to esteem one who excelled in gifts of mind and grace. Mgr Cogan was a priest for whom perfection of knowledge and virtue were the normal.

He was born on 2nd December 1888. He received his early schooling in Dublin, and in 1903 went to St Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, as a church student for the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle. The gifts of intelligence and the qualities of character which were revealed at Ushaw led to his being sent to the Venerable in 1907 at the age of eighteen. His career at the Gregorian University was brilliant, and he took his Doctorates in Philosophy and Theology. Ordained priest on 1st November 1913, he returned to his diocese in 1914, bringing with him a devotion to the Holy See that was to shape all his priestly life. It was typical of the man that he had no use for the radio except as a means of listening to the Vatican; and also that his daily newspaper was the *Osservatore Romano*. He thought and prayed, spoke and worked always with the Holy Father. All that he did was instinct with the truth that the Holy Father is the Vicar of Christ on earth. And with his facility in instruction he was able to teach his people to live in the same spirit. Always it was what was in the heart and mind of the Holy Father that he taught his people to know and do. Linked with this devotion to the living authority of the Holy See was a command of the theological sciences that was unique among the priests of the diocese. Mgr Cogan was given a mind that was as clear in its expression as it was profound in its thought; and his memory was prodigious. Once he had read a book he could dispense with its possession. In his room he never had more than the books he was reading, and a book once read he gave away. Nor was his knowledge only theoretical. In affairs he was no less expert. Upon all problems his advice was informed and concise, and supremely priestly.

When he returned from Rome he was appointed to the staff of Ushaw College where he taught Philosophy for three years. His pupils still speak with astonishment of what he knew and what he expected them to learn. For him the ideal was not an aim but an achievement; and what he had achieved others too must achieve. After three years teaching he was appointed assistant diocesan treasurer, and continued in that office for thirteen years, during which time he served as assistant priest in a number of parishes on Tyneside, and also for five years as chaplain to the Good Shepherd Convent at Gosforth. In 1930 he was appointed parish priest of St Teresa's, Newcastle, and then three and a half years later he went as parish priest to St Michael's, Esh Laude, where he spent the remaining twenty-three years of his life. During that time he became Vicar General of the diocese, a Domestic Prelate, and a member of the Cathedral Chapter.

Of what he did in these twenty-three years the Bishop of the diocese, the Rt Rev. Joseph McCormack, said in his panegyric: 'Mgr Cogan was a great priest. To be a good priest was his sole aim. He was zealous. He was learned. He had a tremendous intellectual ability. He was utterly uncompromising in his love for the exact truth. His faith was deep and humble and was marked by the warmth of his love for our Blessed Lady. He had a passionate devotion to His Holiness the Pope. All his qualities of intellect and ability were developed by him solely as aids to his priesthood and to further whatever work was assigned to him by God through his superiors. His manner of life was simple, and as the years went by, he became more and more detached from material things. He regarded nothing as too good for God's service and God's house. He was a humble man, and his humility made him unconscious of the respect and reverence, amounting almost to awe, in which he was held by his brother priests. His habitual reserve at times seemed like sternness; but underneath that reserve there was a delightful humour and a deep and understanding kindness. As a preacher, as an instructor of children, as a giver of retreats, as a lecturer, he was outstanding. I know of one priest who regularly travelled some miles to be present on Sunday afternoon when Mgr Cogan was instructing the children. Indeed he gave an example of priestliness to all, priests, religious, and people; an example which, please God, will be a lasting and guiding memory to all of us. Mgr Rooney once said of him, "When shall we see his like again?"'

