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IMPRIMI POTEST: Iacobus Redmond, *Censor Deputatus.*

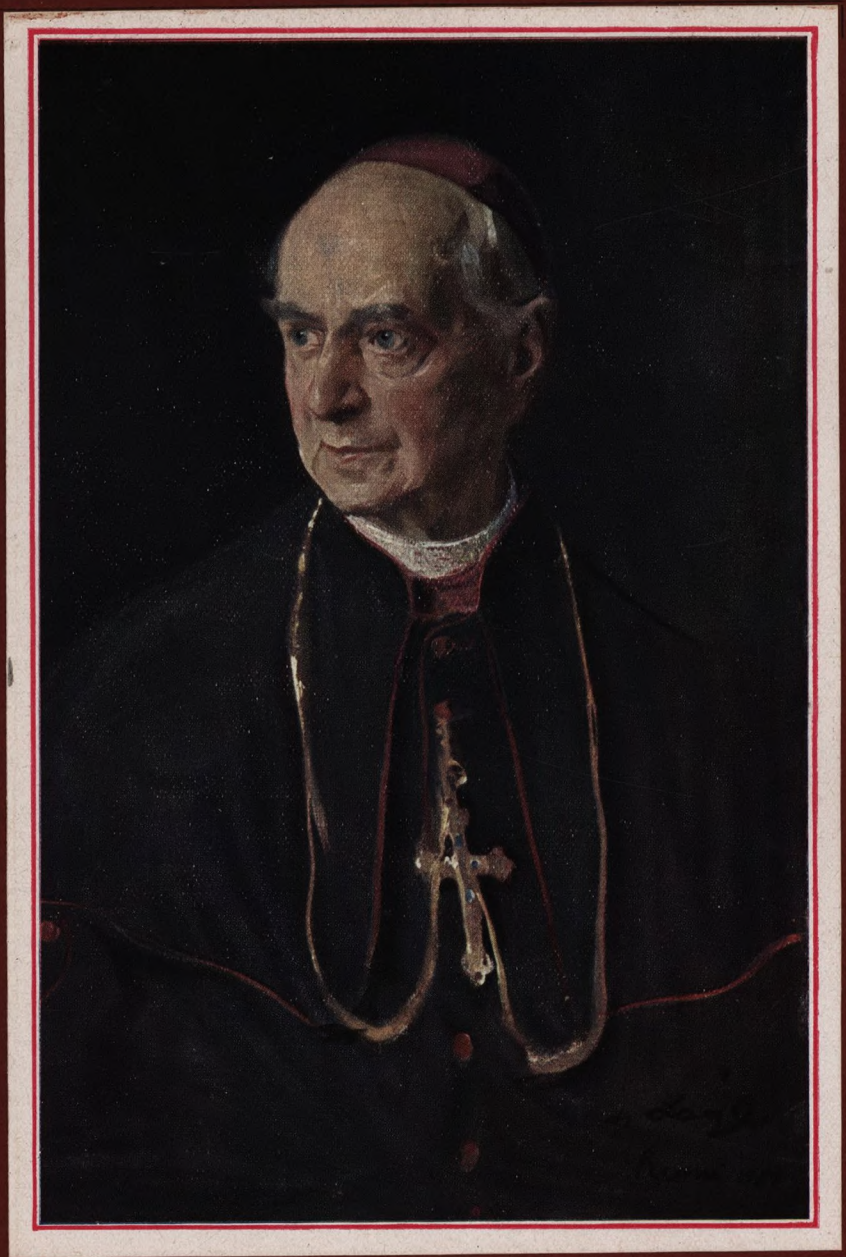
IMPRIMATUR: ✣ Ioseph Palica, *Arch. Philipp. Vicesger.*

EDITORIAL.

At the suggestion of a newly-made old Roman, who has written in these pages (and paid his subscriptions), we have decided on a small change in the arrangement of the Chronicle of the Magazine. The Diary is now so divided that the whole of our life and works at Palazzola is recorded in one unbroken section. The next number of the Magazine will thus contain a record of events from August to February, and the October number will continue from March to the end of the examination period, when our country life begins. A more regular balance will thus exist between the two diaries, and the chronicle of our Villa Life will not be so ingloriously dismembered.

By the time these notes will have appeared in print, our Rector Magnificus will, we hope, be well on his way back to Rome and the English College. Our congratulations therefore on his successful visit to the Afric shores are anticipatory. The information we have received concerning his visitation gives us sanguine hopes of success. He has already been taken by the natives to be the Pope himself, and though we are a little quicker-witted here in the Venerabile, we are prepared to give him supreme honours on his return. *Formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse!*

Meanwhile we thank all those contributors who have sent us news of different kinds from England. Our post-bag has lately become so swelled that we find our *Nova et Vetera* columns already made up for us, and are compelled by lack of space from including them all. This shows an ever increasing interest among those at home—and so, the more the merrier!



Bishop Stanley

BISHOP STANLEY.

It is not difficult to give a superficially accurate description of Bishop Stanley. Most people who ever met him must have a very vivid memory-picture of him, for it needed few minutes' conversation to convince one that here indeed was a personality. The arch of his nose betokened one bred in constitutional disrespect of persons, a characteristic borne out by his every utterance. Bishop Stanley spoke his mind in and out of season in a high-pitched, carrying tone that all who heard it must remember. He was ever an incalculable element in any gathering, and perhaps yielded not infrequently to the temptation of living up to a reputation of which he cannot have been ignorant. His scant deference to the social politenesses at least freed his conversation from all taint of dullness. Descended from the gruff nobility of the eighteenth century, he revealed himself to chance acquaintance as a direct throw-back to that blunter age. And such must have been the impression of him left in the memories of many who never came to know him better. It is doubtful whether anyone is alive to-day whom he allowed to any real intimacy. But we know enough of the old aristocrat from long, if external, association to detect the inadequacy of this portrait. As a young man, Monsignor Barry once described him as one who "would fight a cab-man for sixpence and think nothing of giving you a thousand pounds for charity". Nor did he alter in later life. For all his sharp tongue this downright prelate became a veritable foster-parent to a Venerabile struggling against the financial aftermath of the *Risorgimento*. Our greatest benefactor

in modern times, he scorned the arts of graceful giving, but it was in his blood to give royally, and in his faith to give for the cause of ecclesiastical education.

Bishop Stanley was born on September 16, 1843 and christened Algernon Charles. He was the fourth and youngest son of the second Lord Stanley of Alderley, and was sent to Harrow in 1856. But he did not stay there very long, going to Rugby in 1858, the year after "Tom Brown's School Days" was published. Afterwards he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, and took his degree in 1865. He was ordained to the curacy at Kidderminster; served also at West Bromwich and St. Mary's Soho, ending as incumbent of Holy Cross, St. Pancras. His photos at this period show a broad face and a generous, dark beard. Only the eyes are unmistakeable.

Cardinal Manning received him at the age of 36 into the Church, in 1879. I have never heard him discuss the reasons which prompted him to take this momentous step, and can only guess that it was the downright element in his character, which was attracted by the fearless logic of Rome. A certain impatience with all compromise distinguished him in other matters, and it was not different with his religion. Because he disliked *carrozze*, he refused to take one, even when his increasing age would have allowed it without any sacrifice of his principles. "Nasty things!" he exclaimed so definitely that there could be no suggestion of their necessity. This trait on the religious side developed into a sincerity, amazingly simple. "Of course I don't believe in the Scala Santa!" he once exploded; and then added characteristically, "but I used to go up it on my knees while I could." Many of the present generation will remember his speech at Palazzola in 1925, when his birthday prompted a public *Ad multos annos*. "You don't mean it, I can't live much longer. So it is stupid to say it!" His detestation of hypocrisy also led him to that candour which was sometimes an embarassing feature of his conversation. He would come to a concert and after half an hour complain loudly of its length: I have never seen him applaud an item which he did not enjoy. And he possessed the power of quick decision which usually deserts a man in his twenties. He was never afraid of a statement. If

one lent him a book it was either damned as absurd, or less often applauded as excellent. He had no use for the scholastic habit of distinguishing.

Nor had he any long training in it, only studying for one year at the *Accademia* before his ordination in 1880. He acted as assistant priest at Spanish Place from 1883 to 1893, the ten happiest years of his life. He was not one to regret a decision, and could devote all his energies to the new work he had undertaken. In 1887 or 1888 Cardinal Manning sent Father Stanley's rector, Monsignor Barry, to Rome on a matter of business, and Stanley accompanied him. It was on Monsignor Barry's suggestion that his junior was named a *cameriere segreto*. When Manning died, Monsignor Stanley left Spanish Place and settled in Rome in the Piazza d'Ara Coeli. It was during this period that he was the Vatican correspondent of the *Times*. Leo XIII, who approved of aristocrats, named him Domestic Prelate and Protonotary Apostolic.

It was in 1902 that the supreme incident of his life occurred. Cardinal Vaughan selected Monsignor Stanley to succeed Bishop Brindle as Auxiliary in Westminster. This seemed to everybody a very surprising choice, as the new Bishop had spent only half his Catholic life in England, and that the first half. But the Cardinal was not without his reasons: he wrote on October 13, "I came to what appears to me the right conclusion on the feast of the Dolours. I intend to ask Monsignor Stanley." A man of Vaughan's calibre and upbringing would recognise the essential uprightness of his new Auxiliary, supernaturalised by the gift of faith.

Beyond his consecration this new office can have made little difference to Monsignor Stanley: for the Cardinal died in June 1903 and his Auxiliary packed up his bags and went off to the Via Giulia, where he remained for the rest of his life. He became Assistant at the Pontifical Throne in 1907 and consultor of the Consistorial Congregation in 1911. After the War he was appointed a Canon of St. Peter's in 1919, and never missed his duty until his last illness. Whatever the weather, his figure was always to be seen making down the Giulia for St. Peter's, the long *grèca* as tidy as Luigi could keep it, and the enormous cream sunshade

aiding the resolute will that drove his feeble limbs over the cobbles.

English to the backbone in his reticence over the intimacies of religion, his piety revelled in the round of Roman functions. So long as it was physically possible he visited the Stations in Lent and throughout the year any church where *quarant'ore* was in progress. He would make a noisy entrance, shuffling to his place, throwing down his hat and dropping his stick or sunshade: and several loud grunts would complete the settling. From then onwards he knelt or sat immovable, singing when he knew the tunes in a voice amazingly well preserved. His concentration in prayer was remarkable: perhaps a long residence in Rome had rendered him impervious to whatever went on about him. Coming into the College one day during *quarant'ore* for one of his long visits, he found a child in front of him wearing a cap. With an indignant snort he snatched it off and threw it on the floor. "Ma è femminile!" shrieked the mother, turning the child round to prove her assertion. It was the only time that I have ever seen him at a loss.

He enjoyed coming to the College—he even told us so himself. On one occasion when he was cheered in the Cortile, after a like attention had been paid to Cardinal Bourne, he beamed with obvious delight. And then, unable to discover the time for benediction—the programme being out of gear that day—told us we never knew anything at all, and set off home down the Carità thoroughly satisfied with his day.

His generosity knew no bounds. We can only speak of what he did for the College. He repaired the clock-tower and set the Stanley dragon on top to belch fire in the face of all insincerity. He made over to the trustees some 27,000 *l.* to provide funds for fourteen burses, for *Ripetitori's* fees, for the Library and for augmenting the salaries of the Rector and Vice-Rector. Even then he was not satisfied, and in his will left many of his own personal possessions, such as his books, his vestments and his furniture to the Venerabile.

It is impossible to express the richness of his personality, by reason of its very simplicity. No sum of qualities will ever reproduce the man for one who did not know him. Staggering along

the deck of a cross-Channel boat, when everyone else was clutching some rigid means of support; making his way up the Refectory during reading to hold loud speech with the denizens of the high table; opening the door to let a lengthy penitent know he wanted to go to confession; scorning the playful swerves of traffic in his own Giulia, there was always something that inspired much more than amusement over the eccentricities of an ancient character. Respect was his always, which in time ripened into affection. His one entrance into the refectory last January after a long absence was a genuine delight. And now that he is gone we shall miss the pungency of his tongue, which could not hide the real generosity of his nature, while it emphasised its undeviating sincerity. May he rest in peace.

RICHARD L. SMITH.

THE FAULT IS TOLD...

THE frequent complaints of the English Vicars-Apostolic at the close of the seventeenth century about the general status of the English College, and their continual agitations for a change in its government have already been shown to have had their justification. For it was a period when every event seemed to conspire against the success of the National Institution. After the death of Cardinal Howard in 1694 the College remained without a Protector for more than twenty years; while the Visitation under Cardinal Barberini, which was to be a beginning of reform, remained suspended for an equal length of time. As for the actual administrators, to whom naturally the success or ill-success of the College was more directly imputable, one cannot but agree with the judgment pronounced by Cardinal Gasquet:— "The General of the Society was opposed in the beginning to taking this burden, but it was forced upon him by Dr. Allen and others... Then again he proposed to withdraw his subjects when it became evident that their rule over the College was one of the reasons for the continual difficulties, but he was constrained not to do so by an order of the Pope procured by means of Dr. Barrett, the President of Douay. On the whole, reading the documents and letters that exist in great abundance on the controversy, and studying the various visitations of the College made during the course of its history from its beginning to the suppression of the Society, the candid observer is bound to regret that the desire of the General of the Jesuits was not granted, and that some English secular priests were not appointed to rule

the establishment. In the event, it certainly would have been the best solution for both parties, and in all probability the College would have become a much more flourishing centre of English ecclesiastical life than in fact it ever was during the many decades of Jesuit rule." [1] Between the years 1700 and 1739, of the one hundred and ninety-four students that passed through the College only forty-six took up work on the English Mission as secular priests. Facts like these necessarily speak for themselves, but one has been curious to find out more intimate information about the manner of the ruling of the College at this period. From the copies of the ancient Rules and Constitutions little can be gathered. As a rule the Constitutions of the past do not make the most informative reading. They are generally all of a like cast, nor are they more alluring when written in an illegible *settecento* hand. It is only when concrete examples of the laws are forthcoming, when evidence appears to show their wisdom or their ineffectiveness, that any satisfaction is felt for one's efforts.

It was a pleasant surprise then when the Muniments of the College were found to provide in addition to copies of the Constitutions quite a plethora of *delicta et poenae* that were severally committed and incurred by the turbulent students of the early eighteenth century. [2] These private Rolls give a good insight into the working administration of the College, along with an impartial estimate of many of our predecessors. They disclose the interesting information that at least one instance of official permission to smoke occurred long before Bishop Esser's visitation. They are also further evidence of the decadent state of the College at this epoch, while they naturally confirm the

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[1] Cfr. *A History of the Venerable English College, Rome.* GASQUET, p. 113.

[2] The chief article of the penal code of the College is found under Chapter 5, Rule 8, of the old Constitutions:—"Si quis in crimen aliquod incideret, quod pacem, bonos mores, et disciplinam collegii perturbet, et emendatio non expectetur (praesertim vero seditionis crimen), is e collegio dimittatur. Si quis autem levius aliquid commiserit, paratus esse debet, pro Superioris arbitrio, eam poenam subire, quae illi pro disciplina retinenda et communi bono fuerit iniuncta."

unimpassioned observer of the twentieth century in the view held by our own Cardinal Protector.

The " Penances " (as these official records of the various penalties and crimes came to be called) are rather numerous, although they extend over a small space of time. They were written in different hands by different individuals. Some reveal the writing and signature of the Rector, Fr. Powell. Others are stamped with the cardinalitial seal, having been apparently sent to the Protector for confirmation. Sometimes His Eminence added a word or two of endorsement on the back. They seem to have been read in the refectory during dinner, before the assembled students, and nearly all begin with the same formula:— " The fault is told, " or its Latin equivalent, " Dicitur culpa. " Only the more interesting ones will be given.

On looking through the sheets themselves, we find that one of the main methods of penancing was a command either to spend extra time in the Church, or to make a special visit there. A set form of prayers had to be recited. Thus the first one of the series deals with those Divines not yet ordained who had missed the Scripture lessons. The Physicians are also brought to book for lingering in the galleries of the Roman College instead of being present at the Mathematics lesson. " For their penance they shall go to Church immediately after dinner, and say their prayers for the Conversion of England and the happy restoration of our King. " Whether William Carington was one of these students or not we cannot with certainty say, but his penance seems to have some reference to the event. " The fault is told of William Carington for not performing his whole penance today; which was not only to say such prayers but also to stay in Church till called away by Fr. Minister, which latter part he did not do. " For his penance he shall " loose his collation tomorrow morning. " We see the milder penance becoming more severe, and we notice that in the other penances the clause concerning the stay in Church becomes a fixed formula. " The fault is told of John Huddleston for giving injurious language and kicking one of his companions the other day, to the no small disedification of those who were present... and he shall for his penance, as soon as supper is done, go to ye Church, and say

a pair of beads before the B. Sacrament, and not come away till Fr. Rector send for him."

It seems that this penance was the lightest of all. Loss of meals was generally incurred for serious offences; an extra time in retreat was commanded as a corrective for still graver crimes, while expulsion naturally concluded the list. But this method was only resorted to in one known instance during the period with which we are dealing. The interest of the lists lies rather in the exposition of the delinquencies. Moreover when viewed from this point they shift into some kind of order. And so we shall deal in the first place with Rome and then with Porzio.

In Rome itself the main difficulties were the Roman College and the *camerata* system. Of course there were others, principally the question of the "tabernae." But the former was the real *onus diei*. Thus "the fault is told of all those schollars, Divines or Philosophers, who yesterday after schools went a walking without a Prefect, as also those who returned home from the Roman College without one, and passed by him without taking any notice of him, though he stood with other schollars in the usual place expecting them... These are irregularities so scandalous that Superiours think themselves obliged to declare that they will use the greatest severity to put a stop to them... 'Tis in vain to alledge that it was lawfull to go a walking or to return home as well as to go to any other place. Doubtless 'twas so, could a way be found to replicate two Prefects into four or five different places at once. And therefore since the Prefect could not go with two companies drawing two opposite ways, and determined to go with one, the other ought to follow him (rather than make so scandalous a separation) and when they come home, if they think ye Prefect was to blame, they might aquaint Superiours, and things might easily be adjusted. For the futur if the like case should happen... Rev. Fr. Rector expressly orders that this methode be observ'd, to witt, that the Prefect joine himself wifh the major part, and the others shall be oblig'd to go along with him; and if both sides are equal and neither will comply with the other, ye Prefect shall then determine, and all must comply. For this time all that either walk'd or came home yesterday without a Prefect shall go to church to-day as soon

as dinner is done, and say ye Seven Penitential Psalms, and do not come away till Fr. Minister calls them. Philip Wilson, as being more faulty for coming home quite alone, shall beside say his beads, and stay a quarter after the rest."

The conduct they displayed inside the historic Collegio Romano was perhaps the cause of that age-long prejudice which existed between the University and the Venerabile. One of the papers contains an account in Latin of John Barlow, who had accused his Master, to the great scandal of all, of teaching in the treatise 'De Gratia' that the doctrine of the Predeterminists is the doctrine of Calvin (doctrinam Praedeterminantium esse doctrinam Calvini); "from teaching which every one agrees that his Master is totally aquitted." For this John Barlow takes his meals apart, must entirely abstain from red wine and drink white that has been watered, till the eighth of September. His namesake, Henry Barlow, also made himself notorious in one of the disputations held at the Roman College. "Although already warn'd by the General of the Jesuits that modesty and silence must be observed in the Public Disputations, nevertheless he broke out into such rashness and irreverence as to deny that his Very Reverend Paternity had any authority or superiority over the subjects of this College or any of the collegians, nay he had no more than had the very walls (imo non maiorem quam ipsaemet collegii parietes)...etc." The document goes on to prove the existence of this authority from the second part of the Annals of the College, and Henry is commanded to recite the seven Penitential Psalms "coram Venerabili."

General notices about the *camerata* system appear more than once. "It is advertiz'd that many have been taken notice of for having been long and different ways faulty in ye observance of ye third rule of ye fourth chapter.[1] Some now and then do not keep with the companion assign'd them, others do not observe ye order of going two and two, but go either straggling or in clusters... Some want that modesty in their carriage ye said rule

[1] "Semper e scholis modeste et simul domum redeant, et ad scholas pariter, eodem tempore, et simul cum sociis sibi assignatis proficiscantur, neque inter se disputabunt, contendunt, aut colloquentur, nisi submissa voce"... etc.

appoints, either wearing their hats on one side of their heads not like those that are in or pretend to Holy Orders, or looking very much about 'em on all sides... or swinging their arms about indecently..." The *cameratas* were large, and of course a prefect was a necessity. The former penance seems to imply that the whole College divided up into two *cameratas*. And we have the following offence which deals with a famous *camerata* of twelve that dared to look at the sports. "The fault is told of Mr. Thomas Wilson, Thomas Hutchinson, John Liddell, Thomas Mackintosh, John Huddleston, James Smith, Charles Ingleby, John Vancam, Thomas Lancaster, Joseph Hall, Charles Bailes and William Carington for that last Wednesday after dinner tho' they had been expressly warned of the contrary by Fr. Minister, and advertiz'd by the Prefect, and were not ignorant how severely it is, and always has been forbid to all Colleges under ye care of ye Society, yet they not only went to ye Corso, but walked all along in it, from Porta Popolo to Palazzo Gaëtano, and there staied in the face of the world in one of ye most conspicuous places of ye whole Corso an hour and a half or more to behold the sports." There follows a long dissertation on the seriousness of the offence. "All the twelve above nam'd for their penance shall stay at home all day to-morrow, and loose their collation and merenda."

As will have been noticed, the penance is rather severe—the loss of collation and *merenda*. But for the vindication of the leniency of the Jesuit rulers let it be made clear that these two meals were regarded with less importance than they are now. The very first mention of collation in the history of the College bears this out. In the great dissension of the sixteenth century which ended with a report being made by Cardinal Sega, the rebellious students had complained of the "costly junketings which the Rector and the other Fathers secretly held with those of the students he has brought over to his side." The Jesuits confronted with the accusation made the following reply: —"As for sumptuous feastings, the charge is false. Since his coming, to the College, the Rector has not taken breakfast once, the younger tutors have from time to time been allowed a breakfast, but it was such as all the students take." And from this

time till the end of the seventeenth century collation formed a very haphazard meal.

As for merenda, though this was habitually taken, it was nothing less than a *vulnus legis,* and in the college visitation in 1739 was looked upon as such by the visiting Cardinals. The first addition made to the Rule "De Caenaculo" by their Eminences Cardinals De Via and Rovere was as follows:—"Nulla penitus differentia intersit inter mensam R.P. Societatis in Collegio degentibus, et mensam alumnorum: quinta et septima, una addatur portio... merenda, quae diversis anni temporibus, praebentur, omnino tollantur." But a slight allowance might be given at Porzio.

So much for their conduct outside the house! The delinquencies that occurred inside the College are such as one would naturally expect from the set of "rough-necks" who were in occupation at that period. Thus "the fault is told of William Tourville and Michael Connell for going down into ye Philosophers' Hall to fight, which they did. For using him after too inhuman a manner, William Tourville shall eat apart three days noon and night, have his wine mix'd and loose his postpast. Michael Connell, having suffered already considerably by ill usage, shall eat apart two days and two nights." For aiding and abetting the fight, George Charlton was also commanded to eat apart two days and nights.

The *enfant terrible* of the community however was Thomas Collins. The fault is told of Thomas Collins and Philip Wilson "for that t'other day a dispute happening between them, the former kicked the latter, which being repayed by him with a blow on the face, he flung him down and having hold of his hair was found in that posture by F. Minister... Thomas Collins, as having given the first occasion, and being engaged in most frayes we have had of this nature, and therefore the more faulty, shall for his penance sitt at a side table to day and to morrow, loose his postpast and have his wine half mix'd with water. Philip Wilson shall perform the same penance only for to-day." Not long before this, Thomas Collins was "desir'd to remember that if he does not seriously endeavour to abstain from all such language for the future as also to correct that childish bawling,

and indiscreet way of talking he is apt to fall into, he will be looked upon as one unfit to converse with men... On the same account he is also seriously warn'd to correct what he has often been told of, to witt, that unbeseeming and childish way of walking and wearing his clothes, not only at home but in the streets and other publick places, so as to draw the eyes of people upon him, who cannot choose but wonder to see such behaviour in a collegian. For his penance he shall go to church as soon as dinner is done and there pray for half an hour."

From the offences in the Refectory we can see how meek and mild we ourselves must seem in comparison with the *ragazzi* of the days of yore. "The fault is told of Henry Ford (to whom we shall return later) for throwing his plate and eggs from ye table he sat at yesterday at dinner, into ye middle of ye refectory, and then going out in a passion before the rest. For his penance he shall dine today at a table apart, have his wine mix'd with an equal quantity of water and loose part of his postpast." Of Thomas Spencer also the fault is told that "at supper on Saturday last, being taken with a fit of rashness, he threw his bread at the servant's face to the scandal of the whole community." For this misdemeanour our hero was deprived of his ordinary portion at dinner. Finally John Amson was indicted for "having so far exceeded in drink last night as to be very troublesome in ye Refectory at supper, and he was notoriously immodest, even to a scandal, in time of Litanies and ye giving of suffrages, after which he was unruly again and very impertinently disrespectful."

General notices were not uncommonly given out along with private admonitions at dinner time. The following was read in the Refectory in the month of April, 1714:—"Whereas of late the price of Oile is much increased, and here is such scarcity of it, that sometimes it is hardly to be had for money, all are seriously desir'd to be as carefull as they can in not spending or washing more than is necessary. The design of Superiours in recommending this is not to lay any abridgement on what may be reasonable; let all use in God's name, as much as they want, but not waste nor spoile: in which severall have been frequently observ'd to exceed, taking with their sallads and other things

so much oile and vinaigre, that when they have done, their dishes go from the table all swimming in it, to no manner of purpose, but to ye great prejudice of the House."

The various uses to which oil was put by the students appears in another document, which is unfortunately undated. It had been the custom for the students to keep a vessel of spare oil in their rooms, and this was replenished each morning by the servant. The oil was used for lighting purposes. "But it has happened that many have used so great an abundance for to burn more lights together in one lamp stand, and by the heat of this to make coffee and tea, or to cook other viands." The Italian scrawl in which the document is written suggests that it belongs to the period of the Italian secular rulers. Notices of this kind were not written in Italian under the English Jesuits, and it is exceedingly improbable that it was written in the time of the Italian Jesuit rulers. Tea-drinking only began in Europe in 1650 or thereabouts, and even then it cost from 6 *l.*—10 *l.* for a pound. But even taking the document to be as late as the close of the 18th century, it is interesting to observe that over a hundred years elapsed before the first-known practice of tea-drinking in the English College and its *official* inclusion among the meals of the College.

Meanwhile it would be interesting to see what became of the offending students. The College records show that the majority were ordained. A few left, and one was dismissed. John Barlow went off to France, ordained, in 1713, with 44 scudi for his *viaticum*, i. e. his fare. John Huddleston, after ordination, petitioned to enter the Dominican Order. James Amson left in 1712 with 34 crowns to his credit, not having taken the oath. He went to Belgium to beg admission into the Carthusians at Nieuport; and died at St. Omer while seeking to return to Rome. Philip Wilson of Hants had been brought to Rome at the age of sixteen by Dom. Bianchini, and was admitted to the College by special leave of Clement XI, who summoned the youth to an audience, dispensed him from the irregularity of age, and granted a yearly subsidy to the College of 60 scudi, as long as the said Philip Wilson should remain there studying humanities. He returned to England after a stay of two years,

with 24 scudi for his fare. William Carrington (*vere* Smith) stayed three years as a convictor, and went to France. With him was admitted Tourville, who left as a priest for England. George Charlton left with Michael Connell (whose real name was McNamara) in 1719. The latter had taken the Oath and was in Minor Orders. He was granted 15 scudi.

The list of offences still continues. Thomas Collins (who left for Flanders in 1715, declared "unfit") is given the Psalms, because "nuper in Palatio contiguo Collegio nostro ligamen dissolvit quo appenduntur insignia," to the great peril of those walking beneath. [1] J. Huddleston and W. Carrington are kept within doors for a day for speaking to the Superior "in a bold, violent and clamorous way, with disrespectful language and behaviour not against his person only, but in some things, his Order too." A "rough house" in the Divines' Hall, which occurred while the Superiors were at meat, receives severe censure. And Thomas Whetenhall so far exceeds in injurious language that his penance begins "dicitur culpa, seu potius intolerabilis insolentia Thomae etc." James Jones (who took the Oath, was ordained and served on the English Mission) was so rash as to bid stop one who was taking the Oath, and was ordered to sup apart one night and miss the next vineyard day. The reverse of the sheet bears the following:—"read Dec. 13, 1717, and ye penance refus'd etc., but ordered by the Cardinal to be don."

What sort of high pranks these irrepressible youths played at Porzio when more freedom was allowed them, we must leave over till another time.

(To be continued).

J. GARVIN.

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[1] The palace in question was probably the one rebuilt under Cardinal Howard's direction, and finished in 1685 according to the designs of Legenda and Carlo Fontana. The palace was only used on state occasions by Cardinal Howard, who preferred to lead a simple life as a Dominican friar in the convent of Sta. Sabina.

ROMANESQUES.

5. — THE SHEET.

The name "sheet" has many acceptations. There are balance sheets, pay-sheets, charge sheets, sheets of rain and sheets which flap fitfully in the breeze to denote intoxication. But there is one only Sheet whose blighting influence can sour a man for life and turn him adrift a cynic among his fellows. Sheet with the definite article and a capital S. Sheet scorched in italics on the grey matter of its victims—Noonday Devil and Timor Nocturnus of Holy Writ. I mean the Sheet of theses to be defended. Call it Thesarium, Programma, Thesis Paper, disguise it as you will, there is no escaping the sinister reality which these euphonies conceal. "To be defended." What deeds of heroism unparalleled in the history of siege warfare do these words convey! To be defended to the last ditch. To be defended by subtle thrust and deft parry; by heated affirmation, suave exclamation or bland disclaimer; by distinction and subdistinction and contradistinction, or any other weapon that the scholastic armoury will furnish! To be defended a hundred times in quiet rehearsal, and once in hectic combat over the green baize cloth. To be defended along the leafy avenues of Pamphili and under the *carrozza* wheels of the Botteghe Oscure. Among the vast *phalanx sacrata* of Romans scattered over five continents there are men who start at the barking of a dog, who turn uneasily and mutter in their sleep. They are men haunted still by the gaunt spectre of the Sheet.

It is not as though the Sheet did not possess a certain attractiveness peculiar to itself—"sheet appeal," as one might say. When you first hold it in your trembling hand on the day when it comes out clean and fresh from the lay brother's keeping, you will find yourself drawn to it as by a magnetism irresistible. Few *débutantes* on their "coming out" occasion such a flutter. And to what, think you, does the Sheet owe that seductive charm which thrills celibate breasts, robbing men of sleep and appetite? Take a Sheet and read it through meditatively to yourself. Note the effulgent orderliness with which its infinite variety is marshalled. From Original Sin to the Living Wage there is no subject which escapes its searching survey. Notice the pleasing Latinity in which the whole is clothed and the mystery explained. There are short sharp theses, crisp and decisive like the cracking of a walnut (these are clearly based on Avancinus). There are long sonorous theses solemn as *Magnificat* anthems. Others amuse by their playful obviousness, as "Exsistit Deus" and "Sunt obiecta externa." Others are remarkable for the reaction they cause in the reader. Observe the group of victims as they con the dread Syllabus, and you will be startled by exclamations such as these—"I'm down if I get this one," or, "What does he mean by this?" or, "I knew we would get Kant." Thus is the Sheet a topic of perennial interest.

There are those who argue that the Sheet is a vicious method of examination. It produces, according to this school of thought, a race of *staccato* and fragmentary theologians. It lets loose on the world men with a hundred theses in their head, separated from each other as by steel bulkheads. It obscures, in short, that synthetic view which it is the ambition of the philosopher to achieve. Beware of men who discourse in this strain. By such theological feather-weights are heresies sired. Let us rather be frank and admit that but for the Sheet we would be ignoramuses all. Is not "traduntur theses" a Latin expression for unsheathing a paper-knife? When are pages ripped assunder with greater vehemence than during the forty tense days (that second Lent!) which separate Aloysius from Ignatius? Take your text books from their dusty bin and note the pages which are still uncut. They are pages which were exempt from the

Sheet's exacting scrutiny. A truce then to this synthetic humbug.

If we must arraign the Sheet, it will be on the higher ground of morality. I have observed that few things so effectively corrupt good morals as the Sheet. I have known men of unsullied integrity who even learned to despise the fair form of Truth under its baneful influence. For you must understand that by an inexplicable tradition, a certain notoriety attaches to any one who "finishes" the Sheet more than an hour or two before his oral test. One who ingenuously admits having been "through the Sheet" becomes the subject of whispered conferences and may, unless he tread warily, find his name angrily bandied across the floor at a Public Meeting. Hence youths will resort to any subterfuge to conceal the extent of their researches. Few characters are strong enough to withstand the menace of public opinion, and equivocation becomes the cloak of knowledge. It is after all very natural that the Sheet should breed dishonesty, for its own standard of rectitude is distressingly low. I have seen a syllabus in which it was catagorically stated that *essentia* and *esse* are as distinct from each other as metaphysics can make them. Nevertheless I have also seen another Sheet issued under the *imprimatur* of the same University which put forth with equal insistence that "essentia et esse non realiter sed mere ratione distinguuntur." Influences such as these cannot fail to induce a condition of moral turpitude in the impressionable minds of the younger generation.

I would go further and trace to the Sheet every evil and abuse which afflicts the human community. Is it not common ground among our apologists that the Pseudo-Reform is at the root of all our woes? There are many theories concerning the origin of that movement, but no historian has as yet put his finger on the basic cause. I do not doubt that when the Vatican archives have completed their revelations, the Sheet will stand unmasked as the *fons et origo mali*. It is known that Luther was a man of unbounded ambition, and what prize was more coveted than the laurels of a Roman degree? Imagine then his anger and despair when, after completing but five of the statutory hundred theses, he found his powers of application breaking under the excessive strain. Then it was that in the silence of the night

he left his cloistered home and with frenzied blows hammered the ninty-five unyielding Theses to the oaken panel of Wittenberg Church. *Hinc illae lacrimae!*

M. McNARNEY.

6. PORK AND BEANS.

"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." [1]

A more serious historian, who in these pages wrote of the walk to Pamphili with adequate distinction, thus lightly passed over a striking characteristic. It was not to his purpose and we do not chide. *Trahit sua quemque voluptas*; and if there have been young people whose all-eclipsing desire was to drive a railway-engine or to ride bareback at a circus, there are also young Venerabilini whose earliest demand of Roman life was that they might join autochthonous Romans in these celestial feasts. But as Olympus frowned on our equestrian day-dreams, so it restrains our epicurean bent; and the visionary meal of ambrosial pork, orphic beans and nectar from the *trattoria del Gianicolo* must rest unrealised, a dream for ever.

One who loved such pursuits might draw an interesting parallel between the second secession of the Roman commons and these weekly picnics. The tired plebeian rebels against the tyranny of urban manners and casts off those shackles which summer Sunday afternoons quietly forge for all city-dwellers the world over. With his whole family he crosses the Tiber, passes through imperturbable Trastevere and climbs the hill to the last spot where the green sea of the Campagna washes up to the very walls of Rome; and whence he can gaze down upon another sea, a tumultuous sea of roof and cupola and tower. He passes by St. Pancras' (the Aurelian) Gate, with its very bored soldiery lolling at the receipt of customs,—so low have fallen the Gates of Rome,—and enters on the scene of his revels. The old city-

[1] Cf. "*Pamphilj*": R. DELANY. — *Venerabile*, vol. III, p. 124.

walls frown with tempered sterness on a fair stretch of pavement, the beginning of the Via Aurelia, which now goes, says a modern signpost, to Fregene, a city in process of resurrection, but once was flung to far Cadiz and held the empire in tether. There where Rome presents her vulnerable heel,—as she has done through history to invaders so various as Lars Porsena and Bixio,—her children find a respite from her too close embrace. Tables and chairs occupy every patch and pencil of shade. Heated waiters patter across the glaring road-space, grizzled Ganymedes bearing wine from the sheltering *trattoria.* Bread comes from the *forno* next door, which of a winter's evening sends such a cheering glow across the puddles of the road, but in summer might be a mouth of the nether world itself. Carts from the Campagna, wreathed in the foliage and loaded with the produce of cool, green beans, promise the riches of the earth: the horses, "gaily-caparisoned," and apparently sophisticated of their finery, feed leisurely on empty pods. And somewhat apart, aloof, stands the great structure, like a museum-case from some haunt of less ethereal muses, where lies in roasted perfection the Pig.

From Easter to October the Janiculan caravansary thus keeps open house; and the great, laughing crowd in high festival has scarce a careless glance to bestow on the fat cars, full of smug burgesses, that sweep by, nor on the toiling *camerate* that make for Pamphili's cool retreats. A motley crowd, and strangely assorted, is this,—drawn from that forgotten multitude which throngs the ways, and disappears into the immense hives, of Rome. It is a crowd in which Dickens might have felt at home, though between the London of Boz and the Rome of Anno VI a great gulf is fixed; and Dickens had no heart for Italy. Yet they brim over with good humour and pleasantness; patiently manage their difficult handfuls of children; spare a greeting for passers-by; hail their old friends who sit at neighbouring tables on the one side, make new friends with those who sit on the other. As the meal is over a spirit of peace and contentment steals over the scene, mingling with the aroma of the inimitable, ubiquitous "toscano". And as the sun sinks behind them, tired and replete, they collect their families and descend again and are swallowed up in the swirl of life. For us, however, there they

sit, in a centre of rushing life but quite remote. No chair on the Parisian boulevard, nor its more rural counterpart in Hyde Park, bestows such sweet contentment. Not all the viands of Lucullan feasts could lure the Janiculan votary from where he sits, "a guest with Daniel at his pulse." Is it because simplicity is so near to ultimate things that these pleasures do not cloy? Or can it be that there is some exotic pleasure in the casual juxtaposition of pork, beans and wine?

Roast-pig has its shrine in literature. Lamb has thereby tickled more than a mental palate; though, indeed, the mature specimen in the glass-case can have little to do with Lamb's "young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiae*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or *praeludium* of a grunt." The Italian porker is made, we imagine, of sterner stuff. See him as he scurries up a hillside, nimble as a mountain-goat: such agility, alas, must confer a toughness of muscle that will render him less docile to the epicure's tooth! Belloc has defended with trenchant broadsword the glories of your pig. But for him a pig means bacon or ham or sausage: he must be cured ere he be lovable and killed ere he be cured. Ours is a gigantic, baroque pig and roasted; roasted, too, with all the seasoning, surely, that Lamb deprecated for his innocent darling. "Banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower." Ours is a whole hog and I am sure he is barbecued.

With pork we must always welcome the inseparable beans. As beef connotes its familiar potatoes, bacon its cabbage, duck its green peas, and gammon, I believe, its spinach, so by all the rules of gastronomic heraldry the porker couchant must lie on a field of beans vert. Beans have ever been sacred, though Herodotus says that the Egyptians held them unclean. In the Roman commemoration services, the goodman of the house warded off

evil spirits with a *barrage* of black beans; having washed his hands three times, says the rubric, he threw black beans over his head nine times, saying these words: I redeem myself and my family by these beans. Beans were used in their voting,—black for condemnation, white for acquittal. Some day the momentous decisions of a public meeting may again hang upon the fall or colour of a bean. Beans have passed into our colloquial language as a byword for extremes of joy and pain: on the Janiculum is fulfilled in very deed the logical sequence: *a)* to give anyone beans; *b)* a beanfeast; *c)* to be full of beans. Should any reader be inclined to despise the bean, let him pass in springtime to the leeward of a field of beans in flower: nor honeysuckle nor carnation boasts so delicate a fragrance. But as an article of diet, beans, even be they kidney-beans, nipped and sliced in the bud, can claim a culinary excellence no more than the athletic Italian pig. And even wine which fetters them in amity can be had, and better, elsewhere. But here the three are met in conspiracy with just those adjuncts of time and place wherein they can achieve a perfect sapor. And so they draw these tired folk to scale under a Paschal sun the steepest of the seven hills.

The aesthetically inclined have shuddered on passing the spot, invoking, horror-stricken, the bogeys Dyspepsia and Indigestion. "Blind mouths!" The proof of pork and beans is in the eating, and if the feast makes victims they are very willing ones, of numbers constantly increasing. If indeed they suffer any inconvenience consequent upon the weakness inherent in human nature, the pleasure is evidently considered sufficient recompence for the pain. Let the feeble-hearted forego that pleasure. Truly we shall not cast our swine before those who prefer pearls or cherries. The learned in philosophy have been heard to mutter as they passed gentle deprecations and to descant upon the wisdom of Pythagoras who placed on just the components of this banquet a prudent taboo. Were this true history it should not shake our faith, for it is the best things in life that are hedged around with a guard of prohibitions. But fame has maligned the great philosopher of Croton. Evidence is not wanting that he did not disdain either pork or beans. Aristoxenus makes, in fact, a very plain statement: "Pythagoras was extremely fond

of beans, especially the field bean, which he considered very digestible;" [1] and in the same place it is written: "porculis quoque minusculis et haedis tenerioribus victitasse, idem Aristoxenus refert." But the question of historical veracity may be waived. Whether Pythagoras showed his good taste by indulgence in the coveted delicacy or his austerity by refraining therefrom, his wisdom is vindicated and his reputation cleared. And western thought is shown from its earliest stirrings to have borne witness to the perfect obsonious harmony that arises from the wedding of pork and beans. In Christian times the sanction has been confirmed and the food still further ennobled, as the words of a famous traveller on his walk to Rome will show. He has accepted a lift from a passing cart and shared his supper with the peasant-driver: "I could not understand his songs nor he mine but there was wine in common between us, and *salami* and a merry heart, bread which is the bond of all mankind, and that prime solution of ill-ease—I mean the forgetfulness of money... And what is more, by drinking wine and eating pig we proved ourselves no Mohammedans; and on such as he is sure of St. Peter looks with a kindly eye." [2]

T. DUGGAN.

[1] ARISTOXENUS ap. Gell. iv. 11, 5.
[2] H. BELLOC: The Path to Rome.

SOME GLIMPSES OF ROME AS SEEN BY ENGLISH TRAVELLERS

THE SOCIETY formerly named after Camden has given us several collections of correspondence, contemporary with the *Paston Letters,* and hardly less valuable as breathing records of the past, making history live again for us in a manner no chronicle can compass. The *Plumpton Letters* are a valuable historical quarry, and in 1900 were published the letters of an Essex family of prosperous woolstaplers, called the *Cely* Papers. Many of these are of little interest, at least to the uncommercial mind, being nothing but business letters in the narrowest sense. But here and there the eternal human interests find lively expression. For instance, Sir John Weston, Prior of St. John's of the Knight Hospitallers, writes from Rome on Oct. 27th, 1847:

"Jhesu,

Worshipfull Coyssyn wyt du recomendassions premysit it is so I come to Rome the XV day of Octobre and was ryt welcome wt one nobleman saying thay sawe not hys sye (*sic*) and solequelly and fellychyppe for so manny and in that aray come howte of Ynglonde the pope hollynes made me gret cher and wallde a sente me home agayn and follet me of al mannor abedyensses or comandementt made to me or motte be made bot I, Syr, desyret is hollynes at I mette do my vayage sennes I was so far fourthe and so is ollyness sendes me as is imbassador wyt materis of gret importanss I truste do be the sonner a come be Godes grace." (Cely Papers, 1900, p. 69).

It would be gratifying to know what were the matters of

great importance entrusted to the worthy prior by "is (h) ollynes" Innocent VIII, but I have no means to hand at present of following this up. Possibly it concerned the recognition of Henry VII's title.

Meanwhile I cannot resist the temptation to add two more examples of this delightfully simplified, yet in its way truly phonetic spelling. What would not we have given in our school-days for leave to follow our phonetic sense as freely!

In a letter of 1480 we read: "And the mewyll my be gityn send hym to howr fader for he whoulde fayne have hym" (p. 46), and in the following year: "I whosse hys geste on Hawlhalou hexyn in howlde Fysche Strette at dynar wt hym" (p. 76).

Among the most beautiful of Roman churches will ever be reckoned the high-uplifted Ara Coeli, so little touched by the reckless restorers of the later rococo period, so full of old monuments, so beautiful in itself, so wondrous in its outlook from the forelying terrace whence the *Bambino* blesses Rome at Epiphany-tide, so dear to all true Romans for the beautiful custom of child-sermons at that season. The old legend of its site is thus alluded to in the *Chester Myst. Plays* (1906), p. 16.

"Lordings that this is vereye
By every sign know you may
For in Rome, in good fay,
There is this thing seen.
Was built a church in noble array
In worship of Mary, that sweet may,
As men know that there have been.

And for to have full memory
On the angels' melody
And of this sight sickerly
The Emperor there knew,
The church is called St. Mary
The surname Ara Coeli,
That men know well thereby
That this was fully true."

Among all the vandalisms that have afflicted modern Rome it were hard to point to one more deplorable and shocking than the destruction of the mediaeval conventual buildings of Ara Coeli, so beautifully recorded in old prints and illustrations. Regarding the enormous monuments that stands upon the Piazza Venezia the Muses prefer silence.

The first English renegade from the Faith to reach Rome was, I suppose, Thomas Cromwell, the evil genius of Henry VIII, present at the Sack of Rome in 1527, yet fain, even he, to return like the penitent thief at last to the Faith of Rome. Altogether, the sixteenth century saw sweeping changes both in the number and character of English visitors. As we know, the Reformation put an end to pilgrimages, but the Hospice was happily transformed into the Venerabile. Not only did renegades, schismatics, and apostates in high station find their way Romewards, but waverers like Lord Buckhurst in the earlier days of Elizabeth's reign; spies sent by the unspeakable Cecil to betray the College from within; thoroughpaced traitors like Christopher Perkins, who was at the Jesuit house in 1567 when St. Stanislaus Kostka entered; and the infamous Antony Munday.

In the seventeenth century one finds types hardly known among visitors in Elizabethan days, the reverent Protestant, prejudiced but not malicious or barbarous, and " the broadway sons of latitude, " even those known to their intimate friends as unbelievers, of whom an example is Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, brother of the Anglican poet-pastor, George Herbert. In manners, however, this egregious egotist rather reminds us of the ribald Jewels and Grindals than of his own cultured contemporaries. But let him write his own condemnation.

" After I had seen Rome sufficiently, I went to Tivoli, anciently called Tibur, and saw the fair palace and garden there, as also Frascati, anciently called Tusculum. After that I returned to Rome, and saw the Pope in consistory, which being done, when the Pope being now ready to give his blessing, I departed thence suddenly, which gave such a suspicion of me that some were sent to apprehend me, but I going a by-way escaped them, and went to my inn to take horse, where I had not been now half an hour, when the master or regent of the English College

telling me that I was accused in the Inquisition, and that I could no longer stay with any safety, I took this warning very kindly; howbeit I did only for the present change my lodging, and a day or two afterwards took horse and went out of Rome towards Siena, and from thence to Florence." [1]

This may remind us of a similar case recalled by Abbot Hunter Blair in *Pax,* Autumn 1917, of an offensive prig who stood up to refuse the blessing of Pius IX (this was after 1870). The saintly Pontiff — thank God his greatness is now better recognised than in the days when Liberalism fascinated the world — passed on with a smile saying: "Yes, yes, a new statue, I suppose, for our sculpture-gallery!" It is satisfying to read that the Swiss Guards promptly ejected him from the Vatican, and the Italian Government itself, the new government in whom Liberals and anti-clericals put their trust, gave him but twenty-four hours in which to cross the Italian frontier! Truly, a poetic justice!

Later in the century Evelyn's diary gives us some passages of interesting description, but I pass on to the less-known letters of the poet Gray, who came thither in the unhappy company of the light-minded Horace Walpole, from whom he was fain to separate before returning homeward.

Writing from Lyons on Oct. 25 1739, Gray mentions that the reigning Pope is eighty-eight and near death; he hopes to have "the good fortune to be present at the election of a new one, when Rome will be in all its glory". At Florence he hears of Clement's passing, and sets forward with Walpole by way of Siena. The landscape is happily described: "for some miles you have a continual scene of little mountains cultivated from top to bottom with rows of olive trees, or else elms, each of which has its vine twining about it, and mixing with the branches; and corn sown between all the ranks. This diversified with numerous small houses and convents, makes the most agreeable prospect in the world. But, all of a sudden, it alters to black barren hills, as far as the eye can reach." A lively description follows of Radicofani, known also to readers of Belloc,

[1] (*The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury,* Cassel, 1893, pp. 109-10).

the grim hunting lodge converted into an inn, and the friendly encounter with the musician Senesino.

"Just on the other side of this mountain, at Ponte-Centino, one enters the patrimony of the church; a most delicious country, but thinly inhabited. The night brought us to Viterbo, a city of a more lively appearance than any we have lately met with; the houses have glass windows, which is not very usual here; and most of the streets are terminated by a handsome fountain... Next morning, in descending Mount Viterbo, we first discovered (though at near thirty miles' distance) the cupola of St. Peter's, and a little after began to enter on an old Roman pavement, with now and then a ruined tower, or a sepulchre on each hand. We had now a clear view of the city, though not to the best advantage. We soon after crossed the Tiber, a river that ancient Rome made more considerable than any merit of its own could have done. However, it is not contemptibly small, but a good handsome stream; very deep, yet somewhat of a muddy complexion."

Before the advent of the railway, all travellers from the north entered by the still beautiful Porta del Popolo. Gray arrived in the best of moods and records his first impression with ardour:

"The first entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking. It is by a noble gate, designed by Michael Angelo, and adorned with statues; this brings you into a large square, in the midst of which is a vast obelisk of granite, and in front you have at one view two churches of a handsome architecture, and so much alike that they are called the twins; with three streets, the middlemost of which is one of the longest in Rome. As high as my expectation was raised, I confess, the magnificence of this city infinitely surpasses it. You cannot pass along a street but you have views of some palace, or church, or square, or fountain, the most picturesque and noble one can imagine... St. Peter's I saw the day after we arrived, and was struck dumb with wonder. I there saw the Cardinal d'Auvergne, one of the French ones, who upon coming off his journey, immediately repaired hither to offer up his vows at the high altar, and went directly into the Conclave; the doors of which we saw opened

to him, and all the other immured Cardinals came thither to receive him. Upon his entrance they were closed again directly. It is supposed they will not come to an agreement about a Pope till after Easter, though the confinement is very disagreeable... I have not yet seen his majesty of Great-Britain etc., though I have seen the two boys in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, where they go a-shooting almost every day; it was at a distance, indeed, for we did not choose to meet them, as you may imagine. This letter (like all those the English send or receive) will pass through the hands of that family before it comes to those it was intended for." (2 April 1740).

Accompanied by the careless sceptic Walpole, Gray sometimes descends to cheap ribaldry unworthy of a man so reverent when his truest self, and normally so distinguished for good taste. A most uncalled-for nastiness besmirches his description of Tivoli, and his reference to the throneless sovereign, whom many of the noblest of his countrymen reverenced as their rightful king, might well have been left to the most degraded hack among Whig pamphleteers. The poet is, however, constrained to admit that James III was a man of prayer. In a letter to his father from Florence, July 16 1740, we read:

"The Pretender (whom you desire an account of) I have had frequent opportunities of seeing at church, at the Corso, and other places; but more particularly, and that for a whole night, at a great ball given by Count Patrizii to the Prince and Princess Craon (who were come to Rome at that time, that he might receive from the hands of the Emperor's minister there, the Order of the Golden Fleece), at which he and his two sons were present. They are good fine boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two, and both danced incessantly all night long. For him, he is a thin, ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King James the Second, and has extremely the air and look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays. The first he does not often, the latter continually. He lives private enough with his little court about him, consisting of Lord Dunbar, who manages everything, and two or three of his Preston Scotch Lords, who would be very glad to make their peace at home."

On May 14 1740 Horace Walpole had written to West: "We are going to night to a great assemblee at one of the villas just out of the City, whither all the English are invited; amongst the rest Mr. Stuard [*sic*] and his sons."

On Good Friday, April 15 1740, he tells his mother: "I am just come from paying my adoration at St. Peter's to three extraordinary relics, which are exposed to public view only on these two days in the whole year, at which time all the confraternities in the city come in procession to see them. It was something extremely novel to see that vast church, and the most magnificent in the world, undoubtedly, illuminated (for it was night) by thousands of little crystal lamps, disposed in the figure of a huge cross at the high altar, and seeming to hang alone in the air. All the light proceeded from this, and had the most singular effect imaginable as one entered the great door. Soon after came one after another, I believe, thirty processions; all dressed in linen frocks, and girt with a cord, their heads covered with a cowl all over, only two holes to see through left. Some of them were all black, others red, others white, others party-coloured; these were continually coming and going with their tapers and crucifixes before them; and to each company, as they arrived and knelt before the great altar, were shown from a balcony at a great height, the three wonders, which are, you must know, the head of the spear that wounded Christ; St. Veronica's hand-kerchief, with the miraculous impression of his face upon it; and a piece of the true cross, in the sight of which the people thump their breasts, and kiss the pavement with vast devotion. The tragical part of the ceremony is half a dozen wretched creatures, who with their faces covered, but naked to the waist, are in a side chapel disciplining themselves with scourges full of iron prickles; but really in earnest, as our eyes can testify, which saw their backs and arms so raw that we should have taken it for a red satin doublet torn, and shewing the skin through, had we not been convinced of the contrary by the blood which was plentifully sprinkled about them."

The next day he gives a similar account to West, but speaks of one such penitent actually seen by Walpole only. They

mention it with horror but without understanding; and yet at the Grande Chartreuse, Gray showed a reverent sympathy and some understanding of the ascetic life of the religious. Their solitude appealed to him, and his feelings found expression in a Latin ode that is a true *cri du cœur*. In his second letter Gray adds: "All this is performed by the light of a vast fiery cross, composed of hundreds of little crystal lamps, which appear through the great altar under the grand tribuna, as if hanging by itself in the air."

His general description of Tivoli is, I think, fairly familiar, but I love best to recall the view of "the open Campagna of Rome; here and there a little castle on a hillock, and the city itself on the very brink of the horizon, indistinctly seen (being 18 miles off) except the dome of St. Peter's; which, if you look out of your window, wherever you are, I suppose, you can see." (To West, 20 May, 1740).

Have not you and I, reader, feasted our eyes on that wide prospect, and watched the afternoon sunlight playing upon the islanded hill-top Sabine towns, and the purple evening wrapping the vast Campagna plain until the last light left the dome of St. Peter's and faded from the sunset-reddened sea?

The travellers went on to Palestrina, and returned by the Via Prenestina and marked the broken acqueduct. "There are indeed," adds Gray, "two whole modern ones, the works of Popes, that run about thirty miles a-piece in length; one of them conveys still the famous Aqua Virgo to Rome, and adds vast beauty to the prospect." Soon after he was present at an entertainment in a villa, where "La Diamantina, a famous *virtuosa*, played on the violin divinely, and sung angelically; Giovanni and Pasqualini [great names in musical story] also performed miraculously. On each side were ranged all the secular grand monde of Rome, the Ambassadors, Princesses and all that. Among the rest *Il Serenissimo Pretendente* (as the Mantova gazette calls him) displayed his rueful length of person, with his two young ones, and all his ministry around him."

It is pitiful to see the bard who revered Eton's founder descending to such vapid Whiggery. For Charles, his son, few Catholics can have any deep or lasting regret to-day, but James

III was recognised by Rome, and was further, on Gray's own showing, a man of piety, while the memory of his younger son, Henry Benedict, Cardinal of York, is deservedly held in benediction. His was surely a kingly bearing *rebus in arduis,* and he was beyond all question an exemplary bishop and a devout servant of God. If in him the Stuart hopes went down they went down with honour and the flag still flying.

In the same month, May, 1740, Gray writes of the Albano district:

"One drives to Castel Gondolfo [*sic*], a house of the Pope's, situated on the top of one of the Collinette, that forms a brim to the basin, commonly called the Alban lake. It is seven miles round, and directly opposite to you, on the opposite side, rises the Mons Albanus, much taller than the rest, along whose side are still discoverable (not to common eyes) certain little ruins of the old Alba Longa. They had need be very little" he adds facetiously, "as having been nothing but ruins ever since the days of Tullus Hostilius. On its top is a house of the Constable Colonna's, where stood the temple of Jupiter Latialis. At the foot of the hill Gondolfo, are the famous outlets of the lake... This is the prospect from one window of the palace. From another you have the whole Campagna, the City, Antium, and the Tyrrhene sea (twelve miles distant) so distinguishable, that you may see the vessels sailing upon it. All this is charming. Mr. Walpole says, our memory sees more than our eyes in this country. Which is extremely true; since, for realities, Windsor, or Richmond Hill, is infinitely preferable to Albano or Frescati [*sic*]. Now, I am at home and going to the window to tell you it is the most beautiful of Italian nights... There is a moon! there are stars for you! Do you not hear the fountain? Do you not smell the orange flowers? That building yonder is the convent of S. Isidore, and that eminence, with the cypress tree and pines upon it, the top of M. Quirinal. This is all true, and yet my prospect is not two hundred yards in length."

From Florence, newly returned from Naples and Herculaneum, then newly discovered, our poet-traveller writes on 21st Aug.: "the day before yesterday arrived the news of a Pope; and I have the mortification of being within four days' journey of Rome, and

not seeing his coronation, the heat being violent, and the infectious air now at its height. We had an instance, the other day, that it is not only fancy. Two country fellows, strong men, and used to the country about Rome, having occasion to come from thence hither, and travelling on foot, as common with them, one died suddenly on the road; the other got hither, but extremely weak, and in a manner stupid; he was carried to the hospital, but died in two days. So, between fear and laziness, we remain here, and must be satisfied with the accounts other people give us of the matter. The new Pope is called Benedict XIV, being created Cardinal by Benedict XIII, the last Pope but one. His name is Lambertini, a noble Bolognese, and Archbishop of that city. When I was first there I remember to have seen him two or three times; he is a short, fat man, about sixty-five years of age, of a hearty, merry countenance, and likely to live some years. He bears a good character for generosity, affability, and other virtues; and, they say, wants neither knowledge nor capacity."

The poet then alludes to his alleged speech in the Conclave:

"Emin.ssimi Sigri. Ci siamo tre, diversi sì, ma tutti idonei al Papato. Se vi piace un santo, c'è 'l Gotti; se volete una testa scaltra, e politica, c'è l'Aldrovrandé; se un coglione, eccomi"...

"The Pretender, they say, has resigned all his pretensions to his eldest boy, and will accept of the Grand Chancellorship, which is thirty thousand crowns a-year; the pension he has at present is only twenty thousand. I do not affirm the truth of this article; because, if he does, it is necessary he should take the ecclesiastical habit, and it will sound mighty odd to be called his Majesty the Chancellor."

No doubt the poet intended to be complimentary, and he reminds us of the acclaim given to Leo X by the humanists, all and sundry, more than two centuries earlier. But Benedict XIV was made of sterner stuff than his humanist admirers weened, as Choiseul discovered.

On Oct. 9 1740 Gray writes from Florence that hospitality is the shining virtue of the Italians: "At such times every thing is magnificence. The more remarkable, as in their ordinary course of life they are parsimonious, even to a degree of nastiness. I

saw in one of the vastest palaces in Rome (that of Prince Pamfilio) the apartment which he himself inhabited, a bed that most servants in England would disdain to lie in, and furniture much like that of a soph at Cambridge, for convenience and neatness. This man is worth *l.* 30,000 sterling a year. As for eating there are not two Cardinals in Rome that allow more than six *paoli;* which is three shillings a day, for the expence of their table: and you may imagine they are still less extravagant here than there... The new Pope has retrenched the charges of his own table to a sequin (ten shillings) a meal. The applause which all he says and does meets with, is enough to encourage him really to deserve fame. They say he is an able and honest man; he is reckoned a wit too. The other day, when the Senator of Rome came to wait upon him, at the first compliments he made him, the Pope pulled off his cap. His Master of the Ceremonies, who stood by his side, touched him softly, as to warn him that such a condescension was too great in him, and out of all manner of rule: Upon which he turned to him and said, 'Oh! I cry you mercy, good Master; it is true, I am but a novice of a Pope; I have not so much as yet learned ill manners.'"

I give this story as Gray told it for what it may be worth; I have no means within reach of verifying it. At all events it is in keeping with his wit and humour. And it is good to remember examples of holiness and wit bound together; as in Blessed Thomas More, St. Philip Neri, and in these later times the great Pontiff Pius X.

H. E. G. Rope, M.A.

COLLEGE RECTORS.

II. — Nicolas Wiseman (1828-1840).

We are creatures of perversity. Dub a man a giant of his times and he will undoubtedly be left alone to enjoy his grandeur. Call a period "The Golden Age" and if you do not provoke hostile criticism against it, you will at least repel the curious by the very glitter of the well-intentioned gilt. A hundred years have passed since Nicolas[1] Wiseman was elected Rector of the Venerable English College and Agent to the Vicars Apostolic of England. We shall in fact celebrate the centenary of that happy event on December 6th of this year. But how many, I wonder, really appreciate all that that splendid genius did for the College? How many realise if they even know of the difficulties with which he was faced, the assistance that he received, and the ambitions that he had in view? Has he not frightened us by his greatness? His proficiency in all that he set his mind upon we have found too dazzling, and our hero, I say it with caution, has been neglected. Of course there is so little in his biographies that tells us what we should wish to know of his life as Rector of the English College. But not the least among the causes of this indifference, it can hardly be called dislike, has been his own "Recollections of the Last Four Popes." It is so full of sentiment, so puffed with pomposity and weighted with Victorian humour, that it is difficult to sympathise with

[1] Wiseman's own spelling of his name has been adopted.

its author. Yet it is to this that we have previously looked for all our information about Wiseman in Rome. [2] It may be partly excused however, when it is remembered that this, the worst perhaps of Wiseman's literary works, was written for a public that six years later was to revel in the shallows of "Enoch Arden." From canonizing a hero the descent to vulgarizing him is easy. Is it not natural? How many of those who point to the name of Wiseman scratched on a pillar in the garden, stop to read the inscription recording the restoration of monuments in the College by that Rector? But here, if Cardinal Wiseman is asked to step down from his pedestal for a while, the invitation must not be understood to be lacking respect. Set him back there again if you will, but with this advantage that he will appear with a complexion perhaps less golden, but at least more human. Happily for a time the "Recollections" may be forgotten, and the truer impression received of a great man, who ruled and loved this College well, and what is more, who in his turn owed much of his greatness to his long stay at this venerable 'old house of martyrs.'

When in June 1828 Dr. Wiseman returned from a holiday in Naples to be present at the episcopal consecration of the Rector, Dr. Gradwell, it was no surprise to himself or the College to find that he should be expected to act as Rector until his formal appointment in the December of the same year. Only ten years before, he had been the last and the youngest student in the house. "But," he writes "from the day I entered the College, Dr. Gradwell looked on me as his future successor, I know not why." As student not only had he enjoyed the confidence of Dr. Gradwell, but also—against his will—that of "Tostai, Nicolai, and other persons connected with the temporals of the house." He had been ordained priest one year after he had finished his brilliant course at the Roman College. For two years he remained on in Rome, with all the time left free to him for study. The "Horae Syriacae" was the fruit of this period, and it was already

[2] The majority of quotations in this article are taken from unpublished letters in the College archives.

gaining him an international reputation. His life still seems to have been secluded, though he speaks of the opportunities he enjoyed "freed from the yoke of a repressive discipline and free to follow the bent of his own inclinations." But Gradwell was preparing the way for him, for his appointment in 1827 brought him into contact with the practical runnings of the house and more especially its finances. At this time moreover Leo XII wished that the College should be responsible for English sermons being preached at the Gesù e Maria in Corso. Gradwell immediately decided that Wiseman was the most fitted for this duty, and Wiseman himself regarded this opportunity, much as he disliked it at the time, as providential in helping to bring him out of his scholastic seclusion, and giving him that fluency in preaching and speaking for which he was so remarkable.

After the departure of Dr. Gradwell and when the excitement of the celebrations and the congratulations had died down, it must have been a little terrifying to Wiseman to find himself, a young priest, perhaps a year or so younger than the Senior Student, left in charge of a College whose finances were still somewhat uncertain, and whose reputation was not thoroughly established with the clergy of England. The duties of a Rector were then greatly increased by the work of the Agency, for Wiseman was Agent to the Bishops of America as well as to those hard-working but sometimes difficult Vicars Apostolic of England. The long journey to Rome of the thirties made them in those days far more dependent on their Agent than would be necessary now. But Wiseman was not left entirely to himself. Dr. Errington was his Vice-Rector. They had been friends together at Ushaw, were at the English College at the same time, and had never before this been worried by any serious differences of opinion. Errington was a brilliant man, and had the year previously defended in the public act with distinction. Moreover he was a demon for work. Wiseman recognised and appreciated the helpful character of Errington, for later, in the fifties, even after the final quarrel, he writes:

> As Rector I had the invaluable assistance of my present Co-adjutor, stern, inflexible, and minutely accurate in looking into every bill, every book, and every employment of money.

The vineyards etc. were all brought by *him* from a state of long neglect under the Deputato into splendid order, the fruit of which the present generation are tasting.

While Dr. Errington took charge of the finances, and kept his stern eye on the discipline of the house, Wiseman, though of course ruling supreme, was well engaged with the affairs of the Agency. There were questions of splitting of districts; Dr. Baines was already making the the Benedictines feel uncomfortable and causing the other Vicars Apostolic to write uneasy letters about this man with the too big ideas; and—what seemed a dangerous thing to Gradwell at the time—the Jesuits were about to be refounded in England. Emancipation meant growth and growth entails pain, and Wiseman was introduced to long tales of woe, that needed cautious and helpful replies. But he was not neglecting the College. This was his first charge.

It takes a great man to recognise the wisdom of another's foundation and to continue what his predecessor has begun. Dr. Gradwell had re-founded the College and infused into it a spirit that was its own in its earliest days. He had introduced "no customs," he said, "save those that had the test and sanction of our best colleges; and such as were adopted in the most celebrated of them all, that of Douay." Wiseman recognised that the traditions started by Gradwell were sound. Under his regime the College had run smoothly, there had been many distinguished successes, and now good results were beginning to be noticeable on the Mission. He made no changes therefore, but followed closely the example of his predecessor. A letter written many years after about some later Rector, when changes spiritual and temporal were imminent at the College, well indicates Wiseman's attitude at this time.

As to the College in Rome, I dread any intervention in its affairs spiritual or temporal... I do not think his (the Rector's) predecessors have been such dolts after all as to have been all wrong. And my experience in life now has led me to mistrust those who come forward on the principle that everything before them has been all wrong; they will turn everything topsy-turvy and put everyone and everything right. They easily overthrow, but they seldom build up.

But Bishop Gradwell, far away in his house in Golden Square, was keeping a fatherly eye on the College and its young Rector. With Dr. Errington installed as Vice-Rector he should have had no fear about the discipline of the College. But this he knew to be one of Wiseman's weak points. He would brush aside the idea of a rigid adherance to little rules, in his rather majestic way. And Gradwell was worried. "I feel very glad at your account" he says in his very first letter to Wiseman, "of the strict discipline and economy in the College. It does you and Dr. Errington great honour; and is a benefit to every inhabitant of the College." And again in the same way just a month later: "I am glad to hear that there is so good a spirit of discipline and study among the students. It is this that makes a College happy within and respectable without; and without this spirit, the piety of the students is very questionable and the hope of their future ability and efficacy very faint." He was anxious that the new Rector would prevent any spirit of light-headedness creeping in.

> I see with satisfaction that the priests who come on the mission from your College are daily rising in reputation, and in the respect and esteem of the bishops, priests and people... This is the fruit of banishing follies and preserving sound discipline in the College, and of studying proper things in a proper manner.

Of one of the men who had just returned he writes:

> Kay is a good fellow on the whole, but a bit of a madcap. He is gone to Manchester where they will tame him. His very exuberance of spirits will be of service to him there. Unless a superior look sharp such grievances are often troublesome and sometimes mischievous in a College like yours.

He was also anxious lest Wiseman should not share quite so whole-heartedly his views about the Roman College. "Do continue" he writes, "the three schools as Cardinal Zurla requires. I am quite of the same opinion as his Eminence. It is for the good of the students. If they do not think so at present they certainly will later. Let them have the humility and the religion not only to submit but to submit cheerfully and with a good grace." But Gradwell's advice to Wiseman was not confined

to general remarks. He would note keenly the successes and the failures at the College. For instance while sending his congratulations to Mr. Baggs on his success in his Doctorate, he adds that he is disappointed with the results of the philosophers, and is surprised "to hear that Mr. Garrett is still drivelling in his philosophy, consuming his time, his health, and the College revenues to so little purpose." Little things did not escape his notice. What could be more solicitous than the following letter?

> I rejoice to hear the students are so well. Cox says he is one of the stoutest among you. Comparing your letter with his, it would appear that nervous excitability is on the increase among you. This deserves attention. I hope the students all take regular and well regulated exercise. A few years ago if you remember, you began to strengthen and improve the coffee for breakfast. It became certainly better, but I was always afraid that it would be less conducive to health, unless the quantity were reduced in proportion as the quality were improved. Two great cups of coffee as strong as yours is a strong dose for delicate nerves. Our cook began also to deal a little more in fat and greasy dishes, especially in preparing potatoes, than I quite approved of. These appear little things but deserve consideration, as at long run they influence weak stomachs.

Then at times there were complaints that Gradwell relayed to Wiseman for his consideration:

> From Mr. Heatly I understood the other day... that he was surprised, perhaps mistaken, that the students had encumbrances on them not within their reach. Going to the library each student had to pay something, I think half a guinea, and to purchase for the library a work of at least three volumes; and again that they had to find their own pantaloons. Little things are often made more of than they really are. But Mr. H., who I believe pays for K., fancies these expenses unreasonable.

Unreasonable! why the dark history of the eighteenth century was nothing to this. Surely... but it is a relief to turn over the page and find that Gradwell adds: "I perceive the above letter to relate to St. Edmund's, Old Hall Green; not to the Roman College." The reasons for Gradwell's anxiety and fatherly care he gives himself:

I hope all in the College are doing well and are dutiful to you The eyes of all England are upon them; and I am very solicitous that they answer to the expectations of the public, both while they are in the College and afterwards. Remember me to every one of them.

But Wiseman was more than the superior of a College of thirty men. He was as it has been already noted, gaining for himself a wide reputation as an Oriental scholar. This brought him into contact with many great men of the day. He was besides not at all an inexperienced musician, and was praised for his sound judgement as an art critic and an archaeologist. He did not neglect the opportunities therefore afforded him in Rome of cultivating many acquaintances whose interests lay in similar channels. It was here that he differed from Dr. Gradwell. The latter had been in favour of a more or less rigid seclusion of the students from all intercourse with Roman society. Wiseman did not hesitate to make his friends the friends of the students also. Did some wish to go to the catacombs or the art galleries? Well, if he himself did not take them, he would introduce them to Signor So and So, who would be pleased to put himself at their disposal for the sake of his friend. In the same way distinguished visitors to the College mingled with the students. While this produced in the Venerabile a homely spirit, it did tend, at least Wiseman hoped that it would, to broaden the minds of the Venerabilini. It did not pass without comment, however, from the Vicars Apostolic. What was this about "the students dining out"? They had heard from one of the young men something to that effect, but they did not believe him. He must have been writing under the influence of a nervous fit! Gradwell himself was not slow to let Wiseman know what others were thinking:

Some have been pleased to say that the same tight hand of discipline is not held as formerly: that the students are more indulged as to walking out, dining out, and seeing company. This has been said by some of your own friends, even with an air of complaint. It is good that you should know of these observations.

However Wiseman ignored these criticisms, and continued to make the College what Archbishop Kirby called "a very considerable centre of intellectual life". He was fond of company himself, and it was then that he appeared at his best; his manner was genial, he could tell many amusing anecdotes, and often astounded his friends by his very considerable solid knowledge of many varying subjects. "He knew something of everything, and everything of some things." For the shallowness of mere society as such he cared nothing, and always refers to escaping from it. But, genius that he was, he did need the company of men as brilliant as himself. In these respects his was the eagerness of a child, and no one who knew him ever accused him of vanity. Ambition perhaps, but ambition for the Church. This I think cannot be too much stressed. It is remarkable how Wiseman subordinated everything in his life to the furtherance of the cause of the Church. It was apparent in small things, his love of liturgy and Church ornamentation, of the so-called Gothic vestments (in spite of twenty-two years spent in a baroque city), and of the numerous devotions which he had learned to value in Rome. Truly he could say on his death-bed: "I have never cared for anything but the Church. My sole delight has been in everything connected with her. As people in the world would go to a ball for their recreation, so I have enjoyed a great function." And it was,it must have been in this spirit that he continued to entertain, and allow the students to meet frequently, many of the greater men of the day. And certainly results did not later condemn his action.

The pompousness of Wiseman, with which we have been made so familiar, no doubt by the numberless portraits taken of him in later life, and not a little by those "Recollections," has been described by a contemporary as merely "a shy man's instrument of self-defence." He had been a lonely boy at Ushaw, understood by few. His life as student at the Venerabile he himself describes as "years of solitude, of dereliction, without an encouraging word from Superior or companion, denounced, even, more than once, by unseen enemies; years of shattered nerves, dread often of instant insanity... of sleepless nights and weary days, and hours of tears which no one ever witnessed." This

shy and sensitive student was suddenly, even though not unexpectedly, made Rector of the College, and found it his duty to be the friend as well as the superior of all. Little wonder that his shyness was awkwardly clothed. But relief was afforded by his untiring energy in playing his new part, and he could say with pleasure that by 1829 his years of desolation had passed away. Once he was known he was liked. He seems to have been a pleasant companion to many at the College whose tastes were similar to his. He would enjoy a *gita*, especially one which would include a trip to a place of archaeological interest or to the sea, where choosing a quiet place he would bathe with the students. He would help the men personally with their studies; lecture to them on many interesting topics ("The Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion"[1] was originally a series of lectures given to the students); assist them in the writing of sermons, take an active part in their literary and debating societies, play the organ and compose music for the choir, and not only write plays, but even go so far as to paint the scenery. He encouraged the reading of English classics in the refectory, and was particularly keen on the novels of Scott, at that time very modern. His enthusiasm managed to carry everything along with him. But whatever happened in the College seemed to reach the ears of someone in England, and practically any innovation called forth criticism. While Bishop Walsh writes that what was wanted in England "were zealous laborious men full of the spirit of their holy state, burning with hunger and thirst for the conversion of souls, good preachers and catechists, without which talent Latin and Greek would be of comparatively little use," and that "English eloquence, preaching and controversy were more necessary for his students than Greek and Latin," Gradwell at the same time is informing Wiseman of the complaints made about the Literary and Debating Societies that were encouraged to produce these very results:

[1] It is interesting to learn that Mr. E. W. Mackey, the father of the Rev. Peter Paul Mackey O. P., was then resident in Rome, and drew the illustrations for the first edition of these lectures.

Dr. Baines said it it is the Library, and the meetings there, and the debates etc. which are injurious to the harmony and principles of the students. I think this savours of fudge; but it is well for the students to be put on their guard.

Wiseman was of the same opinion as Gradwell, though at this time Bishop Baines was his intimate friend, and the meetings continued. Meanwhile the finances of the College were not making the way too smooth for the Rector.

But it so happened (Wiseman writes) that just then (1829) the first revolution broke out, and for months or rather for years payments were suspended from the Dataria funds etc. Yet we had been left with thirty stduents! Still we pulled through everything, and how? Not by upsetting the system, which was sound, honest and accurate, but by working it well and minutely. Dr. Errington and Signor Branolini worked together day and night, every month drew up a budget, made it fit to our incomings, and put off expenses not necessary. We did not stint the students in anything. We did not screw or straighten anyone.

The last sentences need no comment to be appreciated. Wiseman and Errington were managing the College splendidly. But scarcely a year had passed when Dr. Smith of the Northern District considered that the services of Dr. George Errington were needed at Ushaw. Accordingly he wrote to Wiseman in June 1829, informing him that he wished to have Errington as Prefect of studies. While he pointed out the advantages of having such a man as Errington, he hoped that Errington himself would favour the project of leaving Rome, and by way of enticement he adds that "perhaps it would be difficult to find anywhere a more united, amiable, well-informed domestic circle, than is exhibited in the parlour at Ushaw." The sudden withdrawal of his vice-rector would have left Wiseman in an uncomfortable position just then, and in fact he was seriously alarmed, as the notes on his answer to Dr. Smith clearly show.

Proceeded to George's recall declaring it impossible, because there is no one to succeed him—no one fit—several under age—all unfinished and have not proper qualification. Complicated state of property especially with our new leases etc. George is

ripetitore of Philosophy and Hebrew. State of our administration have to depend on our good conduct etc.—it would be unsettling all to change superiors at the moment we are gaining confidence. George known to Pope and Cardinal Protector. My own unfitness—do not believe Dr. Gradwell would have recommended me to be Rector if he had not calculated upon my having George's assistance. George's present studies which would be ruined by taking him from Rome. The Cardinal desired me to write as above.

These notes on Wiseman's letter were endorsed by Gradwell who writes to Wiseman a month later:

I was much surprised to find by your letter that Dr. Errington had beed abruptly called from Rome to Ushaw by Dr. Smith; but not at all surprised that you remonstrated strenuously against such a measure. I know too well the details of your College administration, and am acquainted with the necessity of ability within and character abroad, to carry it on successfully, not to see that Dr. E.'s removal for some time to come would be a fatal blow to the College. It is a thing that cannot be. And as Dr. Smith is a prudent and reasonable man, and I believe never did a rash or foolish thing, I flatter myself that you may reckon on his yielding to the present necessity; and you may assuredly act on this principle.

The situation was saved and Errington stayed on at the College for two more years.

One can gather that Wiseman was sufficiently busy in Rome to have little time to continue his Oriental studies. These he endeavoured to work upon at the Villa. That he loved Porzio is indeed well known. Fr. Morris recalls how he would speak with pleasure on his death-bed of those happy days. How well he remembered them. "I can see the colour of the chestnut-trees, and Camaldoli, and the top of Tusculum;" he exclaimed to Fr. Morris,—"what a beautiful view it is from our refectory window! A new-comer does not value Monte Porzio properly. It takes a hard year's work in Rome to enable you to appreciate it. I loved it dearly... They have kept the Rector's chair in the place where I used to sit. I got that gold chair for Pope Leo's reception, and I always used it afterwards. I used to sit

there writing for hours after every one was in bed, and then I would refresh myself by a look out of the open window into the moonlight night."

However in the early years of his office there did seem reasons for Gradwell's suspicions and warnings. They are not to be associated altogether with the fussiness of a past period. A growing unrest amongst the students was making itself felt. Not, it is true, that Wiseman's authority was called into question, but they seemed to find the College regulations and the studies at the Roman College more irksome. In 1830 the Hon. George Spencer, later the Passionist, Fr. Ignatius Spencer, came to the Venerabile to take his course of Theology. Sanctity of life and meekness in submission to all authority were the out-standing characteristics of this Cambridge convert. But even he did not find things too easy, nor was he altogether satisfied with the course of studies.

> I have jnst received a long and edifying letter from Mr. Spencer (writes Bishop Walsh to Wiseman); he still cannot perceive the great utility of studying a regular course of theology and does not derive the same consolation from Tournely as from the holy Scriptures; but he is all submission to superior authority and expresses himself more and more convinced of the Catholic religion. He expects to see more clearly later the wisdom of the rulers of the College in the course of studies adopted.

Trouble broke out in the year 1831. Altogether it was an unfortunate year for Wiseman. Differences between himself and his Vice-Rector had made it perfectly clear to Errington at any rate that they could not work together. Whatever may have been the latter's faults, he knew his own character well, and also that of the Rector. Their methods were absolutely opposed. Where one was easy-going and ready to smooth over any trouble, the other insisted on the observation of the rule, whatever the circumstances. Yet Wiseman persuaded himself that Errington was the most suitable man with whom he could work. Disputes and trouble he hated, and deluded himself into thinking that they would be avoided. It was not till thirty years later that he realised, as Errington realised then, that they were two

men that could never live together in harmony. It may have been also that the summer of 1831 was particularly hot, the examinations unusually trying, certain it was that besides the disagreements between the Rector and the Vice-Rector, there was much sickness in the College. Both Wiseman and Errington were ill, seriously ill, so that the Vicars Apostolic were really anxious, and Errington was able to make his sickness an excuse to resign, though his real reasons he gives himself:

> For two years we worked together in harmony. Gradually I noticed that he was too easy in matters of discipline and finance, the immediate care of which he had entrusted to me. Partly because of this, and partly owing to the influence of others, I was not helped in putting into practice what we had both decided upon. The discussions that arose from this source threatened to stand in the way of the good of the college ; I took advice in 1831, was prepared to resign my post, when I was ordered to leave Rome on account of bronchitis.

Such internal troubles aggravated the uneasiness that was prevalent among the students, and in the July of that year they took means to put themselves on a more agreeable footing. For the facts of the case, I cannot do better than quote Gradwell's letter to Wiseman, which has some bearing on the characters of both men.

> Dear Sir,
>
> Two days ago Dr. Bramstone received a very long letter from your college written by Mr. C. Fisher in the name of 18 students who had signed and presented a round robin to Cardinal Zurla, on the 11th of July. Mr. Fisher says that he has sent a copy of the same to all the other Bishops. In this letter he states that the 18 petitioned his Eminence: 1) to have schools at home, 2) to have less restraint in walking out, 3) to be ordained at least six months before departure for England ; and elaborately defends each point by what he considers conclusive reasoning. The petition was presented without your knowledge ; because if you were against it, it would not in this case have been presented at all, and they would have lost their essential right of complaint and appeal. His Eminence received the petition with disgust, spoke of it with that extreme good sense for

which he is so much distinguished, and sent their paper to you. This seems to have offended the petitioners, who presumed they had so much reason on their side... They repelled Cardinal Zurla's insinuations about its proceeding from the spirit of the age, and looking like young men dictating to their superiors, with indignation. Then they are offended with you, because you have the good sense to decline being the channel of communication between the confederates and the Card. Protector; and appeal to poor Don Liborio. Last of all they determined to appeal to the Bishops if not to His Holiness. This is the substance of the letter sent to the Bishops.

Their minds are evidently in a state of great agitation and labouring under no small delusion. If they were to reflect coolly a little while, I believe they would discover that they had mistaken their position, and were entrenching on the office and duties of others who are quite competent to do their own business. ...Mr. Fisher is amazed that you in soothing language told the gentlemen that they had done no moral harm: and yet if they carried it further they might expect expulsion! He is not at all aware, and perhaps would not thank you for the compliment if he were, that you excuse their hearts at the expense of their heads. But the malcontents are so conscientious... A more correct and enlightened conscience might have suggested some scruples to these gentlemen — on the exalted opinion they have of their own judgment; on their positiveness in pursuing their own ends in opposition to the more experienced judgment of their immediate superiors; on their indignation at Cardinal Zurla; on the loss of time and temper, not without affliction to their superiors, and scandal caused by their late tumult... I am no novice in these matters; and it is my decided opinion that the expulsion of such is a public benefit... I know how easy it is for the presumptions of young persons who associate together, to work themselves up unconsciously into strange notions and proceedings; and therefore can excuse or forgive them to a certain extent. But they must be aware that the subjects of their complaints were carefully examined and deliberately decided but a few years ago. Their second grievance is a trifle. The remedy of the third is in their own hands. You have too much sense to get any ordained priests till you can fully rely on the propriety of their conduct. But the first petition, begging their pardon, is mischievous as well as unwise.

I for one, on many accounts, never will consent to your students abandoning the Roman public schools to have private schools at home. I do not blame Mr. Fisher for writing the letter. He is but the tool of others. But what grieves me besides the stain which the recent conduct of these students has cast on the college and on themselves is the pain which it must give in the present time to our friends at Rome, and the ungenerousness of aggravating your pains when suffering from ill-health. If there were no other motives to acclaim them and make them ask both your and Cardinal Zurla's pardon, these should be sufficient. It is truly a sorry piece of business.

Gradwell. August 17th 1831.

At the end of this letter dear old Bishop Bramstone, who with the other Vicars Apostolic knew little of the circumstances or the causes of the trouble, adds as a footnote:

He (Gradwell) has commented upon it on the other side of this sheet in a way which will, I trust, give you satisfaction and tend to allay the irritation of the students.

Of course, as Gradwell had said, the subjects of their complaints had been examined but a few years before, when Gradwell was Rector and Wiseman was one of the 'malcontents.' The trouble was not a novel one. Why then does Gradwell raise such a storm? For brevity's sake I have omitted much of his letter, where his pen seems to have quivered with anxiety and rage. The natural conclusion is that, disciplinarian that he was, Gradwell was witnessing from afar the renewal of that insubordination which he had already successfully smothered. Any other opinions than those of the superiors were always to be dismissed. But this explanation will not suffice. And for this simple reason. Gradwell in the previous 'tumult' had taken the part of the rebels. This was not known to the students at the time, to whom he said he must have appeared somewhat harsh, nor I think was it made known afterwards. He himself sent a representation to the Cardinal Protector. He wished, as the students did, that the rules of *camerata* might be abolished, or, if this were not possible, that more exceptions might be made to it, for instance for those "who were not well enough

to walk as long as the others." Then again "that those in Holy Orders or of a certain age might be released from some restraints, principally as to the Roman College." These restraints, he reminded the Cardinal indignantly, "might be very proper for boys, and were more monastic than those of the friars themselves." Of course he was not in favour of severing connection with the Roman College, but he saw to it that *ripetitori* were found in the house. He insisted that these 'trifles' as he chose to call them to Wiseman in the above letter, might seem trifles to outsiders and foreigners, but were really instrumental in producing a nervous unrest amongst English young men, accustomed to very different methods. His representation had no effect, unfortunately, except of losing him the favour of the Cardinal Protector. Why then did he dismiss the petition of 1831 with such violence? Was it because he was afraid that Wiseman would give way on all points to the students—that the Roman College would be abandoned, and schools arranged to be given at home? The brilliance of both Rector and Vice-Rector might just then have lent plausibility to this scheme. Perhaps then the letter, in the form of a tirade against the students, was intended as a warning to the Rector himself. If so it produced the desired result. Schools continued at the Roman College. Wiseman's illness forced him to drop for the time many of his activities. Dr. Errington left Rome, and the College settled down to peace and order, while the 'rigidities' which Gradwell had previously deplored remained in force.

Dr. Baggs succeeded Errington in the position of Vice-Rector. He had been a student during Wiseman's first year as Rector, and they seemed to have had little difficulty in working together. Baggs assisted Wiseman by taking on the work of the Agency during the latter's long absences in England. Little that was eventful occurred at the College during the succeeding years of Wiseman's rectorship, except the visit made by Gregory XVI to the College in February 1837. Wiseman describes this visit in his "Recollections" and there is also a notice of it in the *Dublin Review* for April 1837. From this we learn that Wiseman himself was honoured by the Pope, who placed round his neck the medal and chain presented to him by the London Catholics.

That he was popular in the College is attested in rather a curious way by Dr. Baggs. After Wiseman's departure rumour had it that he was much disliked at the College by the students. Dr. Baggs replies:

> In answer to this charge allow me to beg Your Lordship to apply to Dr. Wiseman for a letter that I wrote to him on this very subject in which I took occasion to allude to the enthusiastic manner in which his health had been drunk at the calumniated English College, as a sign of the feelings which the college continues to cherish for him.

He then explains that men at the English College were not in the habit of toasting people whom they did not really like, nor were they accustomed to feigning sentiments of affection and respectful remembrance. In other words, when a man's health was drunk at the English College, he must have well earned that honour beforehand.

It was in the early thirties that Wiseman first started to look farther ahead than the College itself. Dr. Baines, the Benedictine and Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, had been living in Rome for some time. He was a man of very much broader ideas than most other English Catholics of his day. He saw that Emancipation for Catholics was not to mean a long period of quiet and inactivity. Thoughts of a Catholic University were continually before him. He admitted the young Rector of the College into his confidence, they became intimate friends and together built up many plans for the advancement of Catholicism in England. Wiseman was warned by the other Vicars Apostolic that Baines was a "dangerous schemer", but he seems to have shared his friend's enthusiasm. Amongst other things, Baines hoped to sow the seeds of a University at Prior Park. As soon as it had been well started, Wiseman was to leave Rome and take up his residence there as a lecturer. He would be able perhaps to introduce some German scholars there, certainly Italian professors. In return Baines would endeavour to make Wiseman his coadjutor, so that he might succeed him as Vicar Apostolic. These ideas were even suggested to the Pope, so that Wiseman could write that "His Holiness the

Pope had been pleased most highly to commend and encourage this undertaking, and has promised to erect the Establishment into a University as soon as all things shall be organised for that purpose." And that he himself "in conformity with the wishes of H.H. the Pope had undertaken to order and organise the new Establishment on behalf of the Rt. Reverend Bishop Baines." But there were other attractions.

> I should rejoice to see you in England (writes Bishop Walsh in 1832). Why ruin your health in Rome? I am told by many who have been in Italy that Rome is the worst climate for pulmonary affections. Which is of more use to the Church, a zealous priest in England, or a learned doctor whose health is ruined at Rome? Come to the healthy Midland county of England.

At first Walsh wished that Wiseman would set up a mission at Cambridge, where there was but a handful of Catholics. Later he proposed that Wiseman should go to Oscott and be his coadjutor for the Midland District. In 1835 Wiseman left for England to give a series of lectures and sermons, and remained there over a year. He decided then for reasons of his own that it was quite impossible to assist Bishop Baines in his project at Prior Park. He even went so far as to speak with disapproval of the place to influential Catholics. He was, to say the least, indiscreet, and endeavoured to cover his way by blaming Baines for breaking the promises made to him in Rome. Baines was furious, and rightly so, for he had dealt perfectly openly with Wiseman, and in the November of 1835 he sent him such a letter as anyone with less humility would never have kept. Although apologies were made, and peace restored, the friendship between the two ceased. There is one intersting passage in the letter. Baines wishes to show how the truth about such a College as his at Prior Park might be malignantly distorted, and ventures a comparison by describing the Venerabile from an enemy's point of view. From this one can gather that considerable freedom was allowed to the students in the way of books; that philosophy was particularly encouraged; that Wiseman was constantly giving them lectures on various topics; that there were only two-thirds the number of students that

there were in Gradwell's time (the 'Golden Age' then does not owe its distinction to numbers); that ladies were not altogether forbidden to enter the College, "several dashing young ladies having been seen strolling about the galleries;" that Wiseman's own apartments were well furnished, which tallies with Macaulay's description of them as "snugly furnished in the English style, and altogether very like the rooms of a senior fellow of Trinity;" that in fact the College was being conducted in a very normal fashion, with which it was difficult to find fault.

While one may admire the way in which Wiseman ruled this College, and see the wisdom of his close adherance to Gradwell's system, one must not forget the very important part his life at the College had in the formation of his character. He was Spanish born, and had left England for twenty-two years at the age of sixteen. He was more emotional than the usual Englishman, more strongly moved by external influences. His biographer Wilfrid Ward thinks it perfectly legitimate therefore to see in the history of his character at least one important crisis and change during his years at the Venerabile, which considerably affected his after-life. Perhaps one can justly say that during his term of office as Rector at least two marked changes took place in his character. The first, which I do not think was sudden, was the transformation of the student into the man of action; the second, though the result of many causes at different times, was spiritual and sudden—yet the result of well-ordered emotion for its effects lasted him his lifetime.

Little need be said about this first change. When appointed Rector he was "a dull-looking, emaciated student" who dreaded the task of preaching to an English congregation once a week, and who was continually depressed by a sense of loneliness. His active life as Rector, the company that he entertained, and his numerous employments (designing altars and writing music for Ushaw, lectures at the Roman University, and papers read to many distinguished gatherings), all these helped to draw him away from his books. The death in 1833 of his friend and adviser Dr. Gradwell increased his responsibility. When he visited London in 1835 the change in his appearance was at

once noticeable. He was now "portly but active and not in the least unwieldy, fresh coloured and smooth in face." His tall figure was taking that form which excused the mistake of the Irish servant who in later years always addressed him as "Your Immense." At the same time he charmed his acquaintances by his pleasantness and his easiness of access. "Comfortable, easy-going, innocent old man" is Lytton Strachey's description of him as Cardinal. But Strachey has forgotten that this happy disposition had been hardly won. Wiseman writes of one miserable Villa spent at Porzio, when most of his congenial companions had left, and he himself was inclined to brooding. In spite of his enthusiasm for the archaeology of early Christian Rome, for six years he derived no consolation from her monuments. In everything he sought for proofs of the Faith, and there was no lack of torturing doubts. It was not till 1834 that all doubts on the matter of Faith quite left him. But his sensitiveness remained with him all his life; it was at the Venerabile that he had learned to hide it and carry on. He did not forget the place to which he was indebted for acquiring this control. "Pray for me," he writes to Dr. English in 1858, "at the College on St. Thomas' day, *quoniam tribulor*, for I am quite alone, with everybody against me."

The second change for which his office as Rector was responsible, was his turning from everything that had previously interested him to the one and all-absorbing thought of the conversion of England. It is well to remember in passing that in the thirties the very idea of the conversion of England was laughed at by English Catholics, as something hopelessly unattainable (Spencer's letter to Wiseman, 1837). Perhaps Wiseman was first seriously introduced to this missionary zeal for his own country by Fr. Ignatius Spencer. This saintly convert as soon as he arrived as a student at the Venerabile told the Rector plainly "that he should apply his mind to something more practical than Syrian MSS. or treatises on Geology, and that he would rather see him take up with what suited a priest on the English Mission." The result of this was that Wiseman began to write sermons, published them and sent them to England. But his policy of gracious hospitality to English visitors

in Rome soon brought him into contact with such men as Gladstone and Macaulay. In 1833 Newman and Froude called at the College. The meeting with these Oxford divines was a revelation to Wiseman. No longer did Spencer's enthusiasm seem so fantastically impossible. The conversion of England was a probability, and from thenceforward "the favourite studies of former years were abandoned for the pursuit of this aim alone." His long stay in England from 1835 to 1836 only intensified his longing to commence the great work in his own country. The Vicars Apostolic complained of his absences from the College and his neglect of the Agency. Dr. Briggs had heard of "a reported state of insubordination etc., whence he was much afraid of its passing into the hands of the Jesuits." His long absences were "not good for the agency or the rectorship, and can only be practised when some still greater good is to be bought at their expense." Or, as a horrified French confessor said to him: "Président d'un Collège à Rome? Et voyageant partout, loin de vos élèves? Mon fils, je tremble pour vous!" But Wiseman's zeal was not easily quenched. Besides, was he not continually reminded by others that he was the one man needed to carry out great things in England? Newsham, the President of Ushaw, certainly never tired of exhorting him to leave Rome. And Bishop Walsh tells him "that all our good plans for religion here will materially depend, my dear Dr. Wiseman, on your strenuous efforts;" that he alone was "the proper person to meet the Oxford divines." And at the end of one letter he begs Wiseman to hesitate no longer, and concludes: "Come! Come! Come!" The actual turning-point in Wiseman's career was reached during a retreat given by a Jesuit Father at the College in November 1837. It has been seen to what extent he was more and more occupied by the thought of the conversion of England. It was after this retreat that he finally decided to turn himself into a 'missionary.' Since the re-opening of the College by Dr. Gradwell there had been little friendly feeling wasted between the Society and the College. Gradwell was strongly prejudiced against Jesuits, and the following letter is typical of his numerous warnings to Wiseman, written at the time of the re-constitution of the English Province of the Society:

> Provided that the Jesuits do not give you any disturbance or make any attempt on your college, I will do all in my power to favour them. If they should make any attempt of this nature they must expect resistance. Be vigilant on this point. They would long to recover Magliana, which indeed was Jesuit property. Sir Toby Matthews left a good part of it to them by his will. The rest was purchased later. To the College and its property they never had any right or title; but only the administration, which they converted to their own benefit, but with little advantage to us. It is now better administered, and more useful than ever it was under them.

Little distinction had been drawn between the Ignatian rule itself and the history, false or true, of the individual Jesuits connected with the College. Wiseman, though not sharing the heated views of Gradwell, was at the same time indifferent to the Society and all that it meant. The invitation to a Jesuit Father to give the retreat in the College was certainly an innovation. It had its immediate results. Wiseman was swept off his feet and at once attracted to the method of St. Ignatius in the spiritual life. He then saw clearly in what manner he should set about the conversion of England. Many resolutions were made, and many kept. He now became spiritual director to the majority in the house. Every morning he rose early and wrote out the meditation for the community, which he read to them in the chapel. A spirit of friendliness amongst everybody was quietly introduced, that made the last three years of his rectorship, according to himself, the happiest of his life. With small parties of the students he frequently visited the hospital of the Santo Spirito, where at that time there were many victims of cholera. (Bishop Briggs wrote in horror to learn what truth there was in the rumour that had reached him, that he had given up the College for a cholera hospital!) Fr. Spencer sent Wiseman his scheme for the prayers for the conversion of England, and left them to him to revise and publish as he thought fit. The result of this was the prayers that we know now. Before all, Wiseman imparted to everybody some of his own zeal, or what he termed 'the missionary spirit.' The following letter,

written a few months after he had left the College, best shows what he had in view:

> I of course pretend to no right to exercise an influence or authority in the College. Still a connexion of so many years with it will not allow me all at once to break off my interests in its welfare. I have laboured for some years to infuse into it all that I could of an Apostolic spirit and ardent desire to promote or hasten the conversion of England.... Am I to fear that these feelings have been proscribed or checked as chimerical or enthusiastic?... that England's conversion will be henceforward considered as an object beyond hope and therefore not an aim? Believe me, my dear Dr. Baggs... you will not keep up great efforts without great objects in view. Every day and every hour convinces me more that we cannot look for too great things in England. We are running fast to a religious crisis, which God only can know the result of. Even now, could we double the learning and piety of our clergy, we might do wonders. Our College at Rome is looked upon by all as a great public benefit, a source from which much good has to come. Keep up I entreat you the noble missionary spirit... I write thus as a friend to yourself and the College, dear to me beyond any other place on earth, and therefore I write sparsely and warmly.

Wiseman's own work in England he hoped would take the form of " retreats to clergy, directing missions in great towns, and addressing the public through the Press. " He was altogether occupied by this preparation, and more and more left the charge of the temporals of the College to the Vice-Rector. There were delays, however, and it was not until the June of 1840 that Wiseman was able to invite his mother to his consecration as Bishop of Melipotamus in the Sodality chapel of the English College. He left for England immediately to commence that for which his twenty-two years at the College had been a preparation. He left, it is true, with regret, but the opportunities of furthering the cause of the Church in England were so apparent to him that his longing and anxiety to begin were unmistakeable. And he did well. The great Cardinal had prepared himself at the Venerabile. He had his faults, but he had overcome many of them by patience and suffering. He had

changed himself from a solitary sensitive student to a capable man of affairs, from a mere man of culture to a zealous missionary. In this House of Martyrs he had learnt by opposition and by worry, by criticism, by submission, by the example of those around him, and by contact with great men, to direct his life by a single purpose. " Omnia pro Christo " was his device, and they were not idle words.

GUY PRITCHARD.

A WORD FROM ATLAS

(Being a leaf from a Senior Student's Diary for March 31st.)

I had reached sanctuary after a mercifully short public meeting which had terminated while the House was still taking stock of its newest victim. In the privacy of my room the tension relaxed as the echoes of the plebeian applause grew fainter and its mockery ceased to sting. There, alone with its burden of anticipations, the mind sought to pierce the veil of the future in vain conjecture: and the prospect did not bring joy. Oh ye who have escaped this unsought office ! what know ye of that hour of bleakness that mars the vista of that last year at the Venerabile ? And as I mused on the doubtful greatness that some have thrust upon them, there came a knocking at the door. The first complaint ? The latest reformer ? *Ad utrumque paratus,* to hedge or to suppress, I awaited the worst: but to my great relief the opening door did but reveal my predecessor, bearing in one hand a mass of documents, mostly old bills, and in the other a small tin box which the solemnity of the occasion bade me recognise for the Public Purse. The plebs had witnessed the formal side of the business. Here we two met as human beings between whom there was a great understanding, and a certain sympathy rightly left unexpressed. The papers were a motley collection, rubbish for the most part which had been carefully handed on to him on his black day and which now were mine in right of succession. These things he delivered to me firmly—yet withal kindly—for which I revered him. There was no flourish: no speech-

making here: just a simple solemnity that made us both for a moment great, as I, the latest of an honourable line, received the heritage that was my lot. We avoided each other's eyes—both aware of a subtle restraint. Then the last advice was given, "Beware of rumours—and by the way Giobbi has not been paid for the last concert wine"—and he had gone, not entirely concealing one little smirk of satisfaction—which I have long since forgiven.

Once more I was alone: but now my great depression had given way to a fever of excitement that I had concealed while my visitor delayed. The Public Purse of the Venerabile was in my hands—that mysterious fund of mirth—procuring fame which for six years had been to me but a name. Its secret was about to be revealed, and I was to be privileged to explore and scrutinize at leisure that which for so long had resisted enquiry and baffled imagination. It was a great moment.

I raised the lid without difficulty and peeped... *Within lay a corkscrew:* No! I do not mean there was nothing else, (though indeed there was precious little: for the last batch of finished Romans had not been prompt in paying: but I am not concerned with that here). But what to me was *really* remarkable about the public purse was the presence of that corkscrew. It struck me dumb: nor was it till the first bewildering shock of discovery was over that thought came rushing back, crowding in upon the brain in wave upon wave of fertile suggestion. And glad of the distraction which the occasion afforded I took out the corkscrew, laid it on my desk and made upon it the following meditation—or did I sleep and dream?

Why a corkscrew? A suspicion that my late visitor had chosen this means of ridding himself of incriminating evidence was of course out of the question: so too any charge against him of misplaced humour was unthinkable. The prosaic suggestion that the thing was sheer accident was also laid aside. Such things are not mere chance. The more I gazed upon it the stronger grew my conviction that there was something behind this affair. The corkscrew was surely a symbol and a sign: and while I feebly groped for a possible explanation, methought the ghosts of cynical forerunners whispered in my ear: "Yea! it is

a symbol or a figure of what his mind must be who would follow and unravel the intricacies of our reformed procedure in public meetings. The twisted, crooked piece of steel is of this a symbol, set here of old by us for a reminder of the one tradition that can never die."

I looked up and saw as in a vision the faces of all that gallant line, many well remembered, peering at me across the room. "*Fuimus... fuimus...*"—they seemed to say, and I catching at one of their whispered words helped them out, "Yes you were, my Trojans! and so once was Troy: but your Troy fell, and what now of your sacred trust, the ramparts of our inviolable traditions—where are they now?" I had found victims for my pent-up feeling, and I arose upon the wings of denunciation—but lo! they were gone, my shadowy predecessors, and again I was alone.

My eyes fell back upon the object of all my thoughts, and as I noticed the barrel-shaped handle, a great light shone upon me, so that I marvelled I did not think of it before. If the corkscrew was not a symbol, it was something more—it was a relic—a relic of some long forgotten privilege. Some great one of the past had enjoyed a concession denied his fellows and left this thing behind to mock our puniness. A picture arose and assumed the heroic proportions of one who had indeed succeeded in piling Pelion on Ossa and stolen the very nectar of the gods. I became overawed at the thought that I was to succeed to such a one. Was it he who also wore the coat? We who like Atlas make war upon Olympus and are doomed as it were to keep the heavens and the earth apart in perfect balance—to bear the weight of gods and men—*we* have never known such privilege, nor any. But it was good to think there had been one who had wrested for *himself* a boon. And what a privilege! Some might laugh my guess to scorn: but I know better. I had a great reverence for the men of old, for I had heard their stories and I knew the burden of their songs. We too are great, I grant you, but we can learn from a fellowship with the past. And the words of another Roman came unbidden to my mind: it was as though I linked hands with my unknown and pledged him to respect our mutual secret:—

Hic dies (said the other Roman) anno redeunte festus
Corticem adstrictum pice dimovebat
Amphorae.....

Then, greatly strengthened by this last consideration, I went forth to ring my first bell.

The year has come and gone (and we trust tradition has not grown older in silence nor hung her head for shame); the pathetic little scene of handing over has once more been enacted, *veterumque norma.* A new Atlas bears the load, and I too have been. Many problems have I solved during that year of office, but now that the corkscrew has gone from my keeping there comes at times the disturbing doubt that this problem is still unravelled and that whoever placed that corkscrew amongst the *tradenda* left his secret safe. *Nec scire fas est omnia.* It is only because I am doubtful that they have won from me the tale. And so fare you well, my little corkscrew! If this survives the censorship I shall have made you famous for ever—and as for me, I shall remember you when I remember Rome.

NOVA ET VETERA.

THE VENERABILE IN THE SEVENTIES.

An old Roman who arrived in Rome nearly sixty years ago has a right to have his recollections put in print, and it is with consequent pleasure that we proceed to record a few impressions sent us by Father Kirkham, who is our oldest correspondent.

"I arrived in Rome," writes Father Kirkham, "the third week in November in company with the then Bishop of Beverley, his secretary, Monsignor Goldi, and the late Canon Croskell, a fellow student. The next day I had an interview with the Rector, and for the first time in my life I was requested to hand over the money I had brought with me to be doled out to me every week as I wanted it. It was then I heard that the whole constitution of the College had been lately changed, and in the course of a day or two I found what these changes were. The order of the day was I think as follows;—we got up at 5.30, meditation at six, followed by Mass and breakfast—rolls, butter, coffee—and then off to the Roman College before eight. Back in time for dinner at one—consisting of soup, then boiled meat and green vegetables, followed by a roast of some kind and cheese and dessert. Very good College wine (red mostly) from Magliana. Supper—tea or wine, cold meat and fruit. Merenda at five p.m., which was of wine and bread, 'ne potus noceat'. There was nothing to complain of in the way of food. In fact we had the reputation of being the best fed college in Rome,

and from what I heard—comparing notes with French, Propaganda students, etc., whom I knew—it was not far wrong. We all had rooms in the front wing of the College, quite sufficient for the number. The beds were made of iron trestles in the old style, with sufficient bed-clothes. And then there were none of the obstructions to the windows facing the street that I saw when I again visited it in 1887 or 1888. These made it look like a barracks or a prison.[1]

" The first floor was occupied by the Rector, and only Dr. Giles had a room in the Pio College, facing the new church which was then building. There were a few students in the Pio College, two or three, with their own Vice-Rector, Mr. Smith. We saw very little of them.

" The domestic portion of the house consisted of three *camerieri,* Cook, Porter and sort of Majordomo, and of course there was Branchini, the Agent for the College. Mgr. Angelini, the Vice-gerent of Rome, had apartments in another part of the College. I got to know that from the fact of my receiving Minor Orders from him one evening shortly after I came. Before we went to the afternoon lectures, we had prayers for the conversion of England (Cardinal Wiseman's compilation), and the rules were read out, but I forget all about them now. There was a day's retreat every month. There was also supposed to be a Prone preached by one of the students from the pulpit in the Refectory during or after supper, but only two displayed their oratory in my time and then it was given up. "

Fr. Kirkham has established a record in the English College, since he is in some sense a living link between the present age and the time of the Jesuit rulers. " This was the fact, " says the writer, " that my grandfather was educated at the *Collegio Inglese,* and in the Jesuit records I find that he was taken by his parents to Rome in 1760 when it was under the Jesuits. I suppose it was customary to take boys at that time. " This we know was the period when the Venerabile was at its lowest

[1] These obstructions, or " buckets " (according to the Venerabile argot), were removed by the present Rector. [Ed.]

ebb. We may remember that the suppression of the Jesuits in France three years later stopped the arrival of any more students from Douai. In fact the Constitutions of Gregory XIII could not be observed, for these required that only philosophers and divines were to be received. A year later Bishop Challoner sent two young boys for rudiments, being unable to find any more advanced. Not long after, the Rector had to pawn a silver jug and basin at the Monte di Pietà. It must have been an interesting period for our forebears.

AUDIENCES WITH PIUS IX.

30th November Friday (1870). "This day is marked a double of the 1st class in my diary, for we had our never to be forgotten audience with Pius IX, and at the most interesting period of his life, viz., when a prisoner in his own palace. We went there in cabs as the streets were not fit to be walked on, being covered with a thick deposit of yellow mud. We got to the Vatican in plenty of time, and waited in the ante-room. The Pope at length came out in his walking dress, preceded by the Noble Guard and surrounded by Cardinals and Prelates. I noticed Kanzler there. His Holiness looked extremely well, and after we had kissed his hand, he asked us whether we could speak Italian. "Bravo!" he exclaimed on being answered in the affirmative, and therupon we listened to a nice little discourse on the duties of priests in England, and how difficult a thing it was to convert a country now-a-days. He then gave us his blessing. The audience happened on the very day on which his reign became the longest after that of St. Peter."

On July 4th 1871 the English College had another audience. "After waiting for a very long time, the Pope came into the Throne-room and the Rector expained why we were there. He then gave us a lecture about the *Times*, and said that it was supposed to represent the Government by some, but in reality represented public opinion. If it went to Purgatory, the *Times* went also; if it went to Hell, it followed; if it went to heaven, the *Times* would even deign to go there. The Pope

was referring to the repeated praises and insults promiscuously heaped on the Holy Father by that paper.

"He then received a deputation from Spoleto and heard a very long address read and afterwards received one from the seminary of Marino, which he pitched into afterwards, for it is noted as being the worst village in the whole place, saying that when he went there they had nothing but flowers for him, but no sooner was his back turned than they took to their knives. He then gave us his blessing and we followed him out."

AT PORZIO.

It seems as if one required to be a stout henchman in order to exist at Porzio in the anticlerical days of 1871. On September 28th "I went into the Play-room about a quarter to six when Barry came in and surprised me considerably by saying there was a row going on between the rest and some people. Immediately after, the rest came in, and then I learnt a detailed account of the whole transaction. It seems that as they were coming back, at the bottom of the Porzio hill, two *carrettine* with two men in each came driving down from Monte Compatri. Just as they came past the students, four of whom were abreast, a man in the first cart struck out with his whip across the line, hitting Gordon across the nose and slightly touching Barry. Gordon thereupon threw his stick at the first cart, but it fell short, and the men in the second, seeing this, got out to pick it up. Gordon ran forward and got there before the first of the two men, but instead of picking it up, waited till he came up, and gave him a blow across the head which knocked him down. The men in the first cart then jumped down, and at the same time the students were ready. A general scrimmage ensued and blows were given and received, they getting the worst of it considerably. For after Gordon had knocked the man down he got up again, and began throwing stones. One of their sticks was broken and they received some hard knocks from sticks and fists. The drivers of two wine-carts then came up with poles to help us, threatening to do something more serious. One of the students then voted to rescue them,

and accordingly we asked the drivers to desist. Gordon then got hold of one of the carts and led it to the owners. They mounted and went off, having learned a lesson they will not easily forget. About two minutes afterwards the Rector came up in a cab, and came into the College a short time after the others. We shall probably never hear the end of this."

AN OLD TUSCULUM GITA.

While we are in the mood for quoting, we may well append the following account of an old public gita from Porzio, which those of '87 will easily remember. The diarist is an old contributor to these pages.

"1887. August 4th. Thursday. This was our first full day at Tusculum. Matthew and I spent a good part of the morning plying our aromatic clays within the wooded enclosure of Camaldoli, and reclining against a slant piece of rock beneath a chestnut tree. Hence through the boughs we could just espy on the other side of the verdant dell the church of the Monastery and the picturesque hamlet of the monks. It was delightfully cool in this leafy retreat, where the rays of the sun had but little power: and we promised ourselves that, despite a rumble or two of distant thunder, an equally pleasant afternoon would follow upon so delicious a morning. We had not been long however on the level space of ground where we dine, just in front of the Theatre, when it was evident that a thunderstorm was coming up the Latin Vale from the sea, and threatened to vent some part at least, if not the whole of its fury upon us. This was peculiarly unfortunate, as the dinner-cloth and covers were already laid, and a swart cowherd of Aldobrandini had just been at pains to clear away some disagreeable traces of his beeves from the sward that was to serve as our couch. A short and hasty consulation ended in a general "stampede" to the neighbouring dwelling-house or stable, conspicuous for its remains of mutilated statues and fragments of old marble, and supposed to stand on the site of the Forum of the old city. Hither we hurried helter-skelter, each carrying what he could: and though the rain was already falling, all managed to get

safely lodged within—our venerable Vice, Students, Servants and grub. This was a comfort! Thanks to the cowherd and his modest tenement we could now chuckle and snap our fingers at the elements. Some moments of confusion ensued. As soon as I had succeeded in smashing and spilling a large bottle of wine—part of my burden—thereby very laudably pouring out a libation to the Lares of the place—the cowherd with the swart face began to whine and wring his hands in a most distressed fashion and the entire commisariat appeared paralysed. Some interval had to elapse before we were all seated, or rather squatted, most of us on square stones of *sperone*—relics of the pre-historic town—, some on fagots in the neighbouring room, our plates laid upon our knees, or daintily balanced on one of the two long, thick, rough-hewn poles, which were at hand, supported by a couple of legs at either end, and which our ready ingenuity had at once converted into tables. And now by the time we were ravenously falling to, whilst Frankie and O'Grego were bustling to and fro with the victuals, and the chaps of the swarthy herdsman watered again to behold so much plenty, the storm began to rage and pelt in deadly earnest. There came lightning and thunder and fierce rain and thick, and big bullets of hail, and a potent wind. This blew the sleet through the door nigh which some of us were sitting: and when this had been closed, the wind spitefully turned the corner of the house, and blew in the sleet upon us through the window, and when we had closed the window blew it open again, so that we were obliged to secure the shutters with a large stone from the fireplace. After this incident the conflict of the elements, though loud and strong, disturbed us no whit, and dinner went on amidst unwonted jocularity—smart hits from Master Gush, sly smiles from Mounseer, and bursts of uproarious mirth from Arthur. By the time the conversation had ceased and we had risen to seek for fresher air and a snooze, if possible, Boreas had 'passed off far to the north and called his ruffian blasts". The sun shone merrily, and all betokened a fair afternoon.

"Matthew and I retired to the far side of the Tusculum eminence, and there reclined on the broad slope facing the Silvestrian

hills, sun and wind having done something already to dry the ground. We had but just done our first pipe, when a second storm was seen to be approaching over the Arx, and accordingly I proposed to start up the hill and take timely shelter in one of the caves upon the spacious summit. Matthew assented and off we set carrying our implements along with us—"the Patriarch" (my old briar), "Longshank" and the "Nosewarmer," the second of our argillaceous pipes, unfortunately snapped by Matthew in the morning. However, our counsel came too late. Ere two minutes or less had passed, a strong hail began to whiz in our faces, and we were fain to lie lengthwise under the nearest stone wall, that served as a low hedge, to the lee of the wind and hail. The latter fell so slant for some short time that I escaped much wetting, though M. declared that he was getting soaked. I said to him, "Pop your head over the wall and see what the look-out is from where the wind is driving." He did so and reported things as black as ever, worse if aught. We at once made up our minds not to lie there to take a severe cold, but to push homewards at once at all costs: there was no shelter at hand, and whatever cover we might possibly reach, would now be of no avail. Under a black sky beneath a thick and pelting rain, with which hail was at first mingled, we trotted down the rocky road, along which ran streams of muddy rain-water, frequently overspreading the entire pathway. Thunder and lightning speedily overtook us, one terrific flash appearing to our left, just above Camaldoli. Tramping and splashing and splashing and tramping we held on, and more like drowned rats than aught else, finally reached the foot of the Portian eminence, our clothes clogging our steps and the water pouring off our hats—a spectacle that moved the mirth of a few village loungers who were watching the rain from the Deputy's liquor-stall. As we entered the door of the house through the garden, Angelo espied us and spread his arms out, as if he would say, "This is deplorably shocking!" Perhaps it was true, but anygates in a few minutes I had stripped, laved and donned fresh raiment, and was quaffing a beaker of liquor, whilst Matthew lay nursing his vital warmth in the sheets. Most of the party got similarly drenched. All I now regret is the loss of our two clays, which,

as we lay alongside of the stone wall, Matthew secreted in a hole or crevice, until such time as we could return to take them. We returned yesterday and plucked half the wall down, but pipes were out of reach."

THE SHRINE OF THE PROTECTRESS OF FORLÌ.

The adventures that followed on the possession of a banner, which appeared in the last number of the *Venerabile,* have had their echoes in the town of Forlì. One of our readers who is an honorable member of the Roman Association and a Roman of Propaganda fame has lately played the roll of poet laureate in that charming vicinity. "Having visited Forlì in 1927," he writes, "I was asked, after much kind hospitality, to write the Carmen Saeculare for the Quinto Centenario of their Festa Patronale, *La Madonna del Fuoco,* the fourth of February, 1928. The enclosed was the result of my efforts."

AD BEATAM VIRGINEM AB IGNE
FOROLIVI PATRONAM
QUINGENTESIMO RECURRENTE ANNO
TAM MIRIFICI PATRONATUS.

Comiter, Virgo, numeris adesto!
Gens Forolivi memor, auspicata
Te canit grates merito rependens
Carmine festo.

Urbis adiutrix, generosa Mater,
Lucidum caeli jubar, his perenni
Supplicum turbae celebrata cultu
Suscipe laudes.

Ecce quingentos nituit per annos
Excolens urbem tua cara imago;
Te sacerdotes, populus vocarunt
Rite patronam.

Mira spectamus tua gesta, Virgo,
Saeculo quinto redeunte fauste.
Salve, io! multos referant novosque
Vota triumphos.

Da probos mores docili juventae,
Da senectuti placidam quietem,
Da fidem cunctis Patriaeque laeta
Munera pacis.

The history of the miraculous picture which is the object of the devotion of the people of Forlì we may quote from the *santino* which bears the picture of the Madonna. " In Forlì, nelle vicinanze della Cattedrale, dove insegnava lettere certo M. Lombardino da Riopetroso, la notte del 4 Febbraio 1428, si sviluppava un grande incendio. Nella parete della scuola pendeva sopra una tavoletta una stampa in carta che rappresentava la Madonna col Bambino, circondata da santi e sante. Restò in piedi solo il muro da cui illesa pendeva ancora la detta sacra Immagine. Il popolo, accorso alla novità del fatto, acclamò il prodigio che fu poi confermato da una serie di celesti favori lungo il corso di ben cinque secoli! All'Immagine della Madonna solennemente portata in Cattedrale fu innalzato in principio del secolo XVII un trono magnifico dove la pietà e l'arte cantano a Maria un inno di gloria. Nel 1636 fu collocata in piazza la Statua, demolita in 1909." The writer adds that the statue " was re-erected this year on May 6th—con intervento del Clero, di numeroso popolo e di tutte le autorità civili."

IN THE CITY.

The pride of antiquity is now so rampant amongst modern Romans that no town-planning scheme can be acceptable unless it embrace the restoration or disencumbrance of at least something claiming more than three centuries of existence. This is a welcome change from that wholesale destruction of medieval and Renaissance Rome that took place towards the end of the last century. Further developments of the Capitol Tunnel at present seem intended to relieve San Giorgio in Velabro, the Temple of Janus and S. Maria in Cosmedin, of their unsightly parasites, whilst the Circus Maximus is at last to be excavated. The inner wall and part of the banking near the medieval mill of Lady Jacopa da Settesoli are now open to view, and the houses covering the site are coming to the ground. The Golden House of Nero is receiving expert attention, and a Park now stretches from the Coliseum to the Villa Brancaccio.

While the Museums are putting up their prices, they are in flourishing conditions. The Mussolini Museum on the site of the

old Caffarelli palace, behind the Palazzo dei Conservatori, is acquiring a fair selection of fragmentary statues and of water-colours of Rome in the eighties. The Napoleonic Museum is also ready, and the Museo dell'Impero is shifted to the Piazza delle Tartarughe.

Nemi Lake was a grievous disappointment to us when we first saw it. We had expected signs of operations, but apart from one or two erections of an exiguous nature, everything was as before. The latest announcements give us hopes of seeing the galleys next summer.

The Revolt of Pan.

"Et residens celsa Latiaris Jupiter Alba."
(LUCAN. *Phar.* I. 198.)

PAN gave a great yawn that ended in a hoarse cough. He had learnt how to do it from a Parthian fellow down in Albano in Severus' day, and it made him feel as important as that centurion. So he often yawned like that on rising; it was as strengthening as a deep draught of Albano wine:—

"Caecuba vina a fusco Hydaspe
Chium maris expers sive Falernum,
Omnia habemus sed magis delectat
Cadus Albani, vindemia mitis!"

he sang merrily, thinking of Malvasia.

A faint gleam flushed the eastern sky. Pan gave a startled leap. "Jove! it's late," he gasped. "There's that pestilential fellow Shadow," and he set off like the wind towards the seacoast, his hair streaming and his pipes clutched firmly in his right hand.

Jupiter Latiaris stamped impatiently on Cavo top. "If that lad's late again I'll waken him up with a thunderbolt to-morrow morning... Hurry up, you lazy scamp," he roared, for he had caught a glimpse of a figure flying along the Galleria di Sotto near the Cappuccini Pine. Pan looked scared. His hoof slipped and he tumbled head over heels in front of the Centurion's tomb. "Father Mercury," he gasped out, "lend me your winged heels—just to Fiumicino." His hoofs made such a clatter on the rocky turn of the road that the whole ghostly court of Domitian left the Minervan games and the crowning of Statius, and ran helter-skelter to see what the noise was about. They hoped it was another Imperial Council:—

" Quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem
Traxerat attonitos et festinare coactos "—

to decide upon the matter of the Anconian Turbot. But when they saw it was only Pan they were so annoyed that they returned to the games.

But Pan sped on, past Minerva's frescoed Rotonda and the Baths of Marcus Aurelius. Mercury seemed to be helping him after all. Phoebus, inordinately proud, rose magnificently over the Cyclopean walls of Segni, and the Shadow left the Fiumicino beacon and began to slip silently towards the foot of the mountain.

Pan was abreast of it, busily seeing that it did not get caught by all this new-fangled barbed wire. But Shadow was gliding faster as they neared the Praetorian Camp, and Pan's hoofs, gallop as they might, could not keep pace with his silent speed. At the sight of the giant sugar-loaf caps of the Etruscan Tomb, Pan called, " Here wait a minute, " and then in a plaintive wail, " I've got stitch. " Shadow chuckled : " My dear fellow, it's not my fault. I've got to do what Phoebus tells me. " Pan shot a look of fury at him. " Then I'll make you stop, " and springing in the air, he hurled himself forward, thinking to pin Shadow to the ground with his horns. Instead he found himself heels in air and kicking, his hair bathed in a glory of dancing sunlight.

Shadow's laughter grew faint and died as he sped on over the ruins of Pompey's " mad masses of building "—Cicero's hate—and the gently rising goddess of mists soon hid his path. Pan freed himself and walked wearily up to the Barberini gardens. He dropped over the wall and sat on a pedestal under the stone-pines to think, his chin cupped in his hand. " Itys and Philomela used to be such good company when one felt down, " he murmured—" mournful Itys and Philomela of the lovely song. " His pipes had strayed to his mouth, his lips rounded and he blew softly. Then he spluttered angrily ; his mouth was full of soil. " Shadow, I hate you ! " he cried savagely and flung himself off the pedestal. He ran furiously down the broken moss-grown terrace, and only stopped when he saw the Nymphaeum of the Emissarium.

" Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum,
Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domus " [1].

This looked distinctly hopeful, and brightened his eye. He drummed loudly with his hoofs upon the wall. " Kick stone ! " he shouted, " Kick stone ! " but only Echo timidly responded " Kick stone ! " Pan snapped at her: " Who asked you to come moaning about the place ? "... " Moaning about the place ? " Echo expostulated weakly. " I said so, didn't I ? " shouted Pan, now in a wretched temper. " Didn't I ? " she asked in her turn. Pan threw a piece of *opus reticulatum* at her, stamped away, and, like Romulus and Remus, left Alba Longa to the white sow of Aeneas and the *villini.*

" Well ! sulky, " grumbled Jupiter, when Pan reached the crest of Cavo—" what is the matter with you ? " Pan said nothing, but leant again the giant ilex. " What about my breakfast, eh ? " " Breakfast ! " cried Pan; " I 'm sick of getting your breakfast. I'm sick of everthing. It's nothing but work, work, work, from morning till night. Your salt from Tuscany, your wine from Segni... " " Good gracious ! " said Jupiter, " I've had to take rooms in this blessed despicable *albergo* since York drove me out of my temple again ; but do I grumble ? Pray, what is your grievance ? "

Pan was sobbing with rage. " It's all your fault, " he answered. " I've to see that the babies lie straight in their cradles, that the sheep find the best sort of grass, that the water flows down instead of up, that the wind creeps along the right ravine into the lake... I've to do everybody's work. Bacchus didn't carefully educate me to see that wheels ran true. I'd like to see you on the Appia Nuova with twelve Fiats and a lot of glass about." " Tut, tut, " said Jupiter, " dont be absurd, boy ! " " You're absurd ! " retorted Pan. " How can I see that rust doesn't get into the corn when every Tom, Dick and Harry is growing it for the Battaglia del Grano ? " [2] " Very well, "

[1] Aen. I, 166.

[2] See recent posters.

said Jupiter, "if you won't work, I suppose you won't. But you deserve a good thunderbolting, you do indeed! I don't know what the Latin League would think of me," he added sadly. "I can't use my thunderbolts now because..."

But a fat man with a loud voice interrupted him: "Here, you old pagan, come and get your work done!" Jupiter moved reluctantly towards the Albergo door, and making a sudden dart scrambled under the proprietor's descending hand.

Pan sat in the morning sun, and after a quarter of an hour an embittered Jupiter re-appeared. "Excelsa de rupe procul iam auspicit Urbem," he muttered—"matchless panorama from the Mons Circaeus to Soracte... terms moderate... Here, Pipes!" he said in a louder tone. Pan had repented of his earlier display of temper, but at this name he grew peevish again. "Well, Ambrosia?" he snapped. Jupiter gulped but contrived to keep his temper. "I've had a proposition," he ventured. "What's that?" asked Pan. "Well, never mind what the word means; if you do it you needn't bother about old Shadow any more, and we can both live very comfortably at the Red House. There has always been a fair amount of mist up here, and a change might do me good. Besides I like the blue smoke that comes from the charcoal-burners' cones down there."

Pan played "A Life on the Ocean Wave" mockingly. Jupiter continued with considerable self-control: "The Manager of the Palace Hotel..." "Where's that?" asked Pan. "Rocca di Papa," answered the father of all the gods; "don't interrupt, haven't you seen the posters? The Manager would give you a liberal allowance, excellent victuals and everything found, if you would answer the door. He thinks that it would attract the Americans." "What!" gasped Pan. Then louder: "What do you take me for?" "There would be tips..." suggested Jupiter swiftly. Pan started to his feet. "I'll stand it no longer!" he shouted. "The great god Pan in buttons! Bah! you old shameless rogue." Then he gave a mighty leap downwards past the astonished deity of the *populi Albanenses*, and was soon lost among the trees.

W. KELLY.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES.

GRADUS AD PARNASSUM.

It has been said that adherence to tradition is the sign not merely of the law-abiding but of the cultivated mind. At any rate it is certain that for a long span of years our all too frequent march to the University has followed the well-worn routes of centuries; so that deviations, whether due to the yet uncurbed frolicsomeness of a first year or the newest terrors of the Roman traffic or the barriers of roadmenders, have all in due turn given way to the traditional paths. Restless and migratory we may be: our κυκλούμενα ἴχνη remain ever the same. And yet our senses may often be too hemlock-drugged to recall the history and interest of what we see. Few stones can tell their tale, yet the very names of the streets may serve to beguile the leisurely quarter of an hour or hurried ten minutes of the *camerata*.

In these days when Rome is being daily modernized, it would be well to capture what remains of interest before we go perforce by broad, clanging thoroughfares each day to lectures. At present we pass through streets but superficially different from those of the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries—the only great change being in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, which follows the line of the medieval Via Sacra or Via Papale from the Gesù to San Pantaleone, and then continues by a straighter route to the Tiber.

RIONE DELLA REGOLA.

The Venerabile stands close by in the centre of the Rione della Regola. Cardinal Allen might well indeed have smiled at the aptness of such a name and such a situation for his College, though in reality the word *Regola* has no such simple etymology. In the Middle Ages it was termed Arenula, apparently from the sandy banks of the Tiber on which it borders, and by a series of chameleon-like changes ranged through Renula, Reula and Reola to Regola.[1] It may be noted however that Gabrini would derive it from the *arena* of the Theatre of Balbus which stood near by.

On leaving the College one passes immediately into the Piazza della Ruota, which name results from a surprising vagary of the Italian tongue. The church of Santa Caterina della Ruota was originally dedicated to Santa Maria in Catarina, and is so called in a Bull of Urban III dated 1168.[2] Attached to the church was a hospital for those redeemed from slavery in Africa, and these were accustomed to hang up their chains as votive offerings before a Madonna in the church. The title of the church thus became debased into " Sta. Maria de Catenariis, " and then " in Caterina, " until a devotion to the later Saint Catharine caused the final change. In a catalogue of Niccolà Signorili, Secretary to the Roman Senate (1417-31), it is called " S. Marie et Catherine, " and a document in the College archives recording the sale of John Sheperd's house also calls it the church of SS. Mary and Catherine.[3] Another of its titles was " S. Caterina de Sabellis, " and in the visitation of 1630 it is described as near

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[1] Baracconi. — *I Rioni di Roma* (2nd edition), p. 309.

[2] Amullini. — *Le Chiese di Roma*, p. 412.

[3] " Que domus posita e in oppositn ecce Scar M.e Cattine inter hos fines, cui ab uno latere ten qda q Dons Fattiotius Velli, ab al e queda doms q fuit Lateran ecce, ab al latr reto ten Cola de Theballescris, ant. e via puca. (Quae domus posita est in oppositione ecclesiae SS. Mariae et Catherinae inter hos fines cui ab uno latere tenet quidam quondam (?) Dominus F. V., ab alio est quaedam domus quae fuit Lateranensis ecclesiae, ab alio latere retro tenet C. de Th., ante est via publica). (Membr. John, 1632).

the Corte Savella [1]—perhaps a useful indication of the site of this prison. The church is dependent on the Chapter of St. Peter's, which sends representatives to the High Mass on its Titular Feast.

The Via Monserrato only received its present name in 1495 on the building of the new national Spanish church of S. Maria in Monserrato, by Alexander VI. The Palazzo Cadilhac, set at its entrance into the Piazza Farnese, still preserves an air of distinction, though until recently its open porch displayed a wine merchant's store. One feels very sorry that its two *loggie* have been transformed into rooms, probably during the housing shortage. Many new buildings in and about Rome possess dummy arcades bricked in to form windows—a curious instance of utility being the mother of a new style.

The Palazzo Farnese with its bulging cornice has been the subject of many books. It embodies both the material and style of classic buildings, though Corinthian pilasters on the façade support Ionic ones. The palace was originally planned to face the Tiber, [2] and hence is more ornate on that side. Across the Piazza and on the right of the Via Marna is the Palazzo Pighini (or Pichini), designed by Vignola and restored by Alessandro Specchi. [3] It formerly held a small collection of statues.

The two fountains springing from baths of Egyptian granite in the Piazza were formerly used for turning the square into a lake, in times when the *naumachia* was not yet forgotten. Pascoli had a plan for enlarging this lake, which involved the destruction of six islands of buildings, so that there would be an unbroken stretch from the Cancelleria to the Palazzo Spada. Two more fountains would have been added for this purpose. At one time there seems to have been an open-air barber's shop in a

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[1] "S. Caterina detta 'in catenariis' è appresso Corte Savella. È del capitolo di S. Pietro, che l'ha data alla compagnia di S. Antonio di Padova. Il cappellano dice che l'area della piazza avanti alla chiesa era tutta chiesa, ma perchè cadde e rovinò fu concessa a detta compagnia che l'ha di nuovo riparata, e il resto della chiesa et hospedale restò per piazza, perchè in quella era l'hospedale di quei che si riscattavano in Barberia da mani d'infideli."

[2] Pastor. — *History of the Popes,* Eng. tr., vol. VII, p. 130.

[3] *Roma Antica e Moderna* (1765), vol. I, p. 630.

corner of the Piazza, a chain and an awning constituting the *stigli* of this flourishing business.

Three streets lead to the Campo di Fiori from the Piazza Farnese, and present the different routes we propose to describe. On the left is the narrow Vicolo del Gallo, so called from the family which resided here when this *contrada* was the prosperous business centre of Rome. One naturally looks round for the dust and baskets of a charcoal store, for palatial porches are the usual *habitat* of the Roman *carbonaio*. Here is a store, but we find no trace of the house or family. The street was previously called "de' Macelli," and one butcher still remains to justify the name. At the corner of the Via de' Cappellari the Casa di Vanozza still betrays the rounded windows of its upper storey, whilst the escutcheon of Alexander VI (with an additional quartering) on the wall lends credence to Pastor's theory [1] that it was formerly in the possession of Vannozza de' Catanei. It is traditionally called the Albergo della Campana (mentioned by Burchardt), and was owned by Johanna Teufel, which name was euphemistically italianised as Angelo. According to Pastor this well-known inn stood near by in the Via de' Cappellari. Even this mean-looking street is not without other historical associations, for at No. 35 was born Pietro Trapassi or Metastasio, the famous metrical improvisor.[2]

The fountain in the Campo originally stood in the centre, its present site being covered by a block of houses. It was erected by Gregory XIII, and had to be set six feet below the ground on account of the low level of the *Acqua Vergine*. The water flowed by four mouths from an oval basin of white marble with a curved "lid" surmounted by a sphere. Hence from its likeness to a cooking-dish it bore the name of "Terrina".

RIONE PARIONE.

Regola here gives place to Parione (Lat. *paries*), which takes its name from a wall which was probably part of Domitian's

[1] PASTOR. — *Die Stadt Rom zu Ende der Renaissance*, p. 51.
[2] BARACCONI. — *op. cit.*, p. 321.

stadium, or of the Templum Olivitreum which in the Middle Ages supported a " torre Parione de Campo ".[1] Here also at the junction of the Campo with the Piazza della Cancelleria may be seen the arms of Alexander VI. This may be the *stemma* which formerly decorated the entrance to the Cancelleria. On the other hand, if we are to argue from the neighbouring inscription, it may easily be a record of the widening of the Via del Pellegrino.[2]

It is strange that the Cancelleria and *archivium* after its migration to the Via Banchi Vecchi should have been installed in Cardinal Riario's palace, built on the site of the *scrinium* and archives of Pope Damasus. These were attached to the Basilica of San Lorenzo in Damaso,[3] which fronted the Via del Pellegrino and was destroyed to make room for the new palace. It was also termed " in Prasino "[4] from its proximity to the racing stables of the " green " faction.[5] The Cancelleria, built as a private palace, has served a diversity of purposes. In 1492 the *cortile* was converted into a temporary theatre, what time Popes and Cardinals were patrons of the buskin and mask. The first two plays, " La Resa di Granata " and " Ferdinandus Servatus, " written by the Pope's private secretary, referred to the Moorish wars of Ferdinand of Spain and the frustrated attempt on his life.[6] During the Bourbon sack of Rome the palace served as a refuge for the fugitives and as a prison for the four hostages

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[1] BARACCONI. — *op. cit.*, p. 285. But not all writers are agreed on the origin of the word. While PASTOR (*Hist. of the Popes*, vol. XII, p. 378) derives it from the Parione family who were perhaps the possessors of the Torre, Moroni (*Diz.*, vol. 58, p. 12) suggests that it may be from the *apparitores* or assistants in the papal offices, who lived near the notaries' quarter in this region. GREGOROVIUS (*La Storia di Roma*, vol. III, p. 670) prefers *paries*, suggesting that some remains of Pompey's theatre may have given rise to the name.

[2] ALEX · VI PONT · MAX · POST INSTAURATAM ADRIANI MOLEM ANGUSTAS URBIS VIAS AMPLIARI IUSSIT · A · D · MCCCCXCVII.

[3] ARMELLINI, p. 374.

[4] BARACCONI, *op. cit.*, p. 293.

[5] The other factions were " albata, " " verneta, " " russata, " representing the seasons of the year. Some authorities are of opinion that the English College partly occupies the site of the stables of the " green " faction.

[6] BARACCONI, *op. cit.*, p. 307.

given by the Pope to the Constable, and whom Cardinal Colonna allowed to escape. In 1798 the French here installed the Tribunate, and in 1811 it became the seat of the " Corte Imperiale di Giustizia, " insituted by Napoleon. An inscription on the façade — Corte Imperiale — still bears witness to its brief existence as a Palace of Justice, and is one of the few relics of the Napoleonic Supremacy.

The east side of the Piazza della Cancelleria remained closed in until the opening of the new Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Up till 1575 or thereabouts, when it was enlarged by Cardinal Francesco Barberini, the square had been covered by wretched houses which formed a very unpleasing setting to the dignified palace.

Keeping now to our route, we turn into the Vicolo dell'Aquila, (so called from an inn sign which in turn probably records a family of that name) and then into the Piazza San Pantaleone. The church of San Pantaleo provides an interesting link between the *Schola Saxonum* and the Hospice of the Via Monserrato. It seems probable that when Innocent III converted the *Schola* into a hospital he would transfer the clerics in charge of the *Schola* to some other office; and in fact we find that San Pantaleo was served by a body of English priests under Honorius III, his immediate successor.[1] One of the bells in this church was set up at this time and bears the following inscription:

D. PRAESBITERI ANGLI ANNO DOMINI MCCXLIII.

The English colony at this time seems to have centred round the church—as is perhaps natural since it was on the pilgrim route to St. Peter's, and there were a great number of English " paternostrarii " in Rome in the 14th century.

The Palazzo Braschi is on the right of an Orsini palace built by Sangallo. The latter palace became later the possession of Caracciolo di Santo Buono. Cardinal Oliviero Caraffa lived here and set up the Pasquin statue, found in the Via Leutari, at a corner of his palace.

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[1] " E tenuti da preti inglesi perchè sopra d'una campana si trova notato D. PR. etc. E delle sue entrate parte s'unirono alla collegiata di S. Eustachio da Leone X per una ricompensa da certe loro case spianate per aprire una strada alli Pollaroli. " (PANCIROLI. — *I Tesori Nascosti,* p. 647).

The Via della Cuccagna, which might be termed "Street of Plenty," received its name from a sport formerly practised in the vicinity. This consisted in climbing a greasy pole to secure the wine and viands placed on top. The sport was very popular and was played in the *cortili* of many palaces. The Swiss Guard used to play here on the first of May.

PIAZZA NAVONA.

The Piazza Navona, where the morning *camerata* first meets the full blast of the *tramontana,* has filled many books. The name s generally derived from Agone (Nagone, Navone), as here was the stadium of Domitian. Cancellieri however suggests that its boat-like shape may be the origin of the name. The square is famous for its carnival scenes and was always a centre of outdoor life. Here took place many of the boar hunts and bull fights in which Caesar Borgia took part. It is however chiefly remembered for the *Sabatine* instituted in 1653 under Pope Innocent X. The square which then sloped towards the centre was flooded from the fountain each Saturday evening in August, and thus remained till the midnight of Sunday. Carriages in the shape of gondolas circled round the piazza, whilst the splashing of horses and of children scrambling for coin, with the fantastic illumination of torches and bengal lights, presented a scene of animation difficult to describe. The Sacred College and all the nobility attended, and occupied the decorated *mignani* or *loggie* of the surrounding palaces. A tradition preserves for us the picture of the Stuart princes throwing down pennies to the crowd from the *mignano* of their palace to their father's intense displeasure—the old Caligulan phantasy in lighter hue! [1]

[1] The Piazza Navona also shares the glory of the Campo di Fiori in having witnessed the results of heretical pride. On the 11th of June 1531, after the edict of Worms, Martin Luther's portrait and works were solemnly burnt in the piazza to the great joy of the populace. "Praeterea Junii undecima Marti dicata Rome in Naone simulacrum Martini Luterii publice crematum est tanquam heretici et opuscula illius quamplurima fetenti admixto lumine ita ut circumstantes ferre non valerent." (Tizio, *Hist. Senen.*).

It is worth while noticing that the fountain in the centre of the Piazza as first designed by Bernini would have been more in accord with the canons of classic art and good taste. However the baroque madness of the people combined with the parsimony of Innocent X proved too strong and the design was altered.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Piazza was partially surrounded by gardens and part of the banking of the stadium was still visible. Some years previously (1477) the market had been transferred here from the Capitol, and here it remained with slight vicissitudes until 1869, when it was moved to the Campo di Fiori because the Piazza was then being paved.[1] Gerolamo Pico, writing after his visit to Rome in 1575, says: "A Roma havve Piazza Navona per il mercato con tre bellissime fontane; è invero gran piazza, ma fangosa e non ha strade maestre, che da niuna delle parte o altro luogo principale vi conduchino cittadino o viandante."[2] This *inviabilità* of Rome is still a Gordian knot which every successive government attempts to untie, yet the road improvements merely let in a new flood of traffic. One might almost say that the problem dates from the foundation of Rome, since, unlike most Roman towns, it was not built on the Terramara plan—chiefly, it is said, owing to its surface irregularities and to its later rapid development.

Our path turns round by the Palazzo Lancellotti and into the Via dei Canestrari. The palace, reputed to be magnificent within, though of simple exterior, was designed by Pirro Ligorio for Ferdinand Torres of Granada, who had been sent by Philip II to present the *chinea* (a tribute of money and a white horse) to Pope Paul IV. He settled in Rome, his palace later coming into the possession of the Lancellotti. Just as the mattress-makers congregated near S. Pantaleo so here were

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[1] "Dall'altra parte (of the Palazzo Massimo) si moveva alla Piazza Navona trovando lungo il cammino la chiesa di S. Pantaleone, le case dei Muti e dei Mazatosti e finalmente il grande palazzo del Conte Francesco Orsini, nel luogo ove oggi esiste quello Braschi." (GREG., *op. cit.*, vol. VII. p. 829. Cfr. also NIBBY, *Roma nell'anno 1838—Moderna*, vol. II. p. 605).

[2] PICO. — *Sette Città d'Italia.*

the wicker-workers or basket-weavers; indeed they still are, for at least two shops continue to carry on the same trade. It is strange that the only *lavoranti in vimini* should dwell in that half of the street which no longer bears their name. Filled with enthusiasm for their heroes of the last century, Italians have everywhere re-christened streets in their honour. Hence this is now called after Guglielmo Oberdan, a student of the University, executed at Triest for desertion and attempt on the life of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The Sapienza has a long history, yet we recall but one immediate link with the College—the appointment by Leo XII of Nicholas Wiseman to a professorship of Oriental languages.

RIONE S. EUSTACHIO.

We have now passed into the Rione S. Eustachio (named from the church), and into the Piazza of the same name, where for many years was held the *Befana* previous to its migration to the Navona. The Palazzo Maccarini (now di Brazzà) with its pedimental door and windows was designed by Giulio Romano (Raphael's pupil) for the Cenci family, but was never completed. Benedict XV resided here for many years previous to his election. The church of S. Eustachio is called " in Platana " from the plane tree that once grew near by. It received a red pallium from the *Populus Romanus* to commemorate the recovery by Clement VIII of the State of Ferrara in 1598. Until the pontificate of Pius V the degree of Doctor in all the faculties of the Sapienza was here conferred, and the College founded by St. Ignatius, which later became the Collegio Romano and then the Gregorian University, had its first academic display in the same church. Browning speaks of the game shops near the Rotonda as still surviving under the wings of S. Eustachio. Opposite the church is the picturesque Casa dei Medici with graceful windows and remains of frescoes attributed to Polidoro da Cavareggio. This style of decoration came into fashion under Leo X and penetrated as far as Poland.

Turning to the left and passing the tablet on the church

wall recording the floods of 1495, [1] we enter the Via S. Eustachio, once the narrow Vicolo degli Speziali. Here were the shops of the sellers of perfumes and spices (*spezie*). In the middle ages the trade was not despised even by the noble families, so that we hear of Giovanni Andrea dei Crescenzi buying a house in this quarter and setting up shop. The Crescenzi, who were the descendants of that unfortunate Crescentius who was hanged on Monte Mario, had most of their palaces in this quarter. The Salita dei Crescenzi opens on to the Piazza della Rotonda.

THE PANTHEON.

The Pantheon, like most temples, was originally approached by a flight of steps, but owing perhaps to the various floods and sacks of Rome, the ground level has risen considerably, and at one time one had even to descend to it by steps. In 1270 a *campanile* with bells was erected, and this finally gave place to two small turrets popularly called " l'orecchi d'asino di Bernini ". The *pronaos* at the time began to resemble a covered market, whilst small houses clustered round the outer walls. About 1444 Eugenius IV levelled the square and destroyed the stalls of the dealers, who chiefly traded in fish and poultry, but they did not disappear until the beginning of the last century.

In the early *seicenti* each 19th of March there was held in the portico an exhibition of the year's paintings. Thus in 1650 Velasquez's portrait of Innocent X was on view. The exhibition seems to have been introduced by the *barracci*, members of the Compagnia dei Virtuosi del Pantheon, an artists' society founded in 1543 by Desiderio Adiutorio, Canon of Santa Maria ad Martyres, from the aquaintances and school of Raphael. They possessed a chapel within, where the the associates were buried. The *Virtuosi* still hold an annual meeting at the Pantheon.

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[1] AN · SAL · M·VD · TIBERIS SERENO AERE AD HOC — SIGNUM CREVIT · NON · DECEMBR · ALEX · VI · P · M · AN · III.

The fountain in the centre of the Piazza was erected by Gregory XIII, prior to the obelisk which was set up by Clement XI in 1711. The Pontiff had a medal cast to commemorate this and the levelling of the square. The obelisk had long stood in the Piazza di San Macuto, where it was surmounted by a globe traditionally supposed to contain Caesar's ashes.

" Ecci una guglia tal d'una pharetra
Son trenta braccia e più sel dir non erra
Chi sotto vi si pon convien che retra.
Ed altri tanti dicon sotto terra
E una palla in cima e Cesar dentro
Che vi fu posto finito lui la guerra." [1]

The Rione della Pigna, and especially the Pantheon, seem to have been the legal quarter of the city. One of our College deeds concludes: "Done at Rome under the Porch of me the undersigned notary, situated beside St. Mary the Round..." [2], and one of the witnesses is an Englishman "John at Pyne," i.e. John de Pinea.

VIA DEL SEMINARIO.

At the corner of the Via del Seminario stands a house dating from the 15th century. Unfortunately it is partially defaced by a shop, and only the rounded windows and narrow side staircase betray its antiquity. The street itself takes its name from the Palazzo Borromeo, which is the present home of the Gregorian University. Soon after the Council of Trent the Palace was converted by Pius IV into an ecclesiastical seminary. After the suppression of the Jesuits in 1773, this *Seminario Romano* was transferred to the *Collegio Romano.* When the Jesuits were re-established, the *Seminario Romano* took up its quarters in S. Apollinare. The German College came to reside in the Via del Seminario, but in 1870 it gave place to the Roman College, whose buildings had been taken over by the

[1] Prospettivo Milanese, *apud* Adinolfi, II 371.

[2] "Actum Romae sub porthicu mi iscript not posit iusta Sca Maia Rotuda."

Government. The street was previously called Via di San Macuto, after the church dedicated to St. Malo (or Maclivio). This church, which once bore the title of S. Bartolomeo dei Bergamaschi, originally possessed three naves and a tribune and a small cemetery. It occurs in the list of churches of Cencius Camerarius (afterwards Pope Honorius III).

A half-erased heraldic bearing on the marble portal of a house marks the residence of Diego de Valdes, Bishop of Zamora and Majordomo to Alexander VI. Part of this house is now a *scuola d'armi.*

Even as early as 1362 we find mention of a *palazzo con orto* hereabouts, which was used as a hotel. Perhaps it is the direct ancestor of the Ristorante Tre Re—*con giardino,* which now occupies part of the Palazzo Serlupi. This palace (never completed) was designed by Giacomo della Porta, and formerly belonged to the Crescenzi. In 1763, when the latter family became extinct, the Marchese Serlupi took their name and arms. On the wall of the palace is one of the many inscriptions showing the Papal government's desire for cleanliness.

On arriving at the Gregorian we enter the Rione Colonna (so called from the Antonine column). The street marks the division between Pigna and Colonna. Somewhere at hand would be the "Carcere della S. Inquisizione a p. di Sammautto" mentioned in the proceedings against Frate Giovanni Bozio. Probably some part of the Dominican convent of the Minerva was put at the services of the Inquisition.

F. J. SHUTT.

COLLEGE DIARY

FEBRUARY 22nd. *Ash Wednesday.* Lenten Stations once more begin to give an objective to our afternoon walks. Mgr. Respighi is in full voice, but alas! the Old Man of the Stations has been stricken and can no longer set an example of pilgrim fidelity to degenerate Romans.

26th. *Sunday.* Fr. Robbins (Southwark) to dinner, and Archbishop Palica to supper.

27th. *Monday.* Mgr. Heard to dinner.

MARCH 2nd. *Friday.* The Italians, as is their wont on such occasions, have given themselves up to a luxury of grief for the lying in state, on the monument, of the late Gen. Diaz, Italian Commander-in-Chief during the war. The funeral is to take place to-morrow.

9th. *Friday.* Theologians' *menstrua: arguebat* Mr. Hawkins.

10th. *Saturday.* Philosophers' *menstrua*: Mr. Dwyer on the rostrum.

11th. *Sunday.* To supper: Fr. Eustace Dudley, who is preaching the Lenten sermons at S. Silvestro.

12th. *Monday.* St. Gregory's, with our customary function on the Caelian. Our enjoyment of the holiday was somewhat damped by the circumstance that the University chose the same day on which to give a holiday for the centenary celebrations of Fr. Secchi, the astronomer. They honoured the event by an orgy of speech-making in Aula I, Cardinal Vannutelli being chief guest and speaker.

13th. *Tuesday.* Bishop Keatinge back from Malta.

15th. *Thursday.* The College was received in audience by the Pope.

17th. *Saturday.* St. Patrick's. The concert given in the evening consisted of the following items:

1. Orchestra . . . *Irish Medley* . . . . . .
2. Song . . . . . *Canto di Lavoro* . . . . . R. Delany.
3. Song . . . . . *Finnegan's Wake* . . . . . J. Heenan.

4. Pianoforte Duet .	*Anitra's Dance ("Peer Gynt")*	C. Talbot. R. Shearstone.
5. Song	*Captain Sammy*	F. Tootell.
6. Duet	*The Gate of Yesterday* . . .	J. Halsall. J. Campbell.
7. Song	*Father O'Flynn*	B. Cunningham.
8. Song	*The Aesthete*	J. Park.

9. Sketch . . . . *THE RISING OF THE MOON*:

Sergeant	J. Rea.
1 Policeman	J. Dinn.
2 Policeman	V. Fay.
Ragged Man	J. Garvin.

Scene: *Quay-side. Moonlight.*

19th. *Monday.* St. Joseph's. Pontifical High Mass by Bishop Keatinge. Mgr. Heard to dinner. The title of the film shown in the evening (*La neve che accieca*) was appropriate, considering the intense cold which at present holds Rome in its grip.

22nd. *Thursday.* Mr. E. Bullough, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, to dinner—and a disappointment, for he was to have addressed the Literary Society had not pressing business called him away before he was able to redeem his promise.

25th. *Sunday.* Count Van Cutsen to dinner.

26th. *Monday.* Fr. Eustace Dudley to dinner. Afternoon schools were brightened for the Theologians by an unexpected diversion on the part of Fr. Lazzarini, who cut short the stream of his eloquence about ten minutes before time and introduced a band of Felici's men who proceeded to take flash-light photographs of Aula I from various angles, presumably to commemorate the recent upheaval which has resulted in the lecturer speaking down the room instead of across it. The Angli now inhabit a "tight little island" between the rostrum and the back-door, where, being out of the camera's range in the general panorama, they had the joy of a photograph all to themselves afterwards.

29th. *Thursday.* An unexpected *pranzone* gave the lie to the axiom *nihil volitum nisi praecognitum.* The welcome cause of it was a visit from our old friend the new Cardinal Lépicier. Those present, besides the Cardinal and his Secretary, were Bishop Keatinge, Lord Mexborough and Sir John O'Connell. In the Common Room afterwards His Eminence treated us to to one of his inimitable speeches, throwing in a few tales of adventure in Abyssinia and describing a no less exciting adventure on the *Métro* in Paris. We were encouraged to hope for more about Abyssinia at some future date.

APRIL 1st, *Sunday* — 4th, *Wednesday.* Retreat, given by Fr. Benedict Williamson.

7th. *Holy Saturday.* The following ordinations were conferred at the Lateran. To the Priesthood: Mr. Ford (Plymouth) and Mr. Macmillan (Li-

verpool). To the Subdiaconate: Messrs. J. Kelly (Hexham and Newcastle), Howe (Shrewsbury), Sewell (Southwark), Nicholson (Birmingham), Dinn (Leeds) and Malone (Leeds). Our congratulations to the ordained. The *assistenza* at our own function was seriously depleted by the absence of so many *ordinandi*. Hence a distinctly youthful tone about the Prophecies and lapses from plain Gregorian into what may have been Cassinese or who knows what.

8th. *Easter Sunday.* Messrs. Ford and Macmillan celebrated their First Masses. The guests at dinner were: Archbishop Palica, Mgri. Heard and Cicognani, and Frs. Williamson, Welsby S.J. and Cotter C.SS.R. Solemn Benediction was given by Mr. Ford.

A party of Liverpool pilgrims were entertained in the afternoon, and the evening closed with a film under the somewhat mystifying title: *Il Pulcino nella stoppa.*

9th. *Monday.* Departures for the Villa and long *gite.* Those who went to Palazzola enjoyed the company of Mgr. Cicognani for the first two days. The evenings, which in spite of sunny days are still cold, were made cosy by the Common Room fires.

As for the travellers, many and various were their destinations, almost equally various their modes of travel. On train or boat, wheel or foot, they might have been found anywhere between Syracuse and the Apuan Alps. Umbria and the Abruzzi in particular teemed with our pedestrians, while those who sought a rest-cure preferred the wave-lapped seclusion of Capri or the genteel *pensions* of Siena.

12th. *Thursday.* The *villeggianti* being turned loose for the day, bent their steps mainly in the direction of Tusculum.

14th. *Saturday.* The return to Rome.

15th. *Sunday.* Mgr. Canon Ross to dinner.

16th. *Monday.* Activities resumed at the Gregorian.

18th. *Wednesday.* Fr. de la Taille to dinner.

19th. *Thursday.* A number went to see the religious film *Il Re dei Re* at the Christian Brothers'.

21st. *Saturday.* The 2,681st "Birthday of Rome" was, to our extreme satisfaction, observed by the Gregorian in the proper way. Whether or not the concession was due to mere traffic difficulties, were a superfluous and ungrateful inquiry.

The Corso was gaily decorated for the *Corteo di Fiori* in the afternoon, but the crowds made it somewhat difficult to gain a view of the proceedings.

22nd. *Sunday.* The Bishop of Nottingham arrived at the College.

In the afternoon many were attracted to the Augusteo, where a fine concert was given by the violinist Kreisler with Sig. Molinari's orchestra.

Of a slightly different character, but no less attractive, was our own concert in honour of St. George, which took place this evening. The programme was as follows:—

1. Orchestra . . *Cadets' March* . . .
2. Song . . . . *When Dull Care* . . J. Park.

3. Quintet . . .	*Merry England*. . .	J. Halsall. J. Campbell. R. Shearstone. J. Park. G. Dwyer.
4. Pianoforte solo	*Spring Song* (Grieg) .	C. Talbot.
5. Song	*The Island*	R. Flynn.
6. Duet	*La Sérénade* (Gounod)	J. Halsall. J. Campbell.
7. Recitation . .	*The Tomb*	G. Pritchard.
8. Song	*Somerset*	G. Ford.
9. Duet	*The Month of May* .	J. Park. B. Cunningham.
10. Song	*Sherwood*	B. Cunningham.

11. Sketch . . . *THE CRIMSON CASSOCK:*

A Jesuit. . A. Tomei.
Alice . . . J. Hennessey.
Her Mother L. Wilkinson.

23rd. *Monday.* St. George's Day was saddened by the death of one of the College's best friends and benefactors, Bishop Stanley, of whom a memoir appears on another page. He died at his rooms in the Via Giulia early this morning. The lying-in-state began in the afternoon. R. I. P.

The guests at dinner were: the Bishop of Nottingham, Mgri. Heard, Clapperton, Forbes, Ