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CARDINAL HEARD

It is with great satisfaction that, as we go to press, we learn that the Holy Father has deigned to elevate Monsignor Heard to the Sacred College of Cardinals.

While we cannot do full justice to the event until our next number, we can assure Monsignor Heard that all past and present members of the English College will join us in congratulating him on his elevation to the Sacred Purple, and in wishing him many years of health and vigour in his new dignity.

DOMINUS REGNAVIT

Dominus regnavit, decorem indutus est ; indutus est Dominus fortitudinem et praecinxit se. From the Dawn Mass of Christmas Day (Ps. 92).

The Lord reigns clothed with beauty ; strength and power
Girdle and cloak Him : He it is owns earth
And shapes its complex richness hour by hour.
But what proud pageant was there for His birth ?
He did not come in pomp of monarchy,
In cloth-of-gold, surrounded by a Court,
With a great buzz of blared publicity
(Though here, for once, truth could outdo report).
He laid aside His sceptre and His throne
And let this mad world's shadow glory pass :
He came here unbotrusively, unknown,
As softly as in bread and wine at Mass,
Like dew in April falling on the grass
Or cedar-dappled sun on Cotswold stone.

MICHAEL HODGETTS.

AN ENGLISH BISHOP IN THE VOLSCIANS

My interest in Bishop Ellis started when I was shown a reference to Gregorovius's '*Lateinische Sommer*' in Augustus Hare's 'Days Near Rome'. Gregorovius speaks of the Lord Ellis, Abbot of Monte Cassino and Bishop of Segni.[1] By chance a few days later I came across another mention of Ellis in a Christmas Book, where a letter of John Jackson to Samuel Pepys was quoted, describing Ellis celebrating Mass in the presence of nineteen cardinals at the English College in Rome on St Thomas's Day 1699. Who was this English Bishop in the Campagna at the beginning of the eighteenth century ? Books of reference were consulted, the Archives searched and four of us made a *gita* to Segni. There we were welcomed at the Seminary and kindly received by the Bishop. We found that the 250th anniversary of the Seminary, founded by Ellis, was being celebrated this year. Mgr Carli, the present Bishop, allowed us to look through a manuscript record of Ellis's visitations, his Synod and his work in the diocese. This article is the result of our researches.

Philip Ellis was born in 1652, the third son of an Anglican minister. The family was curiously divided in political and religious matters. His eldest brother, John, became Under Secretary of State to William III, while the second son, Sir William Ellis, was Secretary of State to James II in exile. Philip became a Catholic bishop and a younger brother became Protestant bishop of Killala and later of Meath in Ireland. Philip was one of the first students at Westminster School,

[1] In fact the list of Abbots at Monte Cassino does not include the name of Ellis.

where he first gained the nickname 'Jolly Phil'. He was converted while at school in 1667, and went to Douai where he joined the English Benedictine monastery of St Gregory. The editor of the Ellis Correspondence describes these events colourfully though in fact falsely, saying that 'Philip was kidnapped by the Jesuits and brought up by them in the Roman Catholic Religion in their College of St Omer'. He was professed at St Gregory's in 1670 taking the name of Michael. After working on the mission in England for some time he was appointed a Chaplain and Preacher to James II, and in January 1688 was made the first Vicar Apostolic of the Western District. In May of that year he was consecrated Bishop of Aureliopolis by Ferdinand, Count D'Adda, the Papal Nuncio. He does not seem to have visited his district, and his only pastoral work would appear to have been in London where there are records of his having given Confirmation. After the Revolution he was imprisoned in Newgate, but soon freed. He went over to the Court of James II at St Germain and then to Italy, where he remained for the rest of his life. In 1705 he resigned his Vicariate and in 1708 Clement XI appointed him Bishop of Segni.

Ellis was in Rome at the beginning of 1693, when Cardinal Howard, writing to Lord Melfort at St Germain, says : 'Bishop Ellis came hither unexpectedly unto me ; However I do him what service I can, he having H.M.'s leave, and speaketh very honourable of your Lordship, unto whom he tells me he hath written'.[2] He says that it is rumoured that Ellis is to be the King's Agent in Rome and that he already seems to be undertaking this work, though not yet officially appointed. He goes on to recommend Ellis for this post, 'he being already in good esteem with his Holiness and Court, and hath gotten pretty well this country language, whilst with what he hath from H.M. already, and a little addition of lodging, coach and what else I can help him, he liveth very honourably and can better help me in H.M.'s service than a stranger'.[3]

After this, perhaps as a result of Howard's recommendation, Ellis seems to have been given some official recognition as representative of James II. He was also an assistant or secretary to Howard, living with him and writing letters for him when he was too ill to do it himself. At this time he would have been

[2] Bodley Carte 209 f. 58. Transcripts of the letters of Howard and Ellis were kindly given by Fr Godfrey Anstruther O.P.

[3] Ibid.

closely associated with the English College, which the Cardinal had done so much to rebuild, and where he was living in the part of the building which is now occupied by the flats overlooking the main cortile. In May 1694 Ellis wrote to the King on behalf of Howard who was suffering from a malady diagnosed as gout. He suggests that the Cardinal be made official ambassador to the Holy See, as only then could he be sure of regular admission to the Pope.[4] Writing again in June Ellis tells the King of the Cardinal's recovery, which he attributes to the 'efficacy of St Philippi Nerius's cap, for soon after it was applied to my Lord, he voided several stones, when he had not the least suspicion of that distemper'.[5] Ellis attended the Cardinal throughout the continued course of his illness, and helped him especially in the King's concerns. This was to be Howard's last illness. Ellis took a letter from the dying Cardinal to the Pope urging the Holy Father to do all in his power to bring about the restoration of the King and in particular to set up a Congregation for this purpose. Encouraged by a favourable reception from the Pope, Ellis argued strongly that the Pontiff could not allow any general peace without including the restoration of James II.[6] Ellis had now been officially commissioned by the King to assist the Cardinal in his business, and other marks of royal favour ensured him a hearing from the Pope. But even so, the Cardinal's death left him in an awkward position. Writing to the King on 22nd June 1694 to announce the death he concludes, 'If I might presume, Sire, to add anything to this long discourse, I should do it to know your royal will and pleasure concerning myself; in what manner or posture it would please you I should live, for I must now live upon myself and stand upon my own legs : and am like a man that is to set up house after he had lost his estate'.[7] The Cardinal had left him his coach and horses and a hundred *scudi*, but he lost the shelter and protection he had hitherto enjoyed.

After the Cardinal's death Ellis went to live with the English Dominicans at SS. John and Paul's. He may have continued to work for James II at the Papal Court, but after the Peace of Ryswick in 1696 the chances of a restoration were slight and there was not much the Pope could do. Routine business would have been dealt with by the new Cardinal-Protector of the

[4] Bodley Carte 208 f. 28.
[5] Bodley Carte 208 f. 45.
[6] Ellis to James II. Bodley Carte 208 f. 57.
[7] Bodley Carte 208 f. 66.

English Nation, Caprara. In 1697 the English Dominicans had to leave SS. John and Paul's, and the monastery was given to the Lazarists. Ellis, who was living in the apartments of the Abbot Commendatory, a separate house in the grounds, claimed that he was not included in the Papal Brief ordering the Dominicans to quit. A special Brief was issued in March 1698, ordering him also to leave. About this time the Rector of the English College, Ralph Postgate, petitioned the Pope that Ellis should not be given lodging in the College.[8] He argued that the presence of an English prelate in the College would destroy discipline. A faction would form round him in opposition to the Jesuit superiors. He denied that the College had any obligation to provide lodging for an English bishop, and said that there was no evidence that either Goldwell of St Asaph or Owen Lewis had claimed this. Ellis, he declared, had a duty to return to his diocese in England, which was quite possible now that France and England were at peace. Moreover, he claims that Ellis, even if he chose to remain in Rome, had sufficient to provide for himself in accordance with his dignity. He had an annual pension in Rome of five hundred *scudi* transferred to him from Cardinal Howard. He also had rights over a house belonging to the Collegio Gregoriano of the English Benedictines of which he was Abbot President. This house would be a suitable lodging for him. Further, he had what is called a '*census vitalitii*' in the church of St Louis in Rome and money from a similar *census vitalitii* in the Collegio Romano, besides some property in France. With all this he could support himself.

Ralph Postgate was particularly anxious that Ellis should not live with him, because a quarrel had broken out between them.[9] Sir William Godolphin had died in Spain leaving a considerable amount of money to various charities in Europe. The English heirs, who were Protestants, disputed the will and made Ellis their procurator in Rome to deal with the matter. Ellis was himself interested as he believed Godolphin had intended his money in Rome to be used to found a seminary there for the Western District of England. The Jesuits, however, were acting as executors, and administering the money. The will was given to Postgate to be translated into Italian, and Ellis, with very little evidence, accused him of materially altering it while he had it in his possession. The case was taken up to James II and

[8] English College Archives, *Scritture* ii, 3.
[9] Archives, *Scritture* ii, 12.

the Rector was entirely cleared, but a serious accusation of this sort must have made him unwilling to receive Ellis into the College.

By Christmas 1699 Ellis was on sufficiently good terms with the College to be asked to pontificate on St Thomas's Day. An interesting letter exists written by him in 1702 to Bonaventure Giffard, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, who was also administering Ellis's district in his absence.[10] It contains Ellis's defence against the criticisms levelled at him for his long absence from his Vicariate. 'I heard of nothing but coldnesse in some places and untimed expressions in others; misrepresentations and ill offices from abroad and at home, were supposed not to be wanting to make my exile look like an abdication. But at length my repeated instances to obtain permission to return . . . are become so public that they can no longer be called in question, but on the contrary are charged upon me as a fault and where before I was taxed for want of zeal, now some would render me suspected of want of duty and leaning too much on the government.' When he had been given permission to return by the English government, James II had prevented him; and now when the King wanted him to return the Protestants would not allow it. But while remaining at Rome he did all to remove prejudices and misunderstandings and to help those in exile—'upon which', he writes, 'I ground some slight hopes that I am not altogether useless to my country'. Ellis was clearly uneasy about his long absence from his Vicariate in England, and was now out of touch with affairs at home. In 1705, therefore, he resigned, and put himself at the disposal of the Pope, and in 1708 Clement XI made him Bishop of Segni. Here after twenty years of episcopacy he was at last given a pastoral charge, an Italian see in a little hill town in the Volscians.

The Volscians are very different from the country near Rome. In the Albans walking is easy; the paths are beaten tracks of earth and the country is wooded or grassy. In the Volscians one struggles over paths covered with loose jagged rocks amongst mountains which are barren and harsh. Segni as a town is like the Volscians from whose stone it is built. There is not much to attract one and the chief monument is a pre-Roman Pelasgic wall of great blocks of Volscian stone. Like most

[10] Quoted in Brady, Episcopal Succession, Vol. III.

Italian country towns it is built on top of a hill, and commands a magnificent view stretching across the Hernican hills to the Abruzzi. It was a bishopric as early as 499. In the Middle Ages many Popes found Segni a useful fortress and safe refuge. Eugenius III built a palace there, and it was at Segni that, in 1173, Alexander III canonized St Thomas of Canterbury.

Once settled in his new diocese, Bishop Ellis entered into the task of ruling it with a truly Tridentine zeal and energy. The bishop and inhabitants of Segni seem to have been mutually shocked. Writing of his diocesans, he expresses himself thus : 'The people of Segni are only a little more civilized than the ancient Volscii, their ancestors. They appear to take no interest in education and culture and, what is far worse, seem to be quite averse from religion. For the most part they do not even know the basic truths of the faith.'[11] The Segnini, on the other hand, thought the bishop was applying rules and reforms which might have been necessary in a missionary country such as England, but were quite unsuited to Italy.

The Pope, when he appointed Ellis to Segni, gave him an express order to found a seminary there. Many bishops had already tried to do this, and his immediate predecessor, Pietro Corbelli, had received the support of the Commune. But so far money difficulties and lack of suitable buildings had prevented it. Ellis took over a ruined building at the top of the town. This is said to have once been a papal palace, but for some hundred years had been destined for a house of Poor Clares. In fact it was being used as a stable. The seminary was opened there, and Ellis instituted classes in the humanities, philosophy, theology and Gregorian chant. Although primarily a seminary the new foundation also provided a secondary school for Segni. In 1713 a commemorative plaque was erected which may still be seen in the present building.

CLEM. XI P.O.M. PRAECIPIENTI
CONGR. SPEC. DECERNENTI
PH. M. MJLORD ELLLIS [*sic*] ERIGENTI
H. CIMINELLI I.U.D. DIRIGENTI
SEM. ADM. ET ALUMNI G.A.M. PP.
MDCCXIII

[11] Segni Seminary Records. '*Populus Signinus ab antiqua Volscorum barbaria parum mutatus non solum a bonis litteris, verum etiam (quod omnino horret dicere) a cultu divino videtur abhorrere fidei rudimenta plerumque ignorat*'.

The foundation of the seminary was completed within three months of Ellis's arrival in Segni. But difficulties soon began: a legacy and a grant from the local Commune had provided for a teacher at the former primary school. The bishop had the right to control pious legacies and already in 1702 the Commune had agreed to the transference of this provision to a seminary. But there was considerable opposition when Ellis did this. Some of the locals argued (not without reason) that the poor did not need a secondary education when all they had to do was to dig. There were further disputes about a tax on wood brought into the town which Ellis also applied to the seminary. Even the use of the building intended for Poor Clares was criticized. The legal struggle lasted two years; a Special Congregation was appointed to deal with it, and Ellis was finally vindicated.

Another achievement of Ellis's was the holding of the first synod of the diocese of Segni, in November 1710. A considerable amount of work went into the preparation of the synod, detailed instructions being drawn up even of the dress which was to be worn on the occasion. Seventy ecclesiastics were present and all were the guests of the bishop, some sleeping in his home, some at the seminary or with leading citizens and none in taverns or hospices. The synod was held in the choir of the cathedral. It drew up rules for the seminary and for a general reform of the diocese. Clement XI was so impressed by the decrees that he ordered the report to be printed. In the library of the sacristy of the cathedral at Segni there exists the following memorial:

> '*Synodus, quam anno M.D.CCX habuit Philippus Michael Ellis Praedecessor Noster, de hac Ecclesia optime meritus, tribus, ut ita dicam, chartis, doctis certe quidem, ac laboriosis totum conclusit; adeo ut si excipias aliquam posterioris aevi constitutionem a Summis Pontificibus editam vix aliquid videatur addendum, minuendumve.*
>
> *Romae.* 1825.
>
> *D. Petro Antonio Luciani. MDCCCXXV.*'

Ellis completed three episcopal visitations of the diocese between 1710 and 1714, and twice during these years he organized missions throughout the diocese, preached by the famous Jesuit, Blessed Anthony Baldinucci. He also revived the sodalities of nobles and people.

Further, Ellis carried out extensive repairs and alterations to the cathedral and episcopal palace. Segni had been the

laughing stock of Rome : the bishop's palace was dilapidated, and his only means of entry into his cathedral was through a wine cellar. Ellis put an end to this by constructing a more seemly entry, by re-roofing the part of the cathedral which had been open to sun and rain, and by renewing the choir stalls '*frustra aliquibus et indebiti reclamantibus*'. He forbade the Canons to say office in winter in the sacristy as they were accustomed to do, until he had made an altar and choir there. He widened roads, repaired the well of St Bruno, the local saint, and put up monuments to St Bruno and St Vitalian, Pope, who was also from Segni, to encourage local devotions.

Ellis died in November 1726, and was buried in the Seminary which he had founded. In spite of the initial opposition to his reforming zeal, the people of Segni came to recognize his worth, and when it was rumoured that he was to be translated to another diocese, a local poet, a member of the Bishop's literary salon, expressed in two sonnets which have come down to us, the loss which would be felt at Ellis's departure. Writing of Ellis at the end of the nineteenth century, Temistocle Pace, Canon of Segni Cathedral, says of him : 'Philip Michael Mylord Ellis was holy, learned and zealous. He took part in the public consistory in the presence of the Roman Pontiff Clement XI and gave his vote for the canonization of BB. Pius V, Andrew Avellino, Felix of Cantalice and Catherine of Bologna. He died in Segni and is buried in the Seminary which he made his heir, and he left to the sacristy of the Cathedral his precious mitre and other sacred vestments'. Segni has long since recognized Ellis as one of the greatest of her bishops, and in this centenary year has been celebrating Ellis's achievement in a series of articles in the diocesan magazine.

Years after his death, Ellis was linked once more with his English Vicariate, when his episcopal ring and library were presented to the Benedictine Bishop Baines of the Western District by Leo XII. But it was at Segni, the little hill town in the Volscians, which saw the canonization of St Thomas of Canterbury, that he had shown himself a truly pastoral bishop.

GEORGE HAY.

ROMANESQUE

64—'BODGERS' AT WAR

A few years ago, there appeared in this magazine a Romanesque on *House Jobs*. On the afternoon the copies were issued to the expectant hordes in the Common Room, an ill-informed First Year Man idly leafing through the article, voiced his thoughts. 'Why', he asked, 'no mention of the Stagemen ?' A veteran, much-harassed and much-scarred ex-Stageman had been hovering nearby for just such a manifestation of ignorance. Eloquently and with some heat he explained that 'Bodging'—not to be confused with botching—was *not* a House Job, but something on the lines of a poor relation in stage matters to the more favoured Electricians. These latter, he averred, had vast stores of expensive equipment and tools with unlimited reserves of cash for emergencies. The Stagemen on the other hand apparently had to grovel before a miserly and hostile Public Meeting to show cause why they should be granted enough *lire* to buy an *etto* of tin-tacks.

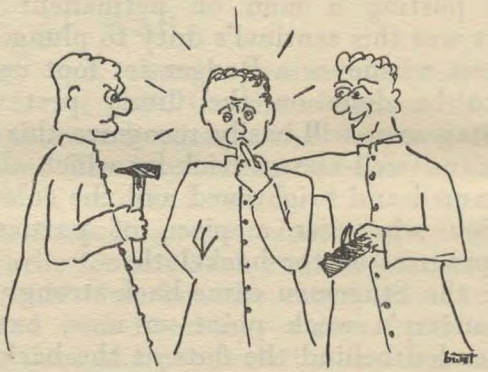
Perhaps the above manner of viewing the facts is responsible for the traditional antipathy, if that is not too weak a word, between Bodgers and Electricians. It is a point of honour for all Stagemen to vote *en bloc* against any Electricians' Money-Motion. Lately, it is true, relations seemed to have eased a little. Rumour has it that last Christmas the Electricians consented to provide a twenty-watt bulb for the bolt-tightening operation under the stage. While the flex was far too short to be of any practical use, nevertheless, as one Bodger fairly pointed out,

it did 'show willing'. I have it on good authority that in return for this gesture the Electricians were allowed to borrow two 3 cm. nails on condition they were returned in their pristine condition immediately after Christmas.

