

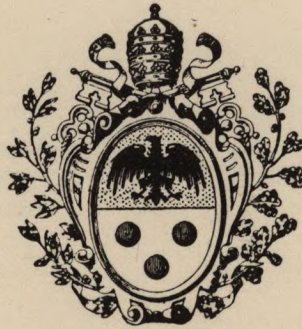




THE VENERABLE


 CONDUCTED
 BY THE
 PAST AND PRESENT
 STUDENTS





 OF THE
 VENERABLE
 ENGLISH COLLEGE
 ROME


CONTENTS

1. To Valvisciola-Fossanuova-Casamari (II) (<i>H. E. G. Rope, M. A.</i>)	Pag. 197
2. Rev. Father John Morris S. J., by Bishop Vaughan	» 209
3. The Royal visit to Rome - May 1923 (<i>W. J. O'Leary</i>)	» 214
4. Il Cinque Maggio	» 223
5. Cardinal Pole and the Papacy	» 231
6. The English Reformation and how it succeeded (I) (<i>R. L. S.</i>)	» 235
7. Spontaneities (<i>J. O'Connor</i>)	» 246
8. "Salvete Flores Martyrum" (<i>A. Clayton</i>)	» 249
9. My "Discovery" of South America (II) (<i>H. E. Card. Gasquet</i>)	» 256
10. On a Portrait of Linacre given by Lady Margaret Allchin to the Venerable (<i>A. H.</i>)	» 262
11. Centenaries (<i>J. C.</i>)	» 266
12. College Notes, Easter to September 30th. 1923	» 268
13. Sports Notes	» 280
14. Our Book Shelf	» 282

THE VENERABLE

So these panaceas cannot be thrust upon our tender neck with the cast-iron head of unrelucting authority. Why not introduce a little gentle homoeopathy—to touch the spot, to temper the fiery violence of these panaceas? I believe the best is done by willing brains: encourage rather than command. He that obeys for love will do more than the highest reward. He that obeys for fear will do nothing. He that obeys for love will do more than the highest reward. He that obeys for fear will do nothing. He that obeys for love will do more than the highest reward. He that obeys for fear will do nothing.



IMPRIMATUR

✦ JOSEPH PALICA, Arch. Philipp.

Rev. Alan Weston, Vicesger. early death at the age of thirty nine years removed from the Catholic world a charming character and a great social worker was born in New Zealand in 1851, and educated at Wimbledon College and Lincoln College. He spent two years in travelling and was ordained by Bishop Ussher in 1874. He was appointed to the parishes of St. John's and St. Peter's, and was later transferred to St. Mary's, Wigan, where he laboured for the last eighteen years of his life. He was a devoted worker for the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and his death was a great loss to the Church.

ROMA

SCUOLA TIPOGRAFICA SALESIANA

Via Marsala, 42

Anno Domini M. D. LXXVIII die 23 Mensis Aprilis
questum fuit coram Rmo Dno Spectato Mediolanensi
vices Rmi Cardinalis Moroni tenenti, et R. P. P. J. J.
cola Provinciali et Ruberto Bellarmino Sociorum
Jesu ab omnibus Infrascriptis Scholaribus Animo
parati vitam ecclesiasticam ducere, et in Angliam
proprie quotiescumq Superiortibus visum fuerit
Et responderunt ut infra

- 1. Pater Ludolphus Thaurinus Annorum 27 Sacerdos Sacrae Theologiae studens hunc an-
natis scripsit unicus, et pater hodie eius pariter cum admissionem bursarum in dno
causam inuicem professi. Missus fuit in Angliam, et factus est MARTYR.
- 2. Pater Richardus Hadikus Annorum 27 Sacerdos Sacrae Theologiae datus operam dno
in iuramento promissit. Missus fuit in Angliam ad archiepiscopum.
- 3. Pater Hieronymus Anthonius Annorum 27 Sacerdos Sacrae Theologiae datus operam idem an-
natis. Missus fuit in Angliam ut supra.
- 4. Pater Iohannes Mondibei Annorum 27 Sacerdos Sacrae Theologiae datus operam idem an-
natis promissit. Missus fuit in Angliam ut supra.
- 5. Pater Iohannes Hieronymus Annorum 27 Sacerdos Sacrae Theologiae datus operam idem an-
natis promissit. Missus fuit in Angliam ut supra.
- 6. Pater Constantinus Fides Annorum 27 Sacerdos Sacrae Theologiae datus operam idem an-
natis promissit. Missus fuit in Angliam ut supra.
- 7. Pater Iohannes Kiribus Annorum 30 Sacerdos Sacrae Theologiae datus operam idem an-
natis promissit. Missus fuit in Angliam ut supra.
- 8. Pater Gualterus Harigenus Annorum 26 Sacerdos Sacrae Theologiae datus operam idem an-
natis promissit. Missus fuit in Angliam ut supra.
- 9. Pater Eduardus Distotomus Annorum 27 Sacerdos Sacrae Theologiae datus operam idem an-
natis promissit. Missus fuit in Angliam ut supra.
- 10. Pater Georgius Birkelius Annorum 27 Sacerdos Sacrae Theologiae datus operam idem an-
natis promissit. Missus fuit in Angliam ut supra.

TO VALVISCIOLA - FOSSANUOVA - CASAMARI

II.

At the station, to which a kind of inn was attached, they told me the way to the abbey of Valvisciola. The station officials were just homely peasants in fine red peaked caps. Indeed, the Italian official, though he loves to parade his fine feathers, is a very human, often too human person, allowing much to slip through his fingers and, in some cases, it is said, not a little to cleave to them.

It was now towards sunset and the road led up between hedges and gardens—one might have been in England, and the levels below a Suffolk marsh—full of fresh after-shower fragrance of privet and wild roses. A group of peasant men came homeward across a bridge built over a wild bosky ravine by Pius IX, but the torrent it spans was dried up, leaving a bed of white gravel. Nightingales were singing here in the valley they gave name to. Just beyond this, on a little brow of land, looking seawards was the Abbey, which had been visible from beyond Ninfa, though since hidden by the footslopes under the cliffs, sheer above whose edge was perched the little city of Norba reached by extensive zigzags of rough by-road. This eyrie made one almost giddy to look at from beneath. The Abbey itself was distinguished by its rose-window and pointed doorway.

I heard sounds of the chanting of divine office within the closed door and the buildings that flanked it were also closed. Turning to the north side of the church, I found a well-made

path that led round the east end to a doorway over a little fosse. I rang or knocked, and a laybrother came and welcomed me, took me through the sacristy into the darkening church where the small Trappist community were reciting Vespers behind the high altar. The church—very small for an abbey—was of a very austere Gothic, unmoulded pointed arches springing from massive square piers. After compline, the prior immediately came forward and welcomed me leading me out into the parlour and then into the garden, a small but beautiful not over-cultivated enclosure full of roses, with a view to the sea, over which a quiet red glow filled the sky. The Prior was no architectural enthusiast, but knew well the history of the monastery. Their property stretched some way up into the valley and included at least one of the hilltops marked with a cross. In and around the garden were the flowering Judas-trees which make the Janiculum a purple garment at springtide, lilac, hawthorn, flags, geraniums, snapdragons and snowy sprays of the Star of Bethlehem. A few butterflies now and then, and the rumble of the last carts homeward to the neighbouring steadings. A hawk flitted by in the dusk. The fragrant coolness and silence of Italian evening, the courteous welcome to an utter stranger, the religious peace, mountains, seaboard, and dim-descried edge of the ocean made it an evening henceforward part and parcel of me. Truly one might say:

*“ The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration. ”*

“ Roaring London, raving Paris, ” were an incredible tale of horror, and modern Rome, making feverish efforts to follow them, scarcely more credible. The land sank to slumber under the vesper prayers as she had done any time these many centuries. That men should seek out the great cities where there are so many souls in dire need of succour is not surprising: it is ennobling. That men should of deliberate choice *prefer* the modern fluster of flaring broadways to the peace of a Catholic countryside, *this* has never ceased to astound me. It is as though a man should deliberately of set preference (not from a supernatural thirst of penance) choose sickness rather than health. An age of hurry cannot much regard history but beyond all

doubt the modern hustle is the abnormal and exceptional state of things seen in historical perspective. The *Grossstadtleben* is not and never will be the Christian ideal, the Christian norm. Its growth has kept pace with Christendom's apostacy. I for one have faith that it will dwindle with Christendom's new birth; not that considerable cities will cease, but symmetrical swamps of pagan masonry and riotous gasflare will.

He then gave me an excellent supper in the guest-room, and showed me the portrait of the late English Prior White of Valvisciola, and the room where Pius IX had slept, now his chapel, with its recording tablet, and told me the derivation of the name, Vallis—Lusciniae (1); after which we went back to the church for Rosary. Save for a few candles behind the altar, it was quite dark and quite northern. Nobody really knows what a true Gothic church is until he is familiar with it by night as by day.

After this, I retired to my room looking straight over the marshes under the huge starry sky to the thin line of sea beyond its fringe of scrub and woodland.

There was a purplish light towards the shore and several columns of charcoal-burners' smoke from the forest.

Saturday 18 April. — About 5.40 next day I was called, and went down to the church. The prior said Mass at the High Altar and gave me Holy Communion. There were only 4 or 5 peasants in the nave. The two or three other priests followed. They gave me good coffee and bread and butter. Towards 7.30 I looked out from my room. Nightingales and blackbirds were singing in the gardens beneath, while silver beacons of smoke still marked the charcoal-burners' ovens in the shoreward woodlands. To the left Sermoneta and its cliff stood out like a promontory, hiding the further line of mountain, and the sunlight

(1) Enlart quotes from the Act of foundation, bearing the date 1240. "Omnes fundatores et constitutores venerabilis abbacie Vallis Rosine, vulgariter dicte de Valvisciolo situate in territorio Carpineti."

Ibid. in dicta abbazia Valvisciolo (*sic*).

Ibid. dictam abbatiam Vallisviscioli.

Ibid. prior dicte abbacie Valviscioli... de Valvisciolo.

Origines françaises de l'architecture Gothique en Italie (1894), p. 11.

struck upon its lava-built castle-walls. A kite was sailing near Norba. A fragrant group of eucalyptus trees, planted by the monks at the east end of the church, reminded one of Tre Fontane.

I then examined the church more attentively. The south side was masked by conventual buildings of very fair modern Romanesque—the north side had shores or buttresses of a single slope and squared windows in pointed framework, and a blocked doorway with a corbelled lintel. The apse had three pointed windows (the central one with cast-iron tracery!). The west door had also a corbelled lintel under its tympanum, the left corbel being carved into a very quaint head such as only Lombard work could parallel in Italy. On the tympanum itself was a fading mediæval fresco. Within the church, the inner chancel arch was pointed, the outer almost if not perfectly round. The cloister is exceptionally beautiful, for the grace and proportions of its round-headed arches resting on pairs of Gothic shafts and capitals. A most delightful country boy came to the Abbey, bringing milk, I think. The real treasure-house of Italy is her marvellous child-life, innocent, graceful, “tractable though wild.” There is a direct simplicity, an utter absence of snobbery or self-consciousness about them, wherever Italy remains Italy. How it may be in the industrial north I know not. God grant that the black death of industrialism and “progressive” education remain far from the Catholic centre and south at least. Let it be content with its havoc in half-Teutonized Milan and other such places. Italian childhood is baptized nature, all that is beautiful in Nature preserved and enhanced by grace, and unsmirched by artificiality. “Italy also has the true and triumphant religion; but its engrafting into the pagan, of the supernatural into the very flesh-and-blood foundation of the soul, is so utterly undisguised” (1).

Soon after this I had unwillingly to make my farewells to the Prior—who was only prevailed on with great difficulty to accept an alms for the poor, utterly refusing anything for the monastery—and the courteous laybrother, and make my way down to the station of Sermoneta. I crossed the bridge again

(1) Fr. MARTINDALE, *The Waters of Twilight*, p. 115.

over the gravel-white torrent-bed. Goldfinches were many about here. A number of children in country costume passed me. The way bordered with borage led quickly down through the vineyards. Near the abbey I passed several soldiers. In the station men were discussing the threatened railway strike. In the train some of the countryfolk were in corduroys. We had a good glimpse of Valvisciola, over garden and vineyard, passed under the cliff of Sermoneta and a ruined convent near by. The charcoalburners' fires marked the seaboard over the flat fenland on the right, which presently became more and more varied with regions of bright green and sheets of standing water, and was closed in by the upstanding promontory of Circeo shimmering grey in the distance, a great cloven peak with a long steep slope above a relatively short cliff, the kind of outline that Turner especially delighted in. To the left vine and olive divided the slopes with red patches of oakleaf. Frequent poplars on the right and grazing cattle. The rich fenland was dotted with golden blossom. Sedums crowned the low walls. The Volscian ranges were all of limestone and very bleak save on the footslopes, with a bleakness rather enhanced than lessened by the olivegroves. Occasional auburn spots on the higher slopes. Wooden cabins frequent about Sezze and beyond it, with stone bases. At the latter place a great crowd was assembled in the station. Red streaks among the limestone crags up a side valley. About the cabins were many fields of artichokes, and flowering beans. In this neighbourhood the sheets of water began to come close up to the line. The soil looked rich and dark. From Sermoneta to Sezze an anti-clerical gentleman favoured me with his best scowls and muttered "bagarozzo." On the left a valley opening suddenly gave a view of the inner Volscians, great grim peaks over bleak limestone moors. I recalled how high up is the valley which divides the Volscians lengthwise into two enormous bastions, running from new Segni to Piperno. Leo XIII first saw the light in the palace of the Counts of Pecci in 1809, and I thought into how different a world he was born, whose death seems but of yesterday; how his father is portrayed with an 18th-century wig; and I longed to explore and see whether Carpineto had escaped the modern deluge and remained the simple birthplace of the noble Pon-

tiff. By the grace of God it is still many miles from the nearest railway.

We now left the Pontines by the valley that runs between Monte Seiano and the Volscians into the level amphitheatre below Piperno. The latter town stands on a steepish hill, the roads and paths to it fetching a wide compass round the slopes. The view of the Volscians was grand with its steep walls and many high peaks, conspicuous with firm grey shadows—northwards where the road from Carpineto and Segni came down, two little mountain towns regarded each other across the valley, Maenza and Roccaporga, keeping watch over the road far below them. The charm of such places is hard to define, and largely due to their situation. Beautiful in themselves, as ancient northern townlets are beautiful, they are not, they have few if any architectural graces, and little colour but the grey stone and orange lichen on brown-grey tile, a compact yet irregular flock of low roofs gathered under a plain post-renaissance church-tower. Yet these simple chords are touched to magic harmonies by morn and even, their greyness consorts with the limestone slopes of scanty scrub and barren scree, their place of honour gives them a kind of vivid personality, these tiny little wardens of the Volscian wolds who may exchange greetings or missiles with equal ease across the far-down highway. One may fancy even now that they hurl defiance to the Quirites and

*“ the trumpet-call that peals to them
To charge the Volscians home. ”*

In the aspect of central and southern Italy, even in sight of the railway, time stands still, and little townleted hills face each other across the plains and valleys as though they were still the strongholds of rival tribes, and Samnite, Volscian and Latin still disputed the land. Hard silvery shimmer of slope, hard grim shadow of limestone peak under the flooding blue.

I reached the town by rough paths that cut off the angles of road. Near by in the outskirts of the city I saw a fine Gothic window of two cusped arches divided by a tiny pillar, and then reached a road along the summit which led leftwards between the fringing houses.

Towards the end of the level a space opened on the right by the municipal palace, a fine Gothic building, and revealed the steps of the cathedral and its beautiful 13th century portico, wherein an inscription tells us :

*Annus millenus centenus bis quadragenus
Tertius aetatis Christi cum Luci dedisti
Principium nostrae ecclesiae per te benedictae,
Stabit in aeternum felix struit ordo Pipernum
Tempus erat vernum; voluit sic Esse supernum.*

Inside a man and two or three boys were scrubbing the floor of a building perpetrated by the eighteenth century Vandals; it did not surprise me, for outside I had read an inscription stating with the coolest effrontery, that:

*Templum hoc vetustum Virgini Immaculatae dicatum a Lucio III pont. max.
solemniter consecratum, anno Domini MCLXXXIII de hinc, temporum iniuria
partim ruens, pulchriori forma restitutum anno Salutis MDCLXXXIII.*

On which Enlart well comments:

La refaçon que les chanoines du siècle dernier ont eu le sang-froid d'intituler forma pulchrior, a laissé le porche intact, mais n'a respecté dans le reste de l'édifice que les piliers du carré du transept et l'extérieur des murs des bas côtés. Ces murs conservent des restes de fenêtres en plein cintre, à encadrement chanfreiné.

(Origines francaises etc., pag. 131).

Comparable to the 18th century chapters at Chartres or Rheims or Bourges! Indignation at such flatulence of barbarian pride leaves one speechless. The best comment is that made by a living Italian prelate to Mr. Frothingham: "these men make us regret the Vandals".

Beyond this the way descended under a gateway whose outer wall had an intricately carven Gothic window. Then I found myself upon a very rocky slope down which a mule-road stumbled towards the valley. Opposite eastwards were round bastioned hills, with Roccasecca dei Volsci perched high above, and the southward valley was hidden by a further fold of Mte. Siano dense with copse and vineyard. Beneath the wayside wall was a rounded slope of olive trees. About half-way down I came upon a ruined church. Nothing was standing but the

walls. A group of women wearing bright kerchiefs and ear-pendants, came slowly up the hill carrying baskets on their heads. They told me the church had been burnt down quite recently by ruffians of the neighbourhood. "Anti-clericals?" They did not know. It was likely enough. They passed sadly on. I am afraid they would hardly be approved of by our feminists (1). They put their trust in God and His blessed Mother, not in votes, speeches and printage. They look up to their husbands. In short they are ideal Catholic peasantwomen, slow to speech and patient to endure, moving with the same quiet dignity as their mothers through all the Christian ages, modest, unhurried, constant in hard toil and steadfast devotion, not proclaiming dignity but unconsciously possessing it. They and their children are the richly-filled treasury of Italy. They are the real beauty of the land.

On the opposite side on an angle of the wall was painted a poor copy of Murillo's Assumption in a wayside shrine.

Of the rest of my pilgrimage I have, unhappily, scarcely any notes preserved. Through the sunny Amaseno valley, between fragrant meadows abounding in bee-orchids, gay with goldfinch and magpie, and flowering copses, underwood, and honeysuckle. I took the Terracina road, whose banks were alert with lizards, as far as Fossanuova. Donkeys were here more seen than mules. Near where the Amaseno emerges into the plain stands the magnificent grey stone abbey, a great building of French character and design save for the low pitch of roof and lack of flying buttresses, beyond which are a tiny village and gardens and clumps of cork trees and eucalyptus trees—those marvellous quellers of marshy pestilence. One of the houses had sham Gothic window-heads painted upon it! The Gothic two-storied belfry-tower, crowned with an arched cupola, also Gothic, over the crossing has been well restored (it was half ruined); and jackdaws were flying about it. The east end, which is first approached, is square, without any projecting chapel, and lighted by one round arch-framed circular window, sub-divided into segments of circles that enclose an inner circle, the triple arcade near the ground being blind. The windows of the aisles,

(1) In 1914.

clerestories and the choir are all round-headed and plain, harmonising well with the plain but excellent buttresses. The south transept door, however, is hood-moulded.

The west front, slightly marred by the broken-off designs of a portico (1), is noble and French in character, the large rose window and pointed central arch being great achievements. The latter has a band of mosaic upon the *trumeau*; the tympanum is pierced by a segment of radiated archwork—roundheaded with pointed intersections. The blending of round and pointed work in these Cistercian churches deserves special study, and seems to me a singularly happy demonstration of the possibilities of Gothic capital and pillar blended with Romanesque arcading. An English example may be found in the thirteenth-century roundheaded nave-arches of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury.

The interior is striking, narrow and lofty as in France, but square-ended. The nave-arches have flat archbands and the intervening vaults are ribless. A slight rent in the vault of the crossing enabled me to see the bell in the tower. The sanctuary is well-tended, while the nave has a rather desolate appearance, the stone flags being bare of any seats or benches or signs of human frequenting, save for two tall pillared holy water fonts at the nave-foot.

The chapter house is a singularly perfect gem—pure thirteenth century French in character (excepting the round-headed windows and door giving on to the cloister), the engaged clustered shafts, finely ribbed vaulting and exquisite proportions are beyond praise. Against the side walls the vault-arches are supported by half pillars with three engaged shafts, at the corners by a single independent shaft, their bases being about two feet above the low stone bench that lines the walls.

Rivalling this marvel in sheer beauty is the cloister with its painted arch-openings of mingled plain and twisted-grooved pairs of colonnettes. From the cloister protrudes into the garth a square building with a pyramidal roof crowned with an open square cupola or tiny *loggia* formed of eight Gothic colonnettes, some with twisted grooves, upbearing in classic fashion a tiny pyramidal canopy. This structure, once, I believe, the monk's lav-

(1) Like those of Casamari. or Piperno Cathedral.

atory—it now encloses a graceful fountain—for sheer architectural beauty is one of the most perfect achievements I have ever beheld. The three projecting sides are formed of two round-headed arches springing from the engaged shafts of the corner piers, and divided by a central pillar: all have French Gothic capitals but the pillar facing across the cloister is classically fluted, perhaps an old Roman column. The two projecting outer corners have been beautified by a tiny colonnette inserted in a right-angled indent between the eaves cornice and the prolonged abacus of the piers. The most beautiful white roses were in full bloom in the cloister garth, shaded with ilex and full of plants. Cool cloister, clear fountain, fragrant flowers, perfect building, and sunlight agleam on belfry tower, the blue fire of Italian heaven overarching and the peace of God pervading, filling, uplifting and supernaturalising it all. The heart is moved to cry out: *haec requies mea in saeculum saeculi, hic habitabo quoniam elegi eam*. But alas! to few is it given to become Carthusians—the present occupants of the abbey.

If I must tear myself away let it be while its incredible beauty is fresh in mind and no disillusioning thoughts have time to enter. Here is a glimpse of the Earthly Paradise—and the modern Italian admires Manchester!! But it is Fossanuova that will survive when “Progress” is dead and buried.

A lay brother showed me the cell where St. Thomas died—a kind of alcove now filled by an altar of late date: there is nothing contemporary with the glorious saint and doctor.

A man named Virgilio di Paus (I am not sure of the surname) consented to drive me to Frosinone for so and so many francs, I think 16. In the plain below Piperno we passed the scant ruins of Roman—once Volscian Privernum (whence the name). The varying peaks of the huge Lepini range were sometimes hidden by rainclouds and a stormy shower overtook us under the bleak footslopes of Mte. Cacume. Mte. Acuto stood out grandly with its crowning cross and chapel; the general aspect of the Lepini seemed to me gaunt and bare, with limestone scree and scant wooded patches. Near Prossedi I first had sight of snow-capped Apennine peaks. It was hard to leave Ceccano, some miles away on the right, unvisited, with its beautiful 13th century church, St. Maria al Fiume, and frescoes, and

perfect ambon. Perched up high on the right is Giuliano di Roma, a famous resort of brigands, I believe, in no distant past. There is a long run down to the plain of the Sacco, a tributary of the Liri, whose own tributary, the Fossa Cosa, is reached near the station of Frosinone. The town itself stands on a hill to the right, its white tower belongs but to a modern town hall.

Here I waited for the omnibus that plied to Veroli, whose courteous conductor stopped for me near the abbey. It was now dusk, and the fathers were just passing through the cloister from compline, but the guest-master, Dom Mauro Cossoni, at a sign from the courteous Prior, showed me every hospitality and kindness. My room looked on to the cloister, under the ineffable starlight of Italy. About 10 o'clock Draco and the Great Bear stood reversed over the little square belfry tower of the abbey. I woke next morning to the sound of manifold peasants driving and walking to the *Festa* at Monte S. Giovanni along the opposite side of the Amaseno Valley, singing as they went. To point the contrast with "St. Lubbock" and his "Bank Holiday" were perhaps superfluous; it is the whole difference between Catholic joy, "speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual canticles" and its after-Christian substitute.

The church itself was the most perfect of its group I had seen (San Martino al Cimino, Valvisciola, and Fossanuova were the others, San Galgano I know only by photograph), but its cloister and chapter house must yield the palm in my humble opinion, to Fossanuova. For here the chapter pillar-shafts are bevelled off somewhat ungracefully to the wall surface while the central pillar-clusters are marred by a stone ring half-way down, which mars the effect of their height, too small to justify such break. The interior of the abbey with its ribbed, vaulted and beautiful pillars and capitals far surpasses the interior of Fossanuova or even San Martino. Over the entrance gate is a loggia, with pairs of moulded round arches, that is in its way one of the loveliest things in Italy or the world. The west front has a very graceful circular window like the eastern one of Fossanuova flanked by two broad lancets just above a fine portico of three wide round arches, approached by a flight of

stone steps flanked by a pair of cypresses and two columns bearing short obelisks.

I remember that there were a good number of peasants, in comely local costume, at early Mass, although less than usual owing to the Festa at Monte S. Giovanni. Dom Mauro Cossoni was and is, I hope, *si vescitur aura* ⁷*aetherea*, perfect in expert knowledge of the architecture and history of the Abbey, an enthusiast for the old French Gothic which he readily admitted to be far superior to Italian Gothic (1) and an exceedingly kind guide: he showed me all over the abbey precincts, stopping to talk to a very courteous countryman near the gate, and gave me after dinner a copy of his learned pamphlet on the birth-place of Cicero, Arpinum (Arpino) just over the border of the old Neapolitan frontier (the river Liri).

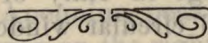
In the afternoon I walked down to Frosinone, and took the train for Rome. These Italian holidays with visits to pilgrim shrines, surely these are the true glimpses of the Earthly Paradise, which can be nothing but a transient foregleam of the heavenly?

*I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.*

H. E. G. ROPE, M. A.

(1) "The Gothic architecture of Italy was to remain both racially alien and in its nature episodic. In the former class are those churches the designs of which were apparently imported almost bodily from Burgundy by the Cistercian monks, such as Fossanuova, Casamari, and San Galgano, all works of great beauty of form and proportion, all vaulted in stone, the two former having fully developed rib vaults with stilted lateral arches in good Gothic form, though in none is the buttress system well developed".

(R. A. CRAM in *Catholic Encycl.* vol. VI, pp. 677-8).



REV. FATHER JOHN MORRIS S. J.

BY BISHOP VAUGHAN

On being asked to give a brief sketch of the life of the Rev. John Morris who was one of the best known of the Vice-Rectors of the Venerable English College, I at once turned to Cardinal Gasquet's recent "History of the College," feeling sure that one so clever, so versatile, and so saintly would most certainly receive some attention from the Cardinal. But I was disappointed. I do not remember any paragraph about him, and his name is certainly not to be found in the Index, where many names of inferior men are carefully chronicled.

Father John Morris, who was not always a Catholic, was born in the Madras Presidency, on July 4th, 1826, and was the eldest of a large family of fifteen children. He was brought to England by his father in 1831 and sent to school at East Sheen when eight years old, where he does not seem, from his own account, to have been quite a St. Aloysius, nor to have had much to attract him to the practices of religion. He writes: "I may have been taught that God heard my prayers, but I cannot recollect a single thought about God during all those years of my life. On Sunday mornings we were marched to Mortlake Church, where we had a pew in the corner of a gallery, from which we could see nothing and hear nothing. Our amusement was to climb on one another's shoulders, and see how high we could write our names." At twelve years of age, he was sent to Harrow, where however he remained but one year, then he and his brother Henry returned to India, in charge of a tutor, who presided over their studies. They remained in their father's house till November, 1841. The future Vice-Rector

was somewhat shy, and very conscious of it. In a letter to his parents in 1842, he writes:—"I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am wearing off my uncomfortable shyness, which I remember you used not to like at all. I can now speak to a young lady, and look at her when she speaks to me, without turning as red as a turkey-cock, and feeling as uncomfortable as possible all the while. You need not however be afraid that I shall go to the opposite extreme. I shall take good care of that."

In 1845 John Morris went to Cambridge, just about the time when the whole of England was ringing with the news of John H. Newman's reception into the Catholic Church. Thousands of Anglicans besides Morris felt that their own adherence to the body in which they were born, might soon become a point for serious consideration, and they set about examining anew the grounds of safety for their own position. It was not long before Morris' clear and logical mind saw and embraced the truth. In a letter to Mr Phillipps, written in 1846, he writes:—"I have been more and more enabled to see that the Roman Church is the Catholic Church, so I have also seen that what she authoritatively teaches as doctrine is to be believed as **The Truth**. This I do most heartily believe, and therefore acknowledging her to be the Church, I have *thrown away my private judgment* and unhesitatingly believe all she bids me."

In the Autumn of this same year he journeyed to Rome, "the only place," he observes, "in the whole world, where all men of every nation under heaven can feel themselves at home." A few days after his arrival, Pope Pius IX took solemn possession of St John Lateran's, his cathedral Church. John Morris thus describes a sight, common enough in the good old days, but not to be seen now, viz a Papal *Cavalcata*. These are his words:—The procession on horseback looked as though it had just ridden out of a mediæval picture. The cross-bearer was there on a white mule, but the Pope was in a state carriage with two Cardinals, and the rest of the sacred College awaited him at St John Lateran's. But the prelates and officials were all on horseback, some of them old men, who looked nervous in their cappas and tasselled hats, though a groom walked on each side of their horse's head, and some of them young men,

especially the Chamberlains of *Cappa e spada*, in their velvets and chains and frills, who seemed to wish to show off their horsemanship."

*"The left heel thrust insidiously aside
Provoked the caper that it seemed to hide."*

Three years later J. Morris was ordained priest in St John Lateran's by Cardinal Patrizi, Bishop of Albano and the Pope's Cardinal-Vicar. His heart was full to overflowing of joy and gratitude for so priceless a gift. "I cannot tell you," he writes, "the consolation I feel in my ordination. If it were nothing else, the celebration of Mass is such a priceless blessing that I have nothing else but itself that I can offer in thanksgiving for it: it hallows everything in the day, and calms my soul in such a way that I am reminded in resting upon it, of the privilege of my holy patron, St John, at the first Mass that was ever celebrated."

But I must omit a vast amount of interesting matter, for which there is no room, and pass over all his delightful accounts of his visits to Tivoli, Subiaco, Monte Cassino, Genazzano and other places, and explain how he came to be appointed Vice-Rector of the Venerabile.

On returning to England from Rome, in the Summer of 1850, he was first appointed Secretary of Bishop Wareing of Northampton, then chaplain to Mr Scott Murray: then he took over the charge of the parish of Great Marlow, where he devoted the first vigorous years of his priesthood. He was appointed Canon in June 1852, though only five and twenty years old.

During all this time, he felt himself drawn more and more strongly to the religious life. In the course of years this call seemed to grow not only stronger but more definite. He wished to become a member of the Society of Jesus. He made several attempts to carry out this resolve, but he could not well be spared, and his superiors always found some excellent reason for getting him to "delay yet awhile." It was this circumstance, strangely enough, which led to his becoming Vice-Rector. He was offered this post in 1853, and looked at it as a providential if indirect way out of all his difficulties, so he accepted it without delay, and was at his new post before midsummer

of that year. This is what he himself said:—"When the vicerectorship of the English College was first offered to me, I did not hesitate to accept it, because I thought that as long as I remained at Gt. Marlow, the Bishop might always say with truth that he could not spare me." Father Morris thought, and reasonably, that the way to the Jesuit novitiate would be easier and shorter from the Venerabile than from what was fast becoming a busy mission, like Gt. Marlow.

During the time he acted as Vice-Rector he made many most interesting expeditions and managed to see all that was most worth seeing. He was an ideal companion for a holiday, brimfull of interest in all that he saw, and able to impart it to others thro' his admirable power of conversation. He describes many of the Rambles with the students, and the pleasure and amusement they afforded him. Many of the excursions were made on horseback, but these were generally limited to one day, and were not nearly so enjoyable as the expeditions on foot, when there was a new resting place each night to look forward to.

Speaking of one of these expeditions, he writes:—"We were a party of eight, seven students and myself, who was Vice-Rector, and of course in some sense in charge. I do not now feel quite certain who all these seven were, but five names recur to me readily, and of those five four are dead. God rest them! They became zealous priests, who did God good service in England." In these rambles, they were sometimes given lodging in a religious house, and sometimes they tried their fortunes at an *osteria*. They generally preferred the Inn, because they could order what food they liked. "Once an excellent Abbot of a monastery received us with open arms, and showed us what religious hospitality was; but all his good will could not suggest to him that Englishmen wanted a solid breakfast, and were not good for much exertion without it. Overnight we had done excellently, but in the morning, after an early Mass, and by way of preparation for a *long day's walk in the mountains*, the breakfast to which our kind hearted Abbot introduced us consisted of a tiny cup of chocolate, a sponge cake, and a glass of lemonade! We took it, but promised ourselves that before we left the town we would drop in on

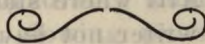
some house of entertainment and secure some bread and butter and *café au lait*, and if possible a little meat. What was our consternation when we discovered that our Abbot was bent on seeing us a mile or two on our way. This kindness was most embarrassing! and we got no more breakfast."

Father John Morris became a Jesuit at the end of 1866, but he did not remain Vice-Rector of the Venerabile up to that date. He returned to England, was made first Canon of the Northampton Diocese, Archivist, Notary, and Ceremonialist. He then joined the Westminster Diocese, and (on the death of Canon Long) became Canon Penitentiary. He lived with Cardinal Wiseman, whom he attended most assiduously in his last illness and then with Cardinal Manning. "Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman," he said, "was the man given us by Providence for his time: his successor, Henry Edward Cardinal Manning, was the providential man of the time that followed. All England might have been searched through and through, and no rival found for either."

Father Morris' literary work was considerable, but there is no space to dwell either upon that or upon his many other splendid activities, which will assuredly have secured for him an exceedingly glorious place in God's heavenly Kingdom.

As is well known, he died (1893) quite suddenly in the pulpit. The last words he uttered were:—"Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." He then fell backwards into the arms of a gentleman, who had run up the pulpit steps to assist him, and was carried by him and others into the sacristy. Thus he passed away while actually performing one of the most important duties of a priest and is now, we may surely believe, enjoying the inconceivable delights of the favoured children of God.

Note. — In compiling the above slight sketch I wish to express my indebtedness to the Rev. J. H. Pollen's *Life and Letters of Fr John Morris of the Society of Jesus*.



The Royal visit to Rome = May 1923

It is no trifling reason that will induce the Venerable student to give up his siesta and to seek the sun-scorched streets of Rome: but on Monday, May 7th., scarcely a window in the College was shuttered, (nor was anybody to be seen in the College), but students in groups of four might be seen walking at a smart pace in the direction of the Via Nazionale—even the most dignified appearing a little less composed than usual and the lighter-headed looking quite excited. Some had bought miniature Union Jacks, and red, white and blue ribbon formed a rather unusual addendum to the sober soprano. And the reason of all this untoward wakefulness at 2-30 in the afternoon and highness of spirits was that King George and Queen Mary were to arrive that day on their official visit to Italy.

On reaching the Via Nazionale, we saw that really lavish preparations had been made for the reception of their Majesties. Even those who profess to depreciate everything Italian, were forced to admit that the preparations were on a royal scale. The whole route from the Station to the Quirinal was lined with troops and gaily decorated with festooned pillars, surmounted with gilt emblems. The British and Italian flags flew from alternate pillars, and the escutcheons of the Royal Houses of England and Italy were also conspicuous.

Respectable Rome had turned out to see the pageant, some armed with flowers to shower—according to their warm-hearted custom—on their visitors. English Rome had congregated about the Palazzo delle Belle Arti where stands had been erected for English residents. The writer not having a ticket for a stand and the official, kindly but firmly, refusing him admittance with-

out one, had of necessity to take his place among the crowd, perhaps the better position. Here we had to wait a considerable time, but it was not wearisome, as it was rather interesting to watch the arrangements that were going forward. Generals and admirals drove by, some in motor cars, some in stately carriages and some in hack-driven carrozze, the last rather out of keeping with the rows and rows of medals, orders and stars worn by the occupants. Everybody official seemed pleased with himself and smiled benignly on the crowd as he passed. The Senate were in closed carriages and accompanied by officers on horseback. The "Patres Conscripti" wore cylinder hats (as the Italians call them: we should say tall-hats) and tail coats. A picturesque sight was the carriage of the Sindaco—or rather, since the Fascist regime, the Regio Commissario—of Rome (Signor Cremonesi). It was an old-fashioned gilt coach with postillions, and it rattled gaily, if not too steadily, up the Nazionale, followed by the cheers of the crowd and of the Sapienza students. The top-hat and frockcoat of the bowing Commissario inside, however, seemed rather discordant with the eighteenth century pageantry of the car.

About 2.50 p. m. all the Ministers, Diplomats, Generals, Admirals and hangers-on had passed, and we expected any minute the Royal procession to be sighted. Precisely at 3.0 p. m. three big grey airships hovered over us, accompanied by a large aeroplane and several smaller planes. This was the first indication of the arrival of the visitors, for this aerial fleet had left Rome to meet the royal train and had accompanied it on the way.

At the Station King George and Queen Mary were received by the King and Queen of Italy and were introduced to prominent members of the Italian court and Legislature, after which the Regio Commissario read an address of welcome and the party started for the Quirinal.

The first sign we had of the approach of the procession was the distant cheering, then the rattle of harness and then the gleam of the breast-plates of the Royal Italian Life Guards, men of great stature who looked very smart in their polished cuirasses and helmets with flowing plumes. Behind the guards came the Royal carriages, and on the box of each, in perriwig

and flaming scarlet coat, sat the driver, with a merry rubicund face, who seemed to be in danger of apoplexy at every shake of the carriage. In the first vehicle were members of the Court, and in the second — *Ecco il Re!* — King George on the right of his host the King of Italy, in the scarlet uniform of a British Field-Marshal.

When the procession arrived at the Palazzo delle Belle Arti the bystanders were surprised to see and hear sixty odd students in Roman collar and cassock suddenly shout madly and wave outlandish hats in the air. It was without doubt an unusual sight for the average Roman, but it was only our first English College cheer, which was acknowledged by the King. The two Queens rode in the next carriage, and were everything that even a critic could desire — gracious and queenly. Again a rousing cheer went up from the "English Quarter". In the other carriages were rather interesting people of the Royal Suite, Admiral Sir Charles Madden, General the Earl of Cavan, (who commanded the British Forces in Italy during the War), and the Right Hon. Sir F. Ponsonby, Keeper of the Privy Purse. The Dowager Countess of Minto was in attendance on the Queen. On their arrival at the Quirinal, the enthusiasm was so great that the Royal Party had to show themselves on the balcony to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd outside.

