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THE CARDINAL KING OF ENGLAND

For a long period of the College's history it was traditional on the evening of St George's Day to lay on the tomb of the Stuart Pretenders in St Peter's the roses which had been worn that day. This custom is in abeyance at the moment but as the pages of the Magazine have been strangely silent on the subject of the century of Stuart exile in Rome it seems worthwhile to write, in this the 150th year of the anniversary of the death of the Cardinal Duke of York.

Few people know much about the Stuart exiles beyond a hazy recollection of a Young and an Old Pretender and the romantic story of Bonny Prince Charlie and the '45. Other than passing references, history books are silent about the full English court life which continued in Paris and Rome from the departure of James II after the Boyne until the death of Charles Edward in 1788. Even less is known of Charles Edward's younger brother, Henry, Cardinal Duke of York, who died in July 1807. Considering his many connections with the College and still more the memories of him which abound in the Castelli area this is a strange fact.

Frascati, of which he was Suburbican Bishop, contains most memories of the Cardinal, who was so beloved by the *paesani* that, on the invasion of the French, he was able to disperse his treasures for safe-keeping among the local cottagers; Monte Cavo, Rocca di Papa, Camaldoli, Montecompatri are also rich in memories of the Cardinal Bishop.

Henry Benedict Maria Clement was born on 6th March 1725 to James III (the Old Pretender) and his wife, Maria Clementina Sobieska, daughter of John Sobieski, King of

Poland, at the Palazzo Muti opposite the church of the Dodici Apostoli—the palace known for a long time as the ‘Palazzo dei Pretendenti’. On hearing of the royal birth Pope Benedict XIII came immediately to the palace and was led to the Queen’s chamber where James presented his younger son saying: ‘I present to Your Holiness the Duke of York that you may make him a Christian’. This Benedict did, baptizing him with twelve names—the second name conferred by the Pope as godfather.

There was much heated discussion between the two parents over the princes’ education and there is no doubt that, due to the influence of several of his tutors, the elder of the boys, Charles Edward (who was five years older than his brother) grew up not a little adverse to religion; but there has been so much conflict in the various Lives¹ about Charles’s Catholicity and whether he did in fact apostatise at Lord Westmorland’s home in 1749 on his incognito visit to London, that nothing can be stated categorically—except that he was certainly reconciled in later life. Henry, on the other hand, seems to have imbibed much of his father’s love of religion, and although they were often to quarrel in later years this was a bond between them and it was James, with Cardinal Valenti, the Secretary of State, and Cardinal Riviera, the Protector of Scotland, both great friends of his, who obtained for Henry the Cardinal’s hat at the age of twenty-two in 1747.

The brothers grew up together and enjoyed many a holiday at the Stuarts’ summer villa at Albano—the Villa Baronale dei Savelli which stood on the site of the present Palazzo Municipale near the tram terminus—and used to sail on Lake Albano in the gondola which the Pope gave them.

They were soon to lose their mother, for Maria Clementina died in 1735. She was temperamental and religious, two qualities which she had bequeathed to her younger son. The English College received permission to follow her hearse to St Peter’s where she lies buried and is commemorated by a painting over the entrance to the Cupola opposite the Stuart memorial.

In 1745 Charles left for Scotland to fire the heather and rouse the clans; even Henry was not told of his brother’s departure but played his part well in pretending that Charles had gone to Albano for a hunting trip. Henry was very eager to

¹ The sources used for this article are: *Henry Stuart Cardinal of York* by Shield (Longmans 1908); *The Life of the Cardinal Duke of York* by H.L.S. (Washbourne 1899); *Diario del Cardinale di York 1788*, *Il Cardinale Duca di York* by Prof. Atti (Roma 1868), *York-Howard* by Mons Bartolini (Roma 1884), *THE VENERABLE*, various issues.

go to Scotland and, but for an adverse wind in the Channel, was at one stage ready to embark. He spent the time of his brother's absence in trying to stir the French king into sending his half-promised aid.

While in Paris at this time the young Duke of York was shocked by the moral laxity of the French court, while the Duc de Richelieu complained of Henry's piety. 'He never passed before a crucifix or an altar without genuflecting like a sacristan', says the French writer d'Argenson. 'Such customs may be in vogue in Rome but we never practise them in France' (where, apparently, even to make the sign of the cross was out of courtly fashion). When Henry kept a council of war waiting while he was at Mass, Richelieu told him, 'Your Royal Highness may perhaps win the Kingdom of Heaven by your prayers but never the Kingdom of Great Britain'.

On Charles's escape from Scotland and arrival in France Henry was one of the first to meet him. However, a rift soon occurred between the two brothers, possibly due to the scheming of some of Charles's sycophantic followers. Perhaps Charles continued to think of himself as English (even, perhaps, to the extreme, which at least one author maintains, of wanting to be regarded as a member of the Church of England) whereas Henry was now very much a Roman and was, of course, fervent in the practice of his Faith.

Matters came to a head on Henry's election to the Sacred College—an act which angered Charles who realized that such an act would seem to associate the Stuart cause too much with the Vatican, and despite James's letter asking him to take the news calmly he stormed and raged. To requote the well-worn phrase: 'Henry set his Red Hat as a seal to the tomb of the Stuarts'. Certainly the cause had never stood at such a low level and as a consequence Charles refused to return to Rome or to hear Henry's name mentioned or his health drunk.

On 30th June 1747, in the Pope's private chapel, Henry received the Tonsure from the Pope in the presence of his father and the three Cardinals Protector of England, Scotland and Ireland, and on 3rd July was created Cardinal Deacon of Santa Maria in Portici (or as it was, and is, better known, Santa Maria in Campitelli).² Henry's biographers point out (as did Benedict

² This is the church to which James in 1751 bequeathed money for perpetual Masses for the conversion of England. At least up to 1908 Mass and Benediction were celebrated each Saturday at 9 a.m. for this intention. When in Rome Henry (and often James) always made a point of being present at the Mass, and according to some sources the English, Scots and Irish Colleges also attended regularly, although this cannot be verified for certain. My attempts to find out whether the Mass continues to-day were unsuccessful.

himself almost, it seems, in self-defence !) that twenty-two was not especially young for a Cardinal—Borromeo was also twenty-two, Peter of Luxemburg sixteen and Robert de Nobilibus only twelve. It is also interesting to note that Henry was the third prince of the English blood royal to become a Cardinal—the others were Henry Cardinal Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt, and Cardinal Pole, the grand-nephew of Edward IV.

Naturally the Hanoverian government rejoiced, for only one of the troublesome pretenders seemed left to claim the throne, as it seemed extremely unlikely that a Cardinal of the Vatican would ever be accepted by Protestant England.

Now, as during the whole of his life, there was much dispute over titles and precedence ; should Henry as a prince of the blood royal (though not the reigning family) have precedence over the remaining members of the College ? How should he be addressed ? (This was later to prove a bone of contention on Charles's 'accession to the throne'). These questions were solved to a certain degree but there was bad feeling on the side of the Roman aristocracy and some of the cardinals.

As was generally expected Henry wished to be ordained and made the speedy move from Subdeacon to the Priesthood on 18th and 28th August and 1st September 1748. The following year he sang the Mass of St George at the 'Dodici' where the feast was kept in splendour each year. While mentioning this English festa it is interesting to note that one of Henry's acts as Cardinal was to interest himself in obtaining from the Pope special honours for English saints. Certain feasts previously granted to the English College were extended to 'all ecclesiastics of the English nation wherever living' namely St George, St Edward, St Ursula and Companions, St Edmund and St Thomas Becket.

From the date of his ordination Henry led the life of a Roman cardinal of his day, taking a great interest in singing and matters ecclesiastical. His choirmaster was Galuppi, known to us from Browning's poem :

*Brave Galuppi ! that was music ! good alike at grave and gay !
I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play.*

(*'A Toccata of Galuppi's'*)

Cultured though not erudite, Henry had a natural taste for beauty and his villa at Frascati became one of the showpieces of Italy. He was greatly loved in his diocese, and all his life

(at least until reduced to penury) he was a generous donor to the Church and to the poor of Rome and Frascati. His health was never good and this rather accentuated his highly-strung nature, with the result that he and his father were often at loggerheads over the latter's interference in Henry's domestic staff and the Pope was often called in as arbitrator: 'the tracasseries of that family trouble the Pope more than all his states'. James, a gloomy and irritable sufferer from indigestion was used to absolute obedience, and he failed to realize that his younger son was now a personage in Rome and a cardinal, with a right to independence. Henry was a devoted son but wanted a free hand. The Pope, Benedict XIV, never seemed to like Henry but preferred James. He laughed at Henry's stately airs and the elaborate ceremonial insisted upon by the exiled Stuarts, which offended the Roman nobility. Although apparently a gifted person in many ways Henry was not an amusing conversationalist; after listening to Henry talking for an hour and a half, the Pope was heard to remark that he wasn't surprised the English had got rid of the Stuarts if they were all as tiresome as this one.

With those who accepted his claims and paid him proper respect Henry was very affable and friendly: it was to those (especially to the Roman nobility) who treated his title with sarcastic respect that he was short-tempered, appearing proud and vain. Indeed, he had a proud spirit and found his position a trying one: his haughty temper made him unpopular with the English Jacobites as it had done with the French sympathizers. He was not without a kind and gentle nature beneath his often apparently aloof exterior. His task was, it must be remembered, a difficult one at all times and he did not want to become a mere show for British trippers—for the Jacobite exiles had ceased to become a real menace to the throne of Hanover and had now become something of a curiosity. Henry wanted to impress upon people the fact that he considered himself the rightful heir to the English throne and not just the grandson of a self-exiled monarch keeping up pretensions to royalty.

In 1751 Henry was appointed Archpriest of the Vatican; a house in the Piazza della Sagrestia went with this office. His connection with St Peter's is remembered by the golden chalice studded with the Sobieski jewels, which can still be seen in the Treasury to which it was presented by Henry.

Just before his death—in 1758—Benedict XIV appointed Henry Camerlengo, the function of which office he was soon to carry out at the Conclave following the Pope's death. In the same year he was created Archbishop of Corinth and in the following year he became a Cardinal Priest exchanging his *commendam* of the Dodici Apostoli for Santa Maria in Trastevere.³ This series of episcopal appointments reached its climax in 1761 when Henry received the important appointment of Cardinal Bishop of Frascati. He now changed his former titular church of Santa Maria in Campitelli for the Cathedral at Frascati: this bishopric was later to be held by another Englishman, Cardinal Howard.

The new Bishop was received in great style and conducted to the fortress-type episcopal palace of La Rocca.⁴ This building was in such a bad state of repair that at a banquet in 1775 the floor of the twelfth century castle gave in and the guests, as well as their host, went through the floor into the coach-house below; Henry was fortunately caught on the roof of a coach and so saved. Needless to say he put the castle into thorough repair.

He took a great interest in the local seminary and was instrumental in taking its care from the hands of the Jesuit fathers and handing it over to the seculars. In 1774 he founded the fine library there.

One act perpetrated by Henry in his See brought upon him the wrath of many lovers of antiquity throughout the world, and to many it seemed, and still seems, an act of wanton destruction. He destroyed the last remnants of the famous temple of Jupiter Latialis on the top of Monte Cavo, using the blocks of stone to build a wall round the Passionist house which he founded there.⁵

The year 1763 saw Henry's appointment to the Vice-Chancellorship and his subsequent removal to the Cancelleria Palace near the College. In the *farmacia* at the junction of the Piazza della Cancelleria and the Corso Vittorio Emanuele hangs a document signed by Henry concerning the distribution of

³ The Stuart royal arms may still be seen over the chapel on the Epistle side of the main altar there—and are still shown to First Year men on walks.

⁴ In the Piazza Rocco, about 200 metres from the Cathedral and overlooking the Campagna towards Rome, stands what is obviously Henry's palace—it is now renovated and does not seem to be the present episcopal residence.

⁵ This house survives to-day, of course, as the trattoria, and the bar there is supposed to have been one of the chapels. No trace of an inscription naming the Cardinal of York can be found there now. Henry was very friendly with the Passionists and probably knew their founder, St Paul of the Cross.

free medicines to the poor of the parish of San Lorenzo in Damaso.

The long reign of the Old Pretender was coming to a close and by 1765 he was obviously dying. Henry wrote inviting Charles to Rome, anxious to patch up their quarrels. The Young Pretender had spent a very wild seventeen years since his return from Scotland. Sent from France as an embarrassment to the French Court, he had wandered round Europe incognito and had even visited Jacobite houses in London; he had also grown addicted to the bottle and the company of Clementina Walkinshaw (the daughter of a loyal Jacobite) by whom he had a child, that faithful daughter Charlotte, Duchess of Albany, who was to nurse him in his last years. In the meanwhile he had grown as 'English' as Henry had grown 'Italian'.⁶

James died on New Year's Day 1766 after a long illness, and the Stuart star began its downward plunge. His reign had covered sixty-five years, and he had lived from the escape of James II into exile, through the unsuccessful raising of the clans in 1745, until he saw his hopes of reclaiming the throne of England dwindle away. In like manner faded the hopes and allegiance of Stuart supporters, who could not see a likely candidate in Charles, this drunken, gouty figure who had once stood, sword in hand, at the head of the clans and marched with them down into England; nor had they any hope in the dignified Roman Cardinal. James had lived an exemplary life amid trying circumstances, and his death was deeply mourned by the Roman nobility and at the Vatican, as well as by the still faithful Jacobites.

The drama of that year, and the predicament in which the Rectors of the British colleges found themselves has been described in a previous article in these pages.⁷ The College was given permission to follow the cortège on its nocturnal progress to St Peter's, and a series of Solemn Requiems was offered. January 24th was the turn of the English College, when four Cardinals, including Henry, were present.

No sooner was the funeral over than the problem arose of the reception of Charles Edward in Rome—Charles III as the English in Rome would have it, but not the Pope, who decided against recognizing the new king, although he offered to call

⁶ By the end of the eighteenth century Henry had almost forgotten his English and had great difficulty in speaking it to the many English visitors he received. They usually managed in French.

⁷ 1766 and *All That*, THE VENERABLE, Vol. XV, No. 4.

him 'Prince of Wales'; but Charles was equally insistent on his rights. For the rest of Charles's life (and Henry's) the subject of titles was to prove a source of much embarrassment to the Vatican, especially as relations with England improved with the repeal of the Penal Laws.

However, the English and Scots Colleges and the Irish Dominicans and Franciscans all sang *Te Deums* for Charles's accession and prayed for him by name. On 31st March Charles arrived in the cortile at the *Via Monserrato* on an informal visit, heard Mass in the Tribune and allowed students to kiss his hand. The Rector, Fr Booth S.J., had been undecided about the attitude he should take to Charles's visit (as the Pope had forbidden Charles to be given the honour due to a reigning king) but his mind had been made up for him by the arrival of the royal coach in the cortile. Fr Booth was not the only Rector to receive Charles; the Rector of the Scots College had welcomed him and the Irish friars had been very pleased that they had outdone the English in their welcome. The Pope heard stories of a 'solemn coronation' at the English College (perhaps spread about by Hanoverian spies) and eventually of the true events at the Colleges and as a result immediately ordered the expulsion of the Rectors concerned. It is recorded that the Cardinal saw to it that the students were not punished for their part in the proceedings.

In March the royal arms of England were removed from over the portals of the Palazzo Muti and Henry—in the rather dated words of one author, 'settled down to a life of splendid tranquillity which is the lot of a cardinal in Rome'. In the voting for the suppression of the Society of Jesus Henry is down on record as a 'neutral' voter. His taking the seminary of Frascati out of the hands of the Society need not be taken as a sign that he was in any way anti-Jesuit, for it appears that he undertook this task out of obedience to the Pope.

Soon after came Charles's unhappy marriage to Louise of Stolberg, the 'Countess of Albany', who has been so often written about as ill-treated by her husband, and when she fled from her 'drunken husband' Henry was completely taken in and knew nothing of the affair being carried on between her and the poet Alfieri. He found out eventually and although he had been shocked at Charles's reputed ill-treatment of his wife, he was even more scandalized by Louise's present behaviour. He hastened to inform the Pope and have Alfieri expelled from

Rome ; Roman society, being what it was, sided with Louise against the Pope and Henry.

During the whole period of the Jacobite exile in Rome there was always an English spy there recording every move made by the Stuarts, and sending lengthy reports to his masters in London. Sir Horace Mann, the British Envoy in Florence, was for a long time the source of many of the rumours about the Stuarts which circulated England. Most of the Sacred College were very pro-Jacobite, some to the extent of acting as Jacobite agents. (Unfortunately little information is available on this interesting side of the Cardinals' life of 'splendid tranquillity' but Cardinal Corsini at the time was the chief agent of the French Jacobites.) The exception was the Austrian Minister in Rome, Cardinal Alexander Albani who was a strong partisan of the House of Hanover. This Cardinal Albani corresponded in cypher with the English spy 'John Walton' who described himself as the 'servant of the King of England in Rome'. Albani was also very friendly with Sir Horace Mann, who once said of him in a letter to his Government in London, that he was 'as staunch as a heretic in our favour'. Cardinal Albani sheltered the English spy in Rome and thus helped him to escape the searches of the papal police. Horace Walpole in London was so obsessed with the activities of the Stuarts, and especially Henry, that in 1782, describing an event which had taken place in London he wrote the following in his diaries : 'The Archbishop of Canterbury being confined by the gout, the *Cardinal of York* made the speech on the Birthday (George III's birthday, 4th June) at the head of the *Sacred College*'. (Meaning, of course, the *Archbishop* of York, etc.)

By 1785 Henry was still unreconciled to his brother and there seemed little hope of such a reconciliation being effected. There was, too, the unpleasantness over Charles's daughter Charlotte Stuart whom he brought to Rome to look after him in his last years and whom he created Duchess of Albany. Henry protested that the title 'Duke of Albany' belonged by tradition to the second son of a Stuart monarch—himself. He also protested that Charles's action in summoning a natural daughter to live with him was 'irregular and improper'. Eventually however, Charles's daughter won her way into her uncle's affections and even brought about a reconciliation between the two brothers.

Charles died at the Palazzo Muti on 31st January 1788 ; his last days had passed in comfort thanks to the help of his

Cardinal brother and the ministrations of his daughter ; he died, too, fully reconciled to the Church. The Pope refused permission for him to be buried as a sovereign in St Peter's, but Henry gave him a magnificent funeral at Frascati. His body remained there nineteen years until it was removed to St Peter's ; there still remains inside the central doorway at Frascati a lengthy inscription surmounted by the royal arms of England in bronze.⁸

Henry was now the claimant to the English throne and asserted this right by striking a medal: *Henricus Nonus: Magnae Britanniae Rex: Dei gratia sed non voluntate hominum*'. At the same time the younger son's crescent for difference disappeared from his arms and the ducal coronet beneath the Cardinal's hat was replaced by a crown.

In 1791 came the news of the repeal of the Penal Laws in England and it was Henry's task to inform the Pope of this joyful news ; we also note that it was his happy task to congratulate the students of the Venerable.

So life continued for the ageing Cardinal. Storm clouds were gathered in France however, and soon the Pope was menaced by the might of Napoleon's armies. To help the Pope meet the demands of Napoleon Henry sold all the family jewels—including the famous Sobieski ruby—thus reducing himself to great poverty. On the proclamation of the Republic in Rome in 1798, when the Pope was taken prisoner, Henry fled and the French sacked his two palaces. He took refuge with the Austrian protected court at Naples.

On 1st August Nelson beat the French fleet at the Battle of the Nile and shut up Napoleon in Egypt. Henry was living at the time in Naples and was driving in his carriage when Sir William Hamilton (husband of the infamous Emma) returned from carrying Nelson's despatch to the King of Naples. He stopped and told Henry the news ; the Cardinal, we are told, 'was quite carried away by excitement, hardly believing for joy'. To the young naval officer returning to England with Nelson's despatches Henry said: '. . . when you arrive in England, do me the favour to say that no man rejoices more sincerely than I do in the success and glory of the British Navy'. His acquaintance with the Navy and its hero was further improved when the Cardinal was entertained at Naples by Admiral Nelson, to whom he presented a silver-mounted dirk

⁸ The bronze arms are to-day somewhat battered and the royal leopards seem to have been unscrewed and removed from their quarterings.

and cane that had belonged to Prince Charles in Scotland. The Pope thanked Nelson for his kindness and courtesy towards the cardinals exiled in Naples.

It has often been suggested that Henry played a major part in Lord Edward FitzGerald's abortive rebellion in Ireland—the '98. Two reasons are usually suggested for this: because it was maintained that Napoleon threatened to set Henry on the English throne, and because of Henry's friendship with Valentine Lawless, Lord Cloncurry, who was deeply implicated in the rebellion. However, King George's kindness to Henry so soon after the '98 seems to prove that no suspicion was attached to the Cardinal by the English Government.

Henry fled to Messina with the Neapolitan court and eventually ended his wanderings in Venice, poor and destitute. News of his misfortunes reached London and King George offered him—through his Minister in Vienna—a pension of four thousand pounds for life. Henry accepted this with thanks feeling that he was not accepting charity since he, his brother and his father had for years been unsuccessfully claiming from His Majesty's Government the pension owing to Mary of Modena, the wife of James II.

Some time towards the end of the century Henry seems to have interested himself in obtaining English secular priests for the staff of the Venerabile. Writing in 1819, probably to Cardinal Consalvi, Sir John Cox Hippesley, who represented England in a discreet fashion at the Vatican, wrote: 'I should do much injustice to the memory of the late Cardinal of York were I not to say that from him also this reform received considerable support'. Cox Hippesley goes on to deny that he had specifically proposed Gradwell for the position of Rector, but admits that in 1792-3-4 he had made representations to the Pope in favour of English seculars, with the support of Cardinal Albani and the Cardinal of York.

In 1803 Henry was made Dean of the Sacred College and given the See of Ostia and Velletri. He was unable to leave Frascati and continued living there. The end came suddenly and on 14th July 1807 after an illness of four days Henry died. His body was carried to Rome and he lay in state in the Cancelleria while Requiems were sung at the nearby church of Sant' Andrea della Valle. He was laid to rest in St Peter's with his father and mother, and also with Charles Edward, whose body had been brought privately from Frascati.

In his last will the Cardinal renewed his protest of 1784 concerning his claim to the English throne and passed on his rights to the crown of Great Britain to the 'nearest lawful heir', who at the time of his death was Charles Emmanuel IV of Savoy. He bequeathed to George III (or rather to the Regent, later George IV, as the King was insane) as a token of appreciation for the financial help he had given him, some family heirlooms, including, it is believed (and this is a much disputed point) the Crown Jewels of England which James II had carried into exile with him. The formal protest (against the succession of Hanover) attached to this will rules out any possibility that the Cardinal finally acquiesced to the Hanoverian succession. The fine monument to the Stuarts in St Peter's by Canova was erected by Pius VII assisted by a contribution of fifty guineas from George IV.

So ended the main line of the Royal Stuart dynasty, although a steadily diminishing band of Jacobite supporters continued to give allegiance to the European branch of the family and do so even to the present day. This European connection is very tenuous, arising from the marriage of Charles I's youngest daughter to Philip, Duke of Orleans, and through the King of Sardinia, who married a daughter of this marriage, to modern times, when the son of the late Prince Rupert of Bavaria is the Pretender to the English throne.

It seems a pity that the College archives do not abound in references to the Cardinal Duke, who must surely have been a constant visitor to the College. The absence of any form of College diary for the time makes it impossible for us to find out, while his name would hardly appear in the Pilgrim Book; perhaps he was one of those constant visitors who appeared so regularly at the College that there seemed no need to make constant references to their presence. Again, of course, there was the embarrassing suspicion which the Vatican always entertained towards the Stuart exiles and the care which the College authorities would have had to exercise—especially after the events of 1766. There was also the Cardinal's obvious preference for secular priests to be in charge of the College.

However we do have abundant evidence of the Cardinal's activities in the Villa area where he was Bishop for about forty years. Close to the Villa, for example, he consecrated the main altar of the Duomo at Rocca di Papa and gave '*un'urna elegante per accogliere le sacre spoglie di Sant' Eutropia, e arricchì di molte*

reliquie l'altare di San Sebastiano'. He dedicated too several other local churches—Montecompatri and the Camaldolese Church near Tusculum. He repaired the 'Case delle maestre pie' at Rocca di Papa, Rocca Priora and Monte Porzio, leaving an inscription over the door of the last-named. Apart from these pastoral dedications, he consecrated in 1772 the main altar of the Gesù and an inscription records the fact. The College, in *villeggiatura* at Monte Porzio, also came into contact with him as the Ordinary. There was, for example, the 'Porzio shrine incident'⁹ which would have resulted in a certain coolness in the relations between the Cardinal and the College. At Porzio the Rector had placed outside the Villa a Madonna, which had suddenly become the object of great devotion among the *contadini*. The Rector was preparing further ornamentation for the shrine when the Cardinal ordered the curate to take it to the parish church. The Rector 'remonstrated, producing the bull of foundation, which exempts the College . . . from ordinary jurisdiction' but (continues the writer, the Rev. Robert Smelt,¹⁰ agent of the English bishops in Rome, writing to England) 'the Cardinal, who is both Bishop and King, sent peremptory orders to the curate to obey his mandate'. The Rector threatened that he and the students would come in a body to collect the picture from the church if not immediately returned. The result is that the picture is now back by the old Villa and is still the object of local devotion. However, 'Henry IX, who is as despotic a monarch as his ancestor Henry VIII, and full as impatient of contradiction, was violently enraged at the Rector, and now abuses him like a pickpocket'. To anyone who has followed the Cardinal's life this letter comes as something of a surprise and a shock. It may be however, that the writer of the letter is not writing without prejudice, for by the year concerned there must have been many students at the College who came from homes which knew nothing of the Jacobite cause and were loyal subjects of George III—the writer (who seems to use the words 'Bishop and King' and 'Henry IX' with more than a touch of sarcasm) may therefore have been one of the many who felt that the Stuarts had outlived their usefulness and may have been over-zealous in obeying the Pope's instructions

⁹ THE VENERABLE, October 1927.

¹⁰ He was an alumnus of the College and succeeded Mgr Stonor as agent in 1790 and was responsible for saving the Liber Ruber and the College Archives: 'I have desired a person at Rome to purchase the Archivium of the College . . . the ex-Rector promises to secure for me the (Liber Ruber)'.

about the non-continuance of loyalty to Henry as a sovereign. However, it is possible to see in these events a trace of the old, imperious Henry with the hauteur of the Stuarts and the impulsiveness of his mother.

Henry's virtues of generosity, loyalty to the Holy See and devotion to his office far outweigh the petty examples of vanity and imperiousness which have constantly been charged against him by men, who were, after all, trying to wipe out as far as possible in English eyes the memory of the House of Stuart.

So ended the hundred or so years spanning the gradual extinction of Stuart hopes, which had also run parallel with the period of the College's decline: the century had seen great changes in England as well. Henry's death left Rome for the first time in a century without a Stuart claimant to the English throne, and for the first time in four centuries (as the College was now in exile) without a centre for Englishmen in Rome.

BERNARD TUCKER.

SACERDOS INDUIT ALBAM

*Dealba me, Domine, et munda cor meum, ut in sanguine Agni
dealbatus gaudiis perfruar sempiternis.*

Clothe me with white
White robe for the white art
For the rain-maker of the hidden manna
For those who hold the white counter
And in the counter a new name written.

I shall walk with thee in white
Because I am not worthy.
Dead men's bones and little scarlet beasts.
Make these bones live, son of man
Wash crimson into snow upon my heart
(Unprinted snow, before they put the salt down)
Abate the ardour of my liver.

The bride wore white.
Bride of the lamb wore wool of the lamb
He was silent before his shearer
and they bleached it in his blood)
Reach me down a wedding garment
(For the fine linen are the justifications of saints)
Outside there is weeping and the chattering of teeth
But the children of the bridegroom must not fast
(Unless you eat this bread you shall not live)
Pass me my apron and I shall wait
for the coming of the groom.

And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse
 And he that sits on him is called the Word of God
 (And Brother Ass plods beside)
 This is the uniform of his chivalry,
 White knights, fumbling yet effective,
 To move and mate
 Cloud with clay
 Transcending, in the master's hand, the boundaries of black and
 white.

The cross's touch bleaches the hair
 I stand amid the seven candlesticks
 Or other incandescence yet to be devised
 Wearing my elder brother's clothes
 Taller by a cubit now, and old as he.

My teeth are white with Mary's milk
 My eyes swim from my Father's cup
 The sceptre at my feet shall never pass
 Because I wear the King's robe
 and the King.

Lord, by what I am to do,
 Bless all white things
 Chalk and cheese
 Trees in May
 Fields ripe for harvest, and agnostic Albion.

And may the clean of heart see God.

ANTHONY KENNY.

THE OTHER VILLEGGIANTI

It is a common complaint from the unobservant that the Alban Hills are devoid of birds. What strikes them most is the unbroken stillness of the summer woods, empty apparently of all but insect life. Their complaint has some foundation : Italy does not teem with bird life, and holds more interest for the enthusiast than for the casual listener-in who likes to hear a thrush or two lending atmosphere to the scenery. But the most noticeable thing about the birds of these hills is their wildness, not their fewness. In England birds are essentially inhabitants of the garden ; even on the wildest moor a game-keeper's cottage plot will be the centre of attraction. At Palazzola it is quite different ; the only garden birds are the tiny gold-crested wrens, who whisper to one another in the great cypresses at the end of the garden. Otherwise, the lower garden is quite empty, except for the occasional goldfinches and less gregarious greenfinches, who seem to come across it by accident rather than by design. Of the thrush in the apple tree, the dunnock in the hedgerow or the robin on the spade-handle nothing is to be seen. Neither thrush nor dunnock is found at all in these parts, while the robin and the blackbird must be sought deep in the woods, solitary and very timid, frightened into hiding by indiscriminate shooting. The English garden is a true sanctuary, except for the cats and bird-nesting boys : in Italy there are fewer gardens in any case, but even there the tendency to regard everything with feathers as edible has not fostered mutual trust.

It is certainly not true that there are no birds in the Castelli woods : it is true that times and places to see them have

to be chosen with care. Open glades, in the quiet times of day, can offer much of interest, and a very rewarding half-hour can be spent on the Wiggery and Sforza immediately after breakfast.

Arrived at the Wiggery, you may be startled by a pair of dark-blue birds flying off in alarm. Heavier than a blackbird, and almost partridge-like in flight, these are the blue rock-thrushes which replace in this part of Europe the more common thrush known to us. The little valley between the whiggery and the sforza is full of interest. Titmice hunt among the tree-tops lining the path. There are at least three varieties: the blue-tits prefer the higher branches, and their chitter-chatter seems to be everywhere, without any definite place of origin; the great-tit is seen less often, but when he does appear he indulges in no vague sibilant notes, but has a clear ringing *spink, spink*; finally there are the delightful longtails, which swing around from tree to tree in family parties, keeping close to the ground as if the breezes of the upper branches were too violent for them. It is to be hoped that the recent fire has not discouraged these birds and driven them quite away.

Now that the tennis-court is erected it offers a satisfactory series of perches for the spotted flycatcher. He works his way around diligently from pole to pole with that characteristic flight-pattern, stretched straight out, with a little upward flutter as he seizes his fly, and then on to the next pole. His *sip, sip* call is one of the most anxious cries I know, and sounds as if he had a whole brood in imminent danger of extinction.

Finally, the sforza is reached. It may be surveyed more comfortably from the golf-hut, free from flies and the glare of the morning sun. One needs binoculars of course, and when they are trained on the brown, bumpy expanse of the sforza a scene of great activity is revealed. One passes over the flocks of sparrows, also enjoying a *villeggiatura* from the city, and concentrates on more interesting subjects. Claiming first priority are the hoopoes. These birds, whose annual appearance in England always finds mention in the press, are more numerous out here. Not that this detracts from their interest; even in flight they are conspicuous, their black and white wing-pattern infallibly catching the eye. A certain gawkiness in flight, and their broad, blunt wings, remind one of huge butterflies. Seeing them at close range on the ground, one might be pardoned for thinking that they had crossed over with the scirocco from some African jungle. Standing well erect ten inches from the ground, they are

boldly splashed with black, white and pink ; an enormous curved beak is balanced by a crest drooping from the back of the head, giving it a pickaxe-like appearance. They feed on a flesh diet, including lizards, and forage all over the sforza until disturbed by the early morning golfers. Solitary ones are often started from those open squares of brown grass in the woods that mark, I believe, the sites of charcoal-burners' heaps. They are one of the few birds whose nesting is late enough for us to observe. Two nests have been located in past years, one in the wall opposite the church, and one in the caves on the Albano path. From observation of these caves we learned that many of the weird noises heard in the woods are made by the hoopoe. This bears out the general rule that gaudy feathers go with a harsh voice, and musical talent is monopolized by such soberly clad birds as the thrush and the nightingale.