No one seems to know for certain what started the rivalry, but one small incident certainly sparked off a full-scale war in recent years. A Stagemen was up aloft, quietly tearing away a few yards of flex to use as lashings. Unfortunately he was seen from the switchboard, and with a casual 'Testing No. 4 circuit !' the Electrician turned on the current. The unsuspecting Bodger was hurled from his precarious perch on the top step of an eight-foot ladder by the force of the shock. Determined to sell his life dearly ('if I have to go' he seemed to say, 'I won't go alone'), he executed an intricate mid-air twist and broke his fall on a carton of expensive radio bulbs. The Electricians countered by thenceforward posting a man on permanent watch at the switchboard. It was this sentinel's duty to plunge the stage into Stygian darkness whenever a Bodger set foot upon it : this, of course, was to be done on the flimsy pretext of 'testing'. Experienced Stagemen will easily recognize this as a variation of the Electricians' well-known trick by which all the lights are alternately dimmed and brightened and the colours changed in quick succession whenever a piece of particularly difficult painting is in progress on the backcloths.

Next year the Stagemen came back strongly with a telling blow at the enemy's weak point—a new, extremely fragile 'Suncan', suspended behind the flats at the back of the stage. A Bodger had been experiencing some difficulty in forcing home a few small drawing pins immediately above the 'Sun'. Being an experienced Bodger, he was well versed in the traditional stage lore : 'When in doubt, use a heavier hammer . . .' The upshot was never in doubt—the Electricians' pride and joy disintegrated beneath the weight of a two-pound ball-peen hammer. The situation looked ugly for a moment, but it transpired that the Head Stageman had refused permission to hang the can until the curtains above had been secured. (This, in fact, was standard procedure : the bodging trend is always to say No and think of reasons why not afterwards.) So the Electricians were forced to admit that it was hard to blame the Bodger. They blamed him, of course, but they admitted it was hard. It looked as if the incident would pass without bloodshed till a Bodger, pouring oil on sinking flames, remarked

that the thing was really only cracked anyway ('slightly shop-soiled' was the phrase he used) and that a few hours' patient piecing together with Durofix would see the thing as good as new. The Electricians retired to their solar jig-saw puzzle, taking with them all the fuses from the lighting system. It leaked out later that after the last fragment had been stuck triumphantly into place, an Electrician, quite above suspicion of being in the pay of the Bodgers, inadvertently placed a size eleven shoe on the newly-finished work. This completely spoiled the effect. Now after this most people would have given up, left the long and intricate operation to some later date. This is exactly what they did. They returned to the stage to discover a 6 cm. nail in place of the fuses they had removed, and a cheerful blaze in the depths of the relay mechanism as a result.



'. . . confronted with a hammer and a plane . . .'

The Scene-Painters act as a sort of buffer state between the Bodgers and the Electricians, and are careful not to offend either, since they depend on the first for raw materials and on the second for light to paint by. Their methods occasion a fair amount of criticism. The paint appears to be mixed in a heap on the floor and then applied with a shovel. The advantage is that later the canvas can be sawn up to be sold as hardboard and no questions asked. They are rarely allowed to have any say in the designs or colour schemes, but are merely ordered to put a Corinthian column here, or suggest Kew Gardens through a minute window there, or to give the impression of a 200 yard corridor directly behind a doorway. One conscientious painter, having proudly completed his two-thousandth highlighted rivet

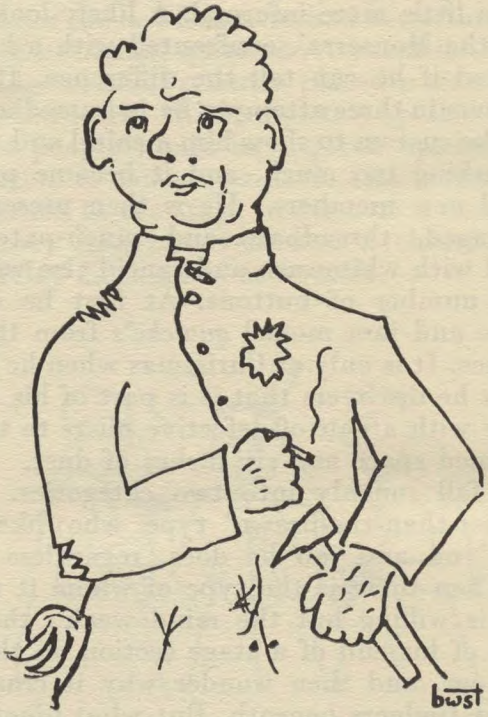
for *Morning Departure*, was airily told to paint them all over as this particular submarine was welded throughout.

Another result of 'bodging' not being a 'House Job' is that recruiting new members is rather different. Instead of a neatly typed official notice on 1st March stating 'Electricians 1, 2, 3 . . .' the method is a little more informal. A likely-looking new man is cornered on the Monserra', confronted with a hammer and a plane, and asked if he can tell the difference. If he correctly distinguishes them in three attempts he is immediately co-opted. (It used to be the custom to show him a chisel and a screwdriver, but this was asking too much, and it became practically impossible to find new members.) He is then presented with his uniform : an aged, threadbare and much-patched cassock, liberally coated with whitewash and rancid size with about half the regulation number of buttons. At first he is given light work, and wine and jam morsel *qualche's* from the Madre are much in evidence. It is only at Christmas when he is irrevocably committed that he discovers that it is part of his duty to crawl under the stage with a pair of defective pliers to tighten up the bolts in a confined space and six inches of dust.

Stagemen fall roughly into two categories. There is the 'brain-is-mightier-than-the-brawn' type who likes to 'express his personality' on any job he does, regardless of how long it takes him. Then there is the type of whom it might be said that the flesh is willing but the mind weak : the sort who is liable to let go of his end of a stage section on the cellar steps to scratch his ear, and then wonder why it crashes down on top of the other Bodgers beneath. But what ninety per cent of Bodgers have in common is that they are all smokers, and no stage job can be begun without the process known as 'getting organized'—sitting down and smoking a tab while turning the job over in the mind : unless, of course, smoking permission is refused, in which case the work is put in hand without delay.

No one has ever been seriously injured and no irreparable damage has been done to anything except Electricians' equipment. But many have been the accidents of one kind or another. The grey paint on the flats for *Anastasia* which did not dry to a uniform shade until the last act ; the rope that broke at Palazzola, depositing a metal rod and a length of twenty-foot curtains on to the floor during a tender duet. The drop-curtain rope snapping and bringing scenes to a premature conclusion in mid-sentence. The fountain at the Villa performance of

Patience which was badly adjusted and could so easily have transformed the twenty love-sick maidens into twenty rain-drenched naiads ; and, of course, innumerable pots of paint and hot glue kicked all over the stage carpet . . .



'. . . an unimpressionable and thick skinned nature . . .'

Added to this is the havoc created by characters on the stage —nervous housemaids with no talent for manœuvring on cluttered stages, unaware that all the doors open inwards, yet still managing to force their way out . . . Leading ladies forgetting that to place a shapely foot negligently on a plywood hearth-stone is to invite disaster. Sometimes it would seem that the stage directions must include instructions such as '*Enter through backcloth L.C.*', or '*Come down R., holding doorknob in left hand*'. Such incidents, however, are not always to be blamed on the actors themselves. A tense scene in *Rebecca* should have ended with the hero striding masterfully through the French windows into the garden. A little of the atmosphere was lost, nevertheless,

when he arrived to find these securely bolted on the outside. The exit which had to be effected through the kitchen on the other side of the stage, was remarkable for its bathos. But no one admitted responsibility for this outrage.

If one were asked for the qualifications necessary in a Bodger, the answer would be : an unimpressionable and thick-skinned nature, a wide vocabulary of technical terms for the benefit of non-bodgers ('Rat-tail file', 'bare-faced housed dovetail', 'rebate plane' and 'Down your end, Joe'), combined with a stolid indifference to the sacredness of individual tools—a hammer used intelligently and with sufficient violence will serve for most jobs, in particular as a sort of general multi-purpose screwdriver.

In such chaos, it may be asked, how is any production ever put on ? Perhaps the reader may feel that all the above is a little exaggerated—too good to be true. But many other things could be mentioned which would seem quite beyond belief. The sad fact is that it is all too true to be good.

TIMOTHY RICE.

THE ROCK TOMB OF PALAZZOLA[1]

The Villa del Cardinale was built in 1629 by Cardinal Gerolamo Colonna. It stands on the west side of the terrain which slopes gently from the ancient hill of Alba Longa down to the eastern perimeter of the crater of Lake Albano. At the very edge of this land the rock-face, chiselled out by man, drops vertically to the long, narrow ledge on which the convent of Palazzola is situated. On the rock-face of *lapis Albanus* is carved an ancient and artistic funeral monument, the architectural style of which seems to have been inspired by the famous tomb of the satrap Mausolus, numbered by the ancients among the seven wonders of the world.

Description of the Monument

Although it is in fact carved from the living rock, the monument at Palazzola appears at first sight to consist of a huge rectangular block, embedded in the cliff-face, and surmounted by a truncated rectangular-based pyramid, the far side of which is buried in the lip of the plateau above. The three open sides of the pyramid have been indented to form flights of seven steps. On the face of the lower block, looking from the garden, a simple border has been carved, and within it twelve lictoral fasces in two groups of six. Between the two groups of fasces there are other bas-reliefs representing a *scamnum*, a *pulvinar* draped with a cloth, a cap, a *scipio* surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings, and two busts of male figures that seem to be resting lightly on a support situated a little lower. The *scipio* is set obliquely above the *scamnum*, while the *pulvinar* and the cap rest on the *scamnum*. The bas-reliefs of the two busts with their support are carved below the *scamnum*.

[1] This article was translated by Fr Cuthbert Rand and David Papworth.

Il Mausoleo consolare di Palazzola

L. Rossini, 1825

Two children or youths, turned towards the *pulvinar*, rest their hands on the *scamnum*, apparently to hold up the cloth. Their feet, stretched out below, have been erroneously identified as the two inner feet of the *scamnum*. Others have seen the two children as two eagles, each resting the tip of one foot on the bust below. The rectangular panel along the front of the *scamnum* is decorated with a bas-relief, the figures at the extremities being two *medusae*, considered by some to be two crowns of laurels. In the centre of the panel there is a lighted candle, or perhaps the flames of a torch, and at either side of this are two winged cherubs, which others have identified as two winged *chimerae*, or even two sphinxes. Beyond the two cherubs there are voluted ornamental plant motifs, but some have seen these as two human busts.

Looking at the bas-reliefs from the garden below the monument, one imagines one can see the figure of a she-wolf, curled up on the *scamnum*. To see for myself whether there was in fact a bas-relief of a she-wolf, on 28th August of last year I asked some students of the English College, then enjoying their *villeggiatura* at Palazzola, to help me put a long wooden ladder up against the monument. My friend Signor Adolfo Mancini, an artist from Ariccia, clambered up first and then I too ventured up the somewhat insecure ladder, while another friend of mine, Signor Fernando Martinelli of Genzano, who has always been a valued companion on my archæological expeditions, steadied it from below. But the risk involved in the ascent was amply rewarded by our findings.

There was not the slightest trace of the bas-relief of the she-wolf. What we had seen from below was an optical illusion caused by stains on the surface of the *lapis Albanus*. I felt the various bas-reliefs carved between the two sets of consular fasces and examined them carefully. Some appeared to be badly damaged by the passage of time, and those most corroded by the atmosphere were no longer identifiable. To identify the bas-reliefs more accurately I covered them with a coloured powder and had them photographed by the photographer Chiapponi of Albano Laziale. I was able to pick out one detail of the bas-relief, part of a cloth spread over the *pulvinar*, which no scholar has mentioned before. I also discovered that the support below the *scamnum* could not be identified as a *suppedaneum* since its base is at a lower level than the two feet of the *scamnum*.

I was unable to reach the upper part of the surface of the *lapis Albanus* where the top of the *scipio* is carved, but I have not in fact seen the bas-relief of a laurel garland and a winged figure supporting the *scipio* that appears in the drawings of some artists.

In the bas-reliefs of the priest's cap a large part of the upper section of the cap has crumbled : on the left only there remains a relief curved upwards towards the centre of the cap. If in earlier centuries a similar relief survived on the right, then the bas-relief could have looked like a royal crown. This would explain why the monument was attributed to a king.

Historical Investigations

The earliest historical information about the monument of Palazzola is to be found in the *Commentarii* of Pope Pius II, who visited the convent of Palazzola during May 1463. 'To the left, before the entrance to the monastery', say the *Commentarii*, 'there rises a cliff, like a wall, on which were carved, in the ancient style, the fasces of the Roman consuls with twelve axes. Six of them were covered with ivy and the other six were visible. Pius, being a lover of antiquities, ordered the ivy to be cut down.'

Probably neither Pius II nor others had identified the monument as a rock-tomb. Its crypt was discovered 113 years afterwards in the time of Padre Gonzaga who has left us the following account. 'To the right of the church one may see a very ancient mausoleum of a pagan consul and his wife. In the year 1576 of the Christian era a treasure of no mean value was discovered in it by pure chance.' It is clear that the treasure consisted of the rich funeral furnishings discovered in the burial crypt, which is a small underground chamber, or *hypogeum*, carved in the cliff to the left of the main block, at a level a little below the upper part of it. The crypt is reached by a corridor which, near the entrance of the crypt, is covered by a low barrel-vault. Inside, two niches have been cut in the *lapis Albanus*, and corresponding to them are the supports of two sarcophagi, these supports also being carved from the living rock. In the upper half of the wall, on the left as one enters, another niche has been carved, most probably to hold lights and other funerary objects. The three niches have flat back walls, and on both the walls and the vaulting can be seen the marks of the sharp instruments used to hollow out the crypt. There is no trace of *opus tectorium*.

I am of the opinion that the door of the crypt was made

of a stone of *lapis Albanus*, as it is the only way to explain why the existence of the crypt was unknown until 1576.

Having broken into the tomb, the friars of the convent were able to establish that the mortal remains of a Roman consul and his wife had been laid in the two sarcophagi. This conclusion was probably based on the inscriptions that must have been on the sarcophagi, for an expert could deduce from the funeral furnishing that the mortal remains of a woman had been laid in the sarcophagus, but he could not conclude with certainty that the woman had been the wife of the consul. If there were inscriptions of the consul and his wife on the sarcophagus, we may presume that they were not personages of outstanding importance in Roman history, such as, for example, the scipiones, otherwise the friars of the convent would have kept a record of their names.

In the following century, around the year 1629, Lucas Holstein of Hamburg declared that the consular fasces carved on the monument showed that the palace of the consuls had stood on this site. The only ancient historian who has left us information about the palace on Mt Albanus is Dion Cassius, who wrote (*Hist. Rom.*, *LIV*, 29) that the Roman consuls used to stay there when they came to Mt Albanus to perform the sacred ceremonies during the religious solemnities of the *feriae Latinae*. In this passage, as in various others, he uses the expression '*in Albano*' instead of '*in Albano monte*'. The precincts of Palazzola are not part of the ancient Mons Albanus. Therefore the site of the palace of the consuls is not to be sought at Palazzola, as Lucas Holstein mistakenly supposed, but on the Alban Mount itself, probably on the summit, where marble fragments of '*fasti*' with the names of Roman magistrates present at the *feriae Latinae* have been found. (*C.I.L.*, *XIV*, *Albanus Mons.*)

In 1662 the Jesuit Athanasius Kircher explored the area of the crater of Lake Albano and declared that Alba Longa had stood on the land that slopes from the foot of Mt Albanus to the convent of Palazzola, and along the edge of the crater that stretches from Palazzola to the convent of the Capuchins of Albano Laziale. Some archæologists at that time believed that King Ancus Martius was buried in the rock-tomb, but in accordance with his topographical hypothesis, Kircher stated that the monument was an ancient sanctuary of Alba, respected by the legionaries when they destroyed the mother-city of Rome, and he considered that King Tullus Hostilius, who razed Alba Longa to the ground, was buried there.

Kircher's description of the monument is a little strange. He makes no reference at all to the consular fasces and other bas-reliefs carved on it, but confines himself to the statement that the friars of the convent led him 'under the high vault of a subterranean crypt where they showed him a large monument carved in hard rock. The 'crypt with the high vault' cannot be the same as the tiny burial crypt, for the Jesuit would not have seen the 'large monument' inside it, but only the five supports of the two sarcophagi. Probably Kircher is referring to the cave below the base of the cliff-monument, yet even in that cave Kircher could still not have examined any detail of the monument, since it is not *in* the cave but above its roof.

Other scholars and artists have visited the rock monument since then, and have described or drawn it. Among the artists the following deserve special mention: G. Battista Piranesi, Luigi Rossini, Luigi Canina, and Gmelin, who have all drawn the monument with various differences of detail. Among the many scholars who have described the monument since the early nineteenth century should be mentioned Carlo Bartolomeo Piazza, the Abbé Barthélémy, Ridolfino Venuti, G. Battista Piranesi, Capmartin de Chaupy, Giorgio Zoega and G. Antonio Riccy, who has discussed the monument at length in his monograph '*Osservazioni archeologiche sopra un antico Mausoleo Consolare incavato nel monte Albano presso il Convento di Palazzola*' published in 1828.

Cn. Scipio Cornelius Hispalus

In an earlier publication Riccy had held that the praetor C. Cicereius, or the consul Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispalus could have been buried in the monument at Palazzola. In his monograph he endeavoured to prove that it was in fact the consul Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispalus who was buried there.

Riccy considered that the artistic style of the monument belonged to the art of the sixth century of Rome, and that the monument must therefore date from that century. From the bas-reliefs of consular and pontifical insignia carved on it he concluded that a consul and pontiff of that period was buried in the tomb and that he had died while in office. Now Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispalus was a consul and pontiff during the sixth century of Rome, and he died in the year 578 while still holding the office of consul. He died as a result of an attack of partial paralysis that struck him as he was returning from

Mt Albanus. Riccy thought that apoplexy, like epilepsy, was considered by the ancients to be a sacred illness. Since religious regulations laid down that a pontiff should be buried in the place where he had been struck down by the sacred illness, Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispalus had to be buried by Mt Albanus in the rock tomb of Palazzola. Riccy's hypothesis was apparently confirmed by the absence of a sarcophagus or of any inscription to a consul in the family tomb of the Scipiones outside the Porta San Sebastiano.

This hypothesis of Riccy's, being based on attractive and apparently logical arguments, has held the field up to the present day. Among the scholars who have agreed with Riccy may be mentioned Antonio Nibby, Giuseppe Tomassetti, Giuseppe Lugli and Thomas Ashby ; the last of these, however, points out that Riccy's arguments are not fully convincing. If we subject Riccy's arguments to a calm and careful criticism we shall discover that they are quite inconsistent.

Livy has recorded the unhappy end of the consul Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispalus in the passage which reads : '*Accesserunt ad religionem quod Cn. Cornelius Cos. ex monte Albano rediens concidit, et, parte membrorum captus, ad aquas Cumanas profectus, ingravescente morbo Cumis decessit : sed inde mortuus Romam allatus et funere magnifico elatus sepultusque est. Pontifex idem fuerat.*' (*Ab Urbe Condita Libri XLI*, 16.) The passage may be rendered as follows : 'Another event that increased religious fears was the misfortune of the consul Cn. Cornelius. While returning from the Alban mount he fell and was partially paralysed. He set off for Cumae to take the waters, but his illness grew worse and he died at Cumae. After his death his body was carried to Rome where the solemn funeral rites were performed and he was buried. This same consul was also a pontiff.'

Riccy thought that he could deduce from this passage that the consul was buried near Mt Albanus, for Livy had not specified that he was buried in Rome. But if one reads the passage from Livy as it stands, one is logically forced to suppose that the consul was buried in the city to which his body had been taken and where it had been honoured. Against Riccy we can note that Livy has not, in fact, mentioned the precise place at which the consul was struck by partial paralysis. The misfortune could have occurred at a place near Mt Albanus, or somewhere near Rome, or even in Rome itself. Thus the argument based on the religious connection between the supposed sacred

disease and the place in which the illness appeared is seen to have no force. As for the statement that paralysis was considered sacred by the ancients, Riccy has based this hypothesis on purely arbitrary analogies, for no ancient author affirms that paralysis was considered a sacred disease. The absence of the sarcophagus and of inscriptions to the consul in the family tomb of the Scipiones outside the Porta San Sebastiano does not in fact constitute a proof, as it is known that the tomb has been violated since ancient times and that some of the sarcophagi and inscriptions have been destroyed.

Riccy's hypothesis can be further invalidated by an observation based on practical considerations. The rock monument of Palazzola could not have been carved in a short space of time. If Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispalus had really been buried there we would have to suppose that the monument was carved in the space of a few days, i.e. in the period between the death of the consul at Cumae and the celebration of the solemn exequies in the city. Common sense would seem to exclude such a possibility.

From these considerations alone Riccy's hypothesis would appear to be arbitrary, but its falsity is proved conclusively from the evidence of the cross-vault in the crypt.

The Cross-Vault

The ceiling of the crypt consists of a cross-vault, the ribs of which rest on four pilasters in the form of square prisms cut out of the rock. From the conclusions of modern scholars of ancient building techniques it appears that the most ancient archæological example of the cross-vault is in the vaulting of certain rooms in the Domus Aurea of the Emperor Nero. We have no archæological proof of the use of cross-vaulting before the second half of the first century A.D. In the sixth century of Rome the barrel-vault, which is the more ancient, was the usual one. Certainly cross-vaulting was not in use at that time.

After the Domus Aurea of Nero there are other archæological examples of cross-vaulting in the ambulacrum of the first storey of the Flavian Amphitheatre, in the villa built by Domitian on the edge of the crater of Lake Albano, in the Basilica of Trajan erected in the markets of the Quirinal, in Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli, in the lower part of the capitol of Ostia, and in other monuments of later imperial times. A rapid advance of structural innovations took place in the reign of

Hadrian, in whose villa all the various types of vault were included. As it is reasonable to suppose that the crypt of the rock tomb of Palazzola was excavated in the period when the use of the cross-vault was at its height in Rome and its environs, we can assume that the crypt was not made before the reign of Hadrian. It is unnecessary to add that the crypt was made at the same time as the monument on the cliff-face. Consequently, the latter cannot date from the early times to which Riccy and other scholars have wished to attribute it.

An Insoluble Enigma

We can say with certainty that a Roman magistrate who lived between the second half of the first century and the first half of the second century A.D. was buried in the monument at Palazzola, but the task of tracing his name presents us with an insoluble enigma, since we possess no concrete data on which to base a solution.

From a careful study of the ruins remaining at Palazzola one can deduce that a Roman villa stood there, probably dating from the time of Julius Cæsar, and that the land round Palazzola formed the *praedium* of the villa. The cliff-face which had been chiselled to a sheer surface was certainly a part of the *praedium*. If we take note of the fact that the monument carved on the cliff reaches almost to the level of the ledge of Palazzola, only a short distance from the place where the ancient buildings stood, we can easily see that the monument could not have been made without the permission of the owner of the Roman villa. In addition, the crypt of the monument was approached by a staircase of seven short steps that slope down from the western end of the plateau above and these must originally have been flanked by a balustrade. Consequently, the monument also affected the property consisting of the lands on the plateau above Palazzola. From such observations we can deduce that the monument could not have been made on the orders of an outsider, but only by the owner both of the plateau and of the cliff-face and the ledge below, that is, with the consent of the owner of the Roman villa of Palazzola, whose *praedium* must have included the area of the plateau, the ledge and the cliff-face.

Among the remains of rough *opus reticulatum* incorporated in one wall of the church at Palazzola there have been found some seals of L. Licinius Successianus, dating from the end of the first, or the beginning of the second century A.D. (*C.I.L.*,

XIV, 4091, 51; *XV*, 2336, 2). From these seals we can deduce that the Roman villa was restored at the end of the first century or the beginning of the second century A.D. We can also say that very probably the cutting of the cliff-face dates from this time, and that almost certainly the sepulchral monument was constructed during the same period ; and so it seems very likely that the work was carried out at the command of a Roman magistrate who had his villa at Palazzola restored at about the same time.

The bas-reliefs of the twelve lictoral fasces carved on the monument indicate that the owner was, or had been, a consul, a *vir consularis* or a proconsul of Asia or Africa. The *scipio*, surmounted by an eagle, was also one of the consular insignia, and could also indicate that the magistrate had been a general. This hypothesis would be strengthened if the two male busts in the damaged part of the bas-relief could be identified with certainty as the figures of two prisoners with hands tied behind their backs. The *medusae* are talismanic symbols used by the highest Roman magistrates, including the emperors. The *scamnum* has been identified quite arbitrarily as a *sella curulis*, the chair proper to consuls and to the *Flamen Dialis*, but several ancient representations of the *sella curulis* have come down to us, and it was a folding chair, usually supported by curved feet, each pair of feet forming two claws arched and tensed in the form of pincers. Nor can the *scamnum* be identified as a *bisellium*, or with a *lectisternium*. I have measured the length of the *scamnum* and that of the priest's cap, and the two lengths are in the proportion of 3.6 to 1. Therefore, if we take 17 cm. (six inches) as the average diameter of the real cap, the length of the real *scamnum* is 0.612 m. (24 inches). A *scamnum* of that size can obviously seat only one person, so the bas-relief on the monument is not a *bisellium* or a *lectisternium* but, in all probability, only a common *scamnum*.

The bas-relief of the priestly cap probably represents a *galerus* or *apex Flamincus*, the dress of the *Flamines* and of the pontiffs. But the *apex*, if it was there originally, has now completely disappeared. So we cannot say with certainty that the magistrate was also a *Flamen* or a pontiff.

To sum up, we can say that the rock tomb of Palazzola was the burial place of a Roman magistrate who had been a consul, Proconsul of Asia (or Africa), or a *vir consularis*, between the second half of the first century A.D., and the first half of the

second century. Probably he was also a priest and a general. The style of the monument on the cliff recalls oriental rock-tombs rather than Etruscan ones, so it is not improbable that he held his *imperium* in the East.

He was the owner of the Roman villa of Palazzola. If we knew the names of the magistrates who had villas in the Alban area during this period it seems very likely that we would be able to decide upon his name, but unfortunately this information is not available and so we must give up the attempt to solve the enigma. If the burial crypt had not been broken into, there would have been no problem, as we could almost certainly have read the name of the consul on the sarcophagus which in the time of Padre Casimiro da Roma was used as a water-tank by the friars of the convent of Palazzola. Padre Casimiro states that this was the sarcophagus of the consul. G. Antonio Riccy has described the sarcophagus of polished marble, which was acquired by the Count of Souza, in the following terms : 'The sarcophagus has in recent years been acquired by the Count of Souza, Portuguese ambassador to the Holy See. It is made of that Greek marble commonly called "*grechetto*" which was known to the Romans only from the beginning of the Empire, (*Pliny* xxxvi, 5, 2). It is in the shape of a parellelogram, 9 palms high, 3 broad and 3 high, decorated with "*baccelli*" on either side of a plain panel on its front, with two spears and two crossed shields in flat relief above, a style which became common a little later. It was then that *baccelli* acquired that pleasing sinuosity noted by Ennio Visconti (*Mus. Pio Clem. T.V. tav.* 16, p. 31), from the spiral grooves on columns and cinerary vases.'

Riccy thought that Padre Casimiro's information was inaccurate, because it did not agree with his attribution of the monument to a magistrate of the sixth century of Rome. But we can believe Padre Casimiro had spoken the truth, for between 1576 when the tomb was discovered and opened, and 1740, when Padre Casimiro wrote his work, there are 164 years, and the information he records could quite well have been handed down accurately by the older friars of the convent.

As we have said, the magistrate buried in the monument of Palazzola probably did not belong to one of the Roman families well known in history. Perhaps no scholar will succeed in determining his name with certainty. Yet if this continues to remain an archæological lacuna, it will not detract from the artistic beauty of the magnificent rock-tomb, but will rather

add to it that secret fascination that enthrals every man when he is in the presence of the unknown, the indefinable and the mysterious.

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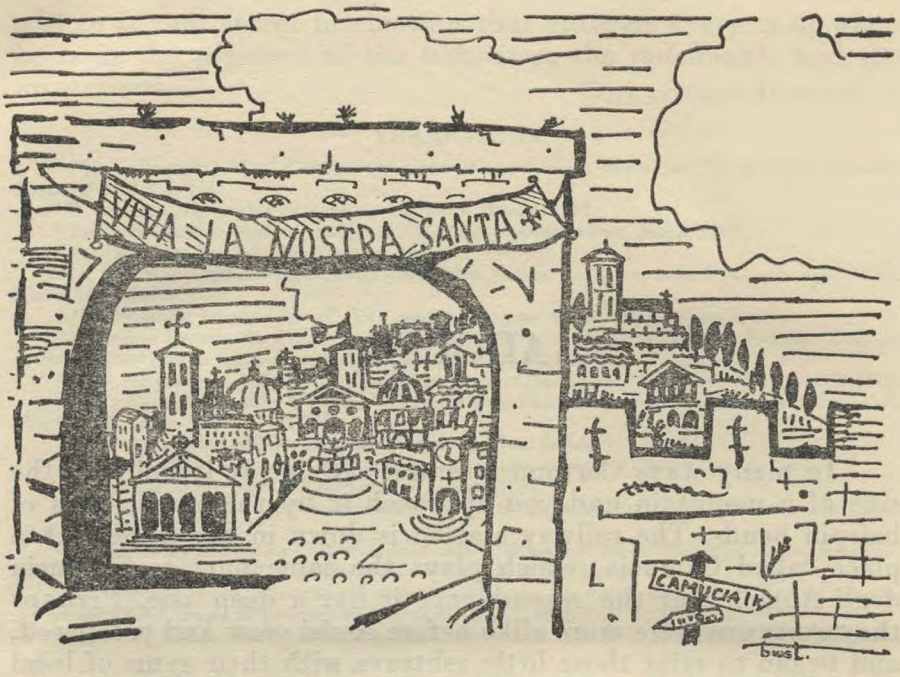
ADOLFO

In many ways Cortona resembles Assisi. It is built on the side of a mountain and you approach it by the same series of hairpin bends. The railway station is down in the valley at a place called Camucia, which plays the same part as S. Maria degli Angeli. But the resemblance is not a deep one. Perhaps the two towns were more alike before Assisi grew and prospered, and began to mint those little ashtrays with their gems of local lore (*L'ospite è come un pesce—dopo tre giorni puzza*) and the variegated pottery strewn on every pavement for the tourist's inspection. There is none of this in Cortona, which expresses slight amazement if anyone comes at all. The guide-book published by the Provincial Tourist Headquarters at Arezzo remarks that Cortona sits in the middle of a circle of Cyclopean walls. Is this a polite way of saying that it is a one-eyed place ? The same winding streets with their shafts of sunlight give a totally different impression, for they are built of a much darker stone, and however much the sun shines on the buildings they never manage to produce the maidenly blush which tourists find so attractive in Assisi. The charm of the place rests in its lack of self-consciousness, in the familiarity and friendliness which attaches to unspoilt provincial towns in Italy. And the panorama ('*vasto e armonioso*') is worth the climb up the brooding alleys . . .

'A constant smirk upon the face and whiffling activity of the body', writes Lord Chesterfield, 'are strong indications of futility.' Adolfo smirked and whiffled, but he wasn't futile. Adolfo was one of the few altruists in Central Italy. Adolfo would have softened the heart of Baedeker, who is so adept at not giving the foreigner what he asks for. Because Adolfo didn't



ask for anything—it was give, all the time. He materialized on the corner in the Piazza Comunale in Cortona, where we had left the station bus. Bent at an angle of about thirty degrees, his young face set in a pattern of wistful respect for the clergy, his hairline moustache pushed horizontal by his welcoming smile.

'*Redentoristi* ?' he asked.

No, we were not Redemptorists.

This was evidently a blow. There was silence, and we walked down the road together. Our numbers looked like being increased by one for an indefinite period : Adolfo had the look of one who has decided to article himself to a firm.

'You want to stay at the Seminary', he announced at last. 'Here is the Seminary.' It was as easy as that. So we all stopped and looked at the façade of the Seminary, and Adolfo beamed at it and then back at us. It was a barrack-like building with a to-be-sold air about it, all bolted up and shuttered.

'When you have accommodated yourselves at the Seminary', continued Adolfo, 'we shall visit the Bishop. The Bishop is very democratic.' It looked as if we were in for a very ecclesiastical three days, and if the gita was to be salvaged, a firm stand must be taken up. We would rather not stay at the Seminary, we said.

We improvised Italian phrases like 'Home from home'(*Troppo come casa da casa . . .?*). We tried not to give the impression that we were five seminarians 'out on the jag', but we stuck to our principle—no Seminary. Afterwards we wondered whether Adolfo had hoped we would say this, because he had an immediate alternative up his sleeve, just the place for priests, and very cheap as well. '*Quant'al Seminario*', he explained, '*capisco bene—da una prigione ad un'altra, no ?*' As he said this we crossed another square and plunged down another shadowy street. It was late afternoon and the patterns on the pavement everywhere were becoming lean and chiaroscuro as the sun sank : but this street never saw the sun except for a fraction of the day. We stopped at the foot of an enormous palazzo-tenement, so ancient that it appeared to be bellying out into the street like the sail of a galleon : it had a dignified list. Adolfo disappeared through a door and up some stairs, and then stopped so that we could only see him from the knees down—pencil-sharp patent leather shoes and indescribable ankle-socks, and between these and the hems of his trousers, a *striscia* of olive-green leg. He was craning upwards, trying to see through some invisible banisters above.

'*Suor Agatina*', he called.

No answer.

'*Suor Agatina* !'

Some interested people were beginning to watch from the door across the road. We shifted uneasily in our haversacks, but didn't like to take them off. It did not look as if there would be much point. But further instalments of the same silence did not deter Adolfo, for he beckoned us up the stairs and we followed, heavy-laden and slightly guilty. It was rather like climbing up the side of a cliff, but we managed somehow and emerged on to a landing, gloomy and stuffy and smelling of mouldy curtains and furniture that has been pensioned off. Across this opened a narrow corridor, a dowdy and doubtful catacomb of indeterminate length and direction. We chanced it, Adolfo still in the van and murmuring '*excelsior*' or '*coraggio*' as we proceeded down the passage in Indian file. It ended in a door.

Motioning us to silence, Adolfo knocked.

'*Suor . . .*'

'*Chi è ?*' A voice which was low and full of coffee-grounds, it seemed.

'*Adolfo.*'

'*Lasciami morire ! Lasciami morire !*'

This was a new development, and I think we were justified in thinking that we had drawn a blank. But Adolfo had already thrown open the door and had ushered us into the presence. On a sofa against the far wall lay a bulky bundle, swathed in blankets and bedspreads with a mop of grey hair to top it off. We appeared to have invaded a sickroom, and prepared to retire in confusion : but it soon became evident that no one but us was embarrassed. The old lady under the pile of clothes cleared her throat.

'*Lasciami morire*', she said. 'Let me die. Leave me alone. Adolfo, get out the *vin santo*, it's in the cupboard over there. Make yourselves at home, reverend sirs, sit down, that's right. Have we got enough glasses . . . ?' The bundle became vertical, donned a pair of carpet-slippers and shuffled off hospitably to find the *bicchieri*. Suor Agatina apparently spent the entire day lying on the sofa, fully dressed, under an enormous heap of blankets which was, I suppose, gently reducing the circulation of her blood. When spoken to, she replied '*Lasciami morire*' rather as Cato used to say '*Delenda est Carthago*' and other people clear their throats before speaking. She was the squarest person I can remember seeing : very big-boned, with many right-angles. Why she was called Suor Agatina we never found out. She certainly wasn't a nun. She returned with the glasses, removed the bottle from Adolfo who was waving it rather helplessly in the air, and we settled down with it standing on the table between us . . . This was the point of no return—we knew now that we had come to stay.

Early next morning we went up to Mass at the Sanctuary of St Margaret. We were in the sacristy afterwards when a Franciscan approached us.

'Do you desire to visit the Convent ?' We visited the Convent, and foregathered on the steps in the sun when the visit was over, feeling like breakfast. Far away in the plain, which was already becoming misty in the sun, you could see the trains coming north from Lake Trasimene. Some of them stopped at Camucia. Many of them put on an extra burst of speed and disappeared behind the hills with a noise like distant roller-skates.

'Does the Convent please you ?'

Yes, we said, we thought it must be a very nice place to live. A bit draughty, perhaps, in winter, but very nice.

'If you wish, you can buy the Convent.' This we had not

anticipated, but we tried to refuse without sounding too rude. 'A very good villa for the summer', remarked the friar casually, 'we often let it out.' We pointed out that we had a villa already, and that villas were the sort of article of which it was possible to have a superfluity. The friar sighed, and accompanied us to the gate on to the road. It was time to change the subject, but the springs of gay repartee seemed dry. Silence. Then, desperately—

'How many Communists are there in Cortona ?' (This is a good counter question to the '*Quanti-cattolici*' opening.)

'Quite a number', said the sacristan, 'as a matter of fact they all come here for their Easter duties.' We looked down at the roofs of Cortona, thrown together, crowded into all sorts of unwieldy shapes, tiles upon tiles. In so close-knit a community, he explained, it was not safe for a Communist to go to his parish church—he would be seen and reported. So, some evening in Lent, up the hill he would come with many a furtive glance to right and left, and when the horizon was void of possible informers, dive smartly into the Sanctuary for confession. By all accounts it seemed probable that he would find the local Party boss saying his penance in one of the benches.

There was a strike of some sort on in Cortona, and there were banners strung across the streets to explain why, covered with terse, tense comments about some authority who was going to take away '*la nostra Santa*'. You had to be in the know to realize that this referred in some obscure way not to St Margaret but to the local hospital. Local industry seemed to be a somewhat sterile thing, anyway, and the men who lounged round the piazzas did not look so much out-of-work as we're-not-the-working-sort. The sacristan explained how the youth of the town were all going off to the bigger towns, so that Cortona was dwindling fast. It was a sad story, and reminded me of all I have heard about the Irish countryside.

We left our guide with many a fond regret and adieu, and made decorous haste towards the nearest breakfast shop. We looked around for reading matter, but the choice was small, and in the end we went fifths in a small magazine which showed why all the royal families in Europe had haemophilia, with diagrams. With this and some coffee and buns we settled down . . . and in fact, you know, all the meals we had in Cortona were slightly peculiar. To begin with, there was the food. Most Italian menus go in for long lists of meats cooked in different ways. If you go

to a good restaurant, the list probably records a reality ; smaller establishments have the same list but only one choice of food—spaghetti, and meat with seams in it called (optimistically) *bistecca.*

We came out into the air one evening after a particularly cross-purposed interview with Suor Agatina, and a number of helpful inhabitants who happened to be passing all divined at the same moment that we were thinking of supper : and, *mirabile dictu*, they all recommended the same restaurant. So startling was their unanimity that we were wafted bodily up some stairs into a little *trattoria* across the road, and wined and dined to the complete satisfaction of the natives, albeit at our own expense. So there we were : and there was Adolfo, too. In a white coat, and all brushed and preened. Perhaps he had realized that his attentions on our arrival in the town had been useful but a little pressing, for he was now pretending to be someone else. The respectful bonhomie, the '*molto-di-chiesa*' and 'as-the-canon-said-in-his-sermon' air was gone, replaced with the sombre magnificence of a head waiter. Our relationship was subtly changed. He was still an altruist, a giver, but a different kind of giver. The tenseness about his nostrils, the noble set of his moustache, the slightly pained lift to his eyebrows, and the limpid purity of his gaze, all spoke the change. So does a patriot look before the firing squad : so the martyr on the scaffold : so the altruist, who only wants to serve. Adolfo was labelled Service that evening—he quivered every time we coughed, his whole being shrieked to do our bidding. He hovered and swooped as if he had been doing it for many years, which I am sure he had not. He had hired himself out as a waiter so that he could look after us. That was the measure of his will to give. And I really think he would have stayed there all night, standing somewhat restlessly to attention, if we had not made a move to rise. As we did so, he became Mr Hyde again. Off with the coat and into a corner with it—we wanted to go home ? He would have us taken home. Home we should go. No question of money or wages or payment as we went downstairs into the street—these were things not spoken about, except by the *maleducati.* We were his friends, and he was the gracious host seeing us to our carriage and passing the time of day as he did so.

It was dark when we reached the road, and Adolfo clapped his hands and whistled peremptorily to some acquaintance of his down the street who happened to be adorning the corner at that

moment—another of the 'leaning-men' and probably also an occasional waiter.

'My friends wish to return to their lodgings.' (His friends knew the way perfectly well, but it was too late to stop him.) The leaning-man took us home, then, and we tried to say goodnight to him when we reached Suor Agatina's cavernous doorway. We stood on one leg and smiled foolishly and said '*Grazie*' in several different tones of voice. Eventually he got sick of the pavement and, courteously pushing between us, went up the stairs himself. When he arrived on the landing, he was waiting for us.

'You wish to go to your rooms ?'

Desperately we followed him along the passage, nursing our last hope . . . for here we had him. We had locked the rooms. Otherwise, it might have been a wearying night, for it looked as if he expected to stay some time. We had wild thoughts of saying we had a prayer-meeting fixed, and would he like to come another night. So long as the doors were locked, we held the trump card.

But the gentleman had the last word.

'*Ecco le camere, eccole* !' And with a deft twist of the key he took from his pocket, he opened the doors—one, two—bowed, bade us goodnight and went.

We never discovered how many people in Cortona actually had keys to our rooms.

The house was really rather odd. Parts of it were gilded and plastered, and furnished handsomely if heavily. Parts of it—our part—were made of matchwood. The beds were extraordinary contraptions to look at, but easy to sleep in. Out of the window were the roofs of the next-door neighbours, who were four feet away horizontally but twenty-five down. You felt as if you were perched on the Wall of Death. From the matchboard roof hung, reluctantly, a naked bulb. It gave the dimmest light possible. In fact we suspected after a while that it was actually generating a slight mist. The nearby church rejoiced in a clock that was hoarse. The bell croaked rather than rang, and made you think of some Titan rending sheets of corrugated iron.

Suor Agatina was up and, if not doing at least mobile when we returned from Mass on our last morning. And chatty, too. Her cousin, she told us, was a cardinal in Rome (this genuinely surprised us) and did we know Major Smith ? We said we didn't, and her eyes seemed to narrow slightly. Englishmen who denied knowledge of Major Smith, who was such a

nice lodger at the end of the war, were probably not English at all. Was it true that there were eighty-eight religions in the world, *magari* ? Yes, *magari*, we replied, we thought it would add up to about that. Suor Agatina gave a satisfied and righteous sigh and shuffled away into some forgotten room. It was not until this day when we came back from the church with the tassels flying from our missals and the holy water still moist on our foreheads, that she asked us hopefully if we were Catholics.

The house was so holy, it was almost a repository. Suor Agatina had kept her eyes open for the most outré examples of horrible ecclesiastical art, and hammered them on to the walls. They were masterpieces of the *novecento*, painted on the presumption that sanctity made the subject admirable but unhappy. Some of them were collector's pieces in hideousness, and far outclassed anything I have seen in Rome . . . but they made the house what the Americans call 'homey'.

At lunchtime we parted from our hostess (who was now once more on her back) with many expressions of mutual esteem. We said good-bye in as many pious ways as we could, and she replied with long speeches which were somewhat muffled by the bedclothes. This exchange of unimpeachable sentiments went on until we had only a few minutes to get down to Camucia, find the station and buy the tickets to Rome. We bolted down the stairs, tearing off large pieces of masonry with the metal parts of our haversacks, and hoping we should not meet anyone else we knew. We caught the station bus as it was sneaking out of the square and tried to get our breath back as it gathered speed, shot through the main gate and began to brave the corkscrew road into the plain. Strung across the hill behind us, Cortona continued to shrink like a walnut within its Cyclopean walls.

ANTHONY PHILPOT.

PRIESTS' HIDING HOLES

Secret rooms and sliding panels add a spice of mystery and excitement to many a costume novel. But few of those who enjoy reading these stories, and few of those who write them, know that in manors up and down England there are about five hundred real secret hiding places, often more ingenious than anything in fiction. They are mainly 'priest-holes', built during the persecution under Elizabeth I and James I. There are hides used by Cavaliers, Jacobites and smugglers, but they are comparatively few ; and in any case most of the places used by Cavaliers and Jacobites (including all those which sheltered Charles II after the Battle of Worcester) had been built to hide priests.

In October 1956 I discovered a hide at Holywell Manor, Oxford. Most hides turn up by accident in the course of renovations : this one was the result of a deliberate search, and an account of the find may illustrate some useful tips for searchers.

The Manor is now an annexe to Balliol College, and most of the present building was built in 1935. But one wing of the Tudor manor still survives, and at right angles to it, fronting the road, is the stump of another ancient wing whose continuation is modern. The hide is in the gables at the junction of the two wings, above the ceiling of a bedroom and next to the sloping ceiling of a large room next door. The entrance was through a hinged panel of lath-and-plaster about five feet high in the bedroom. The secret door, complete with Elizabethan hinges, is still there, but when the Manor was modernized in 1935 all the plaster in the bedroom was renewed. The new plaster is on modern laths two inches in front of the door, instead of being

attached to it. Thus, while it is possible to identify the right panel of plaster in the bedroom, it is not possible to open it; and if you open the door from the inside of the hide, you face the modern lath-and-plaster. But it would be quite easy to restore the door to its original condition.

The first essential when searching a house is to establish a good reason for a hide's being there at all. Otherwise you are wasting your time. This means, for all normal purposes (smugglers' hides are a different matter), finding evidence that a Catholic lived there during the persecution. In the case of Holywell such evidence was abundant. William Napier of Holywell was reported as a recusant as early as 1577, and his brother, George Napier, was executed for his priesthood at Oxford in 1610. (His quarters were displayed on the four gates of the city and his head on Tom Tower.) This was more than enough. The question was not whether there had been hides at Holywell, but merely whether any had survived. So I obtained permission to search.[1]

Hides are most common at the top of the house, near the secret chapel. If only one was built, that is where it will be found. (There is a catch though: if several were built and only one survives it may be well away from the chapel, so this rule is not infallible.) The lower you go, the fewer the hides, and a hide entered from the ground floor is a great rarity (not surprisingly: to reach such a hide the priest would have to run downstairs, towards the pursuivants). So I began by crawling along the apex of the gable of the medieval block. In a house as much pulled about as Holywell this had a further advantage: people do not redecorate the roof space and a hide there had a much higher chance of surviving modernizations. There are numbers of houses in England which are Georgian or even Victorian both inside and outside but retain fifteenth-century timbered roofs.

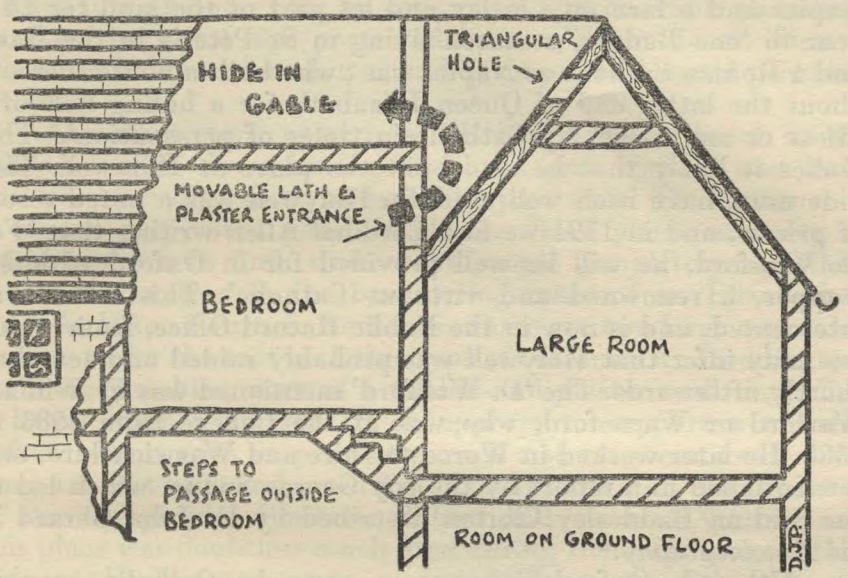
About half-way along the gable I noticed a small triangular hole on the right, framed by timbers. I poked a torch through, and found I was looking into a hiding-place. Whoever had built it had not intended it should be found the way I had found it: at two points I had passed the remains of stout timber-and-plaster walls—built to seal off the gable. A pursuivant might pierce them, but he would find no hide beyond, and it is unlikely that he would have gone farther. Fortunately for me, these

[1] I am very grateful to Mr Russell Meiggs for allowing a search party to take advantage of his good nature at intervals for several weeks.

partitions had been broken down by plumbers when the Manor was modernized.

The hole was just big enough for me to get head and shoulders through with a very tight squeeze. I could see the door, and at first I thought that all I should have to do would be to locate it from the outside. But when I did, I found it would not open, for the reason already given. I spent several afternoons in

HOLYWELL MANOR, OXFORD



the next few weeks trying to find another way in. There is a trapdoor into the roof in the modern part of the Manor, and I hoped that through it I might be able to approach the hide from the other side (that is, from the left in the diagram). But this way, I found, is blocked by a stone chimney-stack which stretches almost all the way across the gable. One can see round it, but not crawl round. In the course of these explorations I went all round the Manor through the roof space, except for the part which mattered, that between the chimney and the hide. It was not until more than a month after I first found the hide that I took along a friend who was small enough to go through

the triangular hole and open the door from inside, revealing the plaster in front, as I have described.

In *Forgotten Shrines* Dom Bede Camm mentions, rather doubtfully, 'a tiny supposed priest-hole upstairs'. The place he was shown was perhaps a curious chimneyside cupboard in one of the attics. It was not the hide over the bedroom which occupies all the space above the ceiling and could not possibly be described as 'tiny'.

It is possible that we can establish the name of the man who built this hide. According to Anthony à Wood, William Napier had a farm at Cowley and let part of the land for £4 a year to 'one Badger, a mason living in St Peter's in the East, and a Roman Catholic as Napier was ; who built a house thereon, about the latter end of Queen Elizabeth for a hiding hole of a priest or any other lay-Catholic in times of persecution'.[2] This makes it likely that he also built the place at Holywell. This hide must have been well used, for Holywell was a noted resort of priests, and in 1591 we find Cardinal Allen writing that 'For D. Wallford, he will be well provided for in Oxford with Mr Napper, a renowned and virtuous Catholic'. This letter was intercepted, and is now in the Public Record Office, from which one may infer that Holywell was probably raided and searched shortly afterwards. The 'D. Wallford' mentioned was Fr William Warford or Warneford, who was at the College from 1583 to 1588. He later worked in Worcestershire and Warwickshire, and is mentioned in a report by the spy George Snape, which led to the raid on Baddesley Clinton described by Fr John Gerard in his *Autobiography*.[3]

Although Oxfordshire was a strongly Catholic county, barely half-a-dozen hides have been recorded there. There are certain areas of England where far fewer hides are known than their Elizabethan history would lead one to expect. Oxfordshire and Berkshire is one such area, and the Welsh Marches another. This may be due simply to the fact that no one has searched these districts. Most hides turn up by accident, and it is doubtful if much more than a dozen houses have been searched by someone who knows what to look for, and where. Hardly a year goes by without a new hide coming to light, but there must be scores, perhaps hundreds still awaiting discovery.

[2] *Life and Times*, Oxford Historical Society, iii, 122.

[3] Stapleton, *Oxfordshire Catholic Missions*, 211–22 ; Foley, iv, 574–82 ; John Gerard's *Autobiography* (ed. Caraman, 1956), 37–43, 274 ; S. P. D. Eliz. 229/78.

There are two stock types of hide, variants of which occur in scores all over the country. They might be called the trap-door and the hutch : the first is a camouflaged trap-door covering a space under the floor. Tudor flooring was of boards, short and broad, so that such trap-doors could be contrived without any unusual breaks to catch the pursuivant's eye. They are most common in the floors of fireside closets : the whole floor comes up in one piece to reveal a space quarried out of the brickwork of the chimney-stack below. But they may turn up anywhere.[4] Sometimes a closet with a secret trap in the floor was itself turned into an outer hide by covering it with movable panelling, so that the priest was protected by two secret doors. Thus if the outer hide was found, it would be empty and would probably be left.[5]

The other stock pattern is a lath-and-plaster hutch in the roof, snuggled down among the brickwork, rafters and lath-and-plaster work, so as to look like part of it. The entrance is a hinged or pivoted panel of plaster. Such places are easy to build but not to find, since most people completely lose their sense of direction in the bewildering maze of an Elizabethan roof. At Ufton Court, in Berkshire, there are two large concealed garrets under the roof with this type of entrance. At Huddington, in Worcestershire, part of a timber-and-plaster wall, including a heavy timber upright which appears to support a massive rafter, swings open on pivots to reveal a secret room, twelve feet long, ten feet wide and seven feet high. Huddington was the home of the Gunpowder Plotters, Robert and Thomas Winter, and this place was doubtless much used during 1605. There is another hide at Huddington, in a room which was traditionally the secret chapel. Here a panel of the wainscot can be removed, revealing a dark cavity between two stout beams, chamfered to allow an easier passage. Two steps lead down into a gable eleven feet six inches long and six feet wide, though only four feet to the apex. On the left side of this gable is a very heavy and perfectly fitting, plaster-covered door, whose own weight keeps it so tightly shut that it is almost undetectable. Behind this door is a smaller gable under the tiles : it measures five feet in area and in height.

[4] A dozen examples, taken at random, are at Haselour Hall (Staffs.), Nevill Holt Hall (Leics.), Drayton House (Northants), Little Malvern Court and Elmley Castle House (Worcs.), Ufton Court (Berks.), Water Eaton Manor (Oxon.), Carlton Towers, Lawkland Hall and Brough Hall (Yorks), Plowden Hall (Salop), and Little Santon Farm, near Reigate.

[5] As at Pitchford Hall (Salop), Trent Manor (Dorset), Moseley Old Hall (Staffs.), and, perhaps originally, Boscobel House (Salop).

Apart from these two common types, hides differ widely from house to house, and it is this that makes them such a fascinating study. There is no room here to do more than briefly describe a few, but they will be enough to illustrate the ingenuity of their construction.

The most exciting hide I have seen is at Braddocks, between Thaxted and Saffron Walden in Essex. For four days in April 1594 this hide sheltered Fr John Gerard, who has left a hair-raising account of the search in his *Autobiography*. It is entered from the chapel, the usual, long, low room at the top of the house. Here Nicholas Owen took up the tiles from the fireplace and constructed a false hearth. Beneath this he burrowed down into the solid brickwork. The place he made adjoins the large dining-room below, and is situated high up and slightly to the left of the carved stone Renaissance fireplace. It was separated from this room only by lath-and-plaster covered with panelling. The plaster all round the room, during the last day of the search, was pierced and stripped by the pursuivants, with the exception of the few feet behind which Gerard crouched. They began just to the left of the hide, worked all the way round the room until they were just to the right of it, and then gave up. The night before, the two soldiers on guard in the chapel had felt cold and lit a fire on the false hearth. Before long the tiles, which had only wood beneath them, became loose and a shower of sparks fell through. The guards noticed the loosened bricks and probing the cracks with a stick, found that the bottom of the hearth was made of wood. 'At which', says Gerard, 'I heard them remark what a curious thing it was, and thought that there and then they would smash open the hiding place and peer in . . .'

It would spoil the story to tell how Gerard eventually got away : it must be read in his own vivid account. Some day an enterprising film director will find Gerard's *Autobiography*, and then the wildest escapes of the last war will seem rather tame.

Only a dozen miles from Braddocks is Sawston Hall, where there is another magnificent hide built by Nicholas Owen. In the courtyard is a turret containing a newel stair which runs from ground floor to attics. At the top is a small landing made of a single layer of oak boards. Under the slope of the roof at the back of the landing two of the boards can be lifted up together, revealing a dark hole in the stone wall on which their ends rest. It is contrived in the corner where the circular wall of the turret sweeps out from the flat wall against which it is

False Hearth, Braddocks

False Chimney, Harvington Hall

built. The perfection of this variant of the common trap-door type is that nearly two-thirds of the underside of the boards which cover the hole are visible from the stairs below. Also when standing on these boards one can see between their cracks onto the stairs. The hole is a short shaft to a tiny room quarried out of the thick stone wall. I am sorry to say that this hide has now been fitted with electric light. Even the dullest pursuivant might deduce that the boards come up from the presence of a thick cable which runs along the landing wall and down round the edge of the trap-door. To prevent rattle and side movement, blocks of wood are nailed on to the underside of the boards, fitting into similarly shaped hollows gouged out of the joists which support them. Sawston is now open to the public and is well worth a visit.

In Norfolk is Oxburgh Hall, which is now owned by the National Trust and is open three times a week in summer. In the great brick gate tower is a small ante-room, brick vaulted and with a tiled floor. In one corner is a recess, about the height of an ordinary door, which looks as if it had been made to contain a small altar or *prie-dieu* ; if one stands near the recess and stamps heavily on the floor, a section of the tiles, thirty inches long and nineteen inches wide, swings over on a pivot. This remarkable door is nine inches thick and made of two solid blocks of oak, bolted together, while the tiles which camouflage it are held on by a thin iron frame. It is the entrance to a brick vault, seven feet three inches high and shaped like a blunt L, the angle of the letter being the point of entry.

The vertical member of the L has some strange features. The main part of it is five feet two inches long and has three irregular steps, which lead up to an extension. This extension consists of a vaulted recess three feet deep, two feet wide and three feet six inches high. On one wall is a stout staple, holding a short, heavy chain and ring, a typical dungeon chain in fact, and this recess would be a perfect 'Little Ease', since a person chained in it could neither sit, stand, nor lie in comfort. In fact, the whole of this curious unlighted chamber has always been known as 'The Dungeon', and its construction and appearance show that this was undoubtedly the original purpose of it. But when penal times came, the Bedingfields had far more use for a hiding-place than for a private dungeon, and it was adapted to suit the changed conditions.

Another Owen hide used by John Gerard is at Baddesley Clinton, in Warwickshire. This house, a lovely fifteenth and

sixteenth century building of stone and red brick, consists of three wings built round a courtyard and surrounded by a moat. In the base of the west or back wing is a tunnel, running its entire length. It is lit by loop-holes, and at one end is a square hole opening on to the moat. This tunnel was originally the sewer of the house, draining into the moat. When it was turned into a hiding place, the loop-holes were blocked and camouflaged and the moat-side exit stopped. An entrance was made through the Priest's Room hearth, like that at Braddocks. The moat was then raised and the whole tunnel sunk below water-level. This arrangement was the most perfect form of hide, since it was below the house and no amount of knocking, probing or measuring could reveal it.

Also in Warwickshire, on the Alcester-Evesham road, is Abbots Salford Hall. In a small, dark room on the top floor is a shallow cupboard let into the wall. If you push it, the back of the cupboard, together with the shelves, will swing away into the wall on hidden hinges at the top. Beyond is a draughty space between the wall and the slope of the roof. It is five feet long, and just high enough to stand in.

In Worcestershire is Harvington Hall, the finest surviving example of a Catholic stronghold in England. It now belongs to the Archdiocese of Birmingham and is open daily, except Mondays. Apart from eight hides, it has two secret chapels, and in the garden is a Georgian chapel opened in 1743. Opposite the Hall is a pleasant little Gothic church built in 1825, so that here, as nowhere else, one can see the history of English Catholicism over the last four centuries in brick and stone. Moreover, Harvington was from 1667 to 1678 the home of one of the College martyrs, Blessed John Wall, who was executed at Worcester in 1679.

What is probably the earliest hide is next to the gateway. On the first floor, in a short passage from the beautiful Elizabethan withdrawing room, is a trap-door, which covers a dark hole contrived between a chimney stack and the gateway wall. A similar place is under the floor of a garderobe (latrine) on the same floor. The boards (triple thickness to deaden sound) come up in one piece, and beneath is a space ingeniously tucked away between the garderobe shaft and the flues of the kitchen chimney. The floor, like that of the gatehouse hide, is bare earth, but the walls have been lined with thick plaster to muffle sound and make the hide more comfortable. There is a small opening

from this hide into an adjoining shaft which houses the kitchen-spit mechanism. This acted as a ventilator to the cramped and stuffy hide, and in acute emergency could be used as a bolt-hole into the shaft. At the bottom of the shaft some bricks were knocked out to make a rough bolt-hole opening on the moat side. This hole was concealed from the outside by bushes growing on an artificial promontory in the moat.

At one end of the tiny library on the same floor is a kind of stage, which was formerly lined with panelling and used as a book cupboard. Part of the panelling could be moved to reveal the wall, which is of brickwork between heavy, upright beams. One of these timbers is hung on an iron rod, and on being pressed at the top will swing open, leaving a gap through which a man can just squeeze into a small room beyond. This hide is so skilfully sited that it does not show even on a measured drawing. The priest would need someone to replace the panelling after him but once in he would be quite safe.

Above the library is a low room decorated with broad bands of red and grey, veined to simulate marble. In one corner is a fireplace with a hearth of medieval tiles. This 'chimney' goes no farther than the ceiling and is an elaborate fake, complete even to smoke-blackening, built simply as a camouflaged bolt-hole to the attics overhead, where there are two more hides. On the same floor, in a corner of the larger chapel, two boards cover a shallow space in the thickness of the floor, where the 'Massing stuff' was hidden.

Also on the same floor, a short flight of steps leads down to the top landing of the great staircase. Two of these steps are movable, and when raised reveal a small, box-like cavity. At the back of this is a square hole, once closed by another secret door, remnants of whose hinges and bolt are still in position. Through this opening one can climb down into a large hide built over the Butler's Pantry next to the hall. It is said to have had a spy-hole into the hall, camouflaged by the painted plaster frieze which used to run round the walls above the panelling. According to the more detailed versions of this story, the spy-hole was a pin-prick through the eye of a painted peacock in the frieze, though this sounds too good to be quite true. In any case, only part of the frieze now remains, and the brick and timber wall between the hide and the hall has been repointed, so the original form of the 'judas' has been lost.

The other two hides at Harvington are in the roof. One is the ordinary lath-and-plaster hutch in the gables at the front of the house. The other is much larger, and was made by sealing off the whole of the large gable over the Priest's Room and contriving an entrance to it along a catwalk in the apex of the roof. This hide, being directly under the tiles, would have been extremely unpleasant in winter, and an attempt was made to make it more habitable by lining it with rough plank panelling (clapboarding). There is a similar catwalk at Burghwallis Hall, near Doncaster. The hide it gives into is a walled-off space in an attic, over a staircase. It is so sited that the missing space appears to be an allowance made to give headroom on the stairs.

In P. R. Reid's *The Latter Days at Colditz* is described a large hide built in the roof by prisoners to conceal the construction of a glider. In 1956 one of the officers who had worked on this hide visited Harvington and was shown the large roof hide there. He said that the two were exactly alike. There is another interesting parallel. A Dutch woman who visited the Hall about the same time had had a hide like the one under the stairs, in her own house during the Nazi occupation. It had been built to hide black market food, but had come in useful later for an Allied airman who was shot down nearby. Our knowledge of the Resistance and of prison camp escapes has made it possible for us to understand, as earlier historians could not, what it was really like to be a priest on the English mission. As Hugh Ross Williamson has said, 'We may have no new documents, but we can read the old ones with new eyes'.

In the garrets at Hardwick Hall, Co. Durham, is a large chimney-breast, seven feet six inches wide and two feet six inches deep. More than half this chimney is only forty inches wide, but to this was built on another fifty inches of wall, cleverly blended into the chimney brickwork so that it is impossible to detect where the join is made. This false wall, which must be of considerable weight, is borne, like the false chimney at Harvington, on the floor-boards only.

The way into this hide is by a door of normal size, situated in a dark corner under the sloping roof. On the outside, it has been given a thick coat of plaster and very successfully painted and camouflaged to look like brickwork. This work of art is still in almost perfect condition and one can admire the clever concealment of the cracks of the door. The rough plaster feels, as well as looks, like brickwork, though the corner appears so

innocent that it is doubtful whether anyone would have examined it in detail. No pursuivant was likely to sound that wall with a hammer, for, who could expect an obvious chimney-breast to give out anything but a hollow ring ?

A thick ridge of mortar, carried all round the base of the chimney-breast, conceals the fact that the false part is only laid on the boards, instead of through them. The room below has its flue flush with the wall, so that the discrepancy in width is not noticeable in the garret. Had the searchers climbed to the roof to test the chimneys, they would have found that each chimney had its corresponding fireplace, for the flue does not project through the tiles.

If anyone who reads this feels like trying to find a hide in his own district, there is a wealth of clues to work on. To start with, there are the Recusant Rolls, the first of which (1592–93) has been published by the Catholic Record Society. It contains the names of nearly four thousand Catholics who paid (or owed) recusancy fines, and its possibilities have by no means been exhausted. Then there are Foley's Jesuit Records ; and the diocesan 'Certificatts of Recusants' drawn up in 1577. (It was from this source that I learned that 'Mr William Napper, the farmer of Holiwell . . . neither he nor his wife come to the churche'.) They are printed in Volume XXII of the Catholic Record Society, and in the same volume is 'A note of the papistes & recusantes in the seuerall shires of England', followed by 'The names of such Seminary priests and others as bee or haue bene in England . . . wth the places where they frequente & resorte'. This was drawn up by Lord Burghley in 1588, and is an impressive testimony to the efficiency of the Government spy network. One can also pick up useful leads from recusancy prosecutions in County Quarter Sessions Rolls ; and for some counties there are such invaluable books as Mrs Bryan Stapleton's *Oxfordshire Post-Reformation Catholic Missions*. The Victoria County Histories have volumes devoted to ecclesiastical history, and there is much useful material in their articles on specific houses.

Now any Catholic gentleman who was fined for recusancy is almost certain to have had a hide in his house, and any of these sources may afford such evidence. But the field does not stop there. Once one has found a Catholic family, it is worth tracking down the homes of all the families they married into : the publications of the Harleian Society and the articles in *Recusant History* are useful here. At a time of violent persecution

one may assume that a Catholic girl probably married a Catholic husband. Thus, from the fact in 1589 Mary Pakington of Harvington married John Lutley of Broncroft Castle (Shropshire) I would guess that Broncroft had (or has) priests' hiding places. Many of these people will not be on the Recusant Rolls. But it cannot be said too often that the Catholics in the Recusant Rolls are the few who were convicted. They do not include the many known Catholics who were never taken to court, nor the much larger body of 'Church Papists' who heard Mass when they could, but went to Protestant services to avoid the fines. Local historians commonly write the latter down as Protestants, but such statements should be taken with a pinch of salt. For instance, an excellent book on Worcestershire published in 1949 says that the Bushells of Cleve Prior 'were staunch Protestants' and that 'the reason for the construction and use' of the hide there 'is obscure'. But Sir Edward Bushell, a cousin of the Winters of Huddington, was mixed up in the Gunpowder Plot, and this is proof that he was a Catholic.[6]

Sometimes one can pick up odd clues simply by keeping one's eyes open. At Tamworth Castle (a curious hybrid consisting of a Jacobean manor house squeezed into a Norman shell-keep) is a room in the roof, which is shown as a chapel. A wall-cupboard in this attic is traditionally the place where the vestments were kept. Although this does not seem to have struck the author of the guide-book, a chapel in the roof, with a convenient door opening on to the battlements, cannot be anything but a secret Catholic chapel. And a Catholic chapel always had a hide within a few feet of it. And it would be interesting to know how many ghost stories owe their origin to a confused memory of Mass said in secret, at night. The haunted room may have been a martyr's chapel. This is only a suggestion which I have not yet been able to test, but I can think of several houses where it would fit.

In writing this article I have been very grateful for the assistance given me by the late Mr Granville Squiers. He allowed me to use material from his book *Secret Hiding Places* and also gave me, by letter and in conversation, much valuable information about the hides at Baddesley Clinton, Harvington and elsewhere. *Requiescat in Pace.*

MICHAEL HODGETTS.

[6] L. T. C. Rolt, *Worcestershire*, p. 141 ; H. H. Spink, *The Gunpowder Plot and Lord Mounteagle's Letter*, p. 303 ; Hugh Ross Williamson, *The Gunpowder Plot*, p. 151.

NOVA ET VETERA

THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET

The visit to Rome of H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and of H.R.H. the Princess Margaret was greeted with great enthusiasm by the English College. The entire College was privileged to be among those who applauded the Royal Ladies as they passed through the Sala Clementina on their way to their audience with the Holy Father, and the Superiors were presented after the audience was over.

The Royal guests were especially gracious in acknowledging the cheers of the College *camerate* which converged as if by magic on such places as the Palazzo Farnese, the Spanish Steps or Santa Maria in Cosmedin, as soon as it became known that these were included in the programme for the day. Large numbers were also present when the Queen Mother unveiled the statue of Byron in the Borghese Gardens.

On 23rd April, St George's Day, the Rector and the Senior Student left in the hall of the British Embassy two bouquets of red roses, with cards inscribed :

ON THE FEAST OF ST GEORGE
PATRON OF ENGLAND
THE RECTOR AND STUDENTS
OF THE
VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE
BEG TO PRESENT
THEIR LOYAL AND RESPECTFUL GREETINGS
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

—and one similarly inscribed—TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARGARET.

At the reception in the evening the Queen Mother thanked the Rector personally for the flowers. Next day, the Rector received the following letter from the Lady-in-Waiting :

'*I am desired by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother to write and say how touched Her Majesty was to receive the lovely bouquet of Roses from yourself and the students of the Venerable English College. She wishes to thank you and the students so very much for your kind thought and sends her warmest wishes to you all.*'

Later, from Clarence House, a letter was received conveying the sincere thanks of Princess Margaret to the Rector and students of the English College.

A CARDINAL OF ENGLAND AND THE COURT OF FRANCE

With kind permission of the Conte Carlo Gabrielli-Wiseman we print two extracts from hitherto unpublished letters of Cardinal Wiseman, in which the Cardinal describes to his mother and sister his meetings with Louis Philippe, Louis Napoleon and their Consorts.

'Among the accidents of my position is my being brought into contact with persons whom I certainly never expected to have met. I little thought when I entertained the Duke of Bordeaux and made Louis Philippe very angry with me, that I should have to offer *him* consolation. Yet so it is. I drove to Claremont soon after his arrival. There was not a servant waiting; but Mad'. de Montjoyé's maid took us up to her bedroom and there we saw the ex-king & queen. Poor L.P. was really broken down, seemed quite lost and vacant, & asked for our prayers. The Queen is certainly a saint—fully resigned, forgiving everyone. "*Je ne regrette*", she said, "*ni position, ni richesse, ni honneurs ; si je puis assurer le salut de mon âme, c'est la seule chose que je désire.*" Her only anxiety is about her children, & that for their souls only. I have seen her several times since ; as I have gone to say Mass for her & given her communion, as well as the Duchess of Namours, the Princesse Clementina, etc.

The queen says, if she is ill, noone shall attend her but myself; & they express themselves very grateful for my little attentions.' (*Cardinal Wiseman to his Mother at Fano. Letter dated London, 26th April* 1848.)

* * *

'Having expressed a desire to be received by the Emperor, I received a message that he would give me an audience next day after Mass. On that day he and the Empress were to hear Mass at 12 below in the Chapel, & hear the last Lent sermon. Three priedieus and fauteuils gilt & velvet were placed before the Altar, for them and the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden. It is customary for Card[s] to assist in full costume on such occasions, so I went of course in best rochet etc. My place was opposite the pulpit at the side of the royal party, just behind them. As they entered & went to their places, each gave me a most gracious bow. After the Gospel their chairs were turned round so as to face the pulpit, so that they would have their backs to me. But the Empress turned her chair to one side, and sat sideways, though they say in Spanish "*Las Señoras no tienen espaldas*". She was in mantilla, the Emperor in a plain suit, with one star. After Mass we followed the royal party upstairs, accompanied by the Duke of Bassano. The state apartments of the Tuilleries are far more magnificent than they have ever been, as L.N. has spent an immense sum in decorating them. We were met by a chamberlain, who told us that H.M. would receive me in the Empress's apartments, the Pavilion that looks over the quai. After passing through an anteroom full of the Court, I entered, alone, into a beautifully furnished room. The Emperor, Empress & Duchess were standing in the middle, and received me very condescendingly.

After a few minutes general conversation, opened by the Emperor saying (& the Empress's repeating) that he had long wished to know me &tc. and had hoped to make my acquaintance at Amiens & continued about the Pope & Rome &tc., he asked me to sit down, & directed me to the fauteuil by the fireplace, next sat the Empress, then the Duchess, & he took a seat on an ottoman opposite. The conversation was most familiar & friendly, they asked me all sorts of questions about England, conversions, Puseyites, Lord Shrewsbury, the Duke of Norfolk etc. The Empress is one of the sweetest, most amiable persons I ever saw. She asked me if I was not Spanish & had not been a few years ago in Spain etc. But upon our rising & introducing Mgr Searle,

Dr Miley & another who formed my cortège, the Empress opened in Spanish & we had quite a private chat about Spain, Seville &tc. I really was quite charmed. The E. expressed his regret I was not staying, but hoped I sh[d] return, that he might ask me etc. . . .

Take care not to let anything of this audience get out, where there wd be a chance of its getting into a newspaper.' (*Wiseman to his Sister at Fano. Letter dated London, 29th April* 1854.)

ROMAN ASSOCIATION MEETING 1959

The meeting this year was at Oxford on 19th and 20th May.

We much regretted the absence through sickness of the President, Mgr Winham. Mgr Smith, the last holder of the office, accepted the duties of President for the meeting.

The appeal for the College is to go forward still, under the direction of Canon W. O'Leary, the next President.

The interest on the £3,200 left to us 'preferably for a Southwark student' is to be awarded as a burse, this time and without setting a precedent, to a Southwark student and without examination.

Top Year will again receive Delaney money.

Fr M. McConnon is to be assistant secretary.

In future the President will offer his Mass on the morning of the meeting for deceased members.

Our next meeting will be at the Grand Hotel, Leicester, on 7th and 8th June 1960.

J. T. Molloy, *Secretary*.

THE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 1958

Back Row: Messrs D. Hately, M. Cooley, L. Dumbill, I. Gallemore, P. Burns, H. Parker, C. Murphy, P. J. Jones, B. G. Chestle, A. O'Sullivan, G. Burke, B. Nash.

Second Row: Messrs A. Grimshaw, L. O'Brien, D. McGarry, A. Chatterton, J. Hine, J. Robinson, M. Tuck, C. Budd, N. Coote, J. Wigmore, A. O'Neill, B. Dazeley, M. Hodgetts, P. Armour, R. Daley, J. Finn.

Third Row: Messrs M. Tully, T. Walsh, J. Ibbett, M. Sharratt, G. Richardson, C. Smith, B. W. S. Trevett, R. Magner, B. Needham, B. Linares, J. Allen, M. J. Butler, D. Papworth, P. Kelly, A. Dearman.

Fourth Row: Messrs H. Ellwood, P. Coughlan, T. Rice, J. White, P. Howell, J. Lethbridge, M. Oura, M. Corley, J. Howell, M. St Aubyn, C. Lloyd, G. Creasey, P. Cunningham, G. Hay, F. O'Loughlin, A. Bennett, W. Steele, L. Gath, P. W. Jones, A. White.

Fifth Row: The Revv. A. Philpot, B. McNamara, C. Rand, T. Curtis Hayward, Mgr Worlock, The Rector, His Eminence Cardinal Godfrey, The Vice Rector, P. Anglim, M. Bowen, M. Ashdowne, J. Brewer, R. Lang, B. Loftus, L. Mooney.

Front Row: Messrs M. Garnett, A. Pateman, A. Wilcox M. Convey, D. Corbould, P. Purdue, J. Brand, M. Feben, P. Lowe, B. Newns.

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th 1959, *Wednesday*. Swift work by the stagemen : the Common Room returns to normal : the stage to the cellar.

The armorial bearings of Pope John and of Cardinal Godfrey were to be seen on the Salve Bench after lunch to-day. They are to be erected outside the Cardinal's titular church.

Though there is now no such thing, the Solemn Octave of the Epiphany is still celebrated at Sant'Andrea della Valle, where this evening we provided the *assistenza* and choir at Benediction given by Cardinal Masella.

8th *Thursday*. A morning of normal routine at last. In the afternoon Fr Lombardi S.J. addressed some 1,300 seminarians at the Gregorian on '*La Primavera Cattolica*', for which, as the Quotidiano noted, he received considerable applause.

There are also rumours of a Rectors' tea-party at the University.

10th *Saturday*. The coat of arms of Cardinal Costantini, who formerly held the church of SS. Nereus and Achilles, made its appearance in the College to-day.

11th *Sunday*. A day of recollection : the conference was given by Fr Buckley.

Fr Paul Clark left us before lunch to return to Mark Cross.

12th *Monday*. After a lengthy gap, we return to the refectory reading of the *Wise Man from the West* by Vincent Cronin.

13th *Tuesday*. A pair of spotted flycatchers were sighted on the Tiber Island this afternoon.

15th *Thursday*. Members of the Schola lost a *dies non* to-day in practising at the Gregorian in a combined choir organized for the Pope's visit to the University next Sunday.

Someone recording his sermon to-night was a little startled to find that the machine was also picking up Vatican radio.

17th *Saturday*. No lectures, as the final touches are being completed in the decoration of the Aula Magna for the Holy Father's visit.

A noble camerata 'showed the flag' this afternoon by carrying the College Union Jack rather self-consciously through the back streets to the Gregorian.

18th *Sunday*. High Mass at 6.15 (a.m., of course) in the Martyrs' Chapel. The Pope made his official visit to the University this morning and was presented with a chalice of contemporary style and a modern missal. Representatives from every college combined in a choral rendering of the cantata '*Tu es Petrus*' composed by Fr Prieto S.J. The College was honoured to receive a passing mention in the Holy Father's address on the history of the Collegio Romano and the Gregorian.

On the way home we were sad to note that the buzzard which has been exciting our pity as we passed the pet-shop on the 'Greg-route', had succumbed to the effects of its captivity and died.

We are very grateful to Mr Garey for the film this evening—*All at Sea*—which contained some dextrous clowning by Alec Guinness, in scenes which will doubtless find their way into future college entertainments.

19th *Monday*. Again no lectures : the Aula Magna was being stripped of its trappings. To lunch Frs Copleston, Furlong and Risk : perhaps to give Fr Buckley some advice about his book which we hear is to be published in the autumn.

20th *Tuesday*. We provided the *assistenza* in the evening at Benediction given by Cardinal Masella at the Gesù for the Chair of Unity Octave.

22nd *Thursday*. A day Gita. Several of First Year made their acquaintance with the 'nursery slope' at Terminillo, of which they had heard so much from the 'experienced' skiers in the House !

25th *Sunday*. A really warm sunny day. The Pope went to San Paolo Fuori le Mura this morning.

News of the coming Œcumenical Council was brought to us by the Vice-Rector during Common Room.

26th *Monday*. News also of a Roman Synod to be held in the autumn, and of a revision of the Code. The latter has caused quite a flutter among those about to take doctorates in Canon Law.

27th *Tuesday*. With the temperature nearing zero the professors at the Gregorian are slowly succumbing to the weather, and many theology lectures to-day were cancelled.

28th *Wednesday*. Another fine cold day. We began reading Fr Anstruther's book *A Hundred Homeless Years*, which promises to give us a 'view from the other side' on early episodes in College history.

29th *Thursday*. The Rector celebrated Community Mass at Santa Maria in Campitelli. This is the church where every Saturday evening prayers are recited for the conversion of England—a custom begun by Cardinal Henry Stuart, Duke of York.

30th *Friday*. No post from England to-day on account of the fog in London.

31st *Saturday*. Ten members of the College were entertained to tea this afternoon by the British Minister to the Holy See, H.E. Sir Marcus Cheke.

FEBRUARY 1st *Sunday*. A change in the weather, with intermittent rain. Perhaps this explains why we won our football match against the Pii Latini.

In the evening a special Holy Hour was held at the request of the English Bishops to pray for the success of the negotiations about the Catholic schools. Three of the Hierarchy are to see the Minister of Education about the Schools' Question to-morrow.

An early supper was followed by a literary talk given by Sir Eugen Millington Drake. It was entitled 'English Prose and Poetry—a Mixed Grill'. In response to applause Sir Eugen promised us another visit. We were happy also on this occasion to welcome Sir Marcus Cheke.

2nd *Monday*. The Purification. The Rector blessed candles, sang High Mass, and went to the Vatican with the Senior Student to present the customary candle to the Pope. The Holy Father asked our prayers for the good progress of his English lessons.

3rd *Tuesday*. St Blaise—a day when we remember in a special way Fr Rope, whose privilege it was to conduct the Blessing of Throats ceremony while he was here.

After supper a record audience at the Wiseman Society was addressed on 'How to Listen to the Symphony'.

5th *Thursday*. Fr Morris arrived to-day for a short stay.

8th *Sunday*. Day of Recollection : a conference from Fr Morris. In the evening a function at San Lorenzo to close the Forty Hours.

9th *Monday*. Not a gita day due to exam fever, the strain of which was eased in the morning by a welcome half-an-hour's smoke. Supper was early and followed by a film *Manhunt*—a tough sophisticated Cinemascope Western in which the shooting was done in country reminiscent of the Latin Vale.

10th *Shrove Tuesday*. In the evening a very enjoyable Smoking Concert. This form of entertainment is becoming increasingly popular, mainly because of the speed with which it can be organized and the easy informal atmosphere it generates.

11th *Ash Wednesday*. The Blessing and Distribution of Ashes was followed by High Mass sung by the Rector. Some foreheads bore very neat black crosses for the greater part of the day.

An influenza epidemic is spreading : visits to the sick have been forbidden.

From now onwards some people have their Lenten afternoon walks fixed by the Missal, starting to-day with Santa Sabina.

12th *Thursday*. A well-attended football match against the Americans on their pitch on the Janiculum. A rival attraction was to be found in a basket-ball competition which was going on next door, between teams from the various American-speaking Colleges in Rome.

14th *Saturday*. To-day some saw for a second time a helicopter on the steps of St Peter's. All held on vigorously to their hats as it flew up into the Cortile San Damaso where the Holy Father blessed it.

15th *Sunday*. Another football match, also on the Janiculum, but this time at and against Propaganda.

Pope John closed the Lourdes Year to-day.

16th *Monday*. Lectures begin again under the cloud of a new Semester.

18th *Wednesday*. The Holy Father visited San Luigi dei Francesi next to the French bookshop this evening.

19th *Thursday*. Fritz appeared again in the College after an absence of some days. If it is not cruel to say so, the poor animal seems to be on its last legs.

21st *Saturday*. Congratulations to Mr Philpot, raised to the priesthood this morning at the Lateran by Archbishop Traglia. *Prosit* also to Messrs Hay and Wigmore, who received the sub-diaconate, and to Messrs Parker, Creasey, Cunningham, Papworth, Grimshaw, Dumbill, Dazeley, Kelly, Cooley, Richardson, St Aubyn, and J. White, who were tonsured.

In the evening, Solemn Benediction, followed by Kissing of Hands and the singing of the *Te Deum*.

22nd *Sunday*. Mr Philpot said his First Mass in the Main Chapel this morning. To the lunch in his honour we were glad to welcome Frs Williams, Thompson and Anstruther as well as two of the new priest's friends from Belgium.

23rd *Monday*. Fr Fuchs gave a special lecture at the University this afternoon lasting two hours.

The little owl in the cortile kept many awake during the night.

24th *Tuesday*. Poor Fritz was put to sleep this morning and now reposes in the limbo of dead dachshunds. Many kind friends have shown themselves eager to provide Fritz the Second, but the Rector is adamant in his refusal.

25th *Wednesday*. Lovers of the Gelineau psalm were able to attend an extra lecture this afternoon given by Fr Gelineau S.J. himself.

26th *Thursday*. We played H.M.S. *Llandaff* at football this afternoon. The team very graciously presented us with a shield bearing the very ecclesiastical *stemma* of their ship.

A portrait of Pope Gregory XVI (Cappellari), acquired appropriately enough in the Via dei Cappellari, has been suitably hung on the stairs near the plaque commemorating that pontiff's visit to the College.

27th *Friday*. The new and towering step-ladder which has arrived in the garden is not for the tennis court but for the Library. If it has wheels affixed, there will no doubt be far more coming and going in the Library.

28th *Saturday*. The Pope has appealed for good works and mortification in preparation for the Roman Synod.

We may note in passing an increase in the House's appetite for extra lectures : the other day a camerata went to hear M. Daniel-Rops on the Church and the French Revolution, only to be outdone by one student who received permission to attend a talk on Ugaritic.

MARCH 1st *Sunday*. The new list of House Appointments was posted on the board before breakfast and occasioned much bantering over the coffee cups. Community Mass was celebrated by Fr Pears who is staying with us for a few days.

2nd *Monday*. St David's (transferred). The Rector sang High Mass. To lunch Don Francesco Doria Pamphili, Mgr Mostyn, Frs Anstruther and Pears, Major Utley, Major Keeling, Messrs Prickett, Chambers and Sherwood. There were cakes for tea to-day, the kind gift of the Vice-Rector's Danish convert.

The nearness of the exams was exaggerated by the appearance of the Licentiate thesis sheets. A film in the evening—*Carve Her Name with Pride*.

3rd *Tuesday*. The Scots Match was fought to-day and resulted in a draw. In the Common Room after tea we listened in to a recording of the Rector's talk on the College from the Vatican radio.

4th *Wednesday*. For some time now new books have been pouring into the Library. These are the fruit of a very generous anonymous gift of money to be used for bringing the Theology and Philosophy sections up to date.

5th *Thursday*. The Shrove gita was transferred to to-day.

7th *Saturday*. St Thomas Aquinas. The schola were not invited to Santa Maria sopra Minerva this year.

Congratulations to Miss Lorna Sherwood, who was received into the Church to-day in the Main Chapel.

8th *Sunday. Laetare*. The Rector sang High Mass at which Miss Sherwood made her First Communion. Extra wine was given at lunch by Mr and Mrs Sherwood as a celebration.

In the evening we once more saw Alec Guinness, this time in the film *The Horse's Mouth*, a story which caused considerable amusement and not a little mystification.

10th *Tuesday*. The *scirocco* rain has left a coating of sand over all the cars in the cortile. San Lorenzo was the station church for to-day, and we provided the choir and *assistenza* : Archbishop Ferretta was the celebrant. It is said that the Vatican rang up the sacristy of San Lorenzo to ask if the Pope were there!

11th *Wednesday*. To-day we exchanged the equipoise of the Middle Kingdom for the turbulence of the Middle Ages as portrayed in *Thomas Becket* by Robert Speaight.

Mr E. W. Swanton came to supper and gave an entertaining address to the Literary Society afterwards.

12th *Thursday*. St Gregory. This year we provided the *assistenza* at San Gregorio as usual, and also took part in the singing.

The tanking season was inaugurated by at least a dozen swimmers : it will soon be quite unfashionable to be seen in the Tank on this day.

13th *Friday*. Scaffolding in the main corridor greeted us on our return from the Gregorian. Some rather handsome brass electroliers were being firmly suspended from the ceiling. The Rector stated explicitly that he intended to make it really difficult for anyone to remove them in the future.

15th *Sunday*. History was made to-day, and a blow struck for civilized living. From now on tea and milk will be placed on the tables in separate containers, instead of arriving already boiled up together in the teapot.

17th *Tuesday*. Nobody, it seems, went to St Patrick's to-day.

Work has begun on the '*sistematizazione*' of the swimming-pool area of the garden. The cubicles are to be demolished, thus restoring the 'ancient lights' of the Martyrs' Chapel. A new changing room with showers will be built at the other end where the fig tree stood. The Hospice window is to be transferred to the wall opposite the door to the garden. It is rumoured that there will be another row of pillars to match those in front of the present changing cubicles.

18th *Wednesday*. To lunch Signor Bigelli, our surveyor, and Signor Battorei.

Prosit to Messrs Kelly and Steele who represented the College in the two Theology Disputations before the student body and several professors at the Gregorian this morning.

19th *Thursday*. St Joseph. Fr Buckley sang High Mass.

The College was invited to help carry the sick at a '*Raduno Ammalati*' this afternoon at St Peter's, where the Pope was holding a special audience. Most of us were were forestalled by Scouts, and only the most resolute were able to make themselves of use.

20th *Friday*. Bullfrogs in the fish-pond kept some members of the House awake after night prayers . . .

21st *Saturday* . . . at least one complained at breakfast.

22nd *Sunday*. Palm Sunday. The Rector blessed palms and sang High Mass. This year the deacons of the Passion needed no encouragement to partake of the traditional *zabaione*.

At 7.15 in the evening the Retreat opened under the direction of Fr Francis Furlong S.J.

25th *Wednesday*. The Retreat ended with the *Te Deum* after Community Mass. The demolition of the old changing-rooms began to-day.

26th *Thursday*. One keen liturgist on returning from Tenebrae at San Lorenzo this morning lost no time in crossing his name off the list for the subsequent two mornings.

Prosit to the sacristans who established the Altar of Repose in record time.

27th *Friday*. Good Friday : rain all morning.

28th *Saturday*. Mgr Heard blessed the Paschal fire and candle, and sang the Vigil Mass.

29th *Sunday*. Easter Day. Pope John sang Mass in St Peter's and later gave the *Urbi et Orbi* blessing from the Loggia : it rained all the morning and St Peter's Square was a sea of umbrellas.

Chi Lo Sa ? appeared during *caffè e liquori* in the Common Room after lunch.

In the evening we once more enjoyed seeing Jack Hawkins as a police officer, this time in a film called *Gideon's Day*.

APRIL 4th, *Saturday*. All the gitanti presented themselves on time for Benediction.

5th *Sunday*. The Easter Week pilgrimages continue. High Mass was sung by the Vice-Rector. Solemn Benediction in the afternoon was attended by a large group of pilgrims.

6th *Monday*. The Annunciation (transferred). Some visited the North American College for their production of *Paint Your Wagon*.

We heard with regret of the death of Suor Celestina. May she rest in peace.

7th *Tuesday*. We returned to the University, and all our holidays would have been forgotten but for the arrival of the first swifts.

8th *Wednesday*. A group from the College visited the Scavi Vaticani this afternoon, and some who 'came to scoff remained to pray'.

9th *Thursday*. A contingent from St Bede's, Manchester, at present in Rome are reported to have met the Pope in St Peter's sacristy during the morning, while the rest of us were enjoying a Cinerama production of *Le sette meraviglie del mondo* at the Sistina at a special clerical showing.

After lunch a *scirocco* with heavy rain.

10th *Friday*. April showers continue.

12th *Sunday*. A fine day at last for Pope John and the canonization of Charles of Sezze and Joachina de Mas. St Charles of Sezze is of special interest to the College as it is thought he once paid a visit to the convent of Palazzola.

13th *Monday*. Prefabricated pillars are making their appearance near the Tank. Strange and half-wild looking cats have been claiming asylum in the cellar.

16th *Thursday*. After a little trouble with his suitcases, the Vice-Rector left for his holiday to-day.

The traditional Catacombs Mass was sung to-day by the ex-Senior Student for the Conversion of England.

17th *Friday*. People are gradually realizing the value of our new possession—the erstwhile Redemptorist Villa : at lunch we were regaled with asparagus from the garden there.

19th *Sunday*. A day of recollection.

20th *Monday*. At lunch we entertained Bishop Wall and his Vicar General, Mgr Howell ; also Mgr Duchemin and Abbot Williams.

It rained all day until the evening, when we saw a display of *fuochi artificiali* from the Janiculum.

21st *Tuesday*. The Birthday of Rome. To-day saw the re-introduction of the old custom of firing a cannon from the Janiculum at noon daily. The police corps were also decorated to-day.

22nd *Wednesday*. A memorable day for the English colony in Rome—in particular the Commonwealth Colleges, who waited in the Sala Clementina to see the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret as they passed through on their way to an audience with the Pope. As they came out they were greeted with rousing cheers.

In the afternoon the Queen Mother unveiled a statue of Byron in the Borghese Gardens, going from there to the Spanish Steps and the Farnese Palace, where she was once again greeted by a camerata of English ecclesiastics.

Fr Campbell arrived to-day for a short stay : also Mgr S. Monaghan and Fr Skehan who have come out with the Bishop of Lancaster who is himself staying at Frascati.

23rd *Thursday*. *St George's Day*. The Rector sang High Mass and, later, with the Senior Student, took bouquets of roses to the Embassy for the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

To lunch, Bishop Flynn, Abbot Williams, Mgr Ashworth, Frs Anstruther and Lamb and Mr Sherwood. In the evening, despite earlier difficulties, Theologians' (Smoking) Concert.

27th *Monday*. Bishop Flynn came to lunch.

29th *Wednesday*. Mother Clare—remembered for her hospitality to the students of the College before the war at the Tor di Quinto Corpus Christi processions—was to-day transferred from the Campo Santo to the church of the General House of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary in the Via Nomentana. The Rector sang the Requiem Mass in their fine new chapel, and solemnly laid the remains to rest in a small niche on the left side of the high altar. The College also provided the choir and *assistenza*, and were later most generously entertained by the nuns.

MAY 1st, *Friday*. St Joseph the Worker. To lunch we welcomed Professor W. Fletcher of Bristol, on his way home from S. Rhodesia. In the afternoon Fr Buckley gave Solemn Benediction.

2nd *Saturday*. Pastor's *Lives of the Popes* started in the refectory with Gregory XIII (Boncompagni).

3rd *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Messrs Wigmore and Hay, our new deacons; also to the subdeacons, Messrs Steele, Magner, Howell, Smith and Walsh, and to Second Year Theology, who received second minor orders. All orders were conferred by the Patriarch of Edessa, Archbishop da Costa Nunes, in the chapel of the German College.

4th *Monday*. Feast of the English Martyrs. The Rector sang High Mass. To lunch we welcomed Bishop Flynn, Mgr Monaghan, Canon Smith (who was celebrating his ninetieth birthday), Frs Skehan and P. J. Moore. Archbishop Grimshaw arrived with his secretary Fr Gray just in time to give Solemn Benediction. After supper all enjoyed the thrills of submarine warfare in the film *The Enemy Below*.

6th *Wednesday*. The President of Italy to-day paid an official visit to the Holy Father.

The season of gramophone recitals on the balcony began this evening: possibly the last, as rumour has it that the site is to be occupied shortly by two new rooms.

7th *Thursday*. The Ascension. Fr Buckley sang the High Mass. To lunch Archbishop Grimshaw, Bishop Flynn, Mgr Heard, Mgr Monaghan, Frs O'Flynn, Smith, Skehan and P. J. Moore. At supper we welcomed Mgr Clarke, former Senior Army Chaplain, who is here for a short stay.

9th *Saturday*. Work on the changing rooms is making sure progress, but it becomes increasingly evident that work will continue until after we have left for the Villa.

10th *Sunday*. A day of recollection. The conference was given by Fr Lamb.

11th *Monday*. To lunch Mgr Mostyn, Mgr Gordon Wheeler and Fr Lamb.

To-night the bodies of St Pius X—just returned from Venice—and St John Bosco—from Turin—were borne in solemn procession through the streets of Rome to St Peter's where the Pope with the Cardinals received them in the Piazza.

After supper we entertained Fr Denis Marmion and his brother, Fr John Marmion.

13th *Wednesday*. St Robert Bellarmine. Pontifical Mass at Sant'Ignazio was sung by Cardinal Confalonieri. The Rector at very short notice agreed to act as Assistant Deacon.

Work on the new telephone system began to-day. The Società Telefonica had threatened to cut us off unless we modernized our internal system.

A new and somewhat gross addition to the inhabitants of the gold-fish pond made its appearance to-day. Though mostly milky white in colour, it

is in fact a gold-fish, and was recently rescued from the Tiber and presented to the College by the Madre.

14th *Thursday*. Television film cameras to-day invaded the Piazza Farnese : those who know about such things decided that they recognized the comedian Renato Rascel among the actors.

15th *Friday*. Archbishop Grimshaw returned to England to-day.

16th *Saturday*. The noon-day cannon was scarcely audible to-day on account of a phenomenal freak hailstorm, during which the hail fell so thick that it pitched on the roofs and streets like snow to the depth of about four inches.

17th *Sunday*. Whit Sunday. The High Mass was sung by the Rector. Those who attended Papal Vespers in St Peter's this evening were impressed by the simplicity and prayerfulness of the ceremony and agreeably surprised at being able to take an active part in the singing. Rose petals were dropped from the cupola during the vesper hymn provided a welcome diversion for those in the nave.

At lunch and during coffee and liquori we were glad to see Mr H. V. Morton and Fr Wrighton.

18th *Monday*. The Whit gita. As usual most of the College went to Fregene, which now seems to occupy the position in the College affections once held by Pratica. Fregene is at the moment the holiday residence of the Imam of Yemen and his entourage, who are protected from sightseers, so it is said, by dervishes with scimitars.

19th *Tuesday*. A day of recovery, though not from the usual sunburn.

20th *Wednesday*. Return to the Gregorian.

23rd *Saturday*. A day of surprises, topped by seeing the Senior Student being rushed downstairs at the end of a lead by a large black dog with a red collar. The dog had been found on the roof of the College, whither it had ventured in pursuit of a cat, and was being returned to its owner.

24th *Sunday*. Feast of the Holy Trinity. The Rector sang the last High Mass of the year. To lunch Mgr Ashworth, Abbot Williams, Frs Morris, Anstruther and Down, Mr McDermot, Cdr Burn, Col McCause, Dr Kenny.

25th *Monday*. Cardinal Giobbe sang First Vespers of St Philip Neri at the Chiesa Nuova, the College as usual providing the *assistenza*.

26th *Tuesday*. St Philip Neri. Pontifical Mass sung by Cardinal Giobbe had an additional attraction for the House this year as assistants for a Cardinal are required to wear such vestments as copes and tunicles. In the evening the whole College attended Pontifical Benediction.

28th *Thursday*. Corpus Christi. We attended our annual function at the Little Sisters of the Poor where, this year, the heat was no handicap. Some of Top Year went to the magnificent procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Orvieto. In Rome itself we saw a renewal of an old custom—a procession of the Blessed Sacrament at the end of which Pope John himself gave Benediction at the Arch of Constantine.

30th *Saturday*. The first cricket match of the season, played at Acqua Acetosa against F.A.O.

31st *Sunday*. We had our first Dialogue Mass this morning at the Second Low Mass.

There was a violent storm after lunch.

JUNE 1st *Monday*. The prayer for fine weather has been prescribed by the Cardinal Vicar. Destinations for evening walks are now tending to reduce themselves to two—Castel Sant'Angelo Gardens and Sant'Onofrio, where studious cameratas sit in acute discomfort and cram their heads with terms, adversaries and distinctions.

4th *Thursday*. The weather has taken a decided turn for the better, and gives us ample excuse for an enjoyable half-day at the Villa, where the ex-Redemptorist tank—despite water of two years standing—was in great demand. The work on our own enlarged tank is now finished, and looks most impressive. It should be filled with water well before the beginning of the *villeggiatura*.

5th *Friday*. The Feast of the Sacred Heart. There was a special Holy Hour for the clerics of Rome in St Peter's, attended by the Holy Father, who gave a short address. The three meditations were proposed by Cardinal Confalonieri.

6th *Saturday*. The examination lists at the Gregorian caused a little consternation—it appears that about ten people will have to go in to Rome from the Villa to answer their summons. The last exam takes place on the evening of 6th July.

A First Year man was bitterly disappointed to-day on discovering that the Gothic-spired fairy castle which he espied from the Villa Pamphili was in fact nothing more or less than the local mental hospital.

8th *Monday*. The Tank can now be used again in comfort: the scaffolding which has been blocking the entrances for some days has been removed.

10th *Wednesday*. *Pieno di gioia*—the Gregorian broke up to-day with a telling exhortation from Fr Lombardi in Sant'Ignazio followed by Benediction. Another storm to-day.

12th *Friday*. The French aircraft *Caravelle* has been seen flying over Rome many times recently. The tadpoles in the fish-pond are now fully legged and are migrating elsewhere. Yet another storm justifies the continuation of the prayer for fine weather.

13th *Saturday*. A kestrel flying over the College to-day was attacked and driven off by swifts.

In their exam in Comparative Religion to-day, Second Year Theology turned their backs on Trent and Denzinger to face the exotic delights of the *Quran*, *Bhagavadgita* and *Saddharmapundarikasutra*.

16th *Tuesday*. The Vice-Rector returned from his holiday this evening. By now most of Third Year Philosophy have left for home, each with his Licentiate in his pocket.

18th *Thursday*. The British Minister to the Holy See gave a Garden Party in honour of the Queen's Birthday to-day at his house beyond the Ponte Milvio. A great number of Cardinals was present, and members of the College were given the opportunity of meeting Cardinal Amleto Cicognani, a frequent visitor to the College before his duties took him to America.

20th *Saturday*. It was a pleasure to welcome Bishop Pearson, who arrived at tea-time, after driving out all the way from England.

21st *Sunday*. A *rappresentanza* attended a Mass celebrated by Cardinal Masella at Sant'Ignazio for the feast of St Aloysius Gonzaga. The rest relentlessly pursued their studies.

22nd *Monday*. We hope suitable warning has been given to the inhabitants of the two corridors with French windows and balconies. The French windows remain, but the balconies have been removed !

24th *Wednesday*. The Rector has driven up north with Bishop Pearson for a short holiday.

At lunch to-day the cat provided itself with a lizard for *antipasto*, but as it had neglected to kill it first, the mad scurry under the Superior's feet disturbed the even tenour of the meal until an aminal-lover among the students had rescued the lizard and soothed away the tantrums of the cat.

26th *Friday*. The Farnese Palace was illuminated to-night in honour of President de Gaulle's five-day visit to Rome.

Top Year and the OND have all left for England, and the College has now shrunk to its Villa size. The refectory at meal times looks very large and empty.

The Rector was expected back to-day, but has not shown up. A leak has been discovered in the Tank.

After Night Prayers the College clock decided to strike an irregular number of times at regular intervals of two minutes. It was unfortunate that it should have chosen to do this just after the Vice-Rector had rung up one of the flats to ask them to turn down the sound of their TV.

28th *Sunday*. The Rector arrived back to-day.

For some reason or other there was no official spiritual reading : most people therefore retired to the garden to do their reading—a pleasant change.

29th *Monday*. St Peter and St Paul. The Pope celebrated a Low Mass in St Peter's. To lunch : Mgri Mostyn and Ashworth.

30th *Tuesday*. While everyone puts last minute effects into a suitcase ready for the Villa, some are still putting last minute touches to their exam knowledge . . .

And so, to-morrow, to Palazzola . . .

BRIAN NASH.


JESU XPI
PASSIO

PERSONAL

Our heartiest congratulations to the Very Rev. Alfred Wilson C.P., on his appointment as Superior of St Joseph's Retreat, Highgate. Fr Alfred is well known to all who have studied at the College since the war, as he was Spiritual Director to the Venerabile for some ten years until 1958. Last year, on completing two terms as Procurator of the Passionist Order, Fr Alfred returned to England, where he spent a year at Ormskirk before being appointed to Highgate. We take this opportunity of extending to Fr Alfred our sincere thanks for his years of vigorous spiritual guidance, and of assuring him of our appreciation of the zest and sympathy with which he carried out his task among us. We wish him many fruitful years in his new apostolate.

Ad multos Annos to the Rector, who celebrated his Silver Jubilee in October, also to the Revv. B. Grady and F. J. Fleming (both 1928–35) whose Jubilees occurred in July ; to the Revv. H. McNeill, J. Johnston, F. Ellison, W. Purdy and G. T. Rickaby (all 1928–35), and to the Revv. J. Lyons and V. Marsh (both 1928–36), who kept their Silver Jubilees in October. To Fr Purdy we send our best wishes also on the occasion of his appointment to the teaching staff of the Pont. Beda College, Rome.

We have had the pleasure of welcoming the following guests to College in addition to those mentioned in the College Diary :

January 1959 : the Rev. Fr O'Donnell (of the Vatican Radio), the Rev. W. P. Clark (1934–41), the Very Rev. Hilary Morris O.S.M., the Rt Rev. Abbot Aidan Williams O.S.B., the Very Rev. V. Smith S.C.A., the Rev. P. L. Pears, the Rev. J. Burke S.J.

February : His Excellency Sir Marcus Cheke, the Very Rev. Hilary Morris, the Revv. G. Williams, J. H. Thomson.

March : the Rev. Fr McNicholl O.P., the Very Rev. Mgr L. Ashworth, the Revv. Frs Creehy, Wilkinson, Forester and Dine, the Rev. F. Furlong S.J., the Rev. G. Mitchell, the Rev. G. Swinburne (1932–39).

April : Messrs F. A. Butcher, F. Cuss and R. Closs, the Revv. J. Groarke (1935–45), J. Rigby and J. Riley, Mr A. Martin.

May : His Grace Archbishop Grimshaw (1919–26), the Very Rev. Mgr S. Monaghan (1946–48), the Rev. Bernard McGuinness, Dr Hann.

June : the Revv. J. Head and J. Miller, the Rev. P. Tierney (1944–51), the Rev. Gerald Avella, Conte Neri Capponi, Mr Frank Mildner, the Very Rev. Canon J. Goodear (1919–26), the Rev. P. Davis, the Rev. H. Nixon, the Rev. T. Osborne, the Rev. John Duggan, Dom Peter Flood O.S.B., the Rev. Fr Kennedy S.C.A., the Revv. Frs Corcoran, the Very Rev. Canon Kelly, the Rt Rev. Mgr J. Mullin (1931–38).

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

The Rev. J. Brewer to Sacred Heart, Moreton.
The Rev. M. W. Ashdowne returns as Ripetitore in Theology.
The Rev. T. Curtis Hayward to St Osmund, Salisbury.
The Rev. F. Thomas to Oscott College.
The Rev. J. B. R. Loftus returns to Rome for Canon Law.
The Rev. J. B. McNamara to St Thomas Aquinas, Darlington.
The Rev. M. G. Bowen to St Gregory, Earlsfield.
The Rev. R. Lang to St Pancras, Ipswich.
The Rev. F. L. Mooney to St Elphege, Wallington.
The Rev. A. J. Philpot to Holy Child and St Joseph, Bedford.

We extend our congratulations to the Rev. T. Curtis Hayward (1950–59) on gaining his Doctorate in Sacred Theology.

The Senior Student from March 1960 will be Mr Bernard Needham. The Deputy Senior Student will be Mr Brian Nash.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

Editor : Mr Trevett
Sub-Editor : Mr Chestle
Fifth Member : Mr Butler

Secretary : Mr Dumbill
Under-Secretary : Mr Tully
Sixth Member : Mr Finn

LITERARY SOCIETY

The season began with a talk by Group Captain Cheshire V.C., who spoke to the society about the work of the world famous Cheshire Homes. He traced the development of the Homes from their humble beginning to the present time, when there are fifteen homes in Britain and many foundations well under way in the Middle and Far East. He mentioned that successful advances had been made to one or two countries behind the Iron Curtain to permit similar institutes.

Mr Hair, the Governor of H.M. Prison, Wormwood Scrubs, has spent most of his life in the prison service and was therefore well equipped to talk about Prison Reform. He aimed at posing problems rather than solving them and enlivened his talk with many amusing comparisons and anecdotes.

Sir Eugen Millington Drake, who is Vice-President of the Poetry Society, entertained us to an evening of varied and well-selected readings from English Prose and Poetry.

Cricket enthusiasts had a field day when Mr E. W. Swanton kindly spared us a couple of hours of his short stay in Rome to give us a few first-hand impressions of the recent M.C.C. Tour of Australia.

The President for 1959–60 is Mr Steele. The Secretary is Mr Coote.

PRIVATE SOCIETIES

The GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY held three meetings this year. The first motion read : 'That in the opinion of this House it is time films ceased to remind their audiences of the Nazi atrocities of the Second World War'. The motion was defeated by 9 votes to 12. Both the quality of the speeches and the large attendance seemed to augur a successful season, but by January, however, early promise had faded, and it was with difficulty that interest could be aroused even in a balloon debate. Yet while it was not easy to recruit speakers, there was a large audience to hear the arguments of those who relied on their eloquence to save them from ejection by their choice of gramophone records. 'B.B.C. Seagulls' won the day against such opponents as the 'Eton Boating Song' and 'Roll Out the Barrel'. The last meeting of the year, on the other hand, was poorly attended, and the motion : 'That in the opinion of the House a new College is no substitute for Tradition and the Monserrà' was carried by 7 votes to 6. Perhaps a new year without the excitements of the closing months of the last will be more favourable to the revival of interest in the Society for which the last Secretary so manfully strove. The Secretary is Mr Kelly.

The WISEMAN SOCIETY held a reasonably successful season with two papers before Christmas and three afterwards. All five were contributed by new members, three of whom were Philosophers. As in most College activities these days the enthusiasm and motive power no longer comes from the top of the House. In the first paper of the season Mr Hodgetts described most of the principal '*Secret Hiding Holes*' in England, revealing a detailed personal acquaintance with their structural peculiarities. After describing the technique of searching for hiding holes, he went on to discuss their importance to the historian, concluding that the failure to consider the evidence of these hiding places has led to a great number of Elizabethan Catholics being assumed to have been Protestants. '*St Bernard of Clairvaux*' was the subject of Mr Newns's paper, which was a sketch of the gradual spread of St Bernard's influence, first in Burgundy, then in the French court, and finally in the whole of Christendom. While the speaker made no claim to do full justice to the many sides of the saint's remarkable personality, he nevertheless succeeded in conveying more than a little of Bernard himself by quoting as freely as time allowed from his letters and treatises. Mr Walsh on the '*Sociological Revolution*', dealt with the history and significance of the change from the individualistic view of society to that which regards society as made up of groups which dominate the individual. Showing how group relationships are the texture of modern society, Mr Walsh went on to indicate how the Church was making use of sociology to further her apostolic ends. The paper finished with a consideration of the use of the sociological method on the parish level. A considerable discussion arose from this last point, and continued at the breakfast table next day. Speaking to perhaps the largest audience the

Wiseman has yet mustered, Mr Brand gave the society an illustrated talk on '*How to Listen to the Symphony*', showing in simple terms how a musical composition was built up, and how certain rules of form imposed themselves on the composer if the work was to be capable of 'digestion' by the audience. With the aid of a printed *schema*, the structure of the symphony was broken down and the enthusiastic audience were then given a chance to analyse the form of selected passages from the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven and Dvorák. The last meeting of the season took the form of an abridged recorded reading of Dylan Thomas's '*Under Milk Wood*', produced and introduced by Mr Burke. The audience were asked to listen to it rather as one would listen to a popular tune, so that its attraction might be immediate and sensual, verbal impact being Thomas's most effective weapon. The result was an amusing entertainment, in which first place was given to Thomas's brilliant method of word-manipulation, which gives the play the effect of a display of verbal pyrotechnics. Though neither the recording nor the acoustics made listening too easy, '*Under Milk Wood*' received an appreciative reception.

The thanks of the society are due to all these members who provided such interesting entertainment on a wide range of subjects.

The new secretary is Mr Newns.

The MEZZOFANTI SOCIETY this year held a polyglot Brains Trust presided over by a polyglot president. The topics discussed, which ranged from a proposal to eliminate the feast of St Patrick from the universal calendar to a spirited defence of bull fighting, loosened many tongues, and a great deal was said in many languages.

A precedent in the life of the society has been a successful meeting held during the *villeggiatura*. The Sforza and Monte Cavo proved a fitting background for the sonorous selections from the *Divina Commedia* declaimed and explained by learned Mezzofanti members. We hope these Villa meetings will continue in the future, in addition to the Villa language classes which have been continued this year as usual. The new Secretary is Mr Chestle.

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. The season 1958–59 was a very successful one for College soccer. Of eleven games played we were victorious in nine, held to a draw once and suffered our single defeat of the season at the hands of a fast Italian side from B.E.A. which met the College XI at its very worst and with only ten players for most of the game.

On the whole the team played exceptionally well. In early February the Pii Latini were beaten by 5 goals to 3, in a match remarkable for the speed of the College players and the accuracy of their passing. But in this game two weaknesses, which were to become very evident as the season

progressed, were revealed. The first was that of easing up when an apparently comfortable lead had been established ; and the second, a dangerous tendency for players other than the goalkeeper to handle the ball. The Rugger Secretary might perhaps take heart from this, but the four penalties the soccer team conceded in five games could so very easily have led to disaster.