In the evening the first Banquet of State was given in honour of the King and Queen and attended by the Court, the Government and the Diplomatic Corps. During the week of the Royal Visit, the programme was filled with official engagements, sight-seeing, gala performances at the Theatres and receptions — all of which it would be impossible to recount within the limits of a short article. On Tuesday, the King and Queen visited the Pantheon and the Unknown Warrior's Tomb in the Victor Emmanuel Monument. Wednesday was devoted to the visit to the Pope (of which we shall speak below) and the Embassy Garden-Party. Thursday, Friday and Saturday were filled with various visits, such as that to San Clemente where the Visitors were shown round the antiquities by the Irish Dominicans. Another day Their Majesties visited the Catacombs of San Callisto where the Frati gave them some chocolate (that chocolate we know so well! — in fact the King and Queen did

all that the usual tourist does with a great amount in addition.

*
* *

With greater pleasure and more enthusiasm, the writer turns to the second part of this article which deals the Royal Visit to the Pope, which took place on the Wednesday morning (the 9th.) and which was to us at least, the most important, most interesting and most memorable of all the events of the *Settimana Inglese*.

The Protestant Alliance had howled piteously against the visit to the Pope, but their howling was of no avail. They met and protested, but the British Government was enlightened enough to understand that a visit to Rome without a visit to the Holy Father would not only be an insult to His Holiness but also a slight on His Majesty's Catholic Subjects throughout the world.

The Sacred Congregation of Ceremonial had issued a protocol over the signatures of Cardinal Vannutelli, Prefect, and Monsignor Canali, Secretary of the Congregation. This was an interesting booklet of eighteen pages regulating exactly the ceremony to be observed for the reception of Their Majesties and the disposition of the troops in the Vatican during the *Solenne Ricevimento*.

As for the students, invitations had been issued to all the British Students in Rome, Secular and Regular to be present at the Vatican for the reception of the King and Queen. From the larger Colleges, ten students were invited to attend in the *Anticamera* of His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State. The others were to stand in the small cortile (the *Pappagallo*) adjacent to the *Cortile di San Damaso*. Accordingly on Wednesday morning the students of the various Colleges assembled outside the house of the Cardinal Archpriest of St. Peter's, — representatives from every part of the Empire, men of every clime and colour. Conspicuous was one dark gentleman with a flowing beard, who is a wellknown figure to us, and who engaged the attention of the camera men.

On the arrival of the Rector in *mantelletta* this cosmopolitan crowd moved towards the *Portone della Zecca*, where we

were admitted immediately by the sentries of the Guardia Svizzera, to the chagrin of some Trans-Atlantic ladies of the "Rome-en-huit-jours" type.

We were allowed to go forward into the Cortile del Papagallo but, although we tried a little pushing (so often effective at Vatican functions), we were unsuccessful in our attempts to obtain admission into the Cortile di San Damaso. We consoled ourselves, however, that although our position might have been better, nevertheless we would obtain a good view of the Royal cars as they came from the Portone della Zecca on their way to the Cortile di San Damaso. Now and then while we waited drove up some high official of the Papal Court to take his place for the Royal reception. First came Prince Massimo, the Superintendent of Posts, also the Marquis Serlupi and shortly afterwards the Marquis Sacchetti in the quaint ruff and picturesque costume of the Papal Court. (It is interesting to note that it was this nobleman who had been commissioned by the Pope to carry the Golden Rose to the Queen of Spain).

The English papers all had long accounts of the mediaeval splendour of the Vatican, and naturally so; for the multi-coloured uniform of the Swiss Guard, the purple mantellette or mantellone of the Monsignori, the rich velvet of the Bussolanti and the variegated costumes of the other dignitaries of the Papal Court combine to make a picture of striking brilliance.

At last the Royal Party were sighted. The Swiss Guard and the Palatine Guard who lined the route gave the salute as the cars passed through the Portone della Zecca into the Cortile di San Damaso. The King (dressed in the uniform of an admiral) and the Queen (gracefully dressed in black with a mantilla) were accompanied by Mr. Theodore Russell (after to-day Sir Odo), British Minister to the Holy See, and Mr. Dormer, Chief Attaché, and also by Admiral Madden, Lord Cavan, Lady Minto and several others. The Vatican authorities had prohibited any cheering within the precincts of the Vatican, and on the arrival of Their Majesties this was observed.

As the party entered the Cortile di San Damaso, the Pontifical Band played "God Save The King." The cars drove straight across the cortile and drew up. The King and Queen were assisted from their car by Prince Ruspoli, the Grand Master

of the Sacred Hospice, and were immediately presented by him to Monsignor the Majordomo, who was standing at the foot of the Papal stairs attended by Marquis Sacchetti, the Foriere Maggiore dei Sacri Palazzi Apostolici, the Marquis Serlupi and Prince Massimo. Also in attendance were Prince Aldobrandini (the Captain Commandant of the Noble Guard), and the Commandant of the Swiss Guards. Their Majesties choosing to walk up the stairs rather than take the lift, the procession started up the Scala Papale headed by a sergeant of the Swiss Guard, four Bussolanti, and a guard of honour of six Swiss Guard. Then came the King on the left of the Majordomo followed by the Queen on the right of Prince Ruspoli. Finally came the members of the Royal Court together with members of the Papal Anticamera.

Arrived at the Sala Clementina, the procession was met by Monsignori the Maestro di Camera (Mons. Caccia-Dominioni), the Grand Almoner (Mons. Cremonesi) and the Sacrist (Mons. Zampini) together with Consistorial Advocates in toga (not Cardinals as some English papers said). The Maestro di Camera then took up his position on the Queen's left and the procession went through the Sala dei Parafrenieri, Sala dei Gendarmi, Sala degli Arazzi, until it reached the Sala del Trono. In the Sala del Trono there were waiting a Monsignor Chamberlain of Honour and two Chamberlains of Honour of the Cape and Sword. Passing through the Throne Room the party came into the Anticamera Segreta where the dignitaries who were accompanying Their Majesties stopped and the King and Queen escorted by the Majordomo and Maestro di Camera and Prince Ruspoli entered the adjoining Saletta di San Giovanni where the Pope in white cassock and zucchetto was awaiting their arrival. The Maestro di Camera introduced the visitors to the Sovereign Pontiff. His Holiness then invited His guests into the adjacent Sala del Tronetto, where the Holy Father seated Himself on a chair beneath a baldacchino and invited the King and Queen to sit on chairs facing him. The Maestro di Camera retired and left Pope, King and Queen to converse together. After the audience the King introduced to the Pope the personages of his suite. The Pope then accompanied His visitors into the Sala di San Giovanni and the visit was concluded.

In the Anticamera the members of the Pontifical Court and the Rectors of the various British Colleges were presented to Their Majesties and the procession was reformed as before with Swiss Guards, Parafrenieri and Bussolanti. At the end of the Sala Clementina the Maestro di Camera paid his respects to the visitors and retired. The « Corteo » then descended the Papal Stairs to visit the Cardinal Secretary of State. In the Anticamera to the Cardinal's apartments were drawn up the delegated students from the various colleges (most of whom were ex-army or ex-navy men).

The Cardinal Secretary of State dressed in the Sacred Purple, was waiting in his apartments together with the Monsignori who preside over the three chief offices of the Secretariate, namely, the Secretary of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, the Monsignore Sostituto, and the Chancellor of Apostolic Briefs; and in immediate attendance on His Eminence were his suite, consisting of his Maestro di Camera, his Master of Ceremonies (in purple mantellone), his Gentleman Valet and his train-bearer. The Cardinal conversed in private with his Royal Visitors for about ten minutes. After the audience there were presentations of officials and the party left the Cardinal's apartments. On their way through the Anticamera Their Majesties condescended once more as they had done on entering, to speak a few words to the students inquiring about their war-service. The King and Queen then descended the Papal Stairs, still accompanied by the Major-domo, Prince Ruspoli and the Guards, and entered their motor-cars.

Up to this point, the ceremony had followed precisely the pre-arranged protocol, but now an unforeseen incident arose. As the car entered the Cortile del Pappagalli from that of San Damaso it was stormed by the students and forced to stop and one of our First Year, Mr. Elwes, assisted by one of the Scotsmen opened the door of the Royal car and presented to the Queen a large bouquet of roses with an inscription in the Rector's writing: "A token of loyalty and respect from the British clerical students in Rome. May 9th. 1923". The Queen thanked them and the King put out his hand. Meanwhile despite the prohibition — I think, however, the Vatican would forgive us — there was loud cheering and hat-waving by the several hundred

British students who, despite the Guard, continued to swarm round the car, and cheered and cheered again. At last the car restarted and left the Cortile, and the memorable visit to the Vatican was over.

*
* *

The same afternoon we went to the Embassy for the Royal Garden Party. Practically all British Rome was present. The King and Queen did not arrive until rather late, as they had returned that afternoon, after their lunch at the Legation to the Holy See, to visit St. Peter's under the guidance of Cardinal Merry del Val, the Archpriest of the Basilica, and to see the Vatican Library under the guidance of Cardinal Gasquet (S. R. E. Bibliotecarius). At the Garden Party, after the King and Queen had taken tea, there were presentations, amongst whom we noticed Dr. Ashby, Head of the British School of Archaeology, and Father P. P. Mackey, O. P. The King and Queen left about six o'clock and were given a parting cheer by all present. And shortly afterwards most of us went off to the Legation to the Holy See (temporarily at the Patrizi Villa) to sign the King's Book.

*
* *

During the last three days of their visit we saw little of Their Majesties. On one of these days they were outside the City, visiting the famous falls at Tivoli. The visit concluded on the Saturday evening (the 12th.) when Their Majesties entrained for the North of Italy to visit under the direction of the Earl of Cavan the cemeteries of the British soldiers who fell on the Italian Front. After lectures on Saturday several of us went to the Station to see the King and Queen leave. It was raining slightly (the first rain during their visit). After a few minutes waiting they arrived, with the King and Queen of Italy, in closed cars. As they alighted from their cars, we gave them a parting cheer. They went into the Station and all was over. We went home after a disturbed week to renew our acquaintance with a rather formidable thesis sheet.

*
**

There was one omission in the King's visit that we all regret; namely, that he did not visit the oldest British institution in Rome—our own College which, whether as Pilgrim's Hospice or English College, has for centuries been a link between the English nation and the Papal Throne. Here he would have seen the tombs of a Cardinal Archbishop of York and of a pre-Reformation Prior of Worcester, or again the epitaphs of many a worthy ecclesiastic who was attached to the Court of his predecessors and who died in Rome. The King, however, did not come, but he expressed his regret to the Rector, when the latter was presented to him at the Vatican, that it would not be possible to visit the College because owing to the press of public engagements, visits to private institutions had to be foregone.

But if we could not welcome the King and the Queen in our own house, by the invitation of the Holy Father we helped him to welcome the Royal Visitors in the Papal Palace itself.

W. J. O'LEARY.



* * * * *

IL CINQUE MAGGIO

[It is said that as soon as the news of Napoleon's death reached him, Manzoni shut himself up in his chamber, and did not stir out of it until he had thrown off the ode which at once made him immortal].

Ei fu; — siccome immobile,
Dato il mortal sospiro,
Stette la spoglia, immemore,
Orba di tanto spiro,
Così percossa, attonita,
La terra al nunzio sta: —

Muta, pensando all'ultima
Ora dell'uom fatale,
Nè sa quando una simile
Orma di piè mortale
La sua cruenta polvere
A calpestar verrà.

Lui sfolgorante in soglio
Vide il mio genio e tacque;
Quando con vece assidua
Cadde, risorse, e giacque;
Di mille voci al sonito
Mista la sua non ha.

Vergin di servo encomio
E di codardo oltraggio
Sorge or, commosso al subito
Sparir di tanto raggio,
E scioglie all'urna un cantico,
Che forse non morrà.

Dall'Alpi alle Piramidi,

Dal Manzanare al Reno
Di quel sicuro il fulmine

Tenea dietro al baleno,
Scoppiò dal Scilla al Tanai,
Dall'uno all'altro mar.

Fu vera gloria? — Ai posteri

L'ardua sentenza! Noi
Chiniam la fronte al Massimo

Fattor, che volle in lui
Del creator suo spirito
Più vasta orna stampar.

La procellosa e trepida

Gioia d'un gran disegno,
L'ansia d'un cor che indocile
Ferve pensando al regno,

E 'l giunge, e tiene un premio
Ch'era follia sperar:

Tutto ei provò; la gloria

Maggior dopo il periglio,
La fuga, e la vittoria,
La reggia, e il triste esiglio;

Due volte nella polvere,
Due volte su gli altar.

Ei si nomò: due secoli,

L'un contro l'altro armato,
Sommessi a lui si volsero

Come aspettando il fato
Ei fe' silenzio, ed arbitro
S'assise in mezzo a lor.

Ei sparve! — E i dì nell'ozio

Chiuse in sì breve sponda,
Segno d'immensa invidia

E di pietà profonda,

D'ineinguibil odio

E d'indomato amor.

Come sul capo al naufrago

L'onda s'avvolge e pesa,

L'onda su cui del misero

Alta pur dianzi e tesa

Scorrea la vista a scernere

Prode remote invan:

Tal su quell'alma il cumulo

Delle memorie scese.

Oh, quante volte ai posterì

Narrar sè stesso imprese,

E sulle eterne pagine

Cadde la stanca man!

Oh, quante volte al tacito

Morir d'un giorno inerte,

Chinati i rai fulminei,

Le braccia al sen conserte,

Stette; e dei dì che furono

L'assalse il sovvenir!

Ei ripensò le mobili

Tende, e i percossi valli,

E il lampo dei manipoli,

E l'onda dei cavalli,

E il concitato imperio,

E il celere obbedir.

Ahi! Forse a tanto strazio

Cadde lo spirto anelo,

E disperò! — Ma valida

Venne una man dal cielo,

E in più spirabil aere

Pietosa il trasportò;

E l'avviò su i floridi

Sentier della speranza,

Ai campi eterni, al premio

Che i desideri avanza;

Ov'è silenzio e tenebre

La gloria che passò.

Bella, immortal, benefica

Fede, ai trionfi avvezza,

Scrivi ancor questo: allegrati,

Chè più superba altezza

Al disonor del Golgota

Giammai non si chinò.

Tu dalle stanche ceneri

Sperdi ogni ria parola:

Il Dio che atterra e suscita,

Che affanna e che consola,

Sulla deserta coltrice

Accanto a lui posò.

IDEM LATINE REDDIDIT GEO. AMBR. EP. CLIFTONIEN.

Occidit! ut, postquam gemitu tanta aura recessit,
 Obrigit bruto pondere funus iners,
 Sic stupet auditis tacuitque immobilis orbis,
 Dum fato gravidum cernit obire virum,
 Nec scit an adveniat mortalibus alter in armis
 Qui terat undantem sanguine tantus humum.
 Illum ego fulgentem solio procumbere vidi:
 Moxque resurgentem praecipitare solo;
 Non tamen erupi vocem, nec plebe magistrâ,
 Blandiri, aut volui vilia probra loqui;
 Nunc quoniam tantum cecidit iubar, otia solvo,
 Et cineri forte haud interitura cano.
 Qua stant pyramides, et qua stant caetibus Alpes,
 Rhenus et Hispani qua fluit unda Tagi,
 Illius indomiti micuerunt fulmina; sensit
 Et Scylla et Tanais, sensit utrumque mare.
 Verus honosne fuit? maneat lis tanta minores!
 Artificem summum nos celebrare decet,
 Qui tantum ingenium spiravit ab ore, sui que
 Numinis ornavit nobiliore notâ.
 Gaudia si qua tument trepido sub pectore, dum mens
 Aestuat, incepti mole premente sui,
 Dum ruit in regnum fervens, palmâque potitur,
 Quam sibi vix demens polliciturus erat,
 Hæc ille expertus; medio in discrimine major,
 Dum fugat, inque vicem victus ab hoste fugit,
 Nunc tristi exilio, nunc regni fascibus usus,
 Bis deiectus humi, bis super astra sedens.
 Illius ad vocem, ceu mundi fata gubernet,
 En congressa feris saecula bina minis,
 Districtis cessant mucronibus; ille silendum
 Imperat, et iudex inter utrumque sedet.

Mox procul orbe latens, et circumscriptus arenâ
 Exiguâ, steriles moeret abire dies,
 Si quid inextincti usquam odii est, invisus, at idem
 Carus, in invicto si quid amore pium est.
 Quam multa in miserum concursant aequora nautam,
 Demersumque gravans implicat unda caput,
 Quam modo prospiciens frustra contenta ferebat
 Lumina, si qua procul littoris ora foret,
 Tam creba illius, dum fata anteacta revolvit,
 Corda superfusâ mole procella quatit.
 Venturo quoties cœpit se scribere seculo,
 Et cadit ingenti fracta labore manus!
 Heu quoties lentum dum sera silentia solem
 Condunt, ad gremium brachia nexa gerens,
 Et demissus humi iaculantem fulmina vultum,
 Constitit, ac mentem quae fuit hora ferit!
 Mobilibus velis tentoria, diruta valla,
 Hacque reidentes vidit ab aere manus,
 Hac agnovit equos, velut æquora longa ruentes,
 Et properare ducum concita iussa viros.
 Forsitan heu! tanto mens aegra exercita luctu
 Concidit, et visa est ipsa labare fides!
 Ecce autem in tractus, quos mulcet mollior aër,
 Tollit anhelantem spes, pia diva, sinu,
 Floriferasque secuta vias, potiora recludit
 Praemia, mortalis quanta nec optet homo,
 Vernantes semper campos, ubi nocte silenti
 Conditur humani quicquid honoris erat.
 Alma Fides, quae morte cares, assueta triumphis,
 Haec quoque ovans titulis necte tropaea tuis:
 Tam sublimis enim Solymorum in culmine nemo
 Infami flexit colla superba solo.
 Tu procul indignas a fesso funere voces
 Disiice; qui regnum datque adimitque Deus,
 Quem penes et mors et vita est, recreare iacentem
 En in deserto pertulit ipse toro!

ENGLISH VERSION.

He is no more. As motionless
 Its mortal sighing over
 As halts the unremembering clay
 Bereft of breath so mighty,
 So, dazed as by the thunderbolt
 Earth pauses at the news
 Mutely revolving in her soul
 The fateful man's last moment,
 Not knowing when another foot
 Shall leave such tracks as this one
 Or come again to tread her dust
 Into a crimson mire.

Him on his dazzling throne aloft
 My spirit saw and sang not.
 Nor when with tense vicissitude
 He sank, upsoared, fell headlong,
 In all the million-voicéd din
 She took not any part.
 Of servile slaver innocent
 And pure of poltroon jeering
 She now bestirs her turtle song
 At glory's sudden quenching,
 And o'er his pyre sets free a strain
 That haply shall not die.

From Alpine snow to Pyramid,
 To Rhine from Manzanares
 Unerring flew his battle-bolt
 Outstripping the red lightning;
 From Scylla on to Tanaïs,
 From sea to sea he tore.
 Was this true glory? They to come
 Shall speak the arduous answer.
 Be ours to bow reveringly
 Before the great Creator
 Who deignéd here leave vaster trace
 Of His all-doing breath.

The palpitant tempestuous
 Glee of a mighty counsel,
 The fever'd heart untamable
 On fire with dream of empire,
 And snatching fierce and holding fast

What even to hope was mad, —
 All these he knew: the victory
 White-hot from blazing peril,
 The headlong rout, resistless charge,
 Gold canopies, lone exile, —
 Once and again he bit the dust

And twice did men adore.

His name resounds: two centuries
 Each against other arméd
 Withhold, and bend their eyes to him
 As if their fate awaiting.
 He strikes them dumb and takes the throne

As arbiter betwixt,
 Then vanishes, and ends his days
 Upon a narrow islet,
 The mark for shoreless enmity
 And for unplumb'd compassion,
 For hatred all unquenchable
 And love that could not tire.

As on the drowning ship-wreck'd head
 Topples the whelming breaker
 Whereon erstwhile so wistfully
 The straining eyes uplifted
 Had scanned the plunging wilderness
 For far-off sails, in vain,
 So down upon that spirit crashed
 The overpent remembrance,
 How often to the time unborn
 He strove to tell his story
 And on the deathless page to be
 Let fall the nerveless hand.

How often at the sullen close
 (Ah me!) of useless daylight,
 With lowering lids o'er lightning eyes
 And arms that locked the bosom,
 He stood and let in memory

Of all the days that were.

He thought upon the shifting tents,
 Upon the shaken ramparts,
 The volley-flash of companies,
 The surging of the horsemen,
 The bracing cry of stern command,
 The brisk obedience done.

Ah! haply 'neath its sovran woe
 Down sank the spent soul, panting
 In sick despair, but strong to save
 A Hand reached down from Heaven
 And into air more breathable

In pity him upbore.

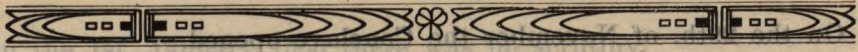
And set him on the blosmy path
 Of hope that mounts for ever
 To those eternal uplands, to
 The prize beyond desiring
 Where mute and dank and dim appears
 The glory that is gone.

Benign, immortal, beauteous Faith
 Grown old in ways triumphal,
 Write one more conquest. Sing, Oh sing
 How pride more towering never,
 Before the shame of Golgotha

Its haughty brows abased:

Oh! shield the world-weary dust
 From any breath ungentle,
 For God who fells and lifts again,
 The Chastener and Consoler,
 Lies on his lonely pillow now
 Companioning his rest.

J. O'C.



CARDINAL POLE AND THE PAPACY

The following is an English translation of a document preserved in the English College Archives. It is inserted at the beginning of the College Diary (Liber n. 303). It possesses a double interest, firstly because it is a careful record of the voting at the Conclave of 1549-50, when Cardinal Pole was nearly elected Pope, and secondly because, as Mgr. Cronin proves in "Rome", August 21st. 1909, it was written by Dr. Goldwell, who was Conclavist to Cardinal Pole, and later under Mary became Bishop of St. Asaph, and finally from 1560 to 1567, when he was in exile for the Faith, held the position of Warden of the Hospice. The manuscript, though somewhat damaged, is still perfectly legible. It is written in Italian.

*
**

(Text): In the year of Our Lord 1549 the Conclave after the death of Pope Paul III, who died on the 10th. of November, consisted at first of forty-one Cardinals. After the arrival of the French Cardinals the number was increased to forty seven, viz, twenty-three for the Emperor and twenty-four for the King of France. The two-thirds, therefore, required for the election of the new Pope were thirty-one, but at the beginning twenty-seven were sufficient, of which at the third scrutiny Cardinal Pole, the Englishman, had twenty-four votes. He wanted but the twenty-fifth, since the twenty-sixth was already promised to him if he found the twenty-fifth, but he could not find it; otherwise by completing the number twenty-seven with his own vote, he would have been Pope.

On the 29th. of November the Conclave opened.	
On the 3rd. December the first scrutiny was taken and Cardinal Pole the Englishman had the majority, which was . . .	21
On the 4th. Card. Pole had votes	24
On the 5th. Pole had with his own vote	26
On the 6th. December Pole had	22
On the 7th. December Pole had	24
On the 8th., since it was Sunday, there was no scrutiny.	
On the 9th. Pole had	22
On the 10th. Pole had	22
On the 11th. Pole had	22
On the 12th. six other Cardinals entered the Conclave making in all forty-seven and the scrutiny was taken. Pole had	23
On the 13th. Pole had	23
On the 14th. Pole had	23
On the 15th., which was Sunday, Pole had	23
On the 16th. the Cardinal of Sabina had 24 votes, Pole	23
On the 17th. Cardinal Guise had 20 votes, Pole	25
On the 18th. Pole had	23
On the 19th. the Cardinal of Sabina had 20 votes, Pole	23
On the 20th. the Cardinal of Sabina had 19 votes, Pole	23
On the 21st., on account of the disturbances in the Conclave, there was no scrutiny.	
On the 22nd. Pole had	23
On the 23rd. Pole had	21
On the 24th. Pole had	23
On the 25th. December, as it was the Feast of the Nativity, there was no scrutiny. This should have been the Holy Year 1550.	
On the 26th. Pole had	23
On the 27th. Pole had	23
On the 28th. four Cardinals entered and two left sick. There remained forty-nine. Pole had	23
On the 29th. the Cardinal of Sabina had 22, Pole	23
On the 30th. Pole had	23
On the 31st. (1).	

(1) After the date the MS has a blank line; no reason for the omission is given.

On the 1st. January 1550 there was no scrutiny.

On the 2nd. January the Cardinal of Sabina had 22 votes, Pole 23

On the 3rd. the Cardinal of Sabina had 22, Pole 23

On the 4th. the Cardinal of Sabina had 22 votes, Pole 23

On the 5th. the Cardinal of Sabina had 22 votes, Pole 23

On the 6th. January, since it was the Epiphany, there was no scrutiny.

On the 7th. the Cardinal of Sabina had 22 votes, Pole 23

On the 8th. the Cardinal of Sabina 22 votes, Pole 23

On the 9th. the Cardinal of Sabina 22 votes, Pole 23

On the 10th. the Cardinal of Sabina had 21 votes, Pole 21

On the 11th. the Cardinal of Sabina 21 votes, Pole 21

On the 12th. the Cardinal of Sabina 21 votes, Pole 21

On the 13th. the Cardinal of Sabina 21 votes, Pole 21

On the 14th. the Cardinal of Bourbon 19 votes, Pole 21

On the 15th. Moroni 24 votes, Pole 21

On the 16th. the Cardinal of Sabina 22 votes, Pole 21

On the 17th. Sfondrato 21 votes, Pole 21

On the 18th. the Cardinal of Sabina 22 votes, Pole 21

On the 19th. Moron 13 votes, Pole 21

On the 20th. the Cardinal of Sabina 22 votes, Pole 21

On the 21st. the Cardinal of Sabina 21 votes, Pole 21

On the 22nd. the Cardinal of Sabina 21 votes, Pole 21

On the 23rd. the Cardinal of Sabina 21 votes, Pole 21

On the 24th. the Cardinal of Sabina 21 votes, Pole 21

On the 25th. Tranen. 14 votes, Pole 21

On the 26th. January, since it was Sunday, there was no scrutiny.

On the 27th. Tranen. 22 votes, Pole 21

On the 28th. Tranen. 23 votes, Pole 21

On the 29th. Tranen. 22 votes, Pole 21

On the 30th. Tranen. 22 votes, Pole 21

On the 31st. Tranen. 22 votes, Pole 21

On the 1st. February 1550 Tranen. 22 votes, Pole 21

On the 2nd., since it was the Purification, there was no scrutiny.

On the 3rd. Tranen. 23 votes, Pole 21

On the 4th. Tranen. 23 votes, Pole 21

On the 5th. Tranen. 23 votes, Pole 21
 On the 6th. Tranen. 23 votes, Pole 21
 On the 7th. Tranen. 23 votes, Pole 21

On this day Cardinal Guise, head of the French party, and Cardinal Farnese, head of the Emperor's party, consulted together. Guise agreed to nominate two followers of Cardinal Farnese, between whom Farnese was to make his choice. In this way Cardinal Guise nominated the Cardinal of Santa Croce and Cardinal del Monte; Farnese chose Cardinal del Monte.

On the 8th. February Cardinal del Monte had all the votes of the Conclave, and so taking the name of Julius III. was elected Pope. The Cardinal of Sabina mentioned in the scrutinies was Caraffa, alias Theatinen., who accused Pole of certain heresies in the matter of justification, and was later Pope under the name of Paul IV., a great persecutor of Pole, who was in England at the time as Legaté of Pope Julius III., who was well disposed to him.

Tranen. mentioned in the scrutinies was a Roman, Dean of the Sacred College. In this Conclave there were twelve French Cardinals, besides two who were absent. There were not more than four Spanish Cardinals and two Portuguese.

(End of MS).

* * *

Cardinal Morone whose name occurs twice in the above list was Cardinal Protector of the English Nation, and later first Cardinal Protector of the College. The Cardinal of Santa Croce, who was nominated by Cardinal Guise along with Cardinal del Monte succeeded Julius III., taking the name of Marcellus II. Together with Cardinals Pole and del Monte he was Papal Legate at the opening of the Council of Trent, December 13th. 1545.



THE ENGLISH REFORMATION AND HOW IT SUCCEEDED

[This paper is an attempt to give Catholic readers the most common view of the Reformation current today in England among the better educated non Catholics].

The main charge against the usual popular Catholic version of the Reformation is that it is inadequate. In the history of the first schism it would make of the divorce not only the match but the powder magazine: everything is laid at the door of Henry VIII. who might be an ogre straight from the pages of Grimm. Tudor absolutism can hardly be exaggerated as a fact, but its nature has often been misunderstood. It was a despotism indeed, but principally because the nation approved of it. Henry VII, Henry VIII and Elizabeth all offered their people a strong government which should bind the several medieval threads into one new national cord. They had not many soldiers. It was this very lack which forced Henry VIII to temporise with the Northern revolts until he could separate the rebels and crush them individually (1). Indeed from general experience, it is clear there are limits to the most iron autocracy, and of all such limits none is stronger than the religious sense of a people. The most absolute Caliph could not convert the Mohammedan World to Buddhism simply on the strength of

(1) Wolsey's final diplomatic failure was due to this same lack of troops. When men failed he substituted money, but that too was soon exhausted; so that his threats were deprived of all reality, and his diplomatic antagonists laughed at his powerlessness.

its obedience to him. Originally there would have to exist some approval, or at least complete indifference, upon the part of the followers of the Prophet. And at no period of his career may Henry be likened to the Caliph.

Even to grant everything that is said of the Divorce Question (1) still leaves the success of the English Schism unexplained. Modern research, led by Cardinal Gasquet, has effectively exploded the Protestant charge of wholesale immorality among the clergy of those times. But to prevent our swinging over to too favourable a picture, it is necessary to remember that most Catholic controversialists of that generation spoke far from highly of the Henrican priesthood. For instance Nicholas Sander, writing in 1566, says: « I think there are few men above forty years old, but they can of their own knowledge reckon up divers lewd friars and priests, who before the preaching of Luther, shamed with their dishonest behaviour the clergy of the realm. And the same men showed themselves when broaching time came, not to have been of the Church, but of that religion whatsoever should be set forth most carnal » (2). Research into any question of devotional practices proves that the people went regularly to Mass and the Sacraments, though in the latter case not frequently. They obeyed the ordinances of the Church and still firmly believed in the efficacy of prayer for the dead.

But what research also reveals is the most lamentable lack of zeal, coupled with downright ignorance on the part of the clergy, an ignorance naturally reflected in the whole people. Early in the reign, the works of such reformers as Fish, Frith

(1) Of course it was really a decree of nullity which the King sought of the Pope.

(2) *The Supper of the Lord, &c.*, Louvain, 1566, p. 15. This is by no means so wholesale as the remarks passed even by Catholics in Lollard times e. g. Knyghton, who was hostile to Wyclif, says of Swinderly, a Lollard preacher, that "when he preached against women they were on the point of stoning him; when he preached against the merchants he nearly drove them to despair; but when he preached against the priests, the people were delighted and said they had never listened to such a preacher". Compare the whole tone of *Piers Plowman*. There is no English equivalent just before the Reformation.

and Tyndal were sufficiently widespread to force Sir Thomas More to answer them, while Bishop Fisher, fearing the parent stream rather than its tributaries, concentrated his forces against Luther (1). Moreover he preached sermons, and made frequent visitations of his diocese, to combat the danger of heresy.

How differently the other members of the Hierarchy regarded their responsibility may be gauged from the history of the year 1535, when Henry commanded his marriage with Ann Boleyn to be defended from every pulpit in the land. Rowland Lee, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, wrote in this connection to Cromwell on June 7th., 1535. "I will send for my horses and repair to my diocese and in my own person, *though I was never heretofore in pulpit*, and by others, will execute this declaration" (2).

Naturally the clergy were no better than their Bishops. When he was commanded to have the marriage with Ann Boleyn defended from all his pulpits, the Archbishop of York was in a difficult position. From a letter of his to Cromwell, dated July 1st., we find that he did not know twelve secular priests in his whole diocese who could preach. Those who had the best benefices were non-resident. Only a few friars could preach and none of any other religious order (3). On the few occasions when sermons were given, they were such ambitious, far-fetched, ill-judged attempts at oratory that it was impossible to learn them by heart, and they were usually read: a custom for which Erasmus has the remark. *Quosdam de charta concionari, id quod multi frigide faciunt in Anglia* (4).

(1) E. g. *A defence of the Assertions of the King of England against Luther's Babylonian Captivity*: Cologne 1525.

Defence of the Sacred Priesthood against Luther: also 1525.

Lutheranae Assertionis Confutatio: Paris, 1523, &c.

(2) *Letters and Papers*, VIII, 839. This does not seem to have been a unique case. Chapuys writing to Granville, July 11th. of the same year, mentions Stokesby, Bishop of London, who he says "never preached in his life, on account of his stammering and bad speaking", (*Letters and Papers*, VIII, 1019). The Paritans made this same charge against some of the Elizabethan Bishops.

(3) *Letters and Papers*, VIII, 963.

(4) *Ep. ad Judocum Jonam*.

Whether the Archbishop of York preached or read his sermon, a sermon he certainly gave at the command of the King's Majesty. He describes it all to Henry himself, writing on 14th. June 1535: how he preached in person in his Cathedral and before the Lord Mayor. It would seem that His Grace had a certain naive sense of humour, for he adds that he took as his text. *Uxorem duxi, ideo non possum venire* (1).

Such being the state of religious instruction in England at the time, it is not to be wondered at that clergy and laity alike were woefully confused on such a point as the Papal Supremacy. Precisely because it had so long been taken for granted people lacked clear ideas on the subject (2).

Such matters always appear clearer to posterity than to the men who actually experienced them. So good a man as Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, could hold the Papal Supremacy to be a matter of merely ecclesiastical institution like the patriarchal and metropolitan authority. Gardiner could publish *De Vera Obedientia* maintaining the authority of the secular prince each over his own country, and yet suffer deprivation and imprisonment under Edward, once he saw the error of his former opinions (3). Bonner too was to be imprisoned under Edward, and to die a confessor to the Faith for refusing Elizabeth what he had granted Henry (4). Above all, this confusion is exemplified in the muddle-headed postscript which Convocation added to its acceptance of the Act of Supremacy. "As far as the law

(1) *Letters and Papers*, VIII, 869.

(2) Bishop Tunstal who was imprisoned for his adherence to the old religion under Edward and who died a confessor to the Faith in the Tower under Elizabeth, wrote of the Papal Supremacy to Cardinal Pole, July 13th. 1536. "It was not fainting that made me agreeable thereto (i. e. the *Act of Supremacy*): ... for I never saw the day that ever I thought to shed one drop of my blood therefor". Printed in full in Pocock's *Burnet*. VI, p. 177.

(3) Whether he wrote this treatise in the form we possess to-day is very doubtful: but the fact that Gardiner, who was out of favour at the time, was after its publication again made Ambassador to France, 1535, sufficiently proves the general character of its contents.

(4) There are some interesting remarks, which unfortunately I lack the space to quote, on the mentality of such men as Gardiner in *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*, F. A. GASQUET O. S. B. and EDMUND BISHOP, London, 1890, p. 79.

of Christ will permit", shows these blind guides suspicious merely of innovation, like true Englishmen, while the proximity of heresy completely escapes their attention (1).

If such ignorance is true of the leaders of the clergy, what can be expected of the laity? It is sufficient for my purpose to take the wisest and wittiest man of his age, Sir Thomas More. There is extant a letter of his to Cromvell in which he says of the Papacy. "Truth it is I was myself sometime not of the mind that the primacy of that See should be begun by the institution of God" (2), and it took him a long time to gain certitude in his position. "After seven years study, I never could find that a layman could be head of the Church".

Of the fact of this general ignorance, or confusion, there can I think, be no doubt, assign what causes you will: the rot which set in after the depopulation of the Black Death, the many false principles current since the Great Schism, the want of deep theological studies at the Universities, or the contempt of ancient ways, which were yet not classical, common to all disciples of the Renaissance. The names of such men, as Colett, More, Erasmus, Fisher, Wareham, Caxton, and later Ascham, have blinded many historians to the singular ignorance of certain Catholic principles which prevailed in Tudor England. Religion had become too much a question of observance. And this it is which is the reason of the quick spread of schism and heresy in England. In all that did not directly touch observance, the people were completely indifferent. "Non-resident pastors and non-preaching clergy must have left the flock in the densest ignorance, an easy prey to a wolf in sheep's clothing or in his own... For the bishops, at least, it would be hard to find any plausible defence... What Fisher knew they should have known (3); what he did, they were able to do, and were bound to do... It

(1) It is a very plausible view that Convocation regarded these attacks on Papal jurisdiction as the aftermath of Wolsey's fall: he had been Legate. Similar things had happened before in *English history* without much effect: e. g. *Provisors and Praemunire*.

(2) *Bridgett's Life of Sir THOMAS MORE*, p. 343.

(3) Especially since his writings were so recent, and for those days widespread. Henry ordered their suppression early in 1535, as he feared their influence.

is most certain that, had they all been dauntless as he was, not even the authority and obstinacy of Henry could have prevailed against a united episcopacy; for the clergy and religious orders would have stood firm at their example and encouragement, and the people would have rallied to their defence" (1).

How then did all this affect the ordinary Tudor Englishman? Practically not at all. Theological subtleties might be debated at Lambeth or at Greenwich, but so far as he was concerned the Mass continued as of old in his village: if he went to Norwich on market-day he could always be certain of the Holy Sacrifice in the Cathedral. He had all the Sacraments to which he was accustomed; his children were shriven by the same old priest who had baptised him. The village church remained the same as always, save for the new and rather too magnificent Rood he had placed over the ancient screen, his pride in which caused him sore distraction even during the Canon. The King might have made himself Pope as historians say he did: but for the average man the situation remained unaltered with his priest owing obedience to his Bishop, his Bishop to the Archbishop of Canterbury or of York. Beyond that exalted point the average practical mind of those days did not worry itself: if it did, had not Cranmer received the Pallium from Rome according to the ancient rite? (2)

What such an individual would have felt was the destruction of the monasteries. But I wish to lay special emphasis on the fact that there was no need for him to connect this with the cause of Papal Supremacy. If he reasoned about the matter at all, monasteries had been suppressed before the breach with Rome and by the authority of Wolsey, Papal Legate and Cardinal, especially armed with the Pope's *permesso*. Why should the same thing done after the breach be radically different? But I

(1) Rev. T. E. Bridgett. *Life of Blessed John Fisher*. London 1888, pp. 327,330. This admirable study of the great martyr clearly brings out how exceptional he was in the English Hierarchy of his day, and so indirectly paints a collective portrait of the rest.

(2) An Act abolishing Chantries, which would have affected the ordinary individual, was passed in 1545, but it does not seem to have been generally put into effect until the succeeding reign.

doubt whether any Englishman of the period would have argued about the connection. If the roof of Furness, whose mellow red arches some countryman could see through the trees, was stolen and melted down for lead (1) he might wax merry or indignant. But what had that lead to do with Clément in Rome? Obviously nothing.