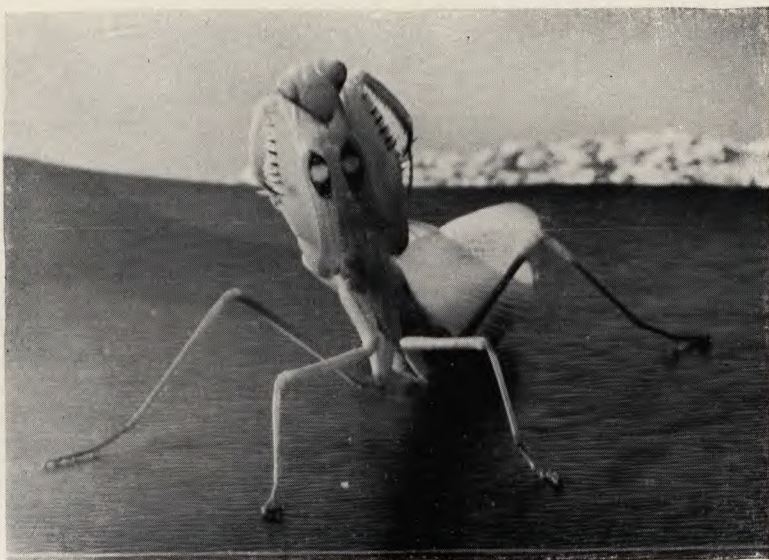
As interesting as the hoopoes, though not as loud in appearance, are the shrikes. There seem to be three varieties : the grey, the red, and the woodchat shrike. The last is the commonest here ; the best way to watch him is to find his observation post, often a dead branch to which he will return from his sallies after beetles and other large insects. He is a handsome bird, with a bright chestnut head, contrasting with

a black face and white underparts. He is well-built and compact as befits a bird of prey, if only a lesser one. He seems to have the family habit of impaling his victims on thorns when not immediately wanted ; the patches of bramble on the sforza will sometimes reveal such corpses.

Why do the large hawks, which glide majestically round and round over the Lake and attract everyone's attention, appear on the scene in the middle of July and disappear by the middle of August ? Between those dates they can be seen, and heard, at almost any time of the day. Usually they float midway between the Villa and the surface of the Lake with motionless wings, gaining or losing height by a flick of the tail or a slight tilt of the wing-feathers. Close observation has told us several things. There are three species that put on these aerial displays : there is the raven, who is not a 'hawk' ; he is easily distinguished by the unrelieved blackness of his plumage and by his full bass croak. According to the books he should not exist in this part of Italy, and indeed this year he has not been seen, though in the past he has been a frequent visitor. The other two species are the buzzard and the kite. They are similar in appearance and habits, but distinct enough when you know what to look for. The brown of the kite's back is definitely reddish ; his wings look less like broad sails, being narrower and having an elbow bend in the middle. Clearest of all, the tail is long and thin and ends in a slight fork, whereas the buzzard's is broad and fan-shaped. The birds seem on quite friendly terms and do not spar with one another. They both feed on carrion, and will not touch anything alive, generally speaking ; their main source of food around the Lake is presumably dead fish. One of the most puzzling features of their month's stay is that though they will occasionally stoop from a height, no one has ever seen them drop to the ground. Independent evidence for the fish theory is afforded by the discovery some years ago of fish-scales on a rock half-way down to the Lake. They are difficult birds to approach. One of the best views I have obtained so far was, from a window in the Old Wing, of a kite flying level with the Villa. Through binoculars one could see the head turning from side to side surveying the ground below, while the feathers of the head, the eyes and the curved black beak were all visible. On a second occasion I saw a buzzard, an enormous shadowy shape swinging in among the trees just below the church. It stopped suddenly and, with amazingly little disturbance for so large a bird,



THE SWIFT



PRAYING MANTIS

perched on a small tree about fifteen feet below me. Through the binoculars the flecked brown plumage could be distinguished clearly, and the hawk-like appearance, which seemed out of place in those leafy surroundings.

If these big birds are sailing around in the evening, they will often be set upon by the house martins which always put in an appearance at this time of day. These latter swarm in the gullies stretching down to the Lake, shooting this way and that like dark-blue arrowheads. They will torment a big hawk by sitting on his tail in a long procession, and as he goes gliding round they string out behind him until he becomes so exasperated that he brakes, does a half-turn, and drops a little, thus disconcerting the hangers-on, who soon form up again. There is only one other, as yet unidentified, member of the martin family who comes to us in any number. He is obviously on his way to warmer climes, for he does not arrive until after the swifts have left. He comes in large groups and at a considerable height, keeping up a very distinctive melodious chatter.

These are not the only Villa birds: many of the common English species, with one or two exceptions as noted above, are also found out here. Perhaps a word should be said about the barn-owls. Many people strolling in the garden after supper have heard those strange hissing noises coming from just over the wall. Few would connect them with a bird, but that is what they are, the white ghostly owl of Shakespeare's:

'Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.'

Several years ago, when the wall was being cleared of its growth of brambles and snapdragons, three or four fully-fledged owlets were frightened out of one of the holes. Early in the Villa the young are still being fed, and the parent birds can sometimes be seen as they whisper through the dark to their nesting-place.

Whatever the unobservant may think about the bird population, no one would claim that the Villa has too few 'insects' (which word is used by the uninitiated to mean anything that must be swatted on sight). A First Year Man soon learns not to switch on the light before closing his windows; and many a rumour that an ascetic is applying the midnight discipline has turned out to be an exasperated would-be sleeper running amok with a fly-swat. Those who can bring themselves to examine these nightly visitors dispassionately will find that

they are not all of the same sort. There is the mosquito, almost a gentleman, for he gives warning of his attack and can be kept out by netting. Then there are the two small but venomous individuals which are usually lumped together and given the single appellation of 'sandflies'. One, however, is like a smaller edition of the mosquito but without its hum, while the other, my particular *bête noire*, is a small opaque-winged insect which can deliver four direct hits in as many seconds. When you put on the light he behaves as if the wall had a red-hot surface; and in desperation you switch off and crawl under the sheet.

While dealing with venomous things one naturally thinks of the scorpion. This beast makes it his business to be seen by everyone except those who are interested in him: consequently, when the nearest entomologist has been hurried to the spot someone has already panicked and put his foot down. Such a cautious attitude can be justifiable, as happened recently when someone in the Old Wing discovered a vast host of legs walking around his room supporting six or seven inches of horny body. Not unnaturally he took alarm, and after dosing the creature with D.D.T. popped it into his bucket just to make sure. Whether it spent the night treading water with each of its thirty-four legs we do not know; at any rate it required much more D.D.T. to finish it off in the morning. Shortly after the exequies had been completed the bug-men arrived, and expressed sorrow that such a fine and harmless centipede should have been done to death. A more accurate post-mortem, however, revealed that the creature was the far from harmless *scolopendra*.

To complete the list there is the European viper whose poisonous bite is notorious, but which is often confused with our only other snake, the grass-snake. The easiest way to tell the difference is by the size: vipers are never longer than eighteen inches, while grass-snakes are often three feet long or more. Colouring and the well-known V-mark are not safe to follow, because the skins of both vary considerably. Both are met with frequently, as also are their moulted sloughs, wafer-thin and translucent. The viper usually meets a sticky end within the Villa grounds, though not always as disproportionate as when a fourteen-pound hammer was used by a stalwart working on the unfinished tennis-court. One party returning from Nemi had the opportunity of seeing the reaction of the viper to danger: they found it on the track just before it joins

the road. It was not disposed to flee, and objected violently to being prodded with a stick, making several abortive sallies at those standing around. Its attention was eventually diverted to a stone rolled towards it, and the technique of its attack could be seen. Contrary to what one imagines, it does not bite, but jabs like a hypodermic needle. It drops its lower jaw so that it hangs like a flange at right angles to the upper. By this movement the two venom fangs fall forwards, and the poison begins to run down them. The snake then throws itself at the offending object, taking care to ram home with the two fangs.

Turning from the noxious to the charming, we find a large and colourful variety of butterflies and moths, even within the garden of the Villa. Some of the rare or local British species are found here in abundance. There are, for instance, a large and a small variety of the swallowtail, which by its odd, sailing flight as well as by its striking size and colour, is the most noticeable of the butterflies. Grassy hillsides which receive the evening sun seem to be a favourite dormitory for the tiny blue butterflies and other small fry. They cling to the stalks of grass, the nondescript underside of their wings camouflaging them, so that the evening stroller will suddenly find himself surrounded by dancing wings, catching the warm rays of the setting sun. If he pauses they will all settle again one by one, like a class of noisy children being pacified by their teacher. The handsome chequered white admiral is found in the garden, and six of them were spotted in as many minutes on the way up to Monte Faete. In late July and August a large completely black butterfly appears in some numbers on the sforza, and as yet remains unidentified.

By far the most noticeable among the moths is an also unspecified inhabitant of the woods. It is a small black moth with narrow wings, yellow rings on its body, and a weak, fluttering flight. It is everywhere during the first few weeks of the Villa, but by the middle of August it has quite disappeared. Its place is then taken, though not in numbers, by the handsome tiger moths. At rest these look like prototypes of the Flying Wing, having a neat, triangular shape. Two of them are uninterestingly coloured on the over-wing, having a grey-brown camouflage which serves them well on rock surfaces. The third has a handsome *décor* of cream and black vertical bars. The surprise comes when they fly, for then they display a quite unsuspected flash of red petticoat, which at rest is hidden

beneath their sober exterior. Also deserving mention are the hawk moths, large specimens who come into action during September, flying into the Library and disturbing the card circles. They cannot be ignored like the common or garden flutterer, but boom round the light with cigar-shaped bodies and narrow, diaphanous wings, until disposed of.

We have already mentioned reptilian life. The lizards everyone knows, and our two dogs spend happy hours trying to eliminate them from the hedges. Perhaps people are not so familiar with our house-lizard; one sometimes comes across him in the tunnel, but he does wander into rooms. He seems more fragile than the other lizard, as if living indoors were bad for him. His skin is soft, and though spotted with a red and purplish hue has a pallid air which makes one suspect that he spends most of his time in the dark. We deduce that he lives on insects: when closeted overnight with the grub of a geometer moth, he was found in solitary confinement next morning.

We cannot conclude this article without mentioning that tiger of the insect world, the praying mantis. He only came to light last Villa, when a grandfather specimen was found characteristically devouring a hawk-moth on the window-ledge of the wash-room. For many days after his transference to a showcase he fascinated all by his methods of dealing with the grasshoppers given him. He seized and held them with his enormous hooked forearms, and then munched away with deliberate movements of his flat, triangular head, like some monster from the pages of science fiction. He could also put on a noisy display of mock fierceness when frightened: as these lasted some time we secured an excellent photograph of them. Unfortunately he failed to survive the journey into Rome.

To prevent this article from becoming a catalogue we have had to leave out many of our Villa neighbours who deserve a mention. We hope that interest in this side of Villa life will not flag, and that occasional accounts of it will find their way into the pages of THE VENERABLE.

MICHAEL DOWNEY.

ROMANESQUE

61—SCARPE DISPARI

I once helped to send a wire to Oxford. In the Abruzzi they are ashamed of their post-offices, and hide them. Strange: telegrams to Oxford are for them, one would think, the exception rather than the rule. Anyway, we found the place in the end, a strange oblong room reluctantly advertised by a yellow disc with PT on it. I mention the oblongness because the room was divided in half *lengthways*, so that you could only stand one deep in front of the counter, even if you were both lithe and slim Venerabile figures of men. The postmaster was elated, and made all sorts of extravagant promises about our telegram. You got the impression that he personally was prepared to shepherd it north across the Alps, that he would guard its integrity through the vineyards of Champagne and defend it to his last breath against the cynical employés of the Parisian post-office: that when it was at last decanted on the buff form at St Aldate's, he would be standing by in the shadows, a proud father, watching the precious words start unsullied on their last lap. Over his four-ply spectacles his eyes gleamed, for his vocation had found its fulfilment.

Perhaps Italians are kind to telegrams because they like things that go fast. At San Silvestro they even provide you with an upright typewriter to aid composition, and if you opt for the counter marked *Urgentissimi*, you half expect to see coloured lights spring up in a chain across the map as your message is handed on from city to city, a plate too hot to hold. The official in this department must be a kind of warrant-officer among

postmen, I think. He is smarter, and streamlined, and twinkles efficiently in his black-out uniform. Advertisements of his craft surround him—pictures wired from a Stockholm night-club or a ship sinking off Cape Cod. There is an esprit de corps about the Rome telegraph office. I wonder if this is the last stage of promotion before you become a supervisor, and the public is no longer allowed to look at you.

Half-way up the street on the number 60 bus route, when you are beginning to forget the post-office, it burgeons forth again. This time it is the financial department, a very long and bank-like room with every other hatch delicately stencilled 'Chiuso'. In the middle of this series sits the Queen Bee on a stool, taking all comers and solving their difficulties. You want to collect the four pounds that have been sent you? What you want is a *permesso governativo incassare vaglia internazionale importazione denaro estero blocco sterlino. Senz' altro*. She beams at you like a benevolent barrage-balloon—indeed, she gives the impression of floating slightly in the aperture—and you stagger out into the sun, mopping your brow. Gracious heaven, have I lived all these years and never realized this fundamental lacuna in my being? What she says is not advice, it is diagnosis. Authority speaks, as only Authority knows. After this you would think you had done with San Silvestro . . . but behind that imaginative façade there lurks at least another sub-section. One foggy morning every November when sensible men have not yet come to terms with the bell for the Greg, three sombreroed and muffled figures descend in quick time from a taxi in the Via delle Vite, whisk three suitcases off the box and disappear into the Parcels Department. A hold-up, you would say. This purposeful economy of movement is just like a silent film of gangsters at their best. In fact, it is the six-monthly despatch of Martyrs' Association leaflets. The sorting of these happens in a bright passageway, and to be fair to the functionaries, they are always very prompt and very patient. 'Au, Seppe!' shouts the man. Enter Seppe. Have all the envelopes got *Stampa* (Printed Matter) written on them? Yes, you say, you've checked them yourself. A sceptical smile crosses the lower third of Seppe's face, and they set to work while you breathe steam over them anxiously. Before the quarter of an hour is up, they have found five without *Stampa*, twelve under-stamped and seventeen without stamps. There will also be one without any address at all. As you leave for the University they

are feeding them into the maw of some machine which rolls round like a cement-mixer. Is this the one, I wonder, which separates 'Grangetown, Middlesbrough' from 'Valetta, Malta G.C.'?

Oh yes, I've been meaning to ask someone this for five years. What is pneumatic post? Presumably it works by suction, and if you put your hand in front of the letter box it should be sucked in through the slit, like water down a bath plug. I must confess that this has never worked in my experience, but perhaps it is better so. Firemen would never have a moment's rest, for mothers would be constantly telephoning for a rescue van because their small sons were lodged. Whatever it is, however, pneumatic is obviously a different genus of post, and faster than the genus non-pneumatic, otherwise it wouldn't merit a label of its own. Are your letters actually *blown* to their destination, do you think? One pictures a kind of wind-wavelength or private air current belonging to each country, with a correlative in-spiring machine at the other end; analogous, perhaps, to the 'beaming' of the Voice of America. This pneumatic post puts a new complexion on weather forecasts, of course. An anti-cyclone centred over Western Europe, and an important letter destined for Moggerhanger, Beds, England, would waver, fight gamely and then surrendering to elements too strong for it, pirouette gracefully into the Meuse at Namur and never be seen again . . . unless the small Walloon who sees it fall collects stamps, in which case the result would be the same. The more knowledgeable tell me that the Pneumatic Post is for internal Italian consumption only. They need not have worried. The system is obviously open to abuse, and while the scientists deserve a bouquet for discovering the pneumatic post, I prefer to entrust my ninepence halfpenny to some more secure vehicle. I will not believe the man who swears that he's looked through the pneumatic slot and seen his letter fall into a sort of common tub. How *could* he see, anyway? His eyes must have protruded abnormally.

The question of parcels is a vexed one, and my witness, as the Anglicans say, may well be partial. But then, anyone who is acquainted with the system has suffered under it. If you receive a parcel labelled SOAP, Unsolicited Gift, Colis familial, Gratuit, Value two shillings and sixpence, you may get it through the Customs. If you don't—well, perhaps someone in the College will issue a book one day on what to do then. It

should begin with 'Get a ferraiuola and permission to miss lunch'. Let us suppose, however, that the Dogana Italiana accidentally lets your parcel through. Seven weeks later you receive a postcard from the postal authorities. A *pacchetto* has arrived for you, they say conversationally, and awaits you at the *medesimo ufficio*, price 120 lire. What this is for, heaven only knows. Some people think it is a sort of poste restante fee, or like a personal call on the telephone, or a simple bribe for 'looking after' the goods concerned. Now I have thought a good deal about this, and come to the conclusion that it is a small fine levied by the government for receiving a parcel at all. It's not the sort of thing they are prepared to send you to prison for, but all the same 120 lire is a deterrent, and helps to stop an unhealthy habit. The major of the syllogism, if there was one, would be: 'All desirable objects are obtainable in Italian shops', and the implication—don't be sent things. It is just the same on the days when they condescend to deliver the parcels. (Is there some strange PO Kalendarium at San Silvestro with directions like '*Oggi pacch. non vengono portat. a case privat*'. '*Posta per Ingh. hodie nihil fit* and so on?) You are fined by your own postman instead of at the post-office. Pernicious. This, however, is probity itself compared with the machinery for sending a parcel. I remember helping to send some old shoes to Dorset (come to think of it, I do seem to get dragged in on this business rather a lot) or were they odd shoes . . . I can't remember. We arrived at the back of San Silvestro at an abominable hour, which perhaps was our fault; but you automatically assume that the most inconvenient time for you will be the only time for the *impiegato* gentleman. However, he was keeping English hours on this occasion—having his breakfast, they said. We turned our attention to the instructions on the wall for sending chocolate in sealed packages to the Yugoslav Zone of Trieste, and the time passed happily enough. About nine the *incaricato* hove to in the doorway at the back, wiping his mouth meditatively—and as he appeared, three dozen Italian ladies of varying ages swept in like lightning through the public entrance. Poor things, they must have been waiting for this moment for days, perhaps weeks. X and I (it was X's parcel) retired into a corner with a post-office pen and form in triplicate for which we had paid 100 lire, and began laboriously to trace out the Italian for 'odd shoes' in the space provided. Eventually we decided that '*Scarpe dispari*' covered

the case and, making a fervent act of faith that '*dispari*' really agreed with '*scarpe*', insinuated ourselves into the no-man's land behind a mammoth pair of rusty scales. Some time later we caught the eye (by main force) of The Man. He obviously had little time to spare, for he fobbed us off with three more forms—one of which, he observed graciously, we could keep ourselves when we had filled it up—at a cut price of seventy lire. This one had a space for '*motivo*'. Why, *egregio signore*, were you sending the aforesaid shoes to Dorset? Well, we thought about this for some time. Was it best to be honest? We would risk it. X went in search of some more ink (ours had been purloined by a customer) and then we racked our brains for the most elegant expression . . . '*perché dispari*' we settled on at last, and took the form hopefully back to the counter. The gentleman who had had his breakfast was now joined by an official, wizened and female, who, I strongly suspect, was his great-aunt or grandmother: she certainly seemed to treat him with a careless familiarity and condescension. Her arrival had been greeted with glad cries by the forty-seven customers now congregated round the boss, and she attracted a long queue. We joined the end of it. To each person she listened gravely and sympathetically, nodding from time to time like an expensive doctor, and when they had finished she directed them back to her great-nephew. We thus gravitated to the end of the queue we had started on. Half an hour later we pushed the papers across the table, but they had evidently served their purpose, for they were not even looked at. Why was the parcel wrapped up irregularly? We looked at the parcel. Seldom have I seen a more regular wrapping. But no, it would not do. Regulation paper and string, at a modest fee, was provided from a cupboard, and we retired to our corner to start again. It was rather depressing, you know. We felt that we were travelling back, not forwards. At eleven-thirty we appeared once more before the tribunal. Did we want to register the shoes? No, we said. Well, we should have to. It was forbidden not to register. All right then, we said, falling like gazelles into the trap, we would register the shoes. A relieved smile crept over the face of authority and he gave us a free form to complete, just as evidence of goodwill. The next thing was sealing-wax. Why was there no sealing-wax on the parcel? It was forbidden to register without sealing-wax. It seemed pointless to indicate at this stage that as all the string and brown paper was his, we could

hardly have sealed the package before we came, so we acquiesced humbly in our fault, admitting that on the one hand there was no sealing-wax, but that on the other, there should have been. All right, said the man, mollified, he would see to that. He waxed the string lightly and produced a pattern on it with a pair of pliers, charged us a hundred and thirty lire and bade us good-day. The office, he explained, was closing down for lunch. But what about the shoes, we asked? Oh, that was quite all right—the Customs were very good and would doubtless inform us when they wished us to be present for examination. Meanwhile, if we would take the goods round the corner to be weighed, we could buy the necessary stamps for postage. ‘Round the corner’ were four different counters for different sorts of registration, and a merry dance we were led; but at twenty minutes to one we arrived home for spiritual reading, heavy of heart and light of pocket to the tune of one thousand, nine hundred and fourteen lire. I don’t know whether X has yet been summoned by the Customs. And to tell you the truth, I’m not sure that I care.

English philatelists sneer at the foreign habit of having more than one sort of stamp—they seem to detect a certain lack of sobriety in commemorative issues. Perhaps they would not moralise so blithely if they knew how hard it was to buy a new stamp. The waiting, the arguing, the frustration, the final disappointment, the walking home with a hundred normal-issue pale-blue ones. This last sentence is almost verbatim a *cri-de-coeur* of the present stamp-man, and were it not for a slight flavour of acrimony could come straight from an Avancinus meditation on Patience. At Albano it is sometimes impossible to buy a stamp at all. No, they say definitely: No stamps to-day. (You almost expect them to add ‘There are really too many letters being written these days’.) Yes, you can try in the office next-door if you like. The office next-door has two, which it will sell you gladly, but if you want any quantity it refers you back to the first. The thing to do is to put the first office in direct communication with the second, and then stand back. This always makes me feel guilty—it is like deliberately inducing a short-circuit in the College electric system—but it may produce ten more stamps and a promise of more ‘When they send them to us’. *La prossima settimana* at the latest. Yes, madam, *buon giorno* to you, too.

Like the guide-books, I suppose I ought to put a bit at the end about the Vatican post-office. The strange thing about

Vatican stamps is that they go in peculiar values. I once made the mistake of asking for the wrong value, in fact for a fictitious stamp. 'Ungrateful clerk' the assistant seemed to say as he leant wrathfully across the partition, 'Are you not satisfied with the munificent issues at your disposal? Must you always demand what you cannot have?' In fact, all he did say was 'Reverendo, why do you want these stamps?' This set me back a bit. It's not the sort of question you expect postmasters to ask. 'To stick on a letter' I replied, sulkily. 'And where', he continued, more in sorrow than in anger, 'are you sending the letter?' This was really too much. 'England', I said, grinding my teeth. Mutely he opened his book, and mutely pushed across the counter the most uninteresting stamp he could find. This sort of curmudgeonliness is not what you expect to find in the walls of the Vatican. The best of the Vatican post-offices is the one inside, near the bookshop. It is always empty and less exasperation seems to be caused by polite requests. But after all, this is only Italian officialdom thinly masked. It was in first year that I grew out of expecting a kind of Vatican race of men who were quite different from anyone else. I am now beginning to suspect that the Vatican postmasters are not even simply professed, and that they live in Trastevere.

As much again could be written about delegation, but I'm not going to do it. When you are informed that some object awaits collection at San Silvestro the notice says that you can send someone else for it if you like. But, it remarks darkly, if the delegate is not known at the post-office, his character will have to be attested by the mayor, or a notary, or a third person of notorious solvency. That lets me out. All third persons of notorious solvency that I know are already my creditors, and although they must be beginning to know me at the post-office, it is an intimacy I prefer not to pursue.

ANTHONY PHILPOT.

A VIEW FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Why did the martyrs die? A theological question, primarily, of course; but here we ask it as mere historians. What were the historical causes leading to their execution? All over the country apparently good-living and harmless men were being slaughtered—out of hatred of their religion? No doubt; hatred drives men to extreme measures. But is that the entire answer? We here attempt to give a 'view from the other side'; to describe the religious problems of Elizabeth's Government and the policy evolved to deal with them. It was this policy which explained their deaths.

It was the plainest thing in the world to the men of the later sixteenth century that the Englishman's religion left much to be desired; and to none was it plainer than to Elizabeth and Cecil. The country had been subjected to chop and change in doctrine, and was the scandalized witness of a drastic decline in clerical standards. A spirit of cynicism was provoked by the doctrinal changes, and the decadence of the priests caused anti-clericalism. The Queen knew that she must raise the religious standards of her people, because she knew that good order in religion was necessary to the Queen's peace.

She knew that this was necessary, and that it was her own personal responsibility. It was she who governed the realm, a personal sovereign using Court, Parliament and Church as her instruments. If a problem arose at a national level, it was her problem. Such a problem was the religious disorder. She must solve it; she must have a plan. A plan she certainly had: as Mgr Hughes has shown, it was a layman's practical, common-sense reform to bring order out of chaos. There was the Act of

Supremacy, dove-tailing, after a due time-lag, into Uniformity. Parker, 'the first Anglican', was to do the more unpopular work of looking to the details of this *Via Media*, and dealing with querulous clerics.

This was Elizabeth's ideal, but the reality was very different. Two parties, the Catholics and the Puritans, would have no truck with this piece of pragmatism. Both stood by principle, and both were intransigent. The Catholic bishops were soon made painfully aware of the essential Protestantism of the *Via Media* by the returned Marian exiles. They refused to accept the Government plan, made a brave and forthright protest in Lords and Convocation, and retired from the scene. This left the Puritans the only apparent danger; they had a voice in Parliament and power in courts and offices. They were to give Elizabeth no peace for twenty-five years, and force her into a religious compromise in which she was to flounder.

However, they were not the sole possessors of the field. The Catholics might have been silenced in Parliament and Convocation; their voice was stifled, but they were not exterminated. They were a considerable force in the country, and had dangerous foreign connections. Elizabeth was alive to this, and had to shape her policy accordingly. The Puritans, on the other hand, had no such wide view. Determined to align the Church of England with the saints at Frankfurt and Geneva, they had a plan, and at first hoped that the daughter of Henry and Anne Boleyn, with Cecil her chief minister, would aid them. But their zeal had to be stayed, and they were soon forced to 'tarry for the magistrate'. They were baffled and then angered that the Queen should show any consideration for Popery. Alas, they had no sense of England's perilous position before the Catholic might of France and Spain, they did not share in the great feeling of vulnerability caused by the loss of Calais, and the sinister significance of England's financial weakness meant little to them.

While the working politician had many paths open to him as expediency dictated, the Puritan movement was being forced into a precocious party organization as it fought for its objectives. We are familiar with Professor Neale's 'choir' which sang so insistently in Parliament, and so often out of tune with the Government's attempts at a smooth harmony. They demanded a Calvinistic line in the religious legislation enacted; in the parishes they called for an excision of the late-medieval abuses that the

Lutheran reform of the past years had done nothing to remove. The Vestiarian controversy flared up, and the Puritans were chastened; but it was a Pyrrhic victory for the discredited bishops.

This was the crucial moment in the development of religious affairs, for the Puritans were beginning to realize that Elizabeth was not their ally, and began to embark on their own course. From now until the early 1590's the Government was under sustained attack. In Parliament a particularly sensitive spot was being probed: the fact that the English Reformation had been effected by King or Queen *in Parliament*. The ways of government were slowly changing, and Parliament was taking the initiative in matters religious; until then, Parliament had never taken the initiative in anything. The Puritan party faction, its very existence a novelty, was trying to force the pace. The Queen was worried; like all Tudor sovereigns she was desperately short of money, and had to face Parliament to get it. But when she met them they pressed for measures which would put paid to the orderly religious mediocrity she was trying to build up.

The story of the Parliamentary constitutional struggle is well known, but what was equally threatening was the Puritanism that was developing out of sight—the 'prophesying' movement. This was not as extremist as the name suggests: they were nothing more exciting than sixteenth century deanery conferences. The clergy standards were low: Parker's visitation records, his mass-produced homilies and injunctions show a clergy that cannot preach or understand the prayers they lead. The 'prophesyings' were regular meetings at which the clergy handed in written essays on Scripture, had them marked and commented upon, and there would be an instruction. The whole arrangement was to bring about a moderately learned, good-living and respected clergy. But alongside these admirable elements there were things quite unacceptable to the Government, such as Calvinistic liturgical ideals and even anti-episcopalianism. Here was a cell-movement, a response of well-intentioned people to the need of getting things done. To the Queen and Government it appeared in a very different light: such decentralized organization was dangerous. It was the crystallization of Calvinistic ideas on church polity, modelled on the theocracy of Geneva and the Huguenot state-within-a-state in France.

It is important to keep the French parallel in mind. 1562 saw the outbreak of the French Wars of Religion. Elizabeth was not interested in the Catholic-Protestant struggle, but rather in the methodology. Here was a monarchy severally threatened ; here was civil war and the loss of all order ; and above all, the basis of opposition was in the alliance of opportunist, disaffected nobles with the Huguenot religious organization. In England, the 'prophesying' movement was well under way by 1562, and Elizabeth certainly had her enemies among the nobility. Could not the French situation be repeated in England ? We can imagine how Elizabeth thought. In fact, the Puritan movement in the Church was not separatist, and in Parliament it was not treasonous. In church affairs it wanted to bring about 'a godly reformation from within' the Church of England. But to Elizabeth and Cecil it appeared as a cancerous growth that would eat away at the order and unity of the Church ; to the Elizabethan mind such order had to be imposed from above ; all must stem downwards from the Crown acting in Parliament and Convocation, through the Courts, Bishops and Justices. But it was precisely against the inefficiency of this machinery that the Puritans objected, and their objection was tantamount to treason, since in opposing the Bishops and other agencies of church government, and in criticising the Queen for retaining Roman elements, they were in fact opposing her in precisely those matters in which she had a strict constitutional right to expect full and 'true obedience'.

Elizabeth was genuinely afraid of the whole Puritan movement, not just of their carping over religious matters. It was in some ways similar to the pre-war Labour movement. Labour had its three streams, the Parliamentary party, the Fabians, and the Trade Unions ; all were connected with the 'Labour Movement' yet all were separate. In the same way the Puritan movement had its rank and file union of the clergy in their districts, with their regular meetings and propagation of ideas ; its intellectuals, led by Cartwright and founded on Cambridge ; and its powerfully effective group of laymen in Parliament. Added to this was the Queen's realization that the movement had strong backing in the most important sections of society : among the nobility there was Leicester, but more influential was the support of the leading laymen, 'rising gentry' we may still call them, in the prosperous towns of the Midlands and the South-East. Was not Coventry a model of those

Huguenot towns of France that were bastions against the Royal authority? Here were enterprise, brains and especially money backing a movement that was against the Crown in so many things, and whose theorist-in-chief, Cartwright, could allow separation of church and state, and even dispense with the Crown altogether. This is not to imply that they were or would become treasonous; far from it; but how was Elizabeth to know? She had to act on what she could see, and had seen happen in other countries.

The first crisis in matters religious came to a head in the winter of 1569-70. We have seen the Puritan side, active and threatening; we now glance at the Catholic population. These had long been bemused and hesitant. In the North they had been left to themselves for the most part, except where there were puritan strongholds, as in the Yorkshire towns. The Holy See had been grossly misinformed by Spain and over-optimistic exiles, and had refrained from a decision far too long. There had been a lack of priests, and only in 1568 had Douai been founded. But then there came two thunderbolts: the Rising in the North, and the Bull *Regnans in Excelsis*. Elizabeth could now see that the Faith must, in theory, be equated with treason, while the conspiracy behind the Northern rising showed her that she was beset by powerful enemies in Spain, France and among the Northern earls. She was thus disembarassed of illusions on that score long before the Armada was accidentally blown off its course towards England. These were the first rumblings of a Catholic attack; and from the Puritans she had Cartwright pressing for the full Genevan system of theocracy and enraged with the Queen for still opposing their all-out drive for the most 'precise' reform. Elizabeth had here a civil war in the making, just like the one that had troubled the French monarchy so gravely. Out came the virulent 'Puritan Manifestoes', a full-blooded attack on the episcopacy and a rallying call that would sweep Crown and Catholicism away. Here was a taut, dangerous society in which the very rock of order, the Crown, was liable to be overthrown.

So far, a partial attempt has been made to describe the state of mind of the Elizabethan age, as seen from one angle. As has been seen, the Catholics began to organize themselves and form seminaries abroad: this was as obvious a need to Allen as it was to the Puritans. First they must provide a clergy well grounded in theology and spirituality, who could

earn the respect of the people ; second, the clergy must bring back the Sacraments. There were as many earnest Catholics as there were Puritans : families who wanted a sound, positive faith in a cynical age. Young men were needed to minister to the truth amid so much *politique* religious contamination from lay sources. In acquiring their training they became suspect like the Puritan clergy, but in their case incurred the greater suspicion of Spanish and Roman connections. By the early 70's they were returning to England.

While they had been away, however, the Puritans had in no way lessened the Queen's fear of those who would not accept conformity. In 1575 Parker had died, and by a blunder Elizabeth had appointed Grindal, who was an 'exile' and who refused to ignore the good work being done by the 'prophesyings'. The organization of the Puritan movement went on apace ; at Norwich magistrates took ecclesiastical powers and encouraged Genevan preachings : here were the roots of a Puritan system of local government. The struggle between the Crown and Puritanism was to persist until the death of its leaders, and the repression of the Puritans by Whitgift and Bancroft through the agency of the Court of High Commission had foiled the attempt of Puritanism to change the Church of England from within. But while this was going on, many Puritans had gone over to the extremist groups started by Browne and Harrison. In London a separatist movement had started, going right out of the Church of England. The extremists went underground again, just as in Mary's reign. In these groups there was open defiance of the Crown, and through the agency of Field they had their voice in Parliament. Wentworth and Cope went so far as to press in the Commons for a full presbyterian state. We reach another high-water mark in the years 1588-89 with two High Synods of a presbyterian movement held at Coventry and Cambridge. We have the virulence of the Marprelate tracts. So it went on until the lull from after the Armada to the end of the reign.

It is to such an England that the martyrs returned. The Puritans had seen to it that their return was a threat to the Queen. They had to be met by the methods of a Government with its back to the wall. A parallel is suggested in Trevor-Roper's book on the *Last Days of Hitler* where he remarks, in the early chapters describing pre-war Germany, that the problem of a government by court clique is that although it is called

totalitarian, it is far from being so. To be totalitarian is to control every facet of affairs which come under your view—to master the totality. Hitler and Elizabeth were far from this, and they had no organs of government, so they took to emergency measures. Cecil put his spy system to work, and Elizabeth abandoned conciliation and took to repression. These were the panic measures of a Government that had lost its touch and was abandoning the ordinary means.

The martyrs did not return as heroes to do battle with a dragon, but as simple priests to do a job of work; and the job was one that England needed at that time—to be good priests, to minister the Sacraments and to witness to the unity of the Church. They succeeded at a great price, and formed a solid core of Catholics who were to remain faithful during further persecutions. They did a work whose necessity was as obvious to them as to the Puritans, and an inevitable part of which was opposition to the Government's plans for religion. Perhaps their reception would not have been so violent if the parallel threat of Puritanism had not been so great. In a sense, however, they had to be grateful to the Puritan movement, since it had so remorselessly uncovered the false front that the Establishment was trying to build up. From the beginning they had made the issues clear for the Catholics, in marking out the essential Protestantism in all that Elizabeth, Cecil and Parker had been trying to do. In response to the layman's, politician's plan for religion, Puritans and Catholics had presented the unyielding face of religious principle founded on strict theological theory. They were allies in their intransigence before the sham of an attempted Henrician church, decked out with favours to attract both Puritan and Catholic. The tragedy for the Catholics was that the Puritans were their dire enemies; the whole *raison d'être* of their opposition to Anglicanism was its retention of so much Popery.

Thus the martyrs returned. They had plenty of work to do, and many to welcome them and rejoice in their ministrations, from which came much success. A good clergy, sound purposeful religious teaching with the old Sacraments could not fail. We cannot say that the people as a whole accepted or rejected them; 'the people' as an entity did not exist; but certain powerful groups were afraid of them and their work. The Government, for instance, feared them; and the magistrates and local officials, who were Puritans for the most part and



EN ROUTE FOR PAM



THE RETURN

united here with the Government. We should also add to this a certain naivety on the part of many of the priests, because of what we would call 'bad intelligence' on the Continent. When captured, the priests were subjected to the usual barbarities of a cruel age, made worse by panic; though when this panicky spirit was not ruling there were attempts at conciliation, as witnessed by Elizabeth's house for captured priests at Wisbech. (It was perhaps conciliation for political motives—were there not attempts to create factions? But it showed that Elizabeth was at least prepared to bargain with the Oaths, and not simply to suppress. Many Catholics would have accepted a bargain that would allow the Faith to be taught quietly and the Sacraments administered.)

In all this it is hard to pick out villains, but easier to see heroes: and heroes not precisely because of the nature of their opponents, but simply because of the nature of the job they did, the uncertainty of it, and the constant fear of death. We can understand the position of their executioners, and the situation that brought about their need to die. Motives were not clear-cut; not all were bad, and many were good. The lasting picture should be that of priests faithfully doing their apostolic work and facing the consequences as they came; rooted always in the confidence that they were doing Christ's work as indicated by the teaching office of the Church.

THOMAS WALSH.

united here with the Government. We should also add to this a certain naivety on the part of the priests, because of what we would call 'bad intelligence' on the Continent. When captured, the priests were subjected to the usual barbarities of a cruel age made worse by pain; though when this panicky spirit was not ruling there were attempts at conciliation, as witnessed by Elizabeth's house for captured priests at Wisbech. (It was perhaps conciliation for political motives—were there not attempts to bargain with the Catholics, and not simply to suppress. Many Catholics would have accepted a bargain that would allow the Faith to be taught quietly and the

FLOOR SHOWS

Circles are formed, and the hum of voices mixes with the cloud of smoke that already obscures our view of the Common Room. The New Man slips shyly into a circle near the door. He has been in Rome almost a fortnight now, but this evening he feels that at last he is a full Roman. He has finished his retreat, and this morning he has attended his first lecture at the Greg—*lectio brevis* it is true, but still . . . This afternoon at Premiations he has seen a Cardinal distribute gold medals, and has heard an obviously very learned Jesuit discourse on a what was obviously a very learned subject. What subject he is not quite sure. With the strains of *O Roma nostris cordibus* still ringing in his ears, he sits back relaxed and at ease. If he is an observant youth, he will note that one or two familiar faces are missing, and that the Funny Man in his circle seems pre-occupied, and keeps looking at his watch with a worried frown. The missing faces must belong to keen students who, scorning the delights of the Common Room, are even now getting to grips with some tricky passage in St Thomas, ready for an enjoyable morning at the University to-morrow. Doubtless the Funny Man is impatient to get to bed early, the better to prepare for a gruelling Gregorian morning. *Sancta Simplicitas!*

Suddenly three knocks sound on the Common Room door. The conversation falters and dies. The Funny Man, now wreathed in the ingratiating smiles of the impresario, opens the door and admits a motley collection of figures. The New Man is frankly puzzled; the cynics sit back with an air of elaborate detachment; a solitary intellectual becomes immersed in *The Times*; and the rest sit back to see what happens.

First there enters a figure in the tunic of a beefeater, supported by the breeches of a Swiss Guard, and madre socks.

On his head there may be a top hat, a fez, or what you will. He is acting as vanguard to a Cardinal in a somewhat battered and outmoded ferraiuola, a prelate whose broad grin belies his exalted rank. There follow two or three other figures in whatever clerical or lay attire Props has been able to provide. The impresario shuts the door and leans against it (to prevent too hasty an exit?). The Cardinal is laboriously hoisted on to a table at the far end of the Common Room and, waving his cigarette to silence the jeers of the multitude, begins his address with the time-hallowed words: '*Non posso esprimere i miei sentimenti . . .*' and our domestic Premiations are under weigh.

I have picked on Premiations as being the most regularly recurrent form of Floor Show that invades the peace of the Common Room. Other forms turn up as occasion demands; no one really bothers whether they are in aid of the Nig, in memory of a recently interred film, or just an excuse for the Funny Men to work off the more appalling puns that the Editor of *Chi lo Sa?* has rightly turned down. Whatever the occasion, the Floor Show has certain essential elements: (a) A solemn entry, as already described; (b) A suspicious audience, as is easily imagined; (c) A sudden end, for reasons not unconnected with (b). There have been those who have tried to avoid the occasional over-heartiness of the Sudden End by bribery of the bell-ringer. Not open bribery, of course, but, just a light suggestion that if the crowd got nasty (ha, ha!) it might not be a bad thing if the bell went a minute or two early. It is rarely that such a course of action is successful. Your Deputy Senior Student is not only proof against bribery, but a man with a keen sense of justice. It is not his task to bring a merry evening to its conclusion one second before 9.30, especially if he can, during that second, stand languidly by the bell-rope and watch the evening's entertainers landing on their heads farther up the corridor.

At this point the writer had better make his own position clear. Some authors write about things in which they have taken part, others about things that they have observed. The recent article on Villa Walks came from the pen of one who, despite some protestation to the contrary, was never happier than when doing ten days in the Abruzzi on 2,000 lire, or when luring the less active to accompany him to Algidus at breakneck speed. In this article, however, the writer prefers to speak as an observer. Let us be candid. There was one occasion on which

he took a very minor part in a Floor Show—but that show ended with unusual suddenness, so the less said about that the better. No, it is from observation, not experience, that we shall speak.

Who takes part in these Floor Shows? Well, as already mentioned, they fall largely on the shoulders of the Licensed Funny Men. But there are others; simple youths enticed unscrupulously into minor parts. Before the dazzled eyes of the Simple Youth the impresario will dangle the rich prizes of fortune—the lure of the footlights, the plaudits of the mob. He will refer in passing to Public Spirit. Is the boy to take upon himself the onus of interfering with tradition? He is the only man for the part; the only possible Swiss Yeoman of the Guard in the whole College. Are hours of labour spent in creating a part for him, for *him* mind you, to be wasted? Impressed and/or cowed, the child gives a grudging consent. The impresario strolls off, exchanging with a confrère a mystic sign indicating that the fish is hooked. Poor Simple Youth! One experience of this sort is generally enough. For the true Floor Show is inevitably and magnificently a Flop.

Why this should be so is a debatable point, but the fact is indisputable. Think of any Floor Shows that occurred when you were a student. Can you remember even one that was an unqualified success? One or two may have failed to come quite up to full Flop standard, but the details of these have passed away for ever. It is the Flops that remain etched in the mind. Who will forget that night at St Mary's Hall in 1945, the night of the 'Nig Flop', with its Nigger Minstrels and their haunting refrain of:

We are the boys of the M.U.C., M.U.C., M.U.C.,

The Nig is crying out for L.s.d., L.s.d., L.s.d. . . . etc.

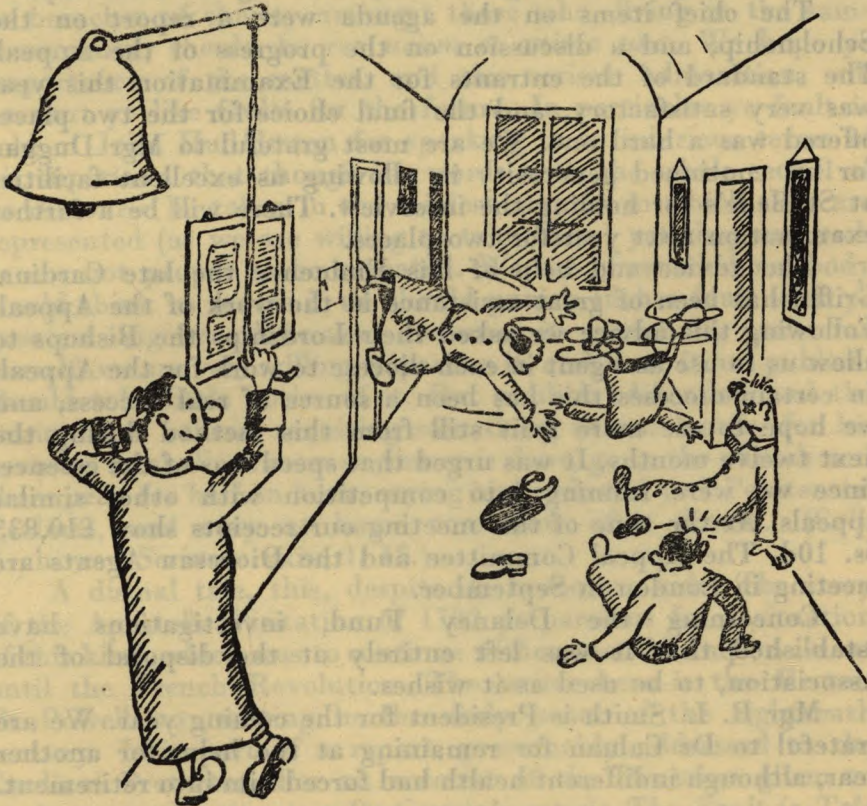
Such a scene sears itself on the memory for life. So, I gather from those who saw it, does the earlier 'Nightshirt Flop', inspired by a scene in the Crazy Gang film *The Frozen Limits*. As far as I can gather (and I may be wrong), seven nightshirt-clad figures, suitably armed with spades, marched solemnly round the Common Room in the midst of a puzzled silence . . .

One could list other examples, but it would be morbid to do so. Even in the Theatre the Flop lives in the memory—times when the curtain refuses to descend upon a paralysed cast, or descends with great gusto three seconds before the climax: but the Theatre Flop is, to my mind, in an altogether lesser category. Any noticeable lack of success is a stigma on

the stage ; but paradoxically enough it is the very hall-mark of triumph on the floor of the Common Room.

Perhaps you think I am overstating the case. Well, far be it from me to enter into the minds of the authors, producers and actors of Floor Shows ; but, in the last analysis, what do such men remember as the years pass by, and they look back upon the Roman scene ? The frenzied plaudits of the mob, at some particularly atrocious and topical pun ? Perhaps. The really successful show, that stood the test of breakfast critics ? They may. But I would submit that the smile of reminiscence plays most tenderly on their faces when they cast their minds back to nights on which they were flung precipitately through the Common Room door, with the strains of the Flop Song ringing lustily in their ears.

RICHARD L. STEWART.



"... he can stand languidly by the bell-rope ..."

NOVA ET VETERA

ROMAN ASSOCIATION MEETING, 1957

This year the meeting took place at Birmingham on Whit-Monday and Tuesday. We were happy to be able to welcome His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate and His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster as our guests, and thank His Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham for welcoming us to his city.

The chief items on the agenda were a report on the Scholarship, and a discussion on the progress of the Appeal. The standard of the entrants for the Examination this year was very satisfactory, and the final choice for the two places offered was a hard one. We are most grateful to Mgr Duggan for his continued generosity in allowing us excellent facilities at St Bede's for holding the interview. There will be a further examination next year for two places.

The advice and help of His Eminence the late Cardinal Griffin has been of great assistance in the work of the Appeal. Following this advice we asked their Lordships the Bishops to allow us to use an agent in each diocese to work for the Appeal. In certain dioceses this has been a source of real success, and we hope to see more fruit still from this method during the next twelve months. It was urged that speed was of the essence, since we were running into competition with other similar appeals. At the time of this meeting our receipts show £10,833 6s. 10d. The Appeal Committee and the Diocesan Agents are meeting in London in September.

Concerning the Delaney Fund, investigations have established that it was left entirely at the disposal of the Association, to be used as it wishes.

Mgr R. L. Smith is President for the coming year. We are grateful to Dr Calnan for remaining at the helm for another year, although indifferent health had forced him into retirement.

J. T. MOLLOY, *Secretary.*

FRACAS

'Whereas last Sunday in time of recreation after dinner, several discourses were held amongst some schollars, which were extreme reflecting and iniurious to Superiours; as also, some other things said concerning ye oath, with mutual uncharitable and rash reflections on one another, all are seriously warn'd to abstain for ye future from making these matters the subject of their conversation, which are so displeasing to God, and give such disturbance to a community. Let every one attend seriously to their own concerns, and to their improvement in vertue and learning; without meddling in what belongs not to them, according to that of the Apostle, *Attende tibi et doctrinae*; and if censuring and iudging one another, especially on false surmises, is so severely forbid in the Gospell, how criminal must it be, when it extends to Superiours, and gives so great occasion to breaches of charity amongst those who, living in the same community, should be *cor unum et anima una*. We hope ye importance of the matter, and this serious admonition, will prevent ye like faults for the future. In particular ye fault is told of John Huddleston for speaking in so iniurious terms of his superiour, that though his words with the whole sequel of ye discourse be taken in the mildest manner in which they are represented (as we are willing to take them) yet they are such as are not proper to be repeated. We are persuaded no body would think us severe if we should punish such a fault with ye greatest rigour; however, because it personally concerns ourself, we are very willing to pardon it, and, were it not publick, should take little notice of it. But publick edification and the example of others, requiring something at our hands, for his penance he shall, as soon as dinner is done, go to the church and there pray for half an hour, saying his beads and ye 7 Penitential Psalmes, and stay at home tomorrow after dinner.' (Coll. Archives: *Scrittura* xxix, 1, 18.)

A dismal tale, this, despite its humorous side. The story of the Apostolic Visitation of 1702 prepares us for a situation of this kind, which was to continue without notable improvement until the French Revolution. The writer here is the Rector, Fr Powell s.J. writing in the early years of the eighteenth century. It is part of a report, presumably addressed to the Cardinal Protector. For an account of the Penances given to students at the time see Fr Garvin's article *The Fault is Told* (THE VENERABLE, Vol. IV, Nos 1 and 2.)

FRACAS

Whatever last Sunday in time of recreation after dinner several discourses were held amongst some scholars, which were extreme reflecting and injurious to superiors; as also, some other things said concerning ye earth, with mutual uncharitable and rash reflections on one another. All are seriously warn'd to abstain for ye future from making these matters the subject of their conversation, which are so displeasing to God, and give such disturbance to a community. Let every one attend seriously to their own duties, and let no man belong not to their own, but to the service of God, and to the advancement of their own souls.

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th 1957, *Monday*, and a Happy New Diary to all our readers. A quotation to start the Diary with: 'All the world's a stage' etc.—which is what the gentleman said when it landed on his toe on the way down to the cellars.

This evening we went to Sant' Andrea for the Epiphany Octave Benediction, given this year by Cardinal Ottaviani.

8th *Tuesday*. Bishop Parker is staying with us overnight, on his way to Rhodesia. There has been a surprising rush on haircuts since the younger barber fell off his Vespa and broke his leg.

10th *Thursday*. This evening Mr L. W. Teeling M.P. gave a talk to the Literary Society on Parliament since the War. To lunch, Canon Davidson from Northampton.

11th *Friday*. Au revoir to Frs Iggleden and P. Clark. We shall no doubt be seeing the latter again next Christmas.

13th *Sunday*. *Feast of the Holy Family*, and a Day of Recollection. *Le ciel est noir, la terre est blanche*, or at least it will be if this morning's snow continues.

15th *Tuesday*. The *Campo* this morning is exclusively *dei Fiori*. All the stall holders except the florists (and, to be accurate, the butchers as well) are on strike against a new import tax on fruit and vegetables. Mr T. Morris came to supper.

16th *Wednesday*. *Disputationes publicae* for Theology.

17th *Thursday*. The Rector celebrated Community Mass at the altar of St Philip Neri in the Chiesa Nuova. The Mezzofanti Society to-night held a Balloon Debate. Owing to the President's muddle over the voting, everyone was ejected from the balloon except Mr Khrushchov, who had been talking (in Russian) for about ten minutes and really deserved to be ejected.

20th *Sunday*. The church of the Gesù was full to-night for the Church Unity Octave celebrations. Cardinal Agagianian gave Benediction, the Schola sang, and the rest of the College provided the assistenza.

24th *Thursday*. A gita day, which many of us spent falling off the ski-lift at Terminillo.

The History of Palazzola (from the Magazine) is being read in the Refectory. You feel a bit out of things unless you can join in with archivists and suchlike who are having a whale of a time nodding, frowning, tut-tutting, grimacing, chuckling and muttering darkly to themselves in the right places. Or so they say.

FEBRUARY 2nd *Saturday*. *The Purification*. The Rector blessed and distributed candles and sang the High Mass. Afterwards, accompanied by the Senior Student, he presented the customary candle to the Pope. Last year we had snow for the feast, but these days blue skies and spring-like weather greet us each morning as we leap from our beds at 5.25.

4th *Monday*. *Praeparantur examina*. Sssh!

5th *Tuesday*. To lunch, Fr Morris and Mgr Shaw. To tea, Fr Ambrose O.C.R.

6th *Wednesday*. Back to the University, which isn't really fair as not all of us have finished examinations. Something happened to the balcony to-day. It has not been white-washed, nor gold-washed, nor yellow-washed, nor pink-washed, but washed with every colour you could possibly think of. The authors, wisely, remain anonymous.

10th *Sunday*. *A Day of Recollection*.

11th *Monday*. We have four feasts to celebrate to-day: the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, the Lateran Treaty, the enthronement of Archbishop Godfrey, and the Vice-Rector's ordination anniversary. Our gross takings for the day were coffee and liqueurs after lunch, a smoke after tea, and a film in the evening, kindly supplied by the Vice-Rector.

13th *Wednesday*. A beautiful day, but bearing in mind the proverb 'Till March be out, Ne'er cast a clout' the wise took their umbrellas out with them this morning. Bearing another proverb in mind, the gardeners are making a compost-heap while the sun shines.

14th *Thursday*. The Rector celebrated community Mass at the church of S. Salvatore in Onda, over the tomb of Bl. Vincent Pallotti, one-time confessor to the College.

16th *Saturday*. Congratulations to the Infirmarian on his hat-trick. The third appendix of the season was packed off to the Blue Nuns this evening.

17th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Mr Ashdowne on his Diaconate. This afternoon, many of us went to the American College where the 'N.A.C. Band' gave a concert.

20th *Wednesday*. To lunch, Abbot Williams, Mgr Mostyn and Mr Woodruff.

23rd *Saturday*. Sad news awaited us on our arrival at the Gregorian this morning. Fr Healy, who had lectured in Moral Theology for a number of years, died suddenly yesterday. His obituary will be found in our University Notes.

25th *Monday*. At Sant' Ignazio this morning we joined in the Office of the Dead and attended the Solemn Requiem for the repose of the soul of Fr Healy.

26th *Tuesday*. Mr O. Clark came to lunch.

28th *Thursday*. This evening we went to San Lorenzo for the Mass of Exposition before Forty Hours.

MARCH 1st *Friday*. *St David's Day*. High Mass was celebrated by the Rector. At lunch and coffee afterwards we entertained the British Minister to the Holy See, Brigadier Collingwood, and Major Sewell. No post to-day, as the postal workers are on strike for better working conditions. As a mark of sympathy, our newly-appointed Post Man broke his collar-bone at rugby yesterday.

To-night's film, *Young at Heart*, was not to the general taste and was played to a half-empty and fully-dissatisfied Common Room.

3rd *Sunday*. Our guests at supper this evening were Abbot Williams, Fr McNichol O.P., Mr A. C. F. Beales from London University, and Mr O. Clark.

In the evening, the Shrovetide Concert, dedicated to *Rectori nostro, nobiscum ante quadragesimales abstinentias carnelevamen celebranti*.

SHROVETIDE CONCERT, 1957

TWO SONGS

Mosquitoes Sung by Messrs Brewer, Murphy-
Dina O'Connor, Moakler and Mooney

ORDER TO VIEW, OR OPEN HOUSE

A comedy in one act by Gabriel d'Hervilliez

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|---|------------|
| <i>Alec Murch</i> | . | . | Mr Burke |
| <i>Solly Cohen</i> | . | . | Mr Murtagh |
| <i>Lt-Col. Rigby Graball</i> | . | . | Mr Daley |
| <i>Augusta Graball (his wife)</i> | . | . | Mr Chestle |
| <i>Adolphus Turnbull</i> | . | . | Mr Coyle |

Produced by Mr Trevett

PRINCESS PAUPER

A Comic Operetta by Richard L. Smith

Ethelred the Unready (King of Lusitania)

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| | Mr Ashdowne |
| <i>Ermentrude (his capable Queen)</i> | Mr O'Sullivan |
| <i>Sophonisba (their daughter)</i> | Mr Papworth |
| <i>The Lord Chamberlain</i> | Mr Parker |
| <i>An Envoy from Mauretania</i> | Mr Walsh |
| <i>Chorus of Cooks</i> | Messrs Richardson, O'Neill, McNamara, Murphy, Howell, Budd |

| | |
|----------------------------|---|
| <i>Chorus of Maids</i> | Messrs Rice, Ellwood, Lang, Grimshaw, Allen, Linares |
| Pianist | Mr A. White |
| Musical Director | Mr Davis |
| Costumes | Mr Lethbridge |
| Accessories | Mr J. White |

Produced by Mr Philpot

4th *Monday*. Brilliant sunshine and a day gita. We dispersed to the four winds ; North to Soracte, South to the Villa, East to the mountains, and West to Anzio and Ostia. A small party went to Terminillo to ski and brought back one of their number in an ambulance. He is a little the worse for wear but, as the newspaper would say, *guaribile in pochi giorni*.

5th *Tuesday*. The Film Man tried out his *Long Arm* on us this evening and found we liked it better than his young heart of last week.

6th *Ash Wednesday*. The Rector distributed the ashes and sang the High Mass. To lunch, Mr Prickett. At tea-time Fr Hulme made his appearance in the Refectory.

7th *Thursday*. A special schola went to the Minerva to sing at the High Mass of St Thomas Aquinas, celebrated by Cardinal Masella.

We learnt this evening of the sad death of Fr Bolland S.J., who had been fatally injured in a street accident. Fr Bolland was English Assistant to the General of the Society, and was well known to the College. May he rest in peace.

8th *Friday*. After his plane had been delayed five hours, Bishop Parker arrived from Rhodesia en route to England.

9th *Saturday*. Our new Bath Man must be the first ever to forestall a threatened water shortage by staging a Sunday bath night on Saturday evening. Or perhaps he did not understand Medi's Italian.

The Senior Student and Deputy departed for their Subdiaconate retreat at SS. John and Paul.

10th *Sunday*. *A Day of Recollection*. Mr de Winton from the British Council spoke to the Literary Society this evening on G. B. Shaw. Mgr S. Monaghan came to supper.

11th *Monday*. Disputations. Two of our invalids came back from the Blue Nuns to-day, both without (temporarily) the use of their left arms. When you hear them playing the piano together you understand why the nuns sent them back.

12th *Tuesday*. *St Gregory the Great*. We sang and assisted at San Gregorio, where Archbishop Cunial celebrated High Mass. No need to congratulate the six traditionalists who went into the Tank : it was so warm that I nearly went in myself. Bishop Flynn came to lunch.

13th *Wednesday*. The Bishop of Copenhagen lunched with us.

14th *Thursday*. Fr G. Pitt is staying in the College.

15th *Friday*. To lunch, Mgr Mostyn and Mgr Power.

16th *Saturday*. Bishop Pearson and Fr Foulkes arrived. Congratulations to Mr Ashdowne, who was ordained priest at the Dodici Apostoli this morning. *Prosit* also to the Senior Student and Deputy who received the Subdiaconate.

17th *Sunday*. Mr Ashdowne sang the High Mass.

18th *Monday*. Bishop Parker gave an informal talk to the Literary Society on the Church in South Africa.

19th *Tuesday*. *Feast of St Joseph*. Fr Buckley sang the High Mass.

20th *Wednesday*. Bishop Parker departed in company with Fr Hulme.

21st *Thursday*. At lunch and tea we entertained a number of sailors from H.M.S. *Torquay*.

23rd *Saturday*. Another visit from the sailors; in the afternoon we played them at football and won 2—0. Afterwards they came and had tea in the College.

The carpet has been removed from the aisle in church, revealing a pleasing stretch of mosaic pavement. We hope that it will remain uncovered.

24th *Sunday*. Bishop Pearson and Fr Foulkes arrived back from a trip to the Abruzzi, where, it is rumoured, they have been visiting parishioners.

25th *Monday*. *The Annunciation*. Abbot Williams and Fr Anstruther O.P. came to lunch. Most of us went to the American College this afternoon for their performance of *Trial by Jury*.

27th *Wednesday*. Bishop Pearson and Fr Foulkes departed before lunch. We have been exiled from the church into the Martyrs' Chapel, as some changes are being made on the sanctuary. The liturgically artificial *in plano*, is being removed and the mosaic *pavimento* uncovered, as in the aisle. I'm probably wrong, but I think that if you follow the M.C.'s notes and walk up four steps you'll have to levitate after the third.

28th *Thursday*. Ten of us joined the *Vita Nostra* pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady at Genazzano.

29th *Friday*. Return to the church.

31st *Laetare Sunday*. Our mid-Lent film this evening, *The Battle of the River Plate*, was a great success.

APRIL 1st *Monday*. This afternoon we won the Scots match 6—1.

2nd *Tuesday*. Station at San Lorenzo. We went to the function in the evening, where Cardinal Costantini was present.

3rd *Wednesday*. The funeral took place to-day of Fr Zameza S.J., of the Missiological Faculty at the Gregorian, who died early on Monday. May he rest in peace.

4th *Thursday*. Yesterday's rain continues to pour steadily down, so our planned afternoon at the Villa had to be cancelled soon after breakfast. Having been baulked of our golf, hand-ball, gardening or other forms of entertainment, you might have thought the rain would earn us a short bell in the afternoon. *Dis aliter visum*. It held off for two hours. After supper you could either listen to a Wiseman talk on T. S. Eliot or to one of the students teaching Fritz (the dachshund) to bark. And the student had the last word, believe me.

5th *Friday*. An unknown sleeper (not one of ours) went to second lecture this morning, and slept soundly . . . until in the middle of the lecture his alarm went off noisily. Although it was a Scripture lecture, the Professor missed a golden opportunity of quoting endless texts on the subject of sleep.

As cortile-dwellers well know, there is no equivalent in Italian of our 'Children should be seen and not heard'. The problem of noisy children cannot be solved in the same way as that of noisy cats, so we continue to suffer.

7th *Passion Sunday*. The weather cleared up in time for the football match with the Americans on their own ground. We won 4—3.

8th *Monday*. Philosophy beat Theology at rugby.

10th *Wednesday*. Wings flap wildly and hats bowl away in the dust as the first scirocco of the season blows over the city.

11th *Thursday*. Another strike : the bakers this time. For some reason this means that our breakfast rolls are long and thin instead of short and fat.

At five o'clock this evening we attended a lecture in the Aula Magna of the Angelicum by Cardinal Costantini on the subject of Sacred Art.

After supper, a talk from Major Utley on the Influence of Italian on the English Language.

13th *Saturday*. At 10.20 precisely a tearful Top Year turned their *ferraiuola*-ed backs on the P.U.G. for the last time—or so they led us to believe. We learned later on that a number of them don't intend to stop at the S.T.L. . . .

14th *Palm Sunday*. The Rector blessed palms and sang High Mass. We went out of the rain and cold into Retreat with Fr Anstruther O.P.

The time is ripe, methinks, for saying something about the garden, around which we pace during retreats in a contemplative fashion and a tranquil frame of mind. The O.E.D. tells me that a garden is 'a piece of ground devoted to growing flowers, fruit or vegetables'. Just to show you that ours really is a garden, let me tell you that we grow vegetables, with which we bribe the *portiere* to water the flowers during the summer months ; we grown fruit, potentially, on the four peach trees which are now in flower ; we grow lots of flowers, mainly as entertainment for the cat, who can flatten a clump of six daffodils at one sitting. As for the goldfish, if they go on increasing and multiplying at the present rate some of them will have to get out and walk.

17th *Wednesday*. Out of Retreat into warm sunshine and the Tank, which is nice and clean and blue.

18th *Maundy Thursday*. On our way out after tea we noticed that two brass plates had been attached to the entrance doors, one saying VEN. COLLEGIO INGLESE and its partner, interpreting for First Year and visitors, VEN. ENGLISH COLLEGE. As a result there was a sizeable congregation for the function in the evening, celebrated by the Rector.

21st *Easter Sunday*. *Auf Wiedersehen* to the Vice-Rector, who is driving home through Austria. Everyone went at midday to St Peter's, where the Pope gave his customary blessing from the Loggia. In the evening, a film called *The Seekers*, which took us on a very Long Gita on horseback up and down the U.S.A. Our more modest gitas start to-morrow. Two of the O.N.D. have already departed for the Holy Land, and another is off to Malta. For the rest of us, going down to the sea in ships is all the rage: well to the fore are Elba and Ischia, with Giglio also in the running.

22nd *Monday*. Even the day-gitanti are having a watery time. One party, caught by a sudden squall, took refuge in a drain-pipe and quaffed wine with a group of friendly peasants.

23rd *Tuesday*. Keep left on the way up and down stairs this week, for the traffic is heavy. Colleges and convents are being shown round by what remains of the students. Thank goodness the history of the College is not passed down through oral tradition!

A party from Second Year Philosophy took the customary rose to Fr Delannoye for the Feast of St George. We were sorry to learn that he had been in hospital; we wish him a speedy recovery.

24th *Wednesday*. The rugby lorry bore twenty of us to Fregene and back, where the day was spent swimming. A whole bottle of calamine lotion was used in the Infirmary that night . . .

25th *Thursday*. More guiding, round the College and round the City, and a cowboy film this evening.

27th *Saturday*. Return of the gitanti.

29th *Monday*. *Transferred Feast of St George*. The Rector celebrated High Mass. Fr Hannon came to lunch. Third Year Theology departed to SS. John and Paul's for their Subdiaconate retreat.

MAY 1st *Wednesday*. *Feast of St Joseph the Worker*. And a *Dies Non*. The Senior Student and Deputy left for their Diaconate retreat at SS. John and Paul's. Fr Grech came to supper.

4th *Saturday*. The Rector sang High Mass for the Feast of the English Martyrs. At lunch we entertained Frs Bligh and Clarke S.J., and Fr Cottrell. After supper, the film *Moby Dick*.

5th *Sunday*. Congratulations to Messrs Rand and Tweedy, who were ordained Deacons by Archbishop Cunial in the Church of the Sacro Cuore this morning. *Prosit* also to Third Year Theology on their Subdiaconate, and Second Year Theology on their second Minor Orders.

6th *Monday*. A distinguished-looking camerata of three was spotted leaving the College this evening, and at supper revealed itself as Their Lordships Bishops Ellis, Murphy and Beck.

7th *Tuesday*. We heard that Bishop Heenan had been appointed to Liverpool. We wish him every blessing in his new office, and send him our heartiest congratulations. The Rector sent a telegram of congratulation on behalf of Superiors and Students.

After supper, we had a talk from Sir Arnold Lunn on 'The Catholic Balance-Sheet'.

8th *Wednesday*. Present at lunch to-day were Archbishop Campbell of Glasgow, Bishop Black of Paisley, Their Lordships Bishops Ellis, Murphy and Beck, and Mgr Heard, Clapperton, Wilson, Whitty, Ashworth. This evening Bishop Rudderham arrived, with Mgr Hookway and Fr O'Callaghan.

10th *Friday*. An impressive sight for those who returned home after third lecture. The French President arrived at the Palazzo Farnese, escorted by the Italian Cavalry in spurs and on motor-bikes.

13th *Monday*. *Feast of St Robert Bellarmine*, so no lectures. All went to Sant' Ignazio for High Mass.

We said good-bye after lunch to Bishops Ellis, Murphy and Beck; and very nearly to Fritz, who hopped into the car with Their Lordships.

In the evening, Theologians' Concert, dedicated to Bishop Rudderham.

THEOLOGIANS' CONCERT, 1957

THE ENGLISH COLLEGE SKIFFLE GROUP

Mr Buckle (piano), Mr Burke (clarinet), Mr Bourne (guitar), Mr Papworth (bass), Mr Lethbridge (percussion)

Stewball

St Louis Blues

CURTAINS FOR CHETNIKS

A lightweight tragedy produced by Mr Murphy, aided by Mr Wigmore, and abetted by Messrs Murtagh, Loftus, McNamara, Mooney, Steele, Hay, A. White, Howell, Smith and Walsh.

THE SKIFFLE GROUP AGAIN

A New Burying-ground

When the Saints come Marching in

TOP YEAR SKETCH

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE? *or* DON'T PUT

THE JELLYMOULDS IN THE FLAT, MONSIGNOR,

THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM IN THE CELLAR

A Monsignore Mr Bourne

A Chamberlain Mr Brewer

A Joker Mr Curtis Hayward

Miss Louisa Shuffworth Mr McGuire

Bishop Tearsome Mr Murphy-O'Connor

The Rev. Tom Bolsh, B.A. (Oxon.) Mr O'Connor

Tsahara Flees Mr Inledon

The Visitor Mr Ashdowne

Students Messrs Brennan, Collingwood, Short

14th *Tuesday*. At lunch, Fr Bevan from the London Oratory, and Frs McWade, Mullaney and Blenkinsop S.D.B.

16th *Thursday*. The ex-Senior Student sang High Mass at Santa Domitilla.

A farewell *pranzone* for Sir Douglas Howard, who was unfortunately detained at the last moment. Mr McDermot was asked by the Rector to convey to him our very best wishes. Other guests were: His Lordship Bishop Rudderham, Abbot Williams, Mgr Mostyn, Mgr Hookway, Fr Alfred Wilson C.P., Major Utley, Fr O'Callaghan, Fr Smith, and Mr Baker.

17th *Friday*. Good-bye to Bishop Rudderham, Mgr Hookway and Fr O'Callaghan.

18th *Saturday*. The funeral took place in the College Church this morning of Canon Merrigan of the Nottingham diocese, who died near Anzio a few days ago. The Rector sang the Requiem Mass, and Mgr Herlihy, Rector of the Irish College, performed the burial. *Requiescat in pace*.

19th *Sunday*. *Day of Recollection*. Fr A. Doolan gave the conference and came to lunch afterwards.

23rd *Thursday*. The Rector sang High Mass at San Trinità dei Pellegrini.

Abbot Williams came to supper, and also Mgr Ashworth, who does not seem to have suffered from a short rest in hospital.

26th *Sunday*. *Feast of St Philip Neri*. The whole College went to the Chiesa Nuova in the evening to assist at Pontifical Benediction given by Cardinal Masella.

28th *Tuesday*. Bad news for lovers of antiquity: an army of bronzed workmen is tearing up the cobblestones in the Via Monserrato. The locals say the street is going to be macadamised. This means that the worst part of the journey to the University is no longer the stairs at the Gregorian, but the first hundred yards of battle-scarred terrain. To crown it all, when we arrived at the Alma Mater the examination lists were up. *Che vita!* Still, life became more bearable at tea-time when Top Year did their bit and provided a gargantuan tea.

30th *Ascension Thursday*. Fr Buckley sang the Mass. Abbot Williams came to lunch.

31st *Friday*. Fr Topping C.F. is staying with us.

JUNE 2nd *Sunday*. Abbot Williams and Mr Walsh, Editor of the *Catholic Times*, came to lunch. Fr Buckley left this morning for England.

7th *Friday*. Last day of the scholastic year. Fr Bortolotti gave the *adhortatio* in Sant' Ignazio.

The Monserrato rejoices in the name but not the nature of a Via. From the Via Montoro to the Piazza Farnese there is a succession of pits and trenches, rain-soaked bogs, gas-pipes and so forth; most interesting of all, there is a pipe leading from a wine shop opposite into the College. . . . And for our entertainment during siesta time there is an army of men and lorries, neither of which sleeps during the day, one steam-roller, one concrete-mixer, a machine for spraying tar, and one pneumatic drill.



THE GARDEN PARTY



SMOKERS' HAVEN

9th *Sunday. Whit Sunday.* The Rector sang High Mass. In the evening we enjoyed a good laugh with the film *Simon and Laura*.

10th *Monday.* Lake Bracciano and the sea at Fregene were the main attractions on to-day's gita.

11th *Tuesday.* As you were, antiquarians: the cobbles are being replaced in the Via Monserrato.

12th *Wednesday.* This evening we welcomed Archbishop Heenan to the College.

13th *Thursday.* Fr Ronchetti to supper.

16th *Trinity Sunday.* High Mass celebrated by the Rector. At lunch to-day we welcomed to the College for the first time Her Majesty's new Minister to the Holy See, Sir Marcus Cheke. Other guests at our luncheon were: Archbishop Heenan, Abbot Williams, Mgr Mostyn, Heard and Ashworth, Major Utley, Mr McDermot, Fr Ronchetti and Mr Douglas Woodruff.

17th *Monday.* To lunch, the Irish Ambassador Mr Macauley.

18th *Tuesday.* *Let's briefly put on manly readiness*

And meet i'the hall together.

from which you will gather that I and others have examinations to-day.

Ad multos annos to-night for the first of Top Year to leave, Mr Brennan; and

19th *Wednesday,* after lunch, Messrs Incedon and McGuire.

20th *Thursday. Corpus Christi.* For High Mass and the Corpus Christi procession we made our way in the heat to the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The Rector sang the Mass. After orangeade and maritozzi we dashed back for a much-needed swim. Someone tells me that it was already 82° in the shade at five this morning.

This evening Sir Marcus Cheke held a reception in the College garden. Sir Marcus's residence is not yet ready for him, so the Rector offered him the use of our garden for the reception, to which we were kindly invited.

Messrs Brewer, Bourne, Ashdowne, and Murphy-O'Connor left us to-night.

22nd *Saturday.* Fr P. Moore is staying with us.

26th *Wednesday.* Last night we said good-bye to Archbishop Heenan, and sang *Ad multos annos* to Messrs Curtis Hayward and Collingwood. To-day brought the return of cooler weather and the Vice-Rector; and we sang the last *Ad multos annos*, for Mr Short.

27th *Thursday.* Just before lunch, Fr Rope left for his holiday in England.

Bishop Bouter came to lunch with two of his students, and spoke to us afterwards in the Common Room.

29th *Saturday.* To lunch, Abbot Williams.

Auguri to the next Diarist; and *prosit* to the man who spots this quote:

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking

But shift away . . .

PAUL MOAKLER.

PERSONAL

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP HEENAN

Present members of the College welcomed Dr Heenan as a guest when he visited Rome last June, so were able to express their congratulations personally, and in a harmonious and time-honoured manner. Now, joining with all past members, we would like to say once again how happy we are that he has been made Archbishop of Liverpool. We are confident that his spiritual outlook and clear-sightedness will bring him success in his new See. We promise him our prayers, and wish him many rewarding years as Archbishop.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DWYER

It is also our privilege to congratulate Mgr Dwyer, regarding whom THE VENERABLE has a double duty. We send him our good wishes on his appointment to the See of Leeds, and rejoice with him in his priestly Silver Jubilee, which he celebrates next November. We pray that the next twenty-five years will be as fruitful in the episcopate as his years in the Catholic Missionary Society have been. *Omnia fausta exoptamus.*

THE RIGHT REV. C. E. J. RESTIEUX, Bishop of Plymouth, also celebrates his Silver Jubilee next November; to him also we send our sincere good wishes.

Heartiest congratulations also to the Rev. J. R. Meagher (1902-09), who keeps his Golden Jubilee this year; and to the following who keep their Silver Jubilees: in July, the Right Rev. Mgr T. Duggan, and the Rev. J. J. Cashman (both 1926-33); in November, the Very Rev. Mgr J. Park, and the Revv. W. Kelly, A. Tomei (1926-33), J. A. Rea, R. P. Redmond, T. J. Lynch (1926-34).

We congratulate the Right Rev. Mgr T. Duggan once again, on being made a Domestic Prelate. The Very Rev. W. O'Leary (1921-28) has been made an Honorary Canon of the Salford Chapter; the Very Rev. S. Monaghan has been made a Privy Chamberlain. Our good wishes to both.



We were pleased to welcome to the College His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool, Their Lordships the Bishops of Lancaster, Northampton, Nottingham, Shrewsbury, Clifton, Salford, Brentwood, Middlesbrough and Leeds, and His Lordship Bishop Pearson.

The following former students have visited the College since the last issue of the Magazine went to press : the Very Rev. Mgr S. Monaghan, the Revv. T. Ronchetti, A. Hulme, G. Pitt, P. McEnroe, B. Hannon, E. McCann, M. Grech, P. Moore and A. Foulkes.

The appointments of post-graduate students and Top Year are as follows :

Rev. B. Travers to Guardian Angels, Bury, Lancs.

Rev. A. Kenny (1949) to Oxford, for studies in connection with the Doctorate of Sacred Theology.

Rev. J. Brewer, Rev. J. Short, Rev. T. Curtis Hayward, and Rev. M. Ashdowne return to Rome for post-graduate work.

Rev. P. Bourne to St Edmund's College, Ware.

Rev. R. Incedon to St Matthias, Worcester Park, Surrey.

Rev. C. Murphy-O'Connor to Corpus Christi, Portsmouth.

Rev. J. O'Connor to St Edmund's House, Cambridge.

Rev. J. Brennan to Corpus Christi, Tonbridge, Kent.

Rev. P. McGuire to St Marie, Norfolk Row, Sheffield 1.

The Senior Student from March 1958 will be Mr Michael Bowen. The Deputy Senior Student will be Mr Brian McNamara.

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The appointments of post-graduate students and Top Year are as follows:

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

Editor : Mr Steele

Sub-Editor : Mr Trevett

Sixth Member : Mr Chestle

Secretary : Mr McNamara

Under-Secretary : Mr Chatterton

Fifth Member : Mr Dumbill

UNIVERSITY

It is with great regret that we record the death of Fr Edwin Healy S.J., Professor of Moral Theology, who died suddenly on 22nd February. He was a comparative newcomer to the Gregorian, having been Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology at West Baden College, Indiana, from 1939 until he came to Rome in 1952. In these five years he secured a unique place in the affections of Professors and students alike. The sense of personal loss felt throughout the University was a measure of the esteem in which he was held.

Fr Healy had a great capacity for work. He supervised a very large number of doctorate theses, and after his death five new courses were started to cater for the practical exercises which had been inscribed with him. As well as being spiritual director to many institutions in Rome, he conducted special evening classes in English on Pastoral Theology, in which his personal kindness was communicated to the students, who were thereby encouraged to come to him with all manner of problems. Many of those who went to pray by his bier found it hard to recognize him : for the first time there was no smile.

Two other deaths have also occurred among the Professors during the year. Fr José Zameza S.J., who died on 1st April, founded the Missiological Faculty in 1932 and was its Dean right up to the time of his death. Fr Francesco Gaetani S.J. died on 15th July a few days before his 68th birthday. Only last year he relinquished the office of President of the Institute of Higher Religious Culture. Editor of *Civiltà Cattolica* for the past

fifteen years, he also lectured on Experimental Psychology. We knew him and liked him as a kindly and sympathetic examiner. *Requiescant in pace.*

In the Fundamentals course in Theology Fr Tromp is now assisted by Fr Dhanis, who has taken over the Christological section of *De Revelatione*; and Fr Zapelena now confines his attention to the dogmatic section of *De Ecclesia*, leaving the apologetic section to Fr Sullivan, a new Professor from America. In Dogma this year another American Professor, Fr Wright, took over the tract *De Novissimis* from Fr Alfaro. In Philosophy Fr Goenaga now only teaches Special Ethics, leaving General Ethics to Fr de Finance.

It was announced on 10th August that Fr Pablo Muñoz Vega, Rector of the Collegio Pio Latino, has been appointed to succeed Fr Abellán as Rector of the University. Fr Vega was a lecturer in Philosophy at the University from 1938-49.

The now annual pilgrimage run by the students' organization *Vita Nostra* was to the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano. High Mass was celebrated at midday, and many took advantage of the new rules for the Eucharistic fast which had come into force only three days before.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Holy Land was the subject of the first talk. Dr McHugh in 'The Background to the Suez Crisis' sketched the historical and political ramifications that lay behind this vexed question. In the New Year Mr L. W. Teeling M.P., in his talk on 'Parliament since the War', described the changes that Parliament had undergone since the Labour landslide in 1945. He seasoned his address with comments on some of the personalities of political life. In March Mr de Winton of the British Council spoke to us on George Bernard Shaw, arguing that Shaw's Irish background was the key to much in his character and writings. Major Utley, well known to all of us as a frequent and welcome visitor, addressed the Society on 'The Influence of Italian on the English Language', embellishing his talk with many illustrations. One or two additional examples offered by questioners took even Major Utley by surprise! Sir Arnold Lunn was the last speaker of the year. He talked to us on the modern problems in religious controversy, and the methods which must be used to get into contact with post-Christian England.

The President for 1957-58 is Mr Russell. The Secretary is Mr Dumbill.

PRIVATE SOCIETIES

The GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY this year assembled for three 'straight' debates and one impromptu debate. The first was a topical and political one: 'That this House Deplores British Intervention in Egypt'. While the number of speakers was discouragingly small, those who did venture to their feet spoke with force and conviction; the result was that the motion was

heavily defeated. The next debate might also be called topical in that it was suggested by *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, the current reading in the refectory. There was no lack of enthusiasm in speaking on the motion 'That Catholicism in England To-day would be Better Served by a Single Central Seminary than by the Present System of Diocesan Seminaries'. After some talking at cross purposes, and after clarification had been made of the term 'Central Seminary' to mean something run on University lines with separate residential colleges and common lecture-halls, the motion was eventually defeated. The last motion was 'That This House Considers Tradition to be the Foundation of Society'. Despite the apparent dryness of the subject there were enough speakers to keep the debate alive for the two evenings. The motion was carried. At the impromptu debate which ended the season, the volunteer speakers acquitted themselves well in the two minutes they were given to hold forth on motions drawn out of a hat, and provided an entertaining evening. The Society had a successful season despite the small numbers of debates; but there are too few speakers from the floor, and it is nearly always the same ones who keep the debate going. The Secretary for the coming year is Mr Parker.

The WISEMAN SOCIETY has had a moderately successful year, achieving the total of five papers which seems to have become the traditional number. The fact that four of these were from new members promises well for the Society's activities in the next few years. The first paper, by Mr Trevett, had the enigmatic title 'Solomon, Sheba and the Golden Legend'. He threaded his way through the Book of Kings and Mohammedan and Abyssinian legend, and showed how these might be regarded as symbolic expressions of certain beliefs common to mankind. It was a paper of unusual interest on a little-known subject. We were much entertained by Mr De Rosa's two talks on his previous year's visit to Palestine. He employed the bare word, unadorned with map or photograph, to give us the feelings evoked by 'A Modern Pilgrimage to Palestine'. In 'Mass in the Second Century—a Layman's Description', Mr Short expressed his views on how St Justin's lay status had influenced his description of the Early-Christian Mass. He gave a detailed analysis of the passage concerned with the rite of Sunday Mass, and on the second night found time for a short discussion during which some interesting points were raised. The last two papers of the year dealt with modern English poets and poetry. Mr Steele in 'An Approach to the Four Quartets' gave us an essay in Eliot interpretation. The paper required concentration on the part of the audience but the effort was rewarded by a glimpse of the intelligible pattern which can be found in Eliot's poetry. Mr Tucker in the final paper of the year led us a breathless progress through the poetical schools and fashions of the past fifty years. His title was 'The English Poet and his Public', and in conclusion he attempted a diagnosis of the unpopularity from which the Century's poetry is said to suffer. The new Secretary is Mr Murphy.