Apart from the Scots' match, two other games have now become annual fixtures. That against the North American College is one of the attractions of the season because of the rare treat of playing on grass. Unfortunately three of the players had to forgo this pleasure because of examinations, but it speaks well for our reserve strength that the positions were adequately filled. We won this game by 4 goals to 2, yet it was not a convincing victory. The usual penalty was conceded, and had it not been for the shooting ability of McNamara, playing once more at centre-forward, we would have been sorely pressed. Urged on by their enthusiastic supporters, the Americans tried desperately hard to record their first victory against the College, but a resolute defence stood firm. The other annual fixture is against Propaganda, and a keenness similar to that traditionally associated with the Scots' match has been extended to it. A goal down (through a penalty !), the College fought back well to finish as winners by 2 goals to 1.

After the exertions against the Americans and Propaganda it was a relief to play a more relaxed game against H.M.S. *Llandaff* at Acqua Acetosa. Before the kick-off our visitors very graciously presented us with a shield bearing the coat of arms of Llandaff, and this now adorns one of the walls in the North-West Passage. The game opened dramatically. Straight from the kick-off we scored a goal and nearly had another a few minutes later. For most of the early period the College forwards tried in vain to increase the lead and then an injury to Rice reduced the team to ten players. On the resumption Rice went in goal where he performed his light task efficiently while our forwards scored another five goals, one of which came from the boot of our 'goalkeeper'. With this comfortable victory behind us we looked forward to the Scots' game with confidence.

This year we were able to take the field at full strength. The Scots kicked off before what must have been one of the largest crowds ever to watch this annual encounter, and immediately the tempo was set for the entire game. It was fast and hard soccer all the time, with perhaps more skill coming from the College in the first half. When half-time came we were leading by 2 goals to nil, and despite the fact that many chances had been frittered away, we appeared to be heading towards a comfortable victory. As events turned out we were lucky to avoid defeat ! We eased up at the very time when we should have settled the issue beyond doubt, and our opponents exploited this weakness with staggering efficiency. First of all a penalty was awarded against the College. Only a goal behind, the Scots received all the encouragement they needed from their supporters and, to our dismay, our lead was wiped out. Worse was to follow ! A long forward

centre from the wing sailed into the top corner of the net, and we were losing ! At last the College forward line began to function more smoothly, but it was hectic football until we in turn were awarded a penalty which levelled the score. A draw was all we deserved on the play, but the result was a great disappointment, for this was one of the most powerful sides ever fielded by the College, and we had hoped to avenge last year's defeat. However, we can look forward with confidence to the coming season, for only one player has left for England, and competition for places will be very keen.

The Secretary for 1959–60 is Mr O'Neill.

The details of the season were :

Servites	Won	3—2
Carmelites	Won	6—0
Spanish College	Won	4—0
Carmelites	Won	3—2
Pii Latini	Won	5—3
North American College	Won	4—2
Propaganda College	Won	2—1
H.M.S. *Llandaff*	Won	6—0
Scots College	Drawn	3—3
B.E.A.	Lost	1—5
Oblates of Mary Immaculate	Won	1—0

Goal Scorers.—O'Neill 11, Gath 9, McNamara 6, Creasey 4, McGarry 4, Walsh 2, J. Howell 1, Own goal 1.

Rugby Football. The second half of the season was even more unsuccessful than the first. No more House games were played after January, and we lost heavily in the two outside fixtures. Propaganda trounced a College team to the tune of 31—3, and C.U.S. beat the Combined Colleges side 19—5. This last game was rather more exciting than the score suggests, and our Fiji–Australia–New Zealand–South Africa three-quarter line promised great things. Due to some indifferent scrummaging, however, and faulty half-back play, they were not given enough of the ball.

All told during the season we played five House games and lost all three outside fixtures. We can but hope for a revival in College rugby next season when Mr Coote will be secretary. Thanks are due to all those who represented the College under the captaincy of Mr Walsh, and to Mr Magner, our referee. We would again like to express our thanks to the Italian Olympic Committee for once more giving us a pitch for next season, despite the fact of the great demand for pitches due to the Olympic Games.

The Secretary is Mr Rice.

CRICKET. Before the cricket season opened a new concrete wicket was laid by the workmen engaged in the building of the swimming-pool. This is a great improvement on the former two short pieces of concrete which had often been the cause of many dangerous high balls. The new wicket is now wide enough to enable the batsman to play strokes with confidence, and by having the entire length in concrete the danger of high balls has been eliminated. Another great improvement took place during the season. This was the cutting of the out-field with two lawn-mowers. When the first game was played the grass was exceptionally long because of the heavy rain which had followed the cutting of the grass in early June. An attempt was made to remedy this with scythes, but the result was not very satisfactory. Next the old lawn-mower was repaired and brought into the attack and so impressed the Vice-Rector that he decided to buy a new one ! After its delivery it was a common sight to see the Vice-Rector and some of the students busily mowing the cricket field. At first it was slow work, but after another new lawn-mower had been presented by Dr Jones, the remaining patches of long grass were soon mown down, and the attack was removed to the golf course !

It was fitting that the field should be ready in time for the annual fixture against Propaganda. It was also a fitting reward for our labours that we won ! A good start by our opening batsmen promised well for the College but in the end we only managed to score 93 runs. This total proved to be too much for our opponents, who collapsed to the speed bowling of Murphy and Magner, rallied in the middle of their batting order and then collapsed again, this time to the spin attack.

The College was victorious in all its other fixtures as well : though whether our record would have been the same if our opponents had the same opportunity for practice as we enjoy, is a moot point. We thoroughly enjoyed the games against F.A.O. (one in Rome and one at the Villa), and those against the 'Silver Wings Club' and the British Embassy : the latter kept us on our toes with a display of dangerously keen bowling which might well have been disastrous.

This has been an unusually successful season for the College XI : two members of the side scored half-centuries, and the bowling gave little away. But worthy of particular mention is the high standard of fielding compared with previous years. Several excellent catches were held and the throwing-in was usually accurate.

The House games attracted support until late August. On Bank Holiday Monday 'Lancashire' challenged and beat 'The Rest' : which only served to emphasize the predominance of cricket strength in the North this summer.

Mr Murphy was the captain of the College XI, and the following played in one or more matches : Fr Ashdowne, Messrs Magner, Walsh, Rice, Daley, Creasey, Dumbill, Richardson, Budd, Sharratt, Tully, McGarry, Corley, Gath and Burns. Mr Newns was scorer.

The Secretary is Mr Creasey.

TENNIS. We had the usual pre-tennis chore of removing from the court the straw covering, with its accompanying harvest of weeds and young oak trees. It was then thought necessary to accept the Vice-Rector's offer of having the court resurfaced by *specialisti*, and they spent five days resurfacing and laying new lines. At first we were disappointed with the new surface, but after two or three weeks of constant soaking it became quite firm and played very well.

The total number of people playing tennis this summer has been about forty, roughly half of these being regular players. The standard of play has noticeably improved, but, as the Dean of the Rota rightly says, the number of double-faults is phenomenal!

The basic fault of the court seems to lie in its original construction. There must obviously be a gradient in the drainage system for it to carry away the water, but the surface should be level so that any rain soaks straight through to the drains. Whenever we have torrential rain on the Villa court the water runs along the playing surface, which slopes from one end to the other, and this causes havoc by producing deep channels and carrying the *terra rossa* from under the tapes.

There seems to be no remedy for this, short of starting again; but let us hope that anyone else thinking of laying a loose-surfaced court will benefit from our experience.

The secretary is Mr Papworth.

GOLF. The course was opened in the second week of the Villa by the Rector and Dr Jones in the presence of an unusually large crowd of spectators and photographers. Owing to the quantity of rain during the year, the grass was particularly long for the first five weeks and the percentage of lost balls rather discouraged players from making more frequent use of the course. But the advent of two lawn mowers for the joint use of the cricket and golf clubs completely changed the situation. After a great deal of hard work most of the fairways were adequately mown so that the game was made much more enjoyable and less expensive. We are most grateful to Dr Jones for presenting us with one of the mowers, and to the Vice-Rector who purchased the other and put in so much time and energy in using them.

The annual match against the American College resulted in a rather heavy defeat by 5 matches to 1, our solitary success being scored by the second pair. Messrs Magner, Cunningham, Smith and Creasey represented the College.

This year the price of golf balls was exceptionally low, thanks to the generosity of Mr Sherwood who presented the College with a large number. These were mixed in with our bought stock according to condition, and the overall prices reduced.

The Secretary is Mr Coote.

HANDBALL. Handball has not been a very popular game this Villa : an indication of this is the fact that one ball has lasted the whole season, whereas last year three were used. The court suffered rather badly during the close season at the hands of the workmen, who found it a convenient spot to mix cement. The unevenness of the surface may have made the games more interesting, but it can hardly be said to have made for better handball. However, there are hopes that the court will be completely re-surfaced in time for next season. There was a large enough number of people interested in the game to provide a tournament for eight pairs ; the winners were Messrs P. W. Jones and J. Howell. It should be mentioned that, though not many games were played during the Villa, the general standard seems to have improved, and occasionally the games were excellent.

The Secretary is Mr Sharratt.

SWIMMING. Most of this year's swimming has been done amidst half-completed changing rooms and the charivari of the workmen. In spite of this, however, the number of people using the Tank has increased considerably since last year. On St Gregory's Day, which was quite warm, over a dozen students took to the water, nor did any of them suffer from colds as a result. As the summer progressed, so also did work on the Rome Tank. Now, thanks both to the donor and to the good taste of the Rector, we have an imposing structure, which is discreetly hidden behind a stone trellis at one end of the garden.

Dur ng the early summer reports kept filtering into the College about a new Tank at Palazzola. When we arrived there at the beginning of July we were confronted with an entirely new swimming-pool, more than twice the size of the old one. Work on it has been continuing throughout the *villeggiatura*, and now the surrounds are almost finished. In addition we have a whole new set of changing rooms, and provision has been made for the installation of a filter at some future date. The Gala took place on Saturday, 29th August : competition was keen, and the weather warm, if a little cloudy. The Victor Ludorum this year was Mr Grimshaw, who achieved a place in no fewer than eight out of the twelve events.

The Secretary is Mr P. W. Jones.

THE LIBRARY

Since we last went to print two very generous anonymous donations have considerably altered the complexion of the Libraries.

Thanks to them, it has been possible to fill in long-standing gaps and generally to bring the libraries, more especially the one in Rome, up to date.

The first donation was used as follows : after £60 had been set aside for biography, languages and references books for the Palazzola library, the following approximate sums were allotted for the various main subjects : Spiritual Reading £90 ; Theology (including Patrology and Church History)

£120 ; Philosophy £100 ; Scripture £50 ; Various £15 ; there remains the sum of £65 with which to meet late suggestions and to complete sets.

The second donor aims at providing the main Palazzola library with new editions of all that is good in English literature, from Chaucer to T. S. Eliot. Elegant sets of Austen, Conrad, Kipling, Stevenson, Trollope *et al.*, do justice to the new bookshelves, which, with their concealed lighting add to the room a warmth which was hitherto lacking.

Our sincerest thanks to these and other benefactors, whose generosity has helped so much in making our libraries what they should be—sources of learning and enjoyment.

We now possess two full newly-bound sets of THE VENERABILE, one in Rome and one at Palazzola : for these our thanks are due to the Revv. William Boulton (1911–18) and Alexander Jones (1930–35), who made it possible to complete the sets. It is hoped eventually to amass a complete set for the College Archives.

We gratefully acknowledge gifts of books from the following : His Eminence Cardinal Godfrey, His Excellency Sir Marcus Cheke, The Right Rev. the Rector, the Right Rev. Mgr Derek Worlock, the Revv. H. E. G. Rope, Frederick Copleston S.J., Peter A. Anglim, Michael J. Buckley and John McHugh, Col R. G. Fullerton, Mr Stanley Morison, Mr G. M. Story, Mr Reginald F. Trevett, Mr John Lethbridge and Mr Bernard Tucker.

OBITUARIES

The Very Reverend Canon Christopher Campion, D.D.

Born in Liverpool in 1881, Canon Christopher Campion was educated at the Catholic Institute and at St Edward's College, where he eventually became a Minor Professor. It was during this period that he obtained an Honours Degree in Classics from London University.

Christopher Campion was sent to the Venerabile by Archbishop Whiteside in October 1907. On his arrival the name aroused a certain amount of interest, but I never heard him claim any connection with the illustrious martyr. Though he was much older than the average student, he quickly settled down to the College routine. He was one of the nine new students sent to augment the numbers in the College, which at that time had reached the low ebb of thirteen—five in Philosophy and eight in Theology. The voting powers of the new year had a deciding effect upon the rest of the house, especially when it came to Magliana days—much to the discomfiture of the older members who had already explored many of the interesting scenes of the Roman Campagna.

In those days the students of the Beda shared the refectory, and Christopher Campion found himself seated opposite two fellow-students from Liverpool, who were later to become Archbishop Downey and Bishop Barratt.

As a student, Canon Campion interested himself in all the activities of the College life. He was an excellent musician and his services were very much in demand at the piano in the Common Room entertaining the company on St Catherine's Feast and escaping the customary 'bump'. As Choir Master he exercised much patience with his weaker brethren, and at Monte Porzio was untiring in his efforts in preparing musical entertainment for the American and Scots Colleges. His enthusiasm for games was quite a feature of his conversation and when the vote went round the refectory for football in Villa Pamphili, we could always count on his support. I remember the rejoicing over a victory at the expense of the Scots College, the first for some years. This interest in games was maintained throughout

his life. He was a member of the Lancashire Cricket Club and a frequent visitor to Old Trafford.

His level-headedness in controversy stood him in good stead at the University, where his verve was quite unshaken by such retorts from examiners as *'tu fabricas argumentum ; nunquam potes probare ex isto textu !'* His career at the Venerabile was deservedly crowned with the D.Ph. and D.D.

Most of Canon Campion's priestly career was spent as Parish Priest of St Mary's, Standish, where he laboured from 1928 till his death through a motor accident in 1958. He was made Dean of the Wigan District in 1940 and a Canon of the Chapter in 1956. A priest of the Deanery writes that he will be very much missed and that he left behind a well ordered parish, spiritually and materially.

In 1910 Christopher Campion took the future Cardinal Godfrey to Rome for the first time. It was not surprising that at the Canon's funeral the Cardinal sent a message of sympathy to his parishioners and family at the loss of his old companion. May he rest in peace.

R. A. Iles.

The Reverend Father Douglas Key s.t.l.

Fr Douglas Key was born in Grimsby on 13th November 1916. He began his studies for the priesthood at Panton College in 1930, before going on to Cotton College, where, as at Panton, he entered wholeheartedly into the various spheres of College life, and continued to develop his talents to the full, becoming a member of the Rugby XV and Captain of the School.

In 1935 he went to Rome, and though his Roman course was cut short by the war, he benefited to the utmost from his years there. Rome, for him, was the home of the Holy Father, the centre of the Church, the city of the Apostles, saints and martyrs, and especially of our own English Martyrs. Perhaps his attitude is best expressed by a remark he made on returning to Rome in the Holy Year of 1950, 'You know, I don't feel I want to go about visiting places ; coming back to Rome is like coming back home'.

His intellectual ability was above the average and he acquitted himself well in all the branches of study at the University. In the breaks between lectures he was often to be seen walking up and down with a friend from the German College, from whom he acquired a fair working knowledge of the German language.

His fellow students at the English College both liked and respected him. Here again he took full part in the life of the College, taking an active interest in all games. In the Common Room his neverfailing cheerfulness was a tonic, but his greatest influence sprang from his deep charity, a quality which was, perhaps, his chief characteristic then and always, and which endeared him to all with whom he came into contact.

At the Villa he was in his element. While he occasionally went for a long walk, 'kilometre fever' was not one of his failings. Cricket was not really his game, but he played and enjoyed it. Indeed, he enjoyed everything, and later in life he used to say, when as a matter of duty he had to attend a dinner or a concert : 'It's my duty to go, so I might as well enjoy it'. And he did.

Fr Douglas spent the last two years of his studies at St Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, during the war. Here the amenities were far from ideal, but he was one of those who did so much to keep up the morale of the students and to preserve the Roman spirit.

Ordained at St Augustine's, Nottingham, on 8th February 1942, he gained the Licentiate in Theology at the end of the year, and was then appointed to St Peter's, Leicester. Here he soon won the affection of his fellow priests and the people. He was, as he remained, a good and zealous priest, having a genuine love for all, and he was always ready to sacrifice himself. His success was partly due to his ability to present the doctrines of the Church in simple and pleasing language, but still more to the humility and charity which radiated from him.

In 1944 he was appointed Bishop's Secretary. One of his greatest gifts was his exceptionally balanced judgement which was of such value to him now and to those whose problems he had to deal with. When duties became too difficult, his neverfailing sense of humour came to his rescue. His aim was not just to be efficient—he would have laughed at the thought, though efficient he certainly was—but to do all in his power to help the Bishop and priests. In this he was remarkably successful.

However multitudinous his tasks, he never became ruffled. One of his sayings was, 'While you're doing one thing, you can't be doing the others', his own translation of '*Age quod agis*'. There were days when he used to say, 'This is one of those days when you concentrate on keeping sane', yet anyone who 'phoned him or came to see him would never suspect how pressed he was for time.

In 1953 Fr Douglas was appointed Parish Priest of Market Harborough. He had been more than nine years away from parish work, and he was pleased to be among the people once more. The experience of the previous years had left him well equipped, and above all he had never lost his love of the people. He devoted himself to his pastoral duties, and when he was appointed to St Joseph's, Derby, in July 1957, his people parted with him with real regret.

His new parish was larger than his previous one, but though he was there only one year, this was more than enough for him to become beloved of the people.

Early in July of this year we heard that Fr Douglas was seriously ill. It was a surprise and a shock. Soon it became apparent that he was a dying man, but to the last he was his old self ; he would die as he had lived, and would accept death from the Hand of God as he had accepted life and everything in it. Still his sense of humour remained. When having a cup

of tea very early one morning he remarked to the priest at his bedside : 'Isn't it strange ; here I am enjoying a cup of tea on my death-bed !'

He was not afraid to die. He put his trust in the Blessed Trinity and the Holy Family. He was no longer able to say Mass, the Mass which he loved so well and which he always said with such care. Neither could he say his Office ; reading was beyond him ; but his rosary was seldom out of his hand. His sight was almost gone, but he hardly mentioned the fact. He became very tired, but suffered no pain. His explanation of this was typical : 'I'm no hero, and the good Lord knows I'm not'. Even in his last days his thought was for others asking that this or that be attended to, lest anything should be left undone or anyone inconvenienced after his death.

He died peacefully on 3rd August 1958. Many there are, priests and people, who mourn the passing of a real friend. Yet there is something joyful about his death because he was a true priest of God, 'taken from men, ordained for men in the things that appertain to God, that he might offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins : who could have compassion on them that are ignorant and that err'. His life was a fulfilment of the two great commandments : he loved the Lord with his whole heart, soul, mind and strength, and his neighbour as himself.

W. E. GRASAR.

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