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THE VENERABILE

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EDITORIAL

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER

It is with feelings of the deepest pleasure that we, the superiors and students of the Venerable English College, join in welcoming the new Archbishop of Westminster.

At a stage in life when, these days, most people are beginning to think of retiring from front-line operations, Archbishop Godfrey has been summoned by the Holy Father and appointed to govern the See of Westminster. It is a tremendous task, carrying with it great responsibilities, but no English ecclesiastic could bring to Westminster a greater fund of experience. As curate in a Liverpool parish, as professor of both philosophy and theology at Ushaw College, as Rector of the English College in Rome, as Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain and Malta, and finally as Archbishop of Liverpool, his Grace may well be said to have played a part in every sphere of the Church's activities. In each office he has held his kind and genial bearing, his devotion to duty, and more than all, his supernatural approach to every problem have endeared him to one and all. We are confident therefore that his flock, who have recently welcomed him so warmly as their new Archbishop, will soon learn to love him as a spiritual father and a devoted friend.

We in the Venerabile can claim his Grace in a twofold capacity, firstly as a former student, and then as Rector, and we know that Rome and the English College have a very special place in his affections. His influence in the College, both spiritual and material, will long be remembered. It is obviously not within our scope here to enumerate all he achieved, but his work

in fostering devotion to the English Martyrs—especially to our own College Martyrs—and the founding of the Martyrs' Association deserve particular mention. At Palazzola, the beautifully restored church will ever remain as a tribute to his memory. There is also abundant evidence both in Rome and at Palazzola that he was far from unmindful of the practical comforts of the students as well.

We feel therefore that his Grace belongs in a particular way to us, and we rejoice in this further sign of the trust and confidence in which he is held by the Holy See. We offer him our sincere congratulations on his new appointment, and we assure him of our earnest prayers that Almighty God may grant him many years of faithful and fruitful service as Archbishop of Westminster.

AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS

The sounds are the same. In our time, people used to scream in the cortile for Angelina, and this was long before the first performance of *Trial by Jury*. Today I heard a young man who had just ridden in on a Vespa loudly summoning one Mariana. People may come and go, but the shouting continues. This afternoon, two strident-voiced housewives held an animated dialogue from distant windows. All the world could hear it, and the rest of the world, presumably, could follow it ; they were too colloquial for me. Mere youths still race motor-bikes up and down the Monserra', full throttle and no silencer. They've been doing that for a long time now, thirty years at least to my personal knowledge and affliction. Yes, the noises are much the same, even to the family rows in the Cappellar', even to the warming-up of the College pianist. It was odd to hear this from the angle of the *inquilini*. Talking about the noise Italians make, they do have to put up with a lot themselves when the Common Room pack is in full cry.

If the sounds are the same, so are the smells. Come in at the main door, and you are positively buffeted in the chest by the combination of paraffin and incense : paraffin from the shining black and red tiles of the corridor, incense from last night's October Devotions. They both cling. Macaulay's description of the Refectory—'the smell of broken victuals'—is still true. But his other remark—that it was the same as the smell of Hall in Oxford—is not true, and in my opinion never has been true. At Oxford the smell was recognizably compounded of old wood, tired vegetables, and once-hot fat. In Rome the old wood at least, seems less insistent. The College church still has the

smell which generations of us have known : lack of ventilation bottling up the variegated odour of sanctity. Talbot must have sniffed it once the roof was on, though it would be stretching one's brief to suggest that it was this which drove him into an asylum. Of course, Dr Giles often sniffed it ; he probably liked it. It is remarkably akin to the smell in the Library when the College comes back from Palazzola, though there is no *pergamena* in church. Lack of air in both, likely as not.

Mind you, these are all welcoming smells. To analyse their constituents is to miss their magic. They have the cosiness of a fog without its smoke. They invite you in from a frowsty street or from an austere corridor, built unashamedly for traffic and for nothing else. They are not antiseptic like a hospital, nor repellent like an institution. They insist that the Venerabile is a home, a hearth, lived-in rather than just inhabited. And when you smell them again after many years, the memories come swirling back. You still belong. And the College, its very bricks and stones and wood and curtains and carpets and tiles, they recognize that you belong and are instantly busy telling you so. These familiar smells are only their way of doing it.

What of the sights ? Are they the same too ? In this quarter of Rome, overwhelmingly yes. Some wide roads have been cut from the Monserra' to Tiber banks, but around the College itself all is much as it was in your time, Sir. The largo in front of the church—you can hardly call it a piazza—is still the very same. The main corridor, when you enter, is just as Monsignor Hinsley fashioned it in, I think, 1922 : and that's long enough ago for most of us. There are some recent inscriptions on the walls, but they don't affect the general impression. You start off upstairs, and the crucifix at the top of the first flight hangs where it always did. It is now painted to resemble wood, so that the crude blue of the loin-cloth is a thing of the past. And the text, which during one of Cardinal Vaughan's visits his secretary Monsignor Dunn pasted on to cardboard, has been treated with similar dignity. But it is the same text.

Blessed Ralph Sherwin's splendid window already dates back twenty-two years to Monsignor Godfrey's rule. It will be new only to those who have stayed away too long. On the other hand, Margaret Rope's cartoon for a stained-glass window, which shows Saint Philip Neri and the early martyrs, came into the possession of the Venerabile when it was in exile at Stonyhurst. It thoroughly deserves this place of honour on the staircase.

Arrived at the *Piano Nobile*, you will find the Cardinals in their old order and their old position, the line of them from Bainbridge to Griffin peopling this long emptiness with their crimson and black. But they, with the Rectors in the Library, are about the only portraits still where you would expect to find them. All the other paintings, in the Salone, on the stairs, in the Refectory, seem to have played musical chairs since the war. Whether this is because no one could remember their original stations, or whether it is the work of a reforming spirit, I do not know.

Up the stairs again, and the Common Room is much the same as it has been since Monsignor Hinsley threw the two smaller rooms into one. Yet here again the familiar photographs of Bishops and College groups have done a dance, the Ghosts' Highnoon, and found new partners on the walls. There are new photos, of course, and some of the old ones have had to make room for them. Doubtless this has been done on some coherent system, but it escapes a first glance. I hope to study this more closely when the Retreat is over. There are also several mysterious holes in the walls : shades of an ancient ditty which celebrated the coming of the first ! These cater for the projection machine, for a long-needed fan, and presumably for the stage-lighting at Christmas. The frescoes at the far end have gone, and in their place hang the autographed portraits of the last three Popes : Benedict XV, Pius XI with two delightful mis-spellings, and the present Holy Father's beautiful signature. But none of these changes affects the essential ethos of the place, *focolare* of the whole House, the hub and heart of its social relations, of its practical charity. *Quam bonum et quam iucundum* . . . May it ever be so !

It is when you explore the corridors which branch off from the Common Room or climb yet again to the stairs and the Beda corridor—they have saintly patrons but the old names stick—that you realize how urgent is the Rector's appeal for money. Even in our distant days the furniture of many a student's room was already ripe for the junk-shop, his bedstead for the knacker's yard. They are far older now, older by all the years you can count since you occupied these rooms. The top two floors need plaster and paint and window-frames, and complete re-furnishing. They should have running water, too, and proper wash-basins. Slops are slops the wide world over, and there is little enough that can be done about them.

Rome to-day is dotted with magnificent new Colleges, for the North Americans, for the Rumanians, for the Abyssinians and many others. These have been built by the Holy See or by the nations which they serve. England's national College is old. As a building it has character as well as history. Nor do I count it a misfortune that it lacks the impersonal efficiency of many of these constructions, where the ideal student's room has been thought out and then soullessly multiplied as often as need be, even to three hundred times. In such twentieth century *palazzi* there can be little excitement over choosing your room for next year : they are all the same.

But this said, it has to be admitted that England's national College in Rome has fallen behind the standards which are admitted to be suitable to modern life. During the rectorships of Monsignor Hinsley and Monsignor Godfrey, an immense amount was done to improve the house. The two main corridors, the sacristies, the baths and lavatories, the kitchens, the Common Room, central heating, the infirmaries, the swimming bath, all these amenities were the product of those constructive years. To-day, the College lacks the means to proceed with a programme which would eventually have renovated the whole fabric from top to bottom. As a result, most of the building to-day would disgrace a Secondary Modern, not to mention a Grammar School. And the Venerabile is one of the constituent Colleges of a University.

This is an unjustifiable hardship for the students, and a reproach to our prestige in the City. Only six years now separate us from the sixth centenary of the establishment of the Hospice on this hallowed spot 'that is for ever England'. Surely, should it not be our purpose and our resolve to secure that by 1962 the College may face the world as up-to-date as it is venerable ? We have little enough time to do this. But do it we must.

R. L. Smith.

THE VISITATION OF 1702

'It is the custom in this College to give beef at dinner, and veal at supper ; after Easter we have mutton until the feast of St John, when we go back to beef. At dinner and at supper there are always three courses, namely, soup or salad, a main course, and a *postpasto*, which consists of fruit or a little *pecorino* cheese. The portion is of seven ounces. On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday (this day being a holiday) and also on Friday (since there is no supper) there is an *antipasto* ; and on Wednesday there is an extra *antipastino*. On certain principal feasts the *antipasto* is doubled . . . and there is a larger *postpasto* with *Parmigiano* cheese. The bread comes fresh from the baker's every morning. The College has no vineyards, and buys its wine in the Castelli ; each student has half a pint. Breakfast each morning consists of a little bread with a glass of wine. On holidays and feast days there is a *merenda* of bread and wine . . .'

This passage is taken from a report on the state of the College drawn up by the Rector, Fr Mansfield S.J., in 1702.[1] It will be impossible to quote the whole of this document *verbatim*, as the matter is rather disordered, and therefore throughout the rest of this article I will give only the substance of each document in rearranged form. Let us go on to see what Fr Mansfield has to say about studies. Every morning, he says, the students go to the Collegio Romano for lectures, which last for an hour and a half, and then again in the afternoon for the same length of time. At the end of the year all are obliged to sit for examinations, which are conducted in public, except for the

[1] Most of the information in this article is taken from *Barberini* 6552 and 6553 in the MS Library of the Vatican. For the convenience of readers, most of the documents are given in translation. Where information has been taken from our own Archives, references are given.

third and fourth years of Theology, who are not obliged to take any examinations at all. Every year has an hour's repetition in the evening, and on Tuesday mornings, when there are no lectures, the Theologians have a public disputation in the presence of the Rector. On Sunday, all receive Holy Communion at the Community Mass (repetitions are cancelled the night before so that all may go to Confession), and after breakfast the Philosophers hold their weekly disputation, again in the presence of the Rector. After dinner, a member of Philosophy recites publicly a piece of Latin prose of his own composition, and this is followed by a *sermonino* from one of the Theologians on the Gospel of the day. Then all go into church for Vespers, but no one is obliged to wear choir dress, all sit among the congregation where they choose, and the priests are not obliged to attend at all. When this is over, all are free to go out until supper: cameratas are of five or four, often three. During supper, a Theologian preaches a sermon in the Refectory. If any student has broken the rules, caused any kind of disturbance in the College, or offended against charity, his fault is read out publicly in the Refectory and a punishment inflicted.[2] Punishments, however, are very light and the maximum penalty amounts to no more than the recitation of a Psalm *coram Sanctissimo*. As for holidays, when the University finishes lectures in July the students remain in Rome but are free every day from after the midday meal until supper-time. On 8th September the College moves out to the Villa at Monte Porzio for two weeks, and then returns to Rome for the annual Retreat, which lasts for five or eight days according to individual taste.

Prayer, study, discipline, food and drink—*Venerabilini* at the beginning of the eighteenth century did not differ from us very much on these points, even when we look at their programme from a distance of two hundred years. But in other respects they differed from us very greatly. Many people at the time, in England and the English colleges on the Continent, knew that there were serious troubles in the English College at Rome, and it was notorious that very few priests were sent out from the College to work on the English mission. What exactly the troubles were we know from a letter which a group of priests in England sent to the Vicars Apostolic in 1699. The English College, they complain, is of little benefit to the English mission :

[2] Anyone interested in eighteenth century College history will derive much amusement from 'The Fault is Told' in THE VENERABILE, Vol. IV, October 1928 and April 1929.

it often happens that boys are admitted there who have been living scandalous lives, sometimes boys are admitted with impediments to the priesthood and are ordained in spite of the objections of their fellow-students. Studies are neglected, the spiritual formation of the students is neglected too, and there is no encouragement from the superiors. '*Si fa multo poca applicazione*' in matters spiritual and scholastic. The College has sufficient annual income to support more than fifty students, but sometimes there is only one-third of that number in the College. Why?—because of the Oath: young men will not come to Rome when they know they will have to swear not to join a religious order. The consequence is that the Rector has had to take in '*vagabondi*' to supplement numbers.[3] And as for the Jesuit superiors, one English priest says that they talk about the secular clergy as poor mendicants and the dregs of the clergy, and they never tire of pointing out to the students that when they grow old and sick they will have nowhere to go, whereas the Jesuits have magnificent houses and colleges on the Continent to which their old priests can retire . . . and so on.[4]

In some respects this is an exaggerated account of the troubles, but we shall see as we go on that many of the criticisms were by no means unfounded. Similar complaints were made again in 1703 by a priest on a visit to Rome from England. The main reasons, he says, why no one will come to the English College are, firstly, the poverty of English lads' parents and, secondly, the College Oath. The St Omer's students refuse to take it because 'they think that no priests are worthy of esteem but the Jesuits', and other students will not come because they dislike the Jesuits and prefer to go to Douay. As for the boys that do go to Rome and are sent back to England, they are so badly instructed that they are ignorant even of the Catechism. Why not have the Catechism taught by an English priest in the College ? And would it not be a good idea to make the students sit for examinations at the Collegio Romano ? When these young priests come to a parish, they have no knowledge of moral cases, they have no idea how to administer the Sacraments, or how to hear confessions. 'They are not instructed, and in their college

[3] Part of the reason for the small number of students was the rebuilding of the College at the turn of the century, which proved so expensive that the numbers had to be reduced.

[4] When the Bishops' Agent passed on this letter to Cardinal Barberini, he prudently added at the foot of the last page: '*L'Agente non accusa gli Padri Gesuiti di sudetti disordini, perchè può essere che alcuni cose siano a questa hora emendate, ma supplica Vra. Emza. d'informarsi con la Sua solita prudenza e Secretezza per non cagionare dissentione tra i vicarij Aplici. et i Padri, la quale sara in grand male a la Missione*' (*omnia sic*).

they have had no practice in *casus conscientiae*, in preaching, in administering the sacraments (particularly that of penance), and so by studying nothing but philosophy and scholastic theology they make themselves of little profit to the mission. As a result they have earned for themselves in England the nickname *Stipites Romani*, the Roman Blockheads, which is all the more deserved since even in philosophy and theology their knowledge is very deficient.'

Naturally enough, these and like complaints came eventually to the ears of the Pope, Clement XI, and as early as August 1701 it seems that there was some discussion about a Visitation of the College in the near future.[5] This is probably part of the reason why on 28th December 1701 the Pope came to the College and—if you glance at the plaque above the Martyrs' Chapel as you come out of the Refectory you will read it there—*alumnos ad omnem pietatem alloquio inflammavit.* Early in 1702 Cardinal Barberini was appointed to conduct a Visitation of the College.

The Cardinal's first action was to ask the Rector for a report on the state of the College, and to invite him to make any suggestions for reform which he had in mind. The Rector replied in a long document (part of which was quoted at the beginning of this article). I here give a digest of his report, as it is too long to be quoted in full. The most urgent problem to be dealt with, began Fr Mansfield, is the question of the Oath. In the days of persecution all the students used to swear not to join a religious order for three years (which, he says, was the extent of their course here), but to-day the English temperament finds this most repulsive.[6] The students know that the clause '*senza licenza della sacra Congregatione o vero del Cardinale Protettore*' means nothing, since permission is never given. The result is that the Oath, which was introduced to ensure that the College did not lose numbers to the religious orders, now has the effect of stopping students coming here at all.

[5] Document 1 in *Barberini* 6553 is a letter from one Angelo Alumanni to Cardinal Barberini, sending him a letter from the Rector of the English College with his '*suppliche*'. It is difficult to read, but it appears to be about a forthcoming Visitation.

[6] This is a very odd statement for the Rector to make, and can be explained only if we remember that Fr Mansfield had not been Rector for very long (three years) and perhaps did not know much about the Oath. Alexander VII's Bull *Cum circa vinculum* in 1660 had explained that the only possible interpretation of the Oath sworn in all pontifical colleges was that it was binding *in perpetuum*. A text of the Oath taken in the College in 1830 is the same as that of 1660, and even at the beginning of this century the same text was used in an abbreviated form, so it seems unlikely that the Oath had been changed by the time Fr Mansfield became Rector. There is, of course, no doubt that he was referring to the Oath which forbade entering a religious Order, as he says explicitly that it is this one and not the other oaths. How he misunderstood it is a mystery. Cf. our Archives, *Miscellaneous Scritture C.X.*

In the past three years only one student has come here, and he is a Frenchman anyway.[7] The Rector of St Omer's, Fr Humberstone (here Fr Mansfield quotes a letter he has received from him), says that when recently he asked one of his students why he preferred to go to Spain rather than to Rome, the boy replied that he was afraid he might have a vocation to the religious life there and not be able to follow it. If the Oath were abolished, this boy and all the St Omer's students would come to Rome willingly. Therefore, continues Fr Mansfield, the time has come when the Oath must be abolished ; and even if many of our students do join the religious orders in consequence, they will still go to England to work on the mission there and, what is more, being religious, they will be more virtuous and more obedient than the secular priests.

Another important point, he continues, is that of discipline. Many years ago the College was split into two cameratas, living separately and taking their walks independently, but now that system has been abolished and the students have their own rooms, and go out for walks in groups of five, four, and even three. This custom is open to all sorts of abuses ('*questo costume è soggetto a disordini assai grassi*') and is contrary to the custom in other Jesuit colleges, even in those which have a less strict rule than the English College. Another source of trouble is the custom of electing 'Prefects' from among the student priests. It is these Prefects who caused all the trouble in the College in the past : they make themselves heads of '*fazzioni che regnano molto in questa casa*', they are most difficult to keep under control, and the honoured title of Prefect makes them think that they are running the College.