The MEZZOFANTI SOCIETY was not over-active this year; it was forced to take a back seat. Most of the free evenings were taken up by the other societies, which seemed more than usually popular with the younger

members of the House. However, we had quality if not quantity, and in the only meeting (the inevitable Balloon Debate) we were treated to Italian, French, German, Spanish, Latin and, for the first time in the Society's history, Russian. Enthusiasm for Italian has prompted the Society to run classes at the Villa; it is even possible to find a camerata which insists on speaking Italian throughout the walk: a healthy sign indeed! What we lost in formal meetings we are gaining in other ways. The new Secretary is Mr Linares.

In the CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, the year's study was centred on the 1944 Education Act and subsequent legislation. As so many of First Year were interested in this theme and, for the most part, had already done some C.S.G. study, the customary Fundamentals Circle was not held. The late Easter made it impossible to hold the Business Meeting in May, so the election of a new Secretary has been held over until October.

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. Since the May issue of the Magazine we have had several good games. We beat the Scots by 6—1, our highest score against them for many years; they never regained the initiative after a five-goal lead in the first half. In the game against the North American College our opponents fought hard, and held the lead until ten minutes before the end, when the College rallied to finish winners by 4 goals to 3. We played yet another Navy XI, which we beat 2—0.

The team is the strongest we have had for five years or more, and in the second half of the season the results have borne this out: our last five games were all victories. Over the entire season we have played nine outside games, won six and lost three. Goals for, 32. Goals against, 23.

VILLA SPORTS

CRICKET. The season started with a keen disappointment when the match against the Beda had to be cancelled on account of the long grass. We all missed that enjoyable afternoon at the Villa and we suspect that the Beda, who were secretly nursing a new demon bowler, must have been particularly chagrined when their prospect of victory was stifled by a field of hay. The British Embassy had difficulty in raising a team this year; they managed to recruit three Australians and two South Africans for the July match, but were unable to find numbers for the second match in the August holiday time, so in the end only one match was played. This we won by 33 runs. Whatever hopes they might have had of catching up on our modest score of 63 were dashed by the excellent fielding of the grass, still ankle-deep despite the efforts of the haymakers.

Propaganda beat us very soundly ; against their 121 for 6 we only made 77 all out. Although a few might like to think that the absence of our captain had something to do with this defeat, most of us will admit that it was almost entirely due to poor fielding and dropped catches. The highlight of the day was a fine innings of 42 by a West Indian, who no doubt felt he had a score to settle.

The North *v.* South match was a draw, the North just managing to repress the Southern batsmen long enough for the clock to have its say.

If batsmen in the past have looked askance at the sheep, cattle and horses grazing quietly behind the bowler's arm, the absence of farm-life on the sforza this year has proved a mixed blessing, not entirely counter-balanced by Fritz's excavations in search of long-departed moles. But we do owe a word of thanks to the Vice-Rector, whose noble efforts with the scythe have helped to make the field less like the Steppes of Central Asia. Perhaps if the fire had been discovered some minutes later, Nature's scorched-earth policy would have put him out of a job.

The following have represented the College at cricket this year : Messrs Russell (Capt.), Bradley, Bowen, Buckle, Magner, Murphy, Daley, Creasey, Lethbridge, Budd, O'Loughlin, O'Neill. The Secretary is Mr Bowen.

TENNIS. This is the first season when the court has been in play from the beginning of the Villa, and the first flush of enthusiasm for the game, though it tempered somewhat after a time, has settled down to a steady popularity which amply justifies the work of past generations. The first week was spent in clearing the court of its winter covering of straw, in watering and rolling, and in removing the surprisingly few weeds blossoming forth on the surface. After this preparation and the hardening effect of the winter, the court played firmly and truly for several weeks, helped by the daily hosing given by the players. Then it became obvious that five hours' play every day was injuring the surface, so the time for play was reduced and the roller put into more frequent use. The amount of water we can put on by means of hosing is not really enough, and we depend on the occasional rainstorm to bring the surface back to full working order.

It would be temerarious to attempt an estimate of the quality of the play ; so much depends on the standard one adopts. There is not much difference, I think, between the best of us and the average regular players, which means that one is fairly sure of an enjoyable game whoever one plays with. A doubles tournament is in progress at present, which has engaged the interest of some thirty people ; this gives an indication of the popularity of the game.

The Secretary is Mr Steele.

GOLF. The Cricket Secretary has already mentioned what met us when we first arrived on the sforza. Owing to the promptness which the haymakers showed in finishing their work, and the absence of the animals, we found

the *sforza* covered with several inches more grass than usual. However, the Vice-Rector kindly provided scythes, and although much good work was put in by a few horny-handed stalwarts, most volunteers retired after preliminary skirmishes, leaving the Vice-Rector and his trusty Rake-Bearer in sole command. When these two had been side-tracked from the cricket pitch to the overgrown fairway, and a few pioneers had trampled down some of the approaches, the number of players began to increase. Thanks to voluntary support in the first few weeks of the *villeggiatura*, the greens were at least as good as last year. At the time of writing it is hoped that with the close of the cricket season, the waning of enthusiasm for tennis and the colder September weather, some tournaments will be possible.

We would like to thank Mgr Heard very warmly for his generous donation.

The Secretary is Mr Tucker.

SWIMMING. Everyone seemed to enjoy the Swimming Gala and/or the tea following it. We held it in the morning, because the evenings have been rather chilly for competitions. There was no doubt about the Victor Ludorum this year, Mr Grimshaw gaining 22 points compared with Mr Tweedy's 11 points as runner-up. And of course the organizer was thrown in afterwards. Our thanks are due to the Rector for providing an attractive crazy-paving surround to the Tank, in place of the old red riles which had become rather the worse for wear.

The Tank-man is Mr Papworth.

BADMINTON AND HANDBALL. Having thoughtfully sounded the opinion of the House at the Public Meeting, the Badminton Secretary decided, reasonably enough, that there was insufficient interest in the game to make the preparation of the court worth while, so there was no Badminton this year. The net, however, came in very useful for the obstacle race in the Swimming Gala. The Secretary is Mr Dazeley.

Handball was played as furiously as ever, but with a smaller number of devotees. There are several Ushaw men in the next First Year, so there are hopes that the number will increase again. The Secretary is Mr J. White.

OBITUARY

RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR JOHN MACMILLAN

All will, of course, have learned with sorrow of the death of Mgr Macmillan, Rector of the College from 1939-52, of whom we shall publish a full Appreciation in the next issue of THE VENERABLE. May he rest in peace.

RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR ALBAN ATKINS

Some nicknames are inevitable. To reject them is only to be pedantic. All Clarks are Nobbies and all the clan Atkins are Tommies. The Sacrament of Baptism has nothing to do with it.

The outstanding characteristic of this particular Tommy Atkins was a veritable genius for friendship. One of his own year writes: 'How many of us must have looked on Tommy A. as our own most particular friend! It was, at any rate for many, a very happy and comforting delusion—for I think now, looking back, that he took us all to his heart as friends of his Friend.'

Why was his company so coveted? No one could describe him as a brilliant conversationalist. But he was a great clubman who seemed to have no personal aversions. His own contribution to a group was likely to be a piece of sheer nonsense of a peculiarly Anglo-Saxon twist, as when he imitated turns from the Roundies (officially the Rotunda in Scotland Road), or reduced the patriotism of *Non Passa lo Straniero* to the ribaldry of *Più patate, Raniero*.

Yet this may give a false impression of mere geniality, if not buffoonery. He was a good listener, and no one could be quieter than he, or communicate the sense of companionship with fewer words. I have tramped miles with him through Umbria and can only remember the sound of my own voice. But I can see him at Communion in the cathedral of Perugia, when his very attitude was eloquent of his love of our Lord.

He had been my natural choice to assist me at my First Mass. And many others felt the same. Let Dr Delaney tell a story. 'When I was informed by the Boss to prepare myself for ordination on 31st July 1927, he said that

one other must be ordained with me : "Whose name would you suggest ?" "Tommy Atkins" I said forthwith, "I'd like to be ordained with Tommy Atkins." And which one of our year, in my place, would not have said the same ?

I have never learned how he originally came to be secretary to Bishop Dobson, the then Vicar General of Liverpool. But clearly, that downright austere conservative grew to feel the same affection for his secretary which the young man elicited from all who knew him. And he himself was devoted to his crusty superior. When Bishop Dobson died, the young secretary who had never been a parish priest was elevated to the post of Vicar General and dignified with a Domestic Prelacy. All Liverpool gasped, but it took Tommy Atkins the longest to get his breath back.

Of his years in high office, especially during the time when Archbishop Downey was failing, it is difficult to speak. The cheerful youngster, who delighted to play the *gamin*, gradually changed into a man withdrawn, dedicated to the Lord's work, until he seemed almost impatient of purely human interruptions. One found him always full of a great sadness that he could not redress the many wrongs he came to know. His old gift of friendship became refined into an overwhelming generosity of compassion for all in trouble. Of course, the weaker ones often let him down, as they let their Master down ; he worried over them, and this worrying told on his health.

His misfortune was that he lacked the faculty of putting responsibilities out of his mind ; he could not relax. Increasingly he felt the need to get away from Liverpool for a week or ten days ; he would go to London or to Ireland and come back reinvigorated for a time. Some of us feared he was becoming a hypochondriac. We thought it a mistake that he lived so near Rodney Street and made friends with many of its eminent specialists. So when Archbishop Godfrey in his charity relieved Mgr Atkins of a burden that was becoming too heavy and offered him the Sacred Heart parish in Chorley, we all prophesied a great improvement in his health. At first it looked as if we were right. He was blissfully happy there, rejoiced in the people and planned with zest for the future. But his health was, after all, genuinely undermined. During a short holiday at Blackpool he was taken seriously ill, and died within forty-eight hours. He was only fifty-five.

In his room his curates had put out all the Christmas cards he never saw, and it gave one a terrible jar to see one's own among them, there in the centre of the mantelpiece. A friend of mine, in a lugubrious mood, wrote : 'THE VENERABLE will become for us more and more of an obit book from now on'. But when one remembers men like Alban Atkins, it is only with gratitude for having known such a soul.

Or as another contemporary wrote : 'May God reward him and bring us into his company again'.

R. L. SMITH.

RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR THOMAS E. BIRD, D.D.

On 10th March in a Birmingham hospital passed away one of my oldest friends. Born in Portsmouth, 4th September 1888, Thomas Edward Bird went to Cotton College, and thence to the Venerabile (1907-14). Leaving for England in the early summer of 1914 he studied Hebrew for a year at Oxford, and was Professor of Sacred Scripture at Oscott 1915-32, and Vice-Rector 1929-32. On the Mission he had charge of Sutton Coldfield 1922-29, and the English Martyrs, Sparkhill, Birmingham, from 1938 to the end. In 1952 he was made a Domestic Prelate.

In writing he has left us a valuable *Commentary on the Psalms, The Book of Jona, An Explanation of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, A Study of the Gospels, The Bible in Catholic England*, and sundry essays, mostly Scriptural, in periodicals. After he left Oscott, his devotion to his flock left him little time for writing, beyond reviewing.

I first saw him when I came to the Beda (then under this roof) in 1911, but first came to know him at Monte Porzio in the Easter Week of 1912, where he went out of his way to make me feel at home. From that week dated our unshadowed friendship, nourished by his abundant letters and sojourns under his guest-friendly roof. Our last meeting was in Birmingham in 1948.

We soon found that we shared the same convictions on most things; a great love of Catholic Ireland and Catholic Austria, a distrust of democracy (or what bears that name), and a strong preference for Christian kingship, and a disbelief in the headlines and catch-cries by which public opinion is stampeded. We even went so far as to prefer Benedict XV to Harmsworth for our *Ductor Dubitantium* in the issues of war and peace. Although, on principle, my friend never made any public utterance on purely political matters, he followed with keen interest the events and voices of the time. His unpopular convictions sometimes brought him much suffering.

A few gleanings from his sayings and letters may help to show what manner of man he was. In January 1938 he wrote 'Hitler is no better than Nero. Rather an unsatisfactory democracy than tyranny. Things are quiet in England, but I think the Bishops have had their eyes opened on the craftiness of the Education Bill of 1936. After prolonged negotiations, it seems certain now that we shall lose our children after the age of 11 years.' On 23rd March 1938, 'Our duty as priests is primarily prayer and the Holy Mass. We can affect the politics of the world more by these means than by much political writing.' Within the Octave of the Ascension he wrote: 'I was at the Roman Meeting at Derby yesterday and saw Mgr Godfrey. He is a charming man and a holy priest. Little has he altered since we were together for four years in the Venerabile.' About this time also: 'How many prayers and supplications God requires to make up for the sins and infidelities of rulers is clear from the fact that after a century of earnest supplication for the conversion of England (think of Ignatius Spencer's life and work) the divine anger is not yet appeased.'

For the present I must refrain from further quotation, save for his last message to me, a postcard dated 9th December 1956: 'Greetings from

the English Martyrs' Church, Sparkhill, from an old crock, who has just spent two months in Birmingham General Hospital. Still in bed most of the day. God bless you this Christmas with more blessings than ever before.'

Whenever I think of Thomas Edward Bird the divine promise comes to my mind: 'Be thou faithful unto death: and I will give thee the crown of life' (Apoc. ii, 10). *Requiescat in pace.*

H. E. G. ROPE.

THE REVEREND JOHN P. O'NEILL

Dr John P. O'Neill was the only one I ever knew who had the art of metaphysics without tears. During the summer holidays at the Villa he would read the more abstruse part of the coming year's work at the Gregorian in the relaxed way the rest of us would read a thriller; and, for good measure, he would read all the thrillers too. His brilliance of mind in this way contrasted with the confusion that pursued his words. Once, after looking disapprovingly at his watch, shaking it violently, and holding it to his ear, he encountered my smiling unconcern with the retort, 'It's all very well for you. Do you know what, I have three watches, and they're both broken.' Such comments were not really Irish bulls, but a quaint sort of elision all his own. Quite unusually gifted, above all in abstract thinking, metaphysical or mathematical, he was unsuited to society's humdrum demands. That is why I have always thought it such a pity he did not happen to belong either to a large Religious Society or some considerable archdiocese, where a profitable outlet for his great aptitudes would have been found, and where he would have been protected from the insistence of practical affairs. As it was, his life was hard and, humanly speaking, rather pointless, and his health in any case was always poor. Totally devoid of any guile, there was still a sort of boyish guiltiness about him that was attractive. To the end he would smoke his cigarette as if he really had not leave to smoke. His most outstanding virtue was a humility so patent that he was chaffed unmercifully by all of us. No one can ever recall 'Patsy' without a smiling reminiscence of his contribution to the gaiety and his relief of the monotony of life.

J. P. MURPHY.

THE REVEREND JAMES MCCARTHY

The death of Fr McCarthy came as a great and sudden shock to all who knew him. He was so big, both in mind and stature, and apparently so strong, that no one would have doubted to take a lease on his life. But God's ways are not ours.

James Martin Patrick McCarthy was born at Stavely in Derbyshire. After attending the parochial school in Mansfield and the Salesian College at Farnborough, he completed his humanities at Ratchliffe College, Leicester, before going on to his major studies at Rome and Valladolid. It is no secret to say that his love of *Alma Mater* was divided between Valladolid and

Ratcliffe ; to both of these Colleges he gave his heart, time and energy unreservedly. For many years he was the organizing secretary for the Valladolid Association, and to that task he brought an enthusiasm which I am certain, will never be equalled.

He loved Rome and often spoke of it with nostalgia. His memory for details of the Eternal City was extraordinary, and he would often recall details after a quarter of a century which a man of a later generation had forgotten. But although Rome was very dear to him, the English College at Valladolid was nearer to his heart than the Venerabile. I think it generally true that where one reaches the ultimate goal of the Priesthood is bound to lay greater claim to the affections. It was certainly so with James McCarthy ; but it gives me great joy to recall that he visited the Venerabile the year before he died. He received the hospitality of the present Rector and was deeply moved ; he met the students and was greatly edified. On his return to England he was full of praise for the College.

After his ordination in 1931 he served as curate in Lincoln under that great Roman, the late Mgr Canon Hunt. In 1934 he became the first Parish Priest of the suburban parish at Arnold, Nottingham, and after eleven years was appointed to St Joseph's, Derby, where he died, aged fifty-one.

He was a big-hearted man, and was loved and admired by the people. A parishioner once said that to talk to Fr McCarthy was better than taking an aspirin ; and the present Vicar General once said, after telephoning him, that it was as if Fr McCarthy had been looking forward to speaking to him all day long. At every funeral he would recite publicly three Hail Mary's for 'the next one among us to die'. Little did he realize that last time that he was saying them for himself. May God have mercy on his soul.

P. J. O'Dowd.

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