Mgr Cogan was a sick man for some years before his death. He collapsed at Ampleforth while giving a clergy retreat, and his heart was found to be seriously impaired. From that time he was increasingly confined to his room and his church. At times his doctor had to reprove him for a want of co-operation; and on one occasion he bluntly told the Monsignor that he thought he did not want to get better. Frankly the Monsignor admitted that it was so; and it cost him great effort to do as the doctor prescribed. Especially was this so after the Holy Father had defined the Assumption of our Blessed Lady. From that time Mgr Cogan had one desire—to go to heaven to see our Lady. For the many who knew and revered him that

desire was literal truth. The Monsignor was as simple in what he said and did as he was learned in what he believed. And so it was that his last words were : 'Now I shall see the Blessed Trinity'.

R. GOWLAND.

THE REVEREND ALOYSIUS M. GOUNDRY

Aloysius Michael Goundry was the eldest son of John and Ann Goundry of Hill Top, Ushaw, Co. Durham. He was born in the early seventies, and attended the parish school of St Michael's, Esh Laude, under the watchful supervision of the Reverend Samuel Harris, his parish priest, who picked him out as an ideal character for a church student. He spent a few years at St Cuthbert's Grammar School, Newcastle, and then went to the Benedictine College at Douai in the North of France. Here he spent four happy years under the faithful care and guidance of the monks.

About the year 1890, having very successfully completed his humanities, he came to the English College at Rome where, under Mgr Giles of illustrious memory, Aloysius Goundry commenced his most important studies. He took a degree in Philosophy, and then prepared with mounting zeal for his final grounding in Theology. As the last year approached, with health failing, his superiors thought it best to move him away from the trying climate of the Eternal City. Strange to relate, he was nearly moved out on an earlier occasion, while at the same time being taught a smart lesson of obedience to College rules : when one day taking a stolen walk, he was nearly shot by a madman who put a revolver bullet past his ear in a street battle. He would be a Subdeacon at this time.

The Reverend Aloysius was accordingly transferred to Womersley Seminary, Guildford, England, and there spent a quiet year recuperating and preparing for his ordination which took place at the end of the year in St Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. Knowing well what his Divine Master expected of him in matters spiritual and temporal, he was quickly in harness as a curate with the Reverend Canon Waterton of Warwick Square, Carlisle : he did great work among the boys of the parish, and kept himself young and fit among their varied activities. Then followed a spell among the sailors of South Shields, and another year or two visiting the working homes of Blaydon-on-Tyne, which eventually delivered him up to St Edmund at Backworth as its parish priest. He spent twenty odd years ministering faithfully, and with sometimes tiring energy, to the East Coast miners.

Eventually Backworth got beyond his strength ; and All Saints, Thropton, Northumberland, brought him a new lease of life. For twenty-six years he climbed the hills of the wild Northland, keeping the Faith alive in a much-scattered parish of a few hundred souls. It was here he celebrated his Golden Jubilee : here, in all simplicity, he taught the simple lessons of his Divine Master : here, as in all other parishes, he was loved and respected for his sincere devotion : here he died a simple, quiet, and holy death :

and here he lies below a weeping mountain ash, in the Thropton Cemetery hard by the little church, and hard by his treasured Lord, awaiting peacefully the General Resurrection.

W. J. GOUNDRY.

DOMENICO ROMUALDI

Domenico died after a short illness on 23rd November 1954. He had been *cameriere* to Cardinal Vives Y Tuto, and afterwards in a post with the Trappists at S. Callisto, before entering the service of the College in October 1913. With the exception of the years of exile, he remained at the College for the next thirty-eight years, retiring in 1951. He was seventy-eight at the time of his death.

For the funeral at S. Croce there were present Mgr Heard, Comm. Freddi and the Superiors of the College.

DESCLÉE & CO.

Publishers to the Holy See

PIAZZA GRAZIOLI 4
ROME, ITALY



*The Liturgical Editions of the House of Desclée & Co.
are the most recent, practical and satisfactory ones
obtainable*

Breviarum Romanum in 12° and 18° sizes, with
New Psalter

Missale Romanum, new edition, in all sizes

Rituale Romanum, new edition 1952, iuxta typicam

Editions of Gregorian Chant published under the
direction of the Benedictine Fathers of Solesmes

*Desclée & Co. stock books and periodicals in a great
number of languages and editions for sale at most reasonable
rates*



DESCLÉE & CO.