This report was submitted to Cardinal Barberini, and on 23rd April the Visitation began. The Cardinal arrived at the College early in the afternoon, spent some time inspecting the Church, Sacristy, and relics, and then left. He came again on the 25th and spent most of the afternoon talking with the Rector. There was a lapse of several months before he came again in August, when he came on five successive days, interviewing the Rector, inspecting the Mass Books, going round the

[7] The MS is self-contradictory here. Fr Mansfield is writing in 1702, and says that since 1699 only one student has come to the College. At the same time he writes that in 1701 there were thirty-seven students, and then gives a list of the present students, which amounts to forty-four, an increase of seven.

From *Miscellaneous Scritture C.X, iv, a.*, we know that seven students came in 1699, among whom was the sixteen-year-old Frederic Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk.

students' rooms, and talking with the students, who had ready for him '*una gran mole di fogli, memoriali, biglietti*', containing their complaints. He came again at the end of December, again in the New Year on 3rd January, and again on 25th April, when a final Inventory of the College property was made. Soon after this, the Cardinal submitted to the Pope his *Capita Reformationis Collegii Anglorum.*

This document begins with a number of minor reforms which were ordered to be introduced. First of all, *circa pietatem :* on Sundays and on the feasts of our Lady, the students must attend *Congregationes*, i.e. prayers and devotions in the Sodality Chapel, instead of just on the major feasts of the year. At functions in the church, they must wear cottas, they must sit in choir and not be dispersed about the church with the bystanders, and on days when the Divine Office is recited the priests must attend as well as everyone else. The old *Musica* must be abolished and *canto fermo* introduced. *Circa studia*, all students must take examinations twice a year, not excepting the top two years, who must also attend all repetitions and scholastic discussions until they leave the College. Also, before they go back to England they must take a special examination for their faculties.

These reforms were no doubt expected to a certain extent, and probably they were received with a good grace. But the bitter pill was yet to come. '*Ad cap.* 5, *circa Disciplinam domesticam*' orders a series of radical reforms :

1. The students of the English College, like the students of all the other colleges in Rome, must have external (i.e. non-English) Prefects to maintain discipline in the House and to see that the rules are observed outside it. These Prefects will be Italian priests, they will live in the College with the students, and will be paid a wage.

2. On no pretext whatever must the students go into shops, but must apply directly to the Rector for all that they need, even if it is for their return to England.

3. The different cameratas—they will be of about eight students each, or more if the College's numbers increase—must live and eat separately, and apart from a casual greeting they must never talk with each other.

4. No one must object when the Rector reads out penances in the Refectory ; and if a student does so, he must be given another one.

5. More severe penances must be given, for example, a student shall have his wine taken away for a certain period, or be made to eat alone in his room or at the end of the table in the Refectory.

6. When there is a walk, all must congregate by the main door, where each student will join his camerata and his allotted companion for the walk.

7. The Rector must come to an arrangement with the Jesuit superiors in England whereby the College is kept well stocked with suitable students.

8. Anyone found writing seditious or detractory pamphlets or satires against any other person, anyone who is the cause of someone else's disobedience to superiors or who himself stirs up trouble against authority, must be expelled from the College immediately. The same punishment must be meted out to a student who keeps money without the Rector's knowledge, or who strikes a fellow-student. Also, the Rector must keep the keys of the boys' cupboards so that he knows what they have there.

The Decree was published about the middle of August. The clause ordering the reinstallation of Prefects caused a violent reaction among the students, and so forcefully did they press their objections on the Cardinal that at the end of the month he issued a new Decree. It was short, and to the point. The Rector is to re-install paid Prefects in the College, two or three or more as they are needed, and there is no room for argument since this is according to the Constitutions of the College laid down by Gregory XIII.

The students were shocked into a sullen silence. When the Rector attempted to talk to them about the Decree, they refused to answer him. In desperation, he wrote to Barberini and implored him to do something : '*I giovani stan sodi . . . quid enim mali feci* ?' His position was made even more difficult by the Vice-Protector, Mgr Caprara (there was no Protector), who sided with the students and used to send his coach round to the College from day to day so that they could go and talk with Barberini. Mgr Caprara, however, was more level-headed than the students. He saw that there was no hope at all of persuading Cardinal Barberini to abolish the Decree altogether, and proposed that the Cardinal should be asked merely to modify it. On 29th September he journeyed out to Monte Porzio, where the students were on holiday at the time, and saw first

the Padre Ministro who warned him that the students were not in a pleasant mood and would not listen to him. Before dinner, however, Mgr Caprara addressed the House and explained at great length that an emendation of the Decree was all that could be hoped for. The Cardinal, he said, might be persuaded to allow English Prefects inside the College and to enforce the Italian Prefects only outside, that is, on walks. After dinner a vote was taken, when thirteen of the students said that they would rather return to England than fall in with this proposal, and four of them said that they did not like the plan very much, but would not go back to England with the others.[8] The meeting broke up in disorder : Mgr Caprara was treated roughly, and when he objected and warned the students to be more respectful they threatened to drive him off with sticks. Disappointed, he returned to Rome immediately and told the Rector that the students were unmanageable and he would have nothing more to do with them.

Some months before this incident, Fr Mansfield had written to Cardinal Barberini telling him that the main source of discontent and disobedience was in the top of the House, among the students who had been ordained and were due to return to England. Before the Decree was published, a number of these student priests sent a Memorial to the Pope, asking that the Visitation should be hurried and that they should be allowed to stay in Rome until it was over. It is probable that shortly after the Monte Porzio incident all these students left Rome for England, and so the more violent opponents of the Decree were no longer active. When the College returned to Rome and the new scholastic year began, the Prefect system was enforced and the students, although still hostile to it, accepted with a good grace.

Opposition was not dead, however. Early in October of 1703 the students compiled a new Memorial and sent it to the Pope. In it they outlined their chief reasons for opposing the Decree, which I now give in condensed form :

1. The Prefect system, they say, is in operation now and we have accepted it humbly and in a spirit of obedience, in spite of the bitterness we feel. But it has bad results. When we go out for walks with the Prefects, people jeer at us and

[8] Presumably the remaining twenty-seven voters abstained, unless Fr Mansfield's mathematics are again at fault.

call us criminals, because they think that we are being punished for some great crime.

2. The Prefects are a drain on the College finances, and this means that fewer students will be able to come here.

3. What is the reason for introducing the system at all? We behave ourselves as well as any other college in Rome.

4. The College is not fitted for such a system, since we all have our own rooms and there are no common dormitories.

5. Unless the Prefects are withdrawn, a number of us will leave and go back to England, and how are our places going to be filled?

6. The Decree has caused a stir at the Corte Britannica here, and Mgr Caprara is upset because he has not been consulted.

7. People in England are scandalized, particularly as they know that there is rivalry between the secular clergy and the Jesuits, and they think that this is a new plot on the part of the Jesuits to dominate the secular priests.

At the same time, the students sent a letter to Cardinal Barberini. In it they outlined the history of the College and described how in 1600 Pope Clement VIII had allowed the College to have Prefects chosen from among the student priests. This system, they said, ran smoothly enough for a hundred years, and there is not much point in changing it now.

It must be admitted that some of the points made in these letters were justified. It was true that the internal Prefect system had worked very well, in fact, when Cardinal Franco Barberini conducted the Visitation in 1657 he made no change in it at all. But on the other hand the students were not qualified to judge whether the College finances would be able to support Prefects or not, nor were they being quite accurate in saying that they behaved themselves as well as any other college in Rome.[9] It was particularly unfair of them too to bring in Mgr Caprara, whom they had treated so unjustly when he attempted to help them a few months earlier. As to the final point on the Jesuit-secular controversy, one wonders how true it was that people in England were scandalized, and it is hard to see how

[9] *Barberini* 6553, 49, says: '*Il Padre Rettore è stato informato qualmte. tutta quest' estate i giovani solevano andare a bagnarsi nel fiume verso S. Paolo : e di più che sono stati alle ostarie di Mte. Testaccio.*' An earlier document mentions that the students used to swim in Villa Pamphili; and that on one occasion a student slipped out to visit some relations at Civitavecchia and never returned.

the Prefect system in itself could be interpreted as the Jesuits' means of dominating the secular clergy.[10]

Cardinal Barberini considered the arguments advanced by the students strong enough to warrant a reply, and, needless to say, a refutation. In the first place, he said, the students' Memorial was self-contradictory. They maintained that the introduction of Prefects was not *ad bonam famam* of the College, and asked that the student priests should be made Prefects and be allowed to go out with a secular priest's cloak. If that were to be allowed, there would be no *bona fama* left at all. These priests would be able to slip away '*furtivamente*' from the College or from the Collegio Romano at any time they wanted and wander about in the city. With regard to the objection that the system was contrary to the original constitutions of the College, nothing was more contrary to the constitutions than the practice of each student having his own room, or that of all the students being allowed to talk '*alla rinfusa*', 'higgledy-piggledy'; and in any case, the Cardinal Visitor has exactly the same authority as Cardinal Borghese, who drew up the original constitutions. Even granted the premiss that they are rigidly unchangeable, the argument still falls down, since the constitutions say explicitly that if the internal Prefects prove to be incompetent, then external ones must be introduced. Moreover, it is well known that the internal Prefects have been the cause of trouble in the College ever since it was founded. True, when the College was first founded in the days of persecution, there were no Prefects; but times have changed since then. In those days, students came to the College '*fatti e barbati*', but now they are '*giovinetti e convittori in età freschissima, che hanno bisogno di esser tenuti sotto disciplina, ed esser guardati ad occhio*'. And so, for the fourth time, the system is enforced, the Decree published, and no changes are to be made.

At this point our Vatican sources come to an end, and for the rest of the history we are obliged to turn to our own Archives. Cardinal Gasquet points out in his *History of the Venerable English College* that the Visitation had to be suspended at this date, because rumours were circulating at Rome accusing the English Vicars Apostolic and all the English colleges on the Continent of Jansenism. These allegations had to be investigated,

[10] Some of the students in the College nourished a bitter hatred of the Jesuits, and there is reason to believe that these were the main source of discontent in the College. Fr Mansfield told Barberini that two or three dissentients were causing all the trouble over the Decree. But no doubt there were faults on both sides.

and it was not until 1711 that the Pope wrote to the Vicars Apostolic, congratulating them on having cleared themselves of all suspicion of heresy. In the meantime, nothing was done about the English College, and it is a wonder that through neglect it did not cease to send any priests to England at all. In 1711 Mgr Lancetta (who had been Cardinal Barberini's Secretary in 1702) was given permission to recontinue the Visitation,[11] but all we know of this extension of the Visitation is that it was unsuccessful. In 1735 Bishop Stonor 'complained to the Provincial Levin Brown of the fewness' of priests sent to England from Rome, and Brown in his reply said that 'in the twelve preceding years 25 priests had come from the Roman College ; the Bishops could count only 15'.[12] He also complains that young priests are sent to the Mission too early, and that the privilege of remaining longer in Rome is reserved for the Jesuits.[13] Bishop Stonor wrote again in 1739 that there were 'abuses, that wanderers, ejected and illiterate persons admitted' into the College, and complained that the College had been suffering from the same abuses for the past forty years. 'Parsons', he adds, 'says there were common soldiers and vagabonds among the discontents in 1596.'[14] As the 1702 Visitation had obviously done little to remedy these abuses, in 1737 a new Visitation was begun, and in 1739 Pope Clement XII issued a Bull confirming the decrees of the Visitation. I think I may cite here some of the rulings made by the Visitors without trespassing on a future writer's territory. For example, the Rector was ordered to write to the Vicars Apostolic every year and to enquire whether they had any suitable students for the College, and the candidates were to sit for an examination in England. If there were none suitable, the Rector was to apply to Douay. Every student was obliged to spend six months in the College before taking the Oath. Great care must be taken over the question of impediments to orders, and over the physical fitness of students, and extensive enquiries must be made about their education and past life.[15] The impression one receives from these few points is that the College in 1739 was suffering from almost the same troubles as the 1702 Visitors had had to

[11] Cf. *Gradwell's Scrap Book*, p. 148.
[12] Ibid., p. 142.
[13] Ibid.
[14] Ibid., p. 134.
[15] Cf. *Miscellaneous Scritture*, C. IX. All the information I have given about the 1737–39 Visitation is taken from documents where the Visitation is mentioned only in passing : the full account is to be found in *Libri Miscellanei* 324 and *Chronologica Monumentorum* 12.

deal with—the small number of students, opposition to the Oath, unsuitability of students for the Roman course, and so on. What success the 1739 Visitation met with is, however, another story and matter for another article.

The rather scattered—and, so far, incomplete—account we have of the first forty years or so of eighteenth century College history is certainly an interesting period, and there is much in it that is worth recording; but it is by no means one of the more glorious episodes in our history. Reforming the College to the satisfaction of the Jesuit superiors, of the students, and of the clergy in England, was a very necessary and a very difficult task which at least one Papal Visitation failed to achieve with any success : we have yet to see the results of the next one, nearly forty years later. When one glances at the figures for priests sent from Rome to England during these years, it becomes obvious how serious the effects of the troubles were : between 1700 and 1739, out of 194 students who passed through the College, only forty-nine returned to work in England as secular priests.[16] It was a sad situation, but one cannot blame outright either the Jesuit régime or the rebellious students, for there were faults on both sides ; the regulations laid down by the Visitors were an attempt to apply the remedy, one might say, *in capite et in membris*. One thing is certain : what was needed was not so much reform as revival—a revival of the missionary spirit of the Martyrs which would certainly have swept away all the troubles without the aid of Visitations or drastic reforms. Unfortunately that revival did not come about until the end of the century, when the College was driven away from Rome by the Napoleonic forces and a fresh start was made in entirely different circumstances in 1818. It is fascinating to speculate on what *might* have happened *if* . . . Supposing, for instance, the French had driven the College out of Rome in 1697 and not in 1797 ? If another Dr Gradwell had come out to Rome in 1717 and the College, right from the beginning of these hundred years, had been allowed to function as a national college, with an English secular Rector and English superiors, our 'Second Spring' might have begun a century earlier and we should have quite a different account to pass down to history. The details of that account I leave to your imagination . . .

PAUL MOAKLER.

[16] Cf. Gasquet's *History*, p. 173, where there are more details.

SAD CYPRESS

Sad Cypress,
Yet why so sad ?
And I will tell you why.
You hoped to breach the firmament,
To pierce the flame-blue sky ;
And now you silently lament
The soft caressing breezes shy
Who breathed you into jocund tournament.

They teased you
And you so proud,
And you so sprouting, too,
Beguiled you into chasing them :
This way, all ways, they flew,
Happy in playful stratagem,
Only just evading you,
And you forgot your fast dividing stem.

Forgetful
You lean to sport
And preen your growth to queen
The air and bear a crop to waft her,
A billion-half of needles green
To lace and lance in laughter
With the wind, whose joy is keen,
But you've chameleon chimera now gone after.

Sad Cypress
And we so too
Have seen the time-ripe flee,
Forgot the heavens deeped above
And paid beguilement's fee,
Our Ark's employment, flown the dove,
Busy, troubled, set beside of love,
But Ararat peers lovely through the floodland of the sea.

MICHAEL KEEGAN.

NOVA ET VETERA

THE LIBER RUBER

For some time now the condition of the *Liber Ruber* has been causing anxiety. The basic trouble has been that common to all documents written before about 1850 on paper : the inks used contained a high proportion of iron, which in the course of time bit through the paper. Where the ink was thickest, as in heavy capital letters, the damage becomes noticeable earlier, but in the course of a couple of hundred years a document can be reduced to shreds of brown-stained paper. In the *Liber Ruber*, many of the capitals were already mere holes in the paper, while on the famous page recording the taking of the College Oath by the first students, several lines of writing were already beginning to go. Another cause accelerated the deterioration. For pilgrims and visitors, this record of the self-dedication of Bl. Ralph Sherwin and his fellow-students is of the greatest interest, so that the book has to be continually opened at this page. Sheer wear and tear weakened the binding, and even wore away the paper at the edges ; so that sooner or later the problem of repair had to be faced.

It was undeniable that the transcripts printed of the book had made the historical material available to posterity ; but the value of the book in itself could not be estimated by such intrinsic criteria, and so the decision was made to undertake the expensive work of repair. It would have been possible to repair merely the first page, or the pages containing records of the Martyrs, or even the pages showing at present worst signs of decay ; but such a short-term policy would surely have been condemned by those who, in future years, would be obliged to undertake further repairs. In any event, the binding needed

attention as well as the interior. The experts of the repair department of the Vatican Archives had already proved the quality of their work on single documents from our Archives in recent years, so they were consulted. The first stage was to boil the pages in a solution to remove the iron from the ink ; unless this is done, the iron merely continues to eat through any reinforcement that is used on the paper. After this, two processes were possible. The first is a modern one still in the experimental stage : to 'sandwich' the document between two layers of plastic applied in a heat press. (A similar process is used to produce washable children's books.) Though this was the cheaper method, it had one serious disadvantage : no one knows yet what will happen in, say, fifty years time to the plastic skin ; they fear it is possible that it may grow brittle and crack, and once applied it cannot be removed. The second method has already stood the test of time : it is to cover the page with fine, transparent silk. Acting on this expert advice, it was decided to go ahead, to have every written page so treated, and the binding repaired. The result has justified our hopes. Not only is the repair of the pages up to the usual high standard of their workmanship, but the rebinding is a magnificent piece of craftsmanship. The increased bulk of the pages so covered necessitated a new binding ; but on top of the new covering, the old cover, so familiar to us all, has been grafted on. Now the book is, as far as we can humanly say, preserved for posterity, and ready to be shown once more to the constant stream of those devoted to our Martyrs.

A CASE OF IDENTITY

'Captain Loon to . . .

1597, Nov. 18.—About three weeks agone there arrived here in Bercke with a certain ship in the evening certain young men from Rome, among the which there was an Englishman, who had disguised himself with a pair of red breeches and yellow stockings, but all this notwithstanding, by his face and fashion, I discovered him to be a priest, and that he trembled and shook whenever we talked with him. At last on my telling him that I had myself seen him among the Jesuits in Rome, he

was very perplexed and confessed afterwards that he had been at Milan but never at Rome. After that he was brought to the Provost, and there he confessed that about nine years past, departing out of England, he went first to Rheims in Champagne, where he stayed with the Jesuits some three years, and thence to Rome, dwelling also in the college there for the space of five years, and then was made priest.

'There was found about him a number of crosses of brass, many Agnus Dei, store of beads, and some foolish reliques, with many other toys of bulls and suchlike.

'He confessed afterwards also that he had spoken often with the Pope, as also at the time of his coming away, who then gave him power and commission to absolve all such as would turn again to the Romish and Popish religion, forgiving them all their sins. He hath likewise leave to dispense with marriage and many other things.

'Being asked whether he brought any letters with him from Rome, denied [*sic*] that he had any or that he sent or given [*sic*] them to any man. But, shortly after, those of the Chancery Court at Arnheim found certain letters about a Dutchman that was come with him from Rome and sent them hither to the commanders of this place, after they had heard of this English Jesuit's taking.

'As soon as the letters were come from Arnheim, I went myself from Captain Wedenborgh and the Clerk of Justice to see whether he would confess that he had brought letters with him from Rome, but he stiffly denied it, and that he knew not of letters, but only of one delivered for Bolognia in Italy, but none for England.

'We demanded whether he durst affirm his saying by oath, which he presently offered. We wished him to bethink himself better. He swore by God and all that was in heaven that he brought no letters with him, neither out of Rome or Italy.

'Then we showed the letters to him, which he marvelled very much at, and confessed afterwards that there came more priests and Jesuits, and that there were some in England already. We found by him certain ciphers to write by, and, because I thought there may be matter of more importance revealed by him, which may concern her Majesty, I found it not amiss to acquaint you therewithal, although those of Cologne would very willingly have ransomed him, yet would I not do it without first of all to acquaint you therewith. I attend

your answer at the first, and beseech the Almighty that by this man's means all evil correspondence may be revealed.—Bercke the 18th of November 1597.'[1]

At the moment we can only guess at the identity of this pathetic young man and, for that matter, at the whereabouts of 'Bercke'. It seems certain that the prisoner was one of the English College students who left Rome on 16th September, and of these the most probable are : Robert Benson, Thomas Hill, and Anthony Champney. Benson and Hill were both in Basle on their way home, whence Hill travelled through France and Benson through Germany. There are two towns called 'Berka' on the Rhine or near it, up river from Arnhem. If Benson is our man, one of these may be the place ; but there are too many hypotheses for anything more than suspicion.

CORTE SAVELLA

If any part of the College is haunted, it is surely not the Third Library, but the further reaches of the corridors which run beside the Via Monserrato. For the Via Monserrato was once the Via Corte Savella, and Corte Savella was the name of the most notorious prison in Rome. There was set the last act of Shelley's tragedy *The Cenci*. From there the prisoners jeered through the bars as St Philip Neri transferred his battered sticks of furniture from San Girolamo to the Chiesa Nuova. Where now stands the Salone and the apartments of the College tenants, there once stood the dampest dungeons in the Papal States ; where children play in the cortile, prisoners once writhed beneath the branding-iron. The Rector of the College, it is said, once protested against the cruelty of the Corte Savella gaolers : the shrieks of the tortured used to disturb the students at prayer.

The prison took its name from the family of Savelli, one of those powerful and violent clans who make the history of medieval Rome so entertaining to the bloodthirsty. The family

[1] From the Vatican Library : *Inghilterra*, VIII, 17 (7) : Calendar of Cecil MSS, Vol. VII, pp 484–5.

produced more than one Pope, and in the 1270's Pope Gregory X gave to the head of the family the right to shut the door on the Cardinals in Conclave, and to keep the key until a new Pope was elected. At the same time, the Savelli were given the hereditary Marshalship of Rome, and entitled to set up their own court and prison under the name of Corte Savella. This court had jurisdiction at first only over the laity of the Pontifical court, but in later times its powers extended over the greater part of Rome, and under Martin V it was a court of appeal for the whole of the Papal States. It was constantly in need of reform, and successive bulls of Julius II, Paul IV, and Gregory XIII tried in vain to bring its proceedings to order.

The Corte Savella catered for many different classes of prisoner. Among those imprisoned there in 1597 was an English priest, Mr Middleton, who was said to have encouraged the rebellious students of the English College in their lawless behaviour in the taverns of Rome. The students themselves were only saved from going to the dungeons by the urgent pleading of Fr Persons to Pope Clement VIII.

Two years later there came to the Corte Savella prison Lucrezia and Beatrice Cenci. The legend of the Cenci has often been told, and was fixed in the imagination of Europe by Shelley. According to the story, the vicious Count Francesco Cenci, by his brutal and unnatural conduct towards his daughter, the chaste Beatrice, goaded his wife Lucrezia, with other members of his family, into murdering him in his sleep. The family were brought to Rome for trial, and Lucrezia and Beatrice were imprisoned in the Corte Savella. Lucrezia, placed on the rack, confessed her crime ; but Beatrice bravely maintained her innocence. She was repeatedly tortured. First, for forty hours she endured the *vigilia*, which consisted in having one's arms tied to the ceiling and being repeatedly jolted on to a chair covered with sharp points. Next she was hung from her long hair while her fingers were twisted from their joints by a mesh of cords. Finally, the soles of her feet were scorched with a red-hot block of wood. At this she cried out that she was ready to confess to anything. When this news was brought to Clement VIII he ordered that the prisoners be tied to the tails of wild horses and dragged through the streets of Rome until they were dead.

Popular feeling forced him to commute the sentence to beheading. After a delay of weeks, Beatrice and Lucrezia were taken out of the prison to be executed before the Castel Sant'

Angelo. Nineteenth century writers loved to linger on the scene of Beatrice's execution, describing how on that calm May morning, amid a restless crowd that tried in vain to rescue her, she walked firmly from the chapel of the Misericordia to the block, saying to the executioners, 'Bind this body, but hasten to release this soul, which pants for immortality'; how she climbed bravely up the scaffold steps, took off her veil and showed the cloth of silver handkerchief that bound her golden hair; and how she calmly laid her head on the block and died in peace, while a wail of horror ran through the stricken crowd.

Unfortunately for romance, but fortunately for apologetics, the Cenci legend was shattered by the careful work of scholars at the end of the nineteenth century. Not that Francesco Cenci shows in any better light; it merely appears that the rest of his family were equally evil and fully deserved their fate. The only people whose reputations have been retrieved are Clement VIII and the judges of the Corte Savelli. If the ghost of Beatrice Cenci walks the Via di Monserrato, it does not wear a martyr's crown.

After Beatrice's death the prison continued its dismal history. In 1611 Pope Paul V issued another Bull, *Universi Agri Domini*, regulating the jurisdiction of the Corte Savella. This condemned an abuse whereby the prostitutes of Rome purchased immunity from the Maresciallo by a cash payment. But abuses continued, and in 1628 Urban VIII ordered that the jurisdiction of the court should be strictly curtailed. Henceforth the judge of the Corte Savella was on no account to hear criminal cases, except those regarding 'verbal injuries and manual percussions without effusion of blood'; and even in civil cases he was not to intervene unless the sum concerned was less than 100 scudi.

By 1652 the Savelli court had acquired such a bad name, the prison had become so dilapidated and unsafe, that Innocent XI decided to repress the one and rebuild the other. The old prison had become too small for the number of prisoners 'and for the functions which have to be carried out there', so it was decided that the new prison was to be on a much larger scale. A *chirografo* of 2nd March 1652 handed over to the Governor of Rome, Mgr Farnese, the profits of the Osteria della Sirena for this purpose.

Plans for a new and massive prison were drawn up. At this point the Rector of the English College intervened; the

projected prison, he pointed out, would be so large that it would completely overshadow the College, and take the Tramontana off it with damage to the health and disturbance to the studies of the alumni. The Governor agreed to build the new prison elsewhere, and to sell the old prison buildings to the College.

Negotiations for the sale were protracted over two years, and the Governorship of Rome had changed hands twice before the sale was complete. First, the old prison buildings had to be valued. Two *periti* were appointed, one by the College and one by the Camera Apostolica. The estimate made by the College architect was considerably lower than the Camera's. The lower estimate was accepted, and a further sum was deducted for the value of certain bolts and bars, travertine window-frames, and doors with locks and chains which the Governor intended to transfer to the new prison. The final bill for the College came to 4,500 scudi, with provision for a 15% discount.

In payment, the College offered three houses, one in Piazza S. Trinità, another in the Via Lungara in Trastevere, and a third by the Campo Santo Teutonico which had been bequeathed to the Hospice by Cardinal Pole. There was another dispute over the value of these houses ; the College architect said they were worth 2,740 scudi, while the Camera *peritus* valued them at a mere 2,357. The Governor split the difference and accepted them as being worth 2,595 scudi. After further complications, caused by the fact that the Camera left behind some of the bolts, bars and window-frames for the use of the College, the Rector paid the remainder of the bill partly in cash and partly in Luoghi di Monte (shares) left by Bishop Goldwell. The deed of sale and the receipts were eventually signed on 17th September 1643.

The new prison was built in the Via Giulia, near the piazza which links it to the Via di Monserrato, where it still stands and houses an interesting museum of criminology, which can be inspected on any Sunday morning. The College took over the buildings of the old prison, and began an intensive work of restoration. The architect's estimate for the work is still in the Archives, and came to 5,597 scudi. These alterations to the Corte Savella buildings carried out in 1658–62 were the beginning of the restoration which turned the old Hospice property into the College we now know. The fact, therefore, that the Corte Savella buildings were acquired partly with funds derived

from Cardinal Pole, means that the College buildings themselves provide a *fondo* for the many Masses which are said each year for the repose of his soul.[1]

ROME IN 1827

The following is an extract from Dr Gradwell's *Scrap Book* in the College Archives, p. 218 : it is a draft of a letter from Dr Gradwell 'at the request of, and sent to, Dr James Clarke M.D., London, late of Rome, 1st January 1827.

'I came to Rome from England 2 November 1817. The College began to open, after its suppression by the Revolution, with ten students, December 1818. In 1820 the number was gradually increased to twenty, till by degrees in 1826 they amounted to thirty. The whole number of the students up to the present time has amounted to fifty. For eight years the average number has been about twenty. With the exception of three students who were under fourteen and who have uniformly enjoyed good health, the students have been, at their arrival, from eighteen to twenty years of age. The time which they have in view to remain in the College is six years, viz. two for the study of philosophy and four of divinity. Some have staid a year less or more according to circumstances.

'Only one student has died, viz. Mr William Kavenagh, aged 18, in the very great heat of Augst. 1820, his second summer in Rome. He was of delicate constitution ; and for the examinations had, unknown to the superiors, exceeded the bounds of moderate study. He took a fever, which in about a fortnight was accompanied with scorbutic symptoms, and about the 20th day, it deprived him of life.

'Seven out of the fifty students have returned to England, [*sic*] on the score of health. One after fifteen months' residence, for mental derangement. He recovered in England and is now in good health.

[1] Information about the prisons of Rome is hard to come by. The Ministry of Grace and Justice could add nothing to the information about Corte Savella which is given in MORONI, *Dizionario*, 42, 274 ff., etc. The Bulls reforming the Court will be found in the *Bullaria*. The documents concerning the sale to the College take up about forty pages of Lib. 10 in the College Archives (pp. 77–82 ; 100–04 ; 116 ; 156–82). The position of the prison is clearly marked on several maps in the College, which disprove Moroni's contention that it was in the Via Giulia.

For the Cenci legend see (besides Shelley's play) Augustus Hare's *Walks in Rome*, i, 265–7 Marion Crawford, *Ave Roma Immortalis*, i, 285–7 ; Pastor, xxv, 422ff.

For Middleton, see THE VENERABILE, Vol. XVII, p. 140.

'One of a very weak constitution for spitting blood, to which he had been subject before he came to Rome. He returned after seven months to England, where he died of consumption. One who at his first arrival at Rome was swelled, pale, and lame, so that he was carried out of the coach into the house. The affection was thought to be gouty. After staying six months, he returned to England, where he recovered . . .'

'We rise at 5½ in summer, and six in winter. On all school-days, the students walk to the schools at the University twice a day except about six weeks in the heat of summer, when they do not go in the afternoon. The students have eight or nine hours a day of study, excluding 1½ for devotion. Every day in the year they have an hour and a half walking before sunset. About sunset all are in the house, and remain in it. Breakfast of coffee at 8. Dinner of soup, two dishes, one of boiled, and one of roast meat, or something equivalent, with vegetables and sometimes a little light pastry, fruits, etc. but all heavy pastry carefully excluded. Wine the produce of our own vineyards. Supper at 7 or 8, and bed at 9 or 10 according to the season. Supper is lighter and scantier than in the colleges in France or England, eggs, fried fish, and a small portion of meat alternately. The schools continue until the 7th of Septr. After that period we go into the country till the end of October. The exercise in Rome is very gentle but regular. No playing at ball or other violent exercises, except in winter, and that sparingly. Walking which I insist on every day, and visiting some antiquity, church, or other object of attraction, form their principal exercise and amusement. In July and August before the examinations most of the students grow paler and thinner. In the country, in autumn, when they are permitted to take longer walks, are less confined to study, though not idle, and breathing the air of the mountains, they recover their colour and flesh and strength. I have not observed that being lusty or slender makes any difference in point of health. Of those that have been ill, and those that have had excellent health, the proportions as to lustiness or slenderness are in both cases nearly equal. It seems to me that the climate of Rome is not unfavorable to the general health of the students, while those who had before they came to Rome been troubled with headaches and rheumatic pains as well as incipient asthma, have been cured by it. Nor have I observed any complaint aggravated among our students by the influence of the climate except a

nervous, melancholy, or consumptive temperament. For my own part, I am now in the tenth year of my residence in Rome, having been absent only twice a part of the summer, and once during a part of the winter and spring, and I have enjoyed uniformly good health. I have never had any fever during all this period except once for about twenty-four hours, occasioned by rising hastily from bed on a cold night to shut a window blown open by the wind. Dr Wiseman and Mr Heptonstall have been with me since 1818. Neither of them has had any illness but a little fever for a few days, the former twice, the latter once : and these were easily accounted for.

'The plan of life which the students lead is no doubt the principal cause of the general good health with which they have been blessed : early rising and retirement, a judicious distribution of their hours of devotion, study, and recreation, exact temperance and moderation in all things, chastity, contentment, chearfulness, arising equally from the nature and object of their studies, and from the tendency of their very recreations which lead them daily to see some of the curiosities of Rome. The more particular maxims inculcated on their attention are, to dress according to the season, to shun the sun at its greatest heat, to avoid over-heating, wet clothes, quick transitions from heat to cold, and drinking cold water when they are heated. Tepid baths were resorted to by several during the first summer, but without excessive precaution. The students found that the danger overbalanced the advantage, and they voluntarily abandoned the use of them.'

ROMANESQUE

60—ODD JOBS

The title 'Odd Jobs' is somewhat misleading. It is not intended to spotlight the oddity so much as the jobbity. Otherwise we should find ourselves wandering down some very odd byways, perhaps even prying within the closed doors of our irregular (but senior) contemporary. Odd as it is, the private life of that majestic being, the Editor of *Chi lo sa* ? shall remain enshrined in a gloom as deep as surrounds the identity of the latest vitriolic contributor. Fate demands of this unhappy fellow that he must be something of a contortionist. While his nose is down to the ground and his ear on the grindstone (or even the other way round), he must keep one eye on the clock, another on the Notice Board, and yet a third on the Beaks. With his other ear he must listen for bells and choirmasters, and he must have an ever ready well-sharpened shoe for encouraging delinquent contributors. On the one hand his smooth tongue must wheedle articles from First Year ; on the other, he must have the conscience of an Ananias in explaining how the article got lost in the post. Be he artist and typist, poet and buffoon, he will not escape criticism, and will long for the days when he was Stamp man or Bath man.

Stamp man and Bath man . . . never in later life shall a student enjoy such opportunity for petty tyranny. He will not, of course, recognize it during his term of office ; indeed, at the time life is one long grey vista of complaints. Does the OND still monopolize the afternoon's water ? Are they still to be found complaining at 7 o'clock on a cold winter's night ? Harassed on the one side by the bulk of Medi's mountainous indifference, the poor Bath man is chivvied on the other by

shivering third series bathers. It is only when looking at his successor's pathetic inadequacy from a safe distance that he regains the necessary confidence. Be of good cheer, son : you have learned a vital lesson—the necessity of Public Relations. Stop expecting complaints and look for compliments instead. Let everyone know what a grand service you are putting on. Don't be discouraged when they laugh : tell them again. Get someone to raise an easy difficulty in the Public Meeting for you to answer ; or, better still, take a leaf out of the University textbook and raise your own *Obiicitur* from time to time. To your laurels for efficiency you will add the crown of honesty. The service is not perfect, you admit, but it's improving and so no one can complain that things are going from bad to worse. Medi will know better and so will First Year, but what are these among so many ?

Even such mighty figures as the M.C. and the Choirmaster must stoop to consult the will of the House. Theirs may appear to be a reign of terror with every man at their beck and call ; not only the Rector, but even the OND must bow before these tyrants. But one false move may see the Choirmaster bearded to his face in open debate before the Public Meeting, and then the reins of his rule are exposed—very tenuous threads indeed. 'It is the Rector's wish . . .'—and he is seen for what he is, a creature of authority, a mere vassal. A mighty vassal, perhaps, but one whose power is proportionate to his apparent regard for public opinion. The M.C., with less call for public demagogy, is in less danger of public revolt and only the crassest amateur would ever be brought to book by a Public Meeting. His seasonal notices combine a cheerful competence with aloof reproof. Nevertheless, he has the more difficult task of moulding the body by manipulating the individual. Should he fall short, the Vice-Rector will be glad to tell him so, and some lucky philosopher in his place in the queue, full of bread and the sinfulness of his belated rising, will gather a mead of consolation from the magenta ears of the forlorn M.C. Or perchance a distant thunder rumbles from Jove's own seat, and then the M.C. must take his rightful place as a nincompoop amongst his equals.

A Bath man, now, has no rivals. What if the Stage man fail to make ready the stage for the Pantomime ! The mere thought will make him drop his hammer with a start. But the Bath man can take failure in his stride. He has a hundred instruments of excuse to hand. He can, if need be, put on an

extra bath night. Imagine the Stage men asking for another Christmas Day ! Yet similar licence is accorded to the Stamp man. Consider. The Rector, be he never so liverish, must smile while the Cardinal Protector administers his rebuke. The Vice-Rector is likely to pass on what he receives, with interest. The Senior Student will not fail to be part of this lucky chain. Electrician and Sacristan, Infirmarian and Librarian, all have minions whose heads must bow at Cæsar's frown. Yet who can bedevil the Stamp man ? 'The Rector would like a few stamps, if you can spare them.' The Stamp man hands you an envelope. 'Sorry', indicating the stamp on it, 'that's the last one. Put it in the box if you're going down.' What a gesture !

