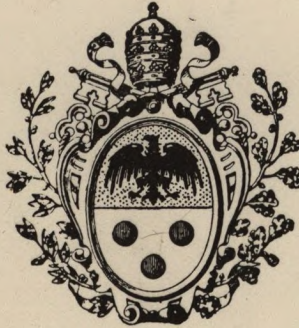


# THE VENERABLE

❁  
CONDUCTED

BY THE  
PAST AND PRESENT  
STUDENTS



❁  
OF THE  
VENERABLE  
ENGLISH COLLEGE  
ROME



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ROMA  
SCUOLA TIPOGRAFICA BARBERIA  
Via Merulana, 41

# THE VENERABILE

OF THE  
 VENERABLE  
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 STUDENTS

## IMPRIMATUR

✠ JOSEPH PALICA, *Arch. Philipp.*

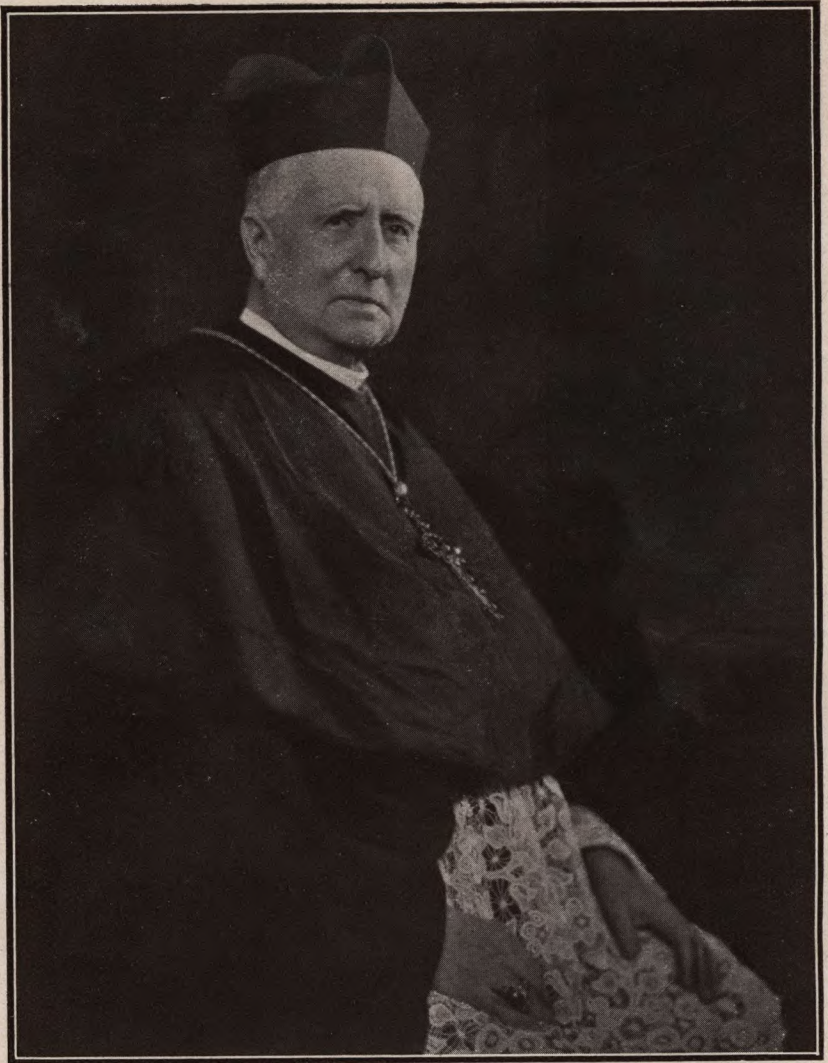
*Vicesger.*

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ROMA

SCUOLA TIPOGRAFICA SALESIANA

Via Marsala, 42



Every blessing and good  
wish to all alumni  
of the Venerabile past  
and present

Aidan Card. Gasquet

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## EDITORIAL

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The success of the first number of the Magazine has more than satisfied our hopes and desires. The praise bestowed on it by His Eminence the Cardinal Protector, the Roman Association and its many other friends, while it inspires us with gratitude and encouragement, also enables us to direct a look of confidence to the future in the conviction that the Magazine will not fail for want of kind support.

We thank the late Editor, Mr. J. Donnelly, for his unsparing labours in the production of the first number. To him we owe it in no small measure that we have had a comparatively easy task in producing this number. We thank also Mr. A. Olney for his work on the Committee, and all those who have helped us by contributions. Certain slight changes have been introduced in the Magazine in accordance with the suggestions of critics; one or two rather radical reforms, as, for instance, in the arrangement of the Diary, were proposed, the adoption of which we have reserved for further consideration.

A start has been made of publishing interesting documents from the College Archives with the letter of the

Venerable Cardinal Bellarmine. The occasion of his Beati-  
 fication was considered a suitable opportunity for issuing  
 it. It seems to us fitting that all alumni of the English  
 College should pay special devotion to the great Cardinal,  
 whose lectures at the Roman College our earliest martyrs  
 attended and who was probably spiritual director of sev-  
 eral of them.

Unfortunately it is necessary for us to lay a further  
 slight burden on our generous benefactors. Last year we  
 made no charge for postage; but henceforth, until the  
 exchange is stabilised and the exorbitant cost of printing  
 is reduced, such charge will be necessary. For 1923-4,  
 therefore, and until further notice the subscription will  
 be 5/6 post free, single copies, 3/6.


 ❀ Alla Madre del dolore ❀
 

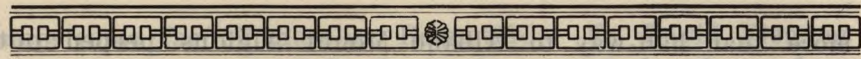
Deh! pace e amor allo straziato cor,  
 Che ansioso e supplice aita implora,  
 Tu degli afflitti unica speme e amor,  
 Concedi Tu, Madre benigna ognora.

Vergine santa, del dolor reïna,  
 Corri e sostieni il povero mortal,  
 In che lo scempio vedi e la ruina,  
 Che affranta e buia ha l'anima immortal.

O mai pregata invan, dei falli suoi  
 Pietà ti mova, e fra le oscure vie  
 Lo guida, o d'Almo Padre unica Eletta.

Calma quel cor che langue; i pianti suoi  
 Pietosa tergi: pace dalle pie  
 Tue man, dal divin tuo cor, pace ei aspetta.

A. E. MATTOCKS.



# TO VALVISCIOLO - FOSSANUOVA - CASAMARI

## I

A cool clear night gave promise of favourable weather which Friday, April 17th 1914, did not belie. I awoke at 5.30 and heard the nightingale singing. There was a considerable wind which the heat made welcome. Near the Railway Station I took—it was Hobson's choice—the hateful electric tram to Albano. The familiar Campagna carts came creaking in with their burdens of wine and oil and bricks and stone. As we drew out into the country beyond the fringe of shops and *osterie* outside the Lateran gate the land showed ever brighter with hawkweed and daisies. Men were hoeing about Cave, Acqua Santa, and S. Urbano. Bright irises were in flower near the Capannelle racecourse, pleasantly screened by a belt of pines, with a long low old-world inn opposite. Here and there men were busy with scythes, the larks sang unceasingly overhead; the great horizon of hills stood out clearer and clearer, though sometimes hidden by dip of road or undulation of field, right away to far-off Terminillo near Rieti in the north, and I thought I had glimpses of Velino (near Fucino) over the shoulders of the Sabines. The ever-gladdening wall of Gennaro and chestnut-robed Alban Mount kept changing their positions as we drew nearer to the latter's western flank, and often one could look back on Rome and the little hills of Verde and Janiculum with their invasion of white houses beside her and Monte Mario beyond. Blue borage bordered the road. Rather

more than half-way to Albano Mount Algidus peeped out behind the lower slopes of Cavo and one had glimpses of the grey towns of Marino near the rim of the Alban Lake and Rocca di Papa high up the face of the mountains. Patches of wheat marked the neighbourhood of the Mezzavia hostelry. The ground was thickly starred with rocket and camomile, daisies and still-flowering wild geraniums, and plants with milky-veined leaves. Passing over a level crossing one was closely parallel to the old Appian whose almost shapeless ruins had stood against the skyline for miles. There were stretches of goldfinch-haunted thistles

*resonant et acanthida dumii.*

Rocca di Papa is always striking, straggling in true Italian fashion sheer up the steep slope, winding and irregular, yet a compact whole—the exact opposite of our modern cities whose relentless mesh of rectangular streets has no clear circumference. The wayfarer is swamped in suburb before he can behold the city.

Terminillo withdrew more and more behind the advancing edge of Gennaro, greatest of all “the promontories of the Apennines,” whose magnificent cliff takes all the hues of grey and blue and purple as the waves of sunlight and cloud-shadow strike upon it, drowning the city-crown’d island hills at its feet, Montecelio, Sant’Angelo and Palombara—every old name is a poem in this marvellous land.

A good garden of fruit trees by a roadside cot and numbers of cattle were passed, whereafter the tram regained the road. Here one came upon the first vines. The vineyard region extends roughly from a line along the base of the immediate out slopes of the Alban system, their fast brown fields of trellis marking them sharply off from the green and grey tones of the near Campagna. A corn-bunting’s harsh song greeted us near Fratocchie and sprays of elder blossom and bright green leafage of planes gave voice to the spring. The low range of buildings on the right, where the new Appian way converges into the old one—*osteria* and smithy—is treeshadowed and has outside stone stairways. Now we were upon the immemorial ways once more, the very road that had borne St. Paul’s foot-

steps some far off morning Romewards. Fr. David Fleming O. S. F. has visualised St. Paul's descent of the slopes from Albano and his first glimpse of the gilded grandeur of the Queen of the world in a beautiful essay that appeared in *Rome* early in 1914.

Men and women were hoeing on the slopes, which became more and more luxuriant leftwards to the far down levels that now gave sudden view of the almost azure Mediterranean. The glory and beauty of this sea are utterly dazzling to unwonted northern eyes, especially if seen in ever-reappearing belts of living sapphire between interrupting fringes of pine or tawny wheat on the long journey between Rome and Pisa, growing more pronounced as the seaboard gives way to cliff and chine between Spezia and Genoa. So intense is its deep richness that one wonders whether one would not soon be dulled by its very intensity if one lived long by its margin, as the ear might be by unrelieved symphonies of the great masters. In all mortal things quantity deadens perception; the pictures of Turner are kindled with touches of red flame or blue fire; and the first glimpse of Chartres' radiant vistas, dark stones touched with live coals from the altars of devotion, lights up long years of life and memory. Is not this reflection a good remedy against the hunger of the immortal spirit that chafes at times

“ to leave so many books unread

“ to leave so many lands unvisited? ”.

Were all the fevered petitions of our travelling youth to be granted, how many of us would escape satiety and bitter disillusionment? The schoolboy is glad in after years that life was not all one holiday, and we who see perhaps not a tithe of the cathedrals, the mountains, the rivers, the villages, we had planned to visit, shall we not believe that our granted glimpses were surely the brighter for their rarity? Have not many of us, to whom power, ambition and riches appealed in vain, striven to realize an earthly Paradise of holiday wanderings, nightfall under starlit heavens over the volcanic purple slopes of Central Italy, or evenings in Swiss glens full of pine and haymow under peak and snowfield, or rich orchard valleys and shimmer of



poplar-fringed waters and springing spires of slate and stone in happy Normandy, or passings in and out of strange towns whose life we affect no more than the shadow of the sea-swallow the waves.

Youth, says Belloc somewhere, goes gaily out into the open sunshine, and returns lame and late, but one may possess the faith without having yet learnt the nullity of the earthly Paradise. No one, perhaps, of our poets more sadly realized that nullity than he whose greatest work vaunted the name.

*"I cannot ease the burden of your fears*

*"Nor make quick-coming death a little thing..."*

*"Who strive to build a shadowy bower of bliss*

. . . . . *wherein may dwell*

*"the hollow puppets of my rhymes."*

The skeleton in the cupboard, the hollow raven's croak is never far from the sunniest of his tapestried pages.

The luxuriant slopes towards Castel Gandolfo were a strange contrast to the Campagna behind, full of blooming plumbtrees and blossoming beans, and bright figleaves amid the vineyards and patches of barley. Purple shadows lay upon the wrinkled seaboard plain towards Ardea with one or two of the old towers that dot the Latin coast.

It is strange how few travellers ever dream of exploring the wonderful region that stretches between Ostia and Nettuno, in spite of the glowing pictures of Gregorovius. I hope it may some day be granted me to penetrate the forest fringe that stretches some 60 miles from Castel Fusano southwards between the tawny sandhills and the swampy pastures. My one attempt hitherto was foiled at Castel Fusano through lack of a royal permit; that quiet 17th century hunting castle forming its northern fringe, and giving a glimpse of dense undergrowth behind the fringing stone pines that called one,

*Deep music of the ancient forest:*

Ardea, too, an ancient settlement ere Rome was founded—how few even of classical enthusiasts think of exploring its "shy retreats."

A little God's acre, red with azaleas, white rambler roses, red poppies and waving green crops, olives, hedges of box, and ivied walls were passed while I watched white specks of sail on the heat hazy *mare velivolum*.

Castel Gandolfo, then recently notorious for anti-clerical ruffians, lay above the road on our left on the mighty rim of the great crater that holds the Alban lake. A long shady avenue led to the near town of Albano. We were well below the lake-rim, yet still far above its unseen waters. Albano's gardens were gay with lilac, wistaria, and marigolds, leafy chestnuts and magnolia. The town has lost something of its racy Italian simplicity and is overrun with summer tourists, to say nothing of tramway excursionists from modern Rome. One little Campanile still speaks of the middle ages, resembling those that yet raise their protest in the heart of Renaissance Rome.

Beyond Albano appears on the left the great crest of woods stolen from the Capuchins, their desecrated stations still telling of the way of the Cross. With a friend I once traversed this wood, without leave of the municipality, and from its highest point we gained the best view we ever had of the still blue lake framed in the boughs, patches of slate purple marking the passage of the clouds.

Further on came into view the crown of Monte Cavo, a ring of trees round the flattened summit where the last Catholic King of Britain built one of the first Passionist monasteries on the site of the old federal temple of Latin Jove, following in this the footsteps of England's Apostle who directed that idol temples should be transformed into churches, and those of St. Benedict, who placed the church of Monte Cassino over the shrine of Apollo. It is amusing to observe how the children of the Renaissance execrate the saintly cardinal who cared more for the worship of God than the memories of idolatry, and how the descendants of church-robbers exult in the relics of a pagan drain or an imperial hairpin. One thinks of the delightful piety wherewith certain guidebooks to Rome spoke of the sacrilege committed by a few Popes who took columns from the temples of devils to the churches of Deity, and then calmly recorded that agelong shrines were "now the property of the Italian Government".

Then came the wonderful cleft of Ariccia, a deep ravine spanned by a viaduct and dense with waving woods and dark with vague memories of that most elusive of Roman Kings, Numa Pompilius, whose monotheist writings were accidentally discovered in his Janiculum tomb in the last age of the Republic and were hastily and publicly burned by the Senate, who feared them as much as the contrivers of Anglicanism feared the writings of Harding and Stapleton, Campion and Allen, and for the same reason—a foolish proceeding, says St. Austin, the publicity countervailing the effect of the suppression. The shore bent further outwards here and a long ridge of land went leaping down the levels on the right. On a little rounded spur of wooded hill projecting westwards into the Campagna upstood one of the many tall baronial peel-towers, visible, this one, even from Janiculum, “motionless waifs of ruined towers” as Mrs. Browning called them.<sup>1</sup> If I remember rightly, it is Monte Giove, the ancient Corioli. It peers over the westward rim of Nemi’s crater seen from the village of that name which stands on a precipitous promontory over the fruitful margin of the fairy waters.

There is only one Nemi in the world. What Belloc says of the great Italian lakes among the roots of the Alps seems to me yet more true of this most haunting marvel. Nemi is beautiful exceedingly, but her beauty is that of Cleopatra. Nemi is terrible with a nameless intangible terror. In the Campagna one is more than halfway to the East, and I have never passed near Nemi without thinking of the words of the Psalmist “a daemónio meridiano”. To Byron the fair windless lake suggested a coiled serpent.

Yet surely there is a deeper, subtler fear that haunts this cirque of cliff and copse, this bright unruffled mirror. In the north fear is associated with aweing darkness, in the south it lurks more in treacherous smiles. I have often been conscious of it in wild hollows and valleys of central Italy, and it always associates itself in my mind with a sense of lingering paganism, of heathen demons never quite exorcized from the land they

<sup>1</sup> *A view across the Roman Campagna* (1861).

held in thrall so many ages, no man-shaped phantoms but horrible mocking grisly fiends of a fascinating frightfulness. I have never yet seen Nemi on a cloudy day or by dusk or dark or starlight, but to me the evil presence is always sensible. More than one of my friends have felt the same thing. And indeed here the known history is ghastly enough, though the same sensation overtakes me in places without any such associations. We have all heard of

*the grove in whose dim shadow  
The ghastly priest doth reign,  
The priest who slew the slayer,  
And shall himself be slain.*

Here as so often in Italy we find cultivation and volcanic wilderness side by side, wild bosky precipices over level tilth, vineyard and orchard that touch the rushy fringe of lapping water. Eastward rough stony mule tracks climb out of the crater and through the woods to meet the road that joins Albano with Rocca di Papa. Westward on the rim are the white town-end houses of Genzano; and beyond, a towered hill and a sealike expanse of champaign, not readily distinguished in the haze from the bend of shining sea beyond it.

This horror has often been recorded by travellers in fore-Christian lands, in China and India and Africa. Never till then had I felt the antique paganism as a power; now I can even imagine reversions to it without difficulty. Until I first walked in Italy paganism was to me a dead superstition of antiquity and a soul-wearying pedantry and literary fashion of the hateful Renaissance and its tedious admirers, but to have visited Nemi is to have felt the very breath of the juggling fiends that paltered with the time-fellows of Aristotle and Cicero, something indefinably evil, mocking, blasphemous, obscene with a Pan-like fascination of fear and magic. To me unseeking it has come, that which literary pagans have deliberately quested, the experience of paganism as a reality. Not that the inhabitants of the Alban hills are unbelieving, however much a few young men may indulge in anti-clericalism. No, it is not associated with the people, but with the place, to which the pollutions of

antiquity cling like the scars of birth-sin. To-day there was only a passing glimpse of the lake beneath the shoulder of Monte Cavo at the end of Genzano town, a place more interesting for its people, gathered in groups about the central fountain with its carven vines, the women bearing bright copper vessels for filling. I think the absence of fountains is one of the reasons why Milan appears so un-Italian, even apart from its invasions by German commerce. Here the Colonna shields appeared continually, reminding one how this whole region was once in their grip, dominated from their eyrie in bleak Castel S. Pietro on the boulder-strewn height above Palestrina.

In spite of an English advertisement Genzano is quite Italian still, and has its feast of flowers. A bright string of scarlet tassels hung above a saddler's door, sufficient advertisement for good handiwork, however inadequate for machine-made shoddy. Mules wandered by, laden with panniers full of bricks. The broom was in flower, and the elmtrees. Beyond a pine-fringed bend of road, our English jack by-the-hedge appeared, and white campion, bugloss and scabious. Anemones, periwinkles, buttercups and nettles voiced the halcyon day under the leafy acacias and among the bracken and other ferns; the tower of Civita Lavinia stood up on a low spur of hill plunging down with the by-road into the seaboard levels.

Then, at a place where the road (here being mended) bent to the left, I got down and followed what I took to be the old Appian track in front. Long abandoned as a highway, broken and narrow, it led down between steep tufa banks, brown-yellow, mantled with glowing green and alive with lizards, and followed the land's undulations. About here I first sighted the Volscians, grey and clouded, far in front on the right. I passed a flock of sheep, a boy and girl with rakes, full of the grace of Italian peasantry, a small peasant's house and family, whose horse came up the lane, a group of women working afield by a deep hollowed brook, and soon found myself in a main road where I passed a group of men reclined for noonday *siesta*, others riding by on mules, and crossed a bridge with an inscription of 1667, recording how Alexander VII built it and repaired the road. On the left, distant a field-length from the highway, was a strange black wall, the shell of some mediaeval stronghold, enclosing a

cot and gardens. From the tip of it a courteous peasant doffed his hat and waved it towards me. I struck off rightwards by a daisied greensward and a rise brought a good backward view of Genzano which here took on something of the picturesqueness that distance lends to nearly all Italian towns. Grey Velletri stood up on the right, though I could not make out its individual features. The next rise gave a still better view of the towns and the russet woods of the long ridge ending eastwards in Mount Algidus. I have climbed the latter from Monte Porzio and found it chiefly clad with chestnut trees with the clay ovens of the charcoal burners among them, with gorse thickets above. One looked in vain for any example of Macaulay's "thunder-smitten oak"! The summit gave on to an Alpine sea of dazzling cloud that hid the opposite Volscian heights—while leftwards the Praenestine hills—shimmering grey and cool, clear purple and russet—formed broad buttresses to the Apennines beyond Subiaco. The sun was powerful. Labouring clouds stood over the bare northern bastions of the Volscians threatening thunder. The road passed between great stretches of brown vineyards with rare white steadings and cots. The peasants dressing the vines gave me Christian greeting. And then, with the last vineyards the road suddenly gave out, and presently ceased even to be a track, and I was in the wild sea of the open Campagna, the great Roman Dartmoor, the Latin veldt, amid a wide clump of blowing lilies, the land billowing from Velletri and its highway away to the sea, with little islands of farmstead or tilth, oliveyard or vine here and there on slopes above the hundred hidden watercourses, and overhead the immeasurable sky of Italy. No spires, no lofty towers or mighty castles, but few and horizontal buildings. The vastness of nature dominates. The wildness is such that one shares the thrill of the explorer, and might be one of the band that sailed up the Tiber with Aeneas!

The occasional presence of the famous sheepdogs gives a distinct touch of adventure to all excursions into this unique desert. A shepherd, whom I sighted and hailed, came far out of his way, and gave me directions for reaching my next bourne, Cisterna—absolutely refusing to take a *sou* for his trouble, though certainly very poor. He told me that the wattlehuts

were bitterly cold on winter nights. It is strange how, almost within the suburbs of modernized Rome, we pass by the immemorial huts, that Faustulus would recognize, but remain ignorant of the lives passed within them!

To walk in the Campagna is an exhilaration: the huge sweep of the field of vision is intoxicating. Over several clumps of lilies I made my way towards a brook: opposite were a farm and olive-groves and orchards, and a number of peasants resting in the shade. Near hand were a handsome old peasant woman and a small boy, who spoke a dialectal Italian of which I could make out but little.

I had to follow down the stream before striking the trackway for Cisterna. A sheepdog followed me at a distance beyond the stream for some way with his objections.

The hollow was much like that of the upper part of the Valle di Inferno, between S. Onofrio and Rome, only unwooded, save for scattered trees. Close by the *Capanna* I was bidden look out for, a very rough track crossed the valley, with a rough patch of hedge beyond it. Two shepherds were grazing their flocks near by. The track crossed the shallow stream I had been ascending, and beyond was a cultivated portion, where an old peasant and his daughter were at work in the fields. It then became little more than a pair of ruts in the green lane between the crops and vineyards. Glancing green leaf and brown vinestake, with white cots scattered near the track, and above, the overflowing blue, that sky so cool, clear, open and bright whose overwhelming depths give relief to the heat-thrilled plains. The streams all make their way to the Astura river and the flat green Pontine marshes discernible in the distance. A long strip of cultivation—mainly vineyard—bordered the rough trackway whose grass edges were full of purple orchids, until another stream crossed it whose steep bank was overhung with blowing hawthorn. Although not comparable to northern brooks, these scanty deeply-bedded Campagna water-courses do every now and then show nooks of signal beauty. Beyond this were more fields and a mere footpath which seemed to disappear finally where a rough stile gave on to a glade, bordered by brambles and hawthorns and slopes of corktree and holmoak. At the end of it was a recumbent monster like

a Polar bear—one of the notorious sheepdogs, but his master in goatskin overbreeches overawed his protests, as he directed me in this pathless wild. Striking through the trees I crossed some rough pasture beyond and came soon upon a fair cart-road bordered with those simple and comely wooden fences that mark off so well the land whose open grandeur they leave inviolate. Then two men directed me to follow this road back to the left until it converged into the highway coming from Velletri. Beyond the lee of another copse and two or three vineyards and steadings I saw the main road, which I reached by skirting a patch of beans and jumping the streamlet. At last I was upon the Appian Way which I had somehow missed near Civita Lavinia. (It had been my aim to follow it thence to Cisterna). It was heavy in dust and bordered by copses of ilex, somewhat gloomy in the now clouded afternoon. A few carts passed by, and a bicycle or two, and occasionally some footfarer. Soon I came upon the town of Cisterna, built, unlike most Italian ones, in the plain. A singularly depressing place, which seemed devoid of any interest except for its believed sameness with the *Tres Tabernae* of St. Paul's journey to Rome. The ugly square churches were closed, a pretensions public garden with a paganised fountain, with a number of indifferent *osterie* and houses made up the rest. In the outskirts beyond, one or two bright children accepted gladly the *santi* I offered them. Where a new house was being jerry-built beside the road, there came from the top of the scaffolding a shower of greetings "Bagarozzo!" "Prete!" and the like, which would have gratified our progressive journalists who pass with such amazing swiftness from Orange threats against the "priest-ridden Irish" to paeans in favour of "gallant little Belgium\* ". The level of the Pontine Marshes had now been reached. The road was fringed with trees, chiefly elm and ash, and low stone walls that reminded one of the neighbourhood of Peterborough. A motor-carful of English people rushed by. Two miles or more from Cisterna the road to Ninfa branched off to the left skirting pastures and crops.

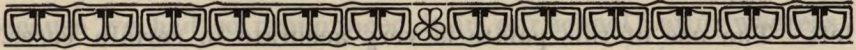
\* Written in 1914.



The Campagna was now utterly left behind. Soon was Ninfa descried, whose tower, milky fawn in colour, stood out against the barren limestone ramparts of the Volscian range, very bleak indeed on this side. Scattered upon it were several towns, high as Swiss *chalets*, Cori to the north and Norba high over Ninfa. Rocca Massima, crowning the enormous slopes of Monte Lupone (much like Praenestine Bellegra) had disappeared round the corner. Goldfinches and chats abounded. For the last half mile or so a peasant gave me a ride on the boards of an open cart, and set me down opposite the gleaming waters that hem in the swampy ruins of Ninfa, which is sinking into the conquering marshes as Galera into the swallowing jungle.

(To be concluded).





## SOME NOTES ON ITALIAN PHONETICS

The Science of Phonetics, that is, the study and classification of spoken sounds, is of comparatively recent origin. Its pioneers are mostly Scandinavians and Welshmen; but work of unrivalled delicacy and minuteness of research has been done by the Abbé Rousselot of Paris. The Phoneticians have examined every sound in every known speech and dialect, and are able to assign to each sound a corresponding symbol. The result is a list of sound-symbols of considerable dimensions, known as the International Phonetic Alphabet. It is not strictly perfect, but it works well enough.

Up-to-date Modern Language Teaching devotes considerable time to Phonetic drill, especially in the preliminary stages, and the ear is carefully exercised before the eye. The pupil is made to imitate these sounds accurately, and his perception of them is not complicated by any analogical or psychological cross-purposes. The sound is not presented to him as the foreign equivalent of, say, O or E; thus the value that these vowels have in his native tongue does not obtrude itself upon his rendering of them.

The science of Phonetics is of great assistance to the student, because it is able to demonstrate exactly how sounds are produced, and can show the position of the various organs of speech. The Abbé Rousselot caused to be made for himself an artificial palate of platinum. This, covered with a white adhesive powder, was placed in the mouth, and a sound was uttered. Where the tongue touched the false palate, a dark stain was

left. The use of this palate is very accurate in certain cases. For instance, the markings made by an Italian L are quite different from those of an English L. So, the *gn* in *Campagna* is shown to be different from the *ni* in the Latin *Campania*, as we pronounce it; and even from the pronunciation represented by *campan-ya*. Judged by the same test, the combination-*glia*, in words like *voglia*, is shown to be inaccurately rendered by the *lyea* of most English-Italian grammars. Other delicate instruments have been invented and perfected by the Phoneticians. These things may appear to be *nuances*. But they make all the difference between good and bad speech. The Italian who says *chep* for *chap* is probably perfectly satisfied with himself; we, however, recognise a faulty, and even ludicrous pronunciation. In the same way the Italian detects an error, of which we are unconscious, when we say *campan-ya* for *campagna*.

These notes are written to interest the Venerabile student in his first efforts at Italian. It will be seen that Italian pronunciation is not such a simple matter after all. There is a code of rules which the *lingua toscana in bocca romana* adheres to very rigidly, admitting exceptions that are by no means arbitrary. The writer's experience, both of himself and others, is that we were careless students of the spoken Italian. We did not listen accurately or, if we did, we copied from the wrong models. The University was our undoing. We met too many Northerners and Southerners, and appropriated their defects of speech, unconscious that we were committing a crime. But our first real tutors were the servants of the college, whose homely speech was certainly not to be held up to young foreigners as a pattern of the *dolce favella*. As beginners, also, we picked up our first spoken sentences from the senior students of the college, who themselves had picked them up etc., thus perpetuating a tradition of phonetic inaccuracy in the very elements of the language. Another harmful influence was our familiarity with the Latin. To words identical in Latin and Italian, or nearly so, we gave the one pronunciation which we had learnt in England. Our negative particle, *non*, for example, was Latin, that is to say, English; it missed the peculiar O sound of the Italian. The word *vero* we pronounced to rhyme with *Pharao*.

because we had so pronounced it in our school Latin; whereas *vay-ro* would be nearer to the correct pronunciation.

The writer would venture to recommend the beginner to distrust the eye and rely wholly on the ear; to make his observations only from the speech of educated Tuscans and Romans; and to ground himself thoroughly in the rules, as given in the books indicated below, and to verify them from his models. The following notes are not complete, but they will serve to arouse interest and curiosity.

### 1. — Vowels.

1. — O and E. The statement given in the grammars that these two vowels have each a twofold pronunciation is generally received with tacit derision by the careless student. Seeing is believing; O is O and E is E, *e basta!* But the recognition of this fact, together with the patient endeavour to live up to it in practice, is one of the essential conditions for speaking correctly. The Italian Alphabet is as imperfect as other European Alphabets, and several of its symbols are pluralists, or, at least, dualists. O and E are particularly shameless offenders. One can realise this by giving an Italian the following *written* list of words to pronounce: *botte, colto, corre, fosse, legge, pesca, tema, torre, venti*. His reply will be that the pronunciation depends upon the meaning of the word; e. g., if by *torre* you mean *tower*, then the O is "close"; if it is the contracted form of *togliere*, then it is "open", and the two pronunciations are quite distinct. And so *venti* with "close" E is *twenty*, with "open" E, *winds*. Five minutes with a good speaker will teach the learner the difference in these sounds. He should then take some book, like Petrocchi's "Grammatica," and study the complete rules there given. A considerable amount of collar-work is necessary in order to memorise those rules, but if the beginner tackles them slowly, and above all, listens, he should have no difficulty. A general rule may be stated here, viz, that O and E, when not accented (stressed) by the voice, are always "close"; e. g., in *trova* the O is "open," in *trovare* it is "close".

2. — A, fortunately, is no pluralist. But it should be observed that the rule usually given that A is identical with A

in *father* is not correct. In pronouncing the Italian A, the mouth is stretched a little more to the sides, the lips come nearer together than in the English sound, and the articulation is more tense. Also, the tip of the tongue declines slightly from the English position.

## 2. — Consonants.

1. — S is a dualist. It has two sounds, one as in the English word *base*, called by the Italians *aspro*, the other as in *raise*, called *dolce*. The distinction is evident enough to the ear, but inexact observation often plays ducks and drakes with it. For example, it is *aspro* in *inglese* but *dolce* in *francese*. Examine your conscience, gentle reader, and ask yourself if you have always stood by the principle of "suum cuique" in this little matter. Extend the same searching scrutiny to *Pisa*, *chiuso*, *cosa*, *mese*, *preso*, *casa* and *spesa*, where it is *aspro*; and to *centesimo*, *disonorevole*, *desolato*, *ucciso*, where it is *dolce*.

2. — Z, single and double, is likewise *aspro* (ts) and *dolce* (ds). The distinction can often be traced to etymological origin. The Latin T, C and sometimes S become Z *aspro*; e. g., *nuptiae*, *nozze*; *puteus*, *pozzo*; *platea*, *piazza*; *palatium*, *palazzo*; *pretium*, *prezzo*; *deliciae*, *delizie*; *sulphur*, *zolfo*. On the other hand, the Latin D gives Z *dolce*; e. g., *hordeum*, *orzo*; *medium*, *mezzo*; *modium*, *mozzo*; *radium*, *razzo*; *rudis*, *rozzo*; *prandium*, *pranzo*.

In *romanzo* (*dolce*) we might expect Z *aspro*, inasmuch as it is derived from *romanicus*, *romanice loqui*. But the word reached Italy obliquely, via Provence, and so does not follow the general rule of direct derivatives.

Combinations of O and E and S and Z may give words that are made up of the same letters, but differ widely in pronunciation. For instance, *mezzo* (E open, Z *dolce*) *half*; *mezzo* (E close, Z *aspro*) *over ripe*, from *mitis*; *rosa* (O close, S *aspro*) *itching*; *rosa* (O open, S *dolce*) *rose*; *mozzo* (O close, Z *aspro*) *docked, cut short* (cf. *mutilus*); *mozzo* (O open, Z *dolce*) *nave of a wheel*.

3. — C and G before I followed by a vowel. The I in this case is a mere written symbol, indicating the fact that these two letters are soft and not hard; or, in the scientific jargon of the Phoneticians, it substitutes a Post-alveolar Affricate for

a Velar Plosive—a mighty transformation, indeed, to be accomplished by a mere iota! It has no vocalic value, and therefore is not to be pronounced as a vowel. We make no mistake in pronouncing *già* as English *ja*, *ciò* as *cho*. (These phonetic renderings are approximate, only). Therefore we must say *collejo* (*collegio*) and not *collejeeo*; *adajo* (*adagio*) and not *adajeeo*; *cacho* (*cacio*) and not *cacheeo*. In certain words “di origine dotta”, e. g., *scienza*, *specie*, the I preserves its value as a vowel. On the other hand, we must avoid the error of introducing a too obvious D sound into GI, and a T sound into CI, e. g., *colledjo*, *adadjo*, *catcho*. There has been a deal of debate among the Phoneticians in this matter. The foreign ear claims that it detects some sort of D and T sound. The Italian ear repudiates it. As a matter of fact, the Tuscan pronunciation tends to give to GI (and GE), after a vowel, a sound that very closely resembles the English S in *pleasure*; and to CI (and CE) a sound that *approximates* to our SH. This is an elegance worth acquiring, but it needs careful attention. One can easily overdo it, and then it degenerates, especially in the case of CI, into the faulty *romanesco* pronunciation, e. g., *cascio* for *cacio*.

4. — V is as in English. But when it comes between vowels, it loses much of its strength and firmness; the lower lip and the upper teeth hardly seem to meet. In Tuscany the “basso popolo” exaggerates this to the extent of saying *taola*, *paone*, for *tavola*, *pavone*.

The Italians claim that every consonant is amenable to this law of attenuation, provided it is between vowels, or preceded by a vowel and followed by a liquid, even when the preceding vowel belongs to another word. To the foreign ear, this phenomenon is most evident in the case of C and G before I and E, as shown above, and in the case of V. Its exaggerations are strikingly manifest in the vulgar Florentine *paone* for *pavone*, and *la hasa di hura* for *la casa di cura*. But careful attention to the speech of educated Tuscans shows that this exaggerated so-called aspiration of the people becomes a real attenuation, noticeably of the guttural C. Observation of this problem of attenuation is recommended to the student.

5. — The Italian L differs from the English. In the English L the tip of the tongue curls up and is placed against the

hard rim of the palate above the front teeth. In the Italian L the upper teeth are firmly pressed by the blade of the tongue, and the palate is untouched. The difference between the two is clearly illustrated by the markings on the artificial palate.

6. — GN is generally represented in the grammars as sounded like NY, e. g., *campanya* for *campagna*. This is not correct. GN is a single sound, not a combination. It is produced by pressing the tip of the tongue against the lower front teeth, while at the same time the middle portion of the tongue is made to cleave firmly to the hard palate, so as to cause complete obstruction. The soft, or back, palate is lowered (as in M and N), and the breath stream escapes by the nasal passages. Between the sound and the following vowel is a connecting "glide," of the nature of a consonantal Y.

7. — GL has the full palatal quality of the preceding. In *gli, egli, agli* etc., the I is given its full vocalic value. But in words like *Puglia, maglia, voglia*, the I is merely a phonetic guide, and performs the same function as in *—cia, —gia*. As in GN, the "glide" is apparent.

8. — N has a more dental quality than in English.

### 3. — Doubling of initial consonants.

This curious phenomenon, often etymological in its origin, is called *raddoppiamento* or *rafforzamento* by the grammarians. It occurs in the initial consonants (except Z and S impuro) when preceded by accented vowels, certain monosyllables and the final vowels of certain words. Its presence is often indicated in compound words by the spelling, e. g., *ammettere* from *a mettere*; *accanto* from *a canto*; *dabbene* from *da bene*. Otherwise it is not so indicated.

The rules may be stated thus.

1. — All final accented vowels and all accented (i. e., written accent) monosyllables double the initial consonant of the following word. Dante and the poets bear witness to this fact of *raddoppiamento*, when they write *riguardommi* for *mi riguardò*; *rilegollo* for *lo rilegò*; *riserrollo* for *lo riserrò*.

For example, *perchè mai?* is sounded *perché mmai?* *Durò molto, durò mmolto; ciò fece, ciò ffece.*

2. — The same effect is produced by a certain number of unaccented monosyllables, some of which are proclitic, while the rest have a tonic value of their own. These are: *a, che, chi, da, do, e, fa, fe', fo, fra, fu, ha, ho, ma, me, o* (conjunction, not vocative particle), *no, qua, qui, sa, se, so, sta* and *sto* (verbs), *su, te, tra, tu, va, vo*.

For example: *e tu che fai?* is sounded *e ttu cche ffai?* *ha capito, ha ccapito; ma che, macchè*.

3. — The following also produce *rafforzamento*: *come, dove, ove, contra* (not *contro*), *qualche, sopra*. So in pronunciation we get *come vvuoi? sopra ttutto, qualche llibro*; (in the compound *qualcheduno* we might expect a double D; but it is made up of *qualche ed uno*, and therefore not under the rule).

4. — The initial of *Dio* is doubled, when preceded by a word ending in a vowel closely connected with it, e. g., *solo ddiò, mio ddiò!*

5. — The following examples of *raddoppiamento* are peculiar and unexpected; *Spirito ssanto, ogni ssanti* (the spelling *Ognisanti* is usual, however) and *ave mmaria*.

The first and second may have been influenced by the combination of final and initial S in *Spiritus Sanctus* and *Omnes Sancti*, so familiar to the popular ear in the Latin of the Liturgy.

It is worthy of note that *raddoppiamento* occurs, only when there is a strict logical or psychological nexus between the two words. A necessary pause in the discourse would break the connection, and so prevent the doubling. For example, one would say *durò mmolto*. But in asking such a question as *durò molto o poco?* a pause might naturally be introduced after *durò*, e. g., *durò... molto o ppoco?*

#### 4. — Intonation.

It is possible to arrive at a relative virtuosity in pronouncing the individual sounds of a foreign language, and yet to be branded as an alien, every time one engages in conversation. A phrase or sentence is not merely a collection of particular sounds, it has a sound or \*tune or melody of its own. And every language has its peculiar melody, or musical pitch, for its spoken phrases. This rise and fall in musical pitch is called,



in the language of phonetics, intonation. Attempts have been made to represent phrase intonation by means of curves and musical notation, but the result is not very satisfactory, and is certainly not adapted to the patience of the ordinary student. It can only be acquired by ear and careful imitation. A natural mimic will pick it up quickly. Unfortunately, English people are very shy of doing their mimetic faculty full justice, when speaking a foreign language. The writer knows one Venerable man whose Italian intonation in serious discourse leaves much to be desired. But when the same speaker gives a representation of two elderly Roman Ecclesiastics engaged in the gentle art of mutual flattery, or some catch-phrase from the sermon of a popular preacher, the intonation is perfect. The latter exhibition is pure mimicry. But there is no reason why the former should be anything else.

#### 5. — Stress.

The Italian stressed syllable, especially in the "bocca romana," is usually given more emphasis and even duration than the stressed syllable in English. The stress, however, is subordinate to the exigencies of the phrase. In every phrase there are one or more stressed syllables that predominate, and in some cases they are prolonged to nearly twice their ordinary length. This stronger stress gives to spoken Italian that peculiar "legato" quality which contributes so much to the oratorical beauty of the language. The speech of an English learner who has not acquired then active stress is very "staccato" in comparisons.