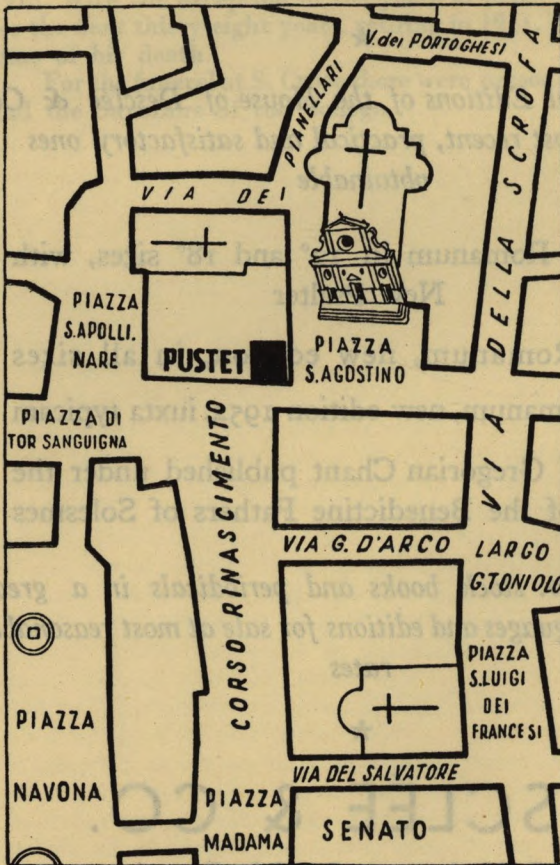
Publishers to the Holy See

PIAZZA GRAZIOLI, 4
ROME, ITALY

**FREDERICK
REGENSBURG—GERMANY**

Since 1826, this name has meant the
finest in **BREVIARIES, MISSALS** and
other liturgical books

**P
U
S
T
E
T**



AUTHORIZED DEALER IN ALL ITALY
CASA EDITRICE PONTIFICIA
FEDERICO PUSTET

ROMA
PIAZZA SANT' AGOSTINO 6
Telephone 564-893

EVERY WEEK
READ :
THE

CATHOLIC TIMES

EVERY FRIDAY :: PRICE 2d.

D. A. NEVILLE & Co., Ltd.

TAILORS

Specialising in Cassocks and
all Branches of Clerical
Clothing and Outfitting



39 John Dalton Street, MANCHESTER 2

Phone: BLAckfriars 7928

Altar Wines

Fully Certificated and Guaranteed

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

		Per bottle	Per gall
"No. 1"	Cyprus Medium Sweet	8/-	45/-
"Lizbona A"	Light Medium	9/-	51/-
"Muscatel"	Medium Sweet	9/6	54/-
"Malvino"	Pale Sweet Lisbon		
	Malaga	9/6	54/-
"No. 5"	Sweet and Mellow	10/-	56/6
"No. 9"	Dry	9/9	55/6

Carriage Paid on orders of Six bottles and over

Less 1/- per gallon for orders of 10/15 gallons

Less 2/- per gallon for orders of 28 gallons

" 3/- " " " " " 56 "

Standish & Co. (Wine Merchants) Ltd.

3 Tithebarn Street :: :: Liverpool 2

(Cellars : GEORGE STREET)

TELEPHONE NO - CENTRAL 7968

J. WIPPELL & CO. LTD.

CLERICAL TAILORS AND ROBEMAKERS

CHURCH FURNISHERS - EMBROIDERERS

STAINED GLASS ARTISTS

EXETER: 55 & 56 HIGH STREET & CATHEDRAL YARD
LONDON: 11 TUFTON STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1
MANCHESTER: 24-26 KING STREET, MANCHESTER, 2

Representatives in all branches visit all parts of the United Kingdom

VANPOULLES

(GOV. DIR. L. C. APPLETON of Lisbon College)

LTD.

Telephone : VICToria 3932

Telegrams : "Vanpouille, Churton, London"

Ecclesiastical Embroiderers

and

Complete Church Furnishers

258/260 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD

WESTMINSTER S.W.1

Vanpoules for Vestments of "CORRECT" make

(LIST ON DEMAND)

Francis Tucker and Company Limited

MAKERS OF
CHURCH CANDLES

SUPPLIES OF ALL CHURCH REQUISITES

Write to—

The Francis Tucker Agency

28 Ashley Place, London, S.W.1

THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION

Authorised by the Hierarchy of England and Wales as their representative
Committee for the Holy Year 1950

President:

H. E. THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER

Chairman:

THE RT. REV. G. L. CRAVEN, M.C., BISHOP OF SEBASTOPOLIS

FOREIGN TRAVEL

of all kinds arranged by Catholics for Catholics

DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGES ORGANISED TO ROME AND LOURDES

Group Pilgrimages arranged to all places of Catholic interest

FENWICK HOUSE, 292 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Tel: HOLBORN 5291/2

The CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

publishes pamphlets on a wide range of subjects. Of special interest to the Clergy are the Papal Encyclicals. Our latest publication is 'Menti Nostrae'

THE PRIESTLY LIFE THE APOSTOLIC EXHORTATION OF HIS HOLINESS PIUS XII

Price 9d.



By becoming a Life or Guinea Member of the C.T.S. you will keep abreast of all topics of current interest. Members are entitled to receive free copies of most

NEW PAMPHLETS

Publications are made possible through Members' subscriptions

For details and Free Copy of **THE C.T.S. AND ITS WORK** write to the Secretary

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 38-40 Eccleston Square, S.W.1



JOHN HARDMAN STUDIOS

ARTISTS IN STAINED GLASS

MOSAICS, MEMORIAL TABLETS

AND ALL FORMS OF CHURCH DECORATION

IN PAINT, WOOD, MARBLE AND STONE

43 Newhall Hill,
Birmingham, 1
Tel. : Central 5434

Rookley, Shenley Hill
Radlett, Hertfordshire
Tel. : Radlett, Herts. 6412

HAYES
AND ——— LTD.
FINCH

Catholic Makers of Beeswax Candles

Silversmiths and Woodworkers

Church Furnishers

Candles of every size and quality

Charcoal

Finest Vegetable Sanctuary Oil

Incense

Tapers

Wicks

etc.

LIVERPOOL : *Head Office and Work :* 30-38 Vernon Street
Telegrams : 'Beeswax,' Telephone : Central 3114

LONDON, W.C.2 : 1 York Street, (off Baker St) London, W.1
Telegrams : 'Ecclesiasticus, Lesquare' Telephone : Temple Bar 7218

GLASGOW, C.1 : 42 Howard Street
Telegrams : 'Beeswax' Telephone : Central 5971

MANCHESTER : 16 Blackfriars Street, Salford
Telephone : Blackfriars 7525

Boarding and Day School for Catholic Boys

Founded by: His Grace the late Archbishop-Bishop of Southwark

Conducted by: Secular Priests of the same Diocese

SAINT PETER'S GUILDFORD

The School covers the full scale of present day educational requirements to University Entrance, preparing for all examinations and careers.

- Exhibitions and Scholarships are available
- Most attractive and healthy situation on the Surrey Downs
- Modern Classrooms and Gymnasium
- Fully equipped Science Laboratories
- Twenty acres of Garden and Playing Fields

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL makes special provision for boys from the age of seven years, preparing also, if desired, for our Catholic Public Schools.

All enquiries to:

THE HEADMASTER

The Very Reverend E. H. Wake, D.Ph., D.D. (1924-1931)
SAINT PETER'S, GUILDFORD, SURREY

Telephone: 61350

LAVERTY & SONS LTD.

OBJECTS OF DEVOTION

Prayer Books, Missals, Rosaries, Medals,
Statues, Crucifixes, Holy Water Fonts, &c.

MISSION STALLS

On Sale or Return Terms.

CHURCH METAL WORK

Chalices, Ciboria, Monstrances, Pyxes,
and Metal Work of all Descriptions.

CATHOLIC CALENDARS

Original and Best Weekly Feast-Day Block.

CHURCH CANDLES

Sanctuary Oil, Prinknash Incense.

1 HILLARY PLACE LEEDS 2

WOOD CARVING

ALTARS - PULPITS - CHOIR STALLS
STATUES - CRUCIFIXES - GRIBS
STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Please write to us for estimates of any work you desire.

Shipments to Great Britain are now possible.

Our work may be seen:

London : Ealing Priory, Ealing, W.5
St Mary's Priory, Fulham Road, S.W.10

Manchester : St Bede's College, Alexandra Park
St John's High Lane, Chorlton c. Hardy
St Mary's, Oswaldtwistle
St Anne's, Greenacres, Oldham

Downside Abbey : Stalls and Organ screen

FERDINAND STUFLESSER
ORTISEI 15 (Bolzano) ITALY

Established 1875



PENSIONE COSMOPOLITA

Ex Nazionale

ROMA - VIA 4 NOVEMBRE 114

Near PIAZZA VENEZIA

Tel: 683183 - 65525

Grams: COSMHOTEL

DITTA GIOVANNI ROMANINI

(FOUNDED 1790)



**THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED FIRM
OF CHURCH FURNISHERS
AND EMBROIDERERS**

**ECCLESIASTICAL TAILORS
FURNISHERS TO THE HOLY SEE**



ROMA (112)

Via di Torre Millina, 26-30 (Nr. Piazza Navona) Teleph. 50-007

TAILOR TO POPE PIUS XI

DITTA ANNIBALE GAMMARELLI

SACRED FURNISHINGS · SILKS
EMBROIDERIES · DAMASKS
PAPAL UNIFORMS

Vestments furnished for the Conclave 1939

ROME — VIA S. CHIARA 34

Cable : Gammarelli - Santachiara - Rome

Tel. 51.314

Tel. 474501 - 471410

Cables : Dinesen Roma

HOTEL DINESEN

ROMA - VIA PORTA PINCIANA 18

★

Modern Comforts

NAZZARENO BERETTI

PIAZZA DELLA MINERVA N. 68—Telephone 63-894
ROME

ROSARIES - MOSAICS
MINIATURES IN PORCELAIN
PHOTOGRAPHS - STATUES AND OTHER
RELIGIOUS OBJECTS - GREAT VARIETY
OF SOUVENIRS OF THE
HOLY CITY

NO BRANCH STORES

We undertake to get objects blessed by the Pope, to procure signatures for the Apostolic Benediction with Indulgence

ORDERS CAN BE ACCEPTED FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

FURNISHERS TO THE HOLY SEE

(ESTABLISHED 1803)

COSTANTINO PISONI

CORSO VITTORIO
EMANUELE 127-129

ROME

PIAZZA S. ANDREA
DELLA VALLE 1-2

TEL. 553-531

CHURCH CANDLES
INCENSE SPERM OIL CANDLES CHARCOAL
DECORATED CANDLES
NIGHT LIGHTS

ORDERS DESPATCHED TO ALL COUNTRIES

"Our liturgical candles have been burning for the last two centuries all over the world"

A PERSONAL SERVICE BY POST IN . . .

HAND-CARVED STATUES & CRUCIFIXES

in WOOD, IVORY & MARBLE

PAPAL BLESSINGS & ROSARIES



ALFRED R. GAREY

PIAZZA FARNESE 104

ROME

Tel. 560617

Also : WHOLESALERS & EXPORTERS