

# THE VENERABLE

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EXETER



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## EDITORIAL

There is no known record of an ordination in the Church of S. Maria in Palatiolis before the one shown in our frontispiece. No doubt in the days of Cardinal Fonseca, who so magnificently deformed our Villa church—*saltem 'aliquantulum'*—there were ordinations here : Franciscan ordinations, baroque ordinations. But 10th July 1955 is the date of the first ordination in the Church as we now know it, the Church '*in pristinam formam restituta*'. Who could more appropriately have been the ordaining Bishop than His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool, who as Rector was responsible for this restoration ? And so we remember this day when our Senior Student and his Deputy received the priesthood, with especial pleasure, hoping that it will not be the last of its kind.

Since our last number went to press the College has lost a great friend and benefactor. Bishop Marshall, who died this spring, was our host during the years when the College was in England. We were in the territory of his jurisdiction as Bishop of Salford and he performed all the ordinations that took place at St Mary's Hall. He was a great friend of the Venerable, not sparing himself in his pains to ease for us the period of our exile from Rome.

As the Villa draws to its close in comparative peace we cannot help speculating a little on what is taking place around us here—on the kind of Villa holidays the next generation may have to face. For the neighbourhood is becoming more and more like a suburb of Rome. Houses continue to spring up along the Rocca road and even beyond us to the Nemi road where a prominent red notice-board announces a building estate complete with *lotti e cottages*. The traffic on the Via dei Laghi at week-ends is deafening. Picnic parties are scattered about all along it. Meanwhile, there are rumours of a highway to be built round the very edge of Lake Albano for the marine sports of the Olympic Games in 1960. To set off all this development, a huge statue of our Lord is to be erected on the *fortezza* at Rocca di Papa. We can only hope that it will have some significance for the thousands of people who will soon be living here in its shadow.



# THE INGLORIOUS REVOLUTION

## 1594—1597

### IV

The last article of this series told the story of the troubles in the English College up to the peace made between students and superiors by Fr Robert Persons on Ascension Day, 1597. There the story should have ended. The tragedy had gone to its *katharsis*, and a *deus ex machina* from Spain had imposed the happy ending by a quite Euripidean *peripete*. But history is not made in art-forms, and Persons—despite many a legend—was not a *deus ex machina* but a sick and overworked mortal. The force of his personality and the urgency of his zeal could, and did, make a great immediate impression; but the peace-terms which he had made were never carried out. The 'peace of the church' which he had come across land and sea to make, and which had been so joyously hymned by both sides, lasted no more than twenty days or a month.<sup>1</sup>

At first, all were overjoyed at the reconciliation. On 17th May six of the students who had been leaders in the revolt—Thomas Hill, Edward Tempest, Anthony Champney, Edward Bennett and two others—wrote a letter to Father General Aquaviva to thank him for appointing Persons to settle the troubles, and hinting that he might be made Rector. They promised all obedience for the future.<sup>2</sup> In return they received

<sup>1</sup> To this day it is treated by most writers as if it had been definitive.

<sup>2</sup> TIERNEY, III, lxxxiii. Tierney is unfair to Persons in saying that he had already decided to expel two of the signatories to this letter. The decision was not taken until much later, under different circumstances. Tierney also says that Persons corrected the draft of the letter; but this statement is not reliable, since he does not seem to have known what Persons' handwriting looked like. (See p. clvii where the *De Moribus Appellantium*, which is in a colourless Secretarial hand, is described as being in his writing.)



a fatherly letter, full of forgiveness for the 'iniuries and infamations' done to the Society. Persons was not appointed Rector, but Alfonso Agazzari was replaced by Muzio Vitelleschi, who had been so popular with the students in his previous Rectorship that even a hostile witness could write: '[Vitelleschi] to his perpetuall prayes performed that which none of all his predecessoures nor successoures ever did . . . Being a Jesuit [he] did not govern like a Jesuit, for they amongst us . . . desire to be feared more then loved: and he did the contrarie and therefore was he loved of the scollers and also feared where thother Rectoures were neither loved nor feared.'<sup>3</sup>

On his return from Poland, the Cardinal Protector, Caetani, visited the College, and replied with great friendliness to a delicately worded speech of welcome. He warned the students against being led astray by self-seeking outsiders, and promised to work with zeal in the interests of the College. In Flanders, too, there was rejoicing: the students' friends called Persons the Josue who had come to succeed 'our Moses'—Cardinal Allen.<sup>4</sup>

But after a month trouble began again. Persons tells us the sordid story. 'Some of the chief of [the rebels] began a-niew, taking occasion that promises were not kept with them for having an other vineyard &c, wherefore they began to murmure and to make new conventicles as before &c; also they refused to goe any more to the vineyard and went to tavernes &c. Namely in August all the rest being att the vineyard one priest at a tavern having overeaten and overdrunk himself came home sick vomiting &c—and this priest was holden for an Elias among the tumultuous &c. And for that about this time F. Persons was to have gon to Naples to the bathes there for a paine in one of his knees these fellowes gave out presently that he went away for that he saw himself able to doe nothing, no more than Dr Barret had don &c. Among other things was one wherewith they vexed much their Superiors for that they craved all customes of the Coll. to be observed making every thing that once or twice they had obtained by importunity to be a custome inviolable &c.'<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Stonyhurst, Coll. P. 308a. Mush's words about Vitelleschi (who later became General of the Society) quoted LAW, *Archpriest Controversy*, I, 45.

<sup>4</sup> Chambers' Narration, 13. MORE *Historia* . . . , p. 229.

<sup>5</sup> Coll. P. 308a-e. This, and similar passages quoted below, is part of Persons' account of the troubles, summarized by Christopher Grene S.J. For the reader's convenience, I have omitted the dashes which Fr Grene uses to mark his omissions. (Persons' original seems to be lost.)



Outwardly, the peace 'held and continued in utter shew' until September.<sup>6</sup> The senior priests were sent to the Mission with faculties and journey money just as usual, without regard to the part they had played in the tumults. But before they went, they were given a shock. On 3rd September Tempest, Bennett, Hill, Champney, Benson and Ellis went with Caetani and Persons to kiss the Pope's feet and receive his farewell blessing. In reply to Bennett's speech of gratitude, Pope Clement, instead of the usual paternal words, began a severe reprimand. *Venistis ad hanc almam urbem*, he began, *'aliqui vocati, aliqui forsitan non vocati, atque hic educati atque instituti fuistis ac multa beneficia accepistis ab hac S. Sede, contra quam aliquorum vestrorum patres blasphemant.'* He spoke of the grace of martyrdom, which could only be obtained by humility, and not by a proud spirit; of his pain at the troubles in the College, and his fear that those who had taken part in them would fall shamefully when they reached England. He beseeched them all to leave the spirit of contention behind them in Rome; then he gave the usual indulgences and the Apostolic Blessing. As the students came up to kiss his foot, he noticed Thomas Hill, and broke the silence to say *'Commendamus vobis omnimodo concordiam cum Patribus Societatis in Anglia'*. After they had left, he told the Monsignori standing by that he had recognized Thomas Hill by his long beard, and remembered that he was a very seditious man.<sup>7</sup> Caetani and Persons were as surprised at this as much as anybody: it had all been the Pope's own doing.<sup>8</sup>

And now occurred the famous affair of the Germans in the taverns. Pope Clement, having heard a rumour that the students of the Germanicum were accustomed to visit taverns, gave 'general orders to the sbirri [police] to watch any of that habit that should enter into taverns'. The Rector of the Germanicum, and the Protector, Cardinal Madruzzo, greatly disturbed, made a diligent search to find if the rumour was true. Their enquiries led them to suspect that the offenders were not Germans at all but students from the English College. Madruzzo wrote to Caetani complaining of the injury done to the reputation of the Germanicum, and asking him to take steps to remedy the evil.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> So Persons wrote later (LAW, 31), but a letter of his to the Pope of 27th September 1597 (Coll. P. 358a) suggests that he had known of the misbehaviour for some time.

<sup>7</sup> The last time the Pope had seen Hill, he had been standing between armed guards after his expulsion from the College in 1595.

<sup>8</sup> LAW I, 14; Chambers (who may have been present) 13.

<sup>9</sup> The original letter of Madruzzo is in *Scritture* under his name.



Madruzzo's letter arrived at Caetani's palace during the morning of Sunday, 28th September. The Cardinal was out at the time, but when he came home the letter was given him. He had no sooner begun to read it than the Captain of the Sbirri came in to tell him that 'they had stayd two companies of German schollers that sayd they were English men, two at a taverne besides St Marks att the signe of the rose, and with them a secular English Priest named Middleton and two other at a certain hott-house of evill fame where they saye that the said Middleton had a chamber'. Cardinal Caetani 'sent presently one to advise Fr Persons at the Colledge, who being ready to goe to dinner sent word to the Cardl and desired his grace to intreat the Governor that they should not be sent to prison until he came to speake with his grace after dinner. And so it was done, and F. Persons intreated the Cardl to go in person that day to the Pope to obtain some remission in the case : but before he came thither his Holiness had understood all and laughed at it that English should both drink-up the good wine for the Germans and also be taken & go to prison for them, as in any case he inclined that they should.'<sup>10</sup>

In an audience with the Pope, Caetani 'obtained that the 4 schollers should be brought within night by Isbirrs to the Colledge & there remain prisoners in different chambers until his Holiness should send to examine them as soon after he did ; but for Mr Middleton there was no pardon to be had but that he must goe to Corte Savelli as he did'.<sup>11</sup> On the same day the Pope appointed Cardinals Caetani and Borghese to investigate the matter and punish the offenders. They held a long discussion with Persons, who wrote to the Pope that it was useless reprimanding the students : the axe must be laid to the root of the rotten tree. If ten or eleven were expelled to Douay, they

<sup>10</sup> Coll. P. 308eff. The story has been told by POLLEN (*Archpriest Blackwell*, 24) who was quoted by GASQUET in his *History* (p. 103). Fr Pollen good-humouredly softens down the story and partly misses its point. He says that some English men were caught who said they were Germans ; whereas Persons says that some 'Germans' were caught who said that they were English (as they were in fact). Why did the police think they were Germans ? Perhaps from their complexions—but it is quite possible that the students had disguised themselves in red cassocks. (It would be quite in keeping with the rebels' taste for the melodramatic !) The Pope's orders 'to watch any of that *habit* that should enter into taverns' can only mean 'to watch any of that *costume*', for 'habit' in the sense of 'custom' would be tautologous, and 'habit' in the sense of 'bearing' is not used in the sixteenth century. There is a legend that the Germans were clothed in red cassocks *after* this event, to distinguish them from the tavern-haunting English, but in fact the red cassocks go back to St Ignatius' time. (SCHROEDER, *Monumenta quae spectant ad primordia Coll. Germ.-Hung.*, 31.) On the other hand, black does not seem to have been the only colour worn by English College students out of doors at this period. (*Scripture*, 6, 25.)



might reform, and the remaining forty good students would be freed from corruption. No doubt more information would be available when the captured students had been examined, and then his Holiness could decide what to do to save the College.<sup>12</sup>

In the Refectory that evening letters were read announcing the appointment of the Cardinals and the Pope's determination to imprison those who had been caught in the taverns. Three days later there arrived Don Acarizio Squarcione, Papal fiscal and canon of the Lateran, with a letter from the Cardinals commissioning him to investigate on their behalf. He was empowered to examine the students in secret and on oath, and to imprison any who refused to answer. No outsider was to be present, said the letter, but Fr Persons, because of his known charity, was to assist at all the inquisitions.<sup>13</sup>

At first, the rebellious students refused to answer directly. Squarcione informed the Pope, who gave him permission to proceed to torture against any who remained obstinate. A new prison was appointed in the College, presumably as a torture-chamber. At this, the students were persuaded by Persons to yield. For three weeks they were questioned about the whole period since Cardinal Allen's death. 'Much frequenting of taverns hath bin confessed' wrote Persons 'in so much that one hoste and his servantes testify that within 8 daies they had bin of late six times at his tavern 7, 6, 4, 3, & 2 att a time. There hath bin dancing also at dyverse tavernes with many imbracings & other scandalous beheaveour and commonly their drink was vinum graecum, wherewith some have bin so merry as they have gon forth singing of Sellengers rounds throughout the streets.<sup>14</sup> Above 20 or 30 tavernes have bin frequented by them besides hoat-houses which are much more infamous; so as the Judge [Squarcione] saith he will tell the Pope that his Holiness hath not bin so diligent in visiting the churches as the Engl. schollers have bin in visiting tavernes, besides banquetting continually in Englishmen's houses &c &c. And it is noted by the Judge that

<sup>12</sup> Coll. P. 309a. The Corte Savelli was a prison beside the College, whence, it is said, the cries of the tortured used to disturb the students' morning meditation.

<sup>13</sup> Coll. P. 358a. There were now in the College 45 students: 19 of the former 39 rebels; 5 of the original pro-Jesuit students, and 21 new men.

<sup>14</sup> The original letter is in *Scrittura*, 4, 19.

<sup>14</sup> Sellenger's round was a dance of the Roger de Coverley type, in which 'the dancers take hands, go round twice and back again; then all set, turn, and repeat; then all lead forward and back, and repeat; two singles and back, set and turn single and repeat; arms all and repeat'. (*Shakespeare's England*, II, 442.)



none of the quyet schollers that obeyed the fathers are accused for any of these disorders.<sup>15</sup>

A decree was issued on 15th October ordering six of the students (Troppe, Wooley, Jackson, Foster, Lobb, Askew) to be sent to Douai. Thanks to Persons, they were treated very leniently. Officially, they were not expelled at all, but 'transferred' for reasons of finance and discipline. They received journey-money, and 'reasonable good letters patents of the Cardinals to Dr Barrett to be received in Doway as no fault at all is expressed'. These six left about the 18th, 'with great contentment to themselves and edification to the rest'. On the 20th three more were sent to Spain, and on the 22nd another four to Douay. These seven also (Robinson, Witolf, Hassall, Curtis, Powell, Isham and Robert Petts) were given *viaticum*, and all went 'with great demonstration of change and contentment of minde', followed shortly afterwards by the unfortunate Middleton.<sup>16</sup>

During the enquiries it had been discovered that three of the greatest offenders were Tempest, Hill, and Benson, who had already left the College, travelled together to Basle, and then separated to go to England through Belgium, France and Germany respectively. On 10th October Caetani instructed Mgr Frangipani, the Nuncio in Flanders, to detain these three and revoke their faculties until their case had been heard in Rome. Frangipani reported that the only one within reach was Tempest, then at Douai, who refused to give any account of the others. Hill, it seemed, was already in England. Tempest decided to stay in Belgium until he had cleared himself of the charges against him, but pointed out to Frangipani that it was difficult to do so unless they were made more specific. He denied on oath

<sup>15</sup> Coll. P. 309e. In March Squarcione examined Robert Fisher, the student whom the rebels had sent to gain them support. He had been round the Low Countries and most of England, spreading colourful calumnies against the Jesuits; had revived the half-healed quarrel among the priests imprisoned at Wisbech and had had dealings with the Council in London. On his way back he had avoided arrest at Brussels, lost his luggage at Liège, visited all the anti-Jesuits in Flanders, and passed on letters from the fiery Dr Bagshaw to the returning priests whom he met at Milan. On his return to the College he wrote a long confession which is preserved at Stonyhurst. (*Anglia* VI, 22.) It is not known whether this too was obtained under the threat of torture. (Bagshaw's statement that Persons threatened to put hot irons under his arms is not evidence.) Rumour had it that he was sent to the galleys; in fact, after professing himself pro-Jesuit, he was imprisoned in Spain, whence the Appellants tried to have him released in 1602. (*LAW* I, 16; II, 190; a letter of Fr Garnet s.j. in *Anglia*, III, 28.)

<sup>16</sup> Coll. P. 309a-310a; *Scrittura*, 23, 6. *Libro Mastro* 1597, p. 82. On 22nd October Robert Chambers left along with another pro-Jesuit, Battey, who was given a horse because he was too weak to walk. John Bennett and Shepherd had left on 16th September with Edward Bennett and the others. The College was thus almost entirely cleared of those who had taken part in the troubles. Most of the expellees behaved well at Douai.



that he had caused scandal by frequenting taverns, but admitted that he had held banquets with his friends at *domus conductitii* in Rome—'*honeste tamen*'. While Tempest went to live with his brother at Douai, Frangipani urged Caetani to a swift settlement, quoting evidence given in his favour by local English priests.<sup>17</sup>

No decision came from Rome, so on 29th December the Nuncio wrote to the English clergy announcing the suspension of the three offenders. After two months Tempest's brother could no longer afford to keep him, and he was sent to live at Douai College, where the President could keep watch over him. Eventually he was tried before the Nuncio's court; with him appeared Dr William Gifford, against whom the Jesuits had many a grievance now that his correspondence had been handed over to Squarcione by the students in Rome. Gifford made an uneasy peace with the Jesuit Baldwin, and Tempest was discharged after standing in the dock from 3 p.m. until eleven at night. On landing in England, he was betrayed to the Government by his former ally, the apostate Friar Sacheverell. When his faculties were at last restored, through the good offices of Persons, he had been several months a prisoner in the Clink. Surely no man was ever more hardly punished for visiting *trattorie*!<sup>18</sup>

Meanwhile in Rome a new set of rules had been drawn up, which were published on 22nd October 1597. They ran as follows :

1. The students must go out in complete cameratas, or at least in fours, except in cases of grave necessity.
2. No one must visit a tavern, or the houses of English residents in Rome. Visits to taverns would be punished with expulsion.
3. No visits might be received from English outsiders.
4. Visitors to the College might not walk round it at will, but must be received in a new parlour near the door. Cameratas who meet visitors in the streets must do no more than greet them. Any visitor found stirring up sedition would be imprisoned for one month.
5. All letters and all money must be handed in to the Rector.