#### 6. — Bibliography.

To learn sounds from books seems rather like gathering figs from thistles. But a book can describe to us the physiological processes of the sounds of speech; it can give the results of tests and researches made by mechanical appliances; and it can present us with an auxiliary alphabet based on the principle of one sound, one symbol. Students living in a foreign country master these sounds by ear. • But the application of an ambiguous alphabet to these sounds can be materially assisted by well-ordered rules and the use of rational symbols.

The Dictionary can be of great help, in marking the two sounds of E, O, S and Z. Not all the dictionaries do this. But Petrocchi's large and small dictionaries (in Italian) and Hoare's Italian-English dictionary are most exact in this matter.

Among Grammars Petrocchi's is preeminent. It devotes thirty pages to pronunciation, with complete rules for the above-mentioned vowels and consonants; and throughout the whole of the text special symbols are used for the ambiguous letters. The only really satisfactory grammar in English is that of Miss Ruth Shepard Phelps published by Ginn and Co. of Boston. A sound treatise on Italian Phonetics, by Giulio Panconcelli-Calzia, appears in the German series, "Skizzen lebender Sprachen," issued by the famous house of Teubner of Leipzig. It is written in Italian; is illustrated by many diagrams; and contains a large number of texts accompanied by a version in the International Phonetic Alphabet. "An Italian Phonetic Reader" by Amerindo Camilli, published by the London University Press, has a short introduction in English on Italian sounds, and texts in the International Alphabet.

The most complete work on Italian sounds is Malagoli's "Ortoepia e Ortografia Italiana Moderna," one of the Hoepli manuals. It is a scholarly treatise, packed with plunder from the researches of Phoneticians, and enriched with illuminating comparisons between the Tuscan and other dialects. De Amicis' "Idioma Gentile" devotes many an attractive and brilliant page to pronunciation. Like Manzoni, De Amicis was a Northerner who "riasciacquò i suoi cenci nelle acque dell'Arno," and came under the spell of the tongue of Dante and Boccaccio. His book is an attempt to persuade his countrymen to speak that fascinating tongue. The foreigner may study it with interest and profit.

In the first number of *The Venerable Magazine*, the College Librarian reported to us one or two of his dreams. The writer of these notes has also been dreaming. He dreams that one day during the long vacation, the students will make a sudden foray into Tuscany, and return to Palazzuola with three or four "natives" flung across their saddle-bows. But the dreamer cannot say who will profit most by the raid—the students modelling their speech on the discourse of their victims, or the captives mewed in so enchanting a prison. J. R. M.

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## LA MAGLIANA REVISITED

By the Bishop of Clifton

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[La Magliana was a farm and vineyard situated about seven miles out of Rome on the right bank of the Tiber. It was given to the College by Sir Tobie Matthew, presumably in 1614, when he made over all his property in and about Rome to the English Jesuits. The account books of the vineyard begin in 1616. In the early days of the 18th. century and during the greater part of the 19th. the vines and farm were very flourishing, but 1749 to 1763 were lean years. The students do not seem to have had gite to La Magliana under the Jesuits, but went once a fortnight to dine in the vineyard near the Circus Maximus; that the free time allowed them on such days was curtailed was one of their grievances under the Italian Rectors. In the middle of last century the students had a day occasionally at La Magliana, the Convertiti sometimes accompanying them. Latterly they could go once a fortnight if they voted for it. The property finally passed out of our hands in 1917].

Oh Muse that dreamest by old Tiber's edge,  
Where winds the road to Ostia's massy keep,  
Lone sentinel of the blue Tyrrhenian deep,

Thy couch the wilted sedge,  
Or some low, grassy ledge,  
The Afric wind thy lullaby, awake from sleep!

Ah me! how are these walls made desolate,  
Once thy gay haunts, now turned to usage base!  
Thou saw'st arise in all its sculptured grace

Yon fountain! from that gate  
Great Leo without state  
Thou sawest oft ride forth with laughter to the chase.

Gone is that glory, gone thy happy reign!  
 Thou wilt not sing again the songs then sung!  
 Yet though thy harp long on these walls has hung,  
     Smite, smite the strings again,  
     And bid me not in vain  
 Sing of those halcyon days, the days when we were young:

Sing how, when feeling to the gods akin,  
 We, the proud scions of an ancient line,  
 Or slim philosopher or sleek divine,  
     From Monserrato's din  
     Came gaily marching in,  
 In yonder tranquil farmstead on the hill to dine.

O'er Sixtus' bridge, by those three waterfalls,  
 O'er which the grim Borghese griffin vaunts,  
 Past Pancras' gate, and those umbrageous haunts,  
     Where agèd Cardinals,  
     Without the City walls,  
 Enjoyed at shut of eve their somewhat solemn jaunts,

By fields, and farms, and canebrakes on we went  
 To where the upper way dips very low,  
 The spot ycleped *Affogalasio*;  
     For there it was that spent,  
     Long straining up the ascent,  
*Lo stanco somarello l'anima spirò.*

Oh these jaw-opening Roman vowels wide,  
 That mock our tight-mouthed, namby-pamby speech,  
 And true enunciation's manner teach!  
     For laziness or pride,  
     We scarce our lips divide,  
 Just more articulate than bivalves on the beach.

Thence stepped we over level roads, nor stopped  
 Till saw we from our vineyard's slope supine  
 The level prairies and the long-horned kine,  
     Which there the herbage cropped  
     Long ere Aeneas dropped  
 Anchor, where Tiber's waters mingle with the brine;

Saw farther still the pines that spread their arms  
 Along the coast; there, lulled by lapping seas,  
 The younger Pliny took his classic ease;  
 And freed of Rome's alarms  
 Wrote of his villa's charms,  
 Its halls, and baths, and lawns, screened from the Northern breeze.

Castel Fusano! after forty years  
 That shore, those woods, that old road, lava paved,  
 Come back to me! 'twas on those sands we laved,  
 Then, blissful banqueteers,  
 Drank of the cup that cheers  
 Beneath the pines which have ten thousand storms outbraved.

But bend we to our goal, the house! Though plain,  
 Like all its kind, it served our purpose well:  
 Hither our Alma Mater, to dispel  
 The cobwebs from their brain,  
 And break their studies' strain,  
 Had sent her sons, how long no living wight could tell.

Thick were its walls against the summer heat;  
 A shrine there was, with its Madonna too;  
 A well that ran the livelong summer through;  
 A barn, for slumber meet,  
 Post-prandial retreat,  
 And all around the vines in goodly order grew:

Those vines, whence oozed a noble nectar black,  
 Better than all the vats of Surrentine  
 By Pliny praised, which filled with frenzy fine  
 That hypochondriac,  
 The jaded Roman hack,  
 And put him on Parnassus with the vocal Nine.

Our shrine's Madonna, though no gem of art,  
 Looked sweetly down upon us as we sang;  
 And much I marvel where it now uphang;  
 But then it helped to start  
 The music of the heart,  
 To which in swift response our ready voices rang.

Straight to the dining hall we then withdrew  
 Upstairs; the hearth with logs was all aglow,  
 Whenever the thermometer was low,  
 When from the North East due  
 The *tramontana* blew,  
 And far away Soracte wore his hood of snow.

Good fare, good humour, and good fellowship,  
 These made our meal a banquet for the gods:  
 We syllogized but never fell at odds;  
 From off the learned lip  
 One heard the Latin trip,  
 Though smacking not of Ciceronian periods.

For oft arose the clamour of the schools;  
 Angelicals would at Suaresians gibe,  
 And pour derision on the Spanish tribe:  
 To-day Aquinas rules  
 All cathedras and stools,  
 Professor and disciple, printer, reader, scribe.

Not all in logic revelled: one young sage  
 Would quiz a Guido in some gallery hung,  
 While one enamoured of the Tuscan tongue  
 Would quote from Petrarch's page,  
 Or yearn for Leo's age,  
 Age when "a Raphael painted and a Vida sung."

Another cursed the petty men who hurled  
 The Church's princedom to its final fall;  
 Old Rome had died when through her battered wall  
 Entered the modern world  
 With royal flag unfurled,  
 And to a third-rate city sank the queen of all.

At this our Rector smiled approval gay;  
 Scant patience had he for the order new;  
 To Rome quite young he came in 'fifty-two;  
 Had loved the ancient sway,  
 Had seen it pass away,  
 And hated from his heart the whole Subalpine crew.

Yet not for England was his love the more:  
 The *bel paese* was his home; he tramped  
 For years its valleys, on its hills encamped,  
 And home returning bore  
 Ever a precious store  
 Of aquarelle, where he left his life's love stamped.

By nature coy, but yet most human, he  
 Made merry with us in our merriment;  
 Not so his predecessor, who unbent  
 But seldom, seldom free  
 From weight of dignity,  
 Though kind at heart, as we discovered when he went.

For on that mournful February night  
 Bidding his seeming last adieu to home,  
 He took us to his arms; then quitting Rome,  
 City of warmth and light,  
 Set out in saddest plight  
 To face the bitter blasts that lash the Tyne to foam.

And now they sleep apart, in Florence one,  
 The other in Rome; and so do others sleep  
 In some green nook where English violets peep  
 When winter's days are done,  
 Who once here bandied fun,  
 And made from mouth to mouth the living laughter leap:

Preston and Whiteside, honourable names,  
 Lloyd, Nelson, Chapman, Fenn too good for earth,  
 "O'K.," a man of most contagious mirth!  
 Each some affection claims,  
 And memory often frames  
 A prayer that peace be theirs, last tribute to their worth.

And now, Magliana, thou thyself art dead!  
 Thy shell is there, but 'tis in alien hands;  
 Thy vine-plots have been turned to grazing lands;  
 The lodge unvisited,  
 And silent, save for tread  
 Of clouted *contadini*, how derelict it stands!

Oh cry prophetic of the Mantuan swain,  
 Despairing cry, "*En unquam patrios—!*"  
 Shall we, world-sundered Britons, ever cross  
     The mountains and the main  
     To view our realm again,  
 Its barren fields and grange, grown over now with moss?

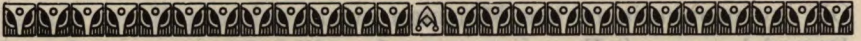
They go who list! but not for us that call;  
 Ours but to dream of those once happy spots:  
 And now the smoke upwreathes from distant cots,  
     While from the mountains tall  
     The lengthening shadows fall.  
 Go, Muse, seek out some bank of sweet forget-me-nots,

Where Tiber's mighty flood goes swirling by;  
 There strew thy couch! No mortal overbold  
 Shall by thee tread; no straggler from the fold,  
     Nor heifer ranging nigh,  
     No bruit of earth or sky,  
 Shall rouse thee dreaming there of pomps and pageants old;—

Pageants, where thou the queen of song wast hailed,  
 And mirth and laughter with thy chariot went,  
 In that glad time ere Luther's rabblement,  
     A pest from hell exhaled,  
     The holy City scaled,  
 And long ran riot foul through streets with blood besprent.







## A TRIP TO NAPLES

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It was a happy party of "public-office" men which with the Rector left the Monserrà last Easter Sunday night. We were off to Naples on a "public-office" gita and the five of us were very cheerful in consequence. Myself the Sacristan, the genius who attended to the clock, baths, door-knobs and other mechanical contrivances, the first infirmarian more pleased with himself than when he administered lead lotion to an indigestion case, and his assistant searching rather anxiously through the many compartments of an empty pocket wallet. He had no occasion for worry as the Rector looked very prosperous and had promised to attend to all our needs.

At the station the usual haggling with the taxi-driver commenced but it was a case of two irresistible forces meeting, for one of the disputants was Italian—the other a Yorkshireman; ultimately however the charioteer had to be satisfied with something considerably less than the sum originally demanded. We found an empty compartment and the Rector regaled us with several anecdotes—both "ancient and modern"—until we were jolted into an uneasy slumber.

The weather showed signs of breaking when we arrived at Naples and we felt rather uneasy. We were bound for the School of S. Filippo in the Via Cirillo and leaving the luggage in the *deposito* we set off to find our destination. After going through a few fairly clean streets, in fact with recollections of the "Cappellari" in our minds we decided that Naples was

much cleaner than Rome (an impression soon eradicated), we found the tenement, or as we say in Italy, the palazzo, and were soon received by the affable principal of the school.

After hearing the Rector's Mass we had breakfast, during which our host regaled us with a little account of himself. He appeared to be a most remarkable man, had founded the school on his own responsibility and in general may be described as a free lance. He was a very entertaining person and we found his conversation most interesting. He was very proud of a ring which he wore as a Cavalier of the Order of Constantine, the stone in it I noticed was suspiciously large, and I suspect that the "ruby" came from somewhere much nearer home than Burma. For some of his pupils he had a peculiar reverence; they were Albanians and he rejoiced very much in the fact that one of them was a Mahomedan. I suggested that there might be a little difficulty over religious questions, prayers, etc., but this objection was countered by the answer that the devotee of the Koran was told to pray to Allah if he wished when the other boys addressed the true God. I do not think that he was provided with a praying carpet—one of the scholars facing the east would certainly upset the decorum of an Italian classroom.

We then suggested sending our luggage along to the house and two camerieri of the Uriah Heep type insinuated themselves into the room and volunteered their services. One particularly suave individual accompanied us to the luggage office and after a half-hearted struggle with two porters surrendered the bags to them and walked behind with a very injured air. He appeared to have strained his arms so much in the scrimmage that he was unable to carry the bags to the Via Cirillo, and never even thought of pushing a trolley but hailed a carrozza, superintended the lifting of the bags therein, advised the Rector to tip the porters and drove away triumphantly, the blood of a line of gladiators coursing through his veins. (He was Roman by birth but very Neapolitan in his method of procedure). Meanwhile the porters rather rudely intimated to the Rector that his tip was too small. Their method was quite Italian and thoroughly effective, for they made miniature telescopes of thumbs and index fingers and squinted at their open palms until the small

sum thereon was magnified by the donor. Most Italians are fond of tips. Sometimes they do something for them, always think they have done something, and generally make other people think likewise.

We had by that time been in the city for about five hours and to our great surprise had not seen any smoke or flames spouting from the crater of Vesuvius. We had caught a glimpse of the volcano from the college window but a heavy unsympathetic cloud had hidden the summit. The Rector optimistically said that it was a great mass of smoke but to our more prosaic vision it appeared to be very much akin to a London fog. However we hoped for better things.

Bearing with us a cold luncheon we set off for the "Refugium Anglorum" or as one usually says, Thos. Cook & Sons., those most indispensable people who look after irresponsible Britishers abroad. We enjoyed the dash through the city in a taxi; there is something exhilarating in the sensation of nearly running over people after a few years of camerata life in Rome, of hair breadth escapes from carrozze and taxis, and one enjoyed the reversed positions very much. When I think of those breathless dashes across the Corso, of "Red Perils" and "Caffè Latte" (1)... but this is not *ad rem*.

Cook's advised us how to spend our time and money, and after the consultation we walked to the Sea-front where the Bay of Naples burst into view. It were almost useless to attempt a description of the dazzling beauty on the scene. The clouds had lifted and the sun shone brilliantly on the slightly ruffled water. Out to sea we could see the isles of Ischia and Capri, amethyst sentinels of this earthly paradise, rearing up their rugged sides in sharp contrast to the placid waters, but even the very rocks were softened and changed by the mystic colour which enveloped everything in an azure canopy. The sails of the fishing vessels, the steamers, everything was tinged by the transcendent blue which makes Naples one of the brightest spots of creation, where God's generosity, His beauty and

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(1) Two types of taxi which cause great havoc to the formation of cameratas and are so called from the colour of their spots.

power are realised to the full extent of our intellect. The scarred sides of Vesuvius rose up on our left, smiling villages and vineyards at the base, but half way up the mountain, a sudden change, sombre stretches of brown—with sinister tracks—no mere dry torrent beds but the traces of the last eruption—the courses of streams of burning lava; and so to the summit now enveloped in a white cloud giving no indication of the hidden fires surging below.

After a more or less enjoyable trip out in the bay and a bathe, we had an excellent cold meal, during which most of us found a penknife remarkably useful and all followed the old axiom that fingers were made before forks.

Pozzuoli, one of the many places visited by St. Paul, was our goal for the afternoon, and we boarded the tram as the town lies at some considerable distance round the bay. As soon as we arrived and dismounted, a lithe figure detached itself from a lamp post and approached us with a panther-like tread. A light grey suit and a cap that savoured of Newmarket stamped him as a guide and we summoned all our energies to repel him, but after a few seconds conversation we discovered his metal. He dogged our footsteps until the Rector engaged his services—the services of one of the most persistent men I have ever met, Francesco Marzano No. 9. Guide to Pozzuoli.

Our lynx-like friend led us to the amphitheatre, a magnificent ruin which was formerly used for both wild beast combats and aquatic displays. Here St. Januarius and his companions were thrown to the beasts in vain, but their lives were later given for the Faith near by.

The chief attraction, however, of Pozzuoli was the Solfatara, a half extinct volcano. The obliging No. 9. gravely informed us that people who ventured into the crater without a guide were immediately swallowed up and necessarily never seen again. Thus duly admonished we entered the crater—a large circular expanse of sand (but for the brilliant sunshine we might have imagined ourselves on the beach at an English seaside resort during the “Summer”) surrounded by low hills. No. 9. further impressed us by dropping a huge boulder on to the sand. The loud booming sound which resulted clearly demonstrated the hollowness of the ground and the proximity of

the hidden fires, and we were more inclined to obey our friend of the cap when he told us to follow carefully in his footsteps. I wonder how many other people that same boulder has likewise impressed.

We now began to notice numerous wisps of smoke curling out of the hillside, which probably would have smothered us but for the guide's presence: by this time we were so assured of his necessity that we attributed our being yet alive to his benign influence. At intervals in the bed of the crater were large apertures which on close inspection proved to be what might be termed small volcanoes. One in particular was very awe-inspiring and, peering over the edge of the hole, we saw a mass of a hot muddy substance boiling away below—black—horrible, occasionally gathering together its energy and emitting an extra "chuff" like an indignant express which has been delayed by a goods-train. No. 9. increased our rather nervous interest by placing two lighted torches near to the ridge of the hole, whereon the "chuffing" increased at an alarming rate, the steam came out in greater volume, and, miracle of miracles! the whole hillside joined in the chorus and smoked away like the chimneys between Warrington and Liverpool. To a cosmological expert this would appear to have been an instance of "Actio in distans" but as Father Schaaf says that this is "physice impossibilis" we must believe the guide's explanation of communication passages. I forget the temperature of these little eruptions, the figure went a long way into the noughts and we thought that Fahrenheit's scale was most inadequate. The chief infirmarian went as green as one of his own patients and thought it was time to be catching the tram. Braver spirits suggested going into some remarkably hot caves, which we all did on our hands and knees, as we were informed that the atmosphere near the roof was very poisonous—deadly in fact. The infirmarian, not being remarkable for stature, was not much perturbed by this further item of news, but like us all was not sorry to leave the stifling heat and return to fresh air.

We made our way to the gate where a group of men, each one having "guideitas" for his predominant "note," awaited us. One of them ingenuously informed us that in addition to the entrance fee a further sum of ten lire was owing for the

torches supplied. In "*Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*" (*Tipo Inglese*) I informed him that he was a robber, but he was totally unimpressed, either because of the staleness of my information, or perhaps he did not quite understand Monserrà Italian. A lot of Italians don't, but that is another matter; Protestant propaganda says that all Catholic nations are very backward—perhaps the man who first said that was a proselytising agent who had failed to make himself understood by an Italian.

It was already sunset as we travelled towards Naples and the bay was especially lovely that night. The beauty of the scene brought back to us recollections of Palazzolo evenings, of how many a time we had been enraptured by the "*tramonto*" over the Campagna, when the flamboyant orange gradually turns into that mysterious purple, and, as heaven and earth meet in one riot of iridescent splendour, far away beyond the ruined arches of the crumbling aqueducts, we had imagined in the fantastic shadows the ruins of Etruria's stately cities, long buried, but again rearing themselves up in the transcendent purple glory. And way back on Cavo's timbered sides burns the fierce red reflection, Jupiter hurling the fiery glow of his splendour on to his temple that, standing high above the shadowy chestnuts, superbly dominates Latium. Then as the sun sinks lower and lower and the bold lines of the Sabine ramparts softening, melt into the oncoming dusk, the purple slowly merges into the grey of evening, and the Campagna vanishes into a murky gloom carrying back into its bosom those secrets, those ghosts of an Empire's history which we so nearly forced from its jealous grasp. The lights of Castel Gandolfo are mirrored one by one in the water, and the gentle tinkle of goat-bell on the hill-side breaks the spell, as the *grilli* with all chattering nature send their shrill cries to the star studded sky where night now reigns supreme.

To us therefore with such memories the scene perhaps lost a little of its splendour, and the threatening aspect of certain clouds, rather than their beauty, formed the topic of conversation. We were pleased to reach the Via Cirillo at 9. p. m., and bed, with the prospect of not having Giuseppe on our track at 5.30 next day, was very acceptable. The Rector intended to say Mass at the Cathedral and in the morning left before us, tell-

ing us to follow him. Presently we sallied forth and had another insight into Neapolitan life, for two goats were wandering unconcernedly up the stairs, picking their way as daintily as a gazelle on Mont Blanc and quite as much at home. A very free and easy boy followed them and from behind the door of one of the neighbouring flats a hand appeared (people at that time of day only present their hands to the public gaze I have often noticed) holding a bottle into which the boy milked one of the animals, exhibiting a supreme contempt for tuberculosis bacilli. They then passed on to the next customer—a very cheap way of delivering milk, but very injurious to the milk-can makers, if indeed there are any in Italy, for now that I think on the matter, during my stay in the country I have never seen an orthodox milk-can of the type that makes an English summer morning a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

After some delay we discovered the Cathedral and found the Rector halfway through Mass. We received Holy Communion in the chapel of St. Januarius (or as the "natives" say, S. Gennaro), our devotions being somewhat disturbed by the shrill praying of a female confraternity. They were addressing the Saint in no uncertain terms, one devout lady shaking her fist at his image in order to emphasise her point. Most people know the story of St. Januarius' Blood—of its liquefaction three times a year—a miracle which all the researches of science cannot explain except by attributing it to supernatural agency. I have in mind an anecdote told to the students of the Venerable by a visitor during the course of an informal address. A relative of the speaker was present at a liquefaction with His late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, whom we may presume to have been a thorough Britisher of the Post-Reformation-Hanoverian type, who didn't believe in anything that happened of a supernatural nature. The miracle took place as usual and the Duke was asked for his opinion. Miracles for him were a sealed book, so after weighty deliberation he ventured to opine "that it was d.....d rum."

The Cathedral dedicated to St. Januarius, and built in the French Gothic style did not present any startling features. I daresay the laundry bill was very small—some of the altar cloths evidently were not affected by Maundy Thursday rubrics, and

all advertisements for metal polish had been ignored by the sacristan.

It was raining when we returned to the school, but later when it cleared, we set off in the tram for Baia, a town lying beyond Pozzuoli and renowned through the ages for the beauty of its surroundings. We alighted at Pozzuoli, and as we walked along, two carrozze galloped after us and a little argument ensued with the drivers, during which the rather antique horses gathered their knees together as much as possible and made a brave attempt to appear serviceable. But we were resolved to walk to Baia hail, rain or blow and we did it, though one violent shower drove us into a trattoria, where we dined and sampled some excellent Falernian, which Horace, a very good judge of wine, praises highly. On the way we passed Monte Nuovo, a fair sized hill which Vulcan coughed up way back in the sixteenth century. We left the Rector on the shore, while we had a rather chilly bathe, but with chattering teeth we all swore that we had enjoyed it. Anybody who wants a really good opinion on Baia may refer to Horace, who according to a legend painted on the wall of an osteria, thought, to put it into modern parlance "that there was no place like Baia" (1).

We had to walk part of the way home, as we only managed to catch sight of the rear-light of the train as it steamed away, but we were quite cheerful again next day when we set off for Pompei. It was raining heavily, but fortunately it ceased soon after we arrived at the modern village of Valle di Pompei. We heard Mass in the church of the Madonna del Rosario, a sanctuary which is annually visited by thousands of pilgrims, and the presence of which has changed the place from an almost pagan village to a centre of devotion to Our Blessed Lady. A certain Count and his wife collected money to build a fitting shrine for the image of the Blessed Virgin so well known to everybody, and the Rector was introduced to the pious couple. We were privileged to climb the iron staircase to the picture and standing on the small iron platform in front examined it closely.

(1) *Nullus in orbe sinus praeleuet Baiis amoenis* (HOR., Ep. I, 1, 83).



Feeling in need of something to eat, the more or less beneficent effects of an Italian breakfast having worn off, we adjourned to a trattoria and ordered a bottle of "Lacrimae Christi," the famous local wine. Upon receiving our order the waiter entered into close conversation with the rest of the staff, occasionally giving a significant glance in the direction of the Rector's purple stock, the meaning of which inspection was explained when he bowed himself back into our presence and smilingly announced that the price of one bottle of the desired wine would be "*ventotto lire, tutto compreso*". We had expected something like eight lire, and our leader expostulated, "*ma tutto what*", his usually fluent Italian failing him in such a crisis. "*O servizio*" was the bland reply, but by then the Rector had recovered his breath—informed the man that he was a scoundrel,—descended from the sublime to the ridiculous and ordered "*cinque caffè*", which we drank as we passed remarks on the honesty of Italians.

After dinner we went to the excavations by carrozza. I have not space to give a detailed description of them and any guide book will describe them better than I could. We wandered through the streets of ruinous houses, peeping into the better preserved, seeing the frescoes, still remarkably fresh. The museum was very interesting, the plaster casts of the bodies recovered from the ruins being really wonderful, some even showing the expression of fear on the face of the dead person. Being directly under Vesuvius we made a determined effort to see smoke and a ubiquitous guide was soon on the scene to help us. He pointed out a wisp of cloud and gave a full description of its smoke-like qualities, for which obliging service he received two lire.

Feeling well pleased with ourselves, Pompei, and the smoke, we returned to Naples, looking forward to a trip to Capri on the morrow.

The morrow developed into a very wet to-day, and we were almost wet through when we arrived at the landing-stage for Capri, but we decided to embark. Our boat, the "Regina Elena" of unhappy memory, went over the waves with a free and easy motion, very appropriate to an Italian dancer but not at all appreciated in a steamer, and in such weather. The me-

teological expert usual to such occasions soon appeared—affirmed that a like day had not been known in April for fifty years,—I certainly did not remember a similar one—but then I am only twenty one, so I did not argue the point. It then occurred to me that the man who wrote “*Santa Lucia*” had never experienced such a sea, for had he been so unfortunate the lines “*O com'è bello Star su la nave*” would never have seen the light.

After an hour of misery we approached Sorrento, the last point on the mainland, and the whole party decided to land and leave Capri for another and finer day. The sight of the small boat which was to convey us to the quay almost unnerved us, but the passage was short and relatively sweet.

I am sure that the skipper of the “*Flying Dutchman*” will not experience greater relief when he does eventually reach his port than I did the moment I tottered on to the landing-stage at Sorrento. Wet cassock and saturated hat became no hardship and I could gladly have burst forth into song. It was necessary to dry our clothes and have dinner, so we set off up the road and entered the first hotel we saw. The Grand Hotel Victoria certainly did not cater for tramps and we received several suspicious glances as we strode down the avenue, past the conservatories and other gilded requirements of American civilisation, into the entrance hall. Perhaps it was a certain dignity in our bearing which even our dripping clothes could not entirely cloak, that induced a resplendent waiter to conduct us to a room, where we were able to take off our cassocks and send them to be dried. A hot bath made us feel more cheerful than ever, but the magnificence of our surroundings was rather awe-inspiring. Mirrors all round the room and various other things, which “*Profiteers*” delight to have about them when they “*do*” Europe, were not in keeping with our bedraggled condition, and we felt rather uncomfortable when we tramped into the magnificent dining saloon.

The rain had ceased by the time we returned to our room and from the verandah we obtained a wonderful view of the bay—of Capri—its blue grotto to us alas! a sealed book, but we felt very happy as we sat in the arm-chairs and gazed into the blue expanse; a few fleecy clouds rapidly chasing each

other across the sky being the only trace of the morning's storm. One felt indeed that the minstrels do not lie when they sing:

*Placida è l'onda,  
Prospero è il vento.*

and at that moment I nearly conceded:

*Oh com' è bello  
Star su la nave!*

But even the peaceful condition of the sea would not tempt us to re-embark on the "Regina Elena" and we returned to Naples by tram and train.

Friday we devoted to Naples itself—to the Museum full of the famous bronzes from Herculaneum and Pompei and other interesting remains; medical instruments indicating a high standard of surgical knowledge in the Romans; and, what struck me as extraordinary, an egg shell dug up from the ruins. A sculpture of great interest to us was the "Farnese Bull," not however to be confused with a well-known mendicant bearing a similar name. The churches of the city are not remarkable, San Francesco di Paola, an imitation of the Roman Pantheon, Santa Chiara and San Domenico being the most noteworthy. The Royal Palace is a rather fine building.

A strange feature of a great number of the Neapolitan streets is the great timber supports reared against the walls of the tottering houses, and for some distance one can walk under a triumphal (!) arch of supports. Some of the beams were themselves rather worm-eaten, so I suspect that some day a few houses will be let down very badly and the Neapolitan Coroner will have a busy time. But is there a Neapolitan Coroner? Somehow the words appear to contradict each other—death being one of the most natural things in the world, why should a Neapolitan worry over it even if the manner of dying be rather unnatural?

The view from the Vomero, the hill dominating the city, is very beautiful; millionaires from the windows of Bertolini's Palace Hotel—human beings from the monastery of S. Martino or the fortress of S. Elmo can gaze down upon the city and far away to sea past Capri or on to the misty Apennines.

"Finis coronat opus" and Saturday morning we left the Via Cirillo. Quite a crowd gathered to "see us off," lines of outstretched hands adorned the exit, the two ultra-attentive camerieri advised us how we were to tip them, and it was a great relief to escape from such affectionate demonstrations.

As usual in Italy we travelled *en famille* and I was somewhat embarrassed by an invitation to partake of some strange native dishes. One kind young man on hearing us speak a kind of Monserrá Italian mixed with our own tongue asked if we were trying to learn English—thought we were Italians—and then looked as if he expected a tip for the compliment.

We passed through Monte Cassino under the monastery, and Aquino, bringing back happy recollections of the Summa Theologica in my book-case in Rome; through Valmontone with the Pamphili Palace, a name ever to be revered in the English College; and then into the familiar and well beloved Alban country traversed by us on many a gita. Palazzolo and many other landmarks on the Campagna were obscured by the mists. We reached Rome at 6 p. m. and Naples became to us a pleasant memory,—a memory doubtless to be recalled many a time in years to come when in different parts of England our happy party shall be scattered. When the "clockman" goes on the ferry steamer from Liverpool to Birkenhead the throb of the engines will surely often bring back to his mind visions of the "Regina Elena" and the Grand Hotel at Sorrento, or the bleak sand dunes of Lincolnshire will under the warm influence of memory become to me as the rocks of Capri shining bright in their azure splendour as they did on that April day when we first beheld the Bay of Naples.

E. H. A.



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# SALVETE FLORES MARTYRUM

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## II. The Martyrdom of Blessed John Shert, Secular Priest.

An interesting side-light is thrown on the death of our first College Martyrs by certain passages in the Memoirs of a famous contemporary, to wit, Father Robert Parsons, S. J. From Memoir IV, *Notes concerning the English Mission* (1), we learn that, "at this time great hopes were entertained by Catholics in England of some improvement or mitigation in matters of religion", because they believed that the Duke of Alençon, brother to the King of France, was about to marry Queen Elizabeth, and "it was inferred that the Duke, being a Catholic prince, could not do less than either cause a change of religion or procure some toleration for Catholics". "But finding him rather indifferent, badly advised by Jean Bodin and other politiques who were about him, and not very ardent about religious matters, the English made bold to treat him badly in everything, as was proved by the event, for the marriage was refused and the English did not assist him with fidelity in the Flemish war," while "to show greater dishonour and contempt" for him, many priests who were in prison and hitherto treated fairly leniently, were tortured, "brought publicly before the tribunals and unjustly condemned to death". On December 1st.,

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(1) *Catholic Record Society*, Vol. 4, 1907. The first three Memoirs are in Vol. 2, 1906. The original Italian text is given with a parallel English translation from which we have quoted. The various quotations above are from pp. 23, 25, 35, and 39 respectively.

1581, exactly a month after his arrival in England, Blessed Campion, Briant and Sherwin (our proto-martyr) were put to death at Tyburn, though "some leading Catholics" that very morning "again implored the Duke for his own honour to intercede with the Queen that the execution of the priests should at least be deferred until his departure, but nothing was done" (1). He left the country on the 1st. February following, and on April 2nd another of the aforesaid priests was martyred; on May 28th., three more; and on the 30th. four. "It would seem," says the Memoir, "this was done not only from hatred of the Catholics, but also in contempt of the Duke".

Among those who suffered on May 28th., was the second martyr of the Venerable Blessed John Shert (2). Born in Cheshire (at Shert Hall near Macclesfield, says Dodd), he entered Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B. A. in 1566. Upon leaving the University, he went to London, and there became a schoolmaster of some note, "much resorted to for his excellent way of teaching" (3).

Preferring the Faith, however, to worldly gain, he abandoned this pursuit, and becoming a voluntary exile, entered first the service of the famous Dr. Stapleton, and later (in January 1576) the English College at Douay, "in order to devote himself entirely to sacred theological studies, set free from all other cares" (4). He took with him Stapleton's commendation and lived "as a poor student at the common expense". Till the 2nd. of May he had among his companions Blessed Thomas Ford, who, six years later, was to be his fellow-martyr at Tyburn. On July 7th. he was sent to England, and returning on the 25th. (5), brought with him two young students for the Col-

(1) Cf. *Edmund Campion* by SIMPSON (Burns & Oates, 1907, pp. 444-7), who says their death was due to Burghley, Elizabeth herself wishing to save Campion.

(2) His death and the fact of his being a Venerable student are recorded in the *College Annals* under May, 1582, Foley Vol. 6. *Diary and Pilgrim Book of the English College.* (B. & O., 1880), p. 80.

(3) WOOD, *Fasti Oxon.* under date January 17th. 1566.

(4) *Records of the English Catholics under the Penal Laws*, Vol. 1. 1st. & 2nd. *Douay Diaries* (Edited by the Oratorians, Nutt 1868), p. 99.

(5) *Douay Diaries*, p. 107-8.

lege—quite possibly former pupils attracted by his example. There is no record of when he received the subdiaconate, but it must have been before November 9th., since under that date is an entry in the Diary (1) that “John Shert, student of Theology and subdeacon,” together with Stapleton, Gregory Martin and others, was sent to Rome, where the English College was then in process of foundation. He was not the first to be sent from Douay to form the nucleus of the new College, for others had preceded him on August 16th. and October 1st. of that year, but since he heads the list of the first six scholars appointed to be received and lodged in the old Hospice (2), he may justly be regarded as the first student of the Venerable.

The College Annals did not begin till March 1579, when the Jesuits took charge. Since by that time Blessed John was already at work on the English Mission, it is not surprising that we have no information as to his residence here, or to his ordination. In fact, the next mention of him occurs in the Douay Diary (3), where he and Gregory Martin are stated to have arrived in Rheims on their return from Rome. This was on July 23rd. 1578, whence we gather that, due allowance being made for the journey, they had been at Rome for between seventeen and eighteen months. A further entry in the Diary (4) informs us that on August 27th. “Mr Shert” and four other priests were sent to England. That he was the first student of the Roman College to enter England as a missionary priest, is evident from the above dates, since John Askew for whom that honour is claimed in the first annual letter of the College (5) as well as in the Douay Diary (6) was not sent till 1579. More than that, a document in the Venerable archives (7) says ex-

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(1) *Ibid.*, p. 113.

(2) A copy exists in the Westminster Archives. See quotations from it in *Life* by the late Father E. S. Keogh of the Oratory in *Lives of the English Martyrs declared Blessed*, Vol. 2., p. 463. (B. & O., 1905).

(3) *Ibid.*, p. 142.

(4) *Ibid.*, p. 144.

(5) Foley, p. 67.

(6) Douay Diaries, p. 26.

(7) *Ibid.*, p. 290 (among Unedited Documents). For the actual quotations see *Life* by Keogh, p. 464 footnote.

PLICITLY that Blessed John was the first. The explanation is simple: Blessed John was the very first, and left before the College was completely set up and placed under the Jesuits, *after* which event Askew was the first to be sent.

Three years of mission work, mostly in his native county, but the latter part in or about London, were all that the future martyr was able to accomplish, before being taken and cast into prison. The precise date of his capture and imprisonment is not known, but his name appears on the Tower Bills from Christmas 1581 (1) up to the time of his execution in the following May.

On November 17th. he was condemned to death on the charge of conspiracy in the pretended Rome and Rheims plot. According to the indictment, Allen, Morton, Parsons, Blessed Edmund Campion and thirteen others (among them Blesseds Sherwin, Kirby and Shert, to name only our College martyrs) had met at Rome and Rheims the previous year on March 31st. and April 30th. respectively, and at the same places again on May 20th. and 31st. of the current year, and had there plotted to depose and destroy the Queen, to stir up sedition in England, and to bring about its invasion. The chief witnesses were four miserable informers, one of whom, Sledd by name, had been in the colleges at Rheims and Rome as a spy, and had not scrupled to communicate daily even while observing his companions with an eye to their betrayal later on, nor to go to confession just before setting out for England on his Judasry. The rest were men of like calibre, but the one instance may suffice (2).

Blessed John had been in England all the time of the supposed plot, and the witnesses had never even seen him before the trial. He was nevertheless included in the verdict of Guilty returned by the subservient jury, who indeed hardly dare have returned any other. The condemned men were then taken back to prison, some to suffer within a brief space, others to linger on till the May of next year. To these, six months later, the

(1) Those up to that time are missing. See work last quoted, p. 466, note.

(2) Cf. SIMPSON'S *Campion*, p. 441.



Privy Council put six questions, to which a written answer was demanded. The following is a digest of the questions (1).

1. Whether the bull of Pius V. deposing Elizabeth was lawful and to be obeyed by his English subjects.

2. Whether Elizabeth was lawful Queen, and to be obeyed by the English, despite that or any other Bull.

3. Whether he Pope had power to authorise the rebellion by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and the invasion of Ireland by Sander.

4. Whether he could free from their allegiance the subjects of Elizabeth or any other christian prince.

5. Whether Sander in his "Visible Monarchy of the Church" and Bristow in his "Book of Motives" taught truth or falsehood.

6. What side they or any other good subject would take, were England invaded by the Pope's men, supposing him to have deposed the Queen.

One may ask why such questions were put to men already condemned. The reason is not far to seek. The pretended plot being by this time discredited in the eyes of the public, the Government feared to execute these men merely for supposed complicity in it. To release them, on the other hand, were to acknowledge Blessed Edmund Campion and his companions unjustly done to death. Hence they sought to entangle the prisoners by the above questions, and to make them appear traitors. Some of the martyrs, while answering each question separately, said that in regard to the Sixth they would answer it when the case should occur and not before. Blessed John, however, refused to meet the Council even halfway, merely making and signing the following sturdy and comprehensive reply. "John Shert. To all the articles he saith that he is a Catholique and swarveth in no point from the Catholique Faith. And in other sort, to any of these articles, he refuseth to answer" (2).

That was on May 13th, 1582. On the 28th. between six and seven o'clock in the morning he was led out of the Tower

(1) For full quotation see *Lives of the English Martyrs*, pp. 451-52. (*Blessed T. Ford by Keogh & Camm.*)

(2) *Keogh*, p. 467.

and together with Blessed Thomas Ford and Blessed Robert Johnson drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn. We learn from a letter of the Spanish Ambassador to his master, the Emperor, that in order to increase their sufferings, they were laid *face downwards* on the hurdles, and hence, the day being very wet, were half smothered with mud by the time they reached the gallows (1). This last sad journey, however, though made under such cruel circumstances, was not without its consolations. For "when they were come beyond St. Giles in the Field, there approached unto the hurdell one of their owne sect and a priest, as himself hath confessed, who in this manner spake unto the prisoners, 'O gentlemen, be joyfull in the blood of Jesus Christe, for this is the triumph and joye.'" Being asked why he used such words he said to the prisoners again, "'I pronounce unto you a pardon, yea, I pronounce a full remission and pardon unto your soules.' Using these and other trayterous speeches" he was seized and in spite of his resistance, hurried off to Newgate (2).

As for the martyrs, when they came to Tyburn, Blessed Thomas Ford was the first to suffer, and then (3) "M. Shert being broght from the herdle, and seeing his fellow *M. Forde* hanged before him, with a confident courage, smyling countenance and with his handes lifted up, he spake as followeth, *O happie Tom. Happie art thou that didst runne that happie race. O benedicta anima, thou art in good case. Thou blessed soule pray for me.*" Being lifted into the cart, he begged all Catholics to pray for him, and turning at the Sheriff's command to see his companion disembowelled and beheaded, he cried out again in similar words. "And being found fault withal because he praied

(1) GILLOW, *Biog. Dictionary of the English Catholics*. Vol. III, p. 640, under life of Blessed R. Johnson. (There is no separate account of our martyr, owing to the compression unfortunately made necessary towards the completion of the work on account of poor sales).

(2) *Life of Blessed T. Ford*. (Keogh & Camm.) p. 454 5. Quoted from a hostile narrative of the execution by Munday, one of the four witnesses of the trial.

(3) The remaining quotations are taken from the account of an eyewitness as recorded by Cardinal Allen in his "Briefe Historie of the glorious martyrdom of twelve reverend priests," etc., edited in 1908 by Father Pollen S. J. The life by Bishop Challoner would seem, save for the first paragraph to be merely a more modern rendering of the Briefe Historie.

to those that were dead, he said, *O blessed ladie, Mother of God, pray for me and all the saintes of heaven pray for me.* The sherife finding fault with this as with erronius doctrine, he answered that it was booth sound and true doctrine, which he would now seale with his blond and after beganne as foloweth.

‘O blessed Lord, to thee be all honour and praise. First, I give Thee most hartie thanks, for that thou didst create me of nothing to thy likenes and similitude. Secondly, for my redemption by the death of thy sweete sonne Jesus Christ my Saviour and Redeemer. And lastly that thou wilt bring me thy poore servant to so glorious and happie a death for thy sake, although in the eies of the worldlinges contumelious and reprocheful, yet to me most joyful and glorious, and for the which I yeld the most hartie thanks.’” Stopped here by the Sheriff and bidden to ask forgiveness of the Queen for his treasons, he made answer, “The asking of forgiveness doth implice an offence done, for me to charge myself being innocent, it were not my deutie. We have been racked and tormented for these things and nothing hath been found. Also we have been twice examined since our condemnation, which hath not been seen heretofore in any malefactor. Those supposed treasons, whereof I am condemned, I leave between God and my selfe, and upon my death I am altogether innocent and faultless. I utterly refuse to aske her forgiveness for this fact whereof I am condemned, for that I am not guilty: but if in any other privat matter I have offended, I aske her and all the world forgiveness. It is impossible for me to be guilty of the conspirace at Rhemes or Rome, being in England long time before the said supposed treasons committed and continuing here stil sithence.”

The sheriff then said that he had authority to stop the execution, would the martyr but admit the offence. “Who answered ‘Should I for saving this carkas condemne my soule? God forbid’. Being asked what he thought of the Queene’s Maiestie, answered: ‘I acknowledge her for my soveraigne ladie and queene, for whose prosperous estat and well doing, in prison and at libertie, I did alwaies pray.’ And being demaunded whether he thought her to be supreme governor under Christ of the Church of England, he said:

‘ I wil geve to *Caesar* that which is his and to God that that belongeth to God. *She is not nor cannot be; nor any other, but only the supream pastor.* ’ ‘ What do you meane, that whore of Babilon the Pope? ’ said the Sherife. ‘ Take heed, M. Sherife, (quoth *M. Sherte*) for the day will come when that shall be a sore word for your soule, and than it shall repent you that ever you called Christe’s vicar-general in earth, *whoore*. When you and I shal stand at one barre, before that indifferent iudge, who iudgeth all things aright; then, I say, will you repent your saying. Then must I geve testimonie against you.’ And the hangman making readie at the importunate clamour of the people, who cried to despatch, saying, that he had lived too long, he delivered his handkercheefe to the hangman with two shillings therein, saying, ‘ Take this for thy hire, and I pray God forgeve thee,’ leaving this warning and testimonie to the whole people in a loud voice, that al might here him, denouncing as foloweth:

‘ *Whosoever dieth out of the Catholique Church he dieth in the state of damnation.* ’” Then turning round, with a gesture to the crowd, he prayed, saying, “ ‘ Domine Iesu Christe, fili Dei vivi, pone passionem, crucem, et mortem tuam, inter iudicium tuum et animas nostras,’ etc., (1) with his Pater Noster Ave Maria and likewise praiers”. The cart was drawn away, while he was still in prayer, and his hands being raised, clutched instinctively at the rope, but were pulled down by the officers, and “ so he hanged till he was dead.” He was then cut down, disembowelled and quartered, while Blessed Robert Johnson (2) was made to look on, before suffering in his turn.

After this manner died the men to whom, under God, we owe the Faith in England to-day. “ Blessed English Martyrs, pray for us and the conversion of our country.”

A. CLAYTON.

(1) “ Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, interpose Thy Passion, Cross and Death between Thy judgement and our souls.” Prayer attributed to Saint Augustine.

(2) This martyr was a student of the German College, Rome, entering it on October 1st. 1571, the Venerabile not being yet founded. He went to the college at Douay before 1576, was ordained and sent to England, and in 1579 came to Rome on pilgrimage. He very probably stayed at the College, but we have no record of the fact, since the College Pilgrim Book does not begin till December 29th. of that year.

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## AN INTERESTING LETTER OF THE VEN. CARDINAL BELLARMI

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[We possess five letters of the saintly Cardinal in the College Archives, but the one here reproduced is the only one whose contents are of general interest. His handwriting is neat and rather small, but quite clear. In 1590, the year of the letter, Father Bellarmine, as he still was, for he did not receive the Hat till 1599, was with Cardinal Gaetano on the Embassy which Sixtus V sent to France to protect the interests of the Church; this is evidently the journey referred to in the letter. Father Joseph Cresswell S. J. was Rector of the College from 1579 to 1592.]

Al molto Reverendo Padre il P. joseffo Creswello Rettore del collegio Inglese di Roma.

*Molto Rdo. et Xtiano Padre.*

Pax Xti.

Ringratio la R. V. dell'amorevolezza sua in salutarmi con lettere, et, mandarmi il martyrio de quei quattro santi copatrioti suoi. ci ha consolati tutti la constanza loro, et per animare i nostri franzesi, presto si stamperà quà l'istessa relazione voltata in franzese: perche si Dio presto non ci aiuta, dubito grandemente che Francia non verghi al termine, in che hora si trova l'Inghilterra. Mi so rallegrato sentir nuove del nostro P. Henrico Garnetto, quale io sempre ho amato grandemente per la sua virtù: ma ben mi persuado che doppo haversi affatigato assai in aiutare le anime, il premio suo sarà la corona del Martyrio, il che si avenga, spero che haverò in Paradiso un buono Avvocato, se pure non tochi prima a me, che so piu vechio, et so stato gran tempo suo padre spirituale, ad uscir di questa vita. Quanto al finire il 3° tomo, lo desidero assai, nondimeno

vo adagio per molte cause, et ho perso quattro mesi per le strade. V. R. mi fara gratia baciare le mani da mia parte all'ill.mo Card. Alano, et raccomandarmi all'orationi di tutti i suoi.

*Di Parigi li 19 di Febraio 1590*

M<sup>o</sup> V. R. Servo in X<sup>o</sup>  
ROBERTO BELLARMINO

(English Translation).

To the Very Reverend Father Joseph Cresswell, Rector of the English College, Rome.

*Most Rev. and Christian Father,*  
The Peace of Christ.

I thank your Reverence for your kindness in writing to me and sending me the account of the martyrdom of your four holy fellow-countrymen. We have all been consoled by their constancy and in order to encourage our own French Catholics the account will soon be translated into French and published; because if God does not soon help us I greatly fear that France will reach the extremity in which England stands at the present moment. I rejoice to have news of good Father Garnett whom I have always loved dearly on account of his virtue and I am quite convinced that after having spent his energies in saving souls, his reward will be the crown of martyrdom: should this happen I hope to have a good advocate in Paradise, provided that I who am the elder and was for a long time his spiritual father do not chance to die first. Concerning the third tome, I am eager to finish it but all the same I go slowly for many reasons and I have lost four months in travelling. I pray you to hiss the hand of Cardinal Allen on my behalf and I recommend myself to the prayers of you and yours.

*Paris 19th. February 1590.*

I am, Very Rev. Father  
Your servant in Christ

ROBERT BELLARMINÉ.



## MY "DISCOVERY" OF SOUTH AMERICA

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The Editors of the *Venerabile* asked me for a brief account of my journey to South America. I could not say "no," but I am in a difficulty, for I feel that it is not easy to write an account that any one would care to read, especially if what I have to say must be short—as indeed for many reasons it must be. I have no thrilling adventures to record, no tale of shipwreck on a rock-bound coast or a desert island; no encounter with savages or savage animals; no perils of the kind which make voyages of discovery such entertaining reading. My "discovery" of South America is a very matter-of-fact affair and I can only set down in order some of the incidents of a very pleasant journey and give a few impressions of a world that was new to me. With this introduction I proceed to fulfil the promise that in a weak moment I made to the Editors.

First as to the object of my visit to Southern America. In the city of São Paulo, Brazil, the Benedictines have built a magnificent monastery and school in one of the best sites in the town. This last summer, the great Abbey Church of São Bento was completed, and the Abbot, Dom. Kruse, conceived the idea of asking the Holy Father to send me as the Benedictine Cardinal, to consecrate it in His name. The good abbot came to Rome and the Holy Father granted his request. I was only too pleased, but many people thought that it was too great an undertaking at my advanced age. Some of the Cardinals here in Rome when they heard of the project exclaimed "Che coraggio!" to undertake such a voyage.

Father Langdon managed everything and saw to all payments, so that I had not to put my hand into my pocket the whole time I was away, and did not change any money from the time we left Italy till my return. Our places were taken on board the "Re Vittorio" from Genoa. When we arrived at the port we found a notice that we were to be on board by 9 a. m. on Tuesday, July 11th. We were punctual; but the boat did not leave till 4 in the afternoon. We had good cabins and there was plenty of room as there were few first class passengers: we being the only Britishers on board.

Our first stop was at Barcelona where we remained for some hours. We were met at the Port by the Abbot of Montserrat, who showed us the sights of the city, and took us to visit the Archbishop, the Syndic and the Governor of the city. The sight in the Cathedral of the canons saying office in the mysterious gloom of the Choir was a picture to be remembered. We afterwards paid a visit to the "Templo Expiatorio de la Sagrada Familia," which has been in course of construction since 1882, and is far from being finished. It must have cost untold millions and can best be described as a "nightmare" in stone.

We left Barcelona in the early morning of Thursday the 13th., and the following days were somewhat rough and cold. Indeed it was not till Tuesday the 18th. that it became warm. We called to take in coal at Dakar on the African coast. Before reaching the port we had had a wireless message from the Governor of the French settlement asking us to dinner. Arriving at 6.30 we found several officials waiting who carried us off in a launch to the Government House, where we were entertained with true French hospitality. We returned to the "Re Vittorio" at 10 p. m. and the ship left for Rio at night. The next few days were delightfully warm—not nearly as warm as I had expected to find the tropics, and the sea was smooth enough to be able to write all day in one's cabin. We had our first view of the constellation of the Southern Cross, with which I confess I was disappointed: and for the first time we saw "flying fish." They were very numerous but for the most part small. One rather bigger than the rest one night flew into the porthole of a cabin and was the next day served up for dinner.



On Thursday July 27th. we arrived at daybreak outside the harbour at Rio and at about six we began to enter what is easily the finest harbour in the world. It was a sight never to be forgotten as the sun rose and lit up the fantastic shapes of the mountains which encircle the vast sheet of water, capable of containing "all the fleets of the world" as they boast, with reason I fancy. We had a long wait before we could come to the wharf, and before doing so Abbot Kruse and the Abbot of Rio and others had been allowed on board. At the landing stage we found a great gathering to welcome me. As I was really the first foreign Cardinal that had ever put foot in South America since its discovery, all were eager to welcome me and show every honour to me on that account. I found at the stage the Cardinal Archbishop, the Papal Nuncio, a vast number of bishops and clergy and of course photographers without end. As I set foot on the soil a naval cadet band began to play, and I was conducted to an auto and taken to the Abbey of São Bento on the high ground overlooking the harbour, where I was to stay during my visit. In the afternoon I paid several visits of ceremony. The first was to the Cardinal, and to the Archbishop Coadjutor, and then I was received by the President of the Republic of Brazil.

The following day I lunched with the English Ambassador and then drove out some distance into the country to visit the aged President of the Brazilian Benedictines, after which I paid a visit to the magnificent Convent of the "Sacré Cœur" nuns and spoke to the nuns and the children. Coming back we passed along the wonderful drives which have been made along miles of the sea-front. They are a great feature at Rio and are a delight to travel over in an auto. They are a great contrast to the roads round about Rome!

On Saturday the Nuncio, Mgr. Gasparri, gave a lunch in my honour at which were present, besides the Cardinal and his Coadjutor, several bishops and the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the entire Corps Diplomatique. In the afternoon of the same day the Nuncio took me on an expedition to what is called from its shape the *pan de sucre* or "sugar loaf". It is ascended by a cage slung on a wire cable, and the view of the city from the top is enchanting, especially when it is being lit up by the



General View of Rio de Janeiro



Reception at the docks

countless lights, which line the various sea-drives and the streets of Rio.

The next day, Sunday, I preached to the English colony in their small but pretty church. There were many non-Catholics present, including the English Ambassador. In the evening there was an entertainment at the Abbey, with music and addresses, one of which, beautifully illuminated, was presented to me. One of the choruses was from Handel, and for my benefit was sung in what they told me was English! The following days were occupied by visits to various institutions and convents in the City; and on Tuesday, August 2nd., after having paid visits to the Cardinal of Rio, the Archbishop Coadjutor, who really administers the Diocese owing to the long and continuous illness of the Cardinal, to the President and the English Ambassador, and the Abbot of São Bento had given a dinner to which he had invited many friends we had made, we went to the station for São Paulo. There was a big crowd gathered to say good-bye and we had a great "send-off" at the end of the visit to the Capital of Brazil. The President had put at my disposal a saloon carriage and a large number of monks and others travelled to São Paulo for the celebration on the 6th. of the month.

Our train arrived punctually to time at 8.40 and at the station of São Paulo, the great and ever-growing commercial city, we found gathered a great crowd of people to bid me welcome, with a band, furnished by the students of the Salesian Fathers, and various societies carrying banners. The press was very great and it was difficult to get through to the waiting autos. Amongst others waiting were some friends we had made on the voyage from Genoa, chief of whom was the Conte Materasso, the greatest employer of labour and probably the richest man in Brazil, who came on, at Abbot Kruse's invitation, to dine at the Abbey. From the station we all went to the monastery where in the presence of a vast crowd at the door of the church Abbot Kruse and the community met me and presented an address. The Abbot spoke in English and afterwards translated my few words of reply for the benefit of the people. My first duty after dinner was to pay a visit to the President of the State and to the Archbishop, who had been

one of the first to greet me at the Station. After this duty had been accomplished I went to visit the Benedictine nuns, in whom I was much interested as the Lady Abbess and Foundress had been trained with others at the Convent of Stanbrook, where I had given her the Benedictine habit and subsequently received her Profession before her return to São Paulo.

On the next day, Friday, the 4th. of August, I went all over the monastic buildings and the church I was to consecrate. The monastery, college and church are situated on what is perhaps the best and most important site in the city. They are entirely new and the creation of the energetic Abbot Kruse. The whole forms a monument worthy of the best Benedictine traditions. The church is truly magnificent and complete in every respect. It is decorated by paintings &c. from roof to floor, and possesses a wonderful peal of bells, made in Europe and rung by electricity. It is the first and only peal existing in São Paulo. It has also a powerful and excellent organ, and the Gregorian Chant is executed in a style, which is in many ways better than I have ever heard it elsewhere.

On the evening of Saturday the 5th. of August, we began the ceremony of the Consecration of the church, which is fixed for to-morrow, by having all the blessings of the water and ashes, and the sealing of the relics to be placed in the various altars. This part of the ceremony took nearly four hours. I was happy to have been able to bring with me from the Holy Father a Brief making this church a Minor Basilica with all its rights and privileges, and also a letter from the Pope addressed to the Abbot and community, congratulating them on the work they had accomplished for the Church in Brazil.

*(To be continued).*

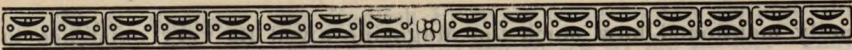




Bay of Botafogo - Rio de Janeiro



Benedictine Abbots at San Paolo



## COLLEGE DIARY 1922-3

**October 8th. Sunday.** Most of the students attended a Scouts' Jamboree at Nemi.

**9th. Monday.** Twelve of our students paid a visit to the Scots Villa at the invitation of their Rector.

**11th. Wednesday.** To-day being the first day of the Scots College Vintage six of our students went to help in the grape picking. The Catholic Association Pilgrimage numbering seventy-six persons and led by Bishop Casartelli of Salford arrived in Rome.

**16th. Sunday.** The dinner in honour of St. Edward was transferred from the feast to today. The Guests were the Bishop of Salford, the Bishop of Hexham & Newcastle, the Bishop Elect of Cynopolis and Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Liverpool, Mgr. Prior, Mgr. Tynan, Fr. P.P. Mackey O. P., Fr. C. Egan O. P., Dean Crank, Mgr. Cicognani, Mgr. Clapperton, Rector of the Scots College. After dinner, under the laurels, we drank the health of our guests, and in answer to the cries of "speech" Bishop Casartelli rose and in his own name only expressed his thanks for our welcome and good wishes. He spoke of our terrestrial paradise and said he feared for us in the next world, for we certainly are not having our purgatory in this. The Bishop of Hexham & Newcastle and Mgr. Dobson both expressed their admiration of Palazzolo; and Mgr. Tynan said that he did not envy us our summer retreat as he knew from personal experience the hard work we had to do in Rome. Mgr. Prior who was next called on to speak said that he had no right to do so as he was not a guest, but had every reason to consider himself a resident, having spent some forty years in Rome. Fr. P. P. Mackey also gave us the rare treat of his reminiscences. The Rector being called upon to speak made some pertinent and practical remarks about the Magazine and asked the Editor, Mr. Donnelly, to say a few words. Mr. Don-

nely mentioned how much the Magazine owed its very existence to Bishop Casartelli; and thanked all those who had in any way helped it in its first efforts. Then indeed, oratory being over, the guests were turned over to the tender mercies of autograph hunters and our enterprising secretary, who went round collecting subscriptions for the Magazine. The Rector and the guests left Palazzolo at 4.30 p.m. In the evening the students indulged in the dissipation of a whist-drive.

We very gratefully acknowledge the gift of a beautiful chalice made to the College by an English priest who desires to remain unnamed.

**20th. Friday.** The students returned from Palazzolo to Rome. Every time we have returned from the Villa new surprises have awaited us in Rome. One July we left behind us the gloomy front corridor with its heavy and cobweb-covered lamps and its old and crumbling shutters on the windows, and behold! in the following October a new and splendid thing stood in its place. A long vista of snowy white wall with all the architectural beauty of pillar and arch gleaming in the light of powerful electric lamps, a strip of carpet that took away the chill look of the tiles, and, waving in the breeze that entered laden with the perfumes of the Monserrà, graceful palms through whose branches glistened the ruby light that burns before the Sacred Heart. And over the Church door, instead of the clumsy door that prevented rather than gave admittance to the Church, hung the magnificent curtain of amber velvet from its rod of burnished brass. Truly the "grim old castle of the Via Monserrato" had been changed by some magic metamorphosis into a graceful palace. Even the present generation remember the day when the "slums" ceased to be and upon its ruins rose that magnificent suite of rooms that, but for reverence for the past, was almost called Park Lane. And now another and a more splendid change has taken place, two small and stuffy rooms stocked with furniture that bore unseen peril for the unwary have gone, and the Common Room is now one magnificent "salon" with gleaming floor of polished wood blocks, chaste white curtains, magnificent pictures, luxurious armchairs, and, not to be forgotten, chryselephantine ash-trays that defy even the most careless of smokers to spill ash on the floor, that floor that profane and unwiped feet may never tread.

**21st. Saturday.** Those students who had spent the Vacation in England returned, with the eight new students, namely: Mr. B. White-side B. A. (Liverpool), Mr. V. Elwes B. A. (Northampton), Mr. J. Macmillan (L'pool), Mr. J. Kelly (Hexham & Newcastle), Mr. J. Howe (Shrewsbury), Mr. W. Sewell (Southwark), Mr. R. L. Smith B. A. (L'pool), and Mr. R. Nicholson (Birmingham).

**22nd. Sunday.** The English Pilgrims came to the College for Benediction and were afterwards invited to tea by the Rector. They were conducted round the house by the students and all expressed sentiments of interest and admiration. So greatly in fact was their interest aroused in this historic building that when, after a farewell dinner at the Hotel Flora, Father Hanifin made an appeal for subscriptions towards the new stalls, so badly needed in the College church, promises of assistance were given with ready enthusiasm.

**24th. Tuesday.** The usual retreat at the beginning of the Academic Year began at 6,30 p. m. The retreat Father was Dom. J. Chapman O. S. B.

**29th. Sunday.** End of the retreat. The following ordinations took place at the SS. Dodici Apostoli. To the Priesthood Mr. J. Donnelly (Shrewsbury), Mr. J. Lee (Plymouth). To the last two minor orders: Messrs Bentley, Hampson and Cartmell (L'pool). First two minor orders: Messrs Winham (Southwark), Mattocks (Malta), Grady (Brentwood), Masterson (Salford), Barrett-Davis (Cardiff), Griffin (Birmingham), and Farmer (Nottingham). In the evening Mr. Donnelly celebrated at Benediction.

**30th. Monday.** *Primitiae Missarum* of the newly ordained priests. Mr. Donnelly said his first Mass at 7.0. a. m. assisted by Mgr. Respighi. Mr. Lee said his at 8,30 a. m. assisted by Dom. Cottineau O. S. B. The usual dinner in honour of the new priests. The Guests were Bishop Casartelli, Bishop Singleton, Bishop Dunn, Mgr. Prior, Mgr. Respighi, Mgr. Tynan, Mgr. Cicognani, Dom Chapman O. S. B., Dom Cottineau, O. S. B., Father Rooney, and Father Kelly. When calling the toast of the new priests the Rector referred to their splendid self-sacrificing work in the capacities of Editor and Secretary of the Magazine, and to the success of the first number, a maiden effort but a triumphant one (enthusiastic applause). The "*Ad Multos Annos*" was sung. The priests distributed "smokes" and ordination cards in the Common Room during coffee and rosolio. Dom Chapman O. S. B. charmed us by a selection from his repertoire of classic piano solos.

**31st.** Today the Eternal City witnessed a strange spectacle. Not once but many times have victorious armies marched in triumph through her imperial streets, but not often in modern history has the metropolis of one of the leading powers of Europe been taken by an army of patriots. All afternoon down the Corso one heard, for one could see little, the steady tramp of feet, not the easy pace of the Italian Army but a rapid swinging pace. Save for that there was little sound; at intervals came a burst of applause that rippled along the bystand-



ers as some hero passed by, but always that silent stream of black-shirted tanned warriors who had fulfilled the grim prophecy they had written on their black fez caps, "Roma o morte," a war-cry centuries old, a sacred slogan. One could perhaps not share the political views they represented, but one could not but be impressed. Would that their ideal were to lead Italy back to the Church, how one could then admire their silent discipline. During the evening Bishop Cary-Elwes of Northampton, and later Bishop Doubleday and Mgr. O'Grady of Brentwood arrived at the College.

**November 3rd.** Friday. Premiation Day; so called no doubt from the fact that no prizes are distributed by the University. Medals are allotted by ballot, gold ones to those passing their exams *Summa cum Laude* and silver ones to those passing *cum Laude*. Mr. Hampson of second year Theology was lucky enough to secure one of the latter. After dinner at coffee and liqueurs the health of last year's doctors was drunk. Mr. Hampson was called upon to make a speech and responded with a fine impromptu oration. The Rector according to custom reviewed the past year's work and results. About 85% of the candidates for examinations were successful. Nine doctorates were obtained, two in Theology and seven in Philosophy. Among the honours list the Venerabile had to its credit two *Summa cum Laude probati* and six *cum laude*. The Rector expressed the hope that the Academic Year now opening would be even more successful than the last. Mgr. Tynan as an old student urged us not to revert to the old idea once rampant in the College, that the University degrees are great and noble things but not to be striven after by the humble members of the Venerabile. He advised us to grasp with both hands the opportunities offered by a course in Rome, and to return to England worthy of the confidence which the Bishops placed in English College students. Mgr. Prior also spoke a few words of kindly encouragement to those who had not been successful in the past year. At 4.15 p. m. some of the students of the College supplied the *assistenza* at solemn first vespers of St. Charles Borromeo at *S. Carlo in Corso*. The celebrant was Archbishop Rotta, a member of Cardinal Gasparri's staff and Internuncio Apostolic to Central America. After supper the session of the Venerabile Literary and Debating Society opened with a business meeting. The important changes introduced and the subsequent career of the Society are reported in an article specially devoted to the purpose.

**4th.** Saturday. In the morning the King, the new Prime Minister, Mussolini, leader of the Fascisti, and other members of the ministry attended a solemn *Requiem* Mass in *Santa Maria degli Angeli* and afterwards went to the Monument to pray at the tomb of the

unknown warrior. This action has been regarded by optimists as a favourable movement towards the Church on the part of the new government, but without reason, as it is an annual ceremony on the anniversary of the Italian Armistice. At 10.30 a. m. at the church of S. Carlo in Corso some students assisted at Pontifical High Mass sung by Archbishop Rotta and in the evening at Second Vespers sung by Archbishop Cremonesi, Elemosiniere Segreto to His Holiness and brother of Filippo Cremonesi, Sindaco of Rome. Mgr. Caccia-Dominioni, the Maestro di Camera of the Pope, was present in choro.

**9th.** Thursday. After supper which was half an hour earlier than usual there was a concert, partly arranged by Bishop Cary-Elwes and the Vice Rector, and partly by Mr. Hampson, to entertain the guests of the house. The chief contributor to the evening's entertainment was Bishop Cary-Elwes himself who not only gave us several cello solos on an instrument, borrowed from the German College and evidently "made in Germany," but also sang to his own piano accompaniment "a sing of pence six", describing how the king and queen being severally engaged in counting house and parlour "a bird black" of evil intent swooped down upon the maid who was "closing out the hangs" and without previous warning "nosed off her peck." Popular acclamation demanded and received an encore. Encored songs were also given by Messrs Grady and Burrows, and Mr. R. L. Smith made a very successful debut into the College concerts. The concert concluded at 9.30 p. m. after a few words from the senior student thanking Bishop Cary-Elwes and expressing the good feeling of the students towards the distinguished guests, viz. the Bishops of Salford, Nottingham, and Brentwood, Mgr. O'Grady and Mgr. Tynan.

**6th.** Monday. In the morning there were twenty minutes lectures after which the High Mass of the Holy Ghost was sung in S. Ignazio by the Rector of the University.

**7th.** Tuesday. The Scholastic Year began. The Magazine Committee met to elect new members. Mr. Donnelly the first Editor retired. The Sub-Editor, Mr. Cartmell, took his place. Mr. Goodear was chosen Sub-Editor. Mr. Atkinson took the place of Mr. Olney.

**10th.** Friday. Bishop Dunn left Rome for Valladolid.

**15th.** Wednesday. To day the Rector had a private audience with the Holy Father and presented His Holiness with a copy of the Magazine bound in pergamena. The Pope received it graciously, though owing to press of business he had not time to look through it. He gave the Rector for the College a gold medal and a very special blessing. This is the second time the Pope has honoured the College by presenting a medal to it.

**17th.** Friday. At 7.30 a. m. the superiors and students of the College had the privilege of hearing the Holy Father's Mass and receiving Holy Communion from His Holiness.

**18th.** Saturday. Some of the students supplied assistenza at Benediction given by Cardinal Belmonte at S.ta Caterina ai Funari.

**19th.** Sunday. Mgr. Palica, Archbishop of Philippi and Vicegerent of Rome, Bishop Cotter of Portsmouth, and his secretary, Father King (an old student of the College) were the guests of the Rector at dinner. There were no Vespers this afternoon as a number of the students took part in the celebrations at S.ta Maria in Trastevere on the occasion of the 17th. Centenary of the martyrdom of St. Calixtus. After a discourse by Professor Marucchi in the chapel of S. Calisto, the relic of the saint was carried in procession to S.ta Maria in Trastevere, where Solemn Benediction was given by Cardinal Sbarretti.

**20th.** Monday. The Bishop of Southwark and Mgr. Sprankling came to dinner. After supper the Rector came up to the Common Room and had a talk with us; he also read the very generous remarks of the Tablet regarding "Venerabile". "Venerabile" young and inexperienced as yet, merely fluttering its wings in the breeze of journalism will not forget the kindly welcome given to it by its famous contemporary.

**21st.** Tuesday. This was indeed a day to be remembered with a white stone—for the Holy Father deigned to receive in solemn audience the Professors and students of the Gregorian University. After an early dinner and a truncated smoke we set off for the Vatican and joined in the Piazza of St. Peter's the stream of camerate that poured from all directions towards the Bronze Door. Up the Sala Regia into the great Sala delle Beatificazioni the miniature army poured. The Sala delle Beatificazioni stretches along the whole width of St. Peter's, and one side of it was already nearly filled when we arrived. The other side was reserved for the *Schola Cantorum* of the University, and the hands of "Napoleon"—those hands that have laboured for many a generation of Gregorian students,—wielded the traffic and relegated the voiceless to the side of the common herd. Later on when this side threatened to become crowded, the Beadle—another of those giants who move their fellow men about as pawns in the game, turned the religious loose among the choir. But unfortunately both "Napoleon" and the Beadle, being Italians, had not reckoned with that strange kink in the Englishman's brain which leads him to act for himself. For despite their care many an English "goat" stood among the harmonious sheep—because the light was better and the space more free. Down the middle of the hall a passage was railed off in the

usual way by benches, and Swiss Guards stood at intervals on guard. A throne was erected at the far end of the hall. We had arrived at the Vatican according to instructions, at 12.45, but the Holy Father did not enter the Hall till about 1.30 p. m. The reason for this delay was that His Holiness had already received in Private Audience the forty professors of the University and spoken to them. His Holiness entered the Sala delle Beatificazioni on foot wearing his red hat and long scarlet cloak and preceded by a number of Swiss Guards, Chamberlains and Noble Guards, and accompanied by the Maestro di Camera and the Maggiordomo. Behind them followed the Professors. For a moment there was silence until a stentorian voice at the end of the Hall gave the cue: "Evviva il Papa," and a great storm of "evvivas" and clapping broke out and continued until the Pope reached the throne and sat down. When he had done so, the choir sang a very effective motet to the words: *Oremus pro Pontifice nostro Pio*. After that the Rector of the University, Father Micinelli S. I., read a short address to the Holy Father, offering to His Holiness the homage of the Gregorian University which was proud to count among its old students Him who now sat upon the Chair of Peter. He concluded by asking the Holy Father that the Venerable Cardinal Bellarmine, once Rector of the University, may be speedily canonised. The Holy Father replied at length. One could not but notice that the Pope's oratory seemed to have lost something of the fire it had last May when he addressed 40,000 pilgrims in the Cortile del Belvedere, but if his intonation was less regal it was more fatherly. "Would that each one of you could read in Our heart all the thoughts and affections which your presence awakes," said the Holy Father. He welcomed us there as representatives of the Catholicity of the whole world, and truly among the students, over 1,000 in number, the four corners of the earth had met and were united by the common bond of faith. Our presence brought back to His Holiness memories of the happy and laborious days he had spent at the University, "the meeting-place of the whole world, the home of truth and knowledge, consecrated to the glory of God and the diffusion of His Kingdom". The Holy Father referred to the words of Dante "Cristo è romano," and urged us to cultivate the spirit of Eternal Rome and to return to our home countries as teachers and apostles. "Coming as you do from all parts of the world and representative of all nations, return to your own people and take to them the salutation and the love of Rome." The Holy Father ended by giving the solemn Apostolic Benediction to ourselves, our parents, friends, country, studies, everything we desired. His Holiness passed out again amid the enthusiastic applause of the students.

After the audience a photograph of the students was taken in the Cortile di S. Damaso. The Bishop of Brentwood and Mgr. O'Grady left Rome for England.

**22nd.** Wednesday. His Eminence Cardinal Bisleti was present at an Academia Moralis at the University. This Academia is being tried this year by Father Vermeersch S. I. as an experiment to endeavour to supply a long felt want.

This is a day of which many an English College student will cherish happy memories. It is the custom on this evening to visit the beautiful church of Sta. Cecilia as it is her feast to-day. Those who see the constant stream of people, chiefly poor, who go to pay their devotion at the shrine of the saint, who see the illuminations and flowers in the upper church and the fairy beauty of the crypt beneath, cannot but realise that the Catholic Religion is the religion of the people, of natural and spontaneous devotion, a very different thing from that fetishism which makes one day in the week a misery among our conscientious but misguided fellow-countrymen.

**23rd.** Thursday. To-day one of the dreams mentioned in the first number of Venerabile was realised, but only partially. Owing to the importunity of Mr. Hampson and other music-lovers in the house, the Rector kindly bought us a new piano on his own responsibility. So far of course our dream had only developed into a financial nightmare for the Rector, for the piano cost the serious sum of 5,800 lire. Happily, however, anonymous benefactors have relieved the strain by a generous gift of 1,600 lire.

**24th.** Friday. Bishop Amigo the guest at supper.

**25th.** Saturday. Feast of St. Catherine, Patroness of Philosophers. On this day tradition has decreed that the new men shall say flattering and delightful things about the old, and that the old shall appear to be bored and shall growl "speech" in deep and very fearsome tones as soon as each speaker sits down, thereby intimating that someone else must rise and feed the fire of their vanity with the oil of adulation. Tradition further decrees that to-day the fire shall be lighted for the first time in the Playroom. This year these decrees were obeyed to the letter and the new men made successful and eloquent maiden speeches and avoided the usual *faux pas* with admirable skill. Still further did they prove their talent at the concert which they gave in the evening. Every one voted it one of the most successful concerts for a long time. Mr. Atkinson, the senior student of the Philosophers, who recited two poems of his own composition, and Mr. R. L. Smith, a veritable managing director, had laboured to produce something out of the ordinary run of College concerts, and surely their efforts were crowned with success.

**26th.** Sunday. Most of the students went to S. Ignazio in the morning for Low Mass and Communion at the shrine of S. John Berchmans, today being his feast.

We were all very sorry to hear that Mgr. Prior was suffering from a slight seizure. He had been suffering from bronchial catarrh for some time and had been considerably overworked of late. We hope, however, and not without reason, that after a complete rest he will be entirely recovered and able to carry on his important work as Dean of the Rota. Next day he was taken to the Blue Nuns' Hospital.

**December 2nd.** Mgr. Caruana O. S. B. Archbishop of Malta (Rhodes) was the guest of the College at dinner.

**3rd.** Sunday. A silver crucifix used only on Good Friday has been placed on the "reader's box" in the Refectory.

**4th.** Monday. A crucifix has been placed on St. Joseph's Corridor (the Common Room Corridor). The figure is one of three very fine gilt figures bought by Mgr. Giles, the other two of which are in the Church and in the Common Room.

**8th.** Friday. Feast of the Immaculate Conception; High Mass was sung by the Vice-Rector in the morning. He also celebrated at Solemn Benediction in the evening.

**10th.** Sunday. At Low Mass at 9.0 a. m. Bishop Casartelli conferred the last two Minor Orders upon the following students: — Mr. G. Winham (Southwark), Mr. A. E. Mattocks (Malta), Mr. W. Grady (Brentwood), Mr. J. Masterson (Salford), Mr. J. B. Farmer (Nottingham), Mr. J. Barrett-Davis (Cardiff), Mr. B. Griffin (Birmingham); and the following received the Tonsure: — Mr. H. Casartelli (Salford), Mr. J. Goodear (Shrewsbury), Mr. A. Clayton (Liverpool), Mr. H. R. Kelly (Shrewsbury), Mr. M. Mc. Narney (Hexham & Newcastle), Mr. E. Plowman (Hexham & Newcastle), Mr. J. Mc. Nulty (Salford), Mr. F. Grimshaw (Clifton), and Mr. E. J. Hemphill (Menevia). There were coffee and liqueurs after dinner when the Rector gave the toast of the new "ordinati". Mgr. Tynan very generously gave "smokes".

**11th.** Monday. Today was a holiday for the whole University in honour of the newly created Cardinals, Ehrle S. J. and Charost, an old student of the University.

**17th.** Sunday. It was with great pleasure that we heard today of the promotion of an old friend of the College, Mgr. Cicognani, to the office of "Sostituto" to the Consistorial. A violent demonstration in his favour took place in the Common Room when he appeared there after dinner. The chivalry of the English College cannot leave unnoticed the inestimable boon conferred on the House by the kindness of

certain English ladies who taught the nuns the gentle but most sublime art of making mince pies. The guests at dinner were the Archbishop of Malta (Rhodes) and Bishop Stanley.

**20th.** Wednesday. Today the third morning lecture at the University was not given, but instead all the Theological and Canon Law students were called into the great Hall, where Cardinal Charost addressed them and spoke very warmly of his admiration for the Gregorian University and of his own Theological studies there.

**21st.** Thursday. The Venerable is one of very few colleges which are privileged to expose the Blessed Sacrament for the Quarant' Ore devotions in Rome. According to annual custom the Quarant' Ore began today with High Mass and the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

**22nd.** Friday. End of the Michaelmas Term. High Mass "pro Pace" was celebrated at the Lady Altar.

**23rd.** Saturday. Quarant' Ore ended with High Mass and Procession. The evening was free and the Common Room was hung with festoons of evergreens. Ingenuity was taxed to the utmost to try to discover new and *recherché* ways of decorating the walls and ceiling. Every picture had its frame of holly and the statue of Our Lady nestled in a little bower of branches: not a nail raised its head above the distemper without becoming a hook on which to hang a sprig of evergreen. A great mind devised a scheme for making a **P** out of holly leaves strung together. The piano stood on the edge of a perfect jungle of tropical undergrowth.

**24th.** Sunday. To-day being Christmas Eve there was no High Mass nor Vespers but Benediction at 3.0 p.m. At 5.30 p.m. there was a combined tea and supper. Night prayers were at 6.45 p.m., after which the wise retired for their beauty sleep and the romantic whiled away the hours in the gloaming telling ghost stories. At 10.45 p.m. pandemonium broke loose and made the night horrible with sound and the sleepers awoke. At 11.15 Matins began.

**25th.** Monday. High Mass followed with Holy Communion and finally Lauds were sung. Afterwards refreshments of a warming and stimulating nature were provided in the Refectory. After a smoke and innumerable handshakes in the Common Room a thoroughly tired community stole off one by one to bed in the early hours of the morning and slept till the sun was high in the heavens. The Vice-Rector said a Low Mass at 9.30 a.m. and High Mass was sung immediately afterwards. A number of the students went to St. Peter's to hear High Mass there — the singing was exceptionally good. True to the Roman tradition Christmas Day was dark and cloudy and heavy rain fell just

before dinner. At dinner the time-honoured Plum-pudding made its appearance wreathed in flames, but alas there was no sauce. The afternoon was cold and miserable and it rained continually. Perhaps this and the lack of tea which the nuns could not get ready in time made the Concert which took place at 6.0 rather flat. The Programme was as follows: 1. Song. Mr. Mc. Narney. "Connemara Rose". 2. Sketch "Tinkle Tinkle little Bell" or "The Last Days of the Debating Society". Cast: The Chairman, Mr. Atkinson. The Secretary, Mr. R. L. Smith. A Member, Mr. Cregg. The Infant, Mr. J. Kelly. His Nurse, Mr. Clayton. 3. Song. Mr. Burrows. "The Silent Highway". 4. Recitation. Mr. E. J. Kelly. 5. Glee. The Orpheus Society, "Come let us be merry". 6. Song. Mr. Grady. "Llangley Fair".

**26th.** Tuesday. There was a whist drive in the evening in aid of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Mr. Lee who organised it was able to give to the Sisters a subscription of 275 lire, and a wonderful collection of pipes, cigarette-holders etc. for their aged poor.