One can, of course, refuse the nomination of jobs subject to election by a Public Meeting, but one's refusal may be challenged, and later on—agony!—one's accounts certainly will be. Some of the jobs subject to the Public Meeting are odd, for example, 'Man in charge of bath cleaning'—and some of the jobs suggested are even odder. In the former category came the Props man, and under official patronage came the Music Room man. Under no category at all came the Brylcreem makers. Your Electrician, however, is the odd job man par excellence. He may be an inadequate electrician, but Electrician is a still less adequate name. Making new gramophones, selling old film machines, fitting up fans, mending surgical appliances, stopping clocks, all is grist to his mill. Yet in this he does but follow the College tradition. Periodically there appears on the Notice Board a warning against unauthorized electrical contrivances—sure proof of a long-standing abuse. We all know that words change their meaning as they travel : 'Electrician' altered when it arrived at the College. Just as in places you will hear a jeep referred to as a nylon, inside the College the odd job man is thought of as an electrician. In England the term will conjure up a picture of some latter-day descendant of Captain Kidd. An expert. An extortioner. In Rome the relationship is to J's Uncle Podger : 'Some people would have got a man in to do a simple job like that'. And so when the Rector finds that his electric razor is operating his shower, he is not surprised ; he does not repine. He knows that an amateur electrician has been at work in some far-flung corner of the College. Some light-hearted, thick-headed, heavy-handed philosopher has decided to resolve the eternal dilemna between freezing in light or sweating in the dark in a disturbingly novel fashion. He has

introduced an electric radiator. It is a home-made affair, and the water is heated by a string of fairy lights. It is a modern set which flashes red, white and blue lights, and so his room resembles the inside of Aladdin's cave. Outside, it looks like the Gianicolo lighthouse. One set of colours has produced a partial short across the mains and the rest of the house is flashing bright and dim alternately with them—*sine fine*, as the motet insists. No wonder some textbooks are read only every other page. Small wonder too that there is a periodic notice : 'No alterations under any circumstances'.

If every student is an odd job electrician in his room, it is hardly surprising if the official Electrician is an odd job man about the House. It is a case of oddity being thrust upon him. New and green at the start, he may begin with the best of intentions. He is going to be an electrician. He may even know something about electricity. He may do. It is so little essential that it is not even usual. He should call in a more modern science, psychology : for what is really necessary is to study the mind of the House. He will not encounter this well-concealed entity at Public Meetings, where older members of the House will be careful to mislead him. He will encounter it regularly in the fuse box. Here, in place of the more conventional fuse wire, he is quite likely to find a teaspoon—mute evidence of undying contempt for theory—which, surprisingly, acts just as well and needs rather less replacement. Occasionally an inferior spoon containing too much lead will melt, but silver is a fine conductor and will last indefinitely. The nuns and their assistants seem to make equally permanent insulators, and so the new Electrician will do well to handle with respect the Madre's iron. When the Madre complains that it is giving slight shocks—just tickling the fingers—he should take hold of the instrument warily. If he does not, the nuns will have to carry on till he is well again and has been welcomed back from the grave by an admiring circle of friends. But he will never be the same again. Unless tragedies of this kind fall upon him, the new Electrician learns rapidly, and soon acquires sufficient wisdom to leave electrical matters severely to his seniors. Occasionally he may renew a light in the corridors, but this is not an exacting job by electricians' standards, and in desperation he will turn to the other odd jobs. It is a rake's progress. He begins by doing odd jobs normally. He ends by doing normal jobs oddly.

Yet it is not the rake's progress, but rather the story of

the Ugly Duckling: for by this unlooked-for metamorphosis your former Electrician is now a fully-fledged *Venerabilino* and can be entrusted with the many (one per head) other odd jobs that clutter up College life. He has now sufficient invention to write a Diary. He is now sufficiently blasé to entertain a visitor. He can chat with the *Professori* like a man of the world, and impart too some of his own earnest conviction of the high unimportance of academic matters. Indeed, the day may come when he and his like may take over all the odd jobs at the P.U.G. *Vita Nostra* is but the thin end of a wedge that opens up alluring vistas of telerecorded lectures. By that time, however, England may have returned to the fold and the College may have reverted to a Hospice. Even then, we fear, the Warden would find it necessary to append a periodic notice: 'No alterations under any circumstances . . .'

ROBERT J. ABBOTT.

JOHN PENKETH S.J.

'*Joannes Riverius, vero nomine Penketh, Lancastrensis annorum* 21 *; non habens Confirmationem, admissus est* 20 *Octobris* 1651. *Accepit Juramentum sub utraque forma* 1 *Maii* 1652. *Confirmatus est* 12 *Maii* 1652. *Accepit tonsuram et omnes ordines. Factus Subdiaconus* 26 *Novembris* 1656, *Diaconus* 10 *Decembris* 1656. *Sacerdos* 17 *Decembris* 1656. *Discessit* 24 *Aprilis Angliam versus.* [The entry is signed in the margin] *Joannes Riverius manu propria*'.[1]

The story that lies behind this simple account of Fr John Penketh is by no means an uninteresting one. He was a native of Lancashire, the son of respectable parents who were strong in the Catholic Faith, Richard Penketh Esq., of Penketh, Lancashire, and his wife, a daughter of Thomas Patrick, a gentleman of Bispham in the same county. In his account of himself in the College Diary which he signs 'John Rivers', Fr Penketh states that he was born (in 1630) and lived in his father's house, he himself being the youngest of a family of thirteen children. Only two of his brothers and a sister survived. The father, before his death, spent nearly all his fortune in those evil times of persecution and was reduced to poverty because of his Faith. All his relatives had had the same difficulties, and most of them had become Protestants. But Richard Penketh with all his family, except one brother, was always Catholic.

John Penketh passed a happy youth and was noted amongst his companions for his piety and learning. He was taught by private tutors and in private schools, and later on in his youth he entered St Omer's College where he completed his first

[1] Cf. *Liber Ruber*, entry 886.

humanity course. In Foley's account[2] we read : 'While he was diligently pursuing his studies he became very anxious as to his future state in life. When he understood that his family affairs were inextricably involved, he determined to attach himself, in quality of a servant, to some Catholic gentleman's family. Although this resolution was approved by all, he began to meditate higher things, and inflamed with hope of acquiring great reputation by engaging in military life. He therefore passed over to Belgium and fought under the standard of His Catholic Majesty where he obtained among his comrades the character of a bold and daring soldier.'[3]

However, after one or two years of his military career he became concerned with the good of his soul. He wished to become a priest, 'to leave the world of vain reputations of which he had ample proof before his eyes. He therefore retired from the Army and betook himself to Rome where he was admitted to the English College.'[4] At the English College he spent seven years studying Philosophy and Theology. During this time he was already outstanding for his obedience and charity. John Penketh was not the only member of the Penketh family to enter the College. Two nephews of his followed him : William Penketh in 1699 and John, William's brother, in 1704, and they in turn were ordained for the English mission. Thus the Penketh family was well represented in the College during the times of persecution.

John Penketh was ordained priest on 17th December 1656 and left the College in company with Fr William Warren *alias* Pelham.[5] From this date until 1663 Fr Penketh served as confessor to the English Benedictine nuns at Brussels. There he gained a reputation as a prudent confessor and spiritual director, and was held in great esteem by the nuns. On two occasions they obtained from the Holy Father a special dispensation from the usual vow made by the Pope's *alumni* to proceed to the English mission two years after completing their studies. While he was at Brussels Fr Penketh began to think about joining the Society of Jesus, and was received at Watten in 1664. In the following year he was appointed to the neighbouring seminary of St Omer to act as Prefect of the

[2] *Records of the English Province S.J.* (hereafter quoted simply as FOLEY), Vol. VI (supplemental Volume), p. 383, and also Vol. V, p. 331 *et seq.*

[3] FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 331.

[4] FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 331. John Penketh was now 21 years old—the year being 1651.

[5] FOLEY, Vol. VI (suppl.), pp. 382–3.

scholars. The nuns at Brussels, on his departure from them, presented him with a letter of affiliation and participation in their prayers and good works, which they sent him in 1663.

His relations and dealings with the professors and students at St Omer's were such that soon he was very much liked by all. He exacted strict discipline from everyone, yet with such kindness and cheerfulness that he had little difficulty in keeping the high spirits of the students in check. But during this time his desire to help the salvation of his neighbour by serving on the mission became increasingly urgent, and at length he obtained the necessary permission to go to England.[6] On his arrival in England he was appointed to his native county of Lancaster and was given the post of chaplain in the family of a nobleman, but he accepted this only on the condition that he was to be free to make visits into the neighbouring villages. The nobleman was apparently Lord Molyneux of Croxteth, near Liverpool. At some time nearer his arrest Fr Penketh became chaplain to Edward Scarisbrick of Scarisbrick Hall, three and a half miles north of Ormskirk.[7] He passed most of his time among the poor, and always made the rounds of the neighbourhood on foot. 'It may easily be imagined that among these poorer people the food placed before him was not specially prepared but simply what was ready to hand, yet he used to declare himself much pleased with it. His abstinence was such that for ten years or more he touched nothing to eat or drink out of the accustomed meal time.'[8] He was always ready, by day or by night, to attend the needs of his parishioners. He was tireless in administering the Sacraments, displayed considerable wisdom in spiritual direction and was a tireless preacher.

Fr Penketh was probably serving at Bedford Leigh (now Leigh, Lancs.) at the time of the Titus Oates persecution in 1678. Although the persecution affected all classes of Catholics, it seemed that the Jesuits were chiefly attacked. Everywhere they were pursued, and were forced to hide in obscure hideouts in the towns, villages and in the countryside. Though he had received timely warning, Fr Penketh, instead of withdrawing to some hiding-place, remained with his people in spite of the danger. One day word was brought to him that a large number of people in a remote village required his assistance. He arose

[6] FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 332.
[7] *Catholic Records Society*, Vol. XIII, p. 370, and Vol. XXIII, p. 4.
[8] FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 332.

in the dead of night, taking with him a man who knew the way and whom he knew to be trustworthy. They had gone only one or two miles when they unexpectedly met a Justice of the Peace[9] who was a great friend of Fr Penketh. The Justice had received many favours from the priest, and so when he greeted him Fr Penketh suspected nothing. The Justice invited him to his house and sent the guide away, assuring him that he would take good care of the priest. Suspecting no deceit, Fr Penketh went with the Justice who, when they arrived at his home, detained him for the rest of the night. The Justice had previously arranged that a constable should come and take Fr Penketh away. On the following morning the constable arrived, arrested the priest and took him away to the Public County Gaol at Lancaster. The Justice, who had previously been friendly with the Catholics of the neighbourhood, on being reproached for his treachery, excused himself, saying that he was intoxicated at the time. As a result of the incident he was never able to show his face in the society of Catholics again.

Fr Penketh was taken to Lancaster gaol and was imprisoned there for two months, until his trial came up at the Assizes. He was indicted for the priesthood, and witnesses were called to prove that he had administered the sacraments. He replied that this evidence was worthless, for, according to the laws of England, the charge is for having taken Holy Orders in a foreign country, of which there was not the slightest proof. The judge, who had stained his hands with the blood of many priests, assuming the air of moderation, asked: 'Mr Penketh, are you ready to swear that you are not a priest ? Only say that and I will acquit you of the charge, send you home free, and give you protection from all future interference from any party.' To this Fr Penketh replied: 'It is not the custom among Englishmen for the accused to clear himself by oath'. The judge, as though he had desired to elicit the truth by the subterfuge, then directed the jury to retire into an adjoining room to consider their verdict. They returned in half-an-hour with the verdict of "Guilty", that is, they convicted him of the priesthood. 'The Father, being asked what he had to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, briefly answered as before that no evidence whatsoever had been given that he had

[9] Foley describes this man as a 'Captain', but elsewhere, in a reproduction of an account of Fr Penketh taken from the original in the Provincial Archives at Rome, he says that this man was a Justice. Cf. FOLEY, Vol. V, pp. 330–2.

taken orders abroad, and that without such proof it was impossible, according to the laws of England, to inflict any punishment upon him. "The Jury, however, as you see", replied the judge, "has pronounced you guilty, therefore, according to the duties of my office, I am bound to pronounce the sentence against you as in the case of a traitor. *You will therefore return to the prison from whence you were taken, and tomorrow you shall be drawn to the place appointed for the execution, where, half strangled and half dead, you shall pay in the sight of the people the just punishment of high treason &c.*" On receiving this sentence of death the just Father fell on his knees and joyfully exclaimed: *Deo Gratias*! *Laus Deo*! *Te Deum Laudamus*! and when returning to prison he was congratulated on this so happy an end.'[10]

The following is extracted from a Stonyhurst manuscript.[11] It runs thus: 'A true relation of some of the judgments of God against those who accused the priests and other Catholics after the pretended conspiracy in England. The chief accuser[12] of Father Penketh, a Jesuit, who was imprisoned in Lancaster Castle, under sentence of death for being a priest, was formerly a penitent of the Father's and having fallen in love with the daughter of a Justice of the Peace who was a heretic, was persuaded by her, under a promise of marriage, to accuse the Father. As he was coming back from the court after having accused him, he was taken ill and in the space of ten days died, with much contrition confessing to all that visited him his grievous sin and of the just punishment of God, sending money to Father Penketh and other Catholics in prison begging them to pray for him. The person who told me this was present when the disconsolate father of the young woman with her mother and sister came to the prison some eight days after his death, and kneeling at the feet of Father Penketh, with many tears, begged his pardon in the dead man's name. And the good Father immediately gave it and with tears undertook to pray for the soul of his accuser. The young man was the heir of a rich family,

[10] This is the account from the Province Archives in Rome. FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 333.

[11] FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 334.

[12] FOLEY makes this comment in Vol. VII (Part II), p. 1401. 'There are several books in the Library [i.e. St Mary's Library, Scarisbrick Hall] belonging to John Gorsuch, son of Edward Gorsuch. The name "John Gorsuch" has been carefully blotted out in every book. Over it is written a word followed by S.M.—*Sancti Martyris*? The S.M. is clear and distinct in every case. Can the words mean—the betrayer of the Holy Martyr? It is feared that John Gorsuch was the unfortunate young man that appeared against Father Penketh at the bidding of his innamorata' (FOLEY, Vol V p. 334).

and the only son of his parents, and all the neighbourhood was in grief at his death.'

In the meantime, whilst he was rejoicing over his coming martyrdom, Fr Penketh's friends were endeavouring by various means to find a way of averting the threatened execution of their beloved priest. Money meant nothing to them in this matter. At length they obtained permission for the execution to be postponed for a time, much to their joy. When Fr Penketh heard of this news 'he complained bitterly that the Martyr's Crown, the object of so many desires, should thus be snatched from him by their importunity, and that the palm should thus be broken in his very hands'.[13]

Although he escaped death, it can be said that he suffered a protracted martyrdom, for he was imprisoned in a most confined cell which tried his patience severely. It was constructed in such a way that it was impossible for a fire to be lit, and so Fr Penketh was forced to pass the six years of his imprisonment without any heating. 'He was without any fire even in the great and terrible winter of 1683–4, when, according to the pocket book of Father Henry Scarisbrick in 1688, there was "a great frost continuing over ten weeks in which the Thames was frozen up to Gravesend and all manner of sports were exercised on the ice".'[14] Fr Penketh endured this solitude and many other sufferings with perseverance. The example of patience and abstinence which he gave in prison was such that all who were in the prison with him affirmed that they had never noticed any word or action coming from him that was unbecoming of a holy man.

While he was in prison Fr Penketh did not waste time. He managed to obtain permission to celebrate Mass and to hear confessions. Many Catholics and Protestants from the county came to visit him, to receive the Sacraments and to seek his advice. They brought him money too, since it was advisable for prisoners to be able to pay their keep. If a prisoner had money at his disposal, he would be in a position to bribe the gaoler into allowing him relaxations and privileges. Fr Penketh was so well liked and respected that no Protestants objected to his work in the prison. All who met him were impressed, and by his example he reconciled many to the Church.

[13] FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 332.
[14] FOLEY, Vol. VII (Part II), p. 1401.

In these surroundings Fr Penketh spent six years working for souls. In 1685 Charles II died and James II succeeded him to the Crown. A great change was made, affecting the persecuted and imprisoned Catholics. James issued a command to the effect that all priests who were imprisoned were to be released at once. Fr Penketh, as soon as he was free, had the opportunity to rest and recover from his imprisonment, but instead of taking it he went back to his native county to continue his work at Culceth Hall, near Croft, Warrington. From here he served the district of Leigh, a few miles west of Manchester. The parish or mission of Leigh is a mission of considerable antiquity. A document in the Archives of S. Aloysius' College[15] has a reference to it as early as 1670 and it is there that Fr Penketh's name is mentioned as being the earliest missionary father to serve that mission. He must have been well liked and respected in this parish as he is mentioned as a recipient, in a deed of reference concerning a gift of church furnishings in 1693, which a lady gave to the parish. 'The following is a copy and will serve as a specimen of the times : "To all Christian people to whom these presents shall come. I, Katharine Smethurst, of Bedford, within the parish of Leigh, and county of Lancashire, spinster, send greeting. Know ye that I, the said Katharine Smethurst, out of religious respect and affection I have and bear to John Penketh S.J., priest, who now serveth the Catholics in ye sayd parish of Leigh, and to the intent and purpose that certaine church stuffe, and plate and other utensils, may as well during my life as after my death be used by the said parish of Leigh (and only being a priest of the said Society, and thereunto appointed by his Superiors), have given, granted and confirmed, and by these presents do give, grant and confirme unto hym the sayd John Penketh, and such his successors (for the tyme being) for ever, all and every the church stuffe, the plate and other utensils hereinafter mentioned, *i.e.* one black sute of church stuffe for the dead, one other sute of church stuff of flowered tabby, one very large silver gilt chalice, with paten belonging to it, two albs with their amices, one priest's girdle of the best sorte, three napkins . . . one fair large tabby for an altar, one altar stone, two long towels for communicants, three small finger towels, and one missal now in my possession ; to have and to hold the said church stuffe, &c., . . . to the sayd John Penketh, and such his successors for ye time beinge, within the said parish of Leigh, for ever, provided always, and

[15] S. Aloysius' College was founded at Wigan in 1655 by the Jesuits. Cf. FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 329.

it is hereby declared &c, . . . that the sayd church stuffe, &c., . . . shall not at any tyme or tymes hereafter be removed or translated out of the said parish of Leigh, nor shall they be used or enjoyed by any other priest, clergie, or religious, but by a priest S.J. who shall serve and officiate in ye sayd parish of Leigh by order of his Superior from tyme to tyme.

Signed, *KATHARINE* X *SMETHURST*, her mark.
Witnesses, *RICHARD SHUTTLEWORTH, ALICE SALE, GILBERT SALE.*" '[16]

When the revolution broke out in December 1688 Fr Penketh found it necessary to seek safety in hiding places throughout the district, from which he continued to administer to the neighbouring Catholics by stealthy visits during the night. The Culceth Parish Register testifies to this. 'During the greater liberty which he enjoyed in the reign of James II he reconciled many Protestants to the Church and he promoted Catholicism by every effort in his power. In the three subsequent years, 1685–1688, he was acknowledged to have converted five hundred souls to the Faith. He continued to work with the same success until by an unheard of defection of the whole kingdom, King James was expelled from the throne.'[17]

The house where Fr Penketh stayed during the last years of his life[18] was built in such a way that the hall, the garden and the adjoining fields lay exposed, and he was very seldom able to leave his hiding-place and go outside the house. It was too dangerous for him to go out for fresh air, or even to look out of a window. So great was the strain that at length, broken down by his labours, he fell ill. In spite of this, when one evening he was called to the bedside of a very sick man, he went quickly to him, administered the Sacraments and then returned home, with great difficulty. On his return he was seized with his last illness. 'For two weeks he suffered from a burning fever, during which time he gave very great edification to those who attended him. No word escaped his lips but of God and of heavenly things. He continually repeated those words of S. Paul : "*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo* ! *Sit nomen Domini benedictum* ! *Fiat voluntas tua* !" '[19]

Two weeks later, he died. It was 1st August 1701, and he was 71 years old.

ANTHONY GRIMSHAW.

[16] FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 329.
[17] FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 334 and *Catholic Records Society*, Vol. XIII, p. 370.
[18] It was the house of Richard Shuttleworth Esq., at Bedford Leigh. Cf. *Catholic Records Society*, Vol. XXIII, p. 5.
[19] FOLEY, Vol. V, p. 335.

PERUGIAN POT-POURRI

'You won't like Perugia—at first.' Anyone seeing you off on your first visit there will give you this advice, and you will probably find it true. Perugia during siesta-time on a dull day is a grim and unwelcoming place. At such a time the medieval centre of the city breathes the same chilly atmosphere as the Tor' de' Cenci in Rome, for there is this in common between the two : they are both the scenes of hatred, treachery and bloodshed. Perugia has for centuries been involved in wars, resisting invaders and subduing rival cities. When she had established her dominion over Chiusi, Cortona, Assisi, Todi, Foligno and Arezzo, she turned upon herself in civil war to decide whether the patrician Beccherini or the plebeian Raspanti should be the city's rulers. The efforts of the Popes to end the struggle led only to more massacres, and the lordship fell into the hands of the Baglioni, the Tyrants of Perugia, a family of poisoners infamous for their cold cruelty. They were kept in check, to some extent, by Julius II ; and later the notorious Gianpaolo Baglione, who had inspired terror even in his own family, was inveigled to Rome by Leo X and executed. For fourteen years the Papacy kept peace in Perugia, until Rodolfo Baglione set fire to the papal palace and killed the Pope's vice-legate. As soon as this rebellion was put down, the *guerra del sale* flared up against Paul III, who had imposed a heavy salt tax. It was this war that decided Paul III to build the Rocca Paolina over the ruins of the houses of the Baglioni *ad coercendam Perusinorum audaciam*. Peace was the result, but Perugia remained a hot-bed of conspiracy, until in 1859 the city rose once more against the Pope and established a government of its own. Pius IX took

back the city with a force of two thousand *svizzeri* ; but these were defeated by the Piedmontese, and the first act of the Perugini was to raze the Rocca Paolina to the ground.

It is hardly surprising that such a past should leave its imprint on the city's character, accounting for the sinister atmosphere which at first repels the visitor. But it would be a mistake to leave Perugia before this impression fades. This is but one aspect of the city ; it is the chill which is left when the warmth of human life has crept away. The living city is best seen at *passeggiata* time, when the whole population parades itself along the Corso. Stretching from the Duomo to the Belvedere, the Corso is not only the widest and most important street, but also the only level one in this hill-city : so it is the obvious *mise en scène* for the Perugian *passeggiata.* In the early evening, it is crowded with little groups of people sauntering down its length, with all the time in the world to appraise each passer-by, and often not waiting to be out of earshot before indulging in *commenti estetici*—or otherwise. On Sundays especially, the Perugini thus take stock of one another, drawing significant conclusions from every detail, conclusions to be pieced together and gossipped over throughout the week.

The Belvedere, too, is irresistible at *passeggiata* time. It is *l'ora del tramonto,* and there is no better place than this to watch the interplay of light and shade, the wonderful effect of the sunset on wave over wave of Umbrian hills. A foreign visitor will be heard embarrassing his listeners with the guide-book's purple passages : 'see for yourselves the transparent quality of light so wonderfully captured by Raphael and Perugino—a mellow, golden light that softens all harsh outlines . . .'

If the sunset leaves the visitor champing with his emotions, it is not so with the Perugini. Upon reaching the balustrade they stare absent-mindedly at the view for a moment, then turn their backs on the sunset, engrossed in conversation and their fellow-citizens. 'Dull would he be of soul who could pass by . . .' But before many days have elapsed the visitor, too, will be dismissing the sunset with a cursory glance and, propped up against the balustrade, will be passing the time of day with his acquaintances and indulging his curiosity upon the passers-by. This, he has discovered, is the peaceful Perugia which dispels all uncongenial first impressions.

A briefest glance at the *passeggianti* will have shown that Perugia is a university city. The schools were erected into a

studium generale in the early fourteenth century, but they had been flourishing for a hundred years before that. The University was given privileges by many Popes, and was raised to imperial rank by the Emperor Charles IV. But it is a university city in a double sense : many of the *passeggianti* are patently non-Italian, yet like the students of the national colleges in Rome they form an integral part of the local scene. These are the members of the Università per Stranieri, which offers courses in Italian studies and is open to all nationalities. There are few nations which have not been represented there. In the street one hears the occasional snatch of Arabic or Cretan Greek, mixed with the usual and less usual European languages.

At this end of the Corso, with the Prefettura and its fountains and flower-beds, the Perugini are seen at leisure and at their most sophisticated. Between the Belvedere and the Corso is the Largo della Libertà ; and it is here that they become more earnest and down to earth. This is the battle-field where blow on weekly blow is struck in the perennial warfare of political posters. It is also the arena for open-air band performances ; and what a stirring experience it is to hear the flamboyant brass band of the local carabinieri putting soul and body into Gounod's *Ave Maria*—on Garibaldi Day. The Largo della Libertà is redolent of Don Camillo's 'Little World'.

Next, the Corso narrows. On the left are the fashionable cafés, on the right the fashionable shops. On certain days the *traversa* between the Corso and the Sopramuro is crowded from end to end with standing men. They stand in groups, discussing, shouting, gesturing. Their talk is of money, markets and interest. In appearance they are like those who stand about the Pantheon in Rome—rough, short and weather-beaten.

The Corso ends with the Palazzo dei Priori, the beautiful Pisano fountain and the Duomo of St Laurence. For the moment we shall pass these by, and make for the life and colour of the market. In front of the Duomo are the tourist stalls selling majolica and souvenirs, but in the piazza behind is the ordinary weekly market where every kind of goods is sold. The hucksters cry their wares, smashing their plates on the ground for the sheer magnificence of the thing. Here is the Man with the Iron Chain. Stripped to the waist, he stands in the market-place for all to see. Holding his breath with savage concentration, he bulges his muscles to their utmost while the chain is tightly wrapped round his body. As soon as it is fastened, he relaxes

his muscles, breathes out, and wriggles free in record time. Then limping, bruised and rusty, he passes the hat round the crowd which now begins to draw away. As in the Campo de' Fiori in Rome, the favourite article for sale is cloth. The stalls are loaded with cheap and colourfully patterned textiles, and frantic oratorical efforts are made to entice the crowd to buy. But the most intriguing feature of the market is the enormous collection of large, plain earthenware pots, which are dotted about on the cobbles around the stalls. An air of mystery broods over these homely vessels, for no one ever seems to buy them, and their number increases noticeably as the weeks wear on.

This is not the only market in Perugia. The permanent-produce market is in the Monteluce district. Built into the side of a hill, it is entered from above, its flat roof being a few steps down from street level. On this roof are the vendors of sweets and knick-knacks, and in the centre of it is the staircase leading through a gallery down to the market floor itself. From the gallery one can see the market just as a seething, coloured mass. The raucous din, and the heady smell of fruit, meat, vegetables and sawdust, are overpowering. This market is at its busiest and most boisterous in the early morning. It is then that the housewives, *trattoria*-keepers and landladies come to buy ; and if any have the time for it, there are stalls selling coffee and *panini*, or more exotically, biscuits with *marsala all'uovo*.

Outside the church of San Ercolano there is yet another, smaller market, where vegetables and fruit are sold. On market days, an old man with a guitar sits on the steps, singing to his own accompaniment, hoping to interest the public in the song-sheets he is trying to sell. San Ercolano, the Bishop of Perugia in whose name this church is dedicated, is the protector of the city. Defending Perugia against the siege of Totila the Goth, he deceived the enemy into thinking food was plentiful within the garrison, by parading the city's solitary fatted calf around the walls. But the bishop was betrayed by a disgruntled cleric, who revealed the weaknesses of the defences to the Gothic king. So Perugia fell, and Bishop Ercolano was martyred. His church is strangely high and narrow, and is built into the old Etrusco-Roman city wall. Originally it was a *Doppelkirche*, the lower church (the present one) opening out on to the road beneath the wall. The upper church, now destroyed, opened on to the Sopramuro high up inside the wall. The interior of the church

has been undergoing restoration for at least five years ; surrounded by scaffolding and rubble, two weary old men with drooping whiskers are patiently re-painting the baroque gildings on freshly stuccoed pilasters.

While we are about it we must make the best of Perugia's saints, for the city has an anti-clerical reputation. But while bearing in mind the proverb that '*Perugini sono o angeli o diavoli*', we must be fair in dividing the *angeli* from the *diavoli*. It should not be forgotten that some of the *diavoli* were churchmen. An Englishman especially should be slow in presuming to discern the spirits of Perugia, for he may be caught by a similar proverb, '*Inglese italianato è diavolo incarnato . . .*'

It is easy though inexcusable to be swayed by local patriotism into a disregard for the neighbouring city of Assisi. Particularism is strong in Umbria, producing such figures as the *avvocato* of Gubbio, whose aim in life is to supersede Assisi by making Gubbio the chief centre of Franciscan devotion ! But even the most bigoted Perugian need not include St Francis in his disapproval of Assisi, for it was as a prisoner in Perugia that Francesco Bernardone turned from frivolity to more serious things. Later, St Francis went to live on one of the islands of Trasimeno, the lake of Perugia, where he would free rabbits from snares, and throw fish back into the lake. After his death the Perugini did not neglect Francis ; in fact, they thought Perugia the only fitting place for his tomb. It was against the Perugini, already notorious as relic-stealers, that the Assisians fortified St Francis's tomb and hid the body in a secret place.

A Franciscan saint whom Perugia can truly claim as her own is Blessed John of Perugia, one of the Poverello's first companions. The city is also connected with San Bernardino of Siena, who made a great impression here. Devotion to him found expression in the charming little Oratorio di San Bernardino, erected by public subscription not long after his death. The façade illustrates his miracles and his connexions with Perugia. On the outside of the Duomo there is a pulpit specially built for San Bernardino when he came to preach.

The Duomo itself is dedicated to St Laurence and is in the Gothic style. It is perhaps more impressive than beautiful, and might well be more attractive were it not so dark. The first thing that strikes the eye on entering is the Lady Altar with its blaze of candles. It is half way down the nave in front of the delicate Madonna delle Grazie which is painted on one of the

pillars. There are also a few good paintings in the side chapels and on the walls of the nave. Several popes were buried here, and their tombs may still be seen. Unfortunately the body of Innocent III was moved to Rome by Leo XIII, once Bishop of Perugia. The atmosphere in the Duomo is devotional rather than artistic : which is as it should be. The most interesting chapel is that of the Sant' Anello which is said to be Our Lady's betrothal ring. It is venerated once a year, when it may be seen to be a large and unwieldy circle of alabaster. It was stolen from Chiusi . . .

To return to the saints of Perugia. After a secular, a Franciscan and a Dominican, the balance must be restored with a Benedictine, Blessed Peter Vincioli who, as a secular priest of a noble Perugian family, built the church and monastery of San Pietro in the middle of the tenth century, and was appointed abbot by Pope John XII. The monks adopted the Rule of St Benedict and the monastery has remained Benedictine ever since. The church is especially interesting for its finely carved choir-stalls, the painting in the sacristy, and a miraculous pillar. There is a splendid view from a balcony at the end of the apse. The mischievous old monk who acts as guide takes enormous pleasure in conjuring up a key from the sleeves of his habit to open the door, and is very keen to point out the signature of the poet Giosuè Carducci which is scratched in pencil on the wall.

San Pietro is not the most ancient of the Perugian churches : that title is reserved for the little church of Sant' Angelo, which is thought to have been consecrated in 429. It is a round church with a central altar. After having been used as a fortress, and later stuccoed in baroque style, it has recently been restored, like Palazzola, to its pristine beauty *cuius speciem aetas recentior aliquantulum deformaverat.* Sant' Angelo is at the top of a long street made particularly pleasant by its colourful window-boxes. The church itself is set in a peaceful piazza overlooking the roofs and countryside below. It is the most charming spot in all Perugia.

The Rione of Porta Sant' Angelo contains the city's most interesting antiquities, for the Etruscan Gate is in this district. This 'Arco d'Augusto' is a massive structure, basically Etruscan, with Roman and Renaissance additions. Its simple bulk is in complete contrast with the ornateness of the Palazzo Gallenga opposite. This is now the seat of the Università per Stranieri, and has a claim to literary glory : Goldoni gave a recitation there

when a boy. Another contrast with the Etruscan arch is the little Cinema Etrusco carved out almost from its side. Below the gate the road drops steeply down into the country. It is up this road that the procession comes from the wayside shrine of Our Lady on the feast of the Assumption. A band leads the procession, and all the houses on the route are decorated with flowers, white sheets, and red or yellow tablecloths. The feast is brought to an end by a torchlight procession at dusk, to Monteluce.

Above the Rione of the Etruscan arch there towers the Rione of Porta Sole, a labyrinth of hilly, stepped and cobbled streets. The view from the top of Porta Sole is the finest of all. One of the treasures of the Rione is to be found in the Piazza del Sole at the very crest of the hill, in the tiny church of Sant' Agapito. It is a fresco of Our Lord and the saints in glory by Raphael and Perugino, and its composition is obviously a first experiment, later to be brought to perfection in Raphael's '*Disputa*' in the Vatican. It can only be viewed by applying to the *custode* who lives next door. Notes on the fresco are provided in various languages : the English version is a fine example of Continental near-English. The painting, it explains, was started by young Raphael and finished by old Perugino, wherefore it is a sunrise and a sunset ! Piazza del Sole, in which Sant' Agapito stands, is well named, for it is a veritable sun-trap where women sit and knit on autumn days. The tangled streets around it, on the other hand, must rarely see the sun, and no one lingers in them longer than they need. Dante was obviously speaking from experience when he wrote of the '*freddo e caldo*' of Porta Sole, as the visitor may read from a plaque on the piazza wall.

Dante's memory is also perpetuated in Perugia by the *ristorante* called after him. Its three separate dining-rooms are named the *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*, the walls of each being decorated with vivid and appropriate murals. But however entertaining it is to eat *gelati* in the *Inferno*, it is a more genuine and rewarding experience to eat and drink at the Cantina in the Via delle Cantine on the hill immediately above the Etruscan Arch. It stands at the head of the Via del Acquedotto, where a picturesque and ancient aqueduct now serves as a street, merging into the steps above the Via Appia. There is an almost Etruscan atmosphere about the Cantina—four steps down below the level of the street, dark, cool and

narrow. Rough tables and stools stand between the rows of barrels that line the walls, and one spreads one's food on paper, or else buys a *pizzetta* on the spot, to help the wine go down. Presiding over the cellar is a small black-clad, white-haired woman of typically Umbrian features. The wine has a flavour and quality rarely to be found elsewhere.

Climbing rather unsteadily up the hill beyond the Cantina, we find that we are back again in the Piazza del Duomo and the Corso. This is the centre of Perugia, and the key to its character. Here the sharpest contrasts are brought together and resolved. The scene of massacre and civil strife, it was the witness also of religious fervour and conversion : at one end the tyrants ruled by terror, at the other the saints preached God's word to the people and the Popes were laid to rest. This antithesis is most pronounced in the buildings of the Corso. The exteriors of the Palazzo dei Priori, of the Mercanzia, Cambio, Pinacoteca and Comune are stern and fortress-like. Perugia's military pride is typified by the sheer façade of the Palazzo dei Priori, where the Guelph lion and the *Griffo* of Perugia jut out defiantly from its face. The chains of Chiusi hang between the gryphon and the lion, a perpetual trophy of the insolent conquests of the past. And yet within these walls all is 'given over to the arts of peace' and every part is rich and splendid with carved and inlaid wood, gildings, paintings, frescoed ceilings, tiled and patterned floors, and every kind of decoration and embellishment. In this lies the key to the city's character : for good or evil, Perugia never does anything by halves.

Within the city walls it is the contrast that claims attention ; but to see these conflicting elements fused into a living unity one must descend into the country and look up to her at sunset from the Tiber Vale when, proudest among cities, she towers above the darkened olive-groves and vineyards, black and massive against a flame-red sky.

BERNARD TREVETT.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 3rd 1956, *Tuesday*. For various compositions of time and place, I refer you to previous diarists—but I can tell you that the Monopoly season is off to a good start with one philosopher actually saying grace before his first game.

The advance party has already been here a day, of course, and working feverishly. One of them has been savagely bitten by Alfredo's small son, and had it not been for a piece of chocolate, his leg would have been severed above the knee.

4th *Wednesday*. Golf. The grass is longer than in previous years (no sheep !) and an expensive morning was had by all.

6th *Friday*. Mr X's Eleven beat Mr Y's by a narrow margin, not to put too technical a point on it. You would think, by the way, that veteran captains would have realized by now that Italian coins have neither heads nor tails.

7th *Saturday*. Fr Brendan Peters left this morning with the Vice-Rector, headed for Paris and Slough. The Vice was back for lunch.

8th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Mr Brewer and Mr Short on their Ordination to the Priesthood.

Fr Kirkham arrived on a fleeting visit.

9th *Monday*. First Masses in a properly devotional setting—no competition from umbrella-sellers or the mechanical gentlemen across the Monserra'. This is when you wish the *villeggiatura* were longer. Coffee on the terrace after lunch, with the Chigi woods above the Albano path looking more stunted and El Greco than ever. These days any clearing may herald an orphanage . . . The saving grace of this forestry business is that if all the trees go, so will the horse-flies.

11th *Wednesday*. A Garden Gita. If you see a group of cassocks batting sheepishly across the Latin Vale at about fifteen knots, something will

tell you it's 'Rocca-Priora-and-back-in-time-for-a-Tank'. Two budding skin-divers harpooned a creditable pair of fish in the Lake, and we are all selling our rods and lines to buy webbed feet and tridents.

14th *Saturday*. An exciting match against the British Embassy, in which they just fought us to a draw. A large number of supporters motored up and sat loyally through a heavy gale.

16th *Monday*. We are very pleased to welcome Fr Alfred and Fr Morris on a breather from their Curial labours.

The Girls' Chorus is binding roses into posies these mornings, and a surreptitious glance to the Wiggery will show you a dense *Trinciato* fog. In the middle of this the Producer gyrates alone in an intricate *pas-de-deux*.

18th *Wednesday*. Fr Ronald Cox came for the afternoon.

19th *Thursday*. The goggle-and-watch lifter who has been pilfering in the Tank area last night found himself the centre of a Chicagesque man-hunt. A posse of superiors, Alfredo, and one of the more grizzled students went off down the garden with a firearm. By all accounts their sniping, even if into the air, should prove a salutary deterrent. We do not think he will come again.

24th *Tuesday*. Note the *hubris* of the last entry. He did come again, and we are now twelve pairs of 'tande, another pair of goggles and a towel to the bad. The box-hedge is for the moment revealed as a hedge and not a clothes-horse.

A less sordid topic deserves mention, *viz.* the Tennis Court. A mound of *terra rossa* has arrived. We understand that this will cover a layer of *terra gialla*. The workmen are at present employed in removing most of the *terra grigia* we spent eighteen months putting on. If we really *are* playing by the end of August, I shall take off my hat to the Secretary. Until then, well-bred scepticism seems to be safest.

26th *Thursday*. We are very happy to welcome Bishop Restieaux here for the first time since his Consecration.

29th *Sunday*. Those of us who cannot remember the scorching summer of 1952 think the weather good and hot. The masters of our material destinies at Rocca have reduced our water supply, and when the cows have helped themselves there's little left for the zinneas, the oleanders, the dahlias . . . or the Tennis Court.

Mgr Brennan and his brother came to lunch.

30th *Monday*. *The Confidential Clerk* by T. S. Eliot was presented to a keen but meagre audience at the Hermitage. *King Lear* proved a bigger hit—perhaps because it recalled the halcyon days of one's School Certificate.

We welcomed Provost Wilson of Nottingham this evening, although his visit was a short one.

31st *Tuesday*. The Rector presented our formal *Ad Multos Annos* to the Bishop of Plymouth after lunch, and His Lordship said how happy he was to be here. It is our regret that he has to go so soon.

Those who spent their formative years with the Society won the Ignatian Fourth Centenary Match by a few runs.

AUGUST 1st *Wednesday*. The best day-gita story yet. We arrived at the top of Tusculum with enough raw material to breakfast a battalion, but forgot the wine for Mass. As someone plunged bravely off to Camaldoli to get some, the usual remarks were heard from First Year. ('Never again . . .' ; 'I suppose coming up that cliff was your idea of a joke . . .')

5th *Sunday. Feast of Our Lady of the Snows.* The weather still holds good. To lunch came Sir Douglas Howard, Bishop O'Connor, Mgr Clapperton, Mgr Primeau, Mgr Emmenegger and Mr T. Morris.

8th *Wednesday*. Another Garden Gita. If you use these mornings to play golf on the Sforza, it is hard to sympathize with those who do Faete in the morning and Algidus after tea. If they enjoy it, it seems to me they are rather intemperate about their pleasures.

Dr Shanahan from Brentwood came in the afternoon.

9th *Thursday*. The temperature in the sun is in the 120's, and the Via Appia is punctuated with ancient lorries which have boiled over. In Rome they are enjoying 107° in the shade. Sleeping at night is very hard for some ; scratch your bites after 11 p.m. and you can give up the early hours for lost.

Dr Jones arrived from Stafford.

10th *Friday*. Sorry to harp on the heat-wave, but it's not often you are damp with perspiration before Mass. Public Rosary, when the average student is bouncing up and down on his spiritual nadir, has been mercifully relaxed : for the time being it is said privately.

Mgr Carroll-Abbing came in the afternoon.

11th *Saturday*. The second Embassy Match, and an easier win for us. Shortly after the tea-break a cow interested herself in a diplomatic car, and had to be enticed away by an intrepid student with a straw broom.

12th *Sunday*. In the cool of the evening, a swimming gala, which was very well organized, so that there was the minimum of hanging about. Second Year Philosophy distinguished itself, the manager was helped into the Tank *en grande tenue*, and tea was served on the Badminton Court.

Moro, the Villa dog, always in evidence when people came up to the Villa during the year, died last night after a long and illustrious life. He must have sensed his end approaching, for he had taken to howling at the moon after Lights-Out.

13th *Monday*. Fr O'Leary arrived in the evening, from London.

14th *Tuesday*. And so did Fr McHugh, not from London but from Jerusalem and points east. His way home involved a gruelling but comprehensive tour of the Levant.

15th *Wednesday. Feast of the Assumption.* Along the top road to Rocca, so as to have the climb at the beginning, then the pushful crossing of the vegetable market above the Church. The procession was cooler than before ; we were not sorry. To lunch, Frs Kane, Payne and Gowland . . . and at 5 p.m., the event of the decade, the opening and blessing of the Tennis Court. The Rector and the Vice played an immaculate game with the present and past secretaries. I therefore eat my words of three weeks

ago, but with the malicious rider that to-morrow we shall find the secretary's tramlines too far apart. But this is a bagatelle. The patient labour of so many Romans to-day bears fruit, and if the rock-heaver heaves a self-satisfied sigh, who will blame him ?

16th *Thursday*. A guest—Fr Abbott from the Shrewsbury diocese, who immediately shamed the more practised of us by doing nine holes in forty or under.

18th *Saturday*. It was a pleasure to see His Grace Archbishop Godfrey and his secretary arrive this evening. Our welcome was warm. A fire had been smouldering in the woods all afternoon, and a number of careful men in the New Wing packed while their improvident brethren went to bed at 10.30. Two or three hours later we were woken by a noise like that of a French horn with megaphone attachment ; and lo, a crimson glare and a fire-engine, plunging backwards and forwards in the nuns' cortile (on the principle that What Goes in Must Come Out). By the time this particular bronco had been released, the fire had transferred to a place higher up the path. Meanwhile the Albano engine, thinking to steal a march, had gone round the path by the Lake and became irretrievably clogged.

19th *Sunday*. We are beset by Vigili in grey uniforms, who are eyeing the fire severely. One of them lost the power of speech this morning when he discovered that we had no telephone.

20th *Monday*. With great sorrow we heard this evening of the death of Cardinal Griffin. The self-sacrificing devotion he gave to his very heavy duties has earned our undying respect. May he rest in peace.

21st *Tuesday*. Archbishop Godfrey said the Community Mass for the repose of the soul of the Cardinal.

After siesta a high wind arose, which made preparations for the Opera doubly difficult. But Alfredo promised us it would not rain, and he was right. An appreciation of the Second Performance will be found in its proper place.

23rd *Thursday*. Day Gita. After the rush of the Opera, most people were content to go down to the Lake.

24th *Friday*. Propaganda gave an entertaining chorale at Castel Gandolfo in the presence of Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, to which we were invited.

25th *Saturday*. The whole College accepted the generous hospitality of the students at the American Villa. After surviving a few not entirely successful attempts to use their springboard, we enjoyed a splendid lunch and a film in the afternoon.

27th *Monday*. Long gitas started, with destinations ranging from the Dolomites to Sicily. Islands seem to be in vogue, with Elba, Sardinia and Sicily all popular. In the afternoon we were sorry to have to say good-bye to Archbishop Godfrey, who cut short his holiday to attend the Cardinal's Solemn Requiem at Westminster. Second Year Philosophy raised a resounding cheer as he left. He was accompanied by his secretary Fr Gaine, and by Fr O'Leary who was also leaving to attend the Requiem.

28th *Tuesday*. We welcomed Fr Buckley back from the wilds of Southern Rhodesia.

29th *Wednesday*. Day Gita. The hot weather continues without any sign of a break.

SEPTEMBER 1st *Saturday*. Dr Jones left for London.

2nd *Sunday*. Mgr Ashworth stayed the night. Third Year Philosophy arrived back from Assisi, having enjoyed the same weather as we had here.

4th *Tuesday*. Dr Rea and Dr Redmond arrived for a visit.

6th *Thursday*. Home we came, most of us on the 5.30 bus from Castro Pretorio ; in fact we wondered whether Messrs Zeppieri might not give us a special one. Since we left, the Villa has become a location, if that's what they call a place for making films. A fleet of exciting lorries is parked outside the Chapel. Some look like drain-emptying machines and some like Black Marias.

7th *Friday*. Disillusionment crowds fast upon surprise as we watch the mighty film industry trundle into motion on the Albano path. '*Tu veux me tuer* !' says the Heroine, in triplicate, for the fiftieth time, '*Mais non* !' remarks the Villain, also for the fiftieth. '*Stoppa* !' cries the Director. '*Motore* ! *Sudore* ! *Silenzio* !' and off we go for the fifty-first.

8th *Saturday*. Fr Jackson and Fr Frayne from Liverpool came to supper.

11th *Tuesday*. Twenty of us went and outnumbered the Scots at Marino. Their welcome was as warm as usual, and they are well acquainted with the anodyne for a long and dusty walk.

15th *Saturday*. A successful and enjoyable cricket match against F.A.O. In the evening we welcomed Fr Michael Keegan and Fr Corrigan.

17*th Monday*. Canon Welch and Fr Molloy visited the Villa in the morning with a pilgrimage from Shrewsbury . . . and in the evening, for the second time in three years, the Palazzola Highland Games held a candid but appreciative audience spellbound on the Sforza. The cow (cf. *supra*) took exception to the O.N.D. saying its breviary and will shortly be branded as dangerous ; although there is a theory that its charges are only cupboard love, stemming from being fed by the Rector with cabbage.

18th *Tuesday*. The Scots visit. For some of them, this is the only game of golf in the year. Just think of it.

21st *Friday*. The Law has caught up with our burglar, but not much of the swag is left. The third degree used by the Rocca police to make him disgorge our varied swimming gear was probably frightful.

22nd *Saturday*. We are very happy to have the Archbishop of Birmingham and the Bishop of Menevia here for a short stay. They have been attending the Liturgical Congress at Assisi. With them are Mgr O'Neill of Plymouth and Frs Connelly and Gray of Birmingham.

25th *Tuesday*. The first seriously wet day for four months at least. We were ready (more or less) for the Opera, billed for to-day, but after lunch it was decided to cancel it. Anyway, we had a sermon class to compensate.

26th *Wednesday*. The Second Performance of the Opera, dedicated to Archbishop Grimshaw and Bishop Petit.

THE GONDOLIERS

or

THE KING OF BARATARIA

by

W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan

The Duke of Plaza-Toro (*a grandee of Spain*) .	Mr Brewer
The Duchess of Plaza-Toro . . .	Mr Needham
Casilda (*their daughter*)	Mr Linares
Luiz (*their attendant*) . . .	Mr Grimshaw
Don Alhambra del Bolero (*Grand Inquisitor*) .	Mr Bowen
Marco Palmieri (*a Venetian Gondolier*) .	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
Giuseppe Palmieri (*a Venetian Gondolier*)	Mr Curtis Hayward
Antonio	Mr McNamara
Gianetta (*a Contadina*)	Mr Mooney
Tessa (*a Contadina*)	Mr Moakler
Fiametta (*a Contadina*)	Mr Rand
Inez (*the King's Foster-Mother*) . . .	Mr Philpot
Chorus of Gondoliers .	Messrs McNamara, Dumbill, Coyle, White J., McGuire, Creasey, Parker, Rice
Chorus of Contadine	Messrs Robinson, St Aubyn, Tucker, Rand, Papworth, Cunningham, Dazeley, Richardson
Conductor	Mr Ashdowne
Pianist	Mr Davis
Musical Director . . .	Mr Murphy-O'Connor

The Opera was produced by Mr Tweedy

'A critic of a performance of this opera long, long ago, chose as an opening gambit the suggestion that "past generations will want to know about the frame of this picture, about its spiritual and physical setting". But in these few words of appreciation, written many months after the event when one has seen the Epiphany performance in the Common Room in Rome,[1] there is little need to dwell on the loveliness of a Palazzola evening in late August. The Venetian scene which the inspired Stage Men devised, took its roots from the surrounding walls and arches, well-anchored, as always, round the well, the whole enchantingly illuminated by the electricians and their devillers.

It was a good evening, vintage Venerabile Gilbert and Sullivan. I cannot, at this distance of time, sort out exact memories—when and where a particular song or chorus was sung so well. Except in the opening

[1] Unfortunately, circumstances obliged us to ask for this critique shortly before we went to press in February. [Ed.]

chorus of the second Act, the brave Gondoliers sang with a boldness and verve that matched their buccaneer bearing. They looked so well (*prosit* Props ! the colourful and imaginative costumes of the evening could not have been excelled) ; their appropriate advances to a charming set of *contadine* were proof of their knowing it, too. From the moment the *contadine* pattered effortlessly through their opening chorus and so set a high tone to twenty minutes' satisfying music, we, the audience, liked these maidens and gave enthusiastic encouragement to their lightsome dancing.

The chorus men gave the principals the grand background they needed. Now these principals made an intriguing team. At times they were brilliant, and never were they dull. The bouquet must go unreservedly to the Duchess : in times to come she will, I think, be remembered as the greatest Duchess of them all—and I, for one, have now seen three, all of whom could justly have been awarded a *summa cum laude*. Her sire just failed to keep his dignity when he clowned, but that is perhaps forgivable. For some of the most sensitive singing of the evening, I give the palm to Casilda and Luiz : an excellently matched pair, who knew how to abstract themselves from the boisterous atmosphere of the rest of the opera and give us the charm and grace we unashamedly hoped to see.

There is no doubt that Marco and Giuseppe deserved the attention of four-and-twenty single ladies. Their singing was of a high standard whether in solo or quartet. But their dialogue ? I know it is not all that good, but still . . . Certainly Giuseppe should never have been so casual, and one had the impression that the hard-worked producer had been too lenient. Yet, for all that, they had caught well the *allegro con brio* which is the right tempo of the opera. Of their two consorts, Tessa achieved a most taking performance. I do not blame her for feeling diffident about "When a merry maiden marries" : a courageous producer should cut that song out of our repertoire. She showed all the gaiety and coquetry that her part demanded. As for Gianetta, unorthodox though she may have been, she captured the audience. I regard her performance as one of the most successful leg-pulls I have ever witnessed. Her singing was most attractive, her dancing unusual, and her dialogue Celtic.

I single out the Grand Inquisitor, not merely because he is an independent character in the story, but for the quite acceptable reason, I feel, that he was most in the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition. I did not imagine one could have a tall and thin Inquisitor, though a Dominican habit might have suited his physique equally well. As it was, his sober black was an ideal foil to his rich baritone and wickedly amorous heart. His ease on the stage and the way he used his voice were eminently satisfactory.

The Producer had contrived us a full measure of entertainment. His Cachuca was a dazzling riot of movement and zest. Occasionally one found the dances he invented somewhat fussy, but he had an eye for vignettes that sustained the interest as well as the laughter of his audience. I thank him for the engagingly toothless nurse. There was a steady assurance and imagination in the singing that can only have come from sound musical direction, and the conductor, an old hand, was fully abreast of the interpretation he had been asked to produce. Of course, without the pianist the singers

of the evening would have been bewildered and lost. One feels he should have a monetary reward.

So the list closes with, probably, many glaring omissions. But enough has been said to indicate the enormous enjoyment of these evenings of Venerabile G. and S.'

A.C.

27th *Thursday*. Our visitors departed for England and Wales and we went for a blusterous day gita. The suspicious *Fonte di Romitoio* which has headed several recent lists is now unmasked. It is the Hermitage.

To our very great pleasure, Canon Donnelly arrived in the evening.

28th *Friday*. The usual jockeying for position accompanies the room-list for Rome. (It also means the doldrums of the Villa.) Choose your room promptly, or some keen man will come and drag you off the bed during siesta, under the pretext that twelve people are waiting. Once he has you down in the Common Room he will push a Biro into your nerveless hand and point out plausibly the room you surely want, and if you are sufficiently blear-eyed you will surrender and sign.

29th *Saturday*. The Americans came for a day on the prairie. Their tennis was better than ours, but they didn't know the Golf Course as well as we did. Slightly cooler summer weather is still the rule. The rain about the Opera time was not, after all, the beginning of the end.

30th *Sunday*. Red wine for lunch. We began to think in terms of ecclesiastical preferment . . . but it was only to keep the nostalgic feast of The Last Sunday.

OCTOBER 2nd and 3rd *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*. The weather is provokingly lovely, which means that packing doesn't get done. Mgr Smith visited the Villa.

4th *Thursday*. Those walking into Rome walked into Rome . . . they walked farther than they expected, because of a bus strike. Their arrival coincided with that of Mgr Smith.

The usual skullduggery goes on over the trunk-portage question. Congratulations to the man who found himself skating along the second landing after our best piano. He caught it.

5th *Friday*. Enter Fr Anglim from Westminster, to study Canon Law ; Messrs Thomas and De Rosa for the O.N.D. ; Mr Walsh for Theology ; and Messrs Cane, Budd, Ellwood, Allen, O'Neill, O'Sullivan, O'Loughlin, Hine, and Hathaway for First Year. The tendency this year was to arrive in a bunch, and not in one's and two's as in the past two years. Shepherding, of course, were First Year Theology, all sleek and benign, with twice as much luggage to take home in 1960. Two of them missed a series of European expresses and arrived at the bar next-door (to telephone) at an advanced hour.

7th *Sunday*. The Beatification of Pope Innocent XI at St Peter's, and Veneration of the new Beatus in the evening, which put the first conference of the Retreat back an hour.

13th *Saturday*. *The Feast of St Edward*. Mgr Smith sang the High Mass. The pent-up gates are opened, but the significant remarks you were saving up look pretty anaemic in the light of day. Shopping. There was such a rush at Standa's for Greg-bags that we almost got a free one. A film in the evening, before which our Retreat-master managed to draw a sizeable crowd round the piano.

15th *Monday*. Premiations, cf. 1954, 1955 etc. But this morning for the first time there was no *Lectio Bevis* before the High Mass.

16th *Tuesday*. A game of football against H.M.S. *Decoy*, which we won. We entertained the Navy in the Common Room for the evening. The pitch, *Valco San Paolo*, which we used for the first time, was remarkably well-kept and green.

21st *Sunday*. Some of us have been guiding the B.A.O.R. pilgrimage this week, and this morning they came to High Mass, to the sound of celestial singing from the Tribune. They then departed to the Catacombs, and we to San Lorenzo for the Mass of Deposition. With the occasional practice thrown in, some people claim to have sung continuously from 8 to 12.30. In the evening eight of Top Year departed for their Priesthood Retreat at St John and Paul's.

24th *Wednesday*. Welcome to Frs Hunt and McManus.

25th *Thursday*. Solemn Requiem Mass for Cardinal Griffin at San Gregorio, sung by Bishop Wall. The Beda provided the *assistenza*, the College the choir. Among those who attended were the British Minister to the Holy See, the Australian Minister and other members of the Diplomatic Corps.

The news that we have a bandicoot in the garden (spread by a former student with an Indian background) excited Fritz to a doggy fervour this evening before a large audience. The rat-trap has unfortunately been lost.

Frs P. and B. Murphy-O'Connor arrived in the evening. Fr P. More is also staying for a short time.

27th *Saturday*. Mgr Elwes arrived in the evening.

28th *Sunday*. *The Feast of Christ the King*, and congratulations to Messrs Bourne, Curtis Hayward, Incledon, Murphy-O'Connor, O'Connor, Brennan, Collingwood and McGuire on their Ordination to the Priesthood, by Archbishop Traglia. Second Year Theology received the first two Minor Orders at the same time. The ceremony took place in the Latin American College, and the chapel was so small that the prostrations reached right down the aisle to the door at the back.

Those who stayed at home welcomed H.M. Navy to the College for the day.

29th *Monday*. First Masses. The climate must be very trying for visitors to Rome—it is too cold to have the windows open and too close if you

have them shut. We are used to this (what the author of a recent Refectory book called a 'beautiful tension') and have to some extent ceased to notice it.

31st *Wednesday*. His Lordship Bishop Wall of Brentwood came to lunch. This is the Bishop's first visit to Rome since his consecration.

NOVEMBER 1st *Thursday, The Feast of All Saints*. Yet another of those *Dies Non* which falls on a Thursday. One of the new priests sang the High Mass. A misunderstanding in high quarters deprived us of our film, but we were told, to make a bitter pill bitterer, that it would have been a Wild Western.

2nd *Friday. All Souls' Day*. The Requiem Mass was sung by the Rector for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Griffin. The cameratas which went to the Campo Santo to visit Bishop Giles's tomb were welcomed back by the Rector's birthday tea, a generous and filling one.

The life of an O.N.D. man with a wireless set just isn't worth living. He has to monitor the B.B.C. at all hours and issues bulletins on Hungary and Suez at and after every meal. Relief from these crises (for cortile-dwellers) comes from songs of North-Eastern provenance on a recording machine. The artist is one of our most celebrated basses, and his style is inimitable.

4th *Sunday*. Our All Saints film materialized this evening—*A Town Like Alice*, about the Japanese war in Malaya. Some of us were suitably harrowed and some bored. I will therefore refrain from objective comment. The Victor Emmanuel monument was floodlit to-night. The blue searchlight responsible also managed to take in the Palazzo Farnese and a certain amount of the College.

7th *Wednesday*. Mgr O'Neill of Lancaster arrived.

8th *Thursday*. We went to Cassino and sang a Requiem Mass in the British cemetery. Many of the Beda and Scots were there, and the altar was decorated with Commonwealth flags. This was followed by an *alfresc'* lunch eaten outside the monastery, and by a tour round the new buildings. The church offers the first example for most of us of clean gilt, which rightly changes one's conception of baroque.

9th *Friday*. To lunch, Frs O'Driscoll and Madden.

10th *Saturday*. The Requiem for Armistice Day at San Silvestro. The Rector sang the Mass, the Scots provided the choir and the *assistenza* was from the Beda.

11th *Sunday*. One of the new priests offered the High Mass for the people of Hungary.

12th *Monday*. An inexorable fate awaited those who consented to play rugger against the 'Olympics' and then hoped the rain would save them. The secretary rounded them up and they were driven away in a howling thunderstorm.

13th *Tuesday*. Torrents of rain (stopping, no doubt by arrangement, at the usual times) coincided with a water shortage.

A handle-man has been walking round the College with a number of handles. Our doors now open and shut: bright and burnished brass on every corridor. Perhaps the time has not yet come to ask the Rector for ornamental knockers.

The Vice-Rector has very kindly thrown his wireless open to all comers—or rather, his door. We hear the eight o'clock news from the threshold, but 'Lilliburlero' is not yet safe for a College song.

15th *Thursday*. The heavy rain continues, and so does the water shortage.

We were honoured this evening by a visit from His Eminence Cardinal Gilroy. Among the other guests at supper were His Lordship Bishop Carroll, Mgri McGeough, Mostyn and Ashworth, Fr Smith, and Fr Copleston S.J.

18th *Sunday. A Day of Recollection.* To lunch, Fr Martin C.S.SP. and Fr Griffith, the Procurator of San Girolamo. In the evening Dr McHugh addressed the Literary Society on 'The Background to Middle East politics'.

A small but sturdy hound appeared in the Refectory at tea, and immediately outclassed Fritz by letting the students feed it with bread. This is to be the Villa *cane di guardia*. If it grows in proportion to the present size of its paws, I hope its acquaintance with me remains an acquaintance. It has already been named Pluto.

22nd *Thursday*. First Year and others set off for the Catacombs after meditation in pouring rain.

25th *Sunday. The Feast of St Catherine.* A particularly fine Philosophers' Concert. Both the plays deserve special mention, and the sketch was a combination of those qualities which most producers find so elusive. It also allowed Mr Chestle, a late addition to First Year, to make his début as a Cossack (probably a technical term—I stand open to correction).

PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1956

FIRST YEAR SONG

UNCLE MIDNIGHT

By Philip Johnson

Mrs Busby . . .	Mr Richardson
Mona Busby . . .	Mr Needham
Janet Clulow . . .	Mr Lethbridge
Desmond Clulow . . .	Mr Budd
Vicky Clulow . . .	Mr Allen

Produced by Mr Needham

CHORUS PHILOSOPHORUM . Conducted by Mr Rice

Canamus dum Coenamus
Song of the Jolly Roger (C. F. Chudleigh-Candish)

Accompanied by Mr Robinson

THE HEN
By 'Saki' (H. H. Munro)

Mrs Sangrail	Mr O'Sullivan
Eleanor Saxelby	Mr Ellwood
Clovis Sangrail	Mr Dazeley
Surridge	Mr O'Loughlin
Mary	Mr Chatterton
Jane Martlet	Mr Tucker

Produced by Mr Chatterton

QUARTET

Deep River . Messrs Rice, Parker, Grimshaw, St Aubyn

SKETCH

WALLS HAVE EARS, or
HEAR, HEAR, HEARD, HEARD

Students	Messrs Rice, Dumbill, Parker, Creasey
A Certain Monsignor	Mr Pring
A Less Certain Monsignor	Mr Cunningham
Major J. G. Squease-Bochs	Mr De Rosa
Aubretia Squease-Bochs	Mr Hine
Quentin Squease-Bochs	Mr Trevett
Servant	Mr Linares
Beggar	Mr Nash
Count Sergei Bolkonski-Droshki	Mr Chestle
Officer	Mr Lloyd
Sergeant-Major	Mr Daley
Soldiers	Messrs Jones, J. White, Cane
Petty Officer	Mr Cooley
Sailors	Messrs St Aubyn, Papworth, Coyle, O'Neill
Suor Stultizia	Mr Kelly
The St Quinine's Quads	Messrs Rice, Linares, Grimshaw, Hathaway
Gasparino	Mr Coyle
A Well-known Anglo-Roman Monsignore	Mr Nash

Produced by Mr Trevett

26th *Monday*. A *Dies Non* for the feast of St John Berchmanns. At the *Matricolà*, the College production of part of *Macbeth* was not to the general taste. We had better stick to *Lo Sketch comico* in future.

Dr McHugh left for England.

DECEMBER 1st *Saturday*. *The Feast of the College Martyrs*. The Rector sang the High Mass. Our guests at lunch were Mgri Reh, Whitty, Ashworth, McCabe and Dougherty, Frs Alfred C.P., Gogarty, O'Hare, Ryan S.A.C., Dyson S.J., and Coffey S.J. In the evening, an unusually good American comedy film called *The Solid Gold Cadillac*.

2nd *Sunday*. Congratulations to Messrs Wigmore, Steele, Hay, Magner, Buckle, Howell, White A., Smith, Lloyd and Daley, who received the Tonsure from Archbishop Traglia at Santa Maria in Campitelli.

6th *Thursday*. A match in the afternoon in which the Colleges XV beat *Rugby Roma* by a wide margin.

The College now contains, besides the superiors and students, a growing quantity of livestock. In hierarchical order, the dachshund, often to be found exercising on the stairs to the common peril; a number of highly coloured birds belonging to the Vice-Rector; a kitten which lives in the *portineria* but makes frequent excursions into church and attends all the main meals; and several sets of goldfish belonging to various people . . . some exotic veil-tails, or fan-tails, and some like lightly-gilded cod. And while on the menagerie question, the gardener was seen in the garden loading the rat-trap before tea, and he remarked darkly to spectators that the College rats ate *only* Parmigiano.

7th *Friday*. We were told to-day that Archbishop Godfrey had been appointed to Westminster. We offer him our warmest congratulations and our prayers.

8th *Saturday*. *The Feast of the Immaculate Conception*. Miss Madeleine Brown and Signor Aldo Fabris were married in the College Church this morning. In the evening, a film.

9th *Sunday*. *A Day of Recollection*. The gardener found a large rat in in his trap, but couldn't tell anyone about it till lunch.

10th *Monday*. We heard with great regret to-day of the death of Luigi, caretaker of the Villa for many years. He died as he was coming out of the church at Rocca after evening Mass yesterday. May he rest in peace.

11th *Tuesday*. The Rector sang the Requiem Mass for Luigi at the Duomo in Rocca. Afterwards the Schola of thirty who had gone for the occasion accompanied the coffin to the cemetery on the side of the hill.

This evening Cardinal Piazza gave Benediction at San Lorenzo for the feast of St Damasus.

16th *Sunday*. To lunch, His Lordship Bishop O'Gara, Mgr Ashworth, Fr Alfred and Fr Eustace O.F.M.

17th *Monday*. The first House game of rugby for several weeks. The weather and difficulties over the ground have not given us much of a chance. We have played one or two of the usual Italian teams, but this is a mixed blessing . . . some games in the past have been, I imagine, rather like the canonical definition of a *rixa*.

And here I must sign off. Unforeseen circumstances (no, I am *not* producing the Pantomime) make it necessary for a littérateur friend of mine to finish the work. May he make the College Christmas real to those far away . . . and may he not mention the fireworks on New Year's Eve.

18th *Tuesday*. Being anonymous, I shall not fear to mention the unmentionable fireworks . . . Forty Hours began this evening when the Rector sang the Mass of Exposition at 6.30.

19th *Wednesday*. *Scene :* Work going on down in the cellars.

Rector : Mr X, be careful not to stand in that wet concrete.

Mr X : Oh ! no, sir.

Rector : You are.

21st *Friday*. The new steps leading from the cellars up to the cortile proved their worth after tea. The annual operation of bringing up the stage to the Common Room took only twenty minutes instead of last year's sixty.

The Madre was thoughtless enough to send a note to my neighbour at supper this evening written on the back of one of Ricci's grocery bills. I must see the Editor of *Chi lo sa?* about this.

24th *Monday. Christmas Eve.* Last Christmas there was no *Chi lo sa?* This year there is going to be so much *Chi lo sa?* that it takes up two rooms, a Head Office and a Sub-Office. No doubt the result will be twice as large and twice as funny as usual.

25th *Tuesday. Christmas Day.* After we had polyphonized and chanted our way through Matins (very well, the Choirmaster says), the Rector sang the Midnight Mass. *Buon Natale a tutti*! And so into the Refectory for a snack and hot wine, up to the Common Room for a warm fire, carols and *Chi lo sa?* . . . and so to bed. For once in the year we fail to keep company with the crack of dawn. The Vice-Rector sang the Mass of the Day at 10. And so from turkey and Christmas pudding through coffee and *liquori* to rollicking fun in the

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1956

CAROL

A Babe this Day is Born

PANTOMIME

CINDERELLA

Cinderella . . .	Mr Ellwood
Baron Fig-Tree . . .	Mr Bourne
Baroness Fig-Tree (*his second wife*)	Mr Burke
Cleopatra (*First Ugly Sister*) .	Mr Dumbill
Ermentrude (*Second Ugly Sister*) .	Mr Pring
Buttons . . .	Mr Cunningham
Fairy Godmother . .	Mr J. White
Prince Charming . .	Mr Coyle,
Carmichael . .	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
Ponsonby . . .	Mr McGuire
Satterthwaite . . .	Mr Moakler
Herald . . .	Mr Mooney
Count . . .	Mr Richardson
Countess . . .	Mr Buckle
Police Officer Snodgrass . .	Mr McNamara
Police Officer O'Harvey . .	Mr Cooley

Pianist : Mr Murphy

Producer : Mr Mooney, with the assistance of Mr Burke and Mr Murphy

26th *Wednesday*. A flashback to their boyhood days for the College Rip van Winkles when the Film Man produced Charlie Chaplain in *The Gold Rush*.

27th *Thursday*. To-night, a good performance of *Harvey* in

ST JOHN'S CONCERT, 1956

CAROL
This Little Babe (Words by Blessed Robert Southwell, a former student of the College. Music by Benjamin Britten)

HARVEY
By Mary Chase

Myrtle Simmons	Mr Trevett
Veta Simmons	Mr A. White
Elwood Dowd	Mr Brewer
Mrs Chauvenet	Mr Hine
Nurse Kelly	Mr Dazeley
Wilson	Mr Walsh
Dr Sanderson	Mr Lethbridge
Dr Chumley	Mr Budd
Mrs Chumley	Mr Howell
Mr Gaffney	Mr Parker
Joe Smith	Mr Papworth

Produced by Mr Steele

28th *Friday*. I must mention that Fr Paul Clark and Fr Iggledon, Rector of Wonersh, are spending Christmas with us.

29th *Saturday*. *The Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury*. The Rector sang High Mass, and at lunch we were pleased to entertain His Excellency the British Ambassador, the British Minister to the Holy See, Fr Browne O.P., Mgri Heard, Hemmick, Duchemin, Mostyn, and Clapperton, Sir D'Arcy-Osborne, and Mr Douglas Woodruff.

With its nice balance between dramatic tension and light relief, to-night's play is an excellent play for production on the College stage. All actors played their parts with confidence and brought the play very much to life.

ST THOMAS' CONCERT, 1956

CAROLS The Holly and the Ivy
The Coventry Carol

THE PARAGON
By Ronald and Michael Pertwee

Delivery Man	Mr Hathaway
Kate	Mr Chatterton
Joan Rawley	Mr O'Sullivan
Jessica	Mr Lang
The Earl of Clandon	Mr Lloyd
Sir Robert Rawley	Mr Tweedy
Angela	Mr Allen
Maxwell Oliver	Mr O'Loughlin
The Unknown Man	Mr Curtis Hayward

Produced by Mr Downey

30th *Sunday*. A very good film this evening, *Reach for the Sky*.

31st *Monday*. Through the din of bursting bombs (fireworks is too weak an expression) I just heard the clock strike midnight. *Auguri per l'anno nuovo* !

JANUARY 1st 1957, *Tuesday*. Fr Paul Clark sang the High Mass. About to-night's play there is little one can say, except that the casting was noticeably good (did the producer have *carte blanche ?*) and that everyone laughed in the right places . . . and sometimes in the wrong ones. A splendid production.

NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1957

CAROL

The Coventry Carol . . . *Scholtz*

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE

By John Dighton

Dick Tassell . . .	Mr Russell
Rainbow . . .	Mr Rand
Rupert Billings . . .	Mr Wigmore
Godfrey Pond . . .	Mr Nash
Miss Evelyn Whitchurch . .	Mr Needham
Miss Gossage . . .	Mr Sutcliffe
Hopcroft Minor . . .	Mr St Aubyn
Barbara Cahoun . . .	Mr Magner
Joyce Harper . . .	Mr Davis
The Reverend Edward Peck .	Mr Short
Mrs Peck . . .	Mr Brennan
Edgar Sowter . . .	Mr Hay
Mrs Sowter . . .	Mr Kelly

Produced by Mr Loftus

2nd *Wednesday*. The film *Richard III*, starring Sir Laurence Olivier, was so long and, in parts, so gory that one unfortunate fellow fainted during Rosary afterwards. Or perhaps one hundred and six people in the Common Room for the film was too much for him.

3rd *Thursday*. An indecipherable note passed round the Refectory and its effect upon certain people lead one to believe that the producer of *The Gondoliers* is on the warpath.

4th *Friday*. Four somnolent lectures at the Gregorian, home for dinner, and a somnolent Opera rehearsal at 3.30.

6th *Sunday*. *The Epiphany*. Fr Iggledon sang the High Mass. At lunch we entertained Sir D'Arcy-Osborne, Frs Healy and Risk S.J. from the Gregorian, and Mr W. Teeling M.P. At the Opera this evening, refreshments were served in the corridor and on the terrace upstairs during the intervals, instead of inside the Common Room as usual. The system has its disadvantages—it makes for a quieter audience—but as there were 120-odd guests for the performance there was no room for tables in the Common Room.

A man may be the wiser for remaining dumb, where the glib talker grows wearisome . . . The babbler cuts his own throat ; claim more than thy right, and all men are thy enemies.

ANTHONY PHILPOT.

PERSONAL

We were very pleased to welcome to the College in November last year His Lordship Bishop Wall of Brentwood, who paid us a short visit while staying in Rome. Early in the New Year His Lordship Bishop Parker of Northampton spent a day at the College, and we look forward to a longer visit when His Lordship returns from Rhodesia.

Since the Magazine last went to press, the following former students have visited the College : Rt Rev. Mgri V. Elwes (1922–25) and R. Smith (1922–29), Very Rev. Mgr O'Neill (1935–42), Very Rev. Canons Davidson and Donnelly (1916–23), Revv. A. Iggledon (1933–40), R. Redmond (1926–34), J. Rea (1926–34), B. Jackson (1931–38), P. Clark (1934–41), P. Murphy-O'Connor (1943–51), W. Hunt (1945–52), P. More (1946–53), F. McManus (1946–53), B. Murphy-O'Connor (1947–54), Molloy (1947–49).

The following students have been ordained to the priesthood :

Messrs Brewer and Short by Archbishop Cunial at the Dodici Apostoli on 8th July 1956.

Messrs Bourne, T. Curtis-Hayward, Incledon, Murphy-O'Connor, O'Connor, Brennan, Collingwood, and McGuire by Archbishop Traglia at the Latin American College on 28th October 1956.

Mr Ashdowne by Bishop Canini at the Dodici Apostoli on 16th March 1957.

We congratulate the Very Rev. Mgr M. McKenna who celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his ordination in March this year.

The retiring Senior Student wishes to thank all those who have sent contributions to the Public Purse. We are also very grateful to Mgr Heard and Fr Rope for their very generous donations to the Library.

COLLEGE NOTES

ASSOCIATION

This season we were fortunate to obtain the use of the Gelsomino pitch for Friday afternoons, and as a result we had a good number of House games before Christmas. Unfortunately, however, the *custode* at Gelsomino has a habit of declaring the pitch waterlogged and unplayable after even the slightest shower. For this reason we have had only two House games since Christmas.

At the beginning of the season the College team showed a great deal of promise, and we looked forward to some worthy victories against other College teams. A convincing victory over a visiting Navy XI made a good start to the season ; a second Navy team took the wind out of our sails by beating us 6—1. To do the team justice, we may note that the game was played after lunch and coffee and liqueurs on 1st December. We lost our next two games, against the Pio Latino College and Propaganda, despite the fact that we had much more of the play on both occasions. The team so far had not lived up to its earlier promise, but that was partly due to the fact that we had to play most of the games on very small pitches. Eventually, however, the team showed its real worth by beating the Brazilians on their own (very minute) ground, the score being 4—3 in our favour. It was a memorable, keenly contested game, remarkable in that it produced both good football and much excitement. It is the first time we have beaten the Brazilians since 1947.

As usual, at the time of writing we have not yet played the Scots, but we are hopeful that our defeat last year will be avenged. The Americans are proving quite a forceful side this year : we hope to be able to give them a game in the near future. A victory in both these games, backed by our defeat of the Brazilians, would help to restore our reputation in the world of Gregorian soccer.

The following have represented the College this season : Messrs Lightbound, De Rosa, Murphy-O'Connor, McNamara, Buckle, Walsh, Rice, Linares, Parker, Creasey, St Aubyn, Cunningham, Pring, O'Neill, and Allen.

ANTHONY BUCKLE.

RUGBY

Every year rugby becomes more popular with the Italians, and the growth in numbers and skill of their players makes it more difficult for us to maintain our position. Thus at the beginning of the year we were refused the regular allotment of a ground. However, with one or two exceptions we have in fact obtained the ground on any Monday we wanted it, although at times we have been left in doubt till the last minute, and prospects for future years are not very good. Nevertheless, as long as we can beat the Italian teams, and beat them by what is recognized as the English style of rugby, they will always be anxious to play us and unwilling to deprive us of a ground altogether. Though the Italian teams have improved considerably, they still play an uninspiring forward game with little intelligent threequarters work. With a team strengthened by some outsiders from other colleges we beat Rugby Roma 22—3 and Lazio 16—9. The latter was a very rough game. We drew with A.S. Roma, 0—0, on a very wet day when our threequarter superiority was of little advantage. San Gabriele, however, beat us 16—11, a victory which they deserved since they played what was possibly the best rugby we have seen by the Italians, a game both clean and open. It is more difficult now to find games for a team drawn solely from the College, and we have had only three such matches, beating Olympico 15—12, drawing with C.U.S. 9—9, and losing again to San Gabriele 17—3. There may be one or two more matches later in the season.

House games have been well supported on the whole, though we usually have to make up numbers with players from the Scots, Beda, and Rosminian colleges. These games have been most enjoyable and of a reasonably high standard. Full sides from the College were turned out for a match between Theology and Philosophy, which the former won 11—6.

The following have played for the College : Messrs Travers, Lightbound, Murphy O'Connor (*Capt.*), Tweedy, Rand, McNamara, Wigmore, Hay, Buckle, Walsh, Grimshaw, Rice, Cunningham, Creasey, St Aubyn, Budd, O'Neill and Hine. Our thanks are also due to the Holy Ghost Fathers and others who have played for us during the year.

GEORGE HAY.

OBITUARY

The Rt Rev. Mgr Canon H. A. Hunt

Mgr Hunt has left us in the 72nd year of his life and within two years of his priestly Golden Jubilee. If there was anything he was looking forward to, it was that ; but it may be that he himself did not expect to see it in this life. He knew, as we all knew, that his health had been declining during the past few years, and some of us will recall how, when the honour of a Domestic Prelacy reached him, he jokingly remarked that he had one foot in the grave.

Mgr Hunt was a native of Leicester, born on 3rd April 1885, and was one of a large family, a family he was proud of, and he rightly held himself up as an example of those natural blessings that come to parents who do not shirk their parental duties. As a boy he went to Ratcliffe College, his first Alma Mater, and now to be his last resting-place ; then to Douai, where the Benedictines succeeded the Rosminians in the formation of his character. He always spoke with the utmost affection of these two great colleges, but however much he was attached to the colleges that were responsible for his early education, his heart was given to Rome and the Venerabile, and he never tired of recalling the happy days spent there. He was ordained as early as Canon Law would permit, in 1908, and came to Nottingham in 1909 as curate at St Barnabas' cathedral. It was not long before he was made parish priest of Woodseats, where he served for three years, going in 1913 to Melton Mowbray in his native Leicestershire. Bishop Dunn called him to the Cathedral in 1916. From that time I can speak of him from my personal experience, and a joy it was to meet him and find what a friend he could be to a complete stranger. He was made a Canon of the Chapter in 1923, and in 1926 became Administrator. In this capacity he had a great scope for his knowledge of the liturgy and of church music, and did a great deal in these matters for the Cathedral, while all the time applying himself tirelessly to the pastoral work of the Cathedral parish. Later he took over the parish of St Hugh's, Lincoln. Next he went to St Peter's, Leicester, and shortly afterwards moved to Holy Cross, Whitwick, where he spent the last twenty years of his life. He was made Canon Penitentiary in 1948. He was diocesan inspector of schools, and in this capacity he was seen all

over the diocese, an ever-welcome visitor wherever he went. Although of course, his own parish knows him best—he had a saying that it takes ten years for a priest really to know a parish—he belonged in a real sense to the whole diocese.

What a privilege it is to pay tribute to this really great man. For he was a great man, big in stature, broadminded, big in soul, and large-hearted. He loved God and our Lady, the Church, the Holy See, his own diocese, his own unceasing work for souls, and he would not tolerate any remarks that seemed to slight the diocese. And he was not afraid to use the word 'Love'. That seemed to be the secret of his influence : he was sought after by all, men, women and children, and especially was he influential with young men, in some ways the most important of our flock. Calm and gentle, slow in his gait and speech, he was full of seemingly inexhaustible energy. Many a time he could be seen taking Holy Communion to the sick before Mass, and again afterwards, only breaking his fast late in the morning. He appreciated the good things of life, but sat loose to all the common needs of the flesh, eating, drinking, sleep, and smoking too—for he gave up smoking. He was a patient man, and bore the infirmities of his later years with cheerful fortitude. He told me once that never a day passed in his life when he did not give a thought to his death. He was a humble man. From his large repertoire of stories and incidents he would always choose those that concerned some humiliating or embarrassing incident in his life, whether on account of superiors or his fellow priests, or his own mistakes, and he never seemed to mind making himself appear in an unfavourable light. He was a man not to be lightly opposed, because he knew what he wanted and could be devastating in his criticism of those with whom he disagreed. He had no time for anything savouring of hypocrisy or insincerity. He was a well-read, indeed, a learned man, and practically his only reading was his theology, sacred Scripture, hagiology, the ecclesiastical reviews, and the accounts in the press of ecclesiastical affairs. His long experience and knowledge of the diocese made him a valued member of the Cathedral Chapter. He wore his honours very lightly. He had the *Bene Merenti* medal, as well as the dignity of Domestic Prelate. I do not think I ever saw him in his Prelate's robes, although he deeply appreciated this bond with the Holy See : he preferred to go about as a simple priest, the father of his flock, and a friend to everyone. His rosary was in his hand when he died. Now he has gone from us, and his departure will leave a gap in the hearts of us all, and those of us who are getting on in years can safely say : We shall not see his like again.

H. E. Wilson.

The Very Rev. Joseph Canon Morgan D.D., L.S.S.

Three 'First Year' men met under the clock at Victoria Sation one evening in late October 1910, prior to setting out together on that unknown journey to the Venerabile and the 'Greg'. One was William Godfrey, enthroned yesterday (I write on 12th February) as Archbishop of Westminster. The second was the writer, and the third was Joseph Owen

Morgan. We met there for the first time, and began a friendship which lasted until the present.

I recall the walk with him around the deck of the cross-Channel boat, well into the night, as we chatted about the simple things of life, and exchanged confidences about our early schools and colleges. His early days at Mount Carmel, Liverpool, where his father was Headmaster, and where Joe's great ambition was to become a proficient swimmer, were often on his lips. He loved the water, and was the best swimmer among his contemporaries at the College. The 'Tank' at Pam gave him few opportunities to excel. It was from the Villa at Monte Porzio that he often dragged me to Lakes Nemi or Albano, and once enticed me out into the middle of the latter. While I, exhausted, turned for the shore at Vellini, he went on until he became a speck ; he reached the centre, and only then did he return. Joe never knew what it was to be beaten. He entered fully into the life of the College, both in Rome and at the Villa. He worked tirelessly to make the first hard court at Porzio in the vineyard by the Tusculum path ; and here again he was the best tennis player of his time. As accompanist and vocalist he was prominent in concerts, and was organist in the Chapel most of his time in the College. Joe was no mean soccer player, and figured at right-half in the team that became famous by beating the Scotties for the first time in the century, in February 1914. He even showed his artistic talents by his sketches after our inter-College games : 'Morgan with his hands full' holding the left-wing, I well remember.

I had a special permit, issued in those days, to go round the Catacomb of San Callisto without a guide. Joe often accompanied me there, at times when we should have been elsewhere, and we did much research on our own. He was very keen on 'burrowing' and 'brick hunting', and acquired quite a fund of information. Once in the Catacomb of San Callisto we got lost. With calmness he took charge of the situation, bade me blow out my long wax taper and stay put. He went off exploring, carrying his own lighted taper, calling to me as he moved about, to keep up my courage. At last he again found our bearings, and came back to the spot where I was. Those were the seven longest minutes I ever remember.

Long *gite* were unknown in our days, and the farthest I ever went from the Villa at Porzio was to Genazzano, a distance of eighteen miles ; Joe and I did the distance in summer heat between breakfast and *pranzo*. He was an eager long distance walker, and a most excellent companion to boot ; one never tired of his company. Such was Joe Morgan at the College. As years went by, he may have lost some of his youthful skill, but his unusual talents, his wit and his humour never deserted him. He had come to Rome the holder of the Roman Association burse of the English Martyrs. At the end of ten years he had gained his Doctorate of Philosophy with a *bene*, his Doctorate of Theology with a *summa*, and later, when he had left the College, the Licentiate of Sacred Scripture also with a *summa*. No wonder I would describe Joe Morgan as one of the best all-rounders I have ever met.

As Joe's room neighbour in the Catacombs Gallery, I know only too well how very human he was : among other things, how hard he found it to

rise at half-past five ; he would be asleep with his alarm clock in his hands at five to six. He could easily have been the model 'sleeping student'. It was the Retreat Father, Fr Patrick Leo C.SS.R., who had just given out his text for morning meditation : 'Zacheus make haste and come down'. The chapel door opened and in crept Joe, the late riser, nonplussed by our smiling reception.

He returned to England in 1920, did one year on the Mission at Barrow, then another year's Scripture research in Rome, back for two more years in England at Maghull, then in 1924 he was studying Arabic at Beirut, before taking over the Chair of Scared Scripture and Hebrew at Upholland. Later he became a member of the Catholic Missionary Society, where he distinguished himself on platform and in pulpit, and in his writings on Apologetics.

In 1932 he was back in the Chair for Scripture and Hebrew, this time at Oscott, where he stayed for five years. In 1937 he was appointed Parish Priest at St Joseph's, Chorley. Warm-hearted by nature, he found something lovable in the true Catholicity of this area. In 1940 he was back in his native Liverpool, where he was to remain until the end. Joe, although apparently sturdy and robust, suffered from sinus trouble from his early days in Rome, and at the end of his first year had an operation at the 'Blue Nuns'. An asthmatic condition developed later which remained with him through life, and was a severe handicap to him as years went by. It prevented him from much parochial activity among his people, for there were long periods when he was house-bound. It was a source of grief to him, who had an urge to mix with his people, that he could not do so. Yet he was never idle ; we read that he was a Censor of Books, Chairman of the Archdiocesan Finance Board, *Promotor Justitiae* of the Marriage Tribunal, a diocesan liaison officer with the B.B.C., that earlier he had served on the diocesan Commission which drew up the Catechetical Instruction for Sunday Masses. He was made a Canon of Liverpool Chapter in 1947, and had the joy of seeing his parish church, built in 1930 and dedicated to St Matthew, consecrated twenty years later—a witness indeed to his labours.

He bore his long illness with cheerfulness, fortitude and patience, and gave up his soul to God at the Lourdes Hospital, Liverpool on 24th November 1956. In a noble panegyric Mgr C. Taylor could say : 'The late Canon was uncommonly wise and had a wholesome fear of the Lord. None was more conscious than he of his own shortcomings. Let us then take consolation from the words of Ecclesiasticus, "With him that feareth the Lord it shall go well in the latter end, and in the day of his death he shall be blessed".'

JAMES MCNALLY.

THE REV. VINCENT FAY

Fr Vincent Michael Fay died on 5th December 1956, a few weeks after keeping the Silver Jubilee of his ordination, and was parish priest of the Sacred Heart Church, Gorton, Manchester. When he came out to Rome from St Bede's in 1925 he had two cousins already in the College,

Joseph Masterson and Richard Earley. He fitted into the Venerabile—as he had done at St Bede's and would later do on the mission and in the army—with simplicity, kindliness, and quiet competence. There was nothing startling about his performance, but he took his full share in everything. If there was a place to be filled in a team, a part to be taken in a play, a job to be done back-stage, a stove to be squeezed into a rucksack, hard labour to be undertaken at the beginning of a *villeggiatura*, a speech to be made at a debate, a draught of fresh air to be blown through the fog of a public meeting—Vincent could be relied upon; you hardly needed to ask him.

Fr Fay's life as a priest was of the same texture : virile, unassuming, adequate to the needs of his people. The parish priests under whom he served as curate were very happy with so calm and reliable a helper ; and the people readily gave him their confidence and cooperation. When the war broke out, it seemed natural that he should at once offer his services as a chaplain, and continue in the army the same even tenour of priestly activity. He was the first priest to enter Belsen at its liberation. Soon after his return, he was sent to found a new parish in a district he had nourished as curate. Undeterred by the impossibility of doing the building he would have liked to do, he patiently and effectively transmuted an old Liberal club into a church, presbytery, and parish hall. His last two years were spent at Gorton, where the love of his people expressed itself in their joy at his Silver Jubilee a few weeks before he died.

When they were preparing the celebrations for his Jubilee he found that he was suffering from cancer and had only a few weeks to live. With unruffled placidity he said : 'I suppose I'll have to go to bed. Since my ordination I've never missed my morning Mass, or my divine Office ; I suppose I'll have to now.' As long as he could prop himself up at the altar, he said Mass in the chapel of the hospital. When he was too weak for that he resigned himself calmly into our Lord's hands, and said : 'I don't mind what sufferings I have to endure. I offer them for my fellow-priests'.

It was a joy to him on his deathbed that he had been able to revisit Palazzola a few months before, and to feel that he belonged to the family of the Venerabile, who would not forget his need for their prayers.

T. DUGGAN.

In the next number of the Magazine we hope to publish Obituary Notices of the following former students of the College, who have died recently:

Rt Rev. Mgr T. E. Bird (1907–14), Rev. J. P. O'Neill (1912–19), Rt Rev. Mgr. A. Atkins (1921–28).

Requiescant in pace.

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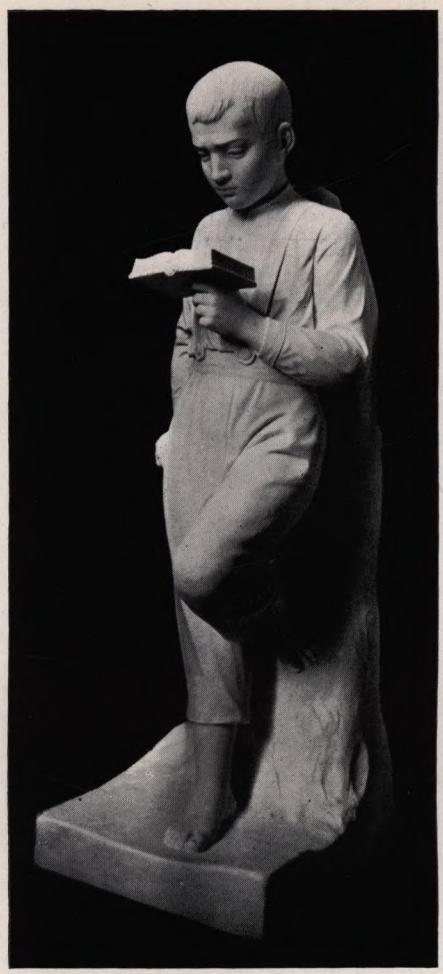

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