<sup>17</sup> *Analecta Vaticano-Belgica, Correspondance de . . . Frangipani*, II, 257ff.

<sup>18</sup> *Id.* pp. 269, 288; LECHAT, *Les réfugiés anglais dans les pays bas espagnoles*, 191ff; Tempest to Bagshaw from the Clink (LAW, I, 84); Caetani's letter restoring faculties (*Ibid.* 108).



6. The students are to be divided into separate cameratas as in other Colleges. Each camerata is to have a prefect who must report on it to the Rector.<sup>19</sup>

But the decisive step in restoring order was the appointment of Fr Persons as Rector. He took office at the beginning of November, and there were no more disturbances. The May peace-terms were swept away, and a complete new code of rules was drawn up, unprecedented in its strictness. The entry of students into the College was very carefully watched, and the other Colleges whence the Venerable students were drawn were themselves drastically reformed. By this means Persons prevented any undesirables from entering and upsetting the College. Under his careful rule the College enjoyed twelve years of peace such as it had not had since its foundation, and the Jesuit government, which had come so near to shipwreck, was firmly established. If, in the process, the Venerable lost some of the liberties which had hitherto distinguished it from the other national colleges, the students could blame nobody but themselves.<sup>20</sup>

And so ended the rebellion of 1594-1597. It makes a dramatic story, but one without a hero and without a villain. Fr Persons, it is true, is often described as the hero of the story. And so, in a sense, he was. It was due to him that the College was eventually pacified. But the common conception of his quelling a mutiny and converting the mutineers by sheer force of personality is a simplification too drastic to be true. If he succeeded where Agazzari, Barrett and so many others had failed, it was not so much because he had greater insight and charm than they, but because conditions had changed. When he arrived, the rebels were tired of the quarrel, they were no longer a majority in the College, and they had lost most of their outside supporters by death, departure, or conversion to the Jesuits. Even so, Persons' efforts produced no lasting effect; within a month the rebels returned to their old ways. The College which he eventually came to rule as Rector contained less than a quarter of the original rebels, and not all of these were permanently 'converted'. Persons had done a great deal, but he had not worked a miracle.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>19</sup> *Scrittura*, 4, 19.

<sup>20</sup> I have dealt with the sequel to the rebellion more fully in a forthcoming article on Fr Persons' Rectorship in *Biographical Studies*.

<sup>21</sup> The exaggerated idea of what Persons achieved can be seen even in MEYER, *England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth*, 395-7. It is due to the belief that the May settlement was definitive.



If he was not the hero, no more was he the villain of the piece. There were not wanting people to suggest that he had engineered the whole affair so as to instal himself as Rector. 'By his machiullian plots', wrote the Appellant Christopher Bagshaw, 'he so dealt, as in verie short time by cousoning the Rector, he got that place for himselfe, and now enioyeth it.' But that was only because, for Bagshaw, Persons was the villain of every piece. Nor is it right to blame Persons, as the Appellants did, and Tierney after them, because in May he was full of fair words and promised a liberal régime, while in November he favoured mass expulsions and a rigid discipline. Circumstances had changed, and it was circumstances and not choice which made him use the iron hand. 'As for spyeries and sentinels' he had written in 1591, 'that is the way to mar all'; and if he later went back on these words, that was because the excesses of the rebels in the summer of 1597 had convinced him that they could not be trusted.<sup>22</sup>

Other people have been cast as villains in the story. Persons and Cardinal Sega laid much of the blame on Bishop Owen Lewis and his friends in Rome. Of Lewis himself something has already been said. As one of his friends put it: 'It is not unprobable but this good prelate disliked the [Jesuit] government as also did Cardinall Alane and others of no small judgement . . . But that the forsayd Bishope did ever back anie that were without iust cause discontented yt savoreth more of detractione from him who ys deade . . . then of anie truth.'<sup>23</sup> Lewis's former record may not have been impeccable, if Cardinal Sega's sensational stories are true; he may have been far too anxious to succeed to Cardinal Allen; he very probably disliked the Jesuits; but there is no evidence that he deliberately incited the students to revolt. On the contrary, the Jesuit sources bear witness that he worked in harmony with Fioravanti and several times intervened in the early stages of the troubles to urge the students to desist from their quarrel.<sup>24</sup>

But if Lewis himself behaved with discretion, there can be no doubt that some of his court—especially his nephew Hugh

<sup>22</sup> Bagshaw is quoted in LAW, *Jesuits and Seculars*, 73. Persons reacted violently when it was suggested that the May settlement had been a mere blind to gain time. (*Archpriest Controversy*, I, 32.)

<sup>23</sup> John Mush, in LAW, *Archpriest Controversy*, I, 44.

<sup>24</sup> Lewis passed on useful information to Fioravanti and helped in a spy-hunt (*Archivium Romanum Societatis Iesu [A.R.S.I.] Anglia*, 30, 342); assisted the College with gifts of money (see the first article of this series); was on friendly terms with Harewood ([Harewood to Morra], A.R.S.I. *Anglia*, 30, 337); instructed Hill to submit to discipline (*Chambers*, 2v); and urged the students not to denounce Harewood (*Responsio ad Petitiones, Anglia*, III, 22 in Stonyhurst).



Griffiths, and Thomas Throckmorton—had an evil influence on the scholars. Even before the troubles, the students used to write and receive letters through Griffiths without the Rector's knowledge.<sup>25</sup> The students frequently visited the Bishop's palace, where they ate and drank and heard more than they should have done. Fioravanti and Harewood had grieved, but had been afraid to stop them. It was due mainly to Griffiths that the students had sent up all the petitions that Lewis might succeed to Cardinal Allen's position,<sup>26</sup> and this was later blamed by many<sup>27</sup> as the cause of the whole quarrel. According to Fr Harewood, one of Lewis's friends had told him that if the promotion plans did not succeed, he would destroy the College; while Dr Barrett thought that they were anxious to gain control of the College rents.<sup>28</sup> In the rules made by the Cardinals after Squarcione's inquisition in 1597, great stress was laid on the need to keep the students from contact with the English colony in Rome; it is clear from this what they considered had been one of the leading factors in causing the troubles.

Whatever the faults of Griffiths, Throckmorton and others, the plan to promote Lewis was not in itself at all unreasonable. It was easy to blame the students for interfering in high politics, and to say that the writing of secret memorials and cipher letters had turned their heads. But it must be remembered that there were at the time no orthodox means whereby the English Catholics could be represented in Rome; no clergy procurators or Bishop's agents; and the students of the College had as fair a claim to represent English Catholicism as had anybody in Rome at the time. Given the circumstances, they were hardly to be blamed. The circumstances were unfortunate, but it was precisely to change these circumstances that they were working. There was a real need for the English clergy to be represented by an informed and capable agent at Rome; and it might have been better for everyone if Caetani had yielded with a good grace and handed over his powers to Lewis.

<sup>25</sup> [Harewood to Morra], A.R.S.I. *Anglia*, 30, 337. At least one such letter has survived, from Edward Tempest to his uncle in Flanders, in March 1595 (Ibid. 341).

<sup>26</sup> Cardinal Sega was not sure of this, but Chambers, Persons (in his letter to the Duke of Sessa, *Douai Diaries* 394), Fisher in his confession, (Stonyhurst, *Anglia* VI, 22), and the writer of a letter to William Gifford (S.P. Dom. CCLII, 8) all agree in attributing to Griffiths a leading share in this first stage of the troubles.

<sup>27</sup> By Barrett (TIERNEY, III, lxxiii), Persons (LAW, I, 28) and Worthington and Percy (*Douai Diaries* 268ff).

<sup>28</sup> A.R.S.I., *Anglia*, 30, 338; TIERNEY, loc. cit.



Moreover, the part played by the Lewis affair in causing the troubles has been exaggerated. It was the first point on which an open rift was made between superiors and students, but very soon afterwards the quarrel centred on matters—such as the recruiting of Jesuit vocations, the *ripetitori*, the spy-system—which had been bones of contention long before the death of Cardinal Allen. The one really insidious part of the students' memorials in favour of Lewis—the request for equal faculties with the Jesuits—was far more likely to have been inspired by the students about to leave for the mission (acting on reports from their brethren in England) than by the followers of Lewis whose lives centred on the Papal court. In short, while men like Griffiths and Throckmorton and the rest of the English colony certainly had a pernicious influence on the students, and assisted them with support and advice once the rebellion had begun, they cannot be said to be responsible for the entire quarrel. They fanned the flames, they may have set the match; but the tinder was already there.<sup>29</sup>

From 1595 to the present day, many have believed that the arch-villain of the whole story was the English Government. The Queen's ministers, it is suggested, sent spies to Rome with the express purpose of provoking a quarrel which would wreck the College. This theory is as old as the troubles themselves. On 15th July 1595 Dr Stillington, a former student of the College, wrote to the students: 'If all the Hereticks, if all our and your Ill-wishers did jointly contrive how to draw you to your ruin, they could choose no means more efficacious, than to push you on, to what you are now doing of your selves, and to disunite you from the Fathers of the Society'.<sup>30</sup> From the fact that the troubles served the Government's purpose, it was an easy step to the assumption that they were of the Government's making. On 15th September of the same year Joseph Creswell, a former Rector of the College, wrote to Cardinal Aldobrandini from Spain, pointing out that Queen

<sup>29</sup> Much the same is true of the anti-Jesuit party in Flanders, from whom many of Lewis's followers originally came. LECHAT, *op. cit.* 160, quotes Meyer, Pollen and Taunton as maintaining that this group were the originators of the quarrel. But though the students were in touch with them from the start (A.R.S.I., *Anglia* 30, 341), and though in the later stages (after Fisher's travels in the Low Countries) William Gifford and others gave support and encouragement to the rebels, they cannot be said to have started the troubles. On the contrary, when Gifford first heard of them, he thought the story a hostile invention; later, when he knew the facts were true, he thought the troubles had been instigated by some friends of Persons to put Lewis in bad odour with Father General Aquaviva and Cardinal Caetani. (Gifford to Throckmorton, 17th and 20th May 1595. S.P. DOM, CCLII, 8.)

<sup>30</sup> HUNTER, *Defence of the Clergy and Religious*, p. 63.



Elizabeth was very well informed about what happened in Rome, so that there must be some dubious characters living there.<sup>31</sup> On 9th December he wrote again, saying: '*non puo essere che li heretici non habbiano mano nel negocio, et grandissimi inditii teniamo di questo*', but giving no details of the '*grandissimi inditii*'. The Jesuits in the College told Cardinal Sega that since the students' complaints dealt with English affairs as well as College discipline, they were probably 'inspired by some heretical emissary of the Queen'.<sup>32</sup> Dr Barrett, shortly after his arrival in Rome in March 1596, wrote to Persons, saying that in the College 'there is one vehemently suspected for a false brother, sent of purpose'. And in May of the same year Edmund Thornell, Canon of Vicenza, wrote: '*Senza ogni dubbio la regina d'Inghilterra ha la sua parte in questa fattione*'.<sup>33</sup>

But these were all suppositions, and stated as such. It is not so easy to find factual evidence that there were spies at work in the troubles. The first we have is a statement of one of the Jesuits in the College in 1595 that Owen Lewis had shown him a letter from a certain religious at Florence or Padua, saying that he had heard from someone there that there were one, or two, spies in the College. Such evidence, at fourth hand, uncertain in details and naming no names, at a time when suspicion was everywhere, can hardly compel our belief. The same Jesuit went on to say that after Christmas 1594 the brothers of two of the students had stayed in Rome and had behaved suspiciously; but the suspicious behaviour turns out to be rather disappointing. One, it seems, had served in the Queen's army and refused to go to Confession (which is surely the first thing a spy would have done!); the other used some unguarded language and falsely reported a certain religious to have apostatized. Again, the evidence is slender, and one longs for names to be given.<sup>34</sup>

When the Jesuits were refuting, for Cardinal Sega, the accusations made by the students against the Fathers in England,

<sup>31</sup> He recommended that the Protector should make a rule that no Englishman might live at Rome without his express permission *in scriptis*. The Spanish seminaries, he said, did not suffer like the College in Rome because the English spies were so afraid of the Inquisition that they dared not come. (Letters in Borghese, III, 124g2.)

<sup>32</sup> FOLEY, vi, 33.

<sup>33</sup> Barrett in TIERNEY, III, lxxiii. Thornell, Westminster Archives, V, 177, quoted MEYER, 394. Earlier he had told Fioravanti that the heretics at Venice boasted that the rebellion was directly inspired by God—which he took to mean the English Government (A.R.S.I., *Anglia*, 30, 388).

<sup>34</sup> *Res Coll. Angl. Romae*. (A.R.S.I., *Anglia* 30, 342.) The writer is almost certainly Harewood.



they made an interesting comment : '*Non defuit ex alumnis, qui diceret Johanne Cicilio sacerdote authore haec [i.e. these accusations] sparsa fuisse in patres Anglicanos, sed ipse tum apud Dominationem Vestram Illustrissimam tum apud alios, dum his adesset, acerrime rem negavit*'. John Cecil, the future Appellant, who made a long stay in the College during the troubles, was not the man to scruple over denying the truth if it served his purposes ; and it is extremely plausible that this priest, who from the beginning of his career was suspected of secret dealings with his relation, the Lord Treasurer, and who is now known to have been a spy, was responsible for much of the propaganda which the students had heard against the Jesuits on the Mission. But that is not to say that he was the prime author of the troubles, which broke out long before he came to Rome ; nor do I know of any evidence that in this he was acting under instructions from the English Government. The State Papers do not contain a single letter of his to the Queen's Ministers which shows any interest in College affairs at this period.<sup>35</sup>

The prologue to Cardinal Sega's report contains as many detailed stories of Government spies as one could wish, but these, as we have seen, all belong to a period long before the troubles began, and constitute no more than an argument from analogy. At the end of it he admitted that he had no evidence that any of the present students of the College were spies : '*Neque tamen ea quae de facinorosis, et impiis illis hominibus hactenus dicta sunt, ita accipi velim, quasi eadem ad quenquam ex iis alumnis qui nunc in Collegio degunt, putem pertinere*'. He is only relevant to the troubles when he denounces the anti-Jesuit party in Rome and Flanders—Paget, Gifford, Morgan and Throckmorton and their friends, whom Creswell had already delated as spies to Cardinal Aldobrandini.<sup>36</sup> But of these, only Gifford and Throckmorton were connected with the troubles, and all that Sega says against them is that some years ago they had been in touch with agents of the Government. Nowhere, however, in the State Papers is there any evidence that these two were *at this period* in touch with the Government. In any

<sup>35</sup> The Jesuits' words quoted above do not occur in the shorter version of their replies to Sega in the Ottobuoni library (trans. in FOLEY) but in the fuller version preserved in A.R.S.I., *Anglia*, 30, 372ff. (380). On Cecil, see Law in D.N.B. *Suppl.*, POLLEN, *op. cit.*

<sup>36</sup> In a lost memorial, of which a minute is preserved in Borghese 124g2, 74ff. (Perhaps '*Le differenze che sono tra gli Inglesi . . .*' in Borghese IV 290b is the original.)



case, Gifford was too far distant to play any large part in the troubles, and Throckmorton died in their earliest stages. One sometimes feels that in Rome they were as ready to blame everything on Cecil as they were in London to blame everything on the Jesuits.<sup>37</sup>

If there had been any spies in the College during the troubles, the fact would almost certainly have come out during Squarcione's visitation, when all were examined under the threat of torture and all the correspondence was handed over. Yet Persons, who after this visitation knew more than any other man about the inner history of the troubles, never suggests that they were caused by Government agents in the College. Had he known of any evidence that they were, it is incredible that he should not have used it in his apologetic for the Jesuit superiors.