It is true that heresy spread steadily in certain towns, especially where there was a foreign element, such as London and Norwich, despite Henry's liberal application of the Stake to all who denied Transubstantiation. But the population of England was still predominantly rural, and even between towns there was a vast difference. Because Norwich was progressive, it did not follow that Derby or York must be progressive too. The generalisation remains justifiable that for the average man the religious situation remained unchanged. As the Pope was a dim, distant figure, so relatively was Henry himself. He might carry on political flirtations with North German Protestantism until diverted by the countenance of the phlegmatic Princess of Cleves. This all meant nothing to the provincial compared with the persistent practice of his religion, which continued after the manner and in the Church of his forefathers.

But under Edward VI. how different a story! Even for the most ordinary individual the form of his own religious practice is now in question. Theories are being put into execution, the schism and heresy of a Court being reflected in the private devotions of a people. Cranmer, at the head of affairs, openly shows his intentions, if only by reclaiming the wife he had during the previous reign thought it wise to send to Germany in a box. To protestantise England is the aim of the Archbishop, of the Protector Somerset and of the Council. I need not labour this official Evangelising—it is an established fact. It will be sufficiently clear if I follow my immediate object in sketching its effect on the people (2).

(1) Local tradition says by Cromwell.

(2) A convenient and very clear summary of the liturgical changes in this reign is given by the Rev. L. Walker S. J. in his "Problem of Reunion" (Longmans). It is written with the particular aim of proving how Cranmer aimed at abolishing all that might savour of sacrifice in the priesthood.

Even in London which was near both the Court and the Continent, the various reforms were not received with instantaneous popularity. Particularly they met with opposition on the part of the clergy. The Book of Common Prayer was supposed to come into force on June 9th. 1549, but on the 24th. Mass is still being said in St. Pauls at the side altars. Bonner, already in bad odour, receives a peremptory command from the Council that he "have no more the Apostles Mass in the morning, nor Our Lady Mass, nor no Communion at no altar in the Church but at the High Altar" (1).

After a month, Cranmer in despair determined to show the City how the new service should be conducted. Without any warning he appeared in St. Pauls on Sunday July 21st. and having denounced the Western revolt against his innovations, proceeded in person to perform the ceremony. From the laconic account we possess of this occasion, we are left to gather the impression that it was not a *succès fou* (2).

But soon the influx of Reformers from the Continent, the pressure of governmental persuasion and the army of Pamphleteers had their effect on the Capital. Peter Martyr came and was made a professor at Oxford: John Knox was nominated a royal chaplain and licensed as an itinerant preacher throughout the realm. Bonner was deprived of his bishopric and joined Gardiner in the Tower: from Durham the harmless and aged Tunstall was summoned to court and then confined to his house (3). By February 1550, John Butler could write to Bullinger, "Very many of the aldermen of London who were veteran papists have embraced Christ... the truth is especially flourishing in London beyond all other parts of the Kingdom." (4).

(1) (*Grey Friar's Chron.* p. 58). Original in Wilkins, IV, 34.

(2) He "did all the office and his satin cap on his head all the time of the office and so gave communion himself unto eight persons of the said Church." (*Grey Friars Chron.* p. 60).

(3) He was used to this treatment. In Henry's reign he was alternately summoned to Court and ordered back to his diocese. He spent much of his life travelling south because he was required to say something, and then north again lest he should say anything further.

(4) (*Orig. Letters* p. 636).

But almost everywhere else the changes were received with an outburst of execration, even in intellectual centres, such as the Universities. Cambridge, which was to be the intellectual centre of Puritanism under Elizabeth, provoked Bucer to the statement that "by far the greater part of the Fellows are either the most bitter Papists or profligate epicureans" (1). The failure of Peter Martyr at Oxford is notorious.

In the conservative countryside this execration was universal. Devon and Cornwall rose in revolt, demanding the restoration of the Mass; every county south of a line drawn from the Severn to the Wash was ablaze; and Elizabeth's reign proved that at this period the North remained outwardly passive mainly through that peculiar destiny which has ever led it to rise only at the worst possible opportunity. Ab Ulmis declared the countrymen to be everywhere in rebellion (2). The Venetian Envoy, immediately after the terrible suppression of the 1549 Risings, wrote that "had the countrypeople only a leader, although they have been so grievously chastised, they would rise again" (3).

The contrast between this rage and the apathy of Henry's reign is manifest. Our Tudor countryman has now seen the Mass banished from his Church, the old altar torn away from the wall and bared of all ornament: a new service in the vulgar tongue substituted, a new Minister intruded, while the old Vicar, his life-long friend lives on the charity of his erstwhile parishioners, to whom he still ministers in secret. The Sanctuary lamp is out, for the Blessed Sacrament is gone, luckily saved from outrage through timely warning. All the familiar ceremonies, the palms, the ashes, holy bread and holy water—all are abolished and ridiculed. A party of young artisans from Norwich, burst into the Church one night and wreaked sacrilegious havoc. Worst of all perhaps, his precious Rood was mutilated out of

(1) Bucer writing to Calvin, Whitsunday 1550. (*Orig. Letters* p. 546). Many of the early reformers were nevertheless connected with Cambridge, whence, on the burning of Ridley and Latimer, the famous epigram arose: "Cambridge bore the Martyrs and Oxford burnt them!"

(2) (*Orig. Letters* p. 391).

(3) (*Calendar of Venetian State Papers*, v. 345).

all recognition and the beautiful, ancient screen beneath hacked and broken in a dozen places.

The whole country had indeed become a battle ground. The Government poured an army of preachers over the counties, and with their scurrilous pamphlets addled rustic pates (1). The countryman remained for the most part unconvinced, but he lost the old glorious certainty of Faith. These theological questions came home to him now that they had issue in such patent and proximate happenings. Outrage begat argument and argument further outrage. So that every man trod the perilous path of amateur theology, and every ale house became a minature synod (2).

England was muddled but England still disliked change. Dr. John Ponet, preaching before Edward and his Court on March 14th. 1550, lamented the stubborn conservatism of the realm. His explanation of this conservatism is most suggestive. Folk are held to the "old superstitions" he says "by the judges in their circuits and the justices of the Peace that be popishly affected (3); by bishops and their officers in their synods and other meetings of ecclesiastical persons; by schoolmasters in their grammar schools (4); by stewards when they keep their courts, by priests when they sit to hear auricular confession, and such like as mind nothing else but... setting up again the doctrine and kingdom of the Romish antichrist, to God's great dishonour" (5).

(1) cf. KENNEDY W. P. M. *Studies in Tudor History*. London 1916, pp. 46-83.

(2) cf. e. g. J. R. GREEN "History of the English People" London 1878. Vol. II p. 230. Such was the beginning of the English Press!—Camden spoke of the "downright frenzy" of the nation. "The religious changes had been brought about at such an appalling and illogical pace that the whole balance of self-control among the people was upset, and unseemly riots characterised the entire reign." KENNEDY, p. 111.

(3) cf. the rôle of the Justices of the Peace under Elizabeth. Their point of view must have altered radically in the space of some fifteen years.

(4) If we are to believe Ponet this was a case of physical coercion. If a schoolmaster found one of his boys to be the son of a man "addicted to the novelties", he did not spare the rod: but that boy was birched "thrice against his fellows once!"

(5) ("A notable Sermon" printed by G. Lynne 1550 F. 2).

All this while the country was distracted by a series of local risings: the government had no troops to restore order; bands of beggars, no longer assisted by the Monasteries, turned brigand, waylaid and harried all who might pass along the King's Highway. Commerce and trade were at a standstill: a bankrupt Treasury debased the coinage more than once, while the nobles proved harder landlords than the monks they had supplanted. Even education drifted into a backwater (1), and the travail of a country passing from protection to competition was augmented by weak administration. In this terrible state of things, a shocked and conservative people saw the judgement of God (2). The accession of Mary meant the restoration of true religion as they knew it. After the lawlessness and the misery of Edward's reign, Lady Jane Grey stood no chance with the people.

Yet in six short years Elizabeth could reintroduce the Book of Common Prayer! Was this entirely the result of Mary's mismanagement or has the argument of "drift," adduced for Henry's reign, any further cogency as an explanation?

(To be concluded).

R. L. S.

(1) The old fable of the Edwardian Grammar Schools has been effectively disproved by Mr. Leach, who shows not only that the King never founded one, but that many old ones were discontinued during his reign. Those bearing his name were graciously permitted to continue, and some put on a better economic establishment!—cf. (LEACH: "English Schools at the Reformation?").

(2) cf. GREEN: II. pp. 237; 8.



SPONTANEITIES

There may be merit in spontaneity; on the other hand there may not, as Belloc says. The moon is very provocative but it does not do to give way too easily. Once on a summer night in Ireland when the said moon was phenomenally clear I sang on the spur of the lustrous moment:

Behold the July moon
 How like a silver spoon
 She riseth o'er the lun-
 atic asylum.

There *was* a wonderful moon and a most undoubted asylum in between, but this accuracy is the only memorable thing about the ... well, it cannot be called effort, for effort there was none. Sunsets are safer, especially when seen out of doors, because writing materials are not so handy, and if the *oistros* endures until the desk is reached, or even unto the midnight oil, it has more time to gather and reject, and as all sermon tinkers should know, selection is what matters.

Anyhow, coming home from football at Pamphili Villa as I fared down to the dull vale, the godhead pealed from me to this tune, in which those who have been through the mill may recognise the rhythmic swing of the *Camerata*, to say nothing of its other advantages:

Not when morning's laughing eyes
 Searched the heart of paradise
 Did our first forefather's spirit
 Know for sure that God was near it.

But when evening's golden hand,
Touched the tresses of the land,
Pensive grew the sighing air:
'God would take His pleasure there'.

Never now in Eden bliss
God and man so meet and kiss.

But through western gates of wonder
Each on each doth gaze and ponder.

Do I need to say the suggestion is from Genesis 111. 8.?

My last May-day in Rome chanced to be a Magliana day, last of a long series of heaven-sent relaxations. (On my second Magliana day I had done *all* the Italian irregular verbs). The May day was that sort on which May's reputation is founded, and I went with Hally by the longer road. We laughed all the way incessantly, for we mimicked everyone we knew, for Hally could and I would, that is to say I could recall many and various persons just well enough to start Hally on the downward road, and I did.

But though Belloc says that:

*From quiet home and first beginning
Out to the undiscovered ends
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends,*

the laughter was only a symbol of the content which found expression that same day in a more permanent form. It was all put together in the mind, and was not written down for perhaps two years, but it came just as follows:

Oh my heart all this day
Has been throbbing with the May,
With the baby summer prattling to the sky,
And mine eyes have done their will
And of light have had their fill
Till I know not which is gayer, earth or I.

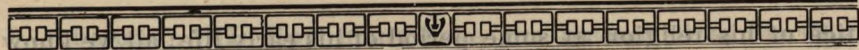
But 'tis I must gayer be
 For, beyond my pulses' glee
 And deeper in the soul than song can say
 Thrills the thought more sweet and bright
 Than this blossom-laden light
 That the Mother-Maid is Empress of the May.

Other adventures I had among the numbers, but they were other people's and can be told another time. Those given above are ventures, not adventures and represent peace rather than pleasure.

J. O'CONNOR.



The excellent design on the new cover we owe to Mr. F. Grimshaw, to whom and to Mr. R. L. Smith, who defrayed the cost of producing it, we return our most hearty thanks.



SALVETE FLORES MARTYRUM

III. Blessed Luke Kirby (1).

Three martyrs had laid down their lives at Tyburn on May 28th. 1582, and four more followed two days later. In the first group was one Venerable student, who has been treated of already in this series; in the second were certainly two and perhaps three, the first of whom to suffer is the subject of the present sketch.

Blessed Luke Kirby was born in the North of England, but the exact place of his birth is uncertain. Dodd says Richmond in Yorkshire, while the Diaries of the English Colleges here and at Douay give each merely his diocese, the former, Durham, the latter, Chester (misprinted in Cardinal Gasquet's History as Colchester). Gillow states that the martyr was of the Kirbys of Kirby Lonsdale in Furness. It is not clear how these varying authorities can be reconciled.

As will be seen from the frontispiece of this number — a reproduction of the first page of entries in the College Diary — Blessed Luke was twenty-nine years old when he took the Missionary Oath on April 23rd. 1579, whence we gather that he was born in 1549 or 1550. We do not know whether he was brought up in heresy or whether he fell away from the prac-

(1) This sketch has naturally been based on the latest and most complete "Life" — that in Vol. 2 of "Lives of the English Martyrs" — but other sources have been consulted wherever possible. The quotations in antique spelling are from the "Briefe Historie" by Cardinal Allen.

tice of his religion at some period of his early life; all we know is that he was reconciled to the Church at Louvain some time before 1576, since in that year he became a student at the English College, Douay. He was ordained priest at Cambrai in September 1577, but delayed saying his First Mass till the Feast of Saint Luke, on the 18th. of the following month. He left Rheims for England on May 3rd. 1578, but was back again by the 15th. of July, and set out for Rome on August 17th., partly for devotion, partly for further study. He was one of the students at the College here when the Jesuits took over the direction of it in 1579. On April 18th. of the following year, with four other students of the College, (including Blessed Ralph Sherwin, our Protomartyr), he set out for Rheims on his way to England. The party was accompanied by Blessed Edmund Campion (1) and Father Robert Parsons, the first Jesuits to be sent on the English Mission. Blessed Luke had prepared himself for the enterprise with such fervour during the preceding Lent as to edify all Rome. June 16th. saw him leaving Rheims for England on foot, passing through Douay on the way.

His missionary career in England may be said never to have really begun, for he was arrested at Dover almost immediately after landing. He was confined first of all in the Gatehouse, Westminster, and later, on December 4th., was sent to the Tower. A list of charges against him was drawn up, based on his answers to various questions put to him on several occasions. One of these charges, which ran: "Confession that he thinketh the Pope only hath power in ecclesiastical causes, and none other", will serve as an example of the rest.

Fourteen more questions of which the following two are typical were put to him in the Tower, on points political and

(1) It is interesting to know that Blessed Edmund Campion actually stayed at the Venerable, and preached within its walls. In the cross-examination of Ven. George Haydock, another College martyr, we read:

Question. How long was Campion in the College?

Answer. A day or two.

Question. How many sermons did he make, and how many did you hear?

Answer. I heard none, because I was sick; but it was said he made one.

(*Catholic Record Society.* Vol. 5. p. 59.)

religious. “(7) How many have you reconciled to the Church of Rome since your imprisonment, and what be their names?” “(10) Where do you know, or have heard, that Campion is?” It is quite clear that the answers he gave, if any, did not satisfy the persecutors, for five days afterwards, being taken to the Tower, he was cruelly tortured by being enclosed in “The Scavenger’s Daughter”. Rishton’s Diary records the event thus briefly: “Dec. 5, 1580. Several catholics were brought from different prisons. Dec. 10, Thomas Cottam and Luke Kirbye, priests (two of the number), suffered compression in the scavenger’s daughter for more than an hour. Cottam bled profusely from the nose”. Lingard’s description of this instrument is as follows:—“The scavenger’s daughter was a broad hoop of iron, so called, consisting of two parts, fastened to each other by a hinge. The prisoner was made to kneel on the pavement, and to contract himself into as small a compass as he could. Then the executioner, kneeling on his shoulders, and having introduced the hoop under his legs, compressed the victim close together, till he was able to fasten the extremities over the small of the back. The time allotted to this kind of torture was an hour and a half, during which time it commonly happened that from excess of compression the blood started from the nostrils; sometimes, it was believed, from the extremities of the hands and feet”. (*History of England*. Vol. 8, p. 521).

Like the other Catholic prisoners, Blessed Luke was, from Feb. 5th. to May 14th. 1581, dragged to attendance at periodic sermons by one John Nichols, a relapsed convert who had become a Calvinist minister. It was this Nichols who afterwards came to Blessed Luke’s cell to express his sorrow for all his wickedness and treachery, saying that to show detestation of his crimes he was going to forsake the ministry. This he afterwards did and went to France, where he wrote an acknowledgement of what he had done against the Catholics. We learn of his visit to the martyr’s cell, from a letter written by the martyr himself to some friends a few days after the event. The beginning and end of this letter, coming as it did from one who was expecting death from day to day, though actually destined to linger in prison for another five months, are touching enough to deserve quotation here. “My moste hartie commendations

to you and the rest of my derest frendes. If you sende anything to me you must make hast, because we look to suffer death very shortly, as alreadie it is signified to us. Yet I much feare lest our unworthines of that excellent perfection and crowne of martyrdom shall procure us a longer life". Then follows the account of Nichols' visit, after which he proceeds:—" Thus beseeching you to assist us with your good praiers, whereof now especially we stande in neede, as we by God's grace shall not be unmindefull of you. I bid you farewell, this X of Januarie, 1582.

Yours to death and after death,

LUKE KIRBIE".

He had been arraigned with Blessed Edmund Campion and his companions on Nov. 14th., and tried two days later on a trumped-up charge of conspiracy. Found guilty and condemned to death, he was then sent back to prison where he remained till his execution. The only change in his condition during this period was that at the end of April he was put into irons and kept in them till the end. On May 13th. the famous Six Articles were given him to answer (Of *The Venerable*, Vol. I, N. 2, p. 154), and he answered them carefully and cautiously.

Seventeen more days passed, and then on Wednesday, May 30th. (1) with three other priests, he was "trailed from the Tower of London along the streates to Tyborne, about vij of the clocke in the morning". Blessed William Filby was the first to suffer, and "then was *M. Luke Kirbie* brought to see his fellow hang, and being lifted up to the carte, he beganne thus: '*O my frendes, O my frendes, I am come hither for supposed treason, although in deede it be for my conscience*'; and

(1) In his History of the College, Cardinal Gasquet gives Blessed Luke Kirby as our second martyr and Blessed John Shert as suffering with him. Actually, the latter was the first to suffer, on May 28th., the former following him two days later, May 30th. (misprinted in the History as May 20th.). As is evident from the College Annual Letter for 1582, it was thought out here at the time that both had suffered on May 30th. which explains the account of their joint martyrdom given in the Letter and quoted by the Cardinal. If the account really belongs to May 30th., it will refer only to Blessed Luke and his companions.

after praied thus, 'O my Saviour Jesus Christ, by whose death and passion I hope to be saved, forgive me sinfull sinner, my manifold sinnes and offences, etc.', and being commaunded to torne towards the place of execution, his fellow *M. Filbie* being beheaded, and as the manner is, the executioner lifting his head between his handes, he cried, 'God save the Queene', to the which *M. Kirbie* said, 'Amen', and being asked 'What Queene?' he answered 'Queene Elizabeth,' to whom he praied God to send a long and prosperouse raigne, and preserve her from her enemies. *Charke* willed him to say 'from the Pope, his curse and power'.

"*Kirbie*. 'If the Pope leavie warre against her, or curse her uniustly, God preserve her from him also; and so to direct her in this life as that she may further and mainteine Christ's Catholike Religion, and at last enherite the kingdom of heaven'.

"And after, he made a solemne protestation of his innocencie in that whereof he was condemned, adding that if there were any living that could iustly accuse him in any one point of that whereof he was condemned, he was ready to submitte himself to her Maiestie's clemencie. And seeing *Munday* present, he desired he might be brought in, to say what he could". This was *Munday* the informer, and an argument followed about his false accusations against the martyr, in the course of which we learn that Blessed Luke at Rome had been a great "benefactor to all his contremen, although he knew them to be otherwise affected in religion than himself was". He had said before in one of his examinations: — "It is not unknown that I saved English mariners from hanging only for the duty I bore to her Majesty, with the love and good-will which I bore to my country". Now we learn in addition that he had spoken on behalf of some Englishmen abroad "to some of the Pope's chieffest officers", at imminent risk of compromising himself, while "to others he said he delivered the shert off his backe, and travailed with others fortie miles for their saffe conduct, and onely for good will".

"And he urged *Munday* againe in the feare and love of God to say but the truth, alledging farther how *Nicolls*, who in his bookes uttered much more of him than *Munday* did, yet his conscience accusing him, he came to his chamber in the

Tower and in presence of foure, whereof he named his keeper to be one, recanted and denied that which before he had affirmed in his bookes ". Both at this time and later, when his replies to the Six Articles were read out, he was continually being interrupted, so that it is small wonder an eye-witness deposed, that " His speaches were very intricat for that many did speake unto him and of several matters ". Questioned again about the Queen, he made answer " I acknowledge to my Prince and Quene as much deutie and authoritie as ever I did to Quene Marie, or as any subiect in France, Spain or Italie, do acknowledge to his King or prince. And more I cannot nor ought not of deutie give her '. And thereupon *Topcliff* demaunded, 'What if all they be traitors, will you be a traitor too?' To which he answered, 'What, be they all traitors? God forbid, for if all they be traitors then all our auncestors have been traitors likewise '. ...Being demaunded whether he thought the Queene to be supreme governesse of the Church of England, he answered he was redy to yeld her as much authoritie as any other subiect ought to yeld his prince, or as he would yeld to Queene Marie, and more with saftie of conscience he could not do. Then *Sherife Martine* tould him that the Queene was merciful and would take him to her mercie, so he would confesse his dutie towards her, and forsake *that man of Rome*, and that he had authoritie himselfe to stay execution and carrie him backe againe.

" Who answered that to deny the Pope's authoritie was a point of faith which he would not deny for saving of his life, beinge sure to damne his soule. Then was it tendered him that if he would but confesse his fault and aske the Queene forgevenes she would yet be merciful to him. He answered againe that his conscience did give him cleere testimonie that he never offended, and therefore he would neither confesse that whereof he was innocent, neither aske forgevenes, where no offence was committed against her Maiestie ".

It is hard to determine what was the real opinion of the people about these martyrs, for it must have been clear to all that here was no traitor, and yet those round the gallows, as if impatient, began to cry " Away with him ".

And so "he beganne to pray in Latin; the Ministers and others desired him to pray in English and they would pray with him, who answered that in praying with them he should dishonor God, 'But if you were of one faith with me, then would I pray with you'. But he desired all those that were Catholikes to pray with him and he would pray with them; and as for any other that was a Christian and desirous to pray for him, he would not let (1) them, although he would not pray with them. And so, after that he had ended his *Pater Noster* and began his *Ave*, the carte was drawn away and there he hanged until he was dead, and until his two fellowes *Richardson* and *Cottam* did take the vewe of him".

Thus died one who was a typical North-country man in his constancy to the Catholic Faith, a constancy unshaken by torture or the gallows. His death should be an inspiration to his successors in these latter days at the Venerable, and to all his countrymen living amid so much infidelity and so many dangers to the glorious Faith which they profess.

"Blessed English Martyrs, Pray for us".

A. CLAYTON.

(1) "Let" is, of course, used here in its old sense of "hinder" or "obstruct".



MY "DISCOVERY" OF SOUTH AMERICA

II. — SAN PAOLO.

As I have already said, I left Rio for San Paolo on the evening of Wednesday, August 2. We had a great "send off" at the Station. The Nuncio of Brazil, the Archbishop and many clergy, and several officials of the State were present to say good-bye, and the President of the Republic had arranged special carriages for the party. To include everything about San Paolo I will have somewhat to repeat what I have already said.

At 8.40 the next morning we reached our destination to find a great concourse of people with bands and banners ready with a magnificent welcome. San Paolo is, as all know, the great commercial capital of Brazil, already great and constantly growing. Indeed if it continues to prosper, as there is every indication that it will, in a very few years it will become another Chicago in size and importance. The Italians form a large part of the population, and the richest man in South America according to repute — the Conte Materasso — lives and works there as the popular employer of a vast number of workmen, in his numerous commercial enterprises. We had travelled out from Genoa with the Count and it was a pleasure to find him at the San Paolo Station to welcome us on our arrival.

From the Station we went in a veritable triumphal procession to the Abbey of San Bento, where outside the great doors of the Church and filling the square in front, were ga-



THE CHURCH OF S. BENTO.

thered a large concourse of people, to see the arrival of the first Cardinal of the Roman Church, who had ever set foot in South America. On the steps of the church were gathered the Abbot and his Community and the Archbishop of San Paolo with many other Bishops and Abbots.

The Abbot, Dom. M. Kruse, made an address of welcome in English to which I replied, and both these short speeches he subsequently translated for the benefit of the people. After this in the Abbey I was introduced to many of the clergy and inhabitants of the city. At six o'clock in the afternoon I went to pay an official visit to the President of the State, Dr. Washington Luiz, and presented his wife with a coral rosary sent to her by the Pope. I was afterwards introduced to the chief Officials of the State. Immediately on my return to the Abbey he sent one of his Officials to return my visit. On the same afternoon I paid a visit of ceremony to the Archbishop of San Paolo to thank him for his coming to welcome me on my arrival in the morning. After this I went to see the Benedictine nuns established here and the Abbess, who had been trained in our English Abbey of Stanbrook and to whom I had given the habit several years before.

This made up a full day, and I was glad to get back to the Abbey to prepare for the great function of the Consecration of the new Abbey Church, which was the work entrusted me by the Holy Father and for which I had undertaken the long voyage to South America.

The next day—Friday, August 4th—was devoted to visiting the church and monastery and making the acquaintance of the monks. The Church, Monastery and College of San Bento at San Paolo is a wonderful modern creation. The buildings occupy one side of what is the principal square in the city and the whole block of buildings in white stone is undoubtedly the greatest ornament of the place. The present energetic Abbot, Dom Miguel Kruse, has succeeded in a very short time in setting up a range of buildings which are a monument to his skill as a builder and a glory for the Catholic Church in Brazil. The monastery is complete and well furnished. The School has been equipped with every modern aid to education, and the boys and youths give the impression that they are

desirous of making use of the opportunity of making themselves proficient in whatever profession in life they may be called upon to fill. They made the best possible impression upon me, on the various occasions I met them during my visit. The College will compare, in my opinion, favourably with any similar establishment in England. Already the buildings are being found too small for the numbers that desire to enter and receive their tuition at the hands of the monks; and on the last day of my stay at San Paolo, I had the pleasure of laying the first stone of a new residential college, planned on a large scale, upon the hills, a short distance from the city.

But I am anticipating. I had come, as I have already said, to consecrate the new Abbey Church, so I must say something about this really monumental work. The only criticism I would make about it, is that everything is so complete and finished that it has left little for posterity to add to its beauties. The Church is decorated with paintings of great merit in every part of the walls, and the roof is really like a lovely illuminated manuscript. There are seven altars, all good and solid, whilst the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is a jewel. In the towers are hung a peal of fine bells (made in Germany) which are rung by electricity, and send their waves of sound all over the city. Indeed they are the first and at present the only peal of bells in the city, and I fancy in the whole of Brazil. This wonderful church also has already its fine organ with every modern improvement, and I may add that the singing of the Monastic Chant by the monks is in every way most excellent. I have never heard in Europe the Gregorian Chant Melodies rendered with greater effect than they were at San Bento.

On Saturday, August 5th. the ceremony of the Consecration was commenced at 4.30 in the evening. By permission the long ceremonial was divided into two parts. In the evening the various blessings were carried out, and the relics for the various altars brought into the church, with the usual solemnity. On this day and on the following the whole of the ceremonies in the Pontifical were fully sung, and so, even this first part took nearly four hours.

The following day—Sunday—was the Solemn Dedication. The ceremony began at 7.30, and I finished singing Pontifical

One day I lunched with the British Consul, Mr. Abbott. Another morning I said Mass for the Materasso Family in their Chapel in the cemetery. One evening the School—or I should say “College”—gave a play and concert in my honour. The music was really first class and the band played wonderfully. Like all this kind of thing the entertainment was rather too long. At the end the students presented me with an address in English and my reply was translated to them by Abbot Kruse.

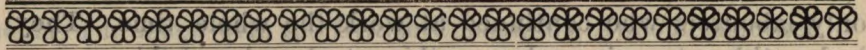
In particular I will note two visits that interested me a great deal. The first was to the vast Establishments of the “National Company of Jute Spinning”. This is a practical attempt to solve the present difficulties which exist between the interests of Capital and Labour. The founder of this enterprise is a Brazilian Catholic of English descent named Mr. George Street, who with the aid of his wife, has succeeded in building up a vast business at San Paolo on practical Christian principles. Just outside the city boundaries there has arisen a work city—offices, work-rooms, houses for the labourers, church, school, hospital, pharmacy and a *crèche* to safeguard the smaller children whilst the mothers work. There are also places of amusement and gardens, all provided by the wise administration of Mr. Street, who looks into every detail with the help of his wife and daughter. In fact, whilst paying the workers, who number many thousands, Mr. Street gives them an interest in the business and leaves them free to take advantage of the various shops where they can buy provisions, etc. at the cheapest possible rates, or to go outside if they prefer—which few of them, I was told, do.

The working-man’s house contains everything that can be desired—rooms, kitchen, bath, electricity, cistern of water, etc. The personnel which directs this city of labour, is composed of an engineer-in-chief and two helps, two doctors, chemist, dentist, two priests, prefect of the working-city, masters and mistresses for the various schools. It was clear to me on my long visit that the work-people regard Mr. Street more as a friend than as a master and the proof of success of this experiment lies in the fact, that when, a few years ago, there was a general strike at San Paolo, those who worked for Mr. Street—numbering thousands—refused to take part in it and were the

only labourers who continued at work the whole time. They had nothing to gain and everything to lose by striking.

The second visit I made at San Paolo which interested me much was to what I may call "The Snake Farm" at Butanton. We who live in Europe are spared, in great measure, the attacks of poisonous snakes; but in Brazil the number of deaths caused by the bites of venomous reptiles is simply prodigious, whilst the terrible diseases set up in the limbs of those, who though bitten are not killed, are even more numerous and awful. It had long been the hope of the medical profession to discover some antidote for the poison infected into the blood of those who were attacked by the numerous species of poisonous snakes to be found in the country. The first matter was to examine the nature of the various poisons, and then to seek for some effective antidote, which if taken immediately, would counteract the poison. For the purpose of this study there has been set up at Butanton this Institute where the various poisons can be determined, and the counteracting serum prepared. Serpents have been collected from all parts of the country and may be seen in what are called their "Parks". In these there are erected a series of small brick buildings which look more like hives for bees than anything else I have seen. These form the shelter for the serpents, many hundred of which are to be seen in the enclosure. From these are extracted their poisons with which horses, kept for the purpose, are inoculated, and the serum which comes from the wounds is found to be the antidote for the bite of the snake from which the poison has been taken. Whilst I was there with the director he had several of these snakes brought out by an attendant and he showed me how the poison was forced out of their fangs by pressure. The attendant told me that on more than one occasion he had been bitten whilst handling the snakes, but after being treated immediately by an injection of the prepared serum he suffered no injury. Altogether my visit was most interesting, and as the serum is sent out all over the country with full instructions for its use, every year thousands of people are saved from death from the bites of the poisonous snakes, which abound in this part of the world.

AIDAN Card. GASQUET.



ON A PORTRAIT OF LINACRE

given by Lady Margaret Allchin to the Venerabile

Through His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, Lady Allchin has presented to the Venerabile, a small but very fine portrait of Linacre, founder of the Royal College of Physicians in London. Her Ladyship wrote to His Eminence from 51, South Street, Mayfair. W. 1., November 29th. 1920; "Sir Norman Moore, a friend and colleague of my late husband, Sir William Allchin, has suggested my offering for Your Eminence's acceptance, to hang in the English College, Rome, a small portrait of Linacre. He told me at the same time of the discovery made by Your Eminence, that Linacre had been one of the Guardians of the English College. A similar portrait to mine is in the Royal College of Physicians, and there is another at Windsor... The portrait was bought at a sale in an old house at Ware, about thirty five years ago, and always hung in my husband's consulting room where it was greatly admired by his professional friends. The old black frame is about two feet high by one foot six inches wide; the figure is head and shoulders, with hands in view, holding a folded parchment. The costume is a doctor's cap and gown, the latter open at the throat to show a smocked neck-band. The back-ground of the water-colour is very dark green." Again on January 19th. 1921 she writes: "Through Father Bampton's kind offices, I have made the acquaintance of Mother Maria del Rosario Vellallonga, second Assistant of the Handmaids of the Sacred Heart at Rome.

She will be returning there in the first week of February, and has assured both Father Bampton and me that it will give her the greatest pleasure to take the portrait and place it safely in the hands of Your Eminence." The valuable gift arrived safely at the College, and has been placed temporarily in a prominent position in the Refectory. We offer our most sincere thanks to Lady Allchin for her generous gift, which will serve to remind many generations of Venerable men of one of the greatest names connected with the old English Hospice, now the English College; and we thank all who in any way assisted in securing this much prized memento of olden days and in bringing it to the College. A print of the portrait is reproduced in Doctor James J. Walsh's "Catholic Churchmen in Science" p. 79, as also on the frontispiece of the C. T. S. pamphlet by J. P. Pye M. D., D. Sc. "Thomas Linacre: Scholar, Physician, Priest, 1460-1524" (Catholic Men of Science Series).

In connection with Linacre it may be of interest to mention that Dr. Arnold Chaplin, Harveian Librarian of the Royal College of Physicians of London, has sent us a copy of "The Harveian Oration on Medicine in the century before Harvey," delivered by him at the Royal College of Physicians on October 18th. 1922. The little book is an able account of the revival of the science of healing in the sixteenth century, and of its onward march till the death of Harvey in 1657. Doctor Chaplin from his high position as Librarian of the Royal College of Physicians sweeps his glance over a wide field of human activity stretching from the days of Constantine the Great through the Middle Ages to the Reformation and long after. There is the usual exaggeration of sweeping generalizations. For more than a thousand years, we are told, since the Greek period which closed with the age of Galen, it was not medicine alone that failed to register any advance. "The study of all branches of learning," says the Librarian of the Royal College of Physicians, "was involved in the same black night of stagnation and obscurity, and as age succeeded age Europe receded farther and farther into the abyss of ignorance and sloth." Then follows the usual tilt against Scholasticism, "which has appalled the intellectual world ever since the eleventh century", and against the Church. Such views have been ably corrected by Sir Bertram Windle D. Ph.

in "The Church and Science" and by the two writers above mentioned. They are also contradicted by Doctor Chaplin's own account of Linacre who was as much a product of the Dark Ages as Doctor Chaplin is of the twentieth century, who went to Italy and to Rome for the training and inspiration to enable him to do his great work in England, and who ended as a devout priest of the Catholic Church. Not a few of the Humanists whom the Harveian Orator so justly admires were likewise Catholics and Churchmen, bound by "the fetters of the Age of Authority", and never "freed from blind adherence". All that interests us at present is Doctor Chaplin's estimate of Linacre and his work. "The great figure of Thomas Linacre," he writes, "the founder of this College, and the best example of the scholar-physician possesses for us an absorbing interest... Already proficient in the Greek language through the influence of his friend and master, Selling, he travelled to Italy for the purpose of placing himself under the best teachers of the Classics. Arrived there he sat at the feet of Politian, to whom he owed his exquisite taste in Latin composition, and of Chalcondylas who refined his knowledge of Greek. But while engaged in the pursuits of classical knowledge his thoughts became directed to the study of medicine. He devoted his unrivalled scholarship to the purpose of providing correct and elegant Latin translations of Galen's more important works. But to Linacre belongs a glory far in excess of any he obtained as a scholarly translator. Even the solid basis on which his fame rests as the first to revive letters in this country must yield to the position he occupies in our hearts as the great founder of this College... the first institution devoted to the conservation and advance of medicine in this realm. He had visited Italy, then the only place where the influence of the revival of learning was felt. In the various Universities where he had pursued his studies, and where he had consorted with men of learning, he was impressed with the manner in which facilities were afforded for the prosecution of the quest for knowledge in all its branches. In Italy he felt intellectual life vibrating, and saw men striving to climb the heights unfolded by the revival of learning. While preparing for his degree of medicine at Padua he had seen the attention paid to that subject. The care bestowed upon the study of med-

icine by the Universities and the State in Italy sank deep in his mind, and when in after years he resolved to improve the condition of physic in his own country it was after the Italian model that he shaped his College of Physicians. Finally, towards the end of his life he designed a scheme for the promotion of the study of medicine in the sister universities." Now this hero of science and learning was educated in the monastery schools of Catholic England. He was the intimate friend of Blessed Thomas More and of Colet and of Erasmus. He drew his inspiration from Italy, from Padua and from Rome. He dedicated his literary work to the Pope. Finally he became a priest of the Old Church and gave up his gains from his medical work to endow the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and his own College of Physicians. His life may throw some light on the vexed question of what happened at the Reformation. It is a life of personal and historic interest, a life which should help Doctor Chaplin and others to revise some of their sweeping generalities.

A. H.



"The College would have justified itself," writes Dr. Philip Hughes in The Tablet of September 1892, "had it done no more than give us

CENTENARIES

On June 4th. occurred the tercentenary of the consecration of the first Vicar Apostolic in England, William Bishop, a native of Warwickshire. He came from Douai to the Venerable for his Theology in 1579 in company with six others, of whom two were the illustrious martyrs, B. Thos. Cottam and B. William Hart. He was ordained in Rome, and in 1582 returned to England. He suffered imprisonment and banishment for the Faith and is accordingly noted as a Confessor in the College Diary.

*
*
*

On August 20th. 1823 died Pope Pius VII., who should always be regarded as the second founder of the Venerable, for it was largely on the Holy Father's own initiative that the project of re-opening the College was launched in 1817. Dr. Gradwell was nominated Rector by the Cardinal Secretary of State on March 8th. 1818, and the first students, among whom was Wiseman, arrived in the autumn of the same year. A tablet in the College records the re-opening:

MEMORIAE
 PII VII. PONT. MAX.
 QVOD COLLEGIVM ANGLORVM
 A GREGORIO XIII. P. M.
 IN ANTIQVO EIVS NATIONIS ADVENARVM HOSPITIO
 PRIMITVS CONSTITVTVM
 VRBE AVTEM A GALLIS OCCVPATA
 ANTE AN. XX. DISSOLVTVM
 ANNO MDCCXVIII RESTITVERIT
 EIDEMQVE AD VOTVM NATIONIS EIVSDEM
 RECTOREM DE CLERO IPSIVS PRAEFECERIT
 HERCVLE CONSALVIO, S. E. R. CARD. COLLEGII PATRONO
 ANGLIAE EPISCOPI ET CLERVS
 GRATI ANIMI CAVSA.

“The College would have justified itself,” writes Fr. Philip Hughes in *The Tablet* of September 1st., “had it done no more than give us

Nicholas Wiseman — 'the man of Providence for England,' in the words of a later Pope — whose episcopate is the beginning of all our modern development. But the College has done more. It has formed hundreds of learned priests, and has been a seminary of many distinguished prelates and bishops — and all of this, under God, we owe to Pius VII. "

*
*
*

October 9th. was the tercentenary of the death of Roger Baines, Cardinal Allen's secretary. He was born in 1546, and had at one time been a Protestant. After his conversion he joined Dr. Allen at Rheims and subsequently came with him to Rome. By his will he left among other objects a plaque of Aristotle "to the library of the English College as a special remembrance of his affection" (1). He also bequeathed an annual fund of 84 scudi to maintain a nephew of his within or without the College at Rome, as should be best for his studies: or when no such relative of his should be in Rome, then some other student who must take the name *Baines* and the accustomed oath. The money was to be paid by the Jesuits of Louvain who inherited practically all Roger Baines' property. They ceased paying in 1683, and in 1694 the obligation of paying was judged by the Procurator General as no longer holding.

No relative of the testator seems to have entered the College, but many students enjoyed the privilege of the burse during the sixty years of its existence. The most noteworthy were:

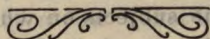
Charles Baines, *vere* Calvert (1640-4) who became a Jesuit, and Minister and later Confessor of the College; he died young of the plague, caught in attending a stricken student. (1657).

Ven. Edward Baines *vere* Mico (1647-50) who died in prison a victim of the Oates plot. (1678).

Ven. Anthony Ashby, *alias* Baines, *vere* Turner (1650-1) who was martyred at Tyburn, 1680, another victim of the Oates Plot.

J. C.

(1) This plaque, which Mrs. Strong discusses exhaustively in a note to Cardinal Gasquet's History of the Venerable, disappeared from the College during the French Revolution. For many years it formed part of the Rosenheim Collection, but recently through the kindness of a friend came into the possession of our Cardinal Protector, who presented it to the College, October 22, 1923. The plaque was the property of Henry VIII, who gave it to Cardinal Pole; Pole gave it to Allen, who left it to his Secretary. To our Cardinal Protector and to Mr. John Marshall, who purchased the plaque at a recent sale at Christie's, we owe the restoration of this antique of romantic history to its old position in our library.





of a later Pope — whose episcopate is the beginning of all our modern development. But the College has done more. It has formed hundreds of learned priests, and has been a seminary of many distinguished prelates and bishops — and all of this, under God, we owe to Pius VII.

October 9th. was the forty-first anniversary of the death of Roger Baines, Cardinal Allen's secretary. He was born in 1546, and had at one time been a Protestant. Allen came with him to Rome, by his will he left among

COLLEGE NOTES

EASTER TO SEPTEMBER 30th. 1923

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

On April 10th., the day after our return from Palazzola, there was a Solemn Requiem in S. Ignazio for Fr. Grossi-Gondi S. J., Professor in Christian Archaeology at the University and a well known Archaeologist and authority on the Catacombs. The esteem in which the late Professor was held was clearly testified by the large number of friends who assisted at the Requiem.

Saturday April 28th., was held the Theologians "Disputatio Menstrua." The same day the official siesta started. The connection is obvious. The Philosophers' "Menstrua" was on the following Monday.

The Beatification of Cardinal Bellarmine, student, professor, and Rector of the Roman College was naturally an occasion of rejoicing for the University, and Monday, May 14th., the day after the Beatification was a Free-day with Solemn Benediction in the evening in S. Ignazio.

On May 18th. Friday, the Thesis Sheets came out, and the following day the Whitsuntide break commenced.

The Scholastic Year ended on June 20th. with the usual short lectures and the "hortatio" in S. Ignazio.

Examination Results. On the whole the College has every reason to congratulate itself on the examination results this year. On all subjects, primary and secondary, over 80 % of results were successful, and if we can judge from unofficial reports from other Colleges at the University we are fortunate to have so large a number of successful results. The Theological results could hardly have been improved upon. In the primary subjects, the subjects on which degrees are conferred, there was not a single failure, and in Moral Theology, a subject in

which the most proficient are always liable to be entrapped in the meshes of casuistry, there were only two *non-probati*. First Year Theology alone contributed one *Summa cum Laude*, four *Cum Laude* and eight *Bene Probati*. The Philosophers perhaps on the whole were not as successful as usual when considered en masse, but individual results, especially in the Ph. D., did the House great credit. The notable successes were: Mr. Slevin, *Cum Laude*, and Messrs E. J. Kelly, Cregg and Walsh, *Bene Probati*. In First Year Philosophy the honour of the College was upheld by Mr. Macmillan, *Summa Cum Laude*, and Mr. R. L. Smith, *Cum Laude*.

SACRED FUNCTIONS.

On April 19th. a small party assisted at Benediction given by Cardinal Bonzano at the Sacred Heart Convent, Via Nomentana. On Thursday, April 26th., we had the usual High Mass at the Catacombs for the Conversion of England. It was sung by the retiring Senior Student, Mr. Ellis.

On Sunday, April 29th., we were privileged to be present both at the morning and afternoon functions for the Beatification of the Little Flower, as also at the Beatifications of the Venerable Michael Garicoits, and Venerable Cardinal Bellarmine (10th. and 15th. May). On May 25th. fifteen of our students assisted at the First Vespers of St. Philip Neri and at the High Mass the following day, both in the Chiesa Nuova. All the students took part in the Corpus Christi procession in the grounds of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Via Nomentana. We also took part in a similar procession at the Convent of Jesus and Mary at the Tor di Quinto on the following Sunday, June 3rd. On June 21st. the body of Blessed Card. Bellarmine was solemnly translated from the Gesù to the side of his great disciple, St. Aloysius, in S. Ignazio. Together with the representatives from all the Colleges in Rome the majority of our students took part in the great procession that preceded the coffin. Great enthusiasm was shown en route and flowers were showered on the casket from above. Thirteen Cardinals in their scarlet met the body on its arrival at S. Ignazio and Cardinals Billot S. J., Ehrle, S. J. and Vico walked in the procession, together with a large number of other prelates and dignitaries.

Thanks to the generosity of Cardinal Merry del Val who sent us special tickets, a few of our students were able to be present in St. Peter's for the unveiling of the Monument to Pius X. on June 20th. The ceremony, at which only a few ticket-holders were allowed to assist, commenced at 11.30 a.m. and was concluded in about an hour. The

Pope, who entered St. Peter's on foot led by Cardinal Merry del Val and escorted by the Noble Guard, after unveiling the Monument pronounced a fairly long discourse. He was seated on a temporary throne erected under the monument of Innocent VIII. (one of the few monuments transferred from the old basilica to the present St. Peter's.), and surrounded by the Cardinals, Bishops, and members of the Corps Diplomatique in court dress. Before and after the unveiling motets specially composed for the occasion were sung by the Choir of the Capella Giulia.

The College Choir rendered a four-part Mass with great éclat at Rocca di Papa for the Feast of the Assumption. The rest of the House manned the Choir stalls, and tried to look canonical. After the procession down the village street we were regaled with vermouth and biscuits by the Arciprete. The choir part was repeated on the 16th. Sept for the Feast of the Seven Dolours of Our Lady.

VISITORS TO THE COLLEGE.

On St. George's Day the guests of the College were Mgr. Serafini, Bishop of Lampsaco, Bishop Stanley, Mgr. Cicognani and Father Iles. His Eminence The Cardinal Protector, who came later in the afternoon, received the College Oath from the new students and afterwards gave Solemn Benediction.

To mention such an old friend as Mgr. Cicognani as our guest would be quite superfluous, but on May 31st. he was the guest of honour on the occasion of his promotion to the rank of Domestic Prelate. We sang the customary *Ad Multos Annos* during coffee and liqueur.

Doctor Hyland, a former Rector of Wonersh Seminary and an old student of the Venerabile, stayed from April 29th. to May 7th.

The College was honoured also by the following guests: Mr. Con-sadine, Solicitor to the Scottish Hierarchy (April 11th.), Mgr. Dante (April 15th.), Father Marshall M. A. (April 15th.), Dom John Murty O. S. B. of Douai (April 26th.), Father Haydock-Smith C. SS. R. (April 26th.) Father Neyrand S. J., Professor of Hebrew at the University (June 17th.) Father Müller S. J. Professor of Dogmatic Theology at, the University (June 18th. and 19th.).

At the Villa. On the Feast of Our Lady of Snows (August 5th.), to whom the Palazzola Church is dedicated, Father MacMahon S. J. and Father Donnelly S. J. were the guests at dinner. On August 7th. we were honoured by a visit from Bishop Shahan, Rector of Washington Catholic University and one of the Editors of the Catholic Ency-

clopaedia, with whom were Father Christopher, Professor of the same University and Father Lyons of the Paulist Fathers, Rector of Santa Susanna. Mr. Johnson stayed with us from August 10th. to the 18th.

No Villeggiatura would seem complete without a visit from Bishop Burton and Canon Lee, who were discovered one morning in the garden, having arrived as usual without warning, and who spent three weeks at Palazzola. His Lordship was as always the life and soul of the House and as juvenile as ever, climbing the heights of Cavo on foot, and dining *al fresco* at the Nemi Pines despite his dignity and years.

Mgr. Palica, Archbishop of Philippi and Vice-Gerent of Rome, stayed with us on the evening of August 24th., but unfortunately was obliged to return to the City the next day.

On the Rector's birthday the guests at dinner were Archbishop Palica, Bishop Burton, Mgr. Cicognani, Canon Lee, Brother Thane and Father Lemieux C. SS. R.

On September 20th. twenty students of the German College came to visit us. They left their Villa of San Pastore in the early hours of the morning, and after a five hours walk arrived at the Campi D'Annibale where they were met by a party of our students. On their arrival at Palazzola they were regaled by the consolations of the brimming glass and by a dip in the "tank". At dinner the refectory was festooned with vine leaves and ivy, and bunches of grapes luscious to the eye, but, as we knew from sad experience, Dead Sea fruit as regards taste, hung from the electrolier. The hospitable board groaned with good things which gladdened the hearts of guests and hosts alike, and a generous flow of the Castelli vintage loosed a stream of Teutonic and Saxon Italian which would have drawn groans and bitterness of spirit from Otto Sauer and the Berlitz School. After dinner under the laurels there was music, English and German, and German discipline went to pieces during coffee and liqueurs, cigarettes and pipes being much in evidence. The time for departure came all too soon, and by the cross where the old posting road from Velletri to Rome passes the edge of our domain we gave them three lusty cheers of farewell, to which the Germans replied with deep-throated *Hoch! Hoch!* Five of our students returned to San Pastore with the Germans, stayed the night there and walked thence to La Mentorella and Subiaco, staying a night at the German Villa on the way back. The Rector visited the German Villa a fortnight previous to this visit, thereby formally re-establishing friendly relations between the two Colleges.

The following Sunday sixteen students from the American Villa came over from Castel Gandolfo for the day and in the afternoon played a game of football in the "Sforza".

Tuesday, September 25th., Mgr. Stanghetti one of the organisers of the Dante celebrations at Ravenna in 1921 stayed the evening and addressed the Dante Society. Father Curmi of Malta, an old student of the College, stayed at Palazzola from September 28th. to the 30th. Mr. Dormer M. V. O. of the British Legation spent two week-ends with us.

PERSONAL COLUMN.

(Note. We see no reason why this column should not be extended to form a link between old students scattered in various parts of England, but for information on such subjects we shall have to depend largely on contributions from England).

Denis Ryan left us on April 10th. for his home where his father was seriously ill. He wrote, however, shortly after his arrival to say his father was out of danger and recovering. Mr. Ryan is now on the mission at Clifton. Ad multos annos.

Mr. Lee also left us on April 22nd. We hope that his health which prevented his sitting for his D. D. will speedily improve, and that he will have many years of work for God before him.

With Messrs Ellis and Donnelly the last of the old generation left. Both of them won their laurels at the University. To both of them we wish long life and success.

On the 31st. of July we welcomed our new Spiritual Director, Father Moss, but only to lose him again before long, as he fell a victim to sun-burn and retired temporarily to the shelter of Monte Celio.

The following announcement appeared in the Malta Herald in May last: — "His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government has been pleased to make the following appointment in the name of His Majesty the King and during His Majesty's pleasure, namely: — The Rev. Enrico Dandria D. D., Ph. D., B. L. Can., M. L. A. to be Minister for Public Instruction." We offer belated congratulations to Dr. Dandria.

We tender to Mgr. Canon Barry the heartiest congratulations of his old college on the attainment of the golden jubilee of his priesthood, and join our prayers with those of his numerous friends that he may be spared for many years to carry on his great work for souls.

CONCERTS.

This half-year has been unusually festive as regards concerts, but none the less they have been, almost without exception, clamorous successes.

To celebrate the visit of the King and Queen to Rome we had a scratch concert after supper on May 10th.

For the Rector's birthday we had a special concert on Aug. 25th. The first part of the programme was held beneath the cypresses around the fountain, which was temporarily converted into a fairyland by Chinese lanterns and candles in coloured glasses. Unfortunately the wind was strong that night and a considerable portion of the audience was continually press-ganged to hold down the music on the piano, and the pianist sat under a continual rain of hot wax which considerably perturbed the harmony at times.

What is more, the indefatigable labour of the electricians came to naught, for the electric foot-lights fused early in the evening and the long-suffering mechanics succumbed to a series of shocks and were unable to restore the apparatus. So after a magnificent pyrotechnic display we retired to the common room, where the concert committee presented a sketch entitled "So this is Palazzola!", which called forth such applause that the actors were obliged to repeat the performance. The Bishop of Clifton was so agreeably impressed by the evening's festivities that at his request there was a second concert on the evening of Sept. 2nd, wine and biscuits being provided by the Rector. The first part of the programme was held in the cortile illuminated for the occasion, and included a Chinese sketch entitled "The Yellow's Peril", and an original song by our versatile spiritual director. The second was held in the Common Room and consisted of a repetition, in a very much embellished form, of the Operetta "Dov'è Lei?" which first took the Operatic world by storm last Christmas. At the conclusion of the concert His Lordship of Clifton addressed the house, speaking in high praise of the two entertainments at which he had recently been present and comparing them quite favourably with the more academic jubiliations of his own brave days. Nay more, His Lordship condescended to revive the old (but not dead) metres of the past, and sang of a certain tramp who met his Waterloo in the Borghese Gardens many years ago.

We must also mention the furore created by a certain Roman dignitary, who rendered "Stornelli Romani" to English words with unspeakable "aplomb".

The success of both concerts is in great measure due to the organising genius of Mr. R. L. Smith, while Mr. Elwes proved himself inspired (*sensu latissimo*) as a costumier, producing many wonderful creations from billiard cloths, "scendilette" and other articles of college property purloined for the occasion.

GITE.

The Rector's usual Gita to Nettuno was held at Whitsuntide instead of in August. The weather was much cooler and Nettuno was not yet invaded by a horde of Roman holiday-makers in very scant dress. Everybody agreed that the day was a huge success. Despite this, however, we had another Gita to Nettuno in August with no less enjoyment. The dust and the heat only served as a foil to the delicious cool of the water, and we found a sheltered nook on the beach far from the madding crowd who disported themselves around the bathing machines. Afer dinner we had a very enjoyable impromptu concert in the lounge of the Albergo di S. Gallo.

On August 23rd we had a Gita to Monte Cavo accompanied by His Lordship of Clifton, whose youth on this occasion certainly seemed to be renewed for he scaled the heights on foot, spurning the dashing steeds put at his disposal by the Rector.

On the other Thursdays in August we had the usual Fountain Gite, the last one being to the famous Nemi Pines where the Bishop of Clifton delighted us by an outburst of his well-known rhetoric.

On September 12th there was a free Gita. Parties went to Cori, Velletri, Frascati, while a special feature was a kind of "go as you please" Gita, dining al fresco in the woods at places chosen whither their wandering steps had led them, the distance varying according to the energies of the walkers.

There should have been a Gita on Sept. 18th, but unfortunately heavy rain made it impossible. One party stole out of the house in the early hours of the morning and made a successful invasion of Rocca Massima without getting very wet.

The four senior students chaperoned by the Vice-Rector went on the usual long Gita provided by the Delaney fund, visiting Assisi, Perugia, Florence, Pisa, and Siena.

On Thursday Sept. 27th. we paid our return visit to the German villa at S. Pastore. What words from the belaboured pen of the College diarist shall describe the lengths to which German hospitality went to entertain their visitors. When we arrived, in typical English style in straggling parties of threes and fours, we found the entire personnel of S. Pastore drawn up in the drive to sing their "salve in Domino". Nay even from afar they descried us from the tower and saluted us with clarion notes. Shower-baths for the outer man, wine and generous sandwiches for the inner were lavished upon us. One could not eat enough to please our generous hosts (and the mark at 800 millions to the pound!). Any refusal of further refreshment was taken

as a sign of rapid decline of health likely to end in premature death before dinner time. Then followed a concert specially prepared in Italian for our benefit. When the Germans had visited us the week before we had discreetly refrained from fancy costumes lest we should offend their sense of seminarist propriety; to our surprise on this occasion the actors appeared resplendently dressed as soldiers and contadini,—even as nigger minstrels. We entered the Refectory—a large airy hall—to find it decked out in evergreens and flags, and in the post of honour the Union Jack. Between the courses of the lavish dinner we were entertained with a Latin speech, to which Mr. Whiteside replied, also in Latin, a choral representation entitled “I Martiri del Colosseo”, and orchestral music, while during dessert four minstrels entered and sang a topical song. At the end of each verse a Chinaman complete to the pigtail and of very Oriental aspect distributed a copy to the person at whose expense it was sung. They even had a verse referring to the late arrival of our Vice-Rector who having missed the last camerata leaving Palazzola, arrived in time for the third course in a very heated but none the less cheerful condition. After dinner there was coffee in the garden, and Father Minister gave permission for smoking to both colleges, a privilege of which the Germans availed themselves with great zest. There were songs from both colleges and a great many people laid the foundations for future studies in German and English. A visit to the tower and more wine and sandwiches brought to a close a delightful day, and after oft-repeated farewells and mutual photo-taking we hied forth for S. Cesario, all agreed that our eyes like those of Major Bagstock had been opened to a staring degree, in our case to the merits of the German College, and fully convinced that these inter-collegiate visits are a very important and desirable institution and one not likely to be discontinued on our part for any consideration whatsoever.

On October 4th. we paid our return visit to the American Villa at Castel Gandolfo. Leaving the house in various parties about nine a. m., with not very cheerful weather prospects, we arrived at the Villa Sta. Caterina at various times between ten a. m. and noon. Before dinner we formed a part of the spectators at a basket-ball game—a kind of collective self-effacement of a physical kind, not uninteresting even to the eyes of a layman.

After a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the beautiful College chapel, there were refreshments which proved the truth of all we had read or heard of American hospitality. Followed a concert of music and recitation, and we were again introduced to something new, ragtime as sung in its native land. We realised that ragtime sung “à la trans-

atlantique" is a very different thing from the ragtime that is bringing down the tone of English musical evenings. Later in the afternoon the American football XI, an institution so far only in the bud of existence, sustained its first loss of the season, not having played before, by five goals to one. After tea our departure was fortunately delayed by rain, but about six p. m. we took leave of our generous hosts, and stepped into the dark and murky night.

On October 5th. we were delighted to welcome far older friends than the Americans, the Scotsmen, who came over for the afternoon and played football with us. There was a successful "scratch" concert after tea. Unfortunately, as we heard later, our guests got very wet on their return to Marino.

On October 10th. there was a free gita and twelve students with the Vice-Rector and Father Moss visited the Scots' Villa in the afternoon. Is it necessary to mention the traditional hospitality of the Gael (or is it the Celt?). After some of the more hardy members of both colleges had braved the swimming tank and the ample tea had been negotiated, we were entertained with music in the Common Room until the time of departure for Palazzola.

"PROGRESS"

The work of amalgamating the College Library and the Howard Library was begun this summer.

The "riscaldamento centrale" has been installed during the holidays and on trial has proved a complete success.

At last we possess a combined lantern and cinema; and if the films shown have not been of first-rate quality, that was the fault not of the machine, but of our slender resources. At least we have had two excellent lantern lectures,—one by Sig. Passamonti on Franciscan Localities, the other by Dr. Ashby on the Alban Hills.

GIFTS TO THE COLLEGE.