**27th.** Wednesday. St. John the Evangelist. In the afternoon a large party went to the Palazzo of S. Calisto, where Dom. Cottineau O. S. B. gave a very interesting talk on the work of the Revision of the Vulgate. In the evening there was a very successful concert at which the Jazz Band made its first appearance and brought the house down by a rendering of "Coal Black Mammy". The Programme was: 1. Song. Mr. P. Kilmartin; "The Roast Beef of Old England". 2. Mr. R. L. Smith and a piano. 3. Glee. Orpheus Society, "Foresters sound the cheerful horn". 4. Recitation. Mr. H. Bliss. 5. Song, Mr. E. Plowman, "Calvary". 6. Song. Mr. Egan, "My Ain Folk". 7. Song. Mr. H. R. Kelly, "The Egg." 8. The Jazz Band. "Coal Black Mammy". Conductor. Mr. R. L. Smith, 1st. Violin, Mr. V. Elwes. 'Cello, Mr. Warner. Mandolin, Mr. Plowman. Flute, Mr. Cregg. Combs: Treble, Mr. Hemphill. Middle, Messrs Mc. Nulty & Goodear. Bass, Mr. H. R. Kelly. Battery, Mr. Burrows. Piano, Mr. Hampson. There were many guests this evening.

**28th.** Thursday. Mgr. Cicognani gave coffee and rosolio, and after receiving the public congratulations of the Rector and College on his recent promotion expressed his thanks to us in Italian. First Vespers of St. Thomas were sung at 2.30 p.m. There was a whist drive in the evening.

**29th.** Friday. St. Thomas of Canterbury, Patron of the College. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at 9.30 a.m. by His Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham, who also later in the morning conferred the Tonsure on the following students: Mr. H. Wilson, Mr. L. Warner, Mr. L. Williamson and Mr. M. Egan (all of the Nottingham Diocese).



By the generosity of Mgr. Tynan "smokes" were again provided both after dinner and at the Concert. Mgr. Tynan gave Solemn Benediction in the afternoon. In the evening there was an excellent Concert, the outstanding feature of which was the Grand Opera: *Dove è Lei?* Programme: 1. Song. Mr. C. Baker-Smith. "I've only come down for the day". 2. Mr. W. Grady. Song. "Stone-cracker Jim". 3. Recitation. Mr. J. Goodear. "Concerning Monocles". 4. Song. Mr. W. Burrows. 5. Recitation. Mr. Ryan. "Metempsychosis". 6. Song. Mr. R. L. Smith. "Love went a-riding". 7. Song. Mr. L. Williamson. "Mocking-Bird". 8. Grand Opera. Mr. V. Elwes & Co. *Dove è Lei?* "The Hero, Ercole, Mr. Elwes. Carlo the Villain, Mr. Howe. Gianetta, Mr. R. L. Smith. 9. Glee. The Orpheus Society. "Soldiers' Chorus" (Faust).

**30th. Saturday.** There was a whist drive in the evening.

**31st. Sunday.** St. Thomas' dinner was held to-day. Guests were: Archbishop Palica, Archbishop Mc. Intyre, Bishop Stanley, Bishop Casartelli, Monsignori Cronin, Mann, Tynan and Cicognani, Father P.P. Mackey O. P., Fr. Cotter C. SS. R., Dom Cottineau O. S. B. and Mr. Johnson, Papal Chamberlain. Cardinal Gasquet joined us at Coffee and Liqueurs in the Common Room and afterwards pontificated at Solemn Benediction and intoned the *Te Deum*. There was a whist drive in the evening. Thus closes the College Diary for the year 1922, a successful and very happy year for the Venerable. One is tempted here to dwell with pleasure on the grand spirit of unity and camaraderie, the esprit de corps in the house during the past year. The new generation, an enervated weakly generation perhaps, that takes the tram on Gitas, has held the torch of pioneers in its hands and by its united weakness has done more than might have been expected, and in all its progress the College has found inspiration and leadership in the Rector.

1923.

*Note.* Events of annual occurrence described in last year's diary cannot be described again in this.

**January. 1st. Monday.** The Rector celebrated at High Mass in the morning and the Vice-Rector at Solemn Benediction in the afternoon. There was an excellent Concert in the evening at which the "pièce de résistance" was another Grand Opera called the "Nightmare". Programme. 1. Song. Mr. W. O'Leary. "Since she was a Baby". 2. Recitation. Mr. H. Atkinson. "Further Impressions". 3. Glee. Orpheus Society. "Angelus" (Maritana). 4. Duet. Violin & 'Cello. "Il Trovatore" Voice. Mr. Burrows and Mr. R. L. Smith. 5. Song. Mr. J. B. Farmer. "If Winter Comes". 6. Mr. V. Elwes. Conjuring

**Tricks.** 7. Grand Opera. The Operatic Co. "A Nightmare". Dramatis Personae: The Sleeper, Mr. R. L. Smith. The Awful Voice, Mr. V. Elwes. The Fairy God-mother, Mr. J. Kelly. The Camerata, Mr. H. R. Kelly & Mr. W. Burrows. Two Ragazzini, Messrs Burrows and Kelly. Giuseppe and Farnese William both impersonated by Mr. J. Masterson.

**3rd.** Wednesday. The Rector left us to-day for a well-earned rest in England. He came up to the Common Room after supper to say good-bye and we saw him off with our best wishes and three cheers.

**6th.** Saturday. Mgr. Prior returned from hospital. Mgr. Cronin gave Solemn Benediction. The Concert Committee piled Pelion on the Ossa of their former successes. For behold! curiosity was aroused from the outset by the presence of a large black screen which usually disfigures the Rector's "ante-camera" and which is used on concert nights to shelter the wassail and biscuits from the eyes of the multitude who are not allowed to enter its hallowed shade. It was from behind this screen that a few minutes after six, Mr. Hampson stepped out in immaculate evening dress and bowed to the assembly through the fog. A great shock but only the prelude to a greater—for a few chords from the piano produced from behind the aforesaid screen nothing less than a perfect nigger troupe who treated us to an excellent concert, with the help of Sandow and a London German. Programme: 1. Song. Mr. Burrows. "But it is so". 2. Song. Mr. H. R. Kelly. "Madame Anita Peroxide". 3. Song. Mr. R. L. Smith. "Far away ober dere". 4. Recitation. Mr. H. Bliss. "Nursery Rhymes to suit the times". 5. Chorus. Black Babies. "Little Tommy". 6. Song. Mr. Grady. "Mein Faterland". 7. Song. Mr. H. R. Kelly. "Keep down de middle ob de road". 8. Song. Mr. R. L. Smith. "The Curate and the Maiden". 9. Chorus. Black Babies. "Christmas Bankruptcy". 10. Selection. Jazz Band. "Swanee".

**8th.** Monday. The students assisted at solemn Benediction given by the Archbishop of Birmingham in S. Andrea della Valle as part of the celebrations held during the Octave of the Epiphany.

**10th.** Wednesday. Theologian's Disputatio Menstrua. (Verb. sat.).

**11th.** Thursday. To-day we were on the brink of tragedy!—we nearly lost our First Year, who were lost in the Catacombs with the "Frat" for half an hour and arrived in at dinner in a very heated condition.

**12th.** Friday. Philosopher's Disputatio Menstrua.

**18th.** Saturday. A number of students assisted Mgr. de la Porte, titular Bishop of Berisa, at Solemn Benediction in Santa Maria Riparatrice.

**14th.** Sunday. The Bishop of Padua and Bishop Stanley were the guests at dinner. Some students went to a lecture by Fr. Power S. J. at the Biblical Institute on "Palestinian Costumes".

**15th.** Monday. The first instalment of the stalls arrived. (We hope this pun will not discourage subscribers).

**21st.** Sunday. Archbishop Dentenwill, the General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and Bishop Stanley were the guests at dinner.

**27th.** Saturday. The Archbishop of Birmingham and Mgr. Cronin left Rome for England. Since it was the feast of Regina Prophetarum, a number of students assisted Bishop Casartelli at Solemn Benediction in the Church of St. George and the English Martyrs.

**29th.** Monday. In answer to an appeal sent to us, one of the students collected 107 lire from the students of Moral Theology towards a monument to be erected to S. Alfonso de Liguori at Sta. Agata dei Goti.

**30th.** Tuesday. We heard to-day of the death of Archbishop Leite de Vasconcellos, the exiled bishop of Beja, who has raised to various orders a number of English College students, among whom are the two priests whom he ordained last October.

**February 1st.** Thursday. Father Daniels of Menevia the guest at dinner—if he reads this publication he may be flattered to know that he was suspected for a time of being the new repetitore so much discussed of late, as he appeared in the Refectory in biretta and zimarra lent to him by a Menevia student.

**2nd.** Friday. Candlemas. The Ceremony was performed by the Vice Rector at 8.30. a. m. After the function, in accordance with tradition, he and the Senior Student, Mr. Ellis, went to the Vatican and together with numerous other representatives of ecclesiastical institutions, presented an "illuminated" candle to the Pope.

**4th.** Sunday. The guest at dinner was the distinguished historian Baron L. von Pastor, who came after dinner to the Common Room and made a short speech in which he referred to the glories of the College and asked for our prayers.

**5th.** Monday. To-day was the first of a Triduum ordered by the Pope for peace. In the evening there was Benediction during which the Miserere was sung.

**6th.** Tuesday. This being the first anniversary of the election of the Holy Father was a holiday.

**8th.** Thursday. Giovedì Grasso — entertainments of a nature suited to clerical decorum were patronised by some of the students at the Sala Pia and in the Borgo S. Spirito.

**12th.** Monday. Shrovetide Gita. Despite the rain which fell all day, most of the Gita parties enjoyed the outing. As the Vice-

Rector extended the time parties were enabled to visit places hitherto unattainable on ordinary one-day Gite—such as Viterbo, and Subiaco. Other parties visited Tivoli, Genazzano, Palestrina, Civita Castellana and Frascati. The Civita Castellana party had the good fortune to meet Mgr. Cherubini, Titular Archbishop of Nicosia, who escorted them to his villa at Sorriano and regaled them at his hospitable board.

13th. Tuesday. The Vice-Rector fearlessly deposed the College bugbear known as "Tradition", and to everybody's delight concede an extra half hour in bed this morning, to get over the fatigues of the Gita.

14th. Wednesday. Ash Wednesday. The Vice-Rector blessed and distributed ashes at 8.30 a.m.

18th. Sunday. Bishop Bidwell was the guest at dinner.

22th. Thursday. Father Lepicier, the General of the Servites was the guest at dinner.

25th. Sunday. The guests at dinner were Mgr. Szeptycki, Ruthenian Archbishop of Leopoldis (Lemberg—Livow) and Mgr. Cherubini, Titular Archbishop of Nicosia, Bishop Stanley and Father Smith of the Liverpool Archdiocese.

March 3rd. Saturday. Disputatio Menstrua. Mr. Mc. Narney of 1st. Year Theology was one of the *arguentes* in the afternoon.

5th. Monday. Philosopher's Disputatio Menstrua. Mr. Slevin attacked in the afternoon.

7th. Wednesday. St. Thomas Aquinas. "Theologorum principes et philosophorum norma". A number of zealous Thomists visited Sta. Maria sopra Minerva where the saint's arm is kept. There was a Public Meeting after dinner. We should not have mentioned this fact, had not the Senior Student collapsed half way through, having succumbed it is supposed to the fifteenth amendment.

8th. Thursday. The Rector returned from his holiday.

12th. Monday. The Rector, at the request of the house, gave the day off in honour of St. Gregory the Great, Apostle of England. There was High Mass in the morning at S. Gregorio Magno where the College supplied Altar servers. We also sent a select choir for Benediction in the afternoon. This choir we understand so impressed the congregation that the choirmaster was asked immediately after the ceremony for a copy of the music. There was also Solemn Benediction in the College at 7.30 p.m. given by the Rector.

17th. Saturday. St. Patrick's Day was celebrated by the customary wine and biscuit concert.

18th. Abbot Noots, the Procurator General of the Premonstratensians was the guest of the College at dinner.

19th. Monday. St. Joseph. Mr. De Vries S. J. the new Philosopher's Repetitore dined at the College and during Coffee and Li-

queurs met in solemn council the senior students of the three years of Philosophy.

**22nd.** Thursday. Mgr. Canon Ross and Father Clement Parsons were the guests at dinner and supper after which Canon Ross addressed the Literary Society.

**23rd.** Friday. Bishop Casartelli and Mgr. Tynan came up to the Common Room after supper to say good-bye. The humility of the community was pained to the utmost by the overwhelming kindness of His Lordship's remarks. We only wish that the many generous friends of the College could have heard them also. Cries of speech prevailed on Mgr. Tynan also to address a few parting words.

**24th.** Saturday. Bishop Casartelli and Mgr. Tynan left Rome for Como. The Doctorate Thesis Sheets came out this morning, and Mr. Ellis retired from the post of Senior Student to be succeeded by Mr. Bentley. The Easter Retreat is to be given by Mgr. Barton-Brown.

**27th.** Tuesday. At the evening conference Mgr. Barton Brown told us that he had been received in audience by the Pope in the morning and had informed him that the students of the Venerable were making the Easter Retreat under his direction. His Holiness sent us a very special blessing and sixty five "santi" (one for each student) as a more material memento of the occasion. It might be mentioned that the famous orange groves of the English College have been recently greatly beautified by the laying of gravel on the paths.

**31st.** Saturday. Messrs Bentley, Rampson, Cartmell (L'pool) and Farmer (Nottingham) received the sub-diaconate. Thus ends the Epiphany term and with it the College Diary for the half year. J. G.

## Jottings.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to the Very Rev. Canon Bray D.D. (1896-1903) on his appointment to the Salford Chapter.

Also to Father Sunn (1908-1915) on being chosen for the responsible office of inaugurating a new mission at New Southgate.

We also give the following announcement from the *Osservatore Romano* as likely to be of interest to old students.

"The Holy Father intends to give to the University of Cape Town a volume on the History of the Vatican and Lateran Mosaics. The gift will be made through Mgr. Kolbe the only Catholic Prelate (sic) in South Africa, who also occupies a chair at the same University."

## EXCHANGES.

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges: *Lisbo-nian*, *Ushaw Magazine*, *Oscotian*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *Pax*, *The Ratcliffian*.

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## SPORTS NOTES

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. . . . . *rectique cultus pectora roborant.*

It is with regret that we break a tradition of long-standing in College Magazines and admit that our Football season has been far from successful. There are many circumstances we might bring forward in extenuation, but suffice it to say that in a place like Rome where Church functions and "Brickhunting" provide so many counter-attractions, it is natural that there should be less time for Football than the enthusiasts would wish. And perhaps it is as well so.

Our first encounter this Season with Fortitudo was little to our credit. We lost 1-5, but perhaps we may be excused a little on the ground that some of the team having but recently returned from England were out of practice, while our opponents had been hard at it for the best part of the summer. We met them again a fortnight later and after a spirited resistance were again beaten 1-2. A new departure this year was the fixture with the British School of Archaeology. It would be unfair to claim a victory over a side to which we ourselves contributed largely, and we must admit that the seven men fielded by the school played very good football. Dr. Ashby as goalkeeper evoked much applause from the stand, but his difficulty seemed to be in getting rid of the ball after arresting its flight.

Boxing Day saw us again at Fortitudo's ground — at the Madonna del Riposo — this time for the annual passage of arms with the Scots. While our team was almost to a man that of last year, the Scots had since then lost their able centre-forward. Great then was our disappointment in having revisited upon us the Bannockburn of last year. The theory of overnight festivities does not fully explain

a defeat of 0-3 and there is more reason to believe that we lost through faulty tactics; for by the injudicious application of a new system of play, the half-backs gave little or no support to the forwards. It was pleasing to note that both sides played as usual in a restrained if determined manner, and the whistle was little in evidence.

Internal games this year have provided some very enjoyable football. The ill success of the team led to a challenge from the House, and the XI. were sorely tried when the only goal of the game fell to the challengers. The Philosophers succumbed to the Theologians by the same score. The "1920" men provided a good side against the rest of the House and were unfortunate in losing 0-3.

We take this opportunity of recording our gratitude to Prince Pamphyli for his latest favour to the students. To have the freedom of the grounds at Villa Pamphyli is in itself a privilege which every Venerabile man values, but to have a football pitch reserved for our exclusive use on Thursday is a luxury which we hardly hoped to enjoy. Those who have left the Venerabile in recent years will recall the increasing difficulty we were experiencing in holding the pitch which several generations of our students have used, against the many newcomers to whom the argument from tradition was singularly irrelevant. In securing then to us our football the Prince has conferred upon us a very real favour. *Esto perpetuus!* M. M.

Since the above was prepared, we have been able to retrieve our fortunes to some extent in a further game with Fortitudo, which ended in a draw, 1-1. M. M.



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## THE VENERABLE LITERARY SOCIETY

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With the beginning of the session it was decided to split the Society into two separate bodies, and that the Debating Section should be temporarily suspended whilst the Literary section would continue as in the past. Consequently this report is confined to the Roman Session of the Literary Society only.

Monsignor Doubleday, Bishop of Brentwood, opened the session with an address on "Catholic Education in England." His Lordship laid great stress on the necessity for the immediate contact of the priest as catechist with the children and adults, and he deplored the great ignorance of Catholics concerning their own faith. An exposition of the manner and quantity of religious education in Colleges, Secondary and Elementary Schools, was given, as well as an account of the position of Catholic schools at the present day, and the Catholic demands with regard to the proposed legislation.

A fortnight later, Monsignor Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, gave a causerie on "English Cardinals I have known." His Lordship mentioned Cardinals Manning, Howard, Newman, Vaughan, Bourne and Gasquet, whom he had at some time met personally. He related a number of anecdotes and interesting details concerning his connection with each Cardinal. His only connection with Wiseman was that, in 1857 as a boy, he had been taken to the International Art Exhibition at Manchester which was the direct result of certain lectures on the Fine Arts, delivered just previously in the city by the Cardinal. Cardinal Manning he knew more of, as Manning stayed for a week at St. Bede's College every September after he had received his Hat. A couple of anecdotes about the Cardinal were: one Friday and a fast day too, at dinner, discussion arose whether turtle soup could be taken, and it was decided that as turtle was neither fleshmeat nor fish it could



be eaten at *any* time. Also His Eminence was, as is well known, a great teetotaler, yet he loved "tipsy-cake." Once he was asked whether he was aware of the fact that it was made with spirits; his reply was "No matter! I am going to have some more."

Cardinal Howard was introduced as the tallest officer in a Guards regiment leading the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington. According to the Rt. Rev. Speaker, the Cardinal's only weakness was talking in foreign languages, such as Arabic, Russian &c., whenever an occasion presented itself. Bishop Casartelli had spent one day with Newman and lunched with him. But he was more intimate with Vaughan, as they had lived together for fourteen years. His Lordship urged all to read the life by Snead Cox.

A paper was next read by Mr. R. L. Smith B. A. (Oxon), a student of the College, on "Can the Reformation be explained?" The lecturer, who stated that he wished to treat the subject purely historically and without any religious bias or prejudice, offered and substantiated the explanation that the new religion was not so much forced on a wide-awake and consciously hostile people as that Henry and the Nation drifted together into heresy and schism. A lively discussion followed for almost three hours. Bishop Casartelli, the Rector, Vice-Rector and Father Philip Hughes participated in the discussion.

An informal address on "The Antecedents of the English College, Rome" was delivered by Monsignor Cronin, who showed a continuous connection between the "Schola Saxonum" and the "Venerabile." Monsignor Cronin said that the Schola was a colony, a quarter of the town, and was in existence at any rate twenty years before King Ina came to Rome.

The next paper was read by Father Philip Hughes on "My personal knowledge of Louvain's Historical School." An account was given of the origin of the University and the vicissitudes through which it has passed. Then followed a dissertation on "History as a Science," on the *heuristique* studies at the University and on its "Séminaire Historique." The paper was in fact a glowing tribute to the late M. Alfred Cauchie.

The final meeting of the Society was held on March 4th. to receive Monsignor Barton Brown who read a paper on "The Conversion of England." The Very Rev. Speaker commenced by outlining the difficulties which a priest in England encountered and indicated how best they could be met. Stress was laid on two difficulties—the "National" idea held by Protestants and their lack of logic. He considered that the Oxford Movement proximately was the answer to the prayers of the thousands of exiled French priests, who found a refuge in England

during the French Revolution. The Conversion of England was still proceeding steadily and lack of speedier progress was attributable to the failure of Catholics to get in proper touch with the Universities. Mgr. Barton Brown was sure that the key of the situation lay in the Universities. He advocated greater concentration and by secular clergy on Cambridge, as Oxford was well provided for by the Religious, and expressed the hope that a Collegiate Chapter would soon be instituted there.

The Literary Society owes great thanks to those who have given addresses and who have also placed their papers open to discussion and questions; furthermore to Mr. J. Cartmell, its President, in obtaining such a galaxy of lecturers.

E. J. KELLY, *Secretary.*

### Private Debating Society.

As far as we know there has been no private debating society in the College since the year 1860. Our numbers had so increased that they impeded the efficient working of the public society. Many who attended had but little interest in the debates. The alterations to the common-room created a difficulty, for those who did not wish to attend would not have a second room where they could smoke in comfort. Hence, in November, we decided upon the temporary suspension of the debating section of the public society.

Early in November the machinery for the formation of a private society was put into operation. More than half the house attended the preliminary meetings. All were agreed that the members of the new society must all be active members. To this end additions to the old rules were made, with the result that every member must speak at stated intervals and regular attendance is insisted upon. All meetings continue for two successive nights. We meet on the small corridor leading to the Rector's room and our average attendance is thirty-four.

In the first debate we discussed the question whether English Catholics should fight for greater privileges in the matter of education. The injustice we are suffering and the extreme circumstances to which we are reduced prevailed over all arguments for prudent consolidation. After three nights of debate the voting showed a majority of three in favour of a struggle for more rights.

The second debate decided by a small majority that children should be forbidden to attend cinema performances. After the voting the

Rector admitted that for several years he had been answerable for a children's cinema theatre.

That Greece did more for the civilisation of the world than did ancient Rome formed the somewhat hackneyed subject of the third debate. It proved an excellent occasion for the display of talent. We were reminded that we had amongst us degrees of history and classics. All the leading speeches, most capable in themselves, were subjected to a severe and accurate analysis. Greece won by the small majority of three.

Great interest was shown in the fourth debate, which lasted for three nights: "That the modern religious indifference in non-Catholic circles in England is beneficial to the progress of the Catholic Church." No unanswerable argument was brought forward, and the meeting decided against the benefits of Indifference by twenty votes to ten.

The closing debates of the Session—on Catholics and the Labour Party, on Classics versus Mathematics in Education (another trite subject), and on the advantages of a foreign as compared with a home education,—though they fell short of some of the others in interest and treatment, nevertheless maintained on the whole our standard of excellence.

Few regret the change from the public society; for the unflagging enthusiasm displayed by the members and the improved standard of debate show that the new society is more calculated to achieve the ends which a debating club should have in view.

H. R. K.



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## OUR BOOK SHELF

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**Life Everlasting**, by the Rt. Rev. JOHN S. VAUGHAN, Bishop of Sebastopolis  
(pp. XXVIII & 224. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 7/6 net.).

Bishop Vaughan gives us much needed comfort in these days of intellectual unrest and of many social miseries. Even Catholics, who know the delights of the promised land to which we are travellers, are very apt to forget them during the years of wandering in the desert. They will find in this "happy book" as it has been well described, a timely antidote. Moreover many errors, sometimes sufficiently serious, spoil even the Catholic's idea of Heaven; there is the common one, emphasised by the author, of persuading oneself that, since God is infinitely greater than the highest of His creatures, no individual can ever approach very near to Him, but the happiness of Heaven will consist in gazing at His beauty and perfections from a respectful distance. Such mistakes of the imagination are duly corrected in this solid exposition of the Catholic doctrine of Life Everlasting.

The book is written in His Lordship's customary felicitous style,—easy-flowing, simple and clear. Yet, as in all his books, the ease and simplicity of diction mask a wealth of careful thought. The width of reading evinced is remarkable; the author has been no less industrious than Father Faber, who read over a hundred books on the Passion before he wrote "The Foot of the Cross." Among theologians he has drawn most largely on the great Louvain Jesuit, Lessius, admired of Sixtus V. and Paul V., and the friend of St. Francis de Sales. Characteristically he employs many happy analogies from the facts of science and the homely things of life, which serve very effectively to elucidate his doctrine; such for example, is his comparison of the Resurrection of the Body to the evolution of the dragon-fly, which first emerges, a sluggish larva, from a tiny egg laid in a swamp or pond, next retires into a "nymph-case," suggesting the tomb, and finally bursts forth into a life of beauty and freedom.

"Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew,  
A living flash of light he flew"

(TENNYSON).

After a general chapter on "Our Home Above" we are given in Chap. II. an ample description of the risen body and its endowments, after which the

author passes to consider the exercise of the two highest faculties in Heaven—the intellect and the will. (Chap. III. & IV.) Chapter V. is devoted to the union between the soul and God which “constitutes the very essence and marrow” of Heaven, a union so intimate that St. Teresa tries to describe it by comparing it to “the water which falling from the skies into a fountain mingles with it in such a way that one cannot distinguish the one from the other, and to a little brook that flows into the ocean, so that the waters of each become indistinguishable, and also to the light coming into a room through two different windows, which unite in such a manner as to seem to be exactly one and the same.” In Chapter VI. “The Desire to be Dissolved” most consoling testimony is accumulated to prove that the fear of death passes when death is actually upon us. Chapter VII. attacks the position of those who maintain that to work for the reward of Heaven is unworthy: we most love God for His own sake and not for His rewards. The Author quotes Bishop Hedley’s famous answer, that the imperfection lies in separating the reward from God, and vanishes when we reflect that God Himself is our reward. A chapter of great practical utility, “Steps on the Golden Stairs”—some of the means that will secure one’s salvation—closes the volume.

Considerably more might, it is true, have been written on the subject,—for example, on that part of the accidental beatitude of Heaven which consists in companionship with Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, the angels and saints and those who have been dear to us on earth. Perhaps something ought to have been said on the intimacy with Jesus and Mary. Enough, however, has been given us to make us realise as never before the happiness awaiting us beyond the grave; and it is realisation, not mere knowledge,—a real, not a notional assent—that will give the truths of Faith their due influence on our lives.

There is a minor defect in the volume which might easily be removed,—the neglect to add an English translation to the various Latin and foreign quotations: the want may irritate the average reader. J. C.

**Religionis Ancilla & other poems: and Soul’s Belfry and other verses. —**

By Henry E. G. Rope (Obtainable from the Stretton Press, Church Stretton, Salop. 2/6 & 2/-respectively.)

It is with more than ordinary interest that one takes up a book of verse written by one of our leading Catholic writers, and it is certainly refreshing reading after a surfeit of the neo-pagan poetry so much in vogue to-day, which completely ignores Christian ideals and “heavenly verities.”

These twin volumes of verse have a remarkable spiritual atmosphere which is most invigorating and will serve as a timely antidote in these days when mere material progress is so much vaunted as the only goal worthy of a nation’s ambition and striving. It is difficult to say whether their charm rests merely in the musical rhythm which seems resonant with melodious harmonies, so that the metre swings to every change of thought, and with the characteristic austerity of diction gives clear expression of the author’s theme

with convincing directness. Certain it is that their mere perusal creates fine enthusiasms from their very suggestiveness. The ring of sincerity in every line reveals the strength of conviction in which they were conceived. In fact they are so far removed from the usual trivial and maudlin verse which abounds to-day that one hesitates to judge them by ordinary standards. It certainly takes more than average skill to present the spiritual ideals of life in such beautiful though homely dress. And if Matthew Arnold's canon of criticism be correct "That the greatness of a poet lies in his beautiful and powerful application of ideas to life,—to the question: How to live?" then Father Rope must claim a high rank among our modern poets.

For example, the first poem, "Religionis Ancilla," invokes the spirit of faith and spiritual simplicity characteristic of the Middle Ages as his sure guide to "the city set upon a hill." He draws a vivid contrast between the spirit of the modern world which has reinstated pagan idols with "renascent heathendom's ill empery" and the Christian spirit which he finds.

"In little towns withdrawn from worldly murk  
 Where with a gracious leisure yet survives  
 The worth of Christ-ennobled handiwork,  
 The dignity of frugal Christian lives.  
 And no man drags the bitter hours in chain  
 To brute machines and covetise of gain."

It is in the description of such scenes of medieval peace where still survives the true simplicity of the Faith that Father Rope is at his best. The charm of the English countryside, of Norman shrines and French cathedrals and of the hill towns of Italy give full scope to his descriptive powers. He has the consummate art of sketching landscapes in few words, often in one line:

"The lone grey shrines in Oxford's elmy ways  
 And sun-sets flooding into Ilfracombe."

The conversion of England is his favourite theme for he sees in it the sovereign remedy for the country's ills. His outlook is full of hope, yet he does not overlook the many obstacles in the path of its achievement. He often lingers on the old Catholic days and mourns "for Merrie England overgone, free rural England with the faith of More." He speaks in strong terms against the ravages of Industrialism with all the evils that follow in its wake, the devastation of the English countryside by the encroachment of towns and factories, "foul'd streams, polluted air and blacken'd sky," the gradual deterioration of "the old unhurrying English race." He decries likewise Imperialism as the source of many evils. He will not sacrifice the spiritual greatness of England for new possessions or material prosperity. Several poems express a genuine sympathy towards Ireland in her recent sufferings. One on Major William Redmond and another on Patrick Pearse, "Erin's poet chivalrous and brave" will strike a chord of sympathy in all

lovers of Ireland. We should be doing the author scant justice if we omitted mention of his Roman verse which forms a considerable part of the bulk of both volumes. These poems will be appreciated by all who have visited Rome and its neighbourhood, but especially by Venerable men and old Romans, to whom such scenes have been familiar during their years of study in the Eternal City. They will recall many happy walks, gitas and pilgrimages, and will be treasured as expressions of kindred experiences and of that intense love of Rome and all that it stands for in the heart of every Roman.

All the old Roman scenes come up before us, the Mass of the Holy Ghost at San Ignazio, "the Mass Gregorian chanted deep in the Catacombs," the Pincio, Janiculum, Pamfili, Monte Porzio, Tusculum, Rocca Priora, Subiaco, Assisi and a host of others, "they pass," as the author says in "Latin Memories,"

"They pass into the tale of things that were  
They vanish with the years that ne'er relent  
Yet are they part and parcel everywhere;  
Of sunlight, breeze and starry firmament;  
These overflowings of God's treasures  
Have passed into the dower of mine eyes."

We feel certain that every lover of poetry will find in these two slender volumes much philosophy and profound thinking from the pen of a conscientious artist and we trust that they will have the wide appreciation they deserve.

J. D.

**L'Imperiale Abbazia di Farfa.** — I. SCHUSTER O. S. B. (The Vatican Press, L. 80).

Abbot Schuster has produced a monumental work of over four hundred stout pages, handsomely illustrated in sepia, a valuable contribution to the history of the Benedictine Order and of the Middle Ages in Italy. The extent of the labour entailed can be gauged by the numberless authorities cited in the footnotes, but it has been a labour of love with him who has the honour of refounding Farfa. The history of the Abbey is replete with interest. Founded in the fifth century by St. Laurence the Syrian, it subsequently suffered almost total ruin in the wild days of the Lombard invasions, but was refounded by St. Thomas de Maurienne and taken under the protection of the Lombard Kings. When their kingdom fell before the victorious arms of Charlemagne, Farfa became an Imperial Abbey; and for nearly a century continued to enjoy the prosperity and renown it had possessed under the Lombards. Then with the close of the ninth century, troubles began: our author calls it the iron age succeeding the golden. First the Saracens possessed themselves of the Abbey and expelled the monks: and when forty years later Abbot Ratfred was able to rebuild it and restore the Community, it was only to see moral degeneracy reign there. Ratfred was assassinated by two of his monks, and it needed the strong hand of Alberic, Duke of the Romans, to introduce reform,—a reform unfortunately very short-lived. Dis-

cipline was not really restored until the end of the century, when Abbot Hugues (998-1013) was elected. The reformed community became a great centre of intellectual and literary activity in the 11th, and 12th. centuries: the chronicles of the Abbey date from these days. After the struggle over investitures, during which Farfa was more or less Ghibelline, the Imperial lordship declined, and Papal suzerainty was substituted. Abbot Adinulf I., St. Bernard's friend, afterwards Cardinal, loyally shared the trials and exile and finally the triumph of the lawful Pope, Innocent II. Barbarossa partially restored imperial sway, but it passed away with himself. In 1400 Boniface IX. ordained that the Abbot should be a Cardinal *in commendam*. The old days of Farfa's glory were gone, and the petty tyrants of the district, Orsini and della Rovere, strove for its lordship. The Orsini triumphed, and we have presently Orsini of Farfa struggling with Colonna of Subiaco in the days of stress when Rome was sacked. For the last three centuries of its existence the Abbey was attached to the Cassinese Congregation. In 1836, Cardinal Lambruschini, Bishop of Sabina, began its suppression. In 1841 a bull was published ending the abbatial commenda and giving the title in perpetuity to the Bishops of Sabina. In 1861 the Piedmontese laid sacrilegious hands on Farfa, and completed the sacrilege in 1872. F. Morgan bought it by public auction and opened there a Methodist school. It failed, and one Vitale acquired the property and turned it to agricultural purposes. But *succisa virescunt*, in 1919 Farfa was united to S. Paul's outside the Walls, and in 1921 a community of monks went out to recolonise it. It is in their name that Abbot Schuster dedicates his work to Pope Benedict XV., who with Cardinal de Lai, Bishop of Sabina, took so keen an interest in the reorganisation of the Community.

The volume is divided into twelve books, to each of which is prefixed a summary of its contents. There are two Appendices—one of documents illustrating the history of the Abbey, the other a list of the Abbots during the twelve centuries of its existence: and two Indexes, the first of names and things, the second a general index reproducing the summaries of the twelve books. There are sixteen illustrations and three topographical maps. Were it not for the forbidding price, we would venture to recommend the volume to all who spent the exceptionally long vacation of 1918 at Montopoli within convenient walking distance of the Abbey.

J. C.

**Fleurs éparses. Sparsi flores.** — Mgr. HENRI-LAURENT JANSSENS, O. S. B. (Desclée, Lire 8. unbound.)

With this delightful volume of three hundred pages Belgium makes another notable contribution to French Literature. "Fleurs éparses" comprises the greater part of the volume, and is divided into three sections: 1st. poems directly bearing on Festivals and Devotions, arranged according to the Liturgical Year; 2nd. poems having no special relation to the circumstances which gave them inspiration: they include hymns and poems in honour of various saints, religious lyrics, and other compositions of a religious nature, as "A. Lacordaire" and "Rome Chrétienne" (written under the Dome



of Saint Peter's while awaiting Leo XIII's arrival 22<sup>nd</sup>. April 1894); 3<sup>rd</sup>. a collection of occasional poems—odes, sonnets, ballads; among them is a fine ode to Leo XIII, and another, "Christus vincit," on the death of Renan, "Pontife de l'erreur, prêtre du laïcisme." The series closes with a poem on Bethsaida, whence the author takes his episcopal title. To us the characteristic note of the collection is a calm religious beauty unspoilt by imaginative exuberance.

The "Sparsi flores" are vigorous Latin poems composed after the manner of the hymns and sequences of the Middle Ages. They are chiefly rhythmi or hymni in honour of Our Lord, Our Lady and the Saints; but among them are verses on the elections of Pius X. and of Pius XI. and one commemorating Cardinal Gasquet's Jubilee in 1917. J. C.

**A Century of Persecution Under Tudor and Stuart Sovereigns from Contemporary Records.** — By the Rev. St. GEORGE KIERAN HYLAND D. D., (pp. xiv, 465, Index 466-494. London: Kegan Paul).

We welcome this contribution to the history of the heroic times of our Martyrs. It is written by an Old Alumnus, at a time when his other labours as a Parish priest had to be suspended on account of serious illness. The author has based his work on the Loseley Records, which were documents numbering 2,000 papers and parchments and covering a period of over three hundred years, and these largely of an official character. But nothing remains of the documents now previous to the sixteenth century in the Muniment Room of Loseley Manor. "Of all these treasures not the least valuable are those which relate" says Dr. Hyland to that travesty of Reform wherein, with hypocritical effrontery, the Sovereigns and their minions made pious zeal a cloak for wholesale robbery and murder."

We thank Doctor Hyland for a valuable book, which throws many a sidelight on the motives and measures of the English Reformers and on the lives and deaths of the upholders of the Old Faith of England.



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## PANACEAS ET HOMOCEA

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Dear Mr. Editor,

You have my sincere thanks for showing me your modest Contributor's letter on the necessity of training preachers. It gives me an opportunity of unburdening the Rectorial bosom on this and other subjects to you and your readers.

It would be wise to publish the words of the letter:

"I hope there will soon be an article on the subject of Good Preaching and the practical means to be adopted in our Colleges and Seminaries to secure this object. When I was at the English College some of us realised that the means adopted were insufficient and we started a 'Sermon Club' during the Vacation at Monte Porzio.

Perhaps there are more facilities now for acquiring elocution but the subject is interesting and indeed most necessary. An expert might be asked to treat the subject and to point out the essential means to success."

Nothing could be more true and more just. I agree with your anonymous correspondent. But his letter is only one of several panaceas from loving and beloved friends of *Alma Mater*. There is the trouble, or the manifold source of perplexity for the Rector and for his devoted helper the Vice-Rector. In educational matters it is easy to be wise at a distance. After experience of institutional or personal defects in one's own course of study, each one has ready a special panacea for shortcomings in schooling. *Va bene!* Yet time is short, and capacity is limited. We desire to do all that is possible, and we would willingly give all that we have, barring our Eternal Salvation, for the greater good of the Venerable, emulating St. Paul in his zeal for his brethren. And so say all of us! Pour in your panaceas; we will welcome them. They are stimulating even when not directly practical in their perfect integrity.

Here is another panacea from the recesses of the Rector's cupboard. It comes from one of the most distinguished of our Old "Venerables," one of the best of our friends, whose words have double worth to me because of the days we spent together of old on the Portian and Tusculan heights, in company with "Solid" and with Shakespeare. Our friend is all for general culture,—literature, art, music. *Bravissimo!*

Yet another panacea is given me by a Right Reverend of the highest dignity. The Classical literatures of Rome and Greece and of Modern Italy and of England. *Optime!* Many other panaceas concentrate on Pastoral Theology, the study of Patristic literature, etc. Then comes a cold shower from the critics of the Common Room:

"Where and when are we to get it all in? We must have time and opportunity for prayer as well as for the sustenance and repose of our bodies!" Most just. The broken-down "warhorse" or the decrepit "lion" is no good for work in England. The live "donkey" is better. So these panaceas cannot be thrust upon our tender flock with the cast-iron hand of unreflecting authority. Why not introduce a little gentle homocea—to touch the spot—to temper the fiery violence of these panaceas? I believe the best work is done by willing brains: encourage rather than command. We ought to work for work's sake, 'tis true and obey for love of virtue. But God is gentle to our poor mould: He allows us to aim at ideals that are human, provided we do not sacrifice the highest to the lowest and lucrative. Well here, then is the Rector's proposed homocea. A prize worth having will be offered for the best preaching in Sermon Clubs at Palazzola. Details to follow. I once saw a wonderful printing press in the Bank of England reeling off crisp lovely pieces of paper, inscribed with mystic figures. So much homocea for "warhorses" overdosed with panaceas! *Premium qui merebit feret.* If you have faith in your panaceas for our Venerabile educational shortcomings send them along wrapped up in a bit of homocea for application to the right spots during villeggiatura time.

A. HINSLEY.

## OBITUARY.

**Rev. Alan Westby Perceval, M. A.** whose early death at the age of thirty nine years removed from the Catholic world a charming character and a great social worker. He was born in New Zealand in 1884, and educated at Wimbledon College and Lincoln College, Oxford. After teaching for four years at Stonyhurst and Beaumont, he spent two years in travelling and teaching in Spain, Germany and the Levant. Desiring to become a priest, he entered the Beda, then housed within the walls of the Venerabile, in 1911 and remained there until his ordination in 1915. For some time he acted as chaplain to the London General Hospital, and in 1917 was appointed chaplain to St. Joseph's Convent, Stockwell. He became Curate of the English Martyr's Streatham in 1921, where he died of pneumonia on January 21st. last. R. I. P.

**Very Reverend Daniel J. O' Donoghue D. D.** Born in Ireland in 1865 he studied humanities and philosophy at Ushaw; in 1886 he entered the Venerabile for theology and was ordained and took his degree of D. D. in 1888. For a short time he taught Dogmatic Theology at St. Joseph's College, Upholland and subsequently was curate at Preston and at Lytham and Rector of a new mission which he himself founded at Thornton. Thence he passed to the Rectorship of St. Mary's, Wigan, where he laboured, for the greater part also as Dean of the District, for the past eighteen years. In December last he was ordered to South America to recuperate his shattered health, but he died on board the S. S. "Desna" within one day's voyage of Rio di Janeiro on January 17th. The body was embalmed and brought back to Wigan for interment. R. I. P.