One is inclined to the same conclusion by a study of the papers on the other side—in the calendars of State Papers and in Cecil's own papers at Hatfield. There were, indeed, plenty of spies in Rome during these years—in 1595, a factor called Tucker, who visited the College as a pilgrim<sup>38</sup>; in 1595-6 Sir Griffin Markham, who wrote from Siena in May offering his services to Cecil<sup>39</sup>; in 1597 Dr Hawkins, a spy for Essex<sup>40</sup>; and there were probably others. But none of these people, in the Roman sources, are ever mentioned in connexion with the troubles; and from Cecil's papers it appears that, far from having provoked the rebellion, they did not even trouble to report about it.

We can be certain that there were no professional spies in the College in the year 1595, for Cecil's pay-roll of intelligencers has survived, and contains, for Rome, only the name of Tucker.<sup>41</sup> It is, of course, possible that there were amateur spies like Sir Griffin, who would not appear on the pay-roll; but it appears to me, in the light of the evidence given above, to be most

<sup>37</sup> There is a reference in the Calendars (Sterell to Phelippes, 2nd January 1592, S.P. Dom) to a letter of Throckmorton's, but it clearly refers to an intercepted letter.

<sup>38</sup> P.R.O. 12-265-133, and the Pilgrim Book.

<sup>39</sup> Hatfield Cal., 5, 214. He was a brother of the rebel Robert Markham. On 20th November 1595 a friend of Persons in Spain wrote of his 'good disposition . . . whose virtue doth well resemble his brother's in the College'. He was still in Rome, it seems, in Spring 1596, when the College paid a chemist's bill for him (*Libro Mastro* 1596, 27).

<sup>40</sup> Robert Fisher was surprised to find what a lot he knew about the troubles in 1597 (Stonyhurst, *Anglia*, VI, 22).

<sup>41</sup> P.R.O. 12-265-133.



improbable.<sup>42</sup> Cecil's papers in the Hatfield Calendar barely mention the 'stirrs' at all; which is most strange, if he was the author of the whole rebellion.

Though everywhere on the fringe of these troubles we meet Government agents, it does not seem that one can say, as Creswell did and many after him, that the Government was mainly responsible for the troubles. It is not surprising that Creswell should have been anxious that the cardinals at Rome should believe that it was, for he was striving at all costs to remove the odium from the English students, lest the Pope should despair of the English mission.<sup>43</sup> But we, at this distance of time, cannot move from possibility to fact as he did. Meyer's tentative verdict retains its truth: 'The assertion, made by Creswell and others, that in the stirrers-up of sedition one must recognize spies of the English Government, may have been an erroneous, though quite conceivable generalization, drawn from particular instances'.<sup>44</sup>

The root causes of the trouble must be found in the system and circumstances of the College itself.<sup>45</sup> This does not mean, as many have thought, that the troubles were caused by an Italian system of discipline stupidly imposed by Italian Jesuits, and remedied when Persons brought his English common-sense to bear. It was an Italian Jesuit, Agazzari, who first saw that English students needed to be governed in a different way from other nationalities, and who prevented the College, at its foundation, from being placed under rules identical to those of the Germanicum.<sup>46</sup> Under Fioravanti, the students themselves did not want an English rector; and the rules by which Persons eventually ruled the College were far stricter than those of the Italian Rectors. Moreover, the most 'Italian' piece of discipline

<sup>42</sup> Robert Shepperd and Robert Markham (brother of Sir Griffin) have been accused of being spies. The only reference to Shepperd I can find in the Calendars (Hatfield 5, 184) shows that he gave the spy Wharton, in Spring 1595, the names of the priests leaving for England in the summer. But at the time he spoke, Wharton was believed by all to be a *bona fide* pilgrim.

Because Markham's brother was a spy, it does not follow that he was one himself. On the contrary, a spy reported to Cecil that he had heard him 'earnestly pray in the presence of many that he might see his father, mother and brother, hanged drawn and quartered. He abused her Majesty's council and especially the Lord Treasurer & Sir R. Cecil with deadly threatenings.' He 'hoped ere long to see revenge for the Catholic blood shed in England'. (Hatfield Calendar, 4, 335.)

<sup>43</sup> The constant theme of his letters to Aldobrandini is that the students are not wicked but merely thoughtless: they were pitifully deceived, and did not realize whose game they were playing. (Borghese, III, 124g2, 74ff.)

<sup>44</sup> MEYER, *op. cit.*, p. 394.

<sup>45</sup> The priority of internal over external causes is neatly summed up, from the Jesuit point of view, in the Tacitean sentence of Henry More: '[tumultum] peperat noxiae libertatis fallax amor, foverat malevolorum occulta astutia'. (*Historia* . . . p. 227.)

<sup>46</sup> See Agazzari's sermon for Septuagesima Sunday, 1585, in A.R.S.I. *Anglia*, 30, 322-7.



ever imposed on the students—the introduction of hired servants as prefects—was first suggested in 1591 by the Englishman Joseph Creswell.<sup>47</sup>

Fioravanti and Harewood, the two Jesuits who ruled the College at the beginning of the troubles, were both indeed incompetent.<sup>48</sup> And they showed a lack of tact—admitted by Persons later—in dealing with the troubles: for instance, the attempt to stop the Visitation in summer 1595 by blackmailing the students; the delay to carry out Morra's reforms.<sup>49</sup> But the complaint against them was not that they were too harsh with the students, but that they were too soft with them, letting them do as they wanted until it was too late to restore discipline. The hatred of the students for Fioravanti and Harewood was the hatred of spoilt children for the parent who suddenly and unaccountably refuses to gratify their desires. One feels that even without the incompetence of the superiors, the troubles would have started; just as they did not cease under their more competent successors. And once the Jesuits began to be hated by the students, everything which they did was attributed to guile and vindictiveness.<sup>50</sup> Whereas, to anyone who reads the private papers of the Jesuits in the College, the overwhelming impression is that they were most conscientious men who, if they made mistakes, made them in perfect good faith. When one considers all that the students said and did against their superiors, and remembers that nothing worse happened to most of them than honourable dismissal to Douai, one can only admire the charity of the Jesuits concerned.

No, the troubles were not the result of the faults of the Jesuit superiors, but of the circumstances in which they had to govern. The evil effect of having an Italian Rector was not that he imposed foreign discipline, but that he could not inspire the students in their preparation for the English mission. Hence they were bound to look outside the College for their inspiration: in this case, to Lewis's court, with disastrous results. Fioravanti himself was very shrewd when he suggested that to remedy the influence of the Bishop's followers over the students Persons

<sup>47</sup> A.R.S.I., *Anglia*, 30, 352.

<sup>48</sup> When Fioravanti was still a minor superior under Creswell's Rectorship, the latter declared that he was unfit to be on the staff (A.R.S.I., loc. cit.); and Barrett in 1596 said that he would never be able to rule. Cardinal Sega endorsed the students' complaints against Harewood's temporal administration (though there is no need to credit Fisher's stories of positive embezzlement, quoted by Garnet in *Anglia*, III, 28 in Stonyhurst archives).

<sup>49</sup> See *THE VENERABLE*, xvi, 252 and 237.

<sup>50</sup> As Aquaviva remarked, Borghese II, 448b, 416.



(with money from the King of Spain) should provide for the residence of another, pro-Jesuit, English prelate in Rome.<sup>51</sup> No Rector before Persons ever fully gained the students' confidence. Between 1585 and 1597 there were ten different Rectorships, some lasting only a few months. Such a rapid succession of Rectors was both a symptom and a cause of the unstable equilibrium of the College, fatal to the forming of any tradition or *esprit de corps* in a young seminary founded when seminaries themselves were new things. And only a strong *esprit de corps* could have insulated the College from all the unwholesome outside influences which played upon it.

Any Rector, Italian or English, had to cope with two great defects in the system of government of the College. The first, as Fioravanti himself pointed out,<sup>52</sup> was the practical impossibility of expelling any of the students. Time and again during these years, the superiors, and the Protector, and the Pope himself, showed that they were afraid of expelling students lest they might apostatise and betray their fellow-students to the English government, as had happened too often in the past. And—except under a really great Rector, a man like Allen who could rule by example rather than discipline—seminary discipline becomes impossible unless expulsion remains as a last resort for punishing offenders. Without this last resort, all the other carefully-graded punishments of the Jesuit system of the time—it was worked out down to details such as the confiscation of two pears from any student who swore<sup>53</sup>—became worse than useless. If a student refused to do the penances set him, nothing could be done about it. The system in itself seems exaggerated to our taste, but when, because of the impossibility of expulsion, it had to be enforced by espionage, one can hardly wonder that it caused trouble.

The second defect in the system was the difference of vocation between Superiors and students. Whenever religious govern a secular seminary, there is the possibility of friction; and this possibility is increased enormously when the students (as in the English College at this period) are subject to no Bishop and incardinated in no diocese. Throughout the early history of the College, one of two things happened. Either the students

<sup>51</sup> A.R.S.I., 30, 355. He suggested that the prelate should not be a Bishop or Cardinal, so that he might remain dependent on the Society.

<sup>52</sup> A.R.S.I., *Anglia*, 30, 355.

<sup>53</sup> A.R.S.I., *Anglia*, 30, 420.



admired and respected their Jesuit superiors, as in the period of Persons' Rectorship; in which case, there was a quite disproportionate number of Jesuit vocations, and seculars outside the College could complain that it was being turned into a Jesuit novitiate. Or else they did not: in which case, there was a succession of internal squabbles in the College, as in the first seventeen years of its history. There was a similar dilemma about the admission of students. Either the Jesuit superiors admitted students to the College who were recommended by English seculars, in which case anti-Jesuit students might be admitted to disturb the College; or they did not accept such recommendations, in which case the English seculars naturally felt aggrieved. (One of the first occasions of the troubles in 1595 was a rule which the Jesuits had obtained from the Protector that students recommended by seculars should not be received.)<sup>54</sup> In the first seventeen years of the Jesuit rule of the Venerable, there were three major disturbances and half-a-dozen minor ones. In all of these the Jesuits were more sinned against than sinning; but it was not surprising that men began to think it was time to remove the occasion of sin. That it was unwise to entrust the government of the College to the Jesuits was the opinion not only of the rebellious students and the self-seeking partisans in Flanders and Rome, but of two successive Generals of the Society, Mercurian and Aquaviva. Yet who could have taken their place? We may be thankful that they remained. But the situation of the College was so fraught with discord that one can only marvel that in these impossible circumstances it produced a succession of martyrs. The miracle of their constancy is all the greater when seen against its sombre background.

The system might, however, have worked, had the students shown as much goodwill as their Jesuit superiors. They did not: yet it is easy to find excuses for them. They were not just swaggering ruffians. Among their number were future confessors and apologetes, many who deserved well of the mission, and some who were reckoned worthy to be Bishops.<sup>55</sup> Even Cardinal

<sup>54</sup> Tempest to his uncle, A.R.S.I., *Anglia*, 30, 341.

<sup>55</sup> Bennett and Jackson, for example, were later candidates for a mitre; Champney became Vice-Rector of Douai and a useful historian, and even the wildest of all, Thomas Hill, became, as a Benedictine, a useful controversialist. (The story in the D.N.B. that he was the first to detect the error of the Illuminati, who expected the Holy Ghost to become incarnate in a certain young virgin, is a confusion with another Hill half a century later.)



Sega admitted that they were 'satisfactory in most respects',<sup>56</sup> and the support given them by intelligent and respected men like Morra, Tyrie and Toledo cannot be waived away by Bartoli's explanation that the latter two were deceived because of '*nel Tyrio, la semplicità troppo credula, nel Toledo, diciam così, i troppi altri affari*'.<sup>57</sup> We have seen that the students' two main aims, the promotion of Lewis and the removal of the Jesuits from control of the College, were neither of them unreasonable. And their 'interim programme' for the rule of the College while the Jesuits remained—as represented by their demands to Morra and Sega<sup>58</sup>—was sufficiently rational to be accepted by Persons as the basis of his peace-terms in May 1597. The request for a student-confessor was an extension of an idea originally suggested by an Apostolic Visitation in 1585. The suggestion made to Morra that those who were accepted by the Society as future novices should not remain in the College for more than three months was a reasonable solution of a problem which upset the College until the Suppression—a more moderate solution, in fact, than that offered by Persons in May 1597. The campaign to cut down the Jesuit staff and replace the *ripetitori* by priests from among the students was calculated to assist the College's financial straits, and was following the precedent of Allen's Douai—which, indeed, seems to have been the model which the students were anxious to copy. There is no need to doubt the students' assertion to Pope Clement VIII that they were willing to die twice over for his sake, and one can understand their anxiety that their views, and the interests of the English secular clergy, should be properly represented to the Holy See for whom they were prepared to risk so much. Further, it must be remembered what a nervous strain these men were living under—cut off from home, with persecution awaiting them on their return, and forced (for lack of a summer

<sup>56</sup> FOLEY, VI, 18.

<sup>57</sup> BARTOLI, *Inghilterra*, 436.

<sup>58</sup> Sega's report as translated in Foley does not do justice to the students. First, because Sega's version of the students' requests is a summary of many petitions sent in by individual students, so that the irresponsibility of one is attributed to all; and secondly, because the most outrageous request—that the students be allowed to examine the accounts—is not in the original at all, but is a mistranslation. What the students actually asked for was that some outsider should be appointed to examine them (*A.R.S.I., Anglia* 30, 415).



villa) to live in Rome through the hottest months of seven years in a building notorious for its unhealthiness.<sup>59</sup>

But when all has been said in their defence, the scholars cut a sorry figure. They were training to be martyrs, and they boasted of the fact; and yet, to gain their ends, they descended to insolence, calumny, indiscipline and open violence. Whether or not they were guilty of the great immorality attributed to them by Fr Harewood in 1595, the licentiousness which they confessed to Squarcione in 1597 was quite sufficient to ruin their case. However reasonable their requests may have been, they were not likely to commend them to the Pope by drunken dancing through the streets of Rome.

The crime of the rebels was far more than childish domestic indiscipline. By their campaign for the withdrawal of the Jesuits from England, they played into the hands of heresy and parted company with all that was best in English Catholicism. The discords in the College, along with those in Flanders and Wisbech, started a conflict between Jesuits and seculars which disfigured the recusant history of a whole generation. The Venerable, '*domus tot nutrix martyrum*', became the '*fons seditionum*'. Few things are more tragic than the spectacle of the English Catholics, who were ready to suffer so much for the faith, ruining all by their internal squabbles. One can only echo the words of Pope Clement VIII to the quarrelling English clergy: '*Cur non suffertis invicem, qui tanta sufferre parati estis?*'

(concluded.)

ANTHONY KENNY.

<sup>59</sup> Writing shortly after the troubles, Persons suggested that Rome corrupted the students. It is a place which 'ingendreth high spirits in them that are not well established in almighty gods grace, for comyng thither very yonge and fynding them selves presently placed and provided for abundantly and acquainted daily with sights and relations of popes cardinals and princes affairs our youthes that were bredd vp at home with much more simplicity . . . than the Italian educacion doth comport, forgetteth easily them selves, and breaketh out to liberty.' In reply, John Mush wrote to defend the students. As for Rome engendering high spirits, 'how true this reason ys in father P. him selfe we know not', but the scholars can hardly be badly disposed, for 'they have left theyre countrie, and manie of them, agaynst the willes of theyre own parentes and frendes, have relinquished large possibilities of temporall preferment, and have caste behinde them the vayne delightes of the worlde: and on the other side have no hope of other temporall benefittes, dignities, or prefermentes, then, after some few yeares spent in the studye of vertue and learning under collegiall discipline, to returne into theyre countrie with manifeste danger and imminent perill of no less loss than lyfe it selfe. Howe therefore ys yt likely that these men who, haveing no other scope than the savinge of other menes sowles, do put them selves into such perill and danger, can have so little care of theyre owne as to caste them away or at least greatly to hazarde them by obstinate and wilfull contendinge with theyre superiours?' (LAW, *Archpriest Controversy*, I, 28ff and 38-48).



...to live in Rome through the better months of ...  
...in a building ...  
...has been said in their behalf the ...  
...out a sorry figure. They were ...  
...to gain their ends they ...  
...to ...  
...of the ...  
...in 1897 ...  
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...the ...

# ROMANESQUE

## 57—'PROPS'

Have you ever needed an elephant in a hurry? Or a flight of fairies? Or a set of well-appointed ancestors? Or a large safety pin? If you are on the mission the situation can be tricky, but at the Venerable the solution is easy. You ask Props. The large safety pin can be produced in a second, the elephant may take a little longer. Third Year Theology can be equipped for a mountain gita, Third Year Philosophy can be groomed for entry into polite society. Years ago, people used to ask what would happen if the whole college had to go home at once, respectably clothed, without benefit of cassock. The common estimation of men decided that such an exodus would be impossible. Prudent men argued ably from the known sketchiness of most people's wardrobes and from the supposedly limited resources of Props. Yet the manœuvre was effected in good



AT

'Groomed for entry into polite society'



order. No authoritative explanation of this has ever been given, but you are at liberty to conclude that Props had Done It Again. And only a short time ago, as I watched an ex-props man setting out for his *vacanza* in England, I suspected that he owed something of his distinctive dress to the inexhaustible resources of Props.

In more urbane society they refer to the Green Room and to Green Room men. The name has never caught on among us ; possibly because there was never anything green either about the famous men of old who borrowed the rector's pyjamas ('the ones under your pillow were what we had in mind') or about their equally astute and unscrupulous successors. 'Props' is a more suitable name altogether, since the men and objects thus labelled are indeed the props not only of opera and sketch, but of common room stunts, and of burlesque turns at otherwise sedate Gregorian concerts.

Considering how long Romanesques have been commemorating aspects of Roman and College life, it is strange that Props were not honoured long ago. That may be because few of the uninitiate would dare to penetrate the mysteries whose temple sprawls between the second music room and the archives stairs ; while the great props men have frequently been more handy with a needle than a pen, getting better results from an old cassock or a yard of butter muslin than from Roget's Thesaurus or the Oxford Book of Quotations. There have been exceptions to the rule of this Silent Service, but most have presumably felt that there were experiences too deep for words. I sympathize with the sensitive man who, after wrestling with a recalcitrant sewing-machine and several equally recalcitrant producers, wishes to spend the rest of his life pretending that the whole thing was a nightmare and never really happened.

How does a man join this esoteric craft ? Technically he is co-opted. That means that the reigning props man sees him before he has had time to evolve protective colouring. Before he knows what has hit him he has been morally shanghaied ; when he recovers he finds himself adrift on a sea of half-sewn kimonos, dirty face-towels, and a make-up box that looks as though small children have been taking their elevenses from it. Sometimes the expert approaches his quarry, shows him a needle, and asks, 'Do you know what this is ?' If he gives the right answer, he is handed the needle, and a pair of tattered silk tights. On the other hand, if he thinks it is a special kind of fish-hook,



or part of a television set, he can be told, 'You'll soon learn'. Anyway, he stands co-opted. On my first day in Rome I stood in the lower corridor and gazed across a waste of trunks, cases, and other less verifiable impedimenta. According to an edict which had just been promulgated these were going to disappear in a matter of minutes; so far they showed no signs of it. One tall, tired man struggled with a couple of cases and an enormous bundle done up in a Union Jack, like a Gargantuan navy's lunch. I offered to do my good deed for the day. 'Actually they're props', said the tired man. I murmured politely. 'Are you interested in props?' he asked casually. Again I assured him with first year eagerness that I was. 'I'll co-opt you', he said. And co-opted I was. Almost before I had heard that *ens nec definiri nec declarari potest*, and certainly before I had discovered how that helped anyway, I was making an elephant. After spending a Villa nibbling bits of cotton and sucking pins I got myself off Props and on to zabs, which though spiritually less rewarding had a higher, and by that time much needed vitamin content.

Props men in Rome do not normally reckon to embark on elaborate tailoring exploits. Improvisation is the motto in Rome; creation is reserved for the Villa. In preparation for the Christmas plays you may hear a keen bargain being driven on the Campo for a pair of unclerical shoes. Or, muttering something about '*un regalo per la mia madre*', a man, normally sober in his habits, may be seen examining a pile of artificial silk stockings in Upim's. But that is exceptional. In and beyond the second music room there is, or used to be, a heap of shoes for many occasions, some of which pair; a few handfuls of stockings, often without heels or toes, sometimes without feet at all; a stack of hats of unbelievable dowdiness; a few dresses and dress suits. Policemen's helmets, wooden swords, choppers, truncheons (all evidently home-made), a stuffed cockatoo (acquired), and a bird-cage which does not fit the cockatoo, complete the attractions of this theatrical junk-room. Some of the exhibits are so ancient that, if at times the props seem to overflow into the archives, it seems that in the remote past the archives must have invaded the props. The master of this surrealist wardrobe, in which assets are often indistinguishable from liabilities, listens with mild impatience to the earnest producer who wants frequent changes of dress, to denote the passage of time. How are the Bones to grasp that the third act takes place twenty





'The master of this surrealist wardrobe'

years later, when everyone not only looks the same age but wears identical clothes? The props man turns the point by remarking that if their clothes are changed the Bones will think they are different people, and persuades the wavering producer to cut his coat according to the props man's cloth.

On occasion, by native genius and a liberal use of the rag-bag the poor man's Dior may give a touch of originality if not of freshness to his weatherbeaten evening dresses. That is the signal for the Man who Sits Well Back to complain bitterly about the same old things turning up every time. However, the balance is restored when the same old things really do turn up in all their unadorned sameness, and unobservant enthusiasts exclaim delightedly over the new props. If only being praised for the wrong thing were not more irritating than not being praised at all!

From time to time doubts are expressed by Judicious Souls about the growing professionalism of the scenery men and behind-the-scenery-men. 'Where', they ask, 'is all this leading? If we go on like this, where will it all stop?' Such questions were asked in 1939; the war provided the answer and allayed the fears. Certainly by then it was a far cry from the celebrated first performance of *Dov' è Lei?* when we are told the props



consisted of 'a red spotted handkerchief, several zimarras, a purple dressing-gown, two cushions (one fore and aft) and a panama'. Just how they equipped themselves when Wiseman wrote the words and Grant painted the scenery I do not know. But after the Venerable dramatics had withered under the disapproval of Cardinal Manning, *Dov' è Lei?* was the first daring step towards a renewed enthusiasm for acting, and the catalogue given above was the accompanying first step of the props men. These men deserve a slab on the wall of the infirmary stairs. In a matter of twelve years, a series of talented and unscrupulous props men had made, bought, or permanently borrowed the extensive collection which was last added to for *Princess Pauper*, about three weeks before we optimistically piled everything behind and below the infirmary and retired to England for the duration.

In England a fresh start was made with props as with most other things. Public-spirited individuals ransacked their wardrobes, and so did their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. For the operas we relied mainly on the generosity of a genial Northern seminary, which came to our rescue under the guidance of an ex-props man disguised as an eminent professor. After the exile the Hall collection seems to have vanished; so had most of the heirlooms carefully stored in Rome. Not a trace was left of peers' cloaks, gondoliers' tights, or military trappings. Yet there were a few kimonos, a Yeoman's hat, and a tattered remnant which my loving eye recognized as Strepthon's coat. Why and where had so much gone? And since it had, how had these few relics escaped the general liquidation? Investigating this puzzle, I learned that during the period of suffering that followed on the German withdrawal, when orphans, displaced persons, and escaped prisoners shivered, the pre-war props were distributed to deserving cases. That is a noble fate, which offers enchanting pictures to the imagination. Can you perhaps see a little shoe-shine boy going down the Monserra' happily wrapped in Nanki-Poo's golden wedding-gown, the Duke of Plaza Toro's knee-breeches, and a policeman's helmet or a home-made bearskin? Did some destitute beauty from the Trastevere regain a becoming queenliness in the Red Ruin or a bishop's ferraiuola? Or some stricken partisan stride through the Campo in all the glory of a Knight of the Garter? It is a satisfying thought to anyone who lost time and temper wrestling with the Madre's oldest *macchina*.



Merely to have seen a needle qualifies the ill-starred to make dresses for the opera. To assume that such a person can use a needle effectively is quite unjustified. In any spasm of sewing I always spend more time threading a needle than using it. Still less could anyone not a genius work that erratic *macchina da cuccire* which had at one time to be wheedled from a reluctant Madre. The first week of the Villa was devoted to finding which holes the cotton was supposed to go through, and then making it do so. Teaching a dog to jump through hoops must be child's play by comparison. Now the props have their own machine, one which works ; and if this is a break with tradition it is at least in keeping with the general mechanization of Roman life which has followed Marshall Aid.

When everything possible has been begged, borrowed, or moved in on, some things have to be bought. In times past it was often thought that the hundred lire or so voted by the public purse sufficiently explained the splendidly clad peers, ducal suite or deceased Murgatroyds that were later admired at the Villa. From time to time a Guardian of Tradition would register his opinion that it was All Wrong and Against the Spirit of the House for anyone to spend private money on a public venture. Now more practically they vote in more money. Even so, there is no question of buying six metres, just to be on the safe side, when by a little skimping and filling out with some old stuff that he happens to have by him, the Chief Designer can make do with four. To keep within the limits set him by available funds and the size of the chorus, he must calculate with a shrewdness and accuracy which would do credit to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The results can be alarming. There was a piece of red cloth which seemed to have hung round the props room far too long. It would do nicely for Strephon's knee-breeches. Strephon was measured, and was found to be certainly not fat, but more generously proportioned than was at first apparent. An inexperienced tailor cut out two pieces of equal shape, with no allowance made for varying contours, and sewed them together. Strephon would never have been able to get the resulting garment off, but for the fact that he was unable to get it on. So we fell back on the elephant. The grey cloth that had been that impressive animal's carcass was carved up, but it remained too tight. So a pink stripe was inserted on each side. The athletic hero was poured in, and he was ready to launch into romantic duet, to sit at the feet of the heroine, and even to get up again without untoward incident.



The one thing you cannot buy too much of is pins. You never know when, or for that matter where, they will come in useful. Robin Hood's merry men were dressed in green doublets and caps, but there was not enough material left over for shorts. It was possible, however, to make pairs of green bands which would fit round that part of their white shorts which might be expected to show. These bands were pinned on. After the



'Fresh pins were inserted'

first marching song it was embarrassingly obvious that they were not pinned on in the right places. Props men seized the chorus as they came off, wondering what the laughter was about, and drove in pins at strategic points. As each forester writhed with pain, fresh gaps appeared, and fresh pins were inserted until any one of them might have sat as a model of St Sebastian. At such times a man might be forgiven a slight grumble about excessive enthusiasm for technical perfection.

It is a philosophical commonplace that while several men may look at the same thing, according to their different interests they will see quite different things. At a stately function, where



the pious will be getting a light in prayer and the simple faithful will admire the beautiful bishop, the retired M.C. will shudder at the way the mitre is put on nowadays, and the candle sacristan will be waiting for the Martyrs' Picture to go up in flames. Similarly, at a Christmas play, when the audience will be carelessly laughing at the jokes, the props man will watch, hypnotized, for a hat to fall off, a heavy foot to be put through the best evening dress, or a shirt-front to fly open during a dramatic climax. When the show is over, the audience is rarely as limp with laughter or emotion as he is with nervous exhaustion. But he has had his money's worth; and in much the same way as some people feel baulked by a visit to the cinema which does not provide them with a good cry, he would lose half the enjoyment which is the reward of his labours if there were no moments of panic. Years after, the proof that he has dined well will be a tendency to button-hole the unwary and, with kindling reminiscent eye, harrow them with an account of how a skirt collapsed in the 'Sorcerer', or failed to get anchored at all in 'Toad'; of the hat that fell off in 'Thark' or the shoes that pinched in 'The Frightened Lady'; or of some miracle of dressmaking long since forgotten, which stole all the honours in some playlet you have never heard of. As I will prove to you, if we meet at the next Roman Dinner.

JOHN PLEDGER.



# HIERARCHOMACHIA

OR

## THE ANTI-BISHOP

'I must lament the miserable state  
Of Papists in this land, and Romish Priests  
That find no cause, or respite from the cry  
Of full-mouth'd pursuivants, that beat all paths,  
Beset highways, break houses, pillage rooms,  
Dive into privies, search the very beds  
Of women great with child ; and with the fright  
Make them miscarry ; strip the clothes from maids  
Under pretence to find some Agnus Dei's  
Or other relics. What they find, as plate  
Or jewels, or whole sums of ready cash  
Within the house, 'tis theirs, forever lost  
Unto the owners. There's no judge that dares  
Control them for't, or stand a Papist's friend,  
The law denying favour, lest the world  
Judge him protector of an odious cause.  
Well may the Papists hope for heaven, for sure  
They have their Purgatory here ; nor need  
They fear a second trial after death  
If they could but agree among themselves,  
And bear with patience this almighty cross  
Rocs I should say, Milstone, the devil and all,  
For hell's broke loose, if they but once appear  
And show their fiery noses in the street  
Or house, they mean to rifle ; children boys  
And women squeak to see their goggle eyes  
That glare as they would set the world on fire.'

This spirited description of Penal Times is part of a discovery in the College Archives which proved unexpectedly interesting. What follows is an account of the discovery and the conclusions to which it led.



A bundle of uncatalogued papers from the Archives was given to the writer for cataloguing some time ago ; and a pretty uninteresting collection they looked at first sight. The majority were eighteenth century printed Bulls, but there were also several plays in manuscript, all but one being in Latin. Natural indolence placed this at the top of the pile, though the title *Hierarchomachia* was discouraging—as also was the writing. But if indolence had dictated the choice, duty soon reasserted itself and ordered the deciphering at least of the Preface to this ‘Comick Satire’, as it described itself. The reward of diligence was not slow in coming ; it soon appeared that this MS. which had been for so long overlooked was one that would repay a careful perusal.

The MS. is a thick bundle of doubled folio sheets, gathered in fours or fives, and at one time sewn together. The writing presented some initial difficulties but once the first half-page had been puzzled out, it was regular enough to make the rest of the going fairly easy. As is so frequently the case in documents of the period, ‘foxing’ has taken place, so that the ink has come through on to the other side of the paper ; otherwise the MS. is in excellent condition.

The play itself is a lengthy verse discussion, but avoids tediousness by fitting this within the framework of a simple farcical plot : the characters argue in a tavern until they are disturbed by a police raid and rescued by someone disguised as the devil, who appears from the chimney at the vital moment. The characters are four groups of knights and a group of laymen, and individually are distinguishable by exotic Latin names. It quickly became obvious that the interest did not lie in these details but in something else for which they are a thin disguise. In fact the preface itself discloses the reality, which concerns the disastrous struggle between Seculars and Regulars that embittered Catholic life in seventeenth century England.

Of the struggle over the powers of the Bishop of Chalcedon much has been written, and the full story yet remains to be told, if it ever can be unravelled on the evidence available. Let it suffice to say here that the quarrel over the rights of the Bishop appointed to govern the Church in England was symptomatic of a general attitude of suspicion (even hatred would not be too strong a word) between seculars and regulars. Even those familiar with the history of the intrigues and counter-plots cannot fail to be shocked at the virulence with which the accompanying paper war was conducted on both sides. The accepted practice was to preface your argument with the wildest



allegations about your opponent's origins, character and conduct: you were sure to be paid back in kind. Much of this polemic was written for private circulation, but inevitably leaked out. It is not difficult to imagine the scandal given thus to the poor Catholics of England, for so long now treated to the spectacle of these clerical brawls, as if it were not enough that they should suffer at the hands of the pursuivants in the manner so feelingly described in the passage quoted above.

Given the clue to our subject-matter the next task was to discover how the plot and characters of the play are related to it. The characters belonging to the groups of knights are identified as: Jesuits (Knights of the Golden Fleece), Benedictines (Knights of Malta), and Dominicans (Knights of St James). The names of the protagonists of these groups and of the laymen appear in anagrammatic form, so that the solution of the puzzle is aided very greatly. We find for instance that 'Bolnutus' becomes Richard Blount, the Provincial of the Jesuits, whereas 'Coredurus' becomes Crouther, the Benedictine, and 'Bittomattus' Sir Tobie Mathew.<sup>1</sup> Here we have many of the main figures in the quarrel expressing their views. The case develops so as to show the arguments for both seculars and regulars, but the case of the former is set out more convincingly with a defence of episcopal jurisdiction. It is however not so much a matter of presenting a logical, well-documented case as of reducing opponents with ridicule. From it we obtain a good deal of information about the protagonists as they were in real life and what they stood for.<sup>2</sup> Even more interesting are the personal details of the various characters sprinkled liberally throughout the play. Davus (Codner) is an early caricature of Romanità with an unnecessary Italian tag ever on his lips, and a claim to have free access to Pope and Cardinals. There is an obscure reference to his having recently been in trouble

<sup>1</sup> The other historical personages in the play are: L. Anderton s.J., alias Gray (Jargus), T. Poulton s.J. (Onoplutus), Dom W. Price o.s.B., alias Jones (Spirius), Dom T. Preston o.s.B. (Sapertonus), Dom D. Codner o.s.B. (Davus), Fr Middleton o.p., alias Dade (Nicodimus), Fr Popham o.p. (Pamoppus), Mr C. Plowden (Polinodus), Sir B. Brooke (Corbus), Sir T. Brudnell (Rudelbinus), Mr G. Gage (Ageus), and possibly Elisabeth Carey, Viscountess Falkland (Valeria). Nivetta and Celia have not yet been identified. Cross (Rocs) and Griffin (My Finger), the pursuivants, also appear; and other names are mentioned which include Persons, Campion, Fisher (alias Percy), Sweet, Floyd, Norris, Featly, Lynd, Leander Jones, Parham and the Nuns at Brussels. It is the Jesuit Deputy Provincial who, disguised as the devil, is the *deus ex machina*.