BISHOP OF CLIFTON: - "*Latin Poems of Urban VIII*" and a valuable book entitled: -

MARCI ANTONII
JOANNIS ANTONII

ET

GABRIELIS
FLAMINIORVM
FOROCORNELIENSIVM

CARMINA
PATAVII 1743

EXCVDEBAT JOSEPHVS COMINVS

His Lordship dedicates it as follows:

ALMAE MATRI,
 VEN. COLLEGIO S. THOMAE DE VRBE
 CVJVS IN TEMPLO
 JVSSV CARDINALIS POLI, SIBI AMICISSIMI
 SEPVLTVS EST
 MARCVS ANTONIVS FLAMINIVS
 DD.
 GEO. AMBR. EP. CLIFTONIENSIS.

BISHOP OF SALFORD. — "The Popes and Dante".

Father HAYDOCK-SMITH C. SS. R. — "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

Dr. COGAN — A valuable gift of books for the Palazzola Library.

Mother MARY LAMB. (Sacred Heart Convent, Via Nomentana)
 "Life of Janet Erskine Stuart" and a number of other books and periodicals.

Father BENEDICT WILLIAMSON. — "Happy Days in France and Flanders", "History of the Bridgettine Order".

Dr. DONNELLY — Over twenty novels for the Palazzola Library.

Dr. SCARR and Fr. LEE.—Books for Palazzola.

To all these generous benefactors we express our sincere thanks.

*
 **

An addition has been made to our portrait gallery of English Cardinals. Mgr. Barton Brown has presented the College with a pleasing oil painting of Cardinal Bainbridge, whose well-known monument is in our church. We are deeply indebted to Mgr. Barton Brown for this noble gift (1).

ORDINATIONS.

On May 26th., the Saturday before Trinity, Messrs Bentley, Hampson and Cartmell (L'pool) and Farmer (Nottingham) received the Dia-

(1) Some time ago a professor from the University of Monza visited the College for the purpose of seeking information about a coat-of-arms. The Rector took him to Cardinal Bainbridge's tomb and asked him to compare the *stemma* on the tomb with the sketch submitted for examination. There was no doubt about it; there were the squirrels and all the other heraldic symbols identical. The professor then explained that the coat-of-arms was worked on a beautiful fifteenth or sixteenth century pluviale which they treasured in Monza. The subjects embroidered on the cope were a picture of the Blessed Trinity with saints, (Can it be the famous picture commemorating the union of the two Hospices of St. Edmund and St. Thomas?), a battle scene, and lastly the arms of Cardinal Bainbridge. The Rector suggested that in all probability the cope was originally the property of the English Hospice and that it would be an excellent idea to return it to the English College, the successor of the earlier institution, but we regret to say that up to the present the suggestion has not been acted upon.

conate. On August 15th. Mr. Farmer was ordained priest by the Bishop of Nottingham in St. Barnabas' Cathedral.

"VENERABLE."

Mr. Masterson succeeded Mr. Lee as Secretary and Mr. H. R. Kelly takes Mr. Masterson's place. "Venerable" owes much to Mr. Lee, its first Secretary, whose enterprise ensured the success of its first two numbers.

On April 17th. we received a cheque for L30.0.0. to buy a type-writer for the Magazine. This we owe to the generosity of anonymous donors at the instigation of Mr. Masterson. J. G.

"C. E. G."

Four meetings were held at Palazzola, the following subjects being expounded: Primacy of St. Peter (Mr. McNarney), Marks of the Church (Mr. Clayton), Primacy of the Roman Pontiff (Mr. Goodear), Existence of the Soul (Mr. Grimshaw). The active part of the work thus fell, as last year, on the Theologians of the First Year. It would be a good thing if some of the Philosophers would undertake, in future, themes which are not outside their sphere such as the Immortality of the Soul &c.

The heckling was intelligently performed, though it was perhaps a little merciless at times. We were honoured on two occasions by the presence of the Bishop of Clifton and a Roman Prelate both of whom offered helpful criticism and supplied information when needed by the speaker. All the meetings were held in the garden this year in order to make the thing more realistic. M. M.

SERMON CLUBS.

There is always a Palazzola Sermon Class, in which the Vice-Rector carefully inoculates the Theologians with doses of that immortal aid to preaching, Potter's "Sacred Eloquence". But at all times, theory alone is apt to be a little dull. Hence the idea, thrown out by the Rector last Easter, of Summer Sermon Clubs, found favour with many, as calculated to be of great practical use (1). An organizer was soon found, who took the names of prospective members, (practically the whole house joined),—formed them into five clubs, and managed to foist the position of club-leader upon sundry somewhat diffident youths.

(1) There are, of course, sermons preached in Rome; but *this* scheme included Philosophers as well as Theologians, and besides, enabled one to gain a little self-confidence before having to face a full church.

A very successful session has to be reported, though naturally all the clubs were not equally enterprising or enthusiastic. A good number of sermons were preached,—many of them of excellent quality,—each club meeting privately in the Chapel on the days it chose. After each sermon helpful criticism followed from the other members of the club. Generally two sermons were delivered at each meeting. The results seem to have been sufficiently appreciated to ensure the continuance of the scheme next Villeggiatura. A. C.

DANTE SOCIETY.

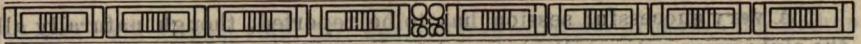
The Dante Society was inaugurated on August 10th., when the Rector was chosen Patron of the Society and Mr. L. Warner General Secretary. It was decided to divide the Society into three small clubs, the leader of the first club being the Secretary, the leaders of the second and third Messrs Bentley and Casartelli.

An introductory address to the study of Dante was given to the Society by Mgr. Cicognani, who spoke of the aims of the Divina Commedia and of Dante's political opinions. In the next few meetings, Mgr. Cicognani read through various Cantos with the Society, and thoroughly inspired all with enthusiasm for the study of the poet. Our heartiest thanks are due to him for the trouble he took on our behalf.

Afterwards the Clubs continued reading through and commenting on various Cantos of the Inferno.

On September 25th. Mgr. Stanghetti, an authority on Dante, addressed the Society. He laid special stress on Dante's Catholicity, quoting his Profession of Faith before St. Peter. He also disposed of the old objection that *il sommo Poeta* was disloyal to the Church by demonstrating that in condemning individual Pontiffs Dante in no wise impugned the sanctity of their office.

The Society intends at present to confine its activities to Villeggiatura time. L. W.



SPORTS NOTES

On April 26th. we played a game of football with the Irish College and won, 2 1. Football has not been in vogue at all during the villeggiatura; only three games were played—when the Americans and the Scots visited us and we visited the Americans. During the hot weather cricket was entered into as enthusiastically as last year. Two matches were played, Theologians v. Philosophers which resulted in a victory for the former by 41 runs, and The Choir v. The Non-singers, The Choir winning by 48 runs.

Tennis has retained its popularity. The membership of the Club is quite large, and a keenly contested tournament was played in the early part of September. Mr. McNulty was the winner of the Singles and Messrs Warner & Cahalan of the Doubles.

We are indebted to The Rector and Staff for their generosity in providing us with various sports accessories, including a new tennis net.

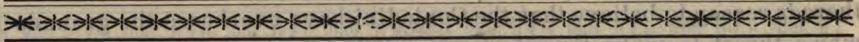
THE GOLF CLUB.

The formation of the Palazzola Golf Club was somewhat sudden. One day two individuals could be seen driving aimlessly across the Sforza; the next day a perfectly organized Golf Club was in full swing. This was all due to Mr. Elwes, who has made a most interesting nine-hole course. At a meeting held on Sept. 12th. the Rector was voted Captain of the Club, Mr. Elwes, groundsman, and Mr. Warner, Secretary. At first, difficulties were to be feared from Contadini who *would* steal matting, cups, and everything they could lay their hands on, and from cows which took great delight in chewing the flags. However, the cows seem to have lost their taste for flags, and

there is reason to believe that the Contadini have overheard the groundsman's threat to make them feel warm if he caught them. Each of the greens is in charge of one of the members of the Club, so that many of them are in excellent condition for putting. Bogey for the course is 36, with a temporary bogey of 42. After a week, cards were handed in with scores of 48 and 49, an indication that skill in the game was being quickly acquired. Mr. Dormer, Secretary to the British Legation to the Holy See, Dr. Mooney of the American College, and Dr. Ashby have played on the course, Mr. Dormer making the record score of 39. Three competitions have been held and have been entered into with enthusiasm by the members.

The Club's sincerest thanks are due to M. R. L. Smith for the presentation of clubs and balls; to the Rector, Father Moss, and Mr. Dormer for generous subscriptions; and to Mr. Elwes for his indefatigable work on the course.





...enthusiasm
 The Club's sincerest thanks are due to M. H. L. Smith for the
 presentation of clubs and banners to the Rev. Father Moss and
 Mr. Dormer for generous subscriptions; and to Mr. Blyden for his
 Three competitions have been held and have been entered into with
 have played on the course Mr. Dormer making the record score of 33.
 to the Holy See, Dr. Mooney of the American College, and Dr. Ashby
 being quickly acquired. Mr. Dormer, Secretary to the British Legation
 in with scores of 48 and 49, an indication that skill in the game was
 is 36, with a temporary score of 42. After a week, cards were handed
 of them are in excellent condition for putting. Hoge, for the course
 greens is in charge of one of the members of the Club, so that many
 have a chance to make them feel warm in the evening.

OUR BOOK SHELF

The Red Queen by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, (Burns, Oates, and Washbourne. 6/-).

The historical novel is necessarily a compound; some would have it an unnatural hybrid, but Miss Buxton is not of their number. She has even made the bold experiment of reducing this compound by allowing only the minimum of fiction. "One character alone does not belong to actual history... all the incidents and very nearly all the actual words of the characters introduced can be found in the original records of that time." We can at once agree, and agree heartily, that this is a giant's stride in the right direction. Who-soever sets out to paint a picture of the past should strive his utmost after the truth. But in the handling of her material Miss Buxton has overstepped the mark, and this is the more to be regretted since it may unjustly prejudice the fundamental worth of her theory. She has overstated the case for recorded fact, and we draw attention to these overstatements precisely because in the main we hold her case for our own.

In the alliance between fact and imagination, it is imagination which has suffered, and the defects of this novel are entirely due to too rigid a keeping to the letter of history: one of Miss Buxton's calibre might well have allowed herself some indulgence in the interests of the spirit of history. But as a result of this rigid documentarism there are no real conversations in the whole book, presumably because ambassadors of those times only recorded the more crucial passages, and diarists the better sayings. When they gossip and things begin to live, Miss Buxton, with the historian's economy over side issues, resolutely cuts them short that she may proceed with her story. Within 292 pages a very host of characters appears, many to make single remarks, good remarks and worth recording, but hardly sufficient reason for their personal entries. Names appear on every page, names without any individuality, and the essence of a novel is that its characters should live up to the name. Even in Elizabeth herself there is no development traced; at fifteen she seems identical with the Red Queen of Tilbury. Nor is she consistently displayed from any one point of view, despite the publishers' announcement to the contrary. Mary Radclyffe, to be exact, enters at page 106, thirteen years after the opening

conversation between the Princess and Katherine Parr. Even after she has appeared, other folk, of whom we are told nothing, give their comments, and more than once the author makes the solecism of departing from her contemporary narrative with such sentences as "More than three centuries later, one of his kinsmen looked upon the faded but distinct handwriting &c..". And finally, to connect the motley events of forty-five crowded years, there is the too slender thread of Mary Radelyffe who only watches and of Anthony Tempest who only comes and goes. Whatever else their faults, this was the strength of R. H. Benson's historical novels, the atmosphere he contrived from live characters and a strong plot binding the whole together. In the Red Queen we taste too much of the medicine of records, too little of the jam of human interest.

On the credit side it should be pointed out that documents have helped Miss Buxton to triumph over that stumbling block of all historical novelists, how exactly the characters shall speak. But if it is in the novel that we find these chief defects, considering it as a presentation of history, we cannot refrain from wondering at the mean light in which Elizabeth is persistently portrayed. After all she was a great queen; but nobody would think so from this book.

Miss Buxton's death is a heavy blow to the Church in England. She did much to combat prejudice outside and to open the eyes of Catholics to the glory of their inheritance. Not the least of her services will be this last book, provided that others take up the tools she has shaped and perfect the work she has only begun.

R. L. S.

Institutiones Historiae Philosophiae, FREDERICUS KLIMKE S. J. Herder & Co. (procurable at the "Deposito dei Libri", Via del Seminario, Rome 19), large octavo, Vol. I, pp. x-388; Vol. II, iv-452. Unbound, Lire 42.

Father F. Klimke S. J., already famous for his work on Monism, for the past three years Professor of History of Philosophy at the Gregorian University, Rome, and for more than twenty years a close student of his subject, has supplied a long felt need by presenting us with these two volumes. Up to the present time there has been no really complete History of Philosophy in use at the Gregorian University, but as a result of the painstaking research of Father Klimke the deficiency is well supplied.

The whole work comprises 12 "books". The first volume covers the wide period from the rise of the Greek Philosophy (700 B. C.) to the decline of Scholasticism and the consequent triumph of the Empiristic and Naturalistic Schools which were the outcome of the rationalising methods of Descartes. The second opens with an exposition of Kant's system and finishes with the Philosophy of the present day.

Oriental Philosophy is not treated, as it exercised but little influence on European thought. The treatment of the Greek, Patristic, and Scholastic systems is intencionally brief, since much has already been written about them, and the author reserves his space for a very full exposition of the philo-

sophy and especially Catholic Philosophy prevailing from the time of Descartes. Much of this material is entirely new and is the result of the author's own researches. As a consequence we have in the second volume an exhaustive account of the Philosophy of the last century and much valuable information on the religious and political conditions of the same period.

The whole work is written in a sober style and the author deliberately refrains from comment on the different systems under discussion. He gives each doctrine as it stands in an unprejudiced historical manner and very skilfully shows the connections and influence of each system.

The book presupposes a thorough knowledge of Scholastic Philosophy, for without it the student would not be able to pass judgment on the opposing doctrines. Naturally a work of such size is not the ideal text-book, and it is not intended solely as such, but also for attentive private study. Teachers of Philosophy will also find therein much valuable material for their lectures. A special feature is the Synoptic Tables which occupy 33 pages and are a most complete index to the whole of Philosophy, showing in brief the development of the various systems and giving the names of the principal Philosophers. They are an invaluable aid to preparation for an examination, being a brief synopsis of the whole book. The "Index Rerum" is also well prepared, and the "Index Nominum" is very complete, containing about 2000 names. An ample bibliography of works in the principal European languages is given.

We notice a slight omission in the text and indices: the martyred Chancellor of Henry VIII. is referred to as Thomas More simply and not as Blessed.

We are astonished at the cheapness of the work; unbound it will cost the English reader about 9/-, and another 3/- or so will meet the cost of an excellent binding.

E. H. A.

"The City of the Grail and other verses". By H. E. G. ROPE, M. A. (B. O. & W.).

Clearly printed, and well-bound in blue cloth with gilt lettering, this is an excellently-produced little book, although for less than seventy pages 3/6 seems somewhat dear.

There is a short foreword by Mr. Arnel O'Connor in which he says, speaking of the harshness to be found at times in Father Rope's work, that "The roughness has its charm of utter sincerity". To such a criticism one willingly subscribes, but even sincerity fails to reconcile an ordinary reader to the use of words like "anywhere", "otherwhiles", "withouten", and "forslow", or the use of "t" in place of final "ed" pronounced hard. "Washt", "lookt", "vanisht", and the like have an uncouth and unfamiliar look about them that goes far to spoil one's pleasure in reading a poem.

We began with blame, but in sheer justice must end with praise. For words and the spelling of them are not everything, and one can quite agree with Mr. O'Connor when he says: "Father Rope is not so much interested

in beautiful words. His passionate and deepest thoughts are centred on the everlasting importance of ultimate Beauty itself; and I feel when reading some of his poems that he has exquisitely, intensely seen and felt. But at such times adequate expression has become an impossibility."

Here we have some fifty little poems, many of them of real merit. Their range of subject is very wide indeed; Rome and other parts of Italy, English towns and counties, Ireland, Lourdes; architecture and authorship; things temporal and spiritual, lay and ecclesiastical. Of especial interest to all old "Romans" will be the eight poems dealing with Rome and Italy—such as "In the Campagna", "Subiaco Remembered", "The Beloved City", and "To Saint Agnes". Line after line brings up some vivid picture of things that will live for ever in memory when sunny Italy is far away. Take for example:

"But yesterday we watch'd St. Peter's fountains
Toss rainbow-woven waters in the sun".
Or, "We who have stood on castle walls together
On old Bracciano's streetways looking down,
And seen the lads stand laughing in the belfry
And clash the echoes o'er the little town...
We who have started serpents at Galera,
And climb'd the olive steeps of Tivoli,
And from the Monte Porzio terrace hearken'd
The Angelus of Monte Compatri".
Or again, "The belfried cities perched like eyries lonely,
Whose far-heard bells ensoul bleak Apennine".

It would be well if some day Father Rope would collect in one volume all such poems of his, for the benefit of those who re-echo in their hearts the final lines of the last poem in this:

"O Holy City, who to thee is true
Unto the end, him will not God forget".

A. C.

Religio Religiosi. Cardinal GASQUET. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.
(3rd. Edition 2/6 Paper: 3/6 Cloth).

No word of ours is needed to recommend a book written by His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, and the fact that *Religio Religiosi* has already attained its third edition is sufficient evidence of its popularity. The Cardinal looks back at the end of a long life on his own spiritual advancement from the first awakening to the realities of the spiritual world—the first full consciousness of what God is and what the soul of man—on through the years of religious life in which the soul was gradually drawing closer and closer to its Maker. In thus admitting us to his own spiritual secrets, His Eminence is enabled to give much practical advice that will help all who are striving to follow Christ; for whether in the world or in the cloister the means

used to forward union with God and detachment from creatures must in large part be the same.

There are unfortunately many, even Catholics, who will not see the utility of the contemplative life. Let them buy this book, and they will realise that the monk is not a coward or a drone, but a sane, strong man who has an ideal and endeavours to shape his life according to it.

I libri della Fede: nuovissima collezione diretta da GIOVANNI PAPINI. (Libreria Editrice Fiorentina).

This is a series reproducing in the main, so far as it has gone as yet, some of the spiritual classics of the Italian language. It begins with the *Fioretti di San Francesco* (8 Lire)—slightly modernised—and contains such delightful volumes as the Letters and Rimes of St. Philip Neri, the Letters written in Ecstasy of Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, and the Golden Legend. One volume is devoted to the popular religious songs of Italy; they are produced in the dialect of the district to which they belong, and give one a most interesting insight into the deep religious spirit of the Italian peasantry.

Pax. The Quarterly Review of the Benedictines of Caldey. (6/8 yearly post free: single copies 1/6).

The Caldey monks are to be warmly congratulated on this excellent little magazine. Its literary standard is high and its articles interesting both for subject-matter and treatment. Dom Holly's Roman Memories in the May number will be of interest to all old alumni of the Venerable and the Beda.

OBITUARY.

Father Mark Habell B. A. (1889-90) died on May 9th. He had been twice a master at St. Cuthbert's Grammar School, Newcastle, and had taken an active part in its development. On leaving the Grammar School he spent a short period on the mission at Sunderland, but heart trouble compelled him to retire. He was a most generous benefactor of the Venerable, and one of the visitors to Palazzola in May 1922. R. I. P.

William Dolan (1921-2), a student of the Nottingham Diocese, who died at his home at Mansfield on September 20th. after a prolonged illness. R. I. P.