

THE VENERABLE

❀
 CONDUCTED
 BY THE
 PAST AND PRESENT
 STUDENTS
 ❀



❀
 OF THE
 VENERABLE
 ENGLISH COLLEGE
 ROME
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IMPRIMATUR

✠ JOSEPH PALICA, *Arch. Philipp.*

Vicesger.



EDITORIAL

The immediate purpose of this Editorial is unfortunate enough, for we have to deplore the resignation of Mr. Atkinson from the Editorship. He is our last link with the staff, which directed the destinies of *The Venerabile* in the pioneer days of Volume One, and his long service during this setting of the magazine upon its feet has been of the greatest value in the creation of standards and the preservation of continuity. His humility must forgive us this tribute: anyone, who has worked with him, will know that it is less than he deserves.

One cannot but lament that *The Venerabile* was not in existence years ago. What information we have lost for ever, in consequence! It is quite startling that we should not know the date of the first Cross on Tusculum, or more radical still, how it came to be raised. A history of Monte Porzio will probably never be written. Those who made the past, were the natural guardians of its traditions, and for the most part they have failed us. When anything came to be written down, it had to appear as a guest in the pages of other folks' journals: and now we are indebted to the same hospitality in our endeavour to rescue the past from oblivion. Monsignor Prior's study of Bishop Giles is a case in point, and how many such articles were never written just because there was no *Venerabile* at the time to print them!

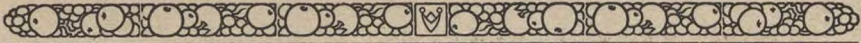
In the future at least our history should not need to go abegging for shelter: still less should it meet the death of the stranger and be buried in a nameless grave. Mindful of this tragedy, which has happened only too often, every old student of the Venerabile will surely put pen to paper at once, and tell us all he can remember, however fragmentary it may prove. This is the living voice of the College, and of course something is to be found in the dead volumes of the Archives.

Archives are stuffy places. But *The Venerabile* is an open-air *Archivium*, easy of access to all, nor harbouring the dust of ledgers and of century-old bills, but extracting just such vivid history as shall make us all one with our common past. As for the present, the Magazine record of small things in the College Diary and of greater happenings in separate articles itself constitutes an *Archivium* of first instance, so that future generations may have no cause to brand us as remiss.

The Magazine was established to bind all sons of the Venerabile yet more closely to the College and to one another, and whatever little it may contribute towards that end is a complete enough justification of its existence. Obviously, it will be the more efficient a bond of union, the more representative it becomes—which means, the more members of the College, whether past or present, shall take up their pens and write for us. Appeals that are printed, thereby degenerate into the impersonal: nobody considers they can possibly be intended for himself. But save our Editorial pleading from a like fate. There is not a reader for whom it is not intended, and as you are a reader, therefore it applies to you.



To all the students past and present of the Venerable
may God grant every blessing
+ A. Hinsley
Bishop of Sebastopolis.



THE RECTOR'S CONSECRATION.

Other Rectors of the Venerabile have been made bishops. Indeed, since the restoration under Pius VII, only two have not. But this is quite a different affair. Gradwell, Wiseman, Baggs, Grant, Cornthwaite and O'Callaghan were all consecrated to exercise their episcopal functions in England: the present Archbishop of Birmingham came to us when he was already a bishop, and only the elevation of Monsignor Giles presents even a superficial parallel. For it is superficial. To anyone who examines the two cases with attention, the similarities reduce to a titular see and to continuance in the Rectorship. But Monsignor Giles was raised to the Episcopate as a reward for his life's work, when little could be expected of him in the way of breaking new ground. Simply, it was an example of *finis coronat opus*, of the gracious gratitude which has ever been a distinction of the Holy See. With Monsignor Hinsley things are very different. New ground is what we shall always expect of him while he has breath in his body. Truly, his mitre is the reward for what in another would be his life's work; but these last nine years represent only a fraction of what he has done for God and the Church, and if the crown be already his, not so the end. Much remains to be done, and the Holy Father leaves him in the College to do it, with this new honour upon him as an unmistakable mark of official approval of the past and of official encouragement for the future. Thus much, by way of introduction, for it is the spirit of the celebrations we have now to chronicle.

It is difficult to know when they actually began. We might go back as far as the Common Room at Palazzola when the Cardinal Protector made his announcement which so enlarged our horizon in a moment: or in the same historic spot, to the conferring of the first episcopal insignia, when the Senior Stud-

ent placed a flaming *zucchetto* upon the Rector's head, with the benediction of the absent Vice-Rector. We might date our account from the day when in the Saturday's reading, *Missae Communi inserviet* became the impressive plural *inservient*. What, too, of the public meetings when the House went into committee of supplies and considered the weighty problem of a presentation, or transformed itself into an Academy of Letters and discussed the construction of every phrase in the proposed address? Be all that as it may, the actual presentation, held in the Common Room on the Sunday evening, was certainly part of the celebrations, and we should have started there had the *apparatori* permitted it.

But on the preceding Thursday the Giant walked into the College followed by his servitors with ladders. A ladder is the badge of all his tribe, though he himself can only make use of one as a concession to the conventions. The advantage of his inches must explain his survival to this day, when two, at least, of his assistant decorators have fallen miserably from the heights and perished. But quite unperturbed, he donned his sporran containing a hammer and nails, and set about decking the Church in purple and fine linen, leaving the altar-piece uncovered but hiding the painted curtain behind what was at least the genuine article. Naturally, we wondered what had brought him so soon and Friday furnished some explanation, when we discovered we were to be treated to those glass chandeliers of electric candles, which are the substance of Italian lighting schemes. There were only five of them and they were very high up. Moreover, no-one could say they were out of keeping with the architecture of the Church! And as happens with these haphazard folk, the result was disarmingly effective.

On the Saturday the Giant ran amok. He invaded the Rector's corridor and hung curtains wherever he could, yellow and white before the windows, like a loyal son of Holy Church, deep red before the doors both along the corridor itself and in the library. On the Monday he returned especially to nail strips of golden brocade above the red: then and then only was he satisfied. But not before the approach of rivals had been heralded by a consumptive motor-van, bearing some of the crockery for the wedding feast.

However, we anticipate, as more famous pens than ours have written, and we must return to the Sunday when events moved on to a higher plane. After tea a domestic ceremony took place in the Common Room, where the House had assembled, the Staff—which is the Vice-Rector's own term, so we need make no apology—Monsignori Stanley and Cicognani, and Doctors Masterson, Griffin and E. J. Kelly, whom our present congestion has evilly driven out of doors. The Senior Student, Mr. Atkinson, explained that we were met to present the Rector with a token of our loyal congratulations, and then in the name of all he read the address, such as it had emerged from the maltreatment of countless critics. Since it voices so admirably the feelings of every one of us, we can hardly do better than give it here *verbatim*.

“ Right Reverend Rector,

“ Your reception of the plenitude of the priesthood is yet another mark of the esteem and regard which the Sovereign Pontiff has for the Venerable English College. While we rejoice that our Alma Mater should receive such an earnest of the Holy Father's feelings, our joy is deepened by the knowledge that your personal qualities fit you so well for the high office with which you are to be invested. We are well aware that you depreciate your own worthiness to be raised to the Episcopate, and that you prefer to regard this signal distinction solely as an honour to the Venerable, which you love so well. But it is due to your ceaseless efforts on its behalf that the College in these latter days should merit yet further evidence of the papal favour. For our history with its roll of martyrs and of confessors, far from leaving you content with a merely material succession, has always inspired you to imitate the spirit of wholehearted service, which animated the greatest of your predecessors.

“ Your work here as a student marked you as one who would always uphold the good name of the College, and, later in England, your zealous labours, both scholastic and pastoral gave further evidence of your tireless energy in all that appertains to the fulfilment of the priestly vocation.

“ At a difficult period in the history of the College, when the Great War was still being waged with uncertain fortunes,

the Holy See appointed you to the Rectorship of the Venerabile. We have but to look around us to perceive the result of that wise nomination. Under your able administration of the available resources, the fabric of the College has been renovated: means have been provided for our more adequate recreation: indeed, we may safely affirm that on the score of material advantages this College need yield to none in Rome.

“Probably our intellectual progress will be a source of deeper gratification to you, who have inspired us to win at the University a name in keeping with the reputation Wiseman and Errington gained for the College in the first days of the Restoration.

“Perhaps your greatest work for the Venerabile is your acquisition of Palazzola, consequent upon the sale of our former villa at Monte Porzio. Guided by Providence, you have secured for the students a country house in which many of them have spent the happiest days of their Roman course.

“It is impossible to express our appreciation of your priestly life and of your deep realisation of the sacerdotal ideal, but we are confident that each one of us will be fortified by the memory of your example when, eventually, we are performing the work for which you have striven to fit us.

“It is a source of gratification to us that this honour, so long merited, should have been conferred upon you while your strength and activity permit us to regard it not only as a reward for past endeavour, but also as an incentive to future effort: and, further, that you should be left in our midst to enjoy the distinction. In the past our desire for some recognition of your worth has been tempered by the fear that the Episcopal dignity, if conferred upon you, would involve your transfer to England and the severance of your intimate connection with the majority of us. But the wisdom of the Holy See has decreed that you should remain among us, ever engaged in drawing our country closer to the fountain head of Faith.

“May Providence destine you for a long rule over this College, where, enjoying the full confidence of the English Hierarchy, you may form many generations upon the model of those whose work in the Mission Field today is the fruit, already visible, of nine short years of Rectorship „

With a few very eloquent words Mr. Atkinson then begged his Lordship the Rector to receive our gift, an amethyst cross and ring, set in the velvet recesses of a red leather case, which bore the following inscription :

RECTORI DILECTISSIMO
 EPISCOPATUS MUNERA ADGREDIENTI
 ALUMNI VEN. COLL. ANGLORUM DE URBE
 TESTIMONIUM PERPETUAE SUAE PIETATIS
 DONAVERUNT.

And with this he hung the cross about the Rector's neck, placed the ring upon the Rector's finger, and we all yelled ourselves tired, forcing his Lordship to look a gift horse in the mouth. And when he stood up to respond, we found our voices again, for we could have wished no better figure to set off the present we had offered him. *Pietas*, said the Rector, taking his text from the inscription quoted above, has a double meaning: it not only indicates the regard which inferiors ought to show towards their superiors, but also the converse. And forthwith, he set about the impossible thesis that all the great improvements of the last nine years were due to other people, ourselves included, in such an overwhelming proportion that his own share therein faded into the negligible. As an expression of affection the Rector's speech must have reddened innumerable ears: as an exercise in truth it was lamentable, and the Vice-Rector only took the words out of eighty odd mouths when he rose to protest. One would think, said Monsignor Redmond, that the Rector were making a presentation to us, when, after all, it was the other way about. Finally, Monsignor Cicognani paid his own graceful tribute in fluent, up-to-date English, pointing out that the Rector must have known what was coming long ago, since he had set to work from the very beginning getting his episcopal residence into trim. Proceeding with his metaphor, the eminent *Sostituto* would have it that we were all bricks (!) which the Rector fashioned here in the heat of Rome and sent out for the building up of the Church in England. After that, no further flights of oratory were to be thought of, and we lapsed into a social gathering to discuss our several spheres in the functions to follow.

Monday saw more crockery—much more crockery: also palms, ferns, plants small and plants huge and plants of middling size, all of which were dumped higgledy-piggledy in the entrance corridor, to enjungle the crockery merchants on their perilous way upstairs. Some aspidistras had already given a comparatively giddy appearance to the several nooks which they graced, but they were soon lost in a very conservatory and every corner became an adventure. To leave such an atmosphere for the grim realism of afternoon schools gave a real jar to one's psychological complex, though, after all, there is more than one kind of hot-house. And then in the evening, the Vice-Rector revived memories of pilgrimage days by holding a meeting in the Common Room to arrange the last details: sacristans staggered about the Church under unfamiliar loads: the Choir Master gathered his chicks in the tribune: and various silent people, who were to don cottas on the morrow, betook themselves to their rooms to study the ceremonies, which the papal M.Cs had not explained in the rehearsal.

It was impossible to see whether the great day broke fair and promising, as we got up at 5.15 officially, and many a wielder of the razor must have risen at an earlier hour to have been in Church by the time appointed. Communion was given after meditation in the Walmesly Oratory, as we are now trying to call it, very beautifully decorated as the Blessed Sacrament Chapel. Then we dispersed all over the house for Mass and at 7.30 the guests began to arrive. Students in sober black received them at the doors, students in more impressive cottas showed them to their places in the Church, and students temporarily affiliated to the journalistic profession, noted their identity as they passed from the more secular to the more ecclesiastical sides-men. Whether waiters or butlers or boots, the ubiquitous cassock never seemed out of place, and one hardy soul kept guard over the presents, which was hardly necessary when four plain clothes men, seven *carabinieri* and the regional commissioner were all somewhere about the premises.

The suitability of the feast was an extraordinary coincidence. Not only was it the ninth anniversary of the Rector's coming to Rome, but the whole popularity of St. Andrew in our own North is probably due to the setting out of Augustine

and his monks from the monastery of St. Andrew on the Celian. And this linking of England and Rome was a feature of the ceremony in yet another way. The Rector's Ordinary, the Bishop of Southwark, was one of the co-Consecrators, the other Monsignor Palica, Vice-Gerent of Rome: and the Consecrator himself, Cardinal Merry del Val, born in London and educated at Ushaw, has been a prelate of the Curia almost from the day he first set foot in Rome.

His early English upbringing has not deserted the Cardinal, who arrived upon the stroke of eight, and went immediately to the Blessed Sacrament chapel where he was received by the co-Consecrators, the Bishop-Elect, and the Altar Staff, composed of the senior representative of every diocese in the College. After a brief prayer, the procession formed up and entered the Church, the Cardinal as magnificent a figure as ever, despite the relatively sombre tone of his Advent robes. Any lengthy description of the function would be quite out of place, and everyone in the Church had a book from which to follow the significance of each succeeding element in the ceremony. Everything passed off without a hitch, as is evidenced by the fact that the procession passed out exactly two hours after it had entered. Although the sanctuary was small for so elaborate a function, it did not look unduly crowded, and the space between the stalls secured a good view of the new Bishop's first pontifical blessing and of his enthronement.

A *rinfresco* followed in the libraries, doubtless much to Mr. Wharton's distress, and some two hundred and sixty sat down to the rich but indigestible fare provided on such occasions. Which reminds us of Giobbe. He had arrived with Pierleone from Albano at five o'clock, intent upon securing a good position at the function, and when that was over and the *forestieri* safely piloted into the library, down the corridor came a line of retainers, with Giobbe at their head. It was not long before the magnificent figure emerged which they awaited, and Giobbe was on his knees implanting a truly feudal kiss upon the episcopal ring. Whereafter he was led inside and plied with the most daring cakes discoverable, which must have seemed poor stuff to so excellent a trencher-man. But he went away triumphant and we can only hope he was not ill!

The afternoon was our own, with the Bishop of Southwark slyly complimenting his erstwhile subject upon the range of his tenor compass, a reference of course to the *Ad Multos Annos* at the end of the Consecration. But we sang our own tune in the Refectory notwithstanding. And when we came out from dinner, the Church was already half dismantled, the plants were being jettisoned into the Cortile, and the crockery packed into its own motor-van, which was having a bad fit of coughing at the door. By tea time, the house looked itself again and the Church was what we have grown used to, when, in the evening, we had pontifical Benediction all to ourselves, without the distraction of papal Masters of Ceremonies or of benches full of distinguished strangers. We knelt for the Rector's blessing as he passed up the sacristy afterwards, we shouted *prosit* at him for the first time, and at night prayers the final blessing began with a new formula, *Sit nomen Domini benedictum!* Just the rubrics of course, but it sounded like an inspiration for the end of such a day.

R. L. S.

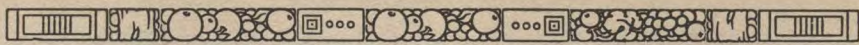
Among the guests were his Eminence the Cardinal Protector; Mgr. Camillo Caccia Dominioni, Maestro di Camera di S.S.; Mgr. Pisani, Archbp. of Costanza and Consultor to the Commission for the interpretation of the Code; Mgr. Zonghi, Archbp. of Colossi and President of the Accademia dei Nobili; Mgr. Dontenwill, Archbp. of Ptolemaide and Superior General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate; Mgr. Lépicier, Archbp. of Tarsus and Consultor of innumerable Congregations; Mgr. the Hon. Algernon Stanley, Bp. of Emmaus; Fr. Magennis, General of the Calced Carmelites; Fr. Murray, General of the Redemptorists; Mgr. Respighi, Prefect of the Maestri delle Cerimonie Pontificie; Mgr. Cicognani, Sostituto of the Consistorial; Mgr. Grosso and Mgr. Bonazzi, both papal Masters of ceremonies; Mgr. Niccolò; Mgr. Fidecicchi; Fr. Gianfranceschi S.J. Rector of the Gregorian; Mgr. T. Serclaes, Rector of the Belgian College; Mgr. Hagen, Rector of the Irish College; Mgr. Mann, Rector of the Beda; Mgr. Burke, Rector of the North American College; Fr. Hofmann S.J. Rector of the German College; Dr. Patterson, Vice-Rector of the Scotch College; Fr. Potts, Vice-Rector of the Beda; Fr. Rauch S.J. Minister of the German College; Fr. Welsby S.J. Assistant to the General of the Jesuits; Fr. Donnelly S.J. Assistant to the General of the Jesuits; Fr. Walmesley S.J.; Fr. Lazzarini S.J. Prefect of Studies at the Gregorian; Frs. Müller, Keeler, de la Taille and Vermeersch S.J. all professors at the Gregorian; Dr. Ferguson, Spiritual Director at the Beda; Fr. Benedict Williamson; Fr. O'Neill; Dom Philip Langdon O.S.B.; Bro. Clancey, Assistant to the

Maestro di Camera; Bro. Costen, Procurator General of the Irish Christian Brothers; Rev. H. Johnson M.A.; Fr. Egan O.P.; Fr. Peter Paul Mackey O.P.; Fr. Emery Inst. Ch.; Fr. Nolan O.P.; Fr. O' Connor P.S.M.; Fr. Mostyn; Dr. O'Gorman O.S.A.; Fr. Ferrari, Parish Priest of S. Caterina.

Sir Odo Russel, K.C.V.O. Envoy Extraordinary of Great Britain at the Vatican; Mr. Randall, Secretary to the Legation, and Mrs. Randall; Count de Salis, ex-Envoy of Great Britain; Count van Cutsem; Sir Stuart Coats Bart.; Hon. Mrs. Holmes; Comm. de Cupis; Mr. W.A. Stuart K.H.S. representing the Catholic Association; Sig. Rovigatti; Mr. Wharton; Dr. Sabatucci; Comm. Freddi; Comm. Schneider.

The Mother General of the Elizabettine with our own Reverend Mother; the Mother General of the Sisters of the Holy Child; the Mother General of the Sisters of the Little Company of Mary; Mother Rose of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God; representatives of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary; representatives of the English Ladies from the Via XX Settembre.

The Rector's presents included: — From his Holiness the Pope, a pectoral cross; from his Eminence the Cardinal Protector, an embossed chalice; from his Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, an alabaster plaque; from his Grace Archbishop Palica, three oil stocks; from his Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool, a Canon Missae; from his Lordship the Bishop of Clifton, a Pontificale; from his Lordship the Bishop of Emmaus, a Missal; from Monsignor Canon Howlett, a pectoral cross; from Monsignor Cicognani, a Canon Missae; from the Vice-Rector, a Pontificale; from the Rector's class-mates of Ushaw days, a trunk containing all the sacred vessels and implements required by a bishop, including a chalice and pastoral staff; from Dom. Philip Langdon O.S.B., a lace and embroidered preaching stole; from the students, a pectoral cross, ring and chain; from the Parish Priest of S. Caterina, an alabaster plaque; from the Rev. H. Johnson, a valuable volume of Roman Architecture; from the Nuns who serve the College, a precious mitre; from Rev. Mother Lamb, a rochet of point lace; from the Little Company of Mary a bronze crucifix and candles; from the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, a marble and bronze plaque, biretta and little treasury of gold coins; from Miss Hinsley and the Misses Hinsley, precious, gold and plain mitres; from Mrs. Marsh Lee, ring and chain; from Mrs. Charles Craig, embroidered gloves for ceremonies; from Mr. Algernon Bowring, Mrs. Fenwick, Mrs. Kavanagh and others, substantial donations to meet expenses; from Comm. Schneider, a leather blotting case, stamped with the Bishop's arms; from Comm. de Cupis, a similar blotting case.



A TREASURE OF THE ARCHIVES

(The existence of a manuscript copy of Sanders's De Origine et Progressu Schismatis Anglicani in the Archives of the Venerabile is, of course, no new discovery, but the importance of this particular version had hardly been realized until his Eminence, the Cardinal Protector, interested himself in the matter. This famous work has hitherto been known to us only in editions edited by other hands, and it has always been a moot point how much was Sanders and how much his first editors. It now seems possible that the Cardinal's erudition may establish the original version of the book: and as an immediate gain, we have here a few more details of the Reformation, a period about which one would have thought we knew by this time all there was to be known. Ed.)

Sanders's account of the schism in England in the XVIth. century is undoubtedly one of the chief sources of information about the events of that period in our history.

The author, Dr. Nicholas Sanders, after being educated at Winchester, became a fellow of New College and Regius Professor of Canon Law in the University of Oxford. On the defection of Queen Elizabeth, he fled abroad for conscience sake, and coming to Rome was ordained by Bishop Goldwell of St. Asaph, an exile like Sanders for the Catholic Faith, and then living in the old English Hospice, which is now the Venerabile.

Sanders's abilities were quickly recognized and Cardinal Hosius took him as his *socius* to the Council of Trent, and afterwards on a journey he made through Poland, Prussia and Lithuania. In 1565 we find Sanders settled at Louvain, where many English Catholic refugees were sheltered at the time. He was appointed Professor of Theology in the Schools and in 1572

published his great work, *De Monarchia*. That same year he was summoned to Rome and shortly after was despatched to Ireland to help the poor persecuted Catholics there. He perished of cold and hunger among the mountains in 1581.

Besides his other works, Sanders, whilst at Louvain, prepared a history of the English schism from its beginning in the reign of Henry VIII to his leaving his native land in the early years of Elizabeth. And as he was present in England during this time and in a position at Oxford to obtain accurate knowledge, he is a first-hand witness of what took place. However, his history did not see the light during his life-time, although it was known to many people. The author certainly had a copy of the manuscript with him when in Rome, and in time Parsons came to read the work, and thought so highly of it that he desired to see it printed and published. In 1584-5 he spoke of his desire to Fr. Edward Rishton, an English College student and confessor for the Faith, who having been tried with Campion and condemned to death as a priest, was respited at the last moment and passed four years as a prisoner in the Tower of London. Parsons met him on the continent very shortly after his release and renewed the acquaintanceship of Roman days. Rishton calls him *Jodocus Skernhert* (i.e. the broken-hearted) and says that he spoke most earnestly of the importance of publishing Sanders's book, adding that a publisher in Cologne was ready to print it. In his preface, Rishton says that it was difficult to find any copy of the book, though there were known to be manuscript versions in Italy and Spain: that the author had intended to polish and perfect the work, but had died before this could be done.

At first, Rishton refused to undertake the task proposed to him, but finally consented as it seemed to be necessary that some Englishman should undertake the work, and Parsons insisted that Rishton himself was the man, since he would be able from his own experience to add to Sanders's account the history of the early years of Elizabeth. He then, having procured a copy of the book, studied it attentively and corrected it. He says that he left out some long discussions which seemed to stop the flow of the narrative without corresponding utility. He also added an account of what followed after the death of Sanders

and then handed over the prepared manuscript to Parsons to forward to the publisher.¹ Rishton himself died before the work saw the light, having caught the plague at Pont-à-Mousson, and Parsons was left to see the book through the press.

So with Rishton's version (or versions) in his hands he prepared his edition of Sanders's *Schism*, "much altered and corrected," which appeared at Cologne in 1585 and then the following year in Rome, "hunc iterum locupletus et castigatus." From this edition of Parsons's followed prints in every country of Europe.

In Spain, for instance, the Jesuit Ribadeneira published a Spanish edition in 1590 with many additions, especially in regard to the time from the coming of Queen Mary, of which he could speak with first-hand knowledge, as he had arrived in England in the suite of the future Duke of Feria, the Spanish representative at the marriage of the Queen to Philip of Spain, and he remained through the first years of Queen Elizabeth. Ribadeneira thus had an opportunity of hearing and seeing much. In 1590, then, he published a Spanish version of Sanders's history, where for the first time appeared several additions made by the Spanish Jesuit, which afterwards found a place in subsequent Latin editions. To take two examples: where Sanders in Parson's version speaks of the martyrdom of Abbot Whiting and the destruction of the monastic system in England under the date 1540, in Ribadeneira we have added the statement that in the same year by the providence of God there was begun a Society (i. e. the Society of Jesus), which was destined to take the place of the older Religious Orders.

Again, in regard to the martyrdom of Abbot Whiting, in place of the original simple statement by Sanders that the Abbots of Glastonbury, Reading and Colchester were put to death for denying the supremacy of Henry VIII, is inserted a long process, which may perhaps embody some traditional account, but which, as a whole, doubtless partakes of legend and is in part certainly against the evidence of known facts.

I cannot help thinking that the manuscript in the Archives

¹ *Epistulae de causis huius editionis*. (Rome, ed. 1556).

of the Venerable is a very important link, which may help to clear up the confusion of versions that exists. For it seems to have been one of the versions used by Rishton to prepare the edition printed in Cologne in 1585 and that of Rome in 1586, and so would come into the hands of Father Parsons after Rishton's death. If so, it is prior to any printed edition, and a clue to the original text of Sanders.

Briefly my reasons for placing it so early are the following: first, the manuscript has practically all the marginal notes inserted by Parsons in his print, which connects it with the print directly. In a few places, slight corrections made in the manuscript are used in the print. These are not of much importance historically. Then, as before stated, Rishton in preparing his text of Sanders, deliberately left out passages, which he considered to check the flow of the narrative, and chiefly he proposed to omit some long disputes and discussions. An examination of the manuscript shows that it contains several long discussions of this kind, which have disappeared in the print, edited by Parsons for the press. One or two of these discussions are of some interest. For instance, at p. 86 there is a long account of a debate in the English Parliament on the doctrine of the Eucharist, which we know took place in December 1548, and as a result of which the State approval was given to the Book of Common Prayer, adopted by Elizabeth for the liturgy of her reformed Church. The fact of this debate in the House of Lords is well known from various letters of the time, and a full account of the discussion exists among the Royal Manuscripts at the British Museum: it was printed thirty years ago in *Edward VI and the Book of Common Prayer* by Mr. Edmund Bishop and me (p. 159 seqq.).

There are many other discussions on religion, which have been left out in the print, following Rishton's declared policy.

On the other hand, the print contains certain facts which are not to be found in the manuscript. We learn, for instance, that when Elizabeth came to the throne, she desired to keep Abbot Feckenham and his Benedictine monks at Westminster, on condition that they should renounce the Pope and accept her spiritual governorship of the English Church, immediately after Christ. Of course, neither Feckenham nor his monks hesitated to reject this proposal, saying they had no wish to

renounce the rule of St. Benedict for the teaching of Calvin. This fact is to be found in Parsons's version (p. 163), but it does not appear in the manuscript.

But there are other incidents, relative to the persecutions of Catholics in the earlier years of Elizabeth, which the manuscript alone preserves. Indeed, one or two matters of historical importance are omitted in the print. For example, it is related (p. 135) that on May 4, 1560, the feast of Corpus Christi—which had of course been abolished in Elizabeth's reforms, a thunderbolt struck the steeple of St. Paul's Cathedral Church and set it on fire. The fire spread to the roof and the burning wood of the roof in turn fell into the church and completely destroyed the wooden erection, that had been set up for the Communion Table in place of the ancient altar. This event gave rise to reports that this was a chastisement of God, and for that reason preachers were sent to propound the reformed doctrine of the Eucharist and to show how the old Catholic teaching was false and superstitious. The Protestant bishop preached on the subject himself and by command his sermon was printed. In this sermon, he challenged the Catholics to dispute in the Cathedral, which challenge was taken up by Cole, the Catholic Dean of St. Paul's, and the account of the discussion is set forth (p. 125 seqq.). Among the bishops, who took part, was Goldwell of St. Asaph's, who afterwards lived in the old Hospice and ordained Sanders himself, as we have seen.

Another incident regarding St. Paul's is recorded in the manuscript, but has been left out in the print. It appears that an accident happened when workmen were engaged in pulling down the great crucifix of the Cathedral, which fell suddenly upon the desecrators, killing two of them and injuring several others.

On p. 134 &c. the manuscript relates that in 1559 there came to London from Lower Germany a student named Adrian Arten. He took up his abode in a street popularly called *obliquium* (? Crooked Lane). He was a bitter Protestant and had in his house many images in despite and mockery of the Saints. On July 5th. he was engaged in mixing powder in a mortar when it exploded and wrecked his abode and several of the adjacent houses. The people did not hesitate to point the lesson

that (p. 135) no-one could mock at the Saints' lives without manifest punishment.

On Palm Sunday (1561?) the Mayor of London was ordered to have the houses of several prominent Catholics in London searched to see whether they were still keeping up the old Catholic practices and especially having Mass said for them. Palm Sunday was chosen for the day of this search, since Catholics were known to have a great devotion to the ceremonies of Holy Week. The first house chosen was that of the Countess of Derby, who was the daughter of Lord Morley. The second was that of Lady Agnes Brown, whose husband Sir Humphrey Brown was a judge of the Civil Courts. In this last house were discovered two priests and everything prepared for the celebration of Mass: Missals, Chalice, cruets &c. Lady Brown, her daughter and others present were carried off to prison.

At another house a timely warning enabled the inhabitants to pass out out of the windows, wrapped in hay, all the sacred vestments and ornaments and hide them in the stables.

In the house of Lady Morley, the searchers discovered an old Marian priest, named Dolman, almost finishing Mass. He was still in his vestments, and on the altar was a pyx containing five consecrated particles. When the searchers broke in, the priest instinctively took the pyx into his hands and tried to consume them. But he was seized by one of the officers who strove to throttle him and get the sacred hosts out of his mouth; whereupon Lady Morley came to the rescue, and hitting the officer over the head, forced him to release Father Dolman, who was then able immediately to consume the hosts. She, her daughter, the priest, with all the sacred vestments were carried off through the streets and charged before the Lord Mayor with breaking the law. Lady Morley was fined a great sum of money, and subsequently was able to fly abroad, where she settled in Belgium.

The above instances of passages omitted from the manuscript in printing the book are sufficient to show there is much in it of considerable interest, although substantially the general story is as it is found in the printed copies.

In determining exactly what this manuscript version of the *Schism* is, it is necessary to pass into the realms of supposition.

I am sure that it represents the earliest redaction of Sanders, and it may possibly be in his own handwriting, though this is not at present certain. We may also be tolerably confident that it was used by Rishton (whether he wrote it or Sanders) in preparing his proposed edition. It was not, however, the original of this proposed version, for, as we know from the edition of Sanders, Rishton intended to remove many discussions &c. which appeared to him to make the flow of the historical narrative drag. These passages are to be found in the manuscript in the Archives. It would seem to follow that Rishton must have left to Father Parsons a more corrected version with the excluded passages removed, and this it was which was printed at Cologne in 1585, and reprinted in Rome the following year. If all this be true, then the present manuscript copy in the Archives appears to be the first recension of the *History of the Anglican Schism*, which has so far come down to us. Whether it actually be the original or not at present it is premature to conjecture.

AIDAN CARDINAL GASQUET.





PAMPHILJ. ¹

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon...; we have sung the praises of Palazzola, of Tusculum and of many a spot sacred to the memory of a Roman,—it is high time there was a word for Pam. I know at least one Olympian who will object to the monosyllable, but after three quarters of a century convenience and familiarity have consecrated the word, so let it stand.

It is a matter of profound regret that this magazine was not begun many years ago, when it would have been a comparatively easy matter to secure for posterity the full and true account of our traditions and the origin of our customs. Even now much might be done to recover something of the past if our older brethren would but bestir themselves. ² The history of our connection with the Villa Pamphili is a case in point—a subject so inspiring that the scribe cannot but regret the lack of historical records and that his enquiries should have met with so little response.

Old Father Tiber has poured much water beneath the Ponte Sisto since the first *camerata* (or was it a *camerata*?) from the Venerabile crossed to investigate the new retreat. Historic day! but alas! one fears, unrecorded: nor is there anything to show that those pioneers were aware they were making history and leading a black *camerata* of stalwart *Inglesi* that has not finished the crossing yet. It was certainly a great day. Since then the name Pamphili has been a household word in the English College.

The house of Pamphili was of very ancient and noble origin. One extravagant admirer of the family, not without some ingenuity, claimed for it descent from Numa Pompilius whom he styles

¹ Many varieties of spelling are to be found but this is now the accepted form.

² This was written quite independently of the Editorial. Ed.

Pamphilius, and who in his turn was sprung from the Pamphilia family founded in Sparta by Pamphilius a Doric king in the year 350 before the foundation of Rome. Good enough! but the Pamphili family never had need of a legendary fame. Their story is writ large on the pages of history from the days of Charlemagne down through the crusades. To the Church they gave several cardinals and one pope, Innocent X. It was during the reign of this pontiff that the Villa on the Janiculum was founded, by Camillo his nephew and the famous Olimpia Maildalcini. With the death of another Camillo in 1760 the Pamphili family proper came to an end, long celebrated for its generosity, magnificence and piety. The Doria Landi family, no less illustrious and noble, and long famous in the annals of Genoa, succeeded. The name of Doria was especially renowned for its glorious connections with the sea from as early as the twelfth century until the sixteenth, when the great admiral Andrea Doria, *pater patriae*, served various princes as a *condottiere* of the seas. The Doria family continued the name as well as the fortunes of the Pamphili, so that now they are known as the Doria-Pamphili.¹ It was Louis Doria who so nobly came to the aid of Pius VII in his misfortunes by placing at his disposal the sum of five million francs, raised by mortgaging his estate. In 1839 Philip, Prince Doria Pamphili married Lady Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Through her it was that the English College first gained access to the grounds of the Villa on the Janiculum. How soon after the marriage the invitation was given is not known, but it was probably in the forties, and since one can scarcely doubt that the students would avail themselves of it without loss of time, it would appear that our *consuetudo* is at least *octogenaria*.

The earliest documentary evidence is an entry in Johnson's diary for the thirteenth of December 1852. "We went out in the evening to the Pamphili gardens to which we had a general invitation. The grounds were very good. I liked the fountains in particular." The late Father T. Scott of Birmingham, who was also at the Venerabile in the fifties, wrote: "As far as I know, the privilege was confined to us as being fellow-countrymen

¹ The cognomen Landi is not used.

with the Princess;” but another entry in the diary relates a meeting with the Scots’ College in Pamphili on June 4th 1854, so it appears that they also had obtained permission. The Scots however would not be frequent visitors, for the Villa Borghese was more convenient for them, and like us they probably had access to it as well—another daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury having married Prince Borghese. So after all, the tradition which recalls that the Villa Pamphili was once upon a time open only to two colleges, the Sacred College of Cardinals and the Venerabile, has a strong foundation.

In those days however there was one other to whom, by right of his sovereign power, the gates of Pamphili were open. On June 5th 1854 the reigning pontiff, *Pio Nono* met the *camerata* at Pamphili. “You English!” he exclaimed on seeing them,—a very un-noteworthy remark, one might say, but if one calls to mind the English Catholic history of the times one can read a wealth of feeling into those two simple words. Today, of course, no Papal cortège is seen upon the ilex avenues, but the Sacred College, like the Venerabile still keeps up the tradition, and Cardinals a-plenty may be seen of an evening taking the fresh air after the long day’s work in Rome.

But let us go back to the Ponte Sisto: we are still upon the road. There is only one possible route to Pamphili from the college, that which climbs the Janiculum

“O’er Syxtus’ bridge, by those three waterfalls
O’er which the grim Borghese griffin vaunts,
Past Paneras’ gate....”¹

One wonders, in passing, how many of all those Venerabile men who have crossed over the bridge of Syxtus since that first historic day, have taken heed of the inscription on the bridge-head which begs a prayer for the founder. Thence up what is now the Via Garibaldi, under San Pietro in Montorio, and so to the top of the Janiculum by that flight of steps which tries the stoutest of us on a hot July day. From the top is one of the finest views of Rome, with the Tivoli mountains for a background. A little further on we come to the Porta San Pancrazio—once Aurelia, whence the Via Aurelia issued forth on its way along the Med-

¹ Cf. *Venerabile*, Vol. I, p. 133.

iterranean sea-board to Cadiz on the boundaries of the Empire. Through this gate General Oudinot entered in 1849 to put an end to the short-lived revolution and to restore *Pio Nono*. Many an army has come this way for the taking of Rome—from old Lars Porsena to the latest Bixio in 1870. For the Janiculum is the key to Rome. The gate was battered down by the French in 1849 and was rebuilt by Pius IX in 1857. It is (or was until this year) the only remaining gate outside which Rome abruptly ceases. True, there is a *trattoria* there which on a summer Sunday spreads its tables across the road for the Romans who climb up to regale themselves on green beans, roast pig and cheap wine. Just recently *villini* have been appearing in the neighbouring fields. Where the Via Vitellia separates from the Aurelia lies the entrance to the Villa Pamphili. On the right-hand side of the Aurelia are the historic ruins of the Vascello, a beautiful baroque palace which was ruined in the fierce fighting with the Garibaldians. That is the road to Pam, and has been for three quarters of a century. Father Scott wrote as follows:—"Our route was by the Janiculum, by San Pancrazio gate. I don't remember the streets. There was a baccy shop by the way: a man who had been in England and knew English kept it."

But if the students went to Pamphili before 1849 they would have had to continue further down the Aurelia to reach the entrance. It was immediately on the left after passing through the arch of Paul V on the aqueduct and just opposite the avenue which leads to the present church. There is no sign of this gateway left, for the wall has been entirely rebuilt since the change. In those days the present entrance led into the property of the Corsini and the archway which stands facing one on entering the gate marks the site of the Corsini Villa, the *Casino dei Quattro Venti*, so called because it stood square and exposed to the four winds. Old writers speak of the beauty of this casino. The architect was Simone Salvi of Florence. It was the scene of fierce fighting in 1849, for the struggle was heaviest in this quarter. Three times in a single day it was taken and retaken, with the result that the combatants left it in ruins.¹ Prince

¹ There is a photograph of the ruined casino in Trevelyan's: *Garibaldi and the defence of the Roman Republic*.

Corsini, unwilling to bear the expenses of rebuilding it, sold the whole villa to Prince Pamphili who shortly afterwards erected the archway on the site of the casino, with a suitable inscription. The Corsini property extended as far as the deep ditch which runs down beneath the Casino Pamphili, that is, to where Paul V's archway crosses the Aurelia. Thus another building of the Corsini came into the hands of Pamphili—that which lies railed off on the right after one passes the archway of the *Quattro Venti*. When this union of the two villas was effected the old entrance to Pamphili on the Aurelia was closed up, the road leading to the *Casino dei Quattro Venti* was continued across the fosse to the Villa Pamphili proper, and the Corsini gate became the principal entrance to the whole estate.

In the stone-work about the gate are set a number of cannon balls, relics of the siege of 1849. It was chiefly round the old Corsini Villa and the Vascello (Garibaldi's headquarters) that the heavy fighting took place, though earlier in the campaign a fierce struggle ensued in the Villa Pamphili until the rebels were beaten back. The Casino Pamphili itself suffered very little in comparison with its neighbours, no serious damage being done: but in the grounds a prodigious number of statues were broken, mutilated or lost, fountains damaged and the gardens injured.⁴ Though some trees were destroyed, the magnificent pinery was happily left intact. The French in their official report disclaim all responsibility for the damage done to this Villa. The testimony of an unprejudiced eye-witness is always interesting, so let us quote a letter in *The Times* for June 22nd. 1849, from its correspondent. The letter is dated from the Villa Pamphili, and the writer, while lamenting that the beautiful villa should be in the hands of French soldiers, continues: "I must at the same time observe, for the honour of the French officers and of their men, that the work of destruction finished with the expulsion of the Mellara bands, and that though the mischief done by the latter cannot be easily repaired, the present occupiers are most careful in preventing further outrage."

⁴ See the official report of damages drawn up by the mixed commission. Published Paris, 1850.

When General Oudinot laid siege to this quarter of the city, he was well aware that he was attacking the strongest part and that very difficult street-fighting would be ahead of him, not to mention the crossing of the Tiber, when he had carried the walls: but it is said that his plan of action was dictated by feelings of respect for the monuments and sacred places of the ancient city. How different Bixio who came to "liberate" the Romans in 1870! His headquarters also were at the Villa Pamphili, for he had command of the attack on the Porta San Pancrazio which so signally failed. The exasperated general actually turned his guns upon the city itself, and later continued firing when the garrison had surrendered.

Two years after the siege Prince Pamphili erected a marble monument in the grounds (a Madonna enthroned beneath a baldachino) to the memory of the French soldiers who then died. The remains of many were collected and placed below it, and some of their names are inscribed on the pediment. This is the inscription:

ICI RÉPOSENT,¹
 LES DEPOUILLÉS MORTELLES DES FRANCAIS
 QUI ONT SUCCOMBÉ SUR CE SOL
 PENDANT LA GUERRE DE MDCCCIL
 PHILIPPE ANDRÉ - PRINCE DORIA PAMPILI
 PAR UN SENTIMENT DE PIÉTÉ CHRÉTIENNE
 LEUR A ELEVÉ CE MONUMENT
 L'AN DE GRÂCE MDCCCLI
 LE SIXIÈME DU PONTIFICAT DE PIE IX
 PRIEZ POUR EUX

It is interesting to compare this with a tablet in a less Christian vein placed upon the wall of the *Quattro Venti* archway in 1875 by the new masters of Rome. Many of our old *alumni* will scarcely need to be reminded of it. They already know it by heart: for the archway is the gathering place of bedraggled

¹ I give the accents exactly as they are on the monument.

camerate on those doleful days when the rain comes straightly down: and on such an occasion the tablet inspires some veteran to discourse upon the great robbery to admiring first-year men who have not yet read "The O'Clery".

GARIBALDI E I SUOI PRODI
 QUI EROICAMENTE PUGNARONO
 PER LA LIBERTÀ DI ROMA E D'ITALIA
 SPARTA RICORDA
 I SUOI TRECENTO E LEONIDA
 ROMA ANTICA I SUOI FABBI
 ROMA MODERNA
 MOSTRAVA QUI AL MONDO
 UGUALE VIRTÙ

—
 1849

During that stormy period the students had no need of Pam, for they were out at Porzio whither they had been sent by Dr. Grant at the outbreak of the trouble. In October 1849, when it was all over, Father Morris, then a student at the College, wrote: "There is no trace whatever of the siege except at the Porta San Pancrazio and the neighbouring villas or vineyards." He records a saying of the time that the French soldiers behaved *come tanti seminaristi*.¹

The Villa Pamphili, embracing as it does the old Corsini grounds, is very extensive—indeed the largest in Rome. It takes an hour's walking to complete the circuit of its walls—that is about four miles. The whole estate however is not open to us. Part of it is kept as a deer-preserve, some of it is farmed, another part is a nursery garden, and there is the Casino itself with its strictly private gardens. All these take up a considerable portion of the ground: but there is ample left. The Casino is a noble building, designed by Algardi, and surrounded with gardens laid out in various formal styles. Near by is a beautiful

¹ *Life of Father Morris.*

private chapel built in recent years to take the place of the older one near the *columbarium*, which is connected with the Casino by an underground passage.

From the terrace over the Via Aurelia near the Casino gate there is a very unusual view of St. Peter's which shows well the great length and immense size of the basilica. From this vantage point one may freely admire the proportions of the great dome, which from the Piazza San Pietro is so dwarfed and foreshortened by the facade. In the background Soracte rises out of the Campagna. From the other side of the Villa one can see across the Campagna to the Alban hills, and though Albano lake is hidden in the crater, Palazzola stands out distinctly against the woods on a clear day. The carriage drive through the public part winds in a most remarkable manner beneath the ilex and chestnut trees, round by the artificial lake which in late spring is a wilderness of water-lilies. A mysterious little island covered with trees stands in the lake, with a tempting rustic draw-bridge that is never down. Everywhere fantastic fountains, and a very picturesque waterfall drips over three cascades into the lake. Water is plentiful in the Villa Pamphili: it spouts and flows and falls on every side. There is an entry in a diary for the 11th. of June 1854 to the effect that some of the English College spent the evening here catching frogs. Of a truth there is nothing new under the sun.

The ilex avenues of Pamphili present a striking appearance. They have been beautifully described as a gallery of candelabra—the old seamed trunks stretching out their black and knotty arms to form candelabra of fantastic shapes. Like everything else here, they are carefully tended and looked after,—yet after all there is more of nature than of art in this stately pleasure ground.

Much might be written about the Roman remains and Christian antiquities of the Villa. A brief reference to the chief points of interest will suffice here. When the Corsini were laying the foundations of their casino, a Roman sepulchre was found, consisting of thirty-four burial chambers.¹ It has never

¹ VENUTI. *Antichità di Roma*, Vol II, 1803.

been heard of since. Similarly, when Camillo Pamphili and Olimpia Maildalchini were building their casino they discovered several tombs and various antiquities, all of which were destroyed at the time.¹ A number of the original coloured drawings made at the time of the discovery are now at Windsor. In the little wood on the left of the gate which leads into the Casino Pamphili some tombs and a *columbarium* remain, with several urns and a few inscriptions. The pictures from the *columbarium* were given by the Prince to the State, and they are now in the Terme Museum. An unconscionable amount of German literature has appeared concerning them. In the centre of the football ground stands a solid marble altar of pagan Rome which effectively prevents our using the entire length for games. This altar originally came from Grottaferrata, and was probably brought here when the Villa was built. According to the best interpretations the reliefs upon it represent Antoninus Pius surrounded by seven other figures, among whom Mars, Juno Lanuvina, Venus and a Victory have been identified. Other relics of ancient Rome are scattered here and there about the grounds.

The problem of the Catacombs here is much too difficult for the present writer. Marucchi² is forced to admit that the topography of the ancient Christian cemeteries on the Via Aurelia Antica is very obscure, and it cannot be said that he himself has thrown much light on the problem. He mentions the existence of two catacomb entries within the grounds of the Villa Pamphili and it is with these that we are here concerned. The first lies to the left of the drive in a small copse just beyond the archway and is never open. Both Marucchi and Kaufmann³ make this an entrance to the catacomb of San Pancrazio, otherwise known as Octavilla, though neither of these authors can be said to have definitely committed himself. Stevenson,⁴ on the other hand, who seems to have examined the place thoroughly, asserts definitely that this catacomb

¹ LANCIANI. *Pagan and Xtian Rome*.

² *Archeologie Chrétienne*, Vol II, p. 41 seq. 1903.

³ *Archeologia Cristiana*, p. 86, 1908.

⁴ Notes. *Vat. Lat.* 10554, f. 74.

is independent of the San Pancrazio one. He describes it as very small and very rough with no decorations, no *graffiti*, and no old walling. So much for the first entrance. The second, also surrounded by trees, lies on the right, where the road turns down to the lake opposite the custodian's house. The entrance is under the floor of the wooden shed near the horse-corral. This is a much more interesting catacomb of a very regular old type, in which, Marucchi tells us, the infiltrations of water (perhaps from the Acqua Trajana) have formed magnificent stalactites. It seems certain that this is the cemetery of SS. Processus and Martinianus, and that the galleries on the other side of the present Via Aurelia, in the Vigna Pellegrini, are part of the same catacomb. A connection certainly does exist, running beneath the road, and both the cemeteries are of a like antiquity. However the mystery surrounding these catacombs yet remains to be cleared up. It is said, on what authority I do not know, that the marble columns on the porch of the house near the *pratone* are relics of an ancient church dedicated to these saints, which existed somewhere in the vicinity of the present Casino. There certainly was a basilica built over the tombs of these martyrs, and Gregory the Great delivered one of his homilies in it.¹ Pascal I translated the relics of the martyrs to the Vatican, and the basilica disappeared after the twelfth century. The position of this second catacomb and the existence of Roman tombs under and round the Casino are enough to show that the route of the Via Aurelia once lay more to the left, through the grounds of the present Villa. Some indications of this original road were discovered and also traces of a cross-road to the Via Vitellia.

The present gatekeeper has served on the estate for thirty-three years, for the most part as *guardiano* and now in his declining years as *portiere*. He remembers the past generations and their doings very well, and appears to resent the modern throng as much as we do, for alas! be it known to our ancient brethren that no longer do we enjoy the privacy that fell to their lot. Nowadays a *permesso* is easily come by, at least for

¹ P L. T. 76, col. 1237.

the youth of Rome, so that on Sundays and Thursdays Pam degenerates into a semi-public recreation ground for half the clerical and lay institutions in the city. All the national colleges seem to be there, various boys' schools, boy scouts without number, orphanages and—yea, let it be said!—convent-school girls who trail in with *camerate* of interminable length and scatter themselves shrieking into the immemorial haunts of the Venerabile eld. However, *levius fit patientia quidquid corrigere est nefas*. We have still much to be thankful for. The hateful public days are things of the past: indeed it would appear that the general public find it more difficult to gain admittance than in former times, possibly because the Prince resides here more than formerly and because he feels that he has already been generous enough. It is highly gratifying, too, to see even lordly carriages turned away from the gate by the incorruptible porter, who resolutely refuses to accept in lieu of a *permesso* the proffered *open sesame* by whose aid our Americans see the world.

Immediately on the left as one enters, there is a small wood with a fairly dense thicket of undergrowth. There the weaker brethren drop out on a broiling July day and discourse of many things beneath the kindly shade—perhaps of the route by which they are going home, if they be *laureandi* or *laureabiles*—of wild impracticable schemes if they are among the lucky ones who go to Palazzola. But woe betide him who breaks in upon such pleasant thoughts with mention of examinations. Here at least there shall be a respite and a truce. We are assured on excellent authority that this shrubbery was popularized at the close of the last century by those who now figure as jubilarians in the pages of *The Universe*. How many a man must have raised his castles in the air in that same place, like smoke clouds among the trees: or listened, upon a Roman holiday, to the sound of revelry and merriment from the Scarpone over the wall!

Then there are the famous pines, row upon row. Algardi who had the designing of the whole Villa, planted them, and when one considers the irregularities of the ground at his disposal for a pinewood, the result he achieved is beyond praise. "Les pins de la Villa Pamphili sont célèbres dans le monde. Tous les voyageurs les ont admirés, tous les narrateurs les ont racontés. Ils s'étaient en triomphants panaches dans les des-

criptions outrées de Chateaubriand: outrées, et à cause de cela plus vraies que d'autres. Les beaux arbres! Et que leur ombre est douce."¹ Let us quote again Father Scott. "In those days we had no games. There was only the ruined church (i. e. at the college) and after Whitsunday we had no High Mass. We often went to Pamphili gardens where we sat under the pines and gazed at the Alban hills and on the bare Appian way, forsaken except by tombs. I was never tired looking at the matchless campagna: *beate tu!*"... Perhaps we *are* after all degenerate. It was while playing golf through those same pines that one of us drove a ball on to the head of an old labourer who is employed on the estate. It rebounded from his skull as though it had hit a rock and rose to the branches above, while he picked up his hat, stroked his brow and gazed stupidly around. When the culprit arrived full of sympathy and apology the old fellow said that he would not have minded so much; but that a tree had just fallen on him and that he was already slightly bewildered! *Les beaux arbres!*

That brings us to games. It is hardly likely that any games were played here before 1890. At that time both football and cricket were started. Archbishop Stonor obtained the necessary permission. There was at first some difficulty about wearing football apparel but eventually permission was granted for this also. There the Venerable has played ever since, even in some of those luckless matches against the Scots. The *pratone*, the only available spot for games, is a fairly large field, perfectly level, divided for purposes of play by the old pagan altar. For a long time we have played across the near side of it, but the pitch is now badly worn since the Italian schools play on it all through the summer. His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri is fond of watching us, and is especially amused to see a bit of boisterous play among the *seminaristi*. Of late years we had difficulty in securing our old pitch because of the growing popularity of the game in Italy and the influx of other colleges and schools into the grounds. Many a time fierce argument arose when the invaders proved loath to retire: it was long

¹ LOUIS VEUILLOT. *Le Parfum de Rome*.

before they could be taught that the English College had by right of long standing the priority of all others. At times, too, some upstart might cast doubts upon our established rights, to be promptly informed that the Venerabile had played on this ground before his college had yet been founded. Such disputes went on from week to week until one day, through the good offices of an all-providing Rector, our claims were sanctioned and confirmed by the highest authority and the English College was once more placed in the debt of that illustrious family to whom it already owes so much. The customary pitch was then assigned to our use and its limits defined. That was in 1923. Thenceforward we could claim it in the teeth of all Rome, and if necessary call in the *custode* to enforce our rights. In the following year the captain of the football was further assured by the Prince that the pitch was always at our disposal and that he would never countenance any interference with our prescriptive rights.

Just after Italy's declaration of war in 1915 some young Italians playing in Pamphili had ornamented their goal-posts with *bandiere*, and as a compliment to our students added an English flag to the decorations. His Eminence Card. Gasparri noticed the flags when passing and calling two of our students who were standing by, said, "Queste bandiere non ci stanno bene". The two addressed happened to be in their first year, so that the *lingua toscana* was lost on them: but they repeated the words to their elders afterwards with the result that his Eminence was respectfully waylaid by a deputation on the following day, who explained to him that the students had had nothing to do with the display of national colours. Whereupon his Eminence with a smile raised his hand and said, "Allora—*ego vos absolvo*", and the incident was closed.

At Easter when the weather becomes hot football dies a natural death: and even before that, the ground is uninvitingly hard for a fall. Cricket is played after a desultory fashion on summer evenings when the Italian youth are still at football. They are gradually beginning to realise that a cricket ball, though smaller, is somewhat harder than a football—in fact as one of them ruefully remarked when it hit him, "*come un pezzo di piombo*". Hence a growing respect and interest for the game.

In the nineties too they played cricket, placing the stumps always in the same holes, because the ground was too hard to make fresh ones! So they say. During the war, about 1916, one tennis enthusiast obtained permission to mark out a court at the far end of the *pratone*, near the path. Tapes were used for lines and keenness lasted for a season. The present generation was unaware of this attempt, but one may still identify the spot by the bareness of the ground, and it certainly does remind one of the enterprising spirit which disfigured the Sforza with "folies".¹

Before the Irish and North American colleges removed to their new quarters they frequently played games here. A baseball match was a great attraction to us and we found unending entertainment in the exchange of gibes and raillery by means of which each side sustains its own morale and endeavours to disturb the coolness of its opponents. There was one very interesting match last year, between the rival universities, the Gregorian and the Angelico. We are glad to record that the Gregorian had an easy win.

Ficorini writing in the eighteenth century,² in the midst of an unintelligible description of the villa, tells of a young Irishman who entered a fishpond near the Casino for a bathe. After an hour he was so benumbed with cold that he was unable to climb out again, and would have perished but for the timely aid of the gardener. The writer narrates the story by way of administering a reproof to the Irish nation for bathing in cold water without discretion. It was, however, a water tank in Pam that helped to keep the Venerabile fit through many a summer. There is a great cistern built of brick in a secluded and remote part of the grounds to supply some of the lower fountains with water. It is surrounded by a screen of trees, and there, where the branches "high over-arched embower", the Venerabile betook

¹ Using the utmost restraint, one may define a folly thus: "A mutilated and unsightly piece of ground, generally covered with heaps of earth, representing the wasted labours of enterprising but misguided and wanton enthusiasts for the ignoble game of tennis".

² 1744. *Un Ibernese chiamato Luca Makeani*. Mackin, McCann, McKeown?

themselves for a plunge as soon as Easter had ushered in the dog-days. Each year the tank was laboriously cleaned and cleared of debris for the season's use, while the *custode* was requested to see that those particular fountains were left dry. It remained more or less of a college secret, but our increasing numbers made us noisier with the result that the stranger arrived upon the scene. However, for the last two years we have had no need of it and it has been deserted. Even those of us who remember this old tank in the hey-day of its popularity have no regrets. It served its turn and the luxurious *vasca* in the college garden has more than supplied its place.

But games and sport apart, Pamphili is a pleasant place. The air is good, though not quite so strong, perhaps, as at Pincio. Two hundred years ago the Italians called it Belrespiro and some of the modern guidebooks have resurrected the name. The various walks even with constant repetition do not lose their charm: there are plenty of secluded spots for him who would read or meditate in peace and quiet, while the restless spirits can usually find themselves a congenial occupation such as the slinging of stones across the lake with a cleft stick—or the catching of frogs! On those rare occasions when there is a sufficient fall of snow some betake themselves thither for a snow fight and return thoroughly and joyously wet.

It would be difficult to imagine life without Pam—still more difficult to live it. Once, and once only has there been a break in our visits there. When the father of the present prince died, on December 5th 1914, the villa was closed. At first the students thought this to be part of the mourning and were accordingly patient. Days and weeks went by and still there was no sign of a reopening. Twice an application was made for a *permesso*, only to be refused. The brick-hunters were not entirely sorry; they saw a golden opportunity for sight-seeing, but we are told that the enforced interest in antiquities was not long sustained in the hearts of the Philistines (more power to them). The Sunday station-churches of Lent saw the Venerabile in force as they never saw them before or since. At last, on the 24th of March, the news came that Pamphili was once more thrown open—a welcome relief to the archaeologist as well as to his unwilling victims, for all appreciated more than ever the fresh-

ness and quiet of this pleasant retreat. So great was the general delight that a brick-hunter (my informant) permitted himself to be affectionately embraced, without resistance.

Today our visits to the Villa Pamphili are more frequent and more regular than ever. Formerly it was but one of many favourite resorts: now it is well nigh the only one. Even after the vulgarization of Borghese and the first building craze of new Rome in the last century, the country still washed in to the walls of the city, so that one could enjoy many pleasant walks without the necessity of passing through endless suburbs on the way. But within the last few years Rome has stretched her boundaries in an incredible manner and dispossessed us of the country. Monte Verde has gone: Monte Mario bids fair to follow: and the hastily erected buildings of the newest Rome have crept out towards Ostia, Tivoli and the Castelli. Tenements and flats have invaded the *prati* and the *campagna*: the *villini* climb the hill. Progress has encompassed us about. There remains (and we trust it will always remain) Pamphili, where a man may still conveniently escape to the untainted air.

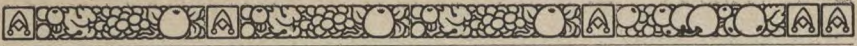
Thus it is that we become more appreciative of our inheritance as the years go on. It is no small thing in these modern times to have the freedom of such a spot. If in the course of its long history the Venerabile numbers a multitude of benefactors, of these not the least must be reckoned the princely house of Doria-Pamphili. *Esto perpetua!*

R. DELANY.





BLESSED JOHN FISHER



Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More

In the last seven centuries, the Church has raised many saints to her Altars, and it must come as a shock to most of us that after St. Richard of Chichester, who was canonized in 1262, there should occur in the list the name of not one Englishman! ⁴ There is no doubt that during these seven hundred years England has produced saints in plenty—holy souls, known to a circle of intimates, perhaps remembered locally with traditional veneration, but not raised to pre-eminence by the Church as examples for all. *Sanctos facere, non patefacere*: to make saints and not to make them known:—this is the boast of a great contemplative order. But the Church, as a whole, must make her saints known. Their example may not be wasted, and imitation is the fruit only of knowledge. Moreover, the eminent holiness of her children is one of the marks by which men are to know her; and it is by means of a canonization, especially, that she spurs on her children to mighty endeavour in virtue of an heroic sanctity upon which she sets the seal of her infallible approval.

It is a shock, then, to find our own country outside this "family circle" of the saints, but the fact is not incapable of explanation. The great struggle of the Reformation, which discovered the heroic mould in so many Englishmen, has also, in its aftermath, delayed the fame of their sanctity. The *gens lucifuga*, which had given of its life to keep alight the Faith in our midst, was for the same reason unable to let that light

⁴ This statement is made subject to correction. We have been unable to find any English saint canonized after St. Richard. *St. Thomas of Hereford, Canonized*

shine before men. The struggle became one for mere existence, wherein there was strength to spend on little else. The Catholic Church in eighteenth-century England was a tiny body, scattered over the face of the country, straining to build its churches and its schools, fighting bitter Protestantism without and crippling poverty within, ostracised from the social life of its neighbourhood, and fired only with the ambition to preserve its identity by means of an isolation, which had once upon a time been thrust upon it, but which it now embraced as providing a decent obscurity. It is an heroic story of largely hopeless sacrifice: there is the smell of the grave hanging over everything, and however honourable a grave, yet a grave for all that.

But if in the eighteenth century Catholic England was too exhausted to press the cause of its martyred heroes, in the nineteenth it was too busy. A period of unexampled expansion dawned upon this despised minority, taxing to the utmost its powers of assimilation. Irish immigration and Tractarian conversions eased the battle for toleration and respect, but they aggravated the financial and educational difficulties. Emancipation beckoned from the catacombs a Catholicism that feared to breathe above-ground; the Oxford Movement advertised a Catholicism that shrank from attracting any notice; and the restoration of the hierarchy, while it gathered England into the normal system of Church government, yet brought about the ears of the faithful such a hornets' nest as had scarcely been known since the tragic days of Titus Oates. Catholics were bidden grow almost more quickly than they could, and a very crop of controversies over rood-screens or seminary culture or Italian devotions goes to show the wrench with which this new change of front was accomplished. For accomplished it was, and the warring elements fused into our present unity, but scarcely before the death of Cardinal Manning and the close of the century.

After all, the habits of four centuries of persecution and of hiding are not so easily shaken off, nor are the eyes of the *gens lucifuga* so quickly become accustomed to the direct rays of the sun. Small wonder, then, if the darkness of Protestantism should have dimmed even our perception of the heroic sanctity in our midst; small wonder that since our last distant saint, we should almost have forgotten that such sanctity calls

for canonization. In this struggle, both internal and external, men were too absorbed in the present to glory over the past; almost too anxious for the future to remember that there was so glorious a past. Rapid and strenuous as was their progress, however, memory had one moment's pause when in 1886 over fifty martyrs were beatified, and at their head Cardinal Fisher and Sir Thomas More. All honour to the men who brought about this act of justice!

But the twentieth century sees us in a very different position. If our battles are not over, yet the stress of conflict is eased: we have, at least, won a moment's honourable respite and breathe a new atmosphere of respect, even of sympathy. Daily we grow to greater strength, openly bearing the light unto men in pilgrimage and procession, inwardly fostering it by a God-sent increase of contemplative vocations. Where Protestants once sneered at the idleness of the cloister and wallowed in calumnies of the walled-up nun, today they applaud the monks who are building at Buckfast and they hold services in the ruined naves of pre-Reformation abbeys. Among our own people, where laymen once hesitated to take their rightful place in the public life of their own districts, now they are developing the courage to catechise the drifting multitudes in the crowded meeting-places of our greater cities: where statues were once regarded as more suitable for continental taste in piety, miners are now occupying their spare time in building shrines to the Mother of God: where churches were once used only for ceremonies of an operative nature, the Holy Hour and kindred devotions draw crowds to the silent adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. If we have made great headway among our separated brethren, it is because we have made yet greater headway among ourselves.

Even in this matter of the saints our attitude has undergone a significant modification: a new love has sprung up to supersede the distant and strained admiration which were once the limit of our phlegmatic tribute. We have seen such magical quickenings among Catholics even in our own days, at the tomb of Pius X in St. Peter's or among the sleepy streets of Lisieux. In our own country, the popularity of such recent names as the Curé d'Ars and Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus shows that the English are not one whit duller of appreciation than their fellow

Catholics. And if God in His own good time has worked this grateful change, what reason can be urged why it should be confined to the canonized saints of other lands? There are many candidates for the highest honours of the Church in the pages of our own history. The opportunities lie to our hand which circumstances denied our ancestors; the spiritual temperature is higher, the people readier, the evidence prepared, and day by day a general consciousness is growing that it is high time England once more had her national intercessors in the catalogue of the saints.

To anyone who at all agrees with this analysis of the situation, it must have been a great joy to hear that his Lordship the Bishop of Southwark is petitioning Rome for the canonization of Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More. While in Rome, the Bishop secured our own Rector as Postulator of the cause before the Holy See, and it is at the Rector's request that we make this earnest appeal to all our readers to take up the work and to spread the cult with every influence at their command. We cannot refuse to do our small share in Rome among all the Italians with whom we may come in contact. But it is primarily at home that the cult must spread, and who has such influence there as the priest?

Such a canonization would be of immeasurable service to that second cause before the Congregation of Rites, petitioning for the beatification of over two hundred other English martyrs. The success of this cause, particularly the speed with which it is to succeed, depends beyond everything upon the enthusiasm with which the whole country presses it. Now enthusiasm must be fed if it is to live, far more if it is to grow in intensity and spread in extent. An enthusiast must feel that he is actively contributing towards the common cause, or he will divert his energy into some other channel where it is of more evident utility. It has been difficult to satisfy this natural desire in the case of our Venerable martyrs, for no miracles were required, the cult had been proved from pictures in the Church of the English College, here in Rome, and the necessary proofs of martyrdom were a question of documentary evidence, which engaged the attention only of experts in historical research. But for a canonization, miracles are practically essential, and generally

speaking, God will grant miracles only when He is besieged: which is precisely where the faithful come in. They must be set to the beleaguering of heaven, or rather, since this canonization is hoped for in 1929, they must be set to the storming of heaven. The lives and characters of Fisher and More must be preached throughout the length and breadth of the land: the enthusiasm is there to arouse if only we will arouse it. And how better than in such a national assault upon the merciful omnipotence of God, that He may honour these great servants of His at the prayer of those for whom such martyrdoms preserved the Faith? This obligation of intercession is laid upon us in the name of gratitude, of pride and of devotion. It cannot fail of quickening our love towards all the heroes who died that we might live: and yet once again—it is only in such an atmosphere of enthusiastic devotion that we can hope for the rapid success of these two hundred other causes, awaiting their decision before the Congregation of Rites.

It should not be hard to preach Fisher and More. Out of the abundance of material which has come down to us concerning them, there must be details to appeal to every taste. For they were men of many parts, human always even in their sanctity and most capable in the duties which this world imposed upon them. We are particularly grateful for the picture of More contained in the letters of Erasmus, himself far from being a saint: also for the inventory of the furniture in Fisher's palace at Rochester, drawn up by the officials of the Crown in the ordinary course of their official routine. They had no brief to paint the portrait of an ascetic, and in neither case was there any question of drawing a moral for posterity. The suggestion of heroic sanctity in these two great men was not hitherto so much as mooted. Which only makes us the more certain of the objectivity of this evidence, and therefore of the inference we may draw unto ourselves. Of the multitude of the martyrs under Elizabeth and the Stuarts we know little beyond the details of their deaths: but of Fisher and More such full accounts survive that we can readily compile their *lives*.¹

¹ The best lives are, of course, those by Fr. Bridgett C.S.S.R., and published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne. They might with profit have been

More, for instance, was a bundle of paradoxes. His humour was almost a proverb in his own day, it did not even desert him on the scaffold, yet the vast majority of his writings are on the most serious subjects. His happy knack of making friends is responsible for the accounts we possess of his personality and domestic life, but none of these friends moved a finger to save him once the King's wrath was aflame, and he owed his death to treachery. Without any great strain upon the imagination, one can summon up a vivid picture of this merry man of prayer and mortification; of this savant who really rejoiced in the Lord as he revelled in the renewed energy of his age to chase after knowledge, whether he showed it in the more orthodox exercises of Latin and Greek, or in his craze for crowding the house with curiosities of other lands; a famous conversationalist, fascinated by repartee, far from despising a pun, yet despite all his talking, never an idler or a gossip; whose even temper oiled the wheels of existence so that the minimum of friction was to be found in the large household he gathered about him; a clever satirist who was beloved of all his acquaintances and whose presence brought out the best in other men; a polished essayist and pamphleteer, who could write as well with burning zeal as with his tongue in his cheek; a lover of peace who avoided strife his life long, yet who passed his days amid contentions and died rather than sacrifice his convictions to his comforts; an unambitious *littérateur*, who filled public offices the greater part of his life; a clear-sighted critic of the scandals in the Church, who heard Mass daily, received the Sacraments frequently and relied for his salvation upon his active membership of Christ's Mystical Body. One despairs of sketching a character so many-sided. Without the intense spirituality of the man, he would be a mass of contradictions. But the straitness of his union with God was a continual and unifying motive that sanctified every action of the day unto the meriting of martyrdom.

more attractively written, but the matter they contain is above praise. Another book which might be recommended is *The Household of Sir Thomas More* by Miss Manning, a Protestant. Although cast in the fictitious form of a diary written by Margaret Roper, it is based mostly upon historical facts and does catch the spirit of the martyr. It used to be obtainable in the *Everyman* series, bound with Roper's *Life*.

Fisher's is a simpler character, not in the sense that it was less profound, but that his occupations were not so varied. His nature was graver, partly because his position made protest and rebuke a matter of conscience. He was no literary free-lance, but a bishop with the charge of souls upon his shoulders, who must take his share of responsibility in the policy of the entire hierarchy. Throughout his life, the abuses he saw about him, the perversion and the wastage of spiritual energy, weighed heavily upon his spirit. But they turned him neither into a Diogenes nor into a Savonarola, for his temper was invincibly sweet. He, too, had a large circle of friends and his love of culture could persuade him to grapple with the uninviting contents of Greek and Hebrew grammars at an advanced age. His personal charm induced the worldling Erasmus to stay with him in the damp, rheumatic palace at Rochester, which Fisher's Protestant successors promptly abandoned. He lacked More's puckish mischievousness, which would probably have displeased More himself in a bishop, but he had humour, sometimes of a caustic mould, as when he refused to seek translation to a richer see on the grounds that he would never desert his poor old wife for the richest widow in England. His courage was remarkable: long before his duty demanded it and alone of all the bishops, he bore the brunt of Henry's anger in the time of Queen Catherine's troubles. Nor was he ignorant what his support was likely to cost him, and pointedly kept a statue of St. John the Baptist in his study. Prayer, fasting, almsdeeds and penance were to be expected of such a man, and to complete the portrait, we need only examine Holbein's sketch to see a gentle spirit and a clear vision, both beyond the reach of distress by reason of his supernatural confidence in God.

Such, then, were these two magnificent souls. And they appeal to us, not only for themselves, but also for the spheres in which their vocations lay. Fisher was a supreme example of the priest, More of the layman. Firm in principle, Fisher faced the problems of his day, whether doctrinal or moral or disciplinary, with a rare combination of practical common-sense and imperturbable sweetness, which defied the lack of support among his episcopal brethren as it defied the rages of the royal tyrant. He visited his diocese after the fashion of an Aidan or

a Chad in the far distant days of the Heptarchy, when prelates were truly shepherds because pasture lands were poor. In Fisher we seem to be back with Richard of Chichester himself, and yet we are on the eve of the English betrayal.

More was twice married, and though neither affair seems to have been very passionate, he understood to perfection the art of give and take. Complete confidence existed between husband and wife, and a great domestic peace is the keynote of his house at Chelsea. It would be an exaggeration to regard his second wife as temperamentally his mate; he had married her for the sake of his young children. Yet the picture of him as "hen-pecked" is laughably incorrect—he was always the master of the family—and his letters reveal the happiest of relations, so that when he is absent from home, he can give her instructions which he knows will be both loyally and efficiently carried out, while on his own part he has no need to enter into all details, for he trusts her as she trusts him. With his children the most lovable side of More's nature appeared in an idyllic correspondence, which has endeared him to the hearts of countless Englishmen since his time. Chelsea was a real refuge from the stress outside, where he must battle diplomatically to do his duty without offending more people than he need. The picture of this home, where the days must have sped like the lightning in work, laughter and prayer, is one to dwell upon and luckily it is well-known.

Some holy souls are sometimes criticized as having lacked worldly ability. Fisher, like More, was a brilliant scholar and introduced Greek into Cambridge; Fisher was the greatest preacher of his day, More the greatest essayist. It was owing to the Bishop of Rochester that Erasmus taught at Cambridge and not at Oxford; Fisher was elected Chancellor of his University for life, an office which was not considered vacant even upon his attainder; More was the idol of London and the most successful lawyer of the period; Fisher was the counsellor of Kings and Queens, and the executor of the Lady Margaret; More was ambassador, Secretary to the Treasury and ended as Chancellor, a position resplendent before Europe after Wolsey's occupation; the reputation of both Fisher and More was world-wide, yet neither could be called a traveller; in an age of incomparable servility

to princes, both had to be sought out and dragged into the service of the Court against their wills. Yet neither balked at public duties once he found the public life to be his vocation. Early Saxon princes, who forsook their thrones for the cloister, have often been misunderstood and their renouncement mistaken for desertion; as Dante misjudged San Celestino, "che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto." There is no room for such blunders in the story of Fisher and More: each chose a life among men after debating the calls of the religious state, each proved worthy of every task assigned to him: so that, with the exception of Wolsey, until the days of their misfortunes all England thought them the greatest glory of the reign, and after their martyrdom was done, the rest of Europe thought so still.

Of their martyrdom there can be no doubt. At that period there was no danger of invasion from Spain to obscure the issue, no occasion for the "bloody question" which was put to so many Elizabethan martyrs afterwards. It never occurred to the judges to hide the fact that Fisher and More died only because they refused to take the Oath of Supremacy, and so to deny the decisions of the Council of Florence, which had been held in the preceding century. Paul III compared the Tudor tyrant to the Angevin: "Thomas of Canterbury defended the rights of a particular Church, John Fisher those of the Church Universal; Henry II put to death an Archbishop, Henry VIII a Cardinal of the Roman Church."

The paying of a debt of gratitude does more than satisfy one's self-esteem: it stimulates love and can engender a merry competition in generosity. If we spend ourselves whole-heartedly in the cause of these holy martyrs, will God allow Himself to be outdone? - If we labour for their canonization, what fruit may He not grant to their intercession? There is abroad today a new spirit of sympathy towards things Catholic, so that this universal exaltation of two Englishmen might have repercussions far beyond the limits of our guessing. Had Fisher and More been canonized in the reign of Queen Victoria, there would have been great rejoicings among the Catholics of the kingdom, but complete indifference outside the fold. One can almost see the finger of God in this delay, for the Catholic trend of modern times may have tuned other ears beside our own to catch the

burden of these martyrdoms. In the very breadth of their sympathy, non-Catholics often mistake the shadow for the substance. Yet here would be brought to their notice the winning personalities of two great Englishmen who died rather than surrender that substance, who knew that an England cut off from Rome was an England cut off from the Church, and that there is no Catholicism without Peter. As yet Anglo-Catholicism has never seen the great fallacy upon which it is founded: but Anglo-Catholics are so much nearer to the truth than Protestantism has ever been before, that perhaps it needs only some such practical example as that of Fisher and More to open the eyes of many to the light.

Whatever God may have in store, what is there to prevent our learning to love these two bright jewels of the Reformation, to desire to imitate their fortitude, and above all, to see them proposed to the whole Church for the veneration and the inspiration of Christian souls the wide world over? Under God, it rests with us to secure this belated vindication, and it is impossible that we shall be found wanting.

THE EDITORS.

We earnestly appeal to all priests throughout England to promote in every way possible devotion to Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More, so that it may be possible soon to hope for their canonization.

In order to obtain from God the necessary graces and favours, the following prayers are recommended.

Blessed John Fisher, faithful among the faithless, *pray for us.*

Blessed Thomas More, who cheerfully gavest thy life for Christ, *pray for us.*

PRAYER.

O God, through the intercession of these Blessed Martyrs, restore to England her allegiance to the See of Peter. Show forth, we beseech Thee, signs of Thy acceptance of their sacrifice for the One Fold of the One Shepherd. Through Christ our Lord. Amen

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.



BLESSED THOMAS MORE

Any graces or favours received through the intercession of these Martyrs please report to the Postulator of their cause, THE BISHOP OF SEBASTOPOLIS, VEN. COLLEGIO INGLESE, 45 VIA DI MONSERRATO, ROMA 16: from whom leaflets may be obtained, as also from Bishop's House, St. George's Road, Southwark, S.E. 1.

✠ ARTHUR HINSLEY.
Bishop of Sebastopolis.





THE SCOTS' MATCH

The outstanding annual feature in the sport's life of the English-speaking clerics in Rome is undoubtedly the football match between the English and Scots' Colleges. From year to year the battle-ground is thronged with English-speaking clerics and not a few "foreigners", and for some weeks previous to the match, the students of the participating Colleges are besieged with the appropriate questions, "when", "where", etc.

An attempt is here made to trace the history of the game. The sources of information have been few. Perhaps observations by any reader, (particularly by "old boys"), which may fill in the gaps or correct an error, will be sent to the Editors.

Apparently the first game was played in 1892¹, initiated by the present Rector of St. Peter's College, Bearsden, Mgr. H. Forbes D. D. The match was played in the Villa Borghese. The Scots were represented by "Mgr. Forbes, M. Birnie, J. McGrail, A. Grant, M. Joyce, R. Hogan, G. Nicol, S. Thornton, J. Doherty, J. Joyce, and (?) D. Robertson". This information was supplied by Mgr. Forbes. For the English, Mgr. Cronin of Oscott College writes that he played in goal, "Canon Moriarty and Dr. O'Loughlin as backs, and J. O'Connor and Mgr. Hinsley". Fr. O'Connor adds the names of "P. Mason, F. Bailey, J. Upton, and Dr. Miller, probably also Mostyn and J. Mahony".

¹ Mgr. Cronin writes that "the first encounter took place in 1892 or 1893 in the Villa Borghese, and the English College was well beaten".

Fr. O'Connor's letter from the Lizard last Holy Week merits full quotation. "I am out at grass here to cure a racing heart, etc., etc. It probably began that day in Borghese. I was never so outrun and baffled and ignored in all my unobtrusive career. Long Georgie Nicol kept jumping down from very far above and passing the ball from one foot to the other across two or three of our men. A hard frost in February, I think early, was succeeded by a day of clear sunshine, and about an inch and a half of fine mud covered a still frozen field, so you can guess at unrehearsed effects, principally on our side. Six goals to nothing was the Scots' score. They were twice as fast as we were, and kept it up all the time. Peter Mason played, and Francis Bailey, and Joey Upton. Joey several times had the Scots defending their goal rather strenuously, as he was a matchless forward. Cronin kept goal for us as if it were a Crystal Palace final. He stopped about twenty-five hot shots and the Scots were loud in his praise. Miller also played very well for us. If Mostyn and Joe Mahony did not complete the eleven, I can't do it for you. I was a left something—must have been half-back, it had that feeling anyhow, as I can never remember seeing the Scots' goal near enough to recognise it again. But it was a fine day and an enjoyable game and the cleanness of the play varied inversely as the mud. It was the first game, and I don't remember anyone feeling the need for a return match in my time".

The following is a list of the games played:

1892	. . .	Scots' win 6-0.	
1893/6	. . .	Apparently no games.	
1897	. . .	Scots' win 8-1.	
1898	. . .	do 5-2.	
1899	. . .	Drawn game. Score unknown.	
1900	. . .	Scots' win 3-1.	
1901/5	. . .	No games. The causes were that the Borghese Gardens were opened to the public after the 1900 game, and also no challenge was issued by the English College.	
1906	. . .	Scots' win 5-1.	
1907	. . .	No game.	
1908	. . .	Scots' win 1-0 (penalty goal).	
1909/12	. . .	No games.	

1913	. . .	English win	4-1.		
1914/19	. .	No games.	Dr. A. N. Barre writes: "the reason was the small number of students in both Colleges, especially in the Scots'. We ourselves were down to 13 at one time, out of whom 4 or 5 did not play ¹ ".		
27.12.1920	. . .	Scots' win	3-1 at Fortitudo ground.		
26.12.1921	. . .	do	3-0	do	
26.12.1922	. . .	do	3-0	do	
31.12.1923	. . .	English win	1-0	do	
27.12.1924	. . .	Scots' win	1-0	do	
26.12.1925	. . .	Drawn game	0-0	do	
27.12.1926	. . .	Scots' win	2-0 at Stadium ground.		

According to the above list, 15 games in 35 years have been played; 11 were Scots' wins, 2 English wins, and 2 were drawn. The league would read as follows:

	P	W	L	D	Goals		Pts
					For	Agst	
Scots' . . .	15	11	2	2	45	7	24
English . .	15	2	11	2	7	45	6

The place of meeting seems to have been Borghese Gardens up to 1900, thence Pamphili till after the War when the Fortitudo ground was used. The time of meeting is traditionally the Christmas vacation. There was only one game in any one year.

The great match, still spoken of at the Venerable and the glory of the "old boys", took place in the 1913/14 season. Fr. J. McNally supplies the information. "The actual date was Jan. 22nd, 1914. When I arrived at the Venerable, there was a high feeling prevailing towards the Scots' College. I hardly remember the details, but the match played in 1909², (I think that was the year) was the cause of the feeling. We lost and I think the score was 2-1³. Further I think there was some

¹ The place of meeting seems to have been Borghese. Dr. Barre continues: "A real game was impossible. I note in my diary that on one and the same day I played in Pam 1) kicking and passing a Rugby ball with Baron, Murphy, etc., 2) playing base-ball with Americans, 3) Gaelic football with the Irish College, 4) soccer with the Portuguese. We played anything, anywhere, anyhow".

² 1908. - ³ 1-0.

rough play,... However, as the losers, it was the place of the English College to challenge, but the old team did not... In time the old brigade left, and among the new generation the feeling grew that we ought to issue a new challenge. It was not until the season named above that this was carried. I was the man who proposed it at one of the famous public meetings. When it was passed after thrills and oratory, they did me the honour of electing me captain and named two others as my selection committee. Poor Martin Gibney was one, and I think Baron was the other. Then there were endless difficulties in fixing up a date... We discussed this match and the prospects at the Greg until we couldn't sleep. The *Tag* came at last, Jan. 22nd, 1914.

“ It was a brilliant spring day, sun shining, no wind, ground in perfect condition. We had a team that could play, and I issued instructions that at the outset we were to run them off their feet by fast play, swinging the ball about, without trying to put the ball, so to speak, in your partner's waistcoat pocket. Our forwards were very fast, and the ruse succeeded. Within seven minutes we were two goals up. Tom Ball (R. I. P.) scored the first (with) a wonderful shot. From the restart, the ball went down again and I bundled the ball into the net. From that moment there was only one team in it. Our opponents played hard but we simply ran them off their feet, and if our shooting had been better the score should have been doubled ”.

“ The score was 2-0 at half-time. We scored twice in the second half, and the Scotties got their only goal. I have often been proud of pointing out that Tom Ball and I, two Shrewsbury men, shared the goals, and I think that our pride was pardonable... Chris Champion treated us all to Minghettis after supper, and I placed mine (the band I mean), on the shutters of my room, the first in the Catacombs gallery. We talked of that triumph for many a long day. We never managed to fix up another game next season, one of the difficulties was trying to fix up a day... ”.

The present-day students of both Colleges do not need to disguise the fact that in the past there has been high-feeling,

for they are now so secure of the good relationship which exists, that whatever once happened becomes a fact for academic history, and so can be exhumed without causing the slightest stir, unless it be of surprise. We have exhumed it here since it explains occasional gaps in the games: peace to its bones, for explanation is all it will ever compass to-day.

The secret of the Scots' overwhelming success seems to lie in the fact that their team is usually composed of members who have played together during and since their schooldays, and harmonious play is thus secured. This is an effect of one school in Scotland supplying the candidates for the Scots' College. The Venerable, on the other hand, draws its men from twenty different sources! Furthermore, the Scots' team very often plays against Roman teams, a rare occurrence for the English. This ensures regular team-work, and thus again we are at a disadvantage.

Long may the series continue! The popularity of the contest is evident from the fact that even in the summer we must challenge each other. The surroundings of Palazzola are an improvement upon Fortitudo, and there is more room for sociability in a game that takes most of the day. But the football is by far the older fixture, and in the task of unravelling its history my thanks are due principally to Fr. T. McGarvey, who finished his course at the Scots' College last summer, and who kindly supplied many of the above details.

E. J. K.





THE PHILOSOPHERS AT ASSISI. 1926

Thursday, September 23rd. We rose, for once with alacrity, at the ghostly and chilly hour of a quarter to five, and after meditation, Mass and breakfast, we were soon "brushing with hasty steps the dews away" to catch the 7.10 from Albano. Once we had found seats in the train, we had, at last, time to review the position, and to recover from our envy of the theologians who had departed with evident joy the previous morning on their ten days' tour. The common-room on Wednesday night had even degenerated into the subdued, but the train at Albano was clearly the real thing, if on the small side, and gave us the first thrill of actually being on the way to the tomb of St. Francis.

We left the Roman Termini promptly at 8.45, that is to say twenty-one exuberant clerics (that is not strictly accurate, but becassocked youths is a clumsy substitute!), with our Rector Magnificus as the *capo del pellegrinaggio*, which means that he exercised the functions of, say, the Catholic Association, and undertook to look after us. The first signs of his care appeared as soon as we boarded the train, for a neat stack of luncheon bags decorated the corridor, a sight especially pleasant, because our breakfast had been an *ens rationis* with barely any *fundamentum in re*. These were philosophers that were on their way to Assisi! The long journey passed as long journeys do, we amusing ourselves the while by speculating upon the next two days, until as we neared the hills bounding Umbria, the scenery grew so grand that even the most prosaic became vocal in their admiration. Orte, Terni, Spoleto, Foligno, and then at

last Assisi station, where an omnibus was waiting. It was built for about fifteen, but twenty-two got in, and I am sure the sides were bulging. Still it set off, and from it we got our first view of the city, with the Rocca Maggiore looking benevolent in the noonday sun. The bus struggled up the steep road, rumbled through the Porta Nuova, across the Piazza Santa Chiara, and stopped before the Pension of the same name. Nothing was ready for us, alas, who were famished! But this was a pilgrimage after all, so we possessed our souls in patience, although we had so short a time at our disposal in one of Italy's most delightful spots; and eventually the inner man was satisfied.

During our stay at Assisi, we were to sleep at a college of the Servites in the main piazza, next door to the temple of Minerva. During lunch, Padre Luigi, who was in charge there, came across, to make our acquaintance and to ask for orders from the Rector. After the meal, he led us across to the college, and we saw with joy that we were to occupy an open dormitory. Indeed, the two rows of beds looked most inviting after so dusty and hot a journey, but there was no time for any such luxury as a siesta, so we hastily indulged in a wash and brush-up, and set off for S. Francesco, which was the main goal of our pilgrimage.

Those who had not visited Assisi before experienced a real thrill on entering the lower church, full of the best work of the artistic middle ages. Unlike so many shrines in this sunny country, the basilica at Assisi produces the first impression of reverence as do so many of our Gothic cathedrals in the North. But despite the temptation to linger, we descended at once to the crypt, and knelt before the tomb of the Poor Man, for whom Brother Elias raised all this magnificence. The crypt is luckily a complete success, with the plain rock cradle for the plain rock tomb, and St. Francis may well lie at peace there, whatever he think of the Giotto's and Cimabue's above. After we had paid our homage, we turned our attention to sight-seeing, and as the Rector knew a lot about the church, we did not lack for a guide. It was, however, too dark to see the frescoes on the ceiling of the lower church, so we climbed the stairs to the upper, where the light was perfect, and yet kind to the relative

starkness of the building as it is not in the bright Umbrian morning. Giotto's frescoes were explored with the Rector as a willing *cicerone*, and the figures of the early Franciscans on the panels of the stalls came in for close inspection. Deferring a more detailed examination of the rest until the next day, we set off in small groups by different ways into the town again, where everyone seemed very surprised to meet everyone else at the only respectable café which Assisi can boast. Afterwards we went on to S. Chiara and the city gates. The Church was under repair, both inside and out: they are restoring the campanile to its "original" height, whether it ever actually rose so high, or was only designed to do so. But the massive buttresses, which are the great feature of the exterior, were very much there to be looked at, nor was there any scaffolding around the rose window which is so common in the churches of the city. Inside, all we could do was to visit the tomb of St. Clare, which is as disappointing in its flamboyant setting as that of St. Francis is suitable in its simplicity. So out of the city, and down the road between olives to S. Damiano.

If St. Clare's vocation is contradicted in her tomb, there was nothing that one could carp at in the little bare church, the first to be restored by St. Francis, and the home of Sister Clare, Brother Clare as he often called her, until her death. The famous crucifix of Brother Innocent of Palermo is one of the great sights of S. Damiano, but nothing can be so impressive as the little choir of the nuns, with their refectory and their dormitory, left exactly as they were in the first days, thanks be to God! Perhaps the most striking thing of all was the plain wooden cross affixed to the wall, where Clare died. No pretentious shrine, no baroque angels and coffered roof. Just the plain walls, and at the end the window where the Saint drove off the Saracens by sight of the monstern she held up before their eyes. The whole atmosphere of the place sobered while it delighted us, and brought back with incredible vividness the thirteenth century, when such marvels as are related really did happen. Perhaps the dominant note was peace, the realisation of the Franciscan greeting *Pax huic domui*: and no doubt St. Clare thought so too when she looked from her tiny garden over the bright valley to the hills. Who can

wonder that this spot should have inspired the Canticle of the Sun?

Last of all, we were glad to see the Rector write his name in the visitors' book, embellished with a cross and "Vesc. Eletto di Sebastopolis." On the strength of this, we petitioned for an extra day in Assisi, and to our joy the favour was promptly granted. So it was with light hearts that we entered the city once more.

By this time it was quite dark, and we dispersed, some going to buy post-cards and paper-weights, or whatever pilgrims usually buy as mementos: others to look round those parts of Assisi which may be seen as well by night as by day, such as the wonderful façade of S. Rufino; others, more fatigued, to lean over the parapet beside S. Chiara and watch the lights in the silent valley below. The peace was amazing even after Palazzola, and one felt like staying there indefinitely. All the same, none were missing when supper was served, and the *montagne di patate* appeared, which we had heard the Rector order in his thoughtfulness: hardly pilgrim's diet, I fear! Afterwards most of us made good use of the unaccustomed liberty, and took another walk after supper, until the night air got into our bones and drove us indoors and upstairs to the dormitory. By half past ten everyone was in, but again our newly-found freedom affected us, and it was not until an hour or so later that peace finally reigned within the room as well as without. Even then one irresponsible gentleman had to get out of bed and "do Muller."

I awoke next morning to the sound of somebody galloping along blithely to his morning tub—in army boots, so it seemed. It was impossible to get to sleep again, and before seven o'clock, everyone was assembled in S. Francesco, waiting for the Rector to begin his Mass. There were four altars against the tomb, one facing each side of the great stone slab above, and all four altars were occupied. Presently a priest finished, but his place was taken immediately by another who had been waiting, and one wondered how many times the process would be repeated. At last there was a vacancy, and our Mass began, but it was disturbed during the early part by a priest, who was celebrating at the adjacent altar for a body of pilgrims, and who

turned round after the communion to deliver an eloquent panegyric on the *Poverello di Assisi*. Fortunately he had his Mass to finish, so he did not take long, and after that we progressed without any objective distractions.

At breakfast plans were discussed for the morning's visits. Some, who had been to Assisi before, went off to Perugia, and for the rest, one heard murmurs of Rocca Maggiore, San Rufino and the like. So it was in the nature of a surprise when everybody turned up at the Carceri, although the heat was intense and the prospect of that long climb appalling. One party, at least, tossed up whether to go or not. "Il Monsignore nobile è venuto in automobile," as the Germans sang on one historic occasion, and he asked a Religious to show us round. This retreat, beloved of St. Francis, is formed of caves cut out of the living rock; and wild and rugged though it be, the sudden discovery of that thick belt of trees, in which it lies, high up upon the bare mountain side, contrives to give it almost a cosy air, which is repeated in the tiny cloister around the well. Again one received the same impression as at S. Damiano: here was the genuine Franciscan spirit, full of the love of nature which survived roughing it—as it would never survive among multitudes of "nature-poets." The smoke-blackened apology of a chapel, the amusing little choir, so small that no one needed to leave his stall in order to read the music on the lectern. In fact, a doll's house of a convent! We climbed down the stone stairs at our peril, and I am afraid there were some sceptics amongst us when the *Frate* pointed out the place on the lintel of the doorway where the Devil bumped his head in a hurried exit. It could be done quite deliberately down that staircase. And outside was the tree under which St. Francis preached to the birds, the beautiful incident which has endeared him to so many who are at least considerate to animals. After crawling through the narrow passage, where one of the brethren lived for over forty years, we were shown (O glorious anticlimax!) the place where the late Queen Mother took *merenda* on a visit to the Carceri. Finally we entered the house again to see the cells built by St. Bernardine of Siena. They were small enough to make us feel ashamed of living in palatial apartments at Palazzola: most of the cells contained only a bed, and in the

common-room was one table, with a copy of the *Osservatore Romano* enthroned in solitary state.

On leaving the Carceri, one drinks of the water from the miraculous well at the entrance, and we needed no pressing. Some, alas, also drank of some *acqua gazzosa*, sold by a youth outside, and were badly bitten. When we called him a shark, in our best Italian, he agreed cheerfully, adding by way of extenuation that he had to carry all his stock on his back the whole way from Assisi. Staggered by the price of his wares, we walked slowly down towards the city, which looks far more wonderful from here than from the plain below, in the middle of which we could see the great dome of the Portiuncula. We enjoyed the view even more when we beheld three theologians toiling up and carrying their own provisions for what must have been a very heated *al fresco* at the Carceri.

During dinner—and a meat dinner, for we were adjudged sufficiently pilgrims to benefit by their general dispensation—the Rector announced that he wanted all of us to be at S. Francesco by four o'clock, as Fr. Newton O.M.C. had consented to show us round. Many places remained to be visited privately, so siesta was unanimously dropped, and a general exodus took place immediately, to the Rocca Maggiore or such of the churches as remained. Promptly at the appointed time, all were collected outside the door of the lower church; which in its way was something to be proud of.

For half an hour or more we listened to Fr. Newton's expert acquaintance with the basilica, and really learnt something of the work of Simone Martini and saw something in the four allegorical paintings on the ceiling above the high altar, which depict the three evangelical counsels and St. Francis in glory. In the crypt our guide explained the plan for restoring it to its very first simplicity, by removing the columns which support the roof. Much has been done already, for this tomb was once as gaudily surrounded as poor St. Clare's. But the brethren are not satisfied yet, and more power to their arms. So again to the upper church, where the carving of the pulpit was pointed out to us and Giotto's frescoes once again explained. The expulsion of the evil spirits from Arezzo was amusing: evidently ideas on the forms of devils have not changed much during the

last six centuries. Perhaps the greatest privilege of all was to see the magnificent collection of relics of St. Francis in the sacristy. And so we left S. Francesco for the last time, and wandered up towards the centre of the town, thence to do a little further exploration before it grew quite dark.

It was a tiring day, so that the proceedings in the dormitory at night were lively but brief. But about three in the morning we were rudely awakened by large drops of rain on our faces, and had barely time to shut the windows before we were treated to a small thunderstorm of the true Italian brand. The next thing I remember is somebody calling out that it was a quarter past six and that Mass was at S. Chiara at seven! Even in that rush, one had to pause a moment in the piazza outside to drink in the glorious view of the valley of Spoleto after the rain. In the clear air of the early morning Perugia, glittering to the north, seemed to have moved half way to meet us during the night, and a small town opposite was standing out upon its hillside with a sharpness that defied neglect.

The Rector said Mass at the Saint's tomb, and the good nuns must have been greatly impressed with his importance; for, after lighting all the candles in sight, one of them brought a cotta and stole, and tried to designate one of the crowd as assistant priest. Mass over, it was a hurry back to breakfast, since so little time remained to finish our sight-seeing, and at the hour arranged for dinner, Padre Luigi was scurrying about the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, driving everybody in to his meal. The bus appeared again, and we had to take an unromantic farewell of Assisi, for our vehicle sped down the hill far more quickly than it had come up, and it was very little time before, passing the post whence St. Francis gave the city his dying blessing, we arrived at the little village clustering around Santa Maria degli Angeli.

After all that the Portiuncula has meant in the Franciscan story, it was not easy to feel appreciative towards this great Renaissance basilica, especially to-day, when the trend of church building is in the direction of an almost Cistercian austerity. Yet workmen were busily engaged upon a new facade, which appeared through the scaffolding to be cousin german to Selfridge's great front. The little chapel itself stands forlornly in

the heart of the huge church, but it is the centre of it for all that, and carries one back to the spirit of S. Damiano or the Carceri. The Rector secured a Capuchin as guide, and we began our tour with the sacristy. In the cell where St. Francis died stands the terracotta statue by Andrea della Robbia, which is known the world over, and there is more of his finest work over the altar of St. Joseph. The end of it all was the rose garden where there are no thorns, and afterwards we received some of the rose leaves in the sacristy.

But it was now a question of catching the train, and we went on to the station with the intention of finding seats on the platform, only to find it crowded. When the train came in, it was packed to the doors already, but another hundred people got in nevertheless. The journey should have been a tame reversal of the first, but it was far from that. At Foligno we were held up for half an hour, while a derailed goods-truck blocked the line. Eventually Terni hove in sight, and hereby hangs a tale. Eight of the party, feeling the need of refreshment, got out to obtain it: one of their number had previously persuaded them that the stop there would be at least ten minutes. He may even have had a time-table! But unfortunately, owing to the delay higher up the line, this halt was cut down to two minutes, so that, when the whistle went, the whole eight were lined up at the bar eating and drinking. Two of them dashed out and managed to board the train as it was moving, and then were uncharitable enough to lean out of the window and laugh at the efforts of the other six to catch the train. But the station-master stopped the next two, and so all six were left disconsolate upon the platform. One of them was actually late through staying behind to pay for what he had eaten! According to the story of these unfortunates, as we heard it next morning, Terni was the very last place created; and they ought to know, since they had to wander about until they could crawl with relief into the 6.22 for Rome.

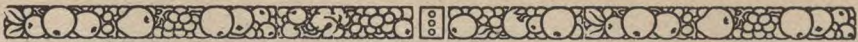
We were no less in a predicament, for one of the missing six was our acting senior student, who had the ticket for the whole party in his pocket. But he rose to the situation, and when we arrived in Rome, we found the station-master waiting, primed with full information by means of a message from Terni.

So we were all packed off to catch the first tram for Albano, while the Rector remained behind in Rome to await his missing lambs, due in at something to nine. On our arrival at the metropolis of the Castelli, we found two taxis waiting to take us to Palazzola, and with sighs of relief we crowded in like sardines, and so returned to the Villa. By the time the Rector with the rest of the party turned up, we were all between the sheets.

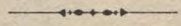
The next morning's meeting in the garden was one long laugh at the legends of Terni, with which the abandoned six regaled us after breakfast. And then followed a few days of peace, in which to sort out the varied impressions we had crowded into an absence of two short nights and three full days: until hordes of returning theologians disturbed this meditative mood, and we had to turn from the things of memory to such rude problems of the present as steps to the tennis court and the rules of golf tournaments. A thoroughly enjoyable trip, for which we cannot sufficiently thank the Rector, and one which possessed its serious side too, though that has hardly been stressed in this veracious narrative. We have since listened to the life of St. Francis in the refectory with the inside knowledge of those who have been there, and that gives one a feeling of superiority, at least over First Year.

J. MOORE.





THE VENERABLE AS A PRISON. II



In the last instalment of this article we promised to tell of lock and key, of bread and water: but we only fulfilled the first half of our promise. Therefore to the bread and water, which will take us to that nadir in the fortunes of the College, the period of the Italian rule, which lasted from 1773 to the French pillage in 1795. The régime of the foreigner was ushered in by an imprisonment, and when the College was forced to deliver up the body of Father Ricci to the more official custody of S. Angelo, its enjoyment of so novel a rôle set it looking about for fresh victims among its very subjects. One of those subjects, however, happened to resent its ferocity to such an extent that he developed the itch to express his resentment on paper, and so we come to possess *The Journal of a Student in the English College at Rome*, which student was the redoubtable Doctor Kirk.

To read his *Journal* aright, it is imperative that we keep in mind that the writer was only thirteen years of age at the time the entries begin. Not that he wrote it day by day. He would have had to have been phenominally precocious to have produced a document of so circumstantially rebellious a nature at that age; and indeed, references occur throughout to coming events, which probably means that the whole was written not long before the date of the last entry in 1779. Again, it must be remembered that it is of the eighteenth century that he treats,

¹ As we have already explained in a note to the last instalment of this article, our version is only a copy. Oscott possess the original. For the career of Dr. Kirk, cf. Gillow's *Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics*.

not of the twentieth, when both speech and conduct were more direct than in our own day, and when our forebears, as boys, were considerably rougher diamonds to cut than we ourselves at the same age. But, did one know nothing further of the period, this single diary makes the difference too marked to be ignored, though the traditional name for it of *The Bad Boy's Diary* hardly takes account either of the age or of the peculiar circumstances.

Kirk was the last student to be received by the Jesuits, and he did not need to live long to lament the change of superiors under the new Protector of the College, Cardinal Corsini. Doubtless the Italians "intruded" were of the best will in the world, but the experiment was doomed from the first, if only on account of their total ignorance of English customs, character and language. Their task was rendered immeasurably more difficult by other circumstances, such as the financial condition of the College, whose revenues had fallen from 13,000 crowns to 5,000 even by 1667. The year before the Suppression, the Jesuit Rector had pawned a jug and basin of silver gilt to meet the pressing wants of the students! England itself was in a miserable state, and Catholicism there at its lowest ebb, so that the Venerabile could find support nowhere. The disturbances under Jesuit rule had made many parents afraid of sending their sons to Rome; St. Omers soon stopped despatching students, now that the Venerabile was no longer in Jesuit hands; and the Bishops showed little interest in a seminary over which they had no control, and about which their innumerable complaints were stigmatised in Rome as "weak, egotistical and insufficient to justify their requests." Consequently, it was found quite impossible to observe the Constitution of Gregory XIII, which confined the *alumni* of the College to students in philosophy and theology. So mere children were being sent out, who could hardly be expected to possess much sense of responsibility or to cooperate with any but the most understanding superiors. The position was difficult enough for anybody to fill, and when the actual superiors appointed were, in the nature of things, debarred from any possibility of understanding, the situation became hopeless.

Kirk begins dramatically enough, with the consciousness that he has an epic to write. "I had unto this time—viz. unto Au-

gust 1773,—lived a very happy and pleasant life, when all on a sudden fortune frustrated all my hopes of a continuance, for on the 16th. of the same month, the Jesuits having been destroyed, a cloud of troubles and not easily foreseen, began to hang over our heads and threaten us with sudden misfortunes.” He narrates how the Cardinal “sealed up our Archives and Library with his own seal so that no one could enter.” Also how Francis Foggini, a Florentine, was constituted over-seer of the College, who eventually conferred the rectorship on one Giovenucci. “This much displeased the Scholars (who were resolved not to part with their ancient liberties, which now they plainly saw were going to be seized on) so shortly after they went to the Cardinal for an English Rector but he was deaf to their prayers. Seeing this (as I have been told by themselves) they went to the Pope (Clement XIV) who told them to go to the Cardinal. But this was not all they had to suffer, for Foggini was resolved with threats and promises to make ’em go to confession in Italian, which however they resisted manfully always remaining steadfast in that resolution.”

Kirk and Fuller, as the new boys, were now sent to the Scotch College to keep them out of the range of influence of those who had inhabited the Venerabile during the days of the Jesuits. While they were away, something like revolution broke out. “Even the scholars themselves presented the Protector with a memorial, in which they flatly told him that if they would not give them an English Rector ...within a certain time, they would all quit the College immediately. But the Cardinal not only would not grant their request, but even threatened to imprison ’em if they did not desist from their undertaking, telling ’em at the same time to call to mind that they were kept here for charity. Notwithstanding these afflictions, the scholars did not fulfil their promise, because already four of ’em had almost finished their studies and the other three being in philosophy did not think proper as yet to depart.”

“Being returned from the Scotch College, we three¹ had a new prefect, locks to our doors, spies about us &c., and we were

¹ Since they had been sent away from the English College a new boy, by the name of Tucker, had joined them.

divided from the other boys, not only in gallery, but also in communication, though we were only three and they six.⁴ That very night at supper, it being Daniels's turn to read English, he spoke to us from the pulpit, as if he had been reading out of a book, having at the beginning admonished us not to look up or give any signs at all of what he was doing. He then told him, whose name began and ended with the same letter (ie. me—Kirk) to write down all that the Scotch had done to us, telling us also where to put the letter: and from that time we had a continued communication with them. After supper, the Rector, either because the tailor told him or that he understood a word or suspected something, came upstairs and calling me out of the recreation, asked me whether or no Daniels had spoken to us from the pulpit: but having satisfied him, I don't know how, without affirming it, he underhand told me to be his spy and tell him if the higher schools wrote or spoke to us."

"The first thing there they undertook to do, after our return, was to make us by threats and promises go to confession in Italian, but they were baffled in their endeavour, for we were instructed well enough how we were to proceed."

"They had provided the prefect with a nerve to lick us with like slaves, which he did not fail to use when any slender occasion was given. The first that tasted it was William Tucker: the story in short is as follows. One evening, studies being finished and the prefect not calling us to beads or to recreation according to his custom, Tucker got out of his chair and went to his own chamber door, where he stood still a few moments. The prefect seeing him and waxing angry, immediately took his nerve and went to his room door and there began batting him like some galley slave, and so went back to his own chamber." On another occasion they were all caught talking to the Scotch in St. Peter's, though all intercourse had now been severely forbidden. "When we came home, we were all three nerved by the prefect. The marking of the strokes remained especially on our arms for three or four days very visibly."

"These were not the only things which we suffered: for seeing that we would not confess in Italian, they ordered us to be

⁴ One of the philosophers had been sent away.

locked up in our rooms for the space, if I remember well, of ten or fifteen days, mostly in time of Carnival, never letting us out, only to dinner, schools and towards the latter end, when we went awalking in the evening. In which time we were very often without breakfast.

“ Scarce a day passed without some quarrel or another with them, and very often kicks and smacks from the prefect. At another time it happened that Tucker wanting to know something or other of his lesson, came to my door to ask me. The prefect seeing him, began to bawl and tell him to go to his room, which I hearing, began to mutter something slowly to Tucker (thinking it very hard that one could not ask his companion something of his lesson), which the prefect overhearing, immediately came to me like some Tiger and began with his fists and kicks to lay on me in such a manner that he knocked me down. Then going to Tucker (who had not spoken a word), he began to do the same, but he having a book in his hand, he was resolved to help himself and by chance (I believe) gave him a blow over the forehead which made him stagger and soon sent him away back again to his room... When we were going down to dinner that morning, up comes the Rector like some lioness deprived of her whelps, and he locked Tucker in his room and gave orders (I suppose from the Cardinal) that he should have only bread and water to live on... In this condition he remained for the space of about fifteen days (I believe) never coming out of his room and sometimes with bread and water and sometimes with something more. Before this happened, we (to our great shame) had gone to confession in Italian, having at first asked counsel of Fr. Troy, Prior of St. Clement's (our confessor) who told us it would be better to conform ourselves and confess in Italian sometimes and sometimes in English. But we not only confessed sometimes but always in Italian, and so we do at present.”

Although this account reads like an ecclesiastical Dotheboys Hall, yet the whole journal is more than one long diatribe against authority, and at this point breaks off to mention the death of Clement XIV on September 22nd. and the Conclave, while the destinies of Kirk's late Jesuit superiors are given. Yet the diary soon returns to its main theme, and before continuing, it seems incumbent upon us to remark that we lack the Italians' side of

the case. Even from the young journalist's account, it is quite clear that both he and his companions were far from angelic in their behaviour, whatever Pope Gregory may have thought of their origin, so that it is no wonder that their superiors, unable to understand British obstinacy, became exasperated by the results of their harsh treatment.

The next victim was a theologian, William Casemore, who was discovered writing to the convicts and was locked up for a fortnight on a diet mainly of bread and water. Kirk remarks: "In all which time, as I find on record, he never heard Mass, not even on Sundays." It was to Kirk himself that Casemore wrote on the first occasion, and when he again transgressed, after a warning of the consequences, he was summarily dismissed.⁴ Kirk's treatment was naturally much more lenient. "A few days after Casemore's departure, the Rector called me into his room and pulling out a whip, he told me that if I did not mend, I should be served as Casemore had been; that he had bought that whip on purpose for me but that he would pardon me and would not penance me that time because he hoped I should amend."

It appears that he did amend too, at least for a time, as we find little trouble mentioned during the rest of 1775 and the whole of 1776. About this time Kirk began philosophy with Fuller and Tucker, and the three of them were called the "big boys."² Eleven new boys had joined the College, some at a very early age (one, he says, was only nine years old) and ought to have been tractable enough. Yet on "July 23rd. or 24th. Kenedy was put in prison for only having made some mention of making a memorial to the Pope." He was released on July 26th.

⁴ When Casemore arrived in England, he found his reputation had preceded him, so that he was refused ordination by his bishop. But, by the intervention of Mr. Stonor, the bishops' agent in Rome, he was able to join the Franciscans at Douai, whence he wrote many a repentant letter to his late Rector at the Venerabile, some of which Kirk states he had read himself.

² Of the old philosophers, one had been sent away, and the other two refused to take the oath and obtained leave to go to Douai, though one of these latter changed his mind on the journey and went home. Of the theologians Casemore had been expelled and the other three ordained.

1777 was a year of continuous bickering over the most trifling matters, and the diary is full of details, some tedious, some amusing; as when the Rector "ordered Sneida, the taylor, and the cook to stay in the recreation room adjoining to the dormitory all night with good clubs in their hands, lest we should do any harm to the prefect," who, be it remarked, was priest as well as prefect. "The half-hanged cook" seems to have enjoyed the situation, for he started to parade the dormitory itself with his weapon much in evidence, like some pirate on his quarter deck, and Kirk describes his language as "Billingsgate." So it is scarcely surprising that several of the *alumni* were locked up from time to time and fed upon prison fare. ¹

But it is in the year 1778 that we first find a special room set aside as a prison. "This year the ancient archive in the once Infirmary was turned into a prison, half the window being stopped up and bars of iron and wire being put before the other half. It was more like a dungeon, the bottom of the door to go in being level with the top of the vault, so that there are fifteen stairs to go down. In the top of the vault there is a hole to see whatever the prisoner does there below. This hole was really there before; but through it used to pass a wooden channel, down which sick in the Infirmary used to toss their dirty lining into the room by the Sodality." ²

Nor was the room long in disuse. Kenedy even thought it was made for him! and young Willoughby, who seems to have been suspected by the others of being a spy for the superiors, was clapped into gaol there for escaping from his room at night through the fan-light and appropriating some tattered English volumes, ³ which the Italian authorities considered of no use in the Library and had thrown in a heap to await the rubbish merchant. All of the older boys were implicated in this patriotic

¹ This incident was probably at Monte Porzio, although the context is obscure.

² From this account it appears that the Infirmary and the dungeon were both above the present sacristy of the Sodality chapel. Tradition confirms this by pointing to the room immediately above as the dungeon.

³ Among the books were "Parsons, three *Conversions of England*" and "the *Cantica Canticorum* of Solomon, all in English verse, a fine stamp indeed with many copper plates."

work; Tucker bound some of the books; others kept watch, for the campaign occupied three or four nights; and as the rest had not informed the superiors, "in the paper¹ was added: *riser-vandosi altre pene e castighi per tutta la camerata.*"

Finally, the year 1779 saw two prisons in use, and we will tell the story of this breach of discipline, because it was the most serious and the most seriously punished. "On the Circumcision at night, about three o'clock and a quarter Italian, while we were all at recreation round the fire, Joseph Orford and George Willoughby ran away from College. When they were got out of the College, they were seen by a person or two who knew them, who accordingly sent word to the College to Foggini: (word?) was also sent to the Cardinal, who gave orders that no barks at Ripa Grande should depart till his orders, as also he sent a courier to Civita Vecchia to do the same there. When it was known, the College was all in an uproar. Some of the servants were sent to S. Peter's, others towards S. Pancrazio, where it was supposed they were going, as really they were; the Superiors all were dispersed about Rome to see if they could get any news of them, so that two or three of the watchers caught a good cold that night; but all their searches here in town were to no purpose, for the boys were already out of the gates. The next day, the Rector with the *Dispensiere* (Sneida), together with Foggini's footman behind, set out towards Civita Vecchia with Foggini's chaise, and at the midway house he took another. That very night they found Orford and G. in an inn quite asleep and so they tied two of their legs together... Orford was placed in the top prison...² and George was placed in the dungeon.... The penance that the Cardinal enjoined 'em (as I have heard from one who heard it in the Cardinal's palace) was that they were to stay in prison till they could go away, and every other day they were to be flogged and on the day they weren't flogged, they were to fast on bread and water. However Orford was only flogged once" and George, who "fell sick of a pleurisy" not at all. "At last on the 1st. of February or thereabouts George was

¹ The "paper" was a notice of punishments read publicly from the pulpit in the refectory.

² Was this top prison the same room in which Fr. Ricci was confined?

freed from the dungeon... However he was not placed in our gallery but in a room over the dungeon in the once Infirmary, with a good, stout bolt to the door of it, where he stayed alone... till about the 9th. or 10th. of July, when he came into our gallery, but the poor boy could scarce speak his own language... besides this, he was almost stupid... While he was in the dungeon, he never had wine and the water that he had, sometimes used to last him three or four days without being changed: and as for his dinner and supper, though at the beginning he used to have something less than us, yet afterwards he had the same; but sometimes he used to wait one or two hours after we had dined for his victuals... At night he was never permitted to have a light, nor indeed was another allowed it that has been in prison, nor a knife and fork to eat his victuals with." Orford was transferred on 1st. February to S. Salvatore in Sabina, but returning on the 24th. April, was locked up again until the 28th. when he was sent home.

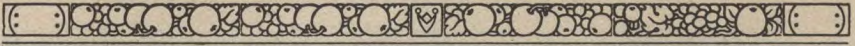
The *Journal* ends with six good reasons against having Italian superiors in the Venerabile, starting with tradition, running through the ends of the foundation to train English priests for England, and ending pathetically with the unique nature of an English boy's character. Cardinal Gasquet supports these reasons in substance, when he says: "Their pupils, after eight or ten years residence in the College, returned to England with so little knowledge of the difficulties they would have to meet in the exercise of their ministry, and even of their native language, that they were almost regarded as foreigners, and sometimes were unable to catechise, instruct or preach when called upon to do so."

The *Journal* ends, as we have said, and with it our knowledge of a stage in the history of the Venerabile, which must make us grieve when our historical imagination becomes sufficiently vivid to make the past live again, but which is also amusing, if we contrive to live comfortably in the knowledge that the past is past and done with. Presumably the prisons lived on, and their disuse is one accidental good of the French occupation. We have never found any other. And with the return under Gradwell, the College saw itself safely beyond the corner and out of sight of the deadliest period of its career. There were English superiors now and hereafter, the bishops supported

the Venerabile in place of condemning it, and our present flourishing condition dates from Cardinal Consalvi, who occupied the post of Protector under happier auspices than did Cardinal Corsini. Wherever the prisons were, they are now rooms, either housing students or freeing other rooms to do so. And that, in concrete, is the proof of the present pudding.

J. H.





ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

THE TOMB OF SIXTUS IV.

In the *Messaggero* of Nov. 12th. 1926, appeared an article by Mons. Giuseppe Cascioli, archivist to the Sacred Congregation of the Rev. Fabric of St. Peter's, describing an interesting discovery in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. While repairing the marble pavement, the workmen came across a vault containing four *sarcophagi*, which on further examination proved to be those of Sixtus IV and of his nephews, Julius II and Cardinals Fazio Santoro and Galeotto Franciotto della Rovere.

Only three or four years ago, the very handsome bronze monument to the first della Rovere pope was moved from this spot to the new Petrine Museum adjoining the basilica. The Blessed Sacrament chapel was in every way an unsuitable place for a tomb whose only interest was historical and artistic. Even from an aesthetic point of view, the poor light prevented its merits from being appreciated; whereas in its present surroundings it stands out as a unique masterpiece of the early Renaissance, and the finest among the few bronze sculptures of the period in Rome. It is the work of the Florentine Antonio Pollaiuolo, and was erected in 1493 at the expense of Julius II, then Cardinal Julian della Rovere. Originally it stood on a marble plinth in the middle of the choir that Sixtus IV had built in the old basilica. The body of Julius II, pending the construction of his elaborate monument by Michael Angelo, was laid in a temporary resting place in the same choir, together with the two cardinals, who had predeceased him.

In the course of the destruction of the old basilica and the building of the new, the bronze tomb suffered many vicissitudes. The first disturbance was during the Sack of Rome, when the grave of Julius II was looted. All the bodies, and the monument as well, were temporarily removed to the sacristy when Paul V pulled down the Sistine choir to construct the present one on the same site. After the new choir had been completed, the bodies were re-interred, under the pavement, and the monument was reconstructed in the middle of the chapel. Here it was found to be a serious inconvenience when ceremonies were proceeding, so that Urban VII, in 1635, again moved both the *sarcophagi* and the monument to the Blessed Sacrament chapel. A small marble slab let into the pavement, records the resting place of Julius II, but the vault, where the bodies lie, was later covered by an inscription to Clement XI, who was also buried there. So the actual tomb of these four distinguished members of a great family was lost to memory.

Now that the spot has been identified, it has been urged by some that Pollaiuolo's monument should be replaced over the bodies, and if it be still an inconvenience in the Blessed Sacrament chapel, then that both the bodies and the monument should be moved to a more suitable place in the basilica. Whether the authorities will undertake this rather unnecessary expense is very doubtful. The tomb would have to be erected somewhere on the floor and would inevitably be in the way during papal functions, when all the available space is utilized. Such a procedure would also be quite contrary to the received tradition in the style of papal monuments, and would remind one of the regrettable Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey.

THE CAPITOL.

During the last few years important works have been executed on the Capitol; they are described in the July number of *Capitolium*, the official bulletin of the civic authority. Until the War, the south-eastern portion of the hill, the site of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, was largely a German colony. The Caffarelli Palace was the German Embassy, and near by

were the German Protestant Hospital and the German Archaeological School. All these properties passed into the hands of the Government, and the Royal Commission appointed for their disposal decided to demolish the Caffarelli Palace, in the hope of finding some remains of the Temple of Jupiter built into the walls. On two sides the area covered by the palace coincides with the platform that supported the temple, and in the last fifty years various diggings have brought to light traces of this platform and pieces of broken columns. So these expectations were not without some foundation, but they were doomed to disappointment; as the work proceeded it became obvious that nearly all trace of the temple had been obliterated, and that there was next to nothing left standing above ground. When the whole palace, with the exception of the ground floor, had been demolished, it was evidently futile to carry the destruction further. At this stage the Royal Commission, at the suggestion of Sen. Cremonesi, made the entire property a part of the Civic Domain, and thus the whole of the Capitoline Hill has come into the possession of the City.

The hospital and other buildings have been made into offices and workshops for the cleaning and preservation of statues and other works of art; the remainder of the Caffarelli Palace has been converted into the Museo Mussolini, an extension of the Palace of the Conservators. Some such extension had become a pressing necessity, to house the many statues which have been acquired by the Municipality in recent years. The existing museums were all full, and there were several pieces of sculpture lying in the cleaning shops or in the comparatively unfrequented antiquarium on the Celian. The largest and most interesting room of the new museum is the eighth, the old Throne Room of the palace. An excavation in the middle of the floor has brought to light some of the foundations of the earliest temple, ascribed by tradition to the Tarquins. Thin slabs, similar to those used in the construction of the Servian Wall, may be seen laid on the virgin *tufa* rock of the hill. In another room is the collection of busts of the famous men of modern Italy; originally in the Pantheon, the busts were until recently in the Palace of the Conservators, whither they had been removed by Pius VII.

The external garden has been laid out as a very pleasant terrace looking out over the city. When the dirty, jerry-built houses beneath have been demolished, it will command an outlook comparable to that from Pincio, but vastly excelling in historical interest; the precipice below was the natural fortification of the first Capitoline settlement.

A. U. C. 2679.

April 21st. 1926, the Birthday of Rome, was chosen by the Governor of the City as an occasion for the formal commencement of several works of demolition and excavation. Beside the Theatre of Marcellus, Sen. Cremonesi unveiled a commemorative tablet at a spot where the ancient road level had been reached. Since then work has been proceeding steadily. The whole of the block of houses clinging to the north and east of the theatre will be removed, and the charcoal vendors will be evicted from the lower arches, and the pavement round about will be lowered to the ancient level. When the work is finished, next autumn, the theatre will appear like a younger sister to the Colosseum; the Savelli Palace which surmounts it will alone remain as before.

At the same time a beginning was made at recovering what remains of the Forum Olitorium, the old vegetable market, which occupied, roughly speaking, the site of the present Piazza Montanara. On the east side of the Piazza against the Capitol stood the Porticus Minucia, while on the west towards the river, the boundary was formed by three small peripteral temples of classic design, ranged side by side. The early medieval church of San Nicola in Carcere stands in the midst of these ruins. Some of the columns of the *pronaos* of the middle temple appear in the façade, and the nave and sanctuary correspond pretty well with the *cella*; part of the peristyle of the temple to the right is built into the wall of the right aisle. Other columns, standing in their original positions have been used in the neighbouring houses, and quite considerable remains of the substructures of the temples are visible in the excavations already made underground.

The same day also operations were begun on the eastern wing of the Forum of Trajan. The great open space of the forum was bounded by a semi-circular construction on either side; their purpose was to support the Quirinal and Capitoline hills where they had been cut away. Before the forum was laid out, the two hills were connected by a ridge which was a hundred and forty feet high, if we are to credit the inscription on the base of the column of Trajan. Lanciani ¹ estimates the amount of earth thus removed as twenty-four million cubic feet, and conjectures that it was deposited outside the Porta Salaria.

While a street traverses the site of the western hemicycle, the one on the eastern side has been very well preserved. The work of clearing has proceeded uninterruptedly since it was begun; the very beautiful pavement of the forum and the Via Biberatica, which ran round the inside of the hemicycle, have been completely excavated and some statuary has also been found. But here as in the case of the Forum of Augustus, no official account has yet been published.

The tomb of the Scipios on the Appian Way has also been a centre of activity of late. The scope of the undertaking there is to excavate the façade of the tomb and to provide a suitable approach from the road.

A CAPITOL TUNNEL.

The new Governor of the City, Prince Spada Potenziani, issued a very interesting notice to the press on January 28th. With regard to the ancient monuments, his policy is a continuation of Senator Cremonesi's. The Treasury has arranged for a loan of more than sixty million lire to the city authorities, which will be devoted to pushing on the undertakings already begun. Among those marked out for immediate completion is the redemption of the Theatre of Marcellus; the work at the tomb of the Scipios is to be finished by next April, and the excavations at the Forum of Augustus and the Forum of Trajan are already almost complete.

¹ *Ancient Rome*, p. 87. *Pagan and Christian Rome*, p. 284.

But the most interesting part of the programme is a bold and effective solution to one of the most acute traffic problems of the modern city: how to connect the Via Cavour and the Esquiline quarter with the Piazza Venezia, the Trastevere and the new suburb which has grown up on the Via Ostiense. The proposed remedy is a tunnel under the Capitol, which will penetrate the hill under the apse of Ara Coeli and will emerge near the Tor dei Specchi. One important consequence of this tunnel will be the removal of the tram lines from the centre of the city. What Mussolini has stigmatized as the *contaminazione tramviaria* will be done away with between the Banca d'Italia on the Via Nazionale and the Largo Argentina.

This scheme is likely to have some notable results in the field of archaeological research. To make way for the tunnel it will be necessary to complete the work of isolating the Capitoline Hill by destroying the dingy and unsanitary dwellings that hug its sides. It is already known that in the cellars of these buildings there are considerable ancient remains.¹ In primitive times the land at the base of the hill was all state property, and for defensive reasons no buildings were erected on it. Later it was used as a burying ground for citizens who had distinguished themselves in the service of the republic, and plots of land were also sold to the patrician families for a similar purpose, in order to raise funds for the pressing needs of the treasury. Sulla had recourse to this expedient in B. C. 88 in the war against Mithridates. In the succeeding century his example was followed, and not only tombs, but altars, temples and palaces as well, rose on all sides; and mingling with the buildings that crowned the summit, they altogether concealed the old fortifications. Tacitus² narrates how in A.D. 69, the partizans of Vitellius made use of these buildings in their assault on the Capitol, which was held by the Flavian party. When the ground was being cleared for the construction of the Victor Emmanuel Monument, many remains of tombs and palaces were brought to light as the existing buildings were demolished. The tomb of Bibulus, to the left of the monument has survived, but all the

¹ *Capitolium*, August 1926.

² *Hist.* III, 71.

others have been swallowed up by the gigantic new structure.

Communication between the end of the Via Cavour and the Piazza Venezia will be effected by means of a broadened Via Cremona. To provide for this all the houses between the Monument and Trajan's Forum will be destroyed; this will leave more than ample room for a wide street, and there will be space available for a further excavation of the forum. At the outlet of the tunnel on the western side, the new road will harmonize with the clearings being carried out for the redemption of the Theatre of Marcellus.

THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE.

For nearly two years the Stock Exchange building has been in the hands of the contractors. The chief purpose has been to improve the modern part of the building, by opening a portico on the side facing the Corso, but something has also been done towards the reparation of the ancient Temple of Neptune, the Poseidonion.

The eleven columns which face the Piazza di Pietra represent part of the side of the temple; the *pronaos* faced towards the Corso and occupied approximately the site of the new portico. According to Palladio, who drew plans of the temple when it was still in a state of good preservation, the complete peristyle consisted of thirty-six columns. Lanciani judges the present remains to date from the time of Hadrian, who carried out a restoration of the earlier temple of Agrippa, after it had been destroyed by the fire of A.D. 80. This conclusion is strikingly confirmed by the fact that thirty-six reliefs representing the provinces of the Empire decorated the stylobate at the bases of the columns, and between these reliefs were as many trophies of arms, representing the weapons peculiar to the various provinces. By what would seem to be more than a coincidence, at the time of Hadrian there were precisely thirty-six provinces in the Empire. Eleven of the reliefs and the corresponding trophies have been found since the sixteenth century, and five of these may be seen in the courtyard of the Palace of the Conservators at the Capitol.

In front of the ancient colonnade the Piazza has been ex-

cavated down to the original street level, the diggings will not be filled in again, as they were after the excavations of 1878, but the base of the temple will remain permanently exposed to view. The reliefs of the provinces will be brought back from the Capitol; but instead of being placed in their original positions against the stylobate, will stand under the peristyle against the old wall of the *cella*. The engineers have also contrived to relieve the slender columns of the unequal task of supporting the vaulted roof of the modern building, and so it has been possible to pull down more of the unsightly joining wall that disfigured the columns, and reveal a further stretch of the battered *peperino* wall of the *cella*. It is expected that the work will be finished in time for inauguration on April 21st., an historic date which is acquiring a traditional connection with the ancient monuments of Rome.

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

Two other plans of restoration are being discussed at present; a friend of Giacomo Boni has put forward a scheme¹, supported by a financial offer, to restore the Temple of Vesta in the Forum in memory of the renowned excavator and scholar. Boni himself had wished to restore the temple and had carefully collected and classified all the available material. The last restoration was carried out by Julia Domna, the wife of Septimius Severus, following on the destruction by fire under Commodus. After that, the temple survived more or less intact, buried under the accumulations of centuries, until 1549, when it was rediscovered and completely destroyed.

Besides the fragments collected by Boni², all that is left at present to indicate the site of the building is a small concrete mound on which it was erected. Many visitors must have been sorely disappointed at finding no more tangible remains of the famous shrine. The remains of the house of the Vestals have

¹ *Capitolium*, July 1926.

² These comprise: 12 pieces of the stylobate, pieces of five or six columns, 7 capitals, 21 pieces of the cornice, 26 pieces of the ceiling of the peristyle.

been carefully rearranged, but with regard to the temple itself, there is very little data on which the observer may exercise his imagination. The best representation is a marble relief in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.

The plan put forward does not however propose a complete and conjectural restoration, the missing stones being substituted by new material. But the suggestion is to utilize only the remains which have actually survived. It is estimated that it will be possible thus to re-erect about a third of the total circumference.

ARA PACIS AUGUSTAE.

The other proposed restoration concerns the Ara Pacis or Altar of Peace, and forms the subject of an article by Prof. G. E. Rizzo of the Roman University.¹ In the year 13 B.C., when Augustus returned from his campaigns in Gaul and Germany, the world enjoyed that universal peace which heralded the coming of Christ. The Senate decreed the Emperor a votive altar in the Curia; this he declined, but erected the Ara Pacis Augustae on the Campus Martius. The shrine was completed in B.C. 9. It stood under what is now the Fiano Palace on the Corso Umberto, the actual site being the angle of the Via in Lucina as it turns to the left after leaving the Corso. Around the altar itself there was a marble enclosure, measuring 38 feet by 35, with two doors in the sides facing east and west. The blocks of which it was formed were richly carved on both sides in a manner worthy of the best days of Roman workmanship. On the inside there was a more formal decoration of panelling and festoons; on the outside the lower part was covered with a varied tracery of vines, and the upper part was occupied by very fine pictorial reliefs. On the two sides broken by doors there were four sacrificial scenes, while the unbroken sides were decorated with two religious processions: on the north Augustus with priests, lictors and members of the Imperial family, and on the

¹ *Capitolium*, November 1926.

south a similar procession with other dignitaries of the State.

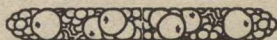
These reliefs, much battered and in many fragments, have come down to us nearly complete, while of the actual altar nothing has been found but the platform on which it rested. At different times excavations have been made for one purpose or another, and the resulting finds have been placed in the various museums of Europe. The Fiano Palace was built in the early fourteenth century, and no doubt something came to light when the foundations were being laid; but the earliest discoveries of which there is any record were made in 1568. Nine large pieces of the enclosure were then recovered; they came into the hands of Cardinal Ricci of Montepulciano, who sawed them longitudinally into three layers. Six pieces of the outside reliefs were sent to Florence, and they are now in the Uffizi Gallery; one piece found its way to the Vatican, and another, after changing hands many times, has at last come to rest in the Louvre. Several pieces of the inside decoration are now at the Villa Medici on the Pincio.


Other excavations were made in 1859 to strengthen the foundations, and more fragments of the enclosure came to light; these were first placed in the courtyard of the palace and have since been acquired by the Museo delle Terme. It was not until 1903 that, under Government control, systematic excavations were undertaken for the express purpose of recovering further remains of the altar. The size and plan of the monument were ascertained, the steps of the platform were uncovered, and altogether half the area of the enclosure was explored. For lack of available funds the work was suspended prematurely, to the great chagrin of the directors.

Professor Rizzo maintains that before the restoration be commenced, the diggings should be resumed; other pieces besides those actually removed were seen during the excavations of 1903. To recover these and complete the survey of the area covered by the altar will be no easy matter, because the foundations of the palace above cut across it. He is also against all fanciful restorations, such as have been carried out on the reliefs in the Vatican and at the Uffizi; what is not found should be filled in with plain stone. There also remains the question of finding a suitable site for the re-erected altar; the original one is out of

the question—the Capitol has been suggested and favourably considered. Also it will be necessary to recover those pieces which are in the hands of the French at the Villa Medici and at the Louvre; Sen. Cremonesi, when he spoke on the subject, was most emphatic that plaster casts would not satisfy him.

G. S. F.





COLLEGE DIARY AND NOTES

SEPTEMBER 3rd. Friday. Dr. Moss returned from England with the latest news of many of our absent brethren.

8th. Wednesday. The Vice-Rector left for Sorrento, where he was to keep Cardinal Gasquet company.

13th. Monday. The iron steps, leading up to the Sforza, were fixed into place, and although the work is not complete, blasting operations ceased for the rest of the villa.

14th. Tuesday. Fifteen Germans came over from San Pastore for the day. As usual their representative made a speech with the soup, but ours, *more anglico*, responded only when we had reached the fruit. Afterwards there was a sing-song in the garden, and the Pathé Baby was requisitioned for the adventures of *Felice Logatto*. When the Germans had departed and the echoes of their final *Hoch* had spent themselves against the consular tomb, we repaired to the common room for the most successful show yet upon the big cinema. The star film was *La Bambola e il Gigante*, and in addition we were treated to a reel of prehistoric humour anent an elephant in a restaurant. It is like a cinema impresario to try to improve upon the proverbial bull in a china shop.

15th. Wednesday. Baseball made an unheralded appearance after tea.

16th. Thursday. Monsignor Stanley's 83rd. birthday, with coffee, *rosolio* and smoking in the refectory. The Rector proposed the Bishop's health, who replied in a short and delightful speech, the only blot upon which being his description of our *Ad Multos Annos* as "sarcastic."

17th. Friday. Baseball today gave place to Rounders, perhaps as more indigenous.

18th. Saturday. Evidently the masons' flourish of trumpets during the past month was deemed sufficient, for today the new stairs were thrown open without any ceremony. This was simply achieved by locking the old Sforza stairs and taking away the key. Mr. Wharton came out from Rome to spend the week-end.

19th. Sunday. We provided *assistenza* and choir for the High Mass at Rocca in honour of the Seven Dolours. Somewhat prematurely the pro-Rocca

committee had billed a "Messa Pontificale, cantata dal Mons. Hynsley." Evidently, the more "ys" you get in, the more English a name becomes. We have remarked this on several occasions. Mr. Wharton was taken for the British Ambassador, and something in the nature of a diplomatic tribune was improvised on the spot: which made the incensation of the people very impressive. After dinner *Chi Lo Sa?* appeared, an heroic number with the departure of so many gifted contributors, but for all that, an excellent one on its own merits.

22nd. *Wednesday.* The Theologians left for a long *gita*, parties traversing most of Umbria and Tuscany. Siena, Perugia and Assisi proved the favourite objectives, but some included Ravenna, Loreto and even Elba in their wanderings.

23rd. *Thursday.* The Rector led the Philosophers in a band to Assisi, but this migration deserves fuller description than is usual in the paragraphs of the College Diary. Therefore seek ye elsewhere,

27th. *Monday.* Three Philosophers of muscle started on a flight of twenty one rustic steps, to connect the new staircase with the Sforza path above. The result has proved a magnificent piece of construction. Although one hardly expects work of this type so late in the villa, a theologian has also built a sturdy seat round the tree by the lower goal post, where it was badly needed, though nobody hitherto seems to have thought of making it. Let us hope we shall find it all there at Easter.

28th. *Tuesday.* The first deprivations of Herbert the mole on the third green. To cut a long story short, it was the green that moved.

OCTOBER 1st. *Friday.* Monsignor Niccolò came out....

2nd. *Saturday.*and returned to Rome with Monsignor Stanley. The last of the Theologians returned, though post cards from them followed on for several days afterwards.

4th. *Monday.* St. Francis's Feast and a national holiday. Coffee and *rosolio* to celebrate this "most saintly of Italians and Italian of Saints", which appreciation, at least in its second part, explains the fireworks from Albano at night.

5th. *Tuesday.* Most of the House paid a return visit to San Pastore and vastly enjoyed themselves. The Germans improved their programme of former years by giving us the *teatro* after dinner. His Lordship the Rector made a great speech during the meal, and was acclaimed with the utmost enthusiasm. He began in German, and as *The Path to Rome* explains, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*

7th. *Thursday.* Another most successful cinema show, *Bob salva il suo Lord.* The Italian idea of English policemen proved the gem of the evening, though some might award the palm to the low pub which advertised *whiskey.*

9th. *Saturday.* Fr. N. Curmi (1898-1904) came out for the week-end, and in his wake the Vice-Rector, fresh from the Montecatini cure.

13th. *Wednesday.* St. Edward, patron of the *villeggiatura.* At dinner the guests were Archbishop Palica, Fr. Peter Paul Mackey O.P., Dom Philip Langdon O.S.B., Fr. Cotter C.S.S.R., Fr. Hanifu, and Mr. Wharton. With the Rector, most of them returned to Rome in a car, most unhierarchically packed.

14th. *Thursday*. Quite a number climbed Cavo to see the sun rise and arrived in time.

16th. *Saturday*. Dom. Anselm Prior O.S.B., Monsignor Prior's brother, came to spend a few days at Palazzola.

19th. *Tuesday*. The Catholic Association pilgrims, with the Bishop of Salford at their head, descended upon the Villa, and enjoyed an *al fresco* in the garden.

22nd. *Friday*. With everything packed up, from pianos and harmoniums to golf and tennis gear, the House returned to Rome and a ferocious *sciocco*.

23rd. *Saturday*. The Catabasis - or the return of the vagrants! By dinner almost all had arrived, some by S.T.A., a few in the traditional (and less expensive) *carrozza*. The Vice-Rector greeted all on arrival. The addition of 19 new men brings the census up to the unprecedented number of 76; and until the advent of the New Wing we can house no more. As it is, the stalls in the church are too small for us, and the sacristans now sit *extra chorum*. Of material changes there is nothing to record, save the removal of the "baby-crusher", which was always something of an encumbrance; and a "Damocles sword" to boot, being ever on the point of wafting the unsuspecting visit-maker out of church. We see that the Electrician has kindly fixed up an extra light near the door of the church, where it was much needed.

Of the new men, one Mr. Shann (Cardiff), begins his first year Theology: the rest have the pleasure of doing the whole course: - Messrs. J. Slater (Lancaster); T. Duggan (Salford); J. Cashman (Menevia); J. Park (Liverpool); C. Restieaux (Nottingham); J. Rea (Clifton); R. Redmond (Hexham & Newcastle); T. Lynch (Portsmouth); W. Kelly (Shrewsbury); A. Tomei (Southwark); J. White, O.S.C. (Westminster); M. Mc Kenna (Brentwood); W. Lennon (Lancaster); J. Richardson (Cardiff); G. Dwyer (Salford); T. Juett (Nottingham); J. Thompson (Liverpool); P. Shannon (Menevia). Drs. Griffin and E.J. Kelly are installed in the Beda College. Dr. Masterson still occupies his flat at the Holy Office. Within the College, Messrs. Slevin, Cregg and Burrows, the hardy annuals of the "Slums", have removed to quarters more consonant with their dignity. *O tempora!*

In the evening the Rector, Messrs. Maudslay, Burrows and Rudderham went to S. Alfonso for their retreat.

24th. *Sunday*. Our guests at dinner were, his Lordship the Bishop of Salford, Fr. Leo Parker and Fr. Anselm Prior, O.S.B. All three are staying at the College.

26th. *Tuesday*. At the usual hour we went into retreat, which was under the direction of Fr. Magennis, General of the Calced Carmelites. His homely and practical exposition of the duties and ideals of the Priesthood, *necnon* his plea for preaching on the "good old Catholic lines" were responsible for a very fruitful and pleasing retreat.

28th. *Thursday*. Today, the feast of SS. Simon and Jude, the first six native Chinese Bishops, Mgri. Odoric Tcheng, Melchior Souen, Philip Tchao, Simon Tsou, Joseph Hou and Aloysius Tch'en were solemnly consecrated by his Holiness in the Vatican Basilica. Unfortunately, we were in retreat, and therefore unable to witness the function. The Bishops, it is said, have re-

ceived many invitations to various countries, which they are going to fulfil before returning to their native vicariates.

31st. *Sunday*. The close of the retreat. Messrs. Maudslay, Burrows and Rudderham received ordination to the Priesthood at the hands of Cardinal Pompili, in the church of the German College. The new priests sat with the Rector at dinner. Mr. W. Rudderham, Mr. J. Maudslay, and Master T. Maudslay were the guests. *Caffè* and *rosolio* after dinner, when the Rector toasted the *ordinati*.

In the morning the new men were taken to witness the Papal High Mass in St. Peter's attended with the solemn entry of the Pope. At this period of the year the newcomers have to make shift with anything in the matter of dress that their kind brethren can lend them. So that every shade of colour and shape of hat was seen along the Borgo this morning. Yet this is far better than the lot of other youths in Roman Colleges, who wear civilians often for weeks. A *camerata* of weary-looking clerics in mufti simply baffles description.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Monday*. *Primitiae Missarum*. The University professors declared their profession of faith in S. Ignazio.

2nd. *Tuesday*. The opening short lectures at the Gregorian were as usual very flattering. Theologians were told that Philosophy was "mere ancilla Theologiae", and no doubt Philosophers were told that their own subject was the most important thing in their lives. We are surprised to see many and notable changes in the teaching staff this year—due, no doubt, to the new Rector, Fr. Gianfranceschi, who occupies the post till recently held by Fr. Miccinelli. In Theology, Frs. Fabbri and Huarte have been selected for the *Curia*. Fr. Boyer reads "De Gratia": (we presume he is still a *lector*), and Fr. de Guibert teaches Fundamental Theology. A special professor, Fr. Fausti has been appointed for Archaeology, and Fr. Hanssens (who taught Church History last year) is succeeded by Fr. Silva-Tarouca. As for Philosophy, Fr. Giamusso has given place to Fr. Elter, and two new professors have been chosen for the First Year; Fr. Keeler, an American, to teach Logic, and Fr. Arnou for Ontology. Fr. Giamusso has retired (with his *opusculum*) to the Jesuit House at Loreto. No doubt, the dangerous state of his eye necessitated his retirement from office. We cannot but admire the more than ordinary grit he showed when he continued to lecture at the close of last year with one eye bandaged up and in considerable pain. May he enjoy, by the shores of the Adriatic, the *Otium cum dignitate* which every Gregorian professor well merits.

After the inaugural lectures, High Mass of the Holy Ghost was sung in S. Ignazio by Fr. Boyer, followed by Benediction given by Fr. Gianfranceschi.

4th. *Thursday*. *Solemnis Praemiorum Distributio!* held this year in the evening. The Capuchins, *more solito*, shuffled up in groups for their medals (which were distributed by Cardinal Ehrle), and smiled benignly from their purple-covered dais, while our own six *summas* continued to occupy their inglorious position among the rank and file of the *probati*. Fr. Lazzarini, the prefect of Studies, read the report, and made mention of the changes and additions to the Staff, which were necessitated by the growing number of

alumni. The students now number 1420. One cause of the increase, he said, was due to the religious persecution in Mexico, which compelled many of the seminarists to leave the country. Fr. Cappello then rose and expatiated at rare length and with incredible swiftness on "The Law of the Latin Church as compared with that of the Eastern." After which the janitors left their posts and we were suffered to depart.

We provided the *assistenza* for the annual function at S. Carlo.

5th. *Friday*. The University held a celebration in honour of the Chinese Bishops in S. Ignazio. Interspersed with the hymns and sacred music rendered by the *Scholae Cantorum* of various national institutions were delivered *omina et salutationes* in 29 languages by students selected from the various Colleges. Mgr. Costantini, Papal Nuncio to China, delivered a weighty speech at the close of the celebration and then the Bishops were mobbed for their blessing by the multifarious crowd. The Papal Nuncio fought well for an exit, but his vociferous shouts of *non si può* were entirely disregarded, and it was not until Fr. Lazzarini, βόην ἀραβός, had taken charge of the proceedings that the Bishops effected their escape.

7th. *Sunday*. The Premiation Day was celebrated today instead of Thursday, since the function occurred in the afternoon. After dinner *caffè* and *rosolio* in the Common Room, where the Rector proposed the health of the *laureati*. Frs. de la Taille and Keeler, who were our guests, also replied to toasts in their honour.

11th. *Thursday*. A Solemn Requiem was sung in S. Ignazio for the deceased members of the Gregorian Sodality.

14th. *Sunday*. Mgr. Grosso, the *Economo* of the Holy Office, and Mgr. Bonazzi were to dinner.

17th. *Wednesday*. Mgr. Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, accompanied by Mgr. Canon Wallis (Brighton), arrived today. The Bishop is to be one of the co-Consecrators at the Rector's consecration.

18th. *Thursday*. Fr. Anselm Prior, O.S.B. (who has returned from the Blue Nuns' Hospital after a period of illness), and Frs. Alfred and Oliver, C.P. from St. John and Paul's were at dinner.

19th. *Friday*. Mr. Coyne arrived - safe and sound with the C.T.S. pamphlet which had nearly occasioned his incarceration in the North of Italy as a Communist!

20th. *Saturday*. Mgr. Clapperton, Rector of the Scots' College came to tea.

21st. *Sunday*. Guest at dinner: Mgr. Gonzi, Bishop of Goza, an old Beda student.

22nd. *Monday*. The Southwark men had their audience with the Pope, along with Mgr. Amigo and Canon Wallis. Mr. Randall, Secretary of the British Legation, came to tea.

23rd. *Tuesday*. The good woman who used to sell laces and *objets de piété* at the corner of the Piazza San Eustachio has apparently settled down, after her eviction, near the Ristorante della Valle. For a time she subsisted in a side street near the Piazza Navona, but she must have realized that was not our winter route to the University!

25th. *Thursday*. The Feast of St. Catherine, the Patroness of Philosophers -

and the occasion, generally, of many dogmatic speeches from the First Year. Though the number of speeches had obviously to be reduced (even *Zan Pastore* would quail before a score of such perorations), none of the fledgling Philosophers were to be deprived of the preliminary thrill of facing the audience. And a proposal moved in a preceding Public Meeting that at the time for speaking, the names of four should be drawn from a hat, was carried with malicious applause. So - *caffè* and *rosolio* after dinner when the Rector proposed the health of the new Philosophers. The speeches delivered in reply were partly of the caustic kind: yet traces of Tullius were not wanting. Mr. Donovan (who came last Christmas and is therefore in his first year) ended the proceedings by rising and letting forth a burst of oratory almost Celtic in its vehemence. In the afternoon the football team played against Fortitudo. The result of the match is given elsewhere.

The College provided the *assistenza* for the Solemn Benediction given by Bishop Veneri, at Santa Caterina. This is an unforgettable function, yet we were sorry that they did not give us their *forte*—the *Vi Adoro*. After the ceremony the feast was celebrated in the Common Room by the Senior Student who solemnly burnt a pin-wheel amid cries of *Evviva Santa Caterina della Rota!* A concert was given after supper by the *Primo Anno* which showed that there is no dearth of talent, both vocal and instrumental, among the new members. Yet the much-needed Saxophone-player is an unconscionable time a-coming! We give the programme.

PROGRAMME.

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|-----|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------|
| 1. | | Canzone del Primo Anno. | |
| 2. | Song | John Andrews | M. McKenna. |
| 3. | Pianoforte Solo | Nocturne (Chopin) | G. Dwyer. |
| 4. | Recitation | The Messages | J. Richardson. |
| 5. | Song | Swing Low Sweet Chariot | J. Park. |
| 6. | Recitation | The Elephant | T. Duggan. |
| 7. | Song | from H.M.S. Pinafore | W. Kelly. |
| 8. | Recitation | Extract from Scott | T. Duggan. |
| 9. | Song | The Birds | T. Lynch. |
| 10. | Three Rondeles | a) Peter White. | |
| | | b) Three Blind Mice. | |
| | | c) Come, follow me. | |
| 11. | Sketch | A PATIENT'S LIFE. | |
| | Patient | H. E. Rigby. | |
| | Surgeon | E. H. Wake. | |
| | Doctor | J. C. Heenan. | |
| | Sister Julia | L. W. Jones. | |
| | Mrs. Leviathan-Browne | F. J. Tootell. | |
| | Tony Gerst | J. H. McCarthy. | |
| | Two English College Men | { C. H. Talbot. | |
| | | { R. J. Shearstone. | |

This same evening the Rector went into Retreat.

28th. *Sunday*. After Merenda, a pectoral cross, chain and ring, along with an illuminated address, were presented by the House to the Rector. Speeches by the Rector, Vice-Rector and Mgr. Cicognani.

30th. *Tuesday*. The Consecration, about which a lot more might be said than appears even in the entire article devoted to the subject. But evidently the Editor considers that enough. He didn't mention the scratch concert in the evening: night studies would have been unthinkable!

DECEMBER 1st. *Wednesday*. *Docetur*. The General of the Jesuits, Father Ledóchowski, came to pay his respects to the Rector.

2nd. *Thursday*. The first of the Consecration dinners was held in the refectory. Among the guests were their Eminences the Cardinal Protector, Cardinal Merry del Val, and Cardinal Bisleti; Bishop Amigo, Mgr. Grosso and Bonazzi; Dom Philip Langdon O.S.B., and Sir Odo Russell. Cardinal Gasquet climbed up to the Common Room afterwards to take *caffè* and *rosolio* with his *protetti*.

5th. *Sunday*. The second banquet took place today. The guests included his Eminence Cardinal Bourne; Mgr. Caruana, Bishop of Malta and Archbishop of Rhodes; Mgr. Mann, Clapperton and Burke; Frs. Peter Paul Mackey O.P., Cotter C.S.S.R., Welsby S.J. and Collings; the Hon. Algernon Bowring K.S.G. The Cardinal toasted the new Bishop, and conveyed to him the congratulations of the whole English Hierarchy, to which the Rector responded. His Eminence also joined us at *Caffè* and *rosolio*, and in an excellent speech gave us an idea of what the Rector has done towards the regeneration of the College, contrasting the Spartan days of old with the present splendour that surrounds us. Fr. Peter Paul Mackey also rose to speak and did not forget to add that Bishop Esser, whom the Cardinal had cited as one of our benefactors, was a Dominican. Since he obtained for the students the privileges of smoking and *merenda*, we have little doubt that he thought of us also as, in a sense, "dogs of the Lord."

8th. *Wednesday*. A reception was held in the Rector's honour at the Circolo San Pietro.

9th. *Thursday*... and another by the Marchesa Lombardi at her apartments.

10th. *Friday*. Mgr. Cicognani and Niccolò dined with us. Bishop Cary-Elwes of Northampton arrived at the College for a short stay.

12th. *Sunday*. Two illustrious members of the episcopate at dinner: Mgr. Roncalli, Bishop of Areopolis and Apostolic Visitor to Bulgaria, and Mgr. Kurteff, the newly consecrated Uniat Bishop for that country, who brought a touch of the East into the refectory by dining after his own hierarchical manner, and therefore failing to remove his "ecclesiastical shako." Their Lordships were introduced to us afterwards in the Common-Room by the Rector, and the occasion made for one or two speeches. Mgr. Roncalli addressed us, (not without a prefatory reference to cigarettes and the holy Capuchin who smoked *una sessantina per giorno*), on the pitiful history of Catholicism in Bulgaria. Mgr. Kurteff nobly seconded by a speech in French.

15th. *Wednesday*. The *Messaggero* brought news of the spread of typhus in Tivoli and the Castelli Romani (and therefore San Carlo). Accordingly we postponed the gita which was to have taken place the next day in honour of the Consecration.

17th. *Friday*. Dr. O'Rourke, Rector of the Biblical Institute, came and inspected the Library.

19th. *Sunday*. The Rector said Mass for the First-Communicants at the church of the English Sisters off the Piazza di Spagna. Fr. Parenti S.J. preached the *fervorino*. Mgr. Lépicier, late Apostolic Visitor to India, came to supper.

20th. *Monday*. Mr. Wharton at dinner.

21th. *Tuesday*. Preparations for Exposition and Christmas were in great evidence. The *apparatori* brought along their pantechicon early in the morning and decorated the sanctuary with the customary red and gold hangings. Sig. Palombi and his trusty *pedissequus* also arrived soon after dinner, to dismantle and remove the billiard-table. They brought only two chisels and a hammer, but the spirit of *faccio io* soon prevailed, and the Common-Room was quickly left bare for the entrance of the *Walrus and the Carpenter*, with the various curios that go to make the stage.

22nd. *Wednesday*. Quarant'Ore began with the Mass of Exposition, sung by Dr. Moss. There was also the usual congregation, Monserrà folk, the S. Caterina sacristan, and Fr. Peter Paul Mackey O.P. But we dearly regret the absence of *Farnese Bill*, ensconced in the corner by the warm radiator, with an eye to the door on the outlook for an alms. He displayed a rare devotion during Exposition.

23rd. *Thursday*. Mgr. Cicognani, Dr. Masterson and two students from the German College said Mass in the Church. A practice match was played in torrents of rain at Pamphili against *the day!* After tea, we festooned the Common-Room with holly, bedecked the stage, and in general gave the place quite a Nordic appearance. The senior student, mindful of his office, decorated the bell that rings the carillon for schools.

24th. *Friday*. High Mass of Deposition at 10.30. Drs. Griffin and E. J. Kelly said Mass in the Church. At dinner, we listened on bended knee to the Martyrology, chanted by the bell-ringer elect, Mr. Delany. After night prayers, the majority retired early, a small few only staying up to hear the electricians fix the lamps in the holly.

25th. *Saturday and Christmas Day*. The Rector pontificated at midnight, while Dr. Moss said his three masses at the Institute of the Sisters of Charity, and Mr. Earley in the private oratory of Sig. Pisoni. Mr. Maudslay sang Lauds, after which we retired for the customary soup and cake and the statutory single cup of hot *mulsum*. After this refection the editor (with a small *e*, since we must assert our dignity) brought out his Christmas number of *Chi Lo Sa?*, which was greeted with well deserved applause. The Bishop appeared in the Common-Room and after listening to "It ain't gonna rain no more," voiced the opinion of the elders by suggesting sleep. But a few remained whispering over the dying embers, and only stole off when the clattering of mules in the Cappellà stables hinted at the dawning of another day.

Natale con i tuoi: Pasqua con chi vuoi. We were in accord with the first part of the adage, for Mr. Wharton, who was our only guest at dinner, is surely one of the family. And so there were no strange eyes to bulge at the sight of the spluttering puddings. If it were not unchivalrous to complain

over the amazingly English meals the nuns provide on especially English occasions, such as this day and Shrove Tuesday, we should like to point out that a plum pudding ought to be basted upon arrival at the table, whereas the long journey from the kitchen to the far end of the refectory usually suffices to exhaust the burning brandy before we can get at it with a spoon.

The Rector gave Pontifical Benediction in the afternoon, and after tea we enjoyed one of our finest concerts, again with next to no guests. The star turn was undoubtedly "The Harbour Master" in which the actors outshone themselves and provided us with the song of the season. The programme ran:

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|----|-------------|--------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. | . | Carol Anthem | Orchestra & Voices. |
| 2. | Song | House Hunting | R. Nicholson. |
| 3. | Song | Follow me 'ome | W. Burrows. |
| 4. | Recitation. | . | J. Park. |
| 5. | Song | . | The Morpheus. |
| | | | |
| 6. | Sketch | <i>THE HARBOUR MASTER.</i> | |
| | | <i>Bill, a coastguard</i> | G. Ford. |
| | | <i>Harbour Master</i> | R. Hattersley |
| | | <i>Hon. Algernon Coughdrop</i> | W. Kelly. |
| 7. | Song | <i>Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind.</i> | R.L. Smith. |
| 8. | Song | <i>Bam Bam Bammy Shore</i> | R. Shearstone. |
| | | | |
| 9. | Sketch | <i>A DOG'S LIFE</i> | |
| | | <i>Author</i> | R.L. Smith |
| | | <i>His Wife</i> | W. Park. |
| | | <i>Ruffian</i> | J. Moore. |
| | | <i>Philip</i> | W. Sewell. |

After supper, snap-dragon and the "Sprite of Ilford" who made us fish for presents in a Barmecide fish pond. Not only presents but papal distinctions and presages of future advancement were given with a generosity unknown in any Roman consistory. We retired to bed early, and desperately in need of *Re Sole!*

26th. *Sunday.* We rose at 6.0. In the morning some of our realists went to glut their appetites over the frescoes in S. Stefano. In the evening a Fancy Dress Whist Drive was held in aid of the Black Babies. There was a great display of individual taste in dresses, and Drs. Moss and Masterson must have found it hard to adjudicate.

27th. *Monday.* St. John's Day: a feast which has lost much of its solemnity for us since the death of Monsignor Prior. The match with the Scots was played at the Stadium and was well attended by the clerics of Rome.

A party of students went to represent the College at the celebrations in

honour of St. Aloysius. Our second concert took place after merenda. The referee of the match was, as usual, invited, but there were few guests on the whole.

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| 1. Valse. | . <i>Maggie McGee.</i> | Orchestra. |
| 2. Song. | . <i>The Bolshevik.</i> | J. Cahalan. |
| 3. Song. | . a) <i>From Oberon in Fairyland.</i> | |
| | . b) <i>Halfway upstairs.</i> | W. Burrows. |
| 4. Recitation. | . <i>Twinkle, twinkle little star.</i> | W. Kelly. |
| 5. Song. | . <i>When Dull Care.</i> | J. Park. |
| 6. Sketch. "WOW WOW" | | |
| | . <i>Weary Waiter.</i> | A. Ibbett. |
| | . <i>Wealthy Widower.</i> | C. Talbot. |
| | . <i>Winsome Widow.</i> | R. Shearstone. |
| 7. Song. | . <i>Evviva Pamphili.</i> | L. Wilkinson. |
| 8. Song. | . <i>Let the hills resound with song.</i> | Orpheus. |
| 9. Song. | . <i>Football,</i> | R. Shearstone. |
| 10. Sketch. <i>THE MORAL BIRD.</i> | | |
| | . <i>Pam Porter.</i> | R. Gowland. |
| | . <i>Cardinal.</i> | E. Donovan. |
| | . <i>Pilgrim.</i> | D. Hawkins. |
| | . <i>Pilgrim's Wife.</i> | W. Park. |
| | . <i>First Student.</i> | J. Halsall. |
| | . <i>Second Student.</i> | H. Rigby. |

28th. *Tuesday.* The Aloysian celebrations were continued. In the afternoon the Rector sang Pontifical First Vespers of St. Thomas. After tea we held a Grand Fair, with Hoop-La, Roulette, Throwing Stalls of every variety, Electricized Water, Grand National, Rifle Range, and a modest *'tozzo* stall. Provision was made for the Movie Fans by the proprietor of the Pathé-Baby, who regaled us with Felix the Cat. At 7.0 the stage was converted into a *palae-stra*, on which the South was pitted against the North, to the former's undoing. The emptying of the tills resulted in a handsome contribution to several charities. The day ended with a brave show of *legerdemain* by Mr. Tootell.

29th. *Wednesday and St. Thomas of Canterbury.* The Rector pontificated in the morning. To dinner: Cardinal Gasquet, Bishop Stanley, Fr. Magennis, Mgri. Mann, Clapperton and Burke, Frs. Mackey, Cotter, Welsby and Langdon; Rev. Mr. Johnson and Count van Cutzen. *Caffè* and *rosolio* in the Common Room, where his Eminence again appeared to our delight, and accompanied by a few of the guests. At Fr. Mackey's repeated demand for music, one or two of our "ever-readys" compelled our attention with a little profane singing. After tea there was a very good concert, in which a combined Orpheus

and Orchestra item will, we hope, constitute a precedent. Among the guests was a small party from the Irish College.

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| 1. Carol Anthem. | See amid the <i>Winter's Snow</i> . | Voices and Orchestra. |
| 2. Song. | <i>Barcelona</i> . | W. Kelly. |
| 3. Song. | a) <i>Vespers</i> . | |
| | b) <i>The Foxes</i> . | W. Burrows. |
| 4. Recitation. | <i>How we saved the barge</i> . | T. Duggan. |
| 5. Song. | <i>The fairest Isle</i> . | J. Park. |
| | | |
| 6. Interlude. | <i>TRAGEDY OF MONTE CARLO</i> . | |
| 7. Intermezzo. | <i>Call of the Angels</i> . | Orchestra. |
| 8. Quartet. | <i>Four Italianos</i> . | W. O'Leary. |
| | | R. Smith. |
| | | J. Cregg. |
| | | J. Heenan. |
| 9. Duet. | <i>Danze Spagnuole</i> . | R. Smith. |
| | | C. Talbot. |
| 10. Song. | <i>The Viking Song</i> . | Orpheus. |
| | | |
| 11. Sketch. | <i>HOUSE WANTED</i> | |
| | <i>Man</i> . | W. O'Leary. |
| | <i>Wife</i> . | W. Butterfield. |
| | <i>Flapper</i> . | F. Shutt. |
| | <i>Policeman and Householder</i> . | J. Garvin. |
| | <i>Landlady</i> . | V. Whiteman. |

30th. *Thursday*. The Aloysian celebrations were again attended by a number of students, but since these were not a personal function, your chronicler eschews any description thereof.

The evening was set apart for a Cinema. *L'Automobile Errante* and *Avvocato Spasimini* were the films of choice, and for thrill, daring, pursuit and adventure they were undoubtedly the last word.

31st. *Friday*. In the morning many were present at the solemn Papal Mass which was celebrated to commemorate the closing of the General Jubilee, the seventh centenary of St. Francis, the second centenary of St. Aloysius and the first anniversary of the institution of the new feast, Christ the King. The Rector was present in *pluviale* and white mitre.

There were no sociabilities after merenda, but the day ended quietly with confessions and the *Te Deum*. After a final brushing-up of New Year resolutions, we retired to bed with scarce a thought, save for that line of old Macrobius:

Nescis quid vesper serus vehat.

1927.

JANUARY 1st. Saturday. Within the College the New Year was ushered in without any pomp or ceremony — we merely slept on. Nor were the neighbours as perfervid as heretofore. The Monserrà was fairly quiet. Perhaps there were not as many *fiaschi* to be had. At 9.0. High Mass was sung by the Vice-Rector. The Rector, it transpired later, held his first Confirmation at San Silvestro in Capite. *Caffè* and *rosolio* after dinner, (we forget whether it was *Menthe* or Aniseed). The concert held in the evening was quite up to the standard and therefore good, — the “Morpheus” *morphing* once more, much to the delight of our American cousins over for the evening. Among the celebrities invited were Fr. de la Taille, Fr. Keeler and Fr. Magennis. The programme ran:

PROGRAMME.

1. Song.	. . .	The 7th. Year Man's Lament. . .	The Morpheus.	
2. Song.	. . .	The Kinky Kids Parade. . .	R. Shearstone.	
3. Recitation.	. . .	The 11.69.	L. Wilkinson.	
4. Song.	. . .	The Pedlar.	R.L. Smith.	
5. Songs.	. . .	Villa Celebrities.		
6.		Extract from David Copperfield.		
		Waiter. . .	A. Ibbett.	
		David. . .	J. Campbell.	
7. Trio.	. . .	The Country Girl	}	
				J. Halsall
				F. Tootell.
			J. Campbell	
8. Pianoforte Duet.		Peer Gynt	}	
				R.L. Smith.
9. Song.	. . .	The Old Car.	C. Talbot.	
10.		Valse à la Russie	R. Nicholson.	
			The Orchestra.	
11.		<i>A STUDENT'S SEANCE.</i>		
		First Student.	W. Park.	
		Second "	J. McCarthy.	
		Devil.	J. Heenan.	
		Ghost.	J. Jeffreyes.	
		Father Parsons,	E. Carey.	

2nd. Sunday. We found it hard to decide in the morning whether today were part of the Christmas holidays or not. The turn of events in the evening pointed to the conclusion that it was not.

3rd. Monday. Fr. Lazzarini had a special treat in store for us this morning. Instead of turning in to *first schools*, we were directed to the Chapel of

St. Macutus, to kiss the relic of St. Aloysius, there exposed for veneration. And at 9.0. a small ceremony was enacted in the *cortile* before the relic was sent back in the careful custody of the Bishop of Mantua, to its destination. More optimistic ones amongst us expected a holiday after this, but the spirit of the Gregorian prevailed. Within ten minutes, (directed to the halls by numerous *bedelli*, who had assumed the rôle of traffic-conductors), we found ourselves drinking in, *more solito*, the words of wisdom from our professors.

4th. *Tuesday*. The anniversary of the burial of the Queen Mother. A ceremony took place at the Pantheon in the morning, which necessitated a *detour* on the way back from the University. The Pantheon was well decorated, but the oil-flares and obelisk-like catafalque gave it a manifestly pagan appearance. Father Filmer was our guest at dinner.

6th. *Thursday. La befana*. Two trumpets created a stir in the Monserra during the High Mass. But considering that they were forbidden last year, we had expected much more than this. The day was pleasantly spent, though it was deplorable that the feast should fall on a Thursday. Dr. O'Brien and Fr. Cobb were at dinner and joined us afterwards at *caffè* and *rosolio*. The concert after Merenda ranked with the Christmas one as the best for some time. In regard to the music, it was our Melba night - the chief praise being due to Messrs. Smith, Burrows and Cregg who ably performed in *Cox and Box*. The audience was the largest we have ever had, there being something like thirty guests. We append the programme:

PROGRAMME.

1.	. . .	“ 1926 Medley ”	The Orchestra.
2.	Song	<i>Song of the Shirt</i>	C. Talbot.
3.	Recitation	<i>Micawber</i>	J. Howe.
4.	Trio	<i>Three Perfectly Priceless Old Things</i>		}
				W. Butterfield.
				R. Gowland.
5.	Pianoforte Solo	<i>Nocturne (Chopin)</i>	C. Talbot.
6.	Song	<i>Simon the Cellarer</i>	The Orpheus.
7.	<i>COX AND BOX.</i>		
		<i>Box</i>	R.L. Smith.
		<i>Cox</i>	W. Burrows.
		<i>Bouncer</i>	J. Cregg.

7th. *Friday*. Took down the decorations and dismantled the stage. In the evening took part in the Epiphany celebrations at Sant'Andrea della Valle, supplying the *assistenza*, *coro* and Bishop!

9th. *Sunday*. A High Mass was sung by Mr. Burrows, with the students as choristers, at the Institute of the Little Sisters of the Poor, where we found the centenarian still making headway through his second century. The guests at dinner were Fr. Hanssens, Dr. O'Brien and Mr. Urquhart.

12th. *Tuesday*. The billiard table was replaced after dinner - so that we shall still have something to fall back on at the Public Meetings.

14th. *Friday*. A Public Disputation in Philosophy took place at the University. Mr. Jones and Mr. Campbell, of 3rd. and 2nd. year Philosophy *objected*. Fr. Lazzarini was again in form.

16th. *Sunday*. Dr. Ashby with his nephew supped with us in the Common Refectory.

17th. *Monday*. The annual function at *Lucchese*. The Rector (who was billed as an " eminentissimo porporato ") giving Benediction. A host of new ash-trays à la Mappin & Webb appeared on the scene after supper. In fact there are now so many that it is hard to put one's ash anywhere else. Yet a note of warning appeared withal - *Si quis.....!*

19th. *Wednesday*. The Rector sang a Solemn Requiem Mass in Santa Caterina for the repose of the soul of Signora Pellini. Mr. Coleman was with us at supper.

20th. *Thursday*. Guests: - Fr. de la Taille and Mr. Wharton. There were also " moving pictures " at San Camillo where some of us spent a pleasant afternoon.

22nd. *Saturday*. We regret to record that the Rector had to retire today with flu. The Vice-Rector has also been dreeing his weird with the surgeon's box of knives. It's a pity that Sig. Allegretti is merely a chiropodist.

23rd. *Sunday*. Another Pontifical Benediction at Santa Maria Riparatrice, given by Cardinal Verde.

27th. *Thursday*. The Rector gave Pontifical Benediction at the Church of St. George, of the English Sisters, the College providing the *assistenza*. Fr. de la Taille was the special preacher.

30th. *Sunday*. Guests at dinner - Lord Stanley and Colonel Stanley, who have come to see their uncle, the Bishop; who, we are glad to hear, is recovering. Fr. Placid de Meester, O.S.B. was at supper.

31st. *Monday*. The Theologians held a public disputation at the Gregorian. Mr. R.L. Smith nobly advanced to the fray as an *objiciens*. The Rector gave Pontifical Benediction at Sta. Susanna for the closing of the " Unity Octave. "

FEBRUARY 1st. *Tuesday*. Mgr. Vaughan, Bishop of Menevia, and Father Cronin, I.C. arrived at the College for a ten days stay. We wish them a *buona permanenza*. The Rector held a Confirmation (Mr. Heenan as *patrinus*) in the College Church.

2nd. *Wednesday*. And a second at San Silvestro in Capite. He also took the Senior Student with him to make his offering of the special candle to his Holiness. We wonder if the *Pisoni* family sing a solemn *Te Deum* on these very convenient feast days.

3rd. *Thursday*. Mgr. Niccolò at dinner and the Anglican Bishop of Corea at Vespers, which he followed from a borrowed *Liber Usualis*. There were great festivities at the church of Santa Caterina, in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the priesthood of the *Parroco*. A Solemn High Mass (*quasi Coram Episcopo*, for the Rector attended, but not in state) was celebrated in the

morning and to the parishioners' demand for *panem et circenses*, the Parish Priest held an Academy of Music in the evening. The Rector was present. It may be noted in passing, that the parish of Sta. Caterina is by no means an unimportant one. It contains no less than ten churches, five religious houses, three colleges and other institutions of minor rank.

7th. *Monday*. Mgr. Andrew Killian, Bishop of Port Augusta (South Australia) came to dinner.

9th. *Wednesday*. Signor de Rossi was our guest at supper.

10th. *Thursday*. Mr. Berkely at dinner and Mgr. Gentile at supper.

11th. *Friday*. Mgr. Niccolò came to supper and afterwards attended a performance, given by a first-rate Italian *illusionista* in the Common-Room. Though one or two tricks were common property, many of the others convinced even the most sceptical: and who could resist the glow of patriotism, when he drew from an old Silvestrini hat the *bandiera* of Italy?

13th. *Sunday*. Mgr. Cicognani and the Rev. V. Montuschi, Archpriest of Foli, came to supper.

14th. *Monday*. Mgr. Vaughan and Fr. Cronin left for Wales.

16th. *Wednesday*. The appearance of *Napoleon* at the University in his best brass-buttoned uniform suggested something out of the ordinary, and it transpired through Fr. Vermeersch that this was his Silver Jubilee. A small whip-round in the Common Room enabled the Senior Student to make him a present from the College, which we hope he invests in the *Prestito del Littorio*.

19th. *Saturday*. A new motor has been affixed to the organ, which functioned for the first time at Benediction. The improvement is immense, both as to absence of noise and rapidity in starting: the old motor was too like the dog that wants to join in the chorus.

20th. *Sunday*. Fr. Rauch, Minister of the German College, to tea.

21st. *Monday*. Prayers were requested for Cardinal Gasquet, who has had an attack of influenza.

23rd. *Wednesday*. In the evening the Theologians' Concert was held in the Common Room, and it is always a delight to see grey-beards jesting. The *Canzone dell'Ultimo Anno* was a striking success, and in *The Missing Princess* we reached the acme of home-made operetta. We reprint the programme:

1. Duet	. <i>Spanish Dance</i>	D. Crowley. R. Smith.
2. Song.	. <i>Cutts of the Cruiser "What-Not!"</i>	R. Hattersley.
3. Ensemble	. <i>Canzone dell'Ultimo Anno</i>	Seventh Year.
4. Song.	. <i>The Early Schools Rag</i>	R. Nicholson.
5. Quartet.	. <i>Strange Adventure</i>	J. Milan. J. Macmillan. J. Kelly. R. Smith.
6. Song.	. <i>Darlin' Girl from Clare</i>	R. Delany.

7. Quartet. . . *Four Jolly Sailormen* }
 G. Higgins.
 R. Nicholson.
 A. Head.
 W. Butterfield

8. Operetta *THE MISSING PRINCESS*

<i>The King Harold</i>		W. Burrows.
<i>The Queen Hildergard</i>		A. Ibbett.
<i>The Princess Joan</i>		A. Atkins.
<i>The Lord Chamberlain</i>		J. Clegg.
<i>The Prince Thomas.</i>	}	<i>Suitors for the Princess's hand</i>	G. Ford.
<i>The Prince Robert.</i>			J. Garvin.
<i>The Prince Alexis.</i>			W. O'Leary.
<i>The Prince Placid.</i>			R. Hattersley.
<i>The Admirable Creighton</i>		B. Wrighton.

Scene. The royal breakfast-room.

Time. Mid-morning.

J. G.



PERSONAL

When the Nuncio to Poland, Mgr. Lorenzo Lauri, was raised to the Sacred Purple, the Catholic press reported that he had once been *ripetitore* here in the Venerabile. Hitherto, we have been unable to verify this information, but whether his Eminence ever sustained the onerous duties of that office or not makes no difference to the sincerity with which we offer him our respectful congratulations.

May 1st. will see the silver jubilee of the Bishop of Clifton's episcopal consecration. It cannot be necessary to dilate upon the pleasure this event will give to every *Venerabilino*, (a word of his Lordship's own manufacture, for which many a searcher after synonyms can never be sufficiently grateful). We of the younger generation hope to tender our congratulations in person, when his Lordship shall descend once again upon Latium this summer.

To the Bishop of Assus (or *Assos*, as some scholars maintain) we offer the homage of the College upon his appointment as Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Birmingham. Although his Lordship cannot be called a Venerabile man *sensu strictissimo*, yet he is surely entitled to regard himself as English College, since he passed six years in the house as a student of the Beda (1906-1912), and has since been a member of the Association. May he have a long and consoling episcopate.

Three jubilarians claim our heartiest congratulations. The first is Dr. Hickey (1895-1902), who is just in the diocese of Portsmouth, being Rector of Guernsey, his native place. After distinguished service on the mainland, he was appointed to the island in 1910, where he has already made his mark by securing equal treatment for Catholic schools with the non-Catholic.

Dr. Hohn (1900-1902) was ordained for Salford in the Holy House of Loreto, and served as secretary to Bishop Casartelli for four years. During the War, he returned to Germany, where he was made Rector of one of the largest churches in Bonn. On the conclusion of peace, England again claimed his services, and he has been in charge of the mission at St. Edward's, Oldham for the past three years.

After Dr. O'Leary last year, it was the turn of Dr. Kearney (1895-1902) to sing his jubilee Mass, assisted by Canon Hazlehurst and Dr. O'Leary. In a few years' time, the Canon will be the celebrant,

and then we shall hope to hear of these same reverend gentlemen assisting each other at their golden and diamond jubilees. *Estote perpetui*. Meanwhile, the distressing news has reached us that Dr. Kearney is suffering from severe eye trouble, and we trust his recovery will be both speedy and complete. It is sad to have to offer congratulations and sympathy in the same breath.

Our warmest congratulations to Canon Hazlehurst (1898-1905) upon his elevation to the Chapter of Shrewsbury, and to Canon Hall (1893-1896) who has been made a Canon of Westminster. To mention nothing else, his work in connection with the Society of the Holy Child may well make us proud to account him an English College man.

In the New Year's list of honours we were delighted to see the names of the Earl of Denbigh and Mrs. Strong, bringing back, as they do, such diverse memories as *Alouette* and Bernini. The Literary Society not only provides us with lecturers: it also adds to the number of real friends which the Venerable can boast.

Early in the year Dr. Ashby returned from his tour of the world, having, as he said, regained some little portion of our debt to the United States by lecturing there. He expressed himself content to be back in Rome, and we were no less contented to see him again.

We have left two jubilarians to the last because their anniversaries are of a less immediately ecclesiastical character. Owing to the taciturn disposition of the first, we have found nothing more substantial than hopes in our search after particulars. Evidently we lack the journalistic flair, so resigning ourselves to despair, must be content to chronicle this as the twenty-fifth year of Giuseppe's service in the house. Even the other servants now call him *Joe*, though how they spell it in their letters home to Collepardo we have no idea.

The second is far from taciturn, but his person is no less wrapped in mystery, so that nobody seems to know his real surname. *Josephus* to the professors during lectures, *Giuseppe* to the scholastics and Capranica, we know him well as Napoleon, the irrepressible beadle of the Gregorian, now a veteran of seventy-nine, "come Sunday." He remembers the Rome of the Popes before its modern vulgarization, and has held office at the University for twenty five years. In celebration of the event, he appeared in a magnificent uniform of Prussian blue, with a peaked cap to match and the initials U. G. upon the lapels of his coat. On less auspicious occasions he still favours the old muffler and slovenly trousers, but however he may be dressed, his appearance at the door of *Aula Maxima* is always sufficient to raise a storm of applause. Even the church student must have his little joke, and Napoleon, it would seem, is ours!

THE VENERABLE.

As a result of the resignation of Mr. E.H. Atkinson from the Editorship, Mr. R.L. Smith becomes Editor, Mr. J. Garvin Sub-Editor: Mr. D. Crowley remains as Secretary with Mr. J. Halsall as his Assistant: Mr. B. Wrighton makes the fifth member of the Committee.

EXCHANGES.

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges: *The Lisbonian*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Oscotian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Douai Magazine*, *The Upholland College Magazine*, *Pax*, *The Downside Review*, *The Ratcliffian*.

THE LIBRARY.

We have had the pleasure of welcoming a visit from Fr. Joseph de Shellinck D'Elseghem, one of the foremost librarians in Europe, who pointed out the many rare and precious books in our possession, and who offered his invaluable assistance in the work of rearrangement and cataloguing of the Library.

It is with the deepest gratitude that we chronicle the valuable gift of Pistolesi's *Vaticano*, richly bound in eight volumes and profusely illustrated with the finest engravings, which Canon Wade of Penzance has presented in commemoration of the Rector's consecration. Our thanks are also due to his Grace Archbishop Lépicier, his Lordship the Rector, Monsignor Barry, Very. Rev. Fr. Magennis, Mr. M.D. Stenson and Rev. Mr. Johnson, for the gift of various books.

And again we are beholden to the same anonymous benefactor, as we mentioned in our October number, for further gifts of books, and for his untiring zeal and energy in all that concerns the welfare of the Library.

J.F. *Librarian.*

LITERARY SOCIETY.

This year again we have had a full season, fourteen meetings having been held up to the present, and there are others to come. Only four speakers, however, have belonged to the House. Of these,

Dr. Moss selected a subject of very direct interest and moment for us when he set out to prove that Pope Leo XIII's *Constitution on Anglican Orders* is an infallible decree. Mr. R.L. Smith ventured once again in the realm of historical research and brought back an account of the *Character of St. Thomas of Canterbury*, in which he sought to demonstrate that the notion of a violent change in Becket's life on his elevation to the episcopate is a myth, and that the Saint's spiritual development was really a continuous process, finding a fitting end in his magnanimous death. Mr. T. Duggan had been earlier in the field with a paper on *Alice Meynell*, which dwelt on the discipline and serenity of her essentially religious mind. It was pleasant to hear the dignity of poetry proclaimed to an audience for whom inevitable absorption in philosophy and theology tends to obscure the fair face of Art. Lastly, Mr. D.J.B. Hawkins sang the praises of philosophy in general and of a progressive neo-Scholasticism after the model of Louvain in particular, in trying to express *what Philosophy means to us*.

In dealing now with the speakers invited from outside the College, let us preserve the due ecclesiastical order of precedence. First, therefore, we welcomed back Archbishop Lépicier when he described some of his experiences while Visitor Apostolic in *India*. Then two bishops, their Lordships of Southwark and Salford, both spoke on *Parochial Work* in characteristically pastoral manner. The Prior General of the Calced Carmelites, Dr. Magennis, who had given our November retreat, showed his less serious self, and some of his serious self as well, in a lecture on *Australia*. We had the great pleasure also of hearing Mgr. Ciconani describe with his customary verve what he heard and saw on his travels in *South America* in the summer of 1926. Then Dom Placid de Meester O.S.B. addressed us learnedly on the *Orthodox Eastern Church*, or rather, to adopt his significant correction, *Churches*. Another old friend came back to us in the person of Dr. Ashby, who was kind enough to deliver two lectures, one on his *Tour round the World*, the other on *Roman Roads in the Tiber Valley*. We noticed with regret on the latter occasion that he was adapting his once stalwartly English pronunciation of Latin to our Italianised ears. Miss Gertrude Robinson provided another store of antiquarian information in a different direction in speaking on *Greek Influences on the Buildings and Liturgy of Rome*. It was an address which made one realise how much of interest in Rome evades our casual exploration. And finally, a lecture which few could be qualified to give was that in which Mr. R.H.F. Coleman, M.A., Headmaster of New College, Harrogate, described his *Walk from Calais to Rome*, undertaken and carried through despite all sorts of difficulties in the last ten weeks of 1926.

The annals of the Society here recorded show that it is in a flourishing condition. It only remains for it to continue to flourish in the future, and there is no reason to doubt that it will: so that we can conclude these notes without a grumble of any kind.

D.J.B.H. *Sec.*

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society may be said to have had a successful session. The attendance has been noticeably good and the discussions, on the whole, lively—thanks partly to an infusion of new blood which knows not bashfulness. The promising quality of many speakers was quite strikingly demonstrated at an impromptu debate, when those, on whom the lot fell, not only succeeded in speaking at considerable length, but also in speaking well. Again, one notices with pleasure that the laudable practice of speaking without notes is growing apace and bids fair to become a point of honour. This should not, however, discourage those to whom the back of an envelope is still a psychological necessity on the debating floor.

Up to the time of writing seven motions have been discussed, in which members have refused to be stamped into the approval of novelties. Despite the supposed reforming tendencies of youth, they refused to condemn the multiplication of games in Colleges or to deprecate scientific progress as tending to the increase of material comforts; they were not in favour of instituting Financial Councils of laymen in each parish, but they approved of prize-giving in seminaries. The one condemnatory motion which was carried ran: "That the system in vogue in England of training aspirants to the priesthood together with other boys in Catholic secondary schools should speedily be abolished." On rather different topics, the Society decided that the novel was an apt medium for the highest kind of literary expression, and indignantly denied that much time is wasted in archaeology.

One or two criticisms should, perhaps, find a place here. We were warned by the Vice-Rector on one occasion against the unseasonable use of the scholastic method. It was a very timely warning, for not only the syllogism, naked and unashamed, but the very tags and phrases of the schools break all too often through the parliamentary decorum of our proceedings. There is a time and a place for cold logic: we know where to go for it. The debating floor is the place rather for white-hot rhetoric, the *genus suasorium*, and the *flumen orationis aureum*. One could wish for a little more *ranting*. A fallacy here and there

may be easily winked at; the main thing is to work on the emotions of your hearers and to carry them off their feet, if you can. This is perhaps not the highest form of the spoken word, but it is a valuable part of the orator's stock-in-trade, a branch of the gentle art of *Ψυχολογία*, and the debating hall is the proper place to acquire and to practise it.

Another suggestion must be made rather tentatively, for it is a hard saying: namely, that members should school themselves in speaking against their convictions. To be able to "make the worse cause appear the better" may seem an unenviable accomplishment, but ethics do not come in here. Our object in debates being to cultivate the manner rather than the material of speech, the greatest possible independence of the subject-matter is desirable. As it is, a glance through the minute-book betrays the fact that motions are, for the most part, won and lost according to the prevailing antecedent convictions of the house; which tends to make the debates rather one-sided. A self-denying policy of backing the losing horse on the part of a few redoubtable speakers would correct this tendency. As I have said, it is a difficult thing to do, especially when one's convictions are strong. Yet our scholastic training should help enormously here.

B.W. Sec.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

There has been much enthusiasm during the present season, and while outside matches are always of interest, our own games in Pamphili are the real joy of the week to most, and have been both interesting and keen. One should not refer to the weather, but the frequency and strength of our Italian rain have spoiled a number of the usual Thursday games.

As regards the team, we played the annual match with our friends from the North on Monday, December 27th., and were, alas! defeated 2—0, after an enjoyable game. While it is generally admitted that a draw would have represented the course of the play better, still, due recognition should be paid to the Scots' excellent defence. Their goalkeeper, backs and halfbacks were splendid, while our own forwards were admittedly on the light side. The Venerabile team was: Messrs. Cahalan; Milan, Delany; Sewell, McGee, W. Kelly; Wilkinson, Slater, Campbell, Richardson and Carey.

New ground was broken this season, the match being played at the Stadio Nazionale by kind permission of the Fortitudo Club, now, by the way, turned professional. Our former ground at Madonna del

Riposo is now used by boys, who, as every piazza in Rome witnesses daily, are very keen on football, *calcio* as they call it. We fared very badly with an experimental team against Fortitudo, then as ever most respected opponents, early in December, being beaten by six goals to none. Later a mixed game was played with the Beda on the ground of the Knights of Columbus.

In the summer we had to bid farewell to three stalwarts of many years' service, Frs. H.R. Kelly, Egan and McNulty, doughty veterans of many a Scots' match. And now we must chronicle the coming departure of Mr. J. Milan, the hero of this season's Bannockburn, and of Mr. R. Earley, a wholehearted and most enthusiastic player, feared of Italian teams, and who has done a great deal for football in the Venerabile. We owe much to the present Seventh Year, for they have been the main support of our games since their coming in 1920. We wish them every success in the field of the mission. *Vivant!*

Now as to the future: we rejoice in the fact that we have the nucleus of a really strong team, for seven of this year's XI, including the entire forward line, are in the first and second years of Philosophy, and are promising players. We were handicapped by the temporary absence of Mr. Gowland, our usual centre-half, but all things considered, we have good hopes for the seasons to come. Our thanks are due to C. Earley Esq. and to Fr. Morrissey for their kind offers of footballs, and we assure them that their generosity is sincerely appreciated.

A new page has been writ in the history of Rome, for this year Rugby football has been played on the classic heights of the Janiculum! Two games were played, the first of which was a ferocious struggle by reason of the ignorance of the rules amongst some of us; the second was far better, and some strong tackling and good running were witnessed. We may add that the various Italian spectators gazed at us in wonder, and their interest was so sustained that some youngsters abandoned their own game and watched us to the end.

Finally we thank Prince Pamphili for his continued kindness in reserving the traditional pitch for our games. Truly he deserves to be remembered among the *benefactores huius collegii*: what we should do without Pamphili we cannot imagine. Nor do we want to try.

J.C. Captain.



OUR BOOK SHELF

The Mass and the Redemption by M. C. D'ARCY S. J., Burns,
Oates and Washbourne.

The explorer in surveying a mountainous district, will first take his stand on a commanding peak and thence gain one grand view of the ranges of hills, of the courses of rivers, of the extent of the plains beneath. Thus in his detailed after-work he will preserve a just sense of the relation of parts with parts and of all the parts with the centre.

So has Fr. D'Arcy chosen the vantage point of the Christian Altar from which to explore the vast realm of the New Creation. Through the Mass he would have us study the Redemption: for the Mass is the centre, as Cardinal Manning explains in his work *The Holy Eucharist, the Centre of Immutable Truth*. One Mass, devoutly followed, has been known to reveal to a certain soul, as in a sudden bright light, the height and the depth, the length and the breadth of the whole dispensation of God's love for sinful man, and has led to perfect conversion. Such an actual instance of pastoral experience seems to show the power of the method followed in this little treatise.

In the Eucharist is Christ Himself with all His mysteries. He is there not only as the downcast Prisoner of Love (for the Mass is more than a sorrowful mystery, a sacrifice, unbloody indeed but otherwise dark with the darkness of Calvary); Holy Communion is part of the Liturgy, to be received as the completion of the sacrifice, and Holy Communion is the partaking of the Glorious Victim. Our Lord is in the Blessed Sacrament in His risen state, as One Who suffers and dies no more, but Who yet bears the character and condition of a victim. A full view of the Redemption from the eminence of the Mass will make us dwell more than we habitually do on the Resur-

rection. "He was delivered up for our sins and *rose again for our justification.*" Christ's death was the meritorious cause of our delivery from sin. His Resurrection is the first fruits of the Redemption, the ratification of the sacrifice and the efficient cause of the opening of the floodtide of grace, which is the new life of the New Dispensation. In that new life we share more abundantly by partaking of Christ's risen Body and Blood, after being born again to that life by Baptism. Thus we belong to His Mystical Body. We are baptised into His death that we may rise again with His Life, becoming His members. On the Cross life suffered death and death gave birth to life; from the Cross springs a new race to share in the divine nature through Christ risen.

Almost in these words Fr. D'Arcy's preface gives his own account of the substance of his work: this in sum is the meaning of the Redemption, and the purpose is now to show how this doctrine shines forth in the liturgy of the Mass.

The conviction is expressed that the Holy Spirit is preparing the minds of the faithful, through frequent Communion, Quarant' Ore, Holy Hours, Eucharistic Leagues and Congresses, for a richer understanding and appreciation of the Eucharist. "Finally" writes Fr. D'Arcy, "a work of the first order appears, which simplifies the theory of the Mass in accordance with the ancient traditions of the Church, emphasises the connection between the risen life of Christ, the Mystical Body and the daily Sacrifice, and gives a setting of incomparable beauty to that mystery of our Faith which has been drawing to It so potently in these latter days the hearts of Catholics." The work referred to is a noble volume of profound thought and deep learning, the *Mysterium Fidei* of Fr. Maurice de la Taille S. J., of which Fr. D'Arcy's little treatise is partly a compendium and partly an extension.

The theory of the Mass as set forth by these writers has provoked much controversy. But, leaving controversy aside, there can be no doubt about the ability, the learning and the Catholic devotion of Fr. de la Taille and his exponent. For those who will read the books before us, a fuller knowledge of the redemptive Sacrifice and a deeper love for the redeeming Victim must result. Moreover, it seems to us that Fr. D'Arcy has achieved his aim:—to show how this theory fits in with the great truths of the Catholic doctrine of Redemption and how it even helps to explain many difficulties, so far as explanation is possible in so great and profound a mystery.

All theologians are agreed as to the truths of the Faith concerning the sacrifice of the Last Supper, the sacrifice of Calvary and the sacrifice of the Mass. But the debate begins with the question of

how? How a sacrifice? And how are the three moments of the sacrifice related, the Upper Room, the Cross and the Christian Altar?— Sacrifice is the offering of a victim by a priest. The self-same High Priest is there in the Upper Room, on Calvary and in the Mass: the Victim in each is the same, His own Body and Blood. In what then consists the offering: which is the essential part of the sacrifice?— A distinction is at once made between immolation and oblation. The victim of the propitiatory rite on the day of atonement according to the Old Law was immolated by priests of an inferior order outside the Tabernacle, and the oblation was made by the High Priest, who bore the blood (the real offering of *life*, for “the life is the blood”) within the veil to sprinkle on the lid of the Ark which was the Altar of the Mercy Seat. All ancient rites of atoning sacrifices similarly distinguished these two elements, immolation and oblation. When did the immolation of the Divine Victim of our sacrifice take place?— Once and once for all on the Mercy Seat of the Cross. When did the oblation take place and how?— At the Last Supper Our Lord said: “I sanctify myself”. I now make sacrificial offering of myself. But how was the offering of Himself a sacrifice?— His ritual offering of Himself was in this, that He placed His own proper form, soon to be immolated on the Cross, under the outward forms of other substances, bread and wine (*sub specie aliena*), so as mystically to set forth that immolation in blood: thus He became a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech, though He entered once only, by His Blood, into the Holy of Holies. A priest for ever He became, because at the Last Supper He also said: “Do this in commemoration of Me”, finding the means not only to perpetuate Himself as a victim by the mystical symbolising of His immolation, i. e. by blood under the unbloody elements, but also to make His Melchisedech priesthood eternal by identifying others with His own priestly character and power. In every Mass, therefore, He renews the offering of Himself made at the Last Supper, and sets forth by that same mystic rite the one bloodshedding immolation. But let us note, the real Victim under the symbolising elements was still to be slain and still to be glorified, when He offered Himself in the Upper Room: while in the Mass He is present as a Victim Who has suffered and died, and in reward become a Victim accepted and glorified in His Resurrection and Ascension. “The Holy Mass” says the Penny Catechism, “is the sacrifice” (i. e. the oblation) “of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ” (once actually immolated by physical separation, now mystically immolated by being) “really present on the Altar under the appearances of bread and wine.”

The critics urge against this theory that the sacrifice of the Last Supper being incomplete, is not a sacrifice; that the sacrifice of Calvary, being also incomplete, is not a sacrifice either; that it is impossible to have a glorified victim! that thus the whole theory is against the Council of Trent.

The critics have been answered by the exponents of the theory, whether satisfactorily the book under review will help us to decide. *Viderint lectores!* But of this we feel sure, that no other theory so simply solves the question of the unity of our mystic sacrifice with the sacrifice of Calvary. Every simple solution is not necessarily a true solution, but when to simplicity is added harmony with other parts of a system, we have the conviction of consistency; and that much Fr. D'Arcy has secured. No other theory tells us so clearly how Christ by His glorified wounds is ever living to make intercession for and with His Mystical Body. No other theory emphasises so strongly the article of the Creed: "I believe in the Communion of Saints";—the unity of the members with the Head.

Those who read Fr. D'Arcy's book with unbiassed attention will gain a firmer hold of the One Holy Catholic Church. Whole heartedly we recommend this little treatise for its style, its spirit and its contents.

✠ A. H.

Memories and opinions by WILLIAM BARRY, D.D. Putnam. 1926. 10/6d.

When the author prints a photograph of a very dilapidated Monte Porzio, taken from the terrace, and labels it "English College, Rome," (this too after an imposing illustration of Oscott), it is hard for us to review his latest book with as unprejudiced a mind as we should desire. However we shall fight this handicap to the best of our ability, though the genesis of such a libel ever must remain a mystery.

To the Roman, the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters will naturally be the most interesting. They tell of Rome at an epic moment in its epic history, of the last months of the Papal monarchy, of the Vatican Council and of the breach at the Porta Pia. Brief as he is, Monsignor Barry carries us at once into the very atmosphere of those times, and Pius IX appears in these pages as if they were the elaborations of an historical novelist, not the memories of one who relates only what he himself has experienced. The author's skill is uncanny, for the touches whereby this portrait springs into life are as small as they are significant. He tells of the Pope's visit to Bishop Grant in the

College and of how "as his manner was, he remarked on all he saw; cast a glance at Wolsey's portrait among the English Cardinals in our gallery, observing, "Non era un buon pezzo quello" (Hardly a Saint, that one!), and stood on the stone steps a moment to refer—I know not why—to "the principles of '89." It was an event in one's life to hear the Roman Pontiff utter those words, with which and their implications he had been dealing ever since he put on the Triple Crown. Authority, divine and human, was at stake; the Vatican, the Mount of Prophecy, would now reply to Rousseau with his Social Contract; and there stood, smiling down upon us youths, a most engaging old man, still firm and vigorous, the "Servant of the Servants of God" by divine right."

The temptation to quote is incessant in these chapters, but even tyrant considerations of space cannot forbid the brilliant pen-picture of Ballerini as he lectured in the Roman College, when it still housed the Gregorian. "By tradition, the moral professor cultivates humour, he is *der Lustige*, the jester of the Schools; and this tall, bent old man of Bologna, white haired, wrinkle-faced, with glowing eyes and a large smile, was by temperament a humorist.... There was something breezy and Aristophanic about this genial jester compared with his fellows, who lectured but never thought of laughing; let me say boldly that he walked and talked as one *inter mortuos liber*, and his vivacity kept us alive. He had passions no less than parts; a superb vocabulary, Latin and Italian, of scorn, of indignation, of sarcastic wit; and a philosophy which was proof against exile in early days, and now against the shameful confiscation of which the Society became the victim soon after the new Government swooped down with their officials on Rome. He went out gaily, muttering, « Itur a refectorio in refectorium », From dining-room to dining-room we go."

One would love to dwell longer on Monsignor Barry's vivid picture of Rome in those days, of the stir of the Council and of the white flag waving from St. Peter's. It is a drawing on fire with the speed of an impressionist, and clear with an impressionist economy. But we cannot sacrifice the space which should be devoted to the treatment this distinguished son of the Venerabile metes out to his *Alma Mater*. And perhaps we can sum up our conclusions at once by saying that Monsignor Barry does not regard the English College as in any sense his mother. He is candid on this very subject, without any unworthy causticity. "The Venerabile, as we termed our College, was chiefly an hostel where we abode; it did not teach anything." Nowhere does he speak of the place with any affection: he felt that he was not helped by his Superiors, that they neither encouraged nor checked him; in

fact, that they hardly knew whether he were in the house or not. So he educated himself, and let Rome educate him, and for that education he has nothing but gratitude. But from the Venerabile he learnt nothing.

It is sad to read all this, and we are far from assigning the blame. Yet such a man as Monsignor Prior found the grim Dr. O'Callaghan of immense support and helpfulness. And there are other things to be learnt than the secrets locked within books. Besides the piety, which Monsignor Barry praises in the College of his days, there are all those virtues, consequent upon man's being a social animal, which community life in general, and the modern Venerabile in particular, inculcate so efficiently. It is the memories bound up with such lessons that make the College the object of our unfading affection, and endow all *Venerabilini* with the family spirit towards one another. Monsignor Barry has felt none of this, and one cannot but lament the hiatus, whosever may have been at fault.

But the social service of our existence also provides us with at least a working knowledge of humility. Self-appreciation is not necessarily pride, and it can even be expressed without transgressing the bounds of sincere moderation. But life at the Venerabile, indeed, on a larger scale, life in Rome, incessantly points the lesson that nobody, is indispensable, and that, though undoubtedly one has excellent talents, yet one's successor will probably achieve equally admirable results. *Gli uomini passano, Roma è eterna.* It is the secret of self-esteem, which shall not lead to the depreciation of others. Therefore we are less prone to quarrel with such a verdict as "My Renan, which I call my Hermes of Praxitiles—a single figure, well-nigh faultlessly drawn." For we all know that autobiography must be self-centred. The pity is that this autobiography should also be egotistical: for how else can we construe these sentences?—Speaking of his story "The Dayspring," he says: "It has been called the most Gallic book ever written in English. Perhaps it takes for granted about ten times as much acquaintance with modern French literature and more recent problems as even cultivated Britons possess." Or this on the Oscott address to Cardinal Newman: "A draft, dictated by I know not whom, found little or no favour with our staff, either lay or clerical. The president, Dr. Hawkesford, then requested me to submit a sketch that all might sign. This he ought to have done at first; for no one in the College was so thoroughly acquainted with the Cardinal's writings as myself." Again over an interview with Cardinal McCabe, when he was seeking a professorship in the Royal University of Ireland: "He said, in effect, "I have read your testimonials, they are very good, but no Chair is

vacant," and if one were, he intimated that it would be given to his Nephew, who happened to be staying in the house. I knew the young man by name. He was quite worthy of the position assignable to him, but his testimonials were scarcely equal to mine." It is perhaps this fondness for comparisons which is most displeasing. Monsignor Barry, for instance, considers it worth relating that "I was the only English College student of my time who read German, however difficult, with entire ease."

Though they might easily be multiplied, these examples will suffice to explain how our feelings, on closing this book, amount almost to distress. Monsignor Barry is not merely erudite. He has a wide vision and a brilliant style, almost French in the sharpness of its chiselling. His life too has been a success, and we opened these *Memories* in the hope of enjoying that success with him. But the suspicion will raise its head that his success appeals to him, not only for its own sake, but for the element of competition which has accompanied it, for the conviction that he has bettered other people. He seems to have been an individualist from the start, and his own picture of himself leaves him ensconced in the high places of our admiration, rather than in the warm recesses of our love. Therefore it makes sad reading.

Thomas Becket by W. H. HUTTON, D.D., Cambridge University Press. 8/6d.

At last a really good book about St. Thomas, brightly written, but for all that based most scientifically on the original sources. The Dean of Winchester bears his learning lightly and preserves us from any ponderous apparatus of criticism. As a result, the Saint's character stands out with unique decision, and it is a character thoroughly credible both in its consistencies and its inconsistencies. One cannot doubt that Dr. Hutton's interest has been attracted by the psychological problem rather than by the legal or constitutional, and in this preference he will have most of his readers with him. For it is in mankind rather than in movements that most of us take a delight: so that this book is history as it should be written.

We believe in the picture of St. Thomas as he is sketched, all too briefly, in these pages, though perhaps the author has exaggerated the difference between Thomas the Chancellor and Thomas the Archbishop. If so, he is only following the formal assertions of the biographers, assertions which their own accounts and the great collection of letters tone down considerably. Our own suspicion is that Thomas was neither so worldly as Chancellor nor immediately so unworldly

as Archbishop, as we are led to understand: but that there has been a conspiracy on this point between his friends and his enemies, a secret treaty to agree, since the friends pined for a spectacular conversion and the enemies were gloating over their charge of hypocrisy. The war in the south of France and later in Normandy is a difficulty in the way of this theory, but it does not seem to us to outweigh the inherent probability of a more gradual spiritualisation in the character of the Saint.

Pope Alexander's character has rather suffered from the point of view from which this book is written, and it could hardly have been helped, since to Becket's party the Pontiff must indeed have appeared a broken reed. Yet were the story told from the other side, the Primate might well seem to have lacked such prudence as is required even of the unworldly wise. He won to it before the end, and was canonisable as a confessor before his martyrdom.

Dean Hutton does not believe in the miracles wrought at the shrine of St. Thomas, at least in so far as physical cures were claimed, but would explain those which history must concede by the usual hypothesis of faith-healing and so forth. However, this does not in the least affect the value of his study of St. Thomas as a man who struggled always to obey his conscience and became a Saint in the process: wherefore neither does it affect our whole-hearted recommendation of this book to all who would know what manner of man was the patron of this College.

A Wanderer in Rome by E.V. LUCAS. Methuen 1926. 10/6.

A charming guide-book: that is, a guide book which conveys the real charm of Rome over a cultured mind and taste. This is not a Baedeker, and if we call it a guide-book, that is because we know of no other category in which we can aptly place it. Therefore we say nothing of the omissions, and rejoice that these fascinating digressions will certainly stimulate the imaginations of many and lead them to visit Rome. When they arrive, they will be able to buy something more complete: but one hopes they may never lose the atmosphere which Mr. Lucas infuses into his pages. And probably they will not, for the reading of this book has restored to at least one jaded resident in the Eternal City his ancient ambition to sight-see.

It must be very difficult for a non-Catholic to write an entirely acceptable book about Rome, unless he confine himself to classical times, and who would have the strength, even supposing he considered it the wisdom, to saddle himself with so self-denying an ordin-

ance?— Perhaps, too, Catholics are unnecessarily sensitive. But they can have no rational quarrel with this latest addition to the *Wanderer* series. Even when the tradition is doubtful, Mr. Lucas ignores the question of whether relics are genuine, and on the only occasion we have noticed, where he makes use of the word “alleged,” it is generously placed within brackets. To the music of Roman basilicas he is incredibly indulgent and his picture of the Church students on Pincio should cover Mr. Hutton with shame. Of course there are passages which show that he has not penetrated the full significance of all he has seen. But if a non-Catholic may write his impressions of Rome, and we cannot conceive the zealot who would forbid him, it is his own impressions he must write, and not ours. After all, we buy the book on that understanding.

That there should be mistakes is to be expected, and doubtless they will be corrected in a future edition. But that they should be the mistakes they are is surprising. We hear, for instance, of the bearded Dominican monks in the Minerva; that Clement XIII was a Jesuit; that Gregory the Great visited England with the additional detail that he was in the country only a short time; that the birth of the Old Pretender was hedged about with fraud; and, most amazing of all, that “St. Longinus was the Roman soldier who mercifully pierced the side of the dying Christ.” St. John could not be more explicit. “But after they were come to Jesus, when they saw that he was already dead, they did not break his legs. But one of the soldiers with a spear opened his side, and immediately there came out blood and water.” Other mistakes, such as confusing the statue of the Little Flower outside S. Maria della Vittoria with our Lady, are very understandable, but Mr. Lucas shows a strange respect towards the historians who deny that St. Peter ever came to Rome.

To our mind, the one bad blot on this book is the coloured illustrations. The paper cover has been judiciously selected, but the frontispiece of St. Peter's is quite the worst drawing of the dome we ever remember to have seen.

Guida d'Italia, Vol. IV: Italia Centrale. Roma e dintorni. 867 pp.

This small handbook, quite as compact as a Baedeker, can now be purchased for the negligible sum of 30 lire: (15 should you be a member of the T. C. I.) It forms part of a series of volumes that is being brought out by the Touring Club of Italy under the able editorship of L.V. Bertarelli. But more care and attention have been bestow-

ed on this than on the other guides, which have been successively improved upon since their first appearance. The work of compilation has been going on for twelve years, and the result is a carefully amassed amount of information of every conceivable kind—more in fact than even the unhurried visitor can assimilate. A series of introductory chapters, running to some two hundred pages, has been contributed by such eminent specialists as G. Q. Giglioli, Professor of Archaeology and History at the University of Pisa; Adolfo Venturi; Mgr. Saverio Ritter, Doctor of the Ambrosian Library, and others of less note. These *capitoletti*, dealing with Roman History, Antiquities and Art; the Pontifical and Regal Courts; the System of Government in Church and State; Pious Associations and Confraternities; Roman Traditions, Feasts and Ceremonies; Demographic and Economic Statistics; Universities and Colleges, &c. &c., give one that broad outline and comprehensive view of the Eternal City, which save the sightseer from endless confusion.

As regards the second part—the actual guide—though it contains an up-to-date time-table of tramways, museums and the like, we find it rather difficult to follow. And even when one has mastered the abbreviations and the intricacies necessary in such a compact book as this, many statements hardly bristle with accuracy! Thus the following account of the English College is given on p. 334. “English College, founded by Gregory XII, Cornaro; the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury is most interesting. Originally the Trinità degli Scozzesi from the middle of the 8th. century; was rebuilt by the Cardinal of Norfolk in 1575. A restoration was recommenced by Bishop Talbot (1869), rebuilt by the architects Poletti and Vespignani (1888)....” Hardly an exact account!

Furthermore, we have a suspicion that this volume suffers, like its companion volumes, from *Italianità*—that intense national desire of the present day to boom everything Italian, irrespectively of any intrinsic merits. So that the unsophisticated tourist, who, though greedy for everything wishes to pick and choose between his places of visit, will be at a loss when he finds even insignificant things superlatively praised. But apart from this, the guide book is all that a guide book should be and more than many guide books are: for it is interesting reading from cover to cover, contains no advertisements and can boast a set of maps and plans, which for clearness and for accuracy are unequalled by any of its contemporaries.

The Catholic Home Annual: 1927. Herder. 1/-

It was an excellent idea to publish a Catholic Year Book, and we congratulate the publishers both upon their enterprise and upon the success of this first venture. Nothing succeeds like experiment, and we fancy that the Annual will ultimately become of more general interest by aiming entirely at the collection of information and by substituting maps and charts for the type of picture in the present issue. It would be an immediate improvement to rule out all stories or articles written primarily to edify, which hardly suit the Annual as the publishers describe it in the preface. Better far to give statistics on the innumerable subjects connected directly or indirectly with the Faith, of the Mission fields, of the percentage of crime in Catholic countries, of the increase of divorce in the world, of those who attend services on Sunday, of the hierarchy, and so on and so on. This is a book we need badly in England today—the *Daily Mail Year Book*, for instance, is an example of how fascinating mere information can be—and we feel sure it is on some such lines that a Catholic Year Book will ultimately succeed.

Pax: The Quarterly Review of the Benedictines of Caldey. 6/8 annual subscription.

What particularly delights us about this Review is that it retains so definite a character, not collecting articles without any mutual relation, however worth reading in themselves, but writing and viewing everything from a consistently Benedictine outlook. Therefore we have a periodical with a genuine unity about it. And definite as is this outlook, it is yet as wide as the spirit of the Order, which has enriched the world largely by withdrawing from it to create ideal havens where art and nature and knowledge shall all become the handmaidens of prayer. The Benedictines love their own homes or they would never beautify them so. Caldey is among the most beautiful, and everything in this Review tells us of peace, of the liturgy, of the arts and crafts, wherein monks have ever excelled. So long as the Benedictine spirit means anything to the world this Review should flourish.

OBITUARY

Fr. THOMAS SCOTT (1856-61), the doyen of Venerabile men, died at Clifton on October 30th. in his ninety-first year. Born in 1836, he was ordained in 1860, and served the Mission in Birmingham, Smethwick and Creswell, being twenty-two years at the last church. He was educated at Sedgley Park, Douai and the Venerabile, and retained such a grip on the classics that he could always quote a Latin or Greek author in support of any statement. Therefore, when he retired in 1924, it was only fitting that he should spend his last days in the diocese of that other great Venerabile scholar, the Bishop of Clifton. Fr. Scott will be remembered by readers of this magazine as the author of an article: *Easter week in Etruria in 1859*. Vol II, p. 36. *R.I.P.*

Very Rev. Provost ALOYSIUS O'TOOLE (1882-1888) died of heart failure on February 1st, in his sixty-fourth year. He was educated at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, at Oscott and the English College, where he took the D.D. After serving as assistant priest at Stalybridge, he became Rector successively at Oswestry, St. Joseph's Birkenhead, and our Lady's. He had been a Canon of Shrewsbury since 1901, and in 1925 succeeded Mgr. Barry in the Provostship. Provost O'Toole was a keen educationalist, being a member of the local educational committee for the last ten years of his life. His affection for the Venerabile never waned and he was Treasurer of the Association. At his funeral, the strength of the English College in the diocese of Shrewsbury was very evident: the Requiem was sung by the Vicar-General, Mgr. Moriarty, Canon Hazlehurst was Subdeacon, Fr. McNally master of ceremonies, and Dr. O'Leary cantor. *R.I.P.*

When this number was practically through the press came the sad news of the death of Monsignor Canon MOYES (1873-1875). His career, as Canon Theologian first of Salford and then of Westminster, is too well known to need development here. His abilities marked him out for membership of the Commission on Anglican Orders, in which with Cardinal Gasquet he played the leading part. A regular contributor to the *Dublin* and the *Tablet*, his articles were always an eloquent tribute not only to his own brilliance, but also to the soundness of his

early education, which he developed mainly along historico-theological lines. His last incursion into the arena of controversy was to defend Rome over the Marlborough decision in a striking letter to the *Times*. We were glad to see a most appreciative notice of him in the *Osservatore*, and can only echo the hope of that paper that England may find many more such labourers in the future. *R.I.P.*