<sup>2</sup> For example we learn that Dom William Price o.s.B. had joined the opposition to the Bishop at the time of writing (the mention of two recent Royal proclamations gives March 1629 as the earliest possible date for the MS.). This is in sharp contrast with Fr Philip Hughes' statement that Price was 'one of the Bishop's staunchest defenders' (*Rome and the Counter-Reformation*, p. 357, n.1.). Also fresh light is thrown upon the part played by the Dominicans: a letter from Viscount Montague to the Jesuit General Vitelleschi (6th August 1628) mentions that two Dominicans had joined the other regulars in their stand against the Bishop: our MS. identifies them as Middleton and Popham



(when 'the dogges' were 'tearing at his throat') and repeated jests at his short sight. Spirius (Price) is portrayed as an ex-schoolmaster with designs on the headship of his order. Popham is shown as being choleric in temper, and the motives of the Dominicans are bluntly stated as being the extortion of money from the Jesuits. Sir Tobie Mathew is given the fullest and most virulent treatment of all: his manner of life, of dress, of speech are all pilloried. In a long argument with Nivetta (one of the ladies supporting the Bishop) Sir Tobie pleads that his outward appearance and manner conceal an inner mortification; but she will have none of it:

'Thus servant, you may whiten anie speech  
 And force allusions from the very stewes,  
 That may seeme holy; further I would know,  
 Why you are so officious in the courte?  
 So fawning on the great ones? So extreame  
 For visiting Ambassadors, as some,  
 Do call you troublesome, intruding, rude,  
 Importunate, nay impudent? And why  
 Among the ladies are you such a burre  
 Especially the rich ones, as you sticke  
 At ev'rie turne upon their sleeves, and strive  
 To rule their families? Dispense their almes?  
 Preferr their officers, and chamber-maides?  
 Appointing priests to shrive them, of one tribe? . . .'

Such personal and detailed information of the people and plots of the controversy argue in the author a first-hand acquaintance with the situation. Who was he? When the news of the discovery of our MS. reached Mr Allison of the Catholic Records Society, an authority on the period, he was immediately interested, for he had come across references to the play, but did not think that a copy was still in existence. In an undated paper belonging to Fitton, the agent of the Bishop of Chalcedon at Rome, there is an extract of a letter written by the Bishop from Paris reporting that the comedy is circulating there and denying that he or any other priest is the author.<sup>3</sup> Another letter from Southgate in England to Fitton in Rome mentions that a certain Anthony Smith is divulging copies in England.<sup>4</sup> Since the work would appear never to have been printed, it is not surprising that no other copy appears to have survived. We cannot trace the author, but the MS. does explain how this copy has turned up in Rome without actually saying as much.

<sup>3</sup> Westminster Archives, Vol. XXIII, No. 41.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. XXVII, No. 18.



As has been noted above, the double sheets have been gathered in fours and fives, the seventh gathering from page ninety onwards is missing. Sufficient remains, however, on the previous page to indicate the reason for the *lacuna* : having mentioned that the Jesuits came to rule the seculars' college, Rudelbinus (Sir Thomas Brudnell) continues :

There lies a tale

That made them proud ; pride drew ambition on

Ambition envie ; envie caused strife

Strife partiallitie ; and that self-love ;

Then covetoussness the divell came at last,

And set some plots afoote against the State,

All fathered on those Maisters of the Guelfes<sup>5</sup>

The schollers resting innocent and free

From all' (here the end of the page is reached).

We may safely conjecture that the following pages dealt in full with the troubles in the College, and were removed for further consideration and possible action ! There seems little hope that the missing pages will ever turn up ; but we may be glad that some careful person filed away the bulk of the work when the real purpose of its presence had been removed.

Whoever the author may have been, he was not only well versed in the controversy and in the best means of making out his case, he was a man whose style presumes a familiarity with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, a man whose control of language was not merely indifferent. The whole presentation of the play is on the lines of the Jonsonian comedy of humours ; while the constable who says : 'I reprehend the King's person' is in the true Shakespearian tradition. His blank verse, both pleasing and regular, seems also to have the same model ; and at times it can rise above an ordinary level as is shown by the passage with which we began.<sup>6</sup> Though this is one of the outstanding passages the author is seldom at a loss for a telling phrase, and has a keen wit. His abilities may provide a clue to his identity, for there seems to be no other clue. In any event it is interesting to find such a competent writer among the recusants, when the great flowering of the earlier writers of the exile had run to seed.

CYRIL MURTACH.

<sup>5</sup> 'Guelfes' are the seculars.

<sup>6</sup> As regards the subject matter of this passage, the author's complaint about the rough treatment of women by the pursuivants seems a common accusation : it is mentioned in Gerard's account of the Gunpowder Plot (quoted in Tierney's *Dodd*, Vol. XIII, p. 92, note 1 ; and also in the report sent by Fr Holby to Fr Garnet : *ibid.*, pp. 75-148 and especially pp. 91 and 92 where an actual incident of the kind is related. Mrs Fullthrop had just given birth when the pursuivants burst in, searching the bed and room so roughly that she later died of shock).



## NOVA ET VETERA

### ROMAN ASSOCIATION ANNUAL MEETING 1955

The Meeting this year took place at Blackpool on 24th May. There were seventy-seven present at lunch.

At the Meeting, the President, the Very Rev. W. Boulton v.F., was in the Chair.

The deaths of the following Patron and Members were announced :

His Lordship the Bishop of Salford.

The Right Rev. Mgr Canon H. Cogan D.D., 1907-14, V.G. (Hexham).

The Rev. A. M. Goundry D.D., 1892-97 (Hexham).

The Rev. A. Holly o.s.B., Honorary Member.

The Rev. Joseph Butler, 1905-12 (Southwark).

New Members of the Association are the Revv. C. Laughton-Matthews, F. Scantlebury, M. J. Kirkham, A. Foulkes, W. Burtoft, F. Rice, A. Bickerstaffe, B. Doran, P. Lowery (Honorary Member).

It was decided not to hold any Scholarship examination this year.

A grant of the Delany Fund is again to be made to each member of Top Year.

The main business of the Meeting concerned the question of raising funds to help the College. The target is £35,000. It is proposed to send a letter to every priest in the country engaged on mission work, asking for assistance in sermons and collections.

Next year we meet in London on Whit Monday and Tuesday, 21st and 22nd May.

J. F. MOLLOY, *Secretary.*



## THE VENERABLE THIRTY YEARS AGO

EXTRACT FROM 'THE VENERABLE', VOL. II, OCT. 1925 (p. 255)

'One of the students has constructed and installed in the Billiard Room at Palazzola, a wireless set consisting of two stages of high frequency, and three of low frequency amplification. For the greater convenience of the listeners, an Ethovox Burndept loudspeaker was purchased soon after the opening of the installation, thus relieving them of the necessity and possible discomfort of using head phones. The aerial attached to a tree on the "Sforza" is 140 feet long. The height at which Palazzola stands renders it an ideal place for long distance reception, but atmospherics to a great extent nullify this advantage. London is heard fitfully, a regrettable fact, for English broadcasting is much better than the Roman, which is received very clearly. It is sometimes possible to receive the transmission from Glasgow and Cardiff, but as in the case of London, atmospherics are the fly in the ointment. Central European stations suffer from similar drawbacks. The great heat of the summer, and the consequent electrically charged atmosphere are responsible for these disturbances—we are convinced that during the winter there would not be much difficulty in "listening in" to all European stations.

This innovation has solved the problem of Palazzola evenings. After a week or two the conversation on the terrace always begins to pall, but listening to the music from Rome relieves one of the necessity of searching for something to say, and makes reading a not unsociable act. It is true that some of the sopranos only do their best, but even they have a cheering effect on the company. The transmission from England in spite of its drawbacks has certain attractions—listening to the chimes of Big Ben from the banks of the Alban Lake is liable to raise the sentiment of the most phlegmatic Englishman. And to come down to earth, it is always gratifying to receive the cricket scores (if interest in the game still survives), even before the morning papers are published, instead of waiting three or four days for the arrival of *The Times*.

The set will be transferred to Rome, but the College, placed as it is in a low lying part of the city, is badly situated for long distance reception, and we may have to rest content with the variable fare supplied by the Unione Radiofonica Italiana.'





PALAZZOLA : LIQUORI ON THE TERRACE



TUSCULUM MASS



M. Mendès-France has arrived in Rome for talks with the Italian government. He is staying at the Palazzo Farnese, which is floodlit at night for the occasion. The newspaper kiosk in the square has ousted old favourites like *Unità* and *Paese Sera* in favour of the *Figaro* and *Paris Soir*. Paris night life glares from a wide selection of glossy magazines, and anyone would think the Via dei Baullari was the Champs Elysées.

13th *Thursday*. The custom, begun in the Marian Year, of having Community Mass at one or other of the churches dedicated to our Lady, is being continued, although our choice this year will not be limited to Marian churches. To-day the Vice-Rector celebrated Mass at the Gesù over the tomb of St Ignatius.

In the evening, aptly enough, a member gave the Wiseman Society a talk on the Baroque Mind. It is fortunate that we are not *all* affected with a desire to wobble our hips when walking past the sinuous curves which adorn the shrine of St Ignatius.

16th *Sunday*. A Day of Recollection under the direction of the Vice-Rector. The silence was broken at lunch-time to welcome Mr Robert Sencourt and to examine vociferously the heads of First Year Theology which were tonsured this morning. In the early afternoon we took the field against the Pii Latini in the semi-final of the Gregorian football championship. South American nimbleness outdid British phlegm and we were forced to admit defeat by 4 goals to 1.

17th *Monday*. By a choice piece of judicious slashing, we presume, we find ourselves bowling along Highway Six with Monte Cassino left far behind. And now we break the sequence of the 'The War in Italy' to hear about 'The Greatest Gita', an article by Dr R. P. Redmond which appeared in an earlier issue of THE VENERABLE. Our disappointed hopes that Sir Winston Churchill would devote a chapter or two to Palazzola were not uplifted by Dr Redmond who drove past in the dark. But we hear he returns ere long.

19th *Wednesday*. A gita day—and parties dispersed o'er hill and plain. A bus load departed for Campo Catino for a day's skiing. Meteorological reports from CIT had been on the expansive side about the expected amount of snow, and the skiers were therefore a little out of humour when green grass and spring flowers were there to greet them. Another camerata, walking along the ridge of the Prenestini, came across a large statue of Christ erected in 1900. A plaque in a tiny chapel built into the pedestal gave a list of donors which included *Il Collegio Inglese*. Unfortunately, the statue is now headless and armless, having been struck by lightning, but what remains is a landmark for many miles.

We returned to the College to find three clerics, suitably caparisoned, waiting on us at supper. The servants were given notice some days ago, and to-day they relinquished mop and broom. The Vice-Rector seems a little dubious of the ability of Philosophers to wait at the Superiors' table in spite of the fact that one of them has served his apprenticeship in this capacity on the Venerabile stage. A crowd gathered in the Queen Mary to see the result of soap and water generously administered during our absence by the nuns and maids.



20th *Thursday*. In the first fervour and novelty of playing *Mesdames Mop* never has the College looked so spick and span. The organizers in our midst organized themselves and the rest speedily and ruthlessly, and a variety of lists of jobs ranging from the menial to the servile was soon typed, distributed and enforced with unwonted thoroughness. Meanwhile, ex-members of a certain northern seminary emphasized for the nth time that they had to do this sort of thing twice a week all through the year.

After tea we removed the grime from our faces and made a dash for the *Gesú* where to-day's intention in the Church Unity Octave is for the return of the Anglicans to the Faith. A Jesuit preached at length on *Enrico Ottavo* and *Tommaso More*. Cardinal *Ottaviani*, Pro-Secretary of the Holy Office, gave *Benediction*. The schola, high up in the organ loft above the undulating marble, brought Christmas to a belated conclusion with a final rendering of 'God rest ye merry, gentlemen'.

22nd *Saturday*. Our Christmas may be over, but in Rome, where time contrives to stay still, Christmas stays until ousted by Lent. Hence crib-gazing continues to be a popular afternoon pastime. Year by year the cribs become more mechanical and musical, but it was a shock to go into one Roman church to-day and see *Botticelli* angels on celluloid fitting to and fro to the tune of 'I'm dreaming of a white Christmas'.

23rd *Sunday*. To lunch came the Rev. Austin Farrer in company with *Frs Gill* and *Copleston S.J.* and *McNichol O.P.* In the evening Mr *Robert Stimson* gave the Literary Society a clever kaleidoscopic view of his journalistic career and of his present work as the *B.B.C's* roving ear and eye in Rome.

24th *Monday*. We bid good-bye—or better perhaps adieu—to the Second World War on the eve of D-day and slide back four centuries to pick up the thread of the Reformation in England from where we left it twelve months ago. Apparently Merrie England is still as sadde as it has ever been. We heard with regret of the death of *Mgr Hugh Cogan*. R.I.P.

29th *Saturday*. Exams in the minor courses at the Gregorian are beginning to raise their tiresome heads. Theologians attack their *Ascetics* or *Hebrew*; *Philosopher Kings* their *Aristotle* in the original Greek. First Year are liable to be somewhat overworked gentlemen, trying to gain a proficiency in *Chemistry*, *Biology* and even *Geography* if they cannot produce authentic certificates for them from their former schools. One unfortunate First Year Man had his *Biology* certificate rejected because he had studied at a non-Catholic school. Perhaps Protestant amoebae follow different rules. However, all ended happily when it was pointed out that *Eton* gave a fairly reliable education.

FEBRUARY 1st *Monday*. Two of the four new servants arrived to-day and were the cynosure of all eyes as they made their maiden voyage up the Refectory at supper. These two are from the *Padua* country. The next two are from the *Tyrol*. We wonder if they will wear those natty leather rompers and yodel while they work. Meanwhile we thankfully prepare to hand over to them their insignia of office. By now, as predicted, 'charring' is becoming a little irksome; but at least it gets us off an afternoon walk.



2nd *Tuesday*. The Vice-Rector, accompanied by the Senior Student, made the traditional offering of a candle to the Holy Father which was received by Mgr Vignale, the Pro-Maestro di Camera.

3rd *Wednesday*.

. . . look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

However, the bats were still abroad when the University opened its doors this morning. One professor began oral examinations at the unfriendly hour of 7.30 a.m. and some examinees were there before their breakfast. Is it possible that the Gregorian is deliberately flouting the Englishman's most cherished right : to speak not a word before breakfast except for the short-tempered grunt ?

This evening Mr Hepplethwaite, the Press attaché at the Embassy, addressed the Literary Society on 'The Press'.

6th *Dominica Septuagesimae* 'in qua deponitur canticum Domini, Alleluia'. We, however, celebrated with a film. In the afternoon several went to the Biblicum to hear Fr Dyson S.J. on the subject of the Rheims-Douay Version and the English Colleges. The Dominicans staged a counter-attraction when Fr D'Arcy O.P., a French archæologist, guided some twenty of us around the *scavi* beneath Santa Sabina on the Aventine.

7th *Monday*. The boring of a large hole in the Piazza Pilotta provided students with a novel type of entertainment during the breaks between lectures. It seems that the fascination of watching a man dig a hole is innate in human nature and not merely a singular trait of the English character. This morning five continents stood around in complete silence, mouths ajar and eyes glazed while two men slaved and sweated to drive the bore still deeper into the earth. Then the third warning bell rang and we were shooed back into lectures under the fatherly eye of the Secretary General. Fifty minutes later the United Nations resumed their session.

9th *Wednesday*. A team of Anglo-Irish clerics played against a newly formed Rugby Roma at the Stadium. More mud than blood was in evidence and the Norsemen, the majority being Venerabilini, won 8—3.

Last night, I forgot to mention, saw Art run riot at what was termed a Musical Evening. Its organizer and compère insisted that it should be somewhat *recherché*, and so found himself providing most of the music. Quite fortuitously, of course, as he afterwards explained.

10th *Thursday*. In an age when men are busy deifying anything and everything international, it is not surprising that a place like the Gregorian should be an enthusiastic devotee at the shrine. The students' union, Vita Nostra, fanatically encourages anything that fosters good relations between national colleges. It produces a monthly magazine which the South Americans force on students practically at point of gun. It arranges games between different colleges. There are a hundred and one, and perhaps one or two more, study circles catering for a variety of tastes. Once a year there



is the Matricolà, a concert in the aula magna when east jostles west in a three-hour pot-pourri of Spanish fandango, Chinese wailing, Highland reel and Beethoven. To cap it all, we now have international gitas and pilgrimages to Galloro. To-day most of Third Year Theology disappeared for the day with their colleagues and reappeared, it seems, on the top of Tusculum.

The more Empire-minded were entertained by the Minister to the Holy See who was at home, but everyone was reunited in the evening when Dr Ackroyd, head of the Nutrition Department of F.A.O., told the Literary Society how far international organization had progressed in vitaminizing A to D the nations of the world. Apparently it is highly unlikely that we shall ever be compelled to enjoy our *abacchio* in pill-form.

11th *Friday*. Flags flutter over Rome as the Vice-Rector celebrates the tenth anniversary of his ordination. It is also the anniversary of the Lateran treaty. To both we wish a hearty *Ad Multos Annos*.

In the afternoon a representation from the College joined thirty-five thousand Romans in spending forty lire on the new Underground which was opened to the public yesterday. It runs from the central railway station to beyond Mussolini's exhibition with intermediate stops at the Via Cavour, Colosseum, Circus Maximus, Porta Ostiense, Garbatella, St Paul's, and all stations to Crewe. The only underground section ends at the Porta Ostiense. From there it follows the Ostia Lido line. It is expected that after we have all tried it out for curiosity's sake, it will serve a large need for the people living in the vast housing estates which are springing up in the neighbourhood of St Paul's. Another line in the planning stage is from the station to the Piazza del Popolo. The sooner a network of undergrounds is constructed, the better, because Roman life tends to come to a congested standstill in the middle of the day. Sometime in the not too distant future, perhaps, a new race of Venerabilini will find themselves strap-hanging in a tube from Monserra' to Pilotta. It is certainly no further than from heaven to Charing Cross.

14th *Monday*. Rain. Result: Hi-ho, Hi-ho, it's off to work we go. It is on mornings such as this that we envy the Americans, pious and otherwise, who ride to the Gregorian each day by bus convoy.

17th *Thursday*. Up with the worm, but too early for the bird when my alarm-clock anticipated its office by two hours. Mass this morning was at San Clemente, and the thought of a walk, or even a tram-ride, at 6.15 on a winter's morning is not inviting. One of the chosen few who stay behind to serve Masses in the College smugly wishes his departing neighbour '*Buona passeggiata!*' as he squirms in the blissful warmth of zim and fug. In the evening Fr North S.J. gave a lantern lecture to the Literary Society about the British Mandate in Palestine and the help it afforded to excavation.

20th *Sunday*. The Carnival *Quarant'Ore* at San Lorenzo finished with the Mass of Deposition for which the College provided the *assistenza*. Before and afterwards, harassed stagemen, props-men and all others whose names do not appear below put in the final touches which ensured a highly entertaining evening.



## SHROVETIDE CONCERT, 1955

SOLO . . . . . Mr Broome

PLAY FRENCH AS SHE IS LEARNT  
By E. F. Watling

<i>M. Duhamel</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Bowen
<i>Mme Duhamel</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Needham
<i>Claude Dubois</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Davis
<i>Maid</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Sutcliffe

Produced by Mr Downey

## ORCHESTRA

Two German Dances (*Mozart*)

## PLAY

IN ROME TO-NIGHT

<i>Announcer</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Lewis
<i>His Assistant</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Mr Sidney Popplethwaite</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr D'Arcy
<i>Oswald</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr A. White
<i>The Gorema of Ahmen b'Entravers</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr T. White
<i>A Certain Monsignor</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Harding
<i>A Dope-pedlar</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Doran
<i>Gorema's A.D.C.</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Russell

Produced by Mr Higginson

## A MUSICAL INTERLUDE

THE LIGHTBOURNE FESTIVAL  
Messrs Lightbound and Bourne

## PLAY

TWO GENTLEMEN OF SOHO  
By A. P. Herbert

<i>Topsy</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Philpot
<i>Plum</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Curtis Hayward
<i>Lady Laetitia</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Trevett
<i>Lord Withers</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Inledon
<i>A Waiter</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Short
<i>Hubert</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Steele
<i>Sneak</i>	.	.	.	.	Mr Bourne

Produced by Mr Taylor

The scene is 'The Colts and Fillies', a Night Club, Soho.

21st *Monday*. Up at cock-crow for Terminillo where those who elected to give the oracle in CIT a second chance found snow and rediscovered how much the human frame can stand. Or is 'stand' the *mot juste*? Others swarmed up Soracte, and doubtless quoted the obvious bit of Horace. The rest dispersed to enjoy themselves.

22nd *Shrove Tuesday*. On Pincio the cameras clicked with gay abandon as little Romans strutted out of the pages of the Brothers Grimm or Science Fiction. Louis Quatorze and Madame de Pompadour seemed far more interested in their Coca-Cola to look at the dicky birds. And so we sauntered



back through the Piazza del Popolo thinking of the days when Lent was really Lent and the Farewell to Meat had, therefore, all the verve and enthusiasm of a genuine leavetaking—horses thundering down the Corso, meat roasted on the spits in this very Piazza, music and dancing on the Pincio, and then the midnight tolling of the great bell of St Mary's bringing everything to a sharp and poignant conclusion. Nowadays not even Garibaldi on his horse is painted red. And so we return to the College for tea and study. However, the evening is brightened with a good though rather sad and moralizing film, *Front Page Story*.

23rd *Ash Wednesday*. Lent dawned appropriately enough with a slate grey sky and a continuous drizzle. Forty wink wishes were shattered by fair weather bursting through a few minutes before the time for the afternoon walk. On Ash Wednesday one cannot conscientiously miss visiting the Station Church and so we shuffled through the bay leaves at Santa Sabina. We did all the usual things—renewed our Lenten acquaintance with the lady who sells the Station Church books, looked through the hole in the wall at St Dominic's orange-tree, and then strolled down the hill.

24th *Thursday*. And so to pay our respects to St George and his lance in Cardinal Newman's titular church.

26th *Saturday*. To-day is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Cardinal Merry del Val, and a group of the students went in pilgrimage to his tomb in the crypt of St Peter's. The sarcophagus was smothered in flowers and candles were burning. We said prayers for his speedy Beatification, the Process for which was opened in 1953. As we managed to gain ingress to the crypt without having to pay the normal entrance fee, it was suggested that we submit that as one of the required miracles. We returned to find the Rector with us again looking even more his usual self.

27th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Fr Rope, who celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his Ordination to-day. We toasted him of course at lunch in our customary harmonic fashion; in reply to the Rector's congratulatory speech he found it necessary to decline the proffered praise, but thought the Rector spoke in good faith. In the evening Fr Gill S.J. attracted a number to the Oriental Institute to hear him speak on Tension between Constantinople and Moscow, a tension which was ominously illustrated by the drum-roll of hailstones and a flickering candle when the lights failed. To supper we were pleased to welcome Wing-Commander Grant-Ferris.

28th *Monday*. A seething mass clustered round the notice-board on the last day of February is calculated to set the hearts of all athrob. For to-day appears the list of House Appointments, a document which, like the sermon list, is not only read but studied. The Bone hangs on the neck of the Critic and on the words of the man who can see to read, as he travels down the list leaving the comments to the vociferous duet behind him. What moved the Rector to make so-and-so sacristan? To instil into him a love of the beauty of the House of God? Or to banish him to the anonymity of the back bench because he was a distraction to his meditation? And while the students of human personality group themselves at a discreet



distance and whisperingly admire the choice of Bathman, they wonder at the similarity between Bootmen of all times. The newly-elected are of course suitably silent and answer the *prosits* of Bones, Critics and Psychologists with a modest inclination of the head. And last year's post-holders, reading with evident pleasure those last few words of commendation to them, jingle their keys of office regretfully for the last time.

MARCH 1st *Tuesday*. The Feast of St David. At last we can celebrate with tranquil hearts, and not have recourse to a great-grandfather Taffy and a ticket for the Eisteddfod to prove our loyalty to the leek. First Year boasts two Menevia students, both of whom have names which would make even Owain Glyndwfrdwy proud of them. The national emblem was not worn—good wine needs no bush—but we ate something very similar at lunch. At Benediction the prayer for the Conversion of Wales was recited, which will be continued on the Third Sunday in each month. It will serve to remind us also that we are the English and Welsh College.

In the evening the film industry went to town with *West of Zanzibar*, in which all the animals in the zoo combined to give the hero a rough time. The film reached its breathtaking climax when the hero's boat capsized in the middle of a crocodile-hippopotamus-infested river. At this point the reel came to an end. Were truth not stranger than fiction the film ought to have ended there also, for what can a man do fifty yards from land with jaws snapping ferociously all round him? We do not take into account, however, the omnipotence of Pinewood. The next reel opens with our hero sauntering along *terra firma* with hair slightly ruffled and clothes slightly dampened, but otherwise ready to wade through more crocodiles and a mangrove swamp that same night.

2nd *Wednesday*. The Public Meeting opened to-day and Mr Lightbound took the chair. Our congratulations to Mr Swindlehurst on completing a successful year of office.

4th *Friday*. A plea was made to the authorities at the University for a relaxation of the rule whereby the whole faculty is obliged to be present at the triennial disputations. It seemed unnecessary that First Year should have to sit through two hours' haggling over the meaning of penetrability before they have even cut the pages of a textbook on Cosmology. In any case we seem to be the only college which obeys the *omnes adesse debent* injunction. The Gregorian, however, replied to our thesis 'that all cannot benefit from a disputation' with a distinction:

*'Quoad materiam disputationis : concedimus ;  
quoad formam disputandi : negamus.'*

5th *Saturday*. And so to disputations we went. *Prosit* to Mr Travers who was ordained priest by the Cardinal Vicar of Rome in St John Lateran. Also to Mr Smith who received the diaconate, and to Messrs Tweedy and Moakler whose dimissorials did not arrive in time to enable them to receive the Tonsure with the remainder of their year in January. A third who was similarly prevented took to his bed yesterday, and will therefore have to wait until *Sitientes* Saturday.

6th *Sunday*. The new priest sang the community High Mass ; and at lunch we welcomed his father and brother, in company with Abbot Williams.



7th *Monday*. The Feast of St Thomas Aquinas and therefore a Dies definitely Non. The Schola ploughed through the rain to sing in a massed clerical choir for the High Mass celebrated by Cardinal Micara in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva.

10th *Thursday*. Community Mass was almost on the doorstep. The Rector said it at the tomb of St John Baptist de Rossi in the church of San Trinità dei Pellegrini.

12th *Saturday*. After so many rainy days it was a pleasure to walk to San Gregorio through the warm spring sunshine. Our hold over the age-long privilege of singing the High Mass on the Feast of St Gregory seems to become less secure as the years progress. The Pontifical Academy of Music seems to regard us with the disdain of a concert-pianist for the barrel-organist's monkey. But the less plain chant we are given to sing the more we break out into degenerate polyphony, which must set the bones of Dom Guéranger creaking. Our privilege of providing the *assistenza* remains as yet uncontested. In days of old we would hasten back to the College to be the first to open the tanking season, but youthful exuberance was superseded a couple of years ago by something approaching sanity, and we now wait for a warmer sun. So there was time today to wander leisurely back along the Circus Maximus, at present the scene of a jolly-looking fairground, soon to be levelled and made into a park, and then along Tiber bank to see if the flood water had reached the hole in the Ponte Fabricio. It was a couple of feet below, and therefore we presume that the patients in the hospital on the Isola della Tevere will not be kept busy baling out from their beds. Fr Buckley has now been accounted for: pining for the cold he went to Terminillo and returned with one.

15th *Tuesday*. The Ides of March seems a suitable date for writing something about the College Owl. Our feathered friend goes in for the anti-social activity of hooting just as slumber comes. You pad across to your window, clap your hands and return to bed. Five minutes' silence ensues and the tirade recommences. At that time of night one does not appreciate the old chestnut: 'Why did the owl 'owl?'

By the afternoon post a box of shamrock arrived with the glorious admission on the customs' declaration: 'Value—nil'.

16th *Wednesday*. Mr Kennedy-Cook, director of the British Council in Rome, gave a most entertaining talk to the Literary Society on the historical foundations of the Arthurian Legend.

17th *Thursday*. Irish eyes were smiling and imposing arrays of shamrock blossomed on Irish breasts. Anyone who had dared to delve deeply into his family history was rewarded, of course, with an Irish forbear, and so could qualify to attend Benediction at the Irish Augustinians. After supper we simpered over the songs of Erin and lauded Lloyd George and my father until blows were imminent. One instinctively thinks of Chesterton's

'For the great Gaels of Ireland  
Are the men that God made mad,  
For all their wars are merry,  
And all their songs are sad.'



20th *Laetare Sunday*. A fine day to rejoice and cast off the sack-cloth for a few hours. A potter round the garden reveals the excellent work which a few public-minded men are doing under the direction of a keen gardener in First Year. What used to be a wilderness of weeds has been transformed into a number of highly respectable flower-beds. Some of the palm-trees have been uprooted, fresh gravel laid down on the walks, new pots for shrubs bought. Even the goldfish look friskier. Raniero's hens still have a rather depressing appearance, but at least they have been rescued from the war of nerves against the rats. A posse of gardeners went out, discovered the nest, and began to lay about them and kill.

22nd *Tuesday*. Looking down into the main cortile, one cannot fail to notice how industrialism has penetrated even to this oasis of peace. Here we used to be preserved from the noises and smells of the Monserra' and Cappella', but now all that has gone. Cars of all description turn through the *portone* and are immediately swallowed up in the maelstrom of vintage machines already awaiting the attention of the Destroying Angel; to wit, the Vice-Rector. Actually his henchman Peppino, son of Domenico, wields the spanner. The Vice sits contentedly on the mudguard of the monster affectionately known as Genevieve, and observes the disintegration, or, as we are told, the repair service. We shall believe that when we see one of them go. Fr More O'Ferrall arrived and intends to stay with us for a few days.

24th *Thursday*. An afternoon at the Villa designed to bolster up frames shattered by Lenten rigours. We left by private bus after an early lunch, played handball, golf, viewed the weeds on the tennis court or merely lounged in a deck-chair before a very tasty tea in the Common Room. The cloud effect was quite bizarre. A vast sea of cotton wool obliterated the campagna from Castel Gandolfo to the sea. On our return we burrowed through it and only emerged at Ciampino.

25th *Friday*. *The Annunciation*. After supper we were shown a film describing the work of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in Darkest Africa. Earlier in the evening there had been a showing in the Common Room for the laity. A second feature was the filming of the Canonization of Pius X. We of course, just escaped the camera, but Mgr Heard was well to the fore.

26th *Saturday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Lightbound and Kenny on receiving their Subdiaconate, and also to Mr Murtagh who avoided both Scylla and Charybdis this time and received the Tonsure.

28th *Monday*. The football match of the season against the Scots resulted in a draw—thus saving our reputation for not having lost a game since the war. The Scots returned to their red wine, and we by way of the new bridge over the Tiber near St Paul's.

31st *Thursday*. Arm-in-arm with a Greek and a German we tramped along the road from Frascati to Galloro, the shrine of our Lady near Ariccia, for the second annual Gregorian pilgrimage. Other groups walked from Marino, Rocca, Castel Gandolfo, Divino Amore and even Rome—all converging on the shrine for the Missa Cantata at midday, sung by Mr Doran. Some of the more active professors joined in the walk which



was marred by rain until we arrived at Ariccia. After the Mass colourful groups dotted the surrounding countryside like the Five Thousand, eating *al fresco* and singing songs ranging from the war cries of the Zulus to Italian opera. *Clementine* received a rapturous ovation. Of course everyone, even the Eskimo, knows Auld Lang Syne, and when sung polyglot the result was a pleasant babel. After Benediction we dispersed by bus or train for home, where we thankfully resumed our normal patois.

APRIL 2nd *Saturday*. The newspaper strike in England is having disastrous repercussions here. That after-breakfast cigarette somehow loses its flavour when the smoke curls over *Il Quotidiano* or the last *Chi lo Sa?* instead of the *Daily Telegraph*. The hardest hit are, without doubt, the *Times* crossword enthusiasts. Having no intellectual outlet they stand discontentedly around the notice board or cluelessly gaze into the clear morning air. We were pleased to welcome to lunch the naval attaché with the captain of one of the two destroyers which have docked at Civitavecchia. This afternoon the Navy played rugby against Lazio. To complete the nautical tale we have Mgr Shepherd, senior Catholic chaplain at the Admiralty, staying with us.

3rd *Palm Sunday*. And your diarist is in retreat until

6th *Wednesday* when he emerged. Last Sunday's Seven Church walkers still look physically enervated though spiritually refreshed. From to-day we shall be making the rounds of our favourite churches—San Girolomo, at whose Tenebrae we are seen but not heard, the high stalls of San Lorenzo in Damaso where we may not be seen but certainly heard, St Peter's for the washing of the altars, the Greek Church on Good Friday for our flower, and thus we arrive at

9th *Holy Saturday*. An empty day. Top Year assisted the Parish Priest in blessing houses and wishing our neighbours a happy Easter, while in the College we had to keep our Alleluias until midnight. Congratulations to Mr T. V. Smith who was ordained priest by Archbishop Traglia in the Dodici Apostoli this morning.

The Vice-Rector celebrated the Holy Saturday Office and Midnight Mass, and then at about two in the morning released the forty-five horses in Genevieve and guided them roughly in the direction of England. Peppino will encourage the Vice as far as the border—if they reach the border.

10th *Easter Sunday*. After High Mass *tutti a San Pietro*. The Holy Father spoke with surprising clarity and strength, although his doctor was standing not far behind him on the central loggia. The square was dense with Romans and pilgrims, Germans seeming more numerous than ever. Afterwards we hurried back for lunch at which Mr Smith, who said his first Mass this morning, was the guest of honour. Also present were Mgr Heard and Shepherd, Fr Bushy and the new priest's father. Our church doors were flung open in the afternoon to admit a pilgrims' progress to Benediction. Finally, we gripped our seats during the film *On the Waterfront*.

11th *Easter Monday*. We go.

16th *Saturday*. We come back armed with a goodly selection of gita stories, the truth of which lies encased in several veneers of gloss. Wild bears were yet again stroked in the Abruzzi. It was with regret that we



heard on our return of the death on Thursday of Bishop Marshall. R.I.P. We also learned of the appointment of Mgr Restieaux to the vacant See of Plymouth.

18th *Monday*. Dies Scholae. Enough said. The beginning of the last lap of the academic year leaves us lamenting that, despite contrary resolutions, we are no more up to date with our work than we were this time last year.

20th *Wednesday*. No lectures, as one of the professors died in the early hours of the morning. He was Fr de Leturia S.J., former Dean of the Faculty of Church History. R.I.P.

21st *Thursday*. The birthday of Rome. But even if she is eternal, the wolf is not. It died some time ago, and the cage under the Tarpeian Rock is still tenantless. The invalids of war chose to-day to stage their annual appeal for higher pensions. Half a dozen of them appealed very forcefully at the junction of the Via Tritone and the Corso during the evening rush period. They simply stood in the middle of the road, and before they could be persuaded to depart the traffic was in a hopeless jam. A *Celere* 'squinter' raced to the scene, and was itself caught up in the blockage before it could get within eyeshot. Drivers began to punch their horns in anger, which soon gave way to childlike delight when they discovered a melodic rhythm. Bystanders joined in with a slow clap. However, impatience soon returned, and we left them backing into the car behind.

23rd *Saturday*. Feast of St George. Roses red and white flourished and faded as the day progressed. An imposing array of guests adorned the centre table and the Common Room afterwards, including the British and Australian Ministers to the Holy See. A not over-bright Theologians' Concert was considerably enhanced by Top Year's sketch in which the combination of irate parish priest and domineering house-keeper wrought havoc among the curates.

### THEOLOGIAN'S CONCERT

ST GEORGE'S DAY 1955

#### SONGS

The Three Bells and Ride the Chariot

Sung by Messrs Formby, Brewer, Murphy-O'Connor, Moakler and Mason.

#### PLAY

#### THE LITTLE MAN

A farcical morality in three scenes by John Galsworthy

<i>The Little Man</i>	.	.	.	Mr Crossling
<i>The American</i>	.	.	.	Mr McGuire
<i>The Englishman</i>	.	.	.	Mr Curtis Hayward
<i>The Englishwoman</i>	.	.	.	Mr Downey
<i>The German</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tweedy
<i>The Dutch Youth</i>	.	.	.	Mr Marmion
<i>The Mother</i>	.	.	.	Mr Bradley
<i>The Waiter</i>	.	.	.	Mr Rand
<i>The Station Official</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kearney
<i>The Policeman</i>	.	.	.	Mr Latham
<i>The Porter</i>	.	.	.	Mr Russell

Produced by Mr Davis



## SKETCH

## THE BAKER'S DOZEN

By 'Saki'

Major Richard Dumbarton	.	.	.	.	Mr Mason
Mrs Carewe	.	.	.	.	Mr Brewer
Mrs Paly-Paget	.	.	.	.	Mr Collingwood
Produced by Mr Murphy-O'Connor					

## BROADCAST

## A FORGOTTEN INTERLUDE

By R. A. Knox

Mr Donkinson	.	.	.	.	Mr Sutcliffe
First Announcer	.	.	.	.	Mr Brennan
Second Announcer	.	.	.	.	Mr Higginson
Third Announcer	.	.	.	.	Mr Inledon

## TOP YEAR SKETCH

X EQUALS NOTHING; Y I BECAME A MISSIONER,  
OR A STUDY IN HUMILITY

Canon Connelly, P.P. of Much Hitching	.	.	.	.	Mr Connelly
Ushaw Epitomized, 1st Curate	.	.	.	.	Mr Foulkes
Upholland Petrified, 2nd Curate	.	.	.	.	Mr Smith
Rome Rectified, 3rd Curate	.	.	.	.	Mr Doran
Hildegonda the Housekeeper	.	.	.	.	Mr Rice
The Manchester Guardian, or the Odd Man Out	.	.	.	.	Mr Travers
The C.M.S. Superior	.	.	.	.	Mr Swindlehurst
The Superior's Right-hand Man	.	.	.	.	Mr Vella
The Superior's Left-hand Man	.	.	.	.	Mr Burtoft
The Gazette Editor	.	.	.	.	Mr Bickerstaffe

24th Sunday. *Il giorno di primavera* was blessed with brilliant sun. The Spanish Steps, from top to bottom, were a carpet of flowers shimmering in the slight breeze. The local beauties, dressed in medieval costume, gave bunches of flowers away to anyone who thoughtlessly held out a hand.

25th Monday. Select cameratas have been observed of late slinking off, guide-book in hand, to catacombs, basilicas, and Forum. It seems that a goodly proportion of the British Army in Germany is descending on Rome shortly, and these chosen few are to have the doubtful pleasure of guiding them around the city's suggestive sights. A flurry of pilgrim chatter is heard whenever two potential guides chance to meet—dates, places, do's and don'ts. Some people fail to realize that the Holy Year is five years old and its stories five times as tall.

28th Thursday. The Catacombs Mass was celebrated this morning by Mr Swindlehurst at Santa Domitilla. Your diarist is delighted to put on record that he distinguished himself by supplying the intonation of the Troit in place of the Choir Master, who was in a taxi somewhere in the vicinity. The Editor, meanwhile, looked on with green-eyed envy.

29th Friday. The first day's guiding of two thousand soldiers, wives, children and chaplains brought diverse reactions according to whether you were a guide or sat next to one of them in the Refectory. Perhaps the



greatest reaction was felt by the organizer of the pilgrimage, a certain sage in the O.N.D. This evening he received a very elaborate letter from the curator of the Vatican Museums, explaining that, as organizer, he was personally liable to a fine not exceeding the sum of five thousand million lire plus a five year stretch in the Regina Caeli. The gory details of the crime were that a pair of gross moustachios, drawn by an inexperienced hand, had been discovered on the Apollo Belvedere after the valiant British Army had paid its visit. It was only after appealing to a crowded Common Room for great discretion in discussing the matter outside the College that his hearers could no longer keep straight faces. He knew then the value of the document and, very soon afterwards, its author, who should do well in after life with a few home-made 'engravings' to assist parish finances.

*MAY 1st Sunday.* It is one of those gruesome twists of fate which makes Labour Day and the appearance of the Thesis Sheet coincide. However, to-day being Sunday, we are spared the blow for twenty-four hours. We can, therefore, drop our tools of trade, gaze in admiration at our toil-worn hands and join the workers on holiday. We accompanied the steady stream moving towards St Peter's and heard the Holy Father addressing members of A.C.L.I., the Catholic Trades Union Movement, which is celebrating its tenth birthday this year. The allocution, surely one of the most spirited, was punctuated with *si's*, *no's*, and *viva's* to the Pope's rhetorical questions. Towards the end the new feast of St Joseph, the Artisan, was proclaimed, and ordered to be kept on 1st May. Finally, the Holy Father came down from the central loggia through the Bronze Doors to a throne in front of the portico, where delegates of A.C.L.I. were received and where their gifts, ranging from statues to farm tractors, were accepted. Afterwards we tramped through yesterday's and to-day's uncollected refuse wondering whether the Gregorian would follow the Church's lead in sanctifying Labour Day by granting a *Dies Non* on future 1sts of May. On our return we were able to welcome Fr Pedrick who intends to stay some time with us.

*2nd Monday.* The Thesis Sheet made a quiet but sufficiently effective appearance. The guides remained oblivious of the fact until they returned from the day's adventures armed with a fair repertoire of stories, two of which at least are original. Full marks should go to the boisterous group of Canadian soldiers who, when told to be *piano, piano*, during a midnight carousal, yelled, 'Sure, bring on the piano!'

*4th Wednesday.* The Feast of the English Martyrs. An entirely clerical gathering graced the lunch table.

*5th Thursday.* Another afternoon at the Villa for the annual cricket match with the Beda. Despite our comparatively tender years, crabbed age contrived to keep on batting and thus the game was drawn. The tennis court, thirsting now only for its top surface, drew its clientele of admiring constructors. A quick look-see around the estate showed the handball court refaced and the tank a not unusual slimy green. We returned by the new motor-road which cuts straight down to the Via Appia at Ciampino from the end of the Via dei Laghi. The walkers noticed that it will be a



great time-saver in the annual march on Rome at the end of the *villeggiatura*.

6th *Friday. Dies Scholae.* A rare occurrence these days.

7th *Saturday.* Football enthusiasts forwent their siesta to crouch over the Vice-Rector's wireless and listen to the Cup Final. A new cat's whisker might improve the reception. The unenthusiastic of course took their rest and rose to find that they had won the sweepstake.

8th *Sunday. Prosit* to the Senior Student and the Deputy who received the Diaconate, to their colleagues who became Subdeacons, and to Second Year who became Exorcists and Acolytes. All were ordained in the Leonine College by Bishop Mignani, expelled by the Communists from his diocese in China.

9th *Monday.* Visitors to the College seem to come always in diocesan rotation. To-day the Roman siren attracted Fr More from Wolverhampton.

10th *Sunday.* . . . and to-day Fr Foster from Oscott and Fr Humphrey Crookenden of the Birmingham Oratory.

12th *Thursday.* After the new Subdeacons had placed their breviaries on the Salve bench with careful carelessness we entered the Refectory where the Dean of Westminster, Dr Don, joined us for lunch. In the Common Room the secretary of the Magazine set up shop and the current issue was sold with gratifying rapidity. Gratifying, that is, to the Editor who scrutinized the reactions of the readers carefully and received their comments with a bashful smile and a complexion which was not dissimilar to mulled claret.

13th *Friday.* To-day being the feast of St Robert Bellarmine is lecture-free. High Mass was celebrated at San Ignazio, where our Schola provided the singing. And we must not forget the organist who treated the nations to the thunderous March of the Crown Imperial by Sir William Walton. In the evening there was a Smoking Concert which we had apparently voted in at the last Public Meeting. Enthusiasm was not high *ante factum*, but the concert turned out to be most enjoyable—not least to Fr More, who was a leading light in reintroducing this type of concert into our entertainment programme.

15th *Sunday.* We heard with deepest regret of the death of Princess Doria Pamphili, whose kindness to and interest in all people, not least in the Venerable, deserve a remembrance in our prayers. R.I.P.

16th *Monday.* Interest was kept from flagging during the Rogation procession round the garden by the jack-in-the-box appearances of Fr More from the windows of the Third Library. Even the hens looked interested. From such care to obtain the best view-point of the procession we might have expected good results from his camera. However, perhaps it was too early because we straightened our collars and looked pious to no purpose at all.

17th *Tuesday.* The funeral of the Princess took place this morning in the family chapel in the Villa Pamphili. The Requiem, which was attended by Cardinal Tedeschini, was celebrated by Mgr Duchemin with *assistenza* from the English College. Members of the Schola sang.



A brand new gramophone has made its *début* for the after-supper salons on the balcony. An automatic pick-up enables the record-changer to sit serenely in his chair for most of the evening, and thus renders his office almost a sinecure.

19th *Ascension Thursday*. Lunch was in *famiglia*, which according to the song is one that doesn't fill yer. But to-day the couplet did not ring true. After a quiet week spent over the thesis sheets we were ready, like Mr Micawber, for something to turn up. It did. The Vice-Rector returned to the fold in the early afternoon with the glad tidings that Genevieve is doing sterling work on the mission.

20th *Friday*. The Rector departed for England and Blackpool where the Roman Association Meeting is to be held next week. His travelling companion is Fr Buckley, who has abandoned his disciples in Philosophy to work out their scholastic salvation next month alone.

23rd *Monday*. Disappearance of Fr More who has gone to Assisi, and simultaneous reappearance of Fr Pedrick from the same place.

25th *Wednesday*. After laying a trail of false clues Top Year sprung their High Tea on us when we were quite unprepared. The only regret was that we had that extra plate of spaghetti at lunch. Afterwards we joined the smokers in the garden when odds were placed on the last men out of the Refectory. The favourites romped home.

The *assistenza* for First Vespers of St Philip Neri departed for the most Roman function of them all. The people selected for the High Mass and Vespers of to-morrow were briefed by the M.C.

26th *Thursday*. The results of yesterday's elections in England come seeping through via the Vice-Rector, who kindly keeps us informed about the latest news in matters electoral and cricket. We were pleased to hear that a frequent visitor to the College, Wing-Commander Grant-Ferris, waged a successful campaign and has been elected Conservative member for Nantwich. Needless to say, the day's activities at the Chiesa Nuova were everything a Roman function should be and a lot more besides.

29th *Whit-Sunday*. An uneventful day which nevertheless deserves an entry for its liturgical rank. At the Beatification of Ven. Marcel Champagnat one law-abiding Englishman betook himself to a tribune brandishing a genuine ticket and was nearly ejected therefrom. He caused more *admiratio* than he would have done if he had been chased from the Papal Throne.

30th *Monday*. A gloriously hot *gita* day which produced sun-tanned faces ranging from lobster to berry, but in obedience to authoritative injunction, no sickness.

31st *Tuesday*. We were pleased to welcome Fr Frost who came to lunch with his parish priest. And so into

JUNE we go in which the laconic entries must be ascribed to a life at the desk which is rapidly developing into *tempo furioso*.

5th *Trinity Sunday*. However, a slight *rallentando* marks the College's titular feast day. A colourful array of guests sat down to lunch, including, among others, Sir D'Arcy Osborne, Fr Godfrey Anstruther O.P., and Mr Walsh, the Editor of the *Catholic Times*. During coffee in the Common Room the Vice-Rector bade a formal farewell to Top Year who will be



departing shortly, and paid tribute to Mr Walsh for his efforts in keeping England informed of Catholic news and views. Then downstairs for Benediction where the Third Sacristan outdid his predecessors by making the altar bristle with a hundred candles blazing lustily, subjecting the Martyrs' Picture to yet another ordeal by fire. Durante Alberti certainly knew how to make paint cling to canvas. Finally, the film-man produced his *pièce de résistance*, *Doctor in the House*, which left no one regretting the seven days' delay. One wishes that we could face our examinations with the same hilarious equanimity as the four medical students. Perhaps we do not possess the right psychological approach.

9th *Thursday*. The scorching walk to the Little Sisters on Corpus Christi is something few forget. In the procession around the grounds one cannot but wilt under the lash of the mid-morning sun. This year we were thankful for the new processional route: around the square in front of St Peter in Chains, hugging the shadow of the wall as we went. Benediction was given in the Maronite church, and then we processed back to the Convent. To lunch came Mgr Mostyn. Visitors to Orvieto for the Corpus Christi celebrations returned in the late evening full of the pageantry and the Bigi.

10th *Friday*. Last lectures at the Gregorian resulted in the customary professions of undying friendship, the forbidden applause, and a last look at the lists to see whether it would be worth our while paying 500 lire to have our exams put forward (or back). The *Adhortatio* in San Ignazio was given by Fr Lombardi S.J., and we were again smitten with wonder as three hundred candles on the altar burst into flame simultaneously before Benediction. The Minister's At Home in honour of the Queen's Birthday provided a last means of relaxation before the thesis sheet assumed its full obsessive powers.

If you wish to annoy someone, take a pencil and thesis sheet, tick each thesis off three times and leave in a prominent place. Results guaranteed.

In the evening we welcomed Fr Pledger into the Common Room, and assisted Mr Vella, the first of Top Year to depart, out of it.

16th *Thursday*. The surprisingly high number of tens in Church History and kindred examinations persuaded the Vice-Rector that brain-storms were imminent. A 'long afternoon' was therefore granted. Most people were flattered by this diagnosis of their malady and made off in the direction of Villa and castelli before conscience intervened. A few honest citizens, quickly assessing their complaint, had a brain-wave instead. They would do some work.

*Ad multos annos* to Mr Connelly.

17th *Friday*. Taxi drivers are still apprehensive of the sudden rainstorms which used to burst upon our cortile with monsoon suddenness and intensity. However, the wind veered in another direction some two years ago, and we now insist like Elias that this year there will be a drought. And so we take sad leave of our priests off to the vineyard, and of our playmates in Philosophy, under a cloudless sky. Tears over the departures were quickly dispelled by the tea-time arrival of the Rector from England. A few volunteers elected to follow the parochial procession in honour of



the Sacred Heart. As usual, it was a certain indefatigable papal M.C. who assumed complete control of everyone, even the police escort.

20th *Monday*. *Ad multos annos* to Messrs Broome and Foulkes.

21st *Tuesday* . . . and to Mr McHugh whom nevertheless we shall be seeing again in September before his voyage to Jerusalem and the Ecole Biblique.

22nd *Wednesday* . . . and to Messrs Burtoft, Smith, and Travers. More than one, we hope, will help to reconstitute the now non-existent O.N.D.

25th *Saturday*. A very thoughtful gift from the Marchesa Cambiaso to the Senior Student and his successors was an illuminated statue of our Lady which plays Gounod's *Ave Maria*. No marks to the wag who suggested a similar one to the Deputy Senior Student enclosing an alarm instead.

26th *Sunday*. At the General Audience in St Peter's this evening the Holy Father changed his skull-cap at least ten times as he was carried down the central aisle in the *sedia gestatoria*. This is our last view of him before we wing our way Villa-wards like souls released from Purgatory. A few who have already finished their examinations take great pleasure in complaining of the boredom of leisure or asking us if we should like a lazy game of tennis this morning. The *Summa* is a good substitute for a flat-iron when it comes to throwing.

*Ad multos annos* to Messrs Swindlehurst and Bickerstaffe.

27th *Monday*. Fr Rope departed quietly this morning. Carrozza drivers have seemingly become so concerned over their horses' health that they refuse to let them amble as far as the station. The nags were therefore left to snuffle in their nose-bags, principles were thrown to the wind, and a taxi careered through the streets of Rome.

29th *Wednesday*. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. To lunch came Captain Morris, and in the evening we did the logical thing. St Peter's seemed more cosmopolitan than ever. Representatives of at least four continents were kneeling at the Confessional at the same time. Afterwards our respects to St Peter's foot, and a cool-down under the spray of Maderno's fountains.

JULY 1st *Friday*. Orders from the Editor bid me be silent about the arrival at the Villa—a task not hard to comply with when I have the annual battle over the green baize this evening. And so I bid you my fond farewell as I sit in a sweltering room in a deserted college at an hour when all but mad dogs and Englishmen are escaping the worries of life with a siesta. The stillness is broken by a mouse scratching among the flotsam of the year that has gone. Life within these four walls has come to a halt, fossilized until October. But at Palazzola life continues to pulsate, for history never pauses. And already another diarist is recording to-day's activities, so that the end of my chapter is the beginning of the next. The epilogue is in the introduction. And as Shakespeare holds that a long epilogue is a confession of a bad play, so a protracted epilogue here might well be a confession of a boy's bad diary.

JOHN BREWER.







## PERSONAL

We offer our congratulations and sincere good wishes to HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP RESTIEAUX whose appointment to the See of Plymouth was announced soon after we last went to print. We also congratulate Rt Rev. MGR CANON H. HUNT (1902-09) on becoming a Domestic Prelate and VERY REV. MGR MCKENNA on becoming a Papal Chamberlain.

Our guests at the Villa this summer included HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GRIFFIN with Mgr Worlock, and HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP GODFREY who ordained the two new priests.

The following former students have visited us since the spring : RT REV. MGR CANON R. ILES (1907-14), RT REV. MGR R. SMITH (1922-29), VERY REV. CANON J. DONNELLY (1916-23), VERY REV. MGR L. ASHWORTH (1932-39), VERY REV. MGR T. MCKENNA (1934-41), REV. G. DWYER (1926-34), REV. T. FEE (1929-36), REV. D. LEAHY (1929-37), REV. M. ELCOCK (1930-37), REV. R. FOSTER (1930-34), REV. A. JONES (1930-35), REV. P. PEDRICK (1932-39), REV. J. MOLLOY (1933-44), REV. P. CLARK (1934-41), REV. P. STOREY (1934-41), REV. J. PLEDGER (1936-43), REV. I. JONES (1937-44), REV. B. WYCHE (1937-44), REV. E. HOLLOWAY (1937-44), REV. J. CAMPBELL (1938-45), REV. M. WILLIAMS (1941-48), REV. B. SCANTLEBURY (1942-46), REV. P. O'DOWD (1943-50), REV. P. MURPHY-O'CONNOR (1943-50), REV. B. FROST (1944-50), REV. E. BYRON (1945-52), REV. J. MCHUGH (1946-53), REV. F. DAVIS (1946-53), REV. P. MORE (1946-53), REV. M. MOORE (1946-53), REV. M. GRECH (1946-53), REV. M. MCCONNON (1947-54), REV. F. SCANTLEBURY (1947-51).

Of our post-graduate students, REV. J. BROOME has been appointed to St Mary's, Stockton-on-Tees, and REV. J. MCHUGH is studying at the Ecole Biblique, Jerusalem. The appointments of Top Year are as follows :

REV. A. BICKERSTAFFE to Our Lady and St Peter, Bridlington.  
REV. W. BURTOFT to the Holy Rosary, Leeds.  
REV. C. VELLA is studying at the London School of Economics.  
REV. T. SMITH to St Gregory's, Preston.  
REV. B. DORAN to St Paul's, Lenton, Nottingham.  
REV. F. RICE to St Anthony's, Woodhouse Park, Manchester.  
REV. A. FOULKES to St Cuthbert's, South Shore, Blackpool.  
REV. B. CONNELLY to St Oswald, Wrekenton, Gateshead.  
REV. O. SWINDLEHURST and REV. B. TRAVERS return to Rome to study Canon Law.

It is with pleasure that we record that the Silver Jubilees of HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP HEENAN (1924-31), REV. E. WAKE (1924-31), REV. F. SHUTT (1924-31), and REV. D. HAWKINS (1924-31) occur before the appearance of this number.

We thank all those who have made donations to the Public Purse.



## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

The members of the present Staff are :

Editor : Mr Curtis Hayward

Sub-Editor : Mr Moakler

Fifth Member : Mr Steele

Secretary : Mr Davis

Under-Secretary : Mr McNamara

Sixth Member : Mr Chatterton

### LITERARY SOCIETY

When the Secretary of the Literary Society asks for views on last night's talk, the answers he gets are curiously non-committal : very much more so than the remarks of the afternoon before it. And so, to gauge the feeling of the House, he has to fall back, in part at least, on the question 'Did they laugh or not ?' Obviously this is not an anodyne for all secretarial heart-searings, but it can be a very convenient pointer. Even the weighty speaker with a delicate subject, if he has his audience's temper summed up, will surely try to make them laugh if only for the sake of contrast.

This year they laughed. Undoubtedly the two best speakers were professedly humorous : Mr Stimson of the B.B.C. talked about his work and a good deal more besides, and the Vice-Rector about his American holiday. Mr Stimson had a delightful dryness, which you seldom find in a man talking about his career ; he was an enthusiast, but a reasonable one. Mgr Clark had, understandably, a grip on the Society's sense of humour and exploited it to the full without letting personal experience outbalance more general statements about America, all of which he carefully based on solid premises.

Dr Davis of Oscott impressed us all with his sincerity in his talk on Newman. He abstained from any elaborate chronology, which relieved not only the Society as a whole but also the Secretary in particular. This was the most serious talk of the year, though Mr Frank Sheed's description of the activities of the Catholic Evidence Guild had many similarities in this respect. Among his points Mr Sheed told us how little a crowd might be affected by argument : the truth often fared better by being simply stated.



The spring is usually the best season for the Society and this one was no exception. Fr North of the Biblicum gave us a talk on Palestine, illustrated with coloured slides he had taken himself. Mr Sidney Hepplethwaite spoke on the Press and Dr Ackroyd, of F.A.O., on Nutrition. Our last two speakers were Mr Kennedy-Cook and Mr Hampson-Jones. The former presented us with some theories about the Arthurian legend, leaving us free to choose between them. For himself, he thought that Arthur was not a king but a condottieri general. Our last talk was about Education and the Law, when we were let in to some of the mysteries of bureaucratic government.

The June business meeting elected Mr Kenny as President and Mr Steele as Secretary for the coming year.

ANTHONY PHILPOT.

### PRIVATE SOCIETIES

Only three of the papers written by members of the Wiseman Society were read publicly this year. In the first of these Mr Kenny offered an explanation of the peculiarities of Baroque art, and sought to harmonize the apparently divergent trends in the music, poetry and architecture of the period by considering the contrapuntal element found in them. Incidental to this paper was a striking summary of the novelties in Baroque thought, especially in theology. The depth of Mr Kenny's delvings did not prevent the ensuing discussion from becoming general throughout the House, and it was only a full programme of College activities that saved us from a third evening in the music room. Another paper that provided lively discussion was given by Mr McHugh on Faith and Reason. To drive home the importance of what he had to say Mr McHugh presented us with some of the problems that arise in the field of Scripture and the attitude of non-Catholic scholarship towards them. He then proceeded to define the attitude which Catholic Scholarship should have in the light of recent documents of the Magisterium. The useful and very positive conclusions of this paper appeared to give general satisfaction, and the ensuing discussion was elucidative rather than controversial. The last paper of the year was given by Fr Rope on Our Lady in English Letters. The field is rather extensive and so rich in material that Fr Rope found himself compelled to deal more briefly with it than he would have wished. Despite that, his intimate knowledge of English literature and quick sympathy with the theme ensured that the paper never degenerated into a mere list of names. One microphone reading, *Comus*, was sponsored by the Society. The slender advantages gained from using a microphone for this kind of verse were rather outweighed by the difficulty of managing the instrument. At a full meeting of the Society an amendment to the constitution was proposed to the effect that membership should not cease upon leaving the College, but that corresponding membership should be allowed. This was passed unanimously. Mr Collingwood was elected Secretary for the coming year.

A lack of enthusiasm characterized the activities of the Grant Debating Society this year. Apart from one debate on the merits of a classical education and another on the use of the vernacular in the liturgy, little interest has been shown in its proceedings. One might with some justice





S. CONGREGAZIONE  
DEI RITI

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LA CONGREGAZIONE AVRA' LUOGO NEL PALAZZO

DI SAN CALLISTO



criticize the staleness of the motions proposed, but this would hardly account for an exceptionally weak response at the impromptu debate. A light-hearted suggestion that what the Society needs is a year's holiday quite rightly failed to get any further than a suggestion. At the business meeting it was decided to remedy the situation by merging the office of President with that of Secretary and by having a new Chairman for each debate. Mr Wigmore was elected Secretary.

The activity of the Catholic Social Guild this year was limited to a series of discussions. Complaints have been heard in the past that these discussions cover matter dealt with already in the University ethics or morals course, and are therefore redundant. The four discussions groups this year showed clearly the unsoundness of this criticism. One group discussed the Catholic answer to Communism taking supernatural and psychological factors into account. In another group Mr Colin Clark's pamphlet, *Welfare and Taxation*, provoked a considerable amount of contention and convinced members that the application of pure theory to concrete cases is not so simple as some would have us believe. After Christmas First Year had their Fundamentals circle, while another circle subjected the 1944 Education Act to a close scrutiny. The high attendance at meetings, post-prandial as they were, gave sufficient indication that the efforts to stimulate interest in the Society this year had succeeded. Mr Downey is the new Secretary.

The Mezzofanti Society held three meetings, the first being devoted to the now traditional Twenty Questions, the second to a series of impromptu debates, and the third to a Brains Trust. There was high tension during the latter when the usual flow of versatility was rudely stemmed with the question '*Estne quarta dimensio bona res, et si non, cur non?*' but the expert coped quite competently with the anxious enquirer. The audience has shown the usual remarkable reluctance to speak any one language for any given length of time according to any rules of syntax. Among the tongues heard this year, and strange to the ears of most of us were Swahili and Geordie. Mr Murphy-O'Connor is Secretary for the coming year.

DAVID SUTCLIFFE.

## VILLA SPORTS

The *villeggiatura* was scarcely two weeks old when a venerable Theologian murmured drowsily from his deck-chair that the place was dead. None of these young chaps had any life in them, he complained, and with a nostalgic sigh for the 'good old days' fell fast asleep. Certainly there was an air of halcyon calm about the villa for a while—until the Peers' chorus dispelled it with their lusty admonishings of the lower middle classes. But even such peace as there was seemed hard to explain, for cricket and golf were popular, the handball court was occupied usually by four sweating worthies with others awaiting their turn, and the murky depths of the tank rarely remained undisturbed for long—except during the traditional two hours' silence after lunch, of course. Even stately games of badminton were enjoyed by some and treated with amused tolerance by the rest. But something was missing: the casual observer—meaning



one who had escaped conscription—could no longer enjoy from his place of repose the sight of shovel-laden slave gangs trudging upwards to the 'tennis court', with attendant minions bearing inordinately large quantities of orange juice. For so much work was done last year that only the surface remained to be completed. Thanks to Mgr Heard's generosity this is now being done by professionals from Rocca, and the slave gangs are reduced to such menial tasks as weeding. Even so, they still require their orange-juice.

May 8th saw a general exodus from Rome by the two English colleges of the city. Anxious to avenge our defeat in 1954, we achieved only a draw despite our score of 137 for 6. The Beda could muster only 26 in reply but their last pair were together when stumps were drawn. As for the matches of the villa period the Embassy were beaten by 7 wickets, scoring 58 to our 63 for 3. Propaganda collapsed unexpectedly and scored only 42 which we passed for the loss of 3 wickets. The match against F.A.O.—a new fixture—was also won. F.A.O. scored 63 and we replied with 85 for 8.

The House games provided some exciting cricket: unfortunately the North could scrape together a mere 80 in reply to the South's 142 for 8. But consolation may be found in the sound defeat suffered by the 'Bridge Fiends' XI' at the hands of the patrons of lesser evils such as whist or chess. In a match in which both sides refused to be shackled by the outworn conventions and canons of the game, a (highly) 'Irregular XI' soundly defeated a (very) 'Incompetent XI'. The annual Top Year versus The Rest game was by contrast a very grim and tense affair and ended in a draw.

In mid-August a swimming gala was held. In spite of a stiffish and rather chilly breeze the event was a great success and very much enjoyed by everyone—except, possibly, the odd spectator or two who was unwillingly embroiled in the obstacle race . . .

The annual Open Golf Competition was won this year by Fr Michael McConnon, who was taking a short holiday at the Villa at the time. Previously His Grace, the Archbishop of Liverpool and the Rector had given the season an auspicious opening by playing a few holes together. Subsequent players endeavoured to maintain their high standard! As usual the golfers disputed right of way with the cricketers, adding considerably to the numerous hazards which the wicket already presented.

Other pastimes included chasing sheep from the *sforza*. These were owned by a former tenant who attempted to prolong his grazing rights on a strictly non-financial basis. Even chasing sheep has its dangers though: the unwary occasionally found himself pursued by the shepherd's dogs. There was less enthusiasm for the task of removing from the premises two large and powerful bullocks, apparently ownerless, who had bedded down on one of the two respectable greens.

Other Villa pastimes, such as rearing goldfish or disposing of artillery shells, were the concern of specialists rather than of ordinary sportsmen—besides, it would not really be fair (nor politic) to deprive the diarist of such heaven-sent material . . .

The following have represented the College at cricket this Villa: Messrs Kennedy (Captain), Brady, Ashdowne, Murphy-O'Connor, Russell, Bradley, Wilson, Steele, Murphy, Magner, Rice, Taylor, Short and Buckle.

CHRISTOPHER MURPHY.



## OBITUARY

### THE REVEREND ALEXANDER JOSEPH BUTLER

Father Alexander Joseph Butler came to the Venerable in 1905 and was ordained in 1911, an occasion I remember well, for he went down to Rome from Monte Porzio about the middle of August for ordination. He was Senior Student and so, according to custom, was ordained before his fellows. I served his Mass until he left in 1912 to work in the diocese of Southwark. After some years there he went to the diocese of Brisbane where he laboured most zealously for the sick and particularly for the lepers.

I have not seen him since he left for Australia, but he kept in touch with me by letter. A little over a year ago his sister wrote to me and told me of his death on 26th June 1954. He was a cheerful character who loved the Venerable and his Roman life, and his sense of humour carried him gaily along during his college days. Divine Providence so arranged that his chief labours should be far away from home, but he cherished the memory of Roman days and clung to the old friendships. He had a generous heart and I have heard much praise of his priestly zeal and devotion, from those who knew him in the diocese of his adoption. May he rest in peace !

✠ W. GODFREY,  
*Archbishop of Liverpool.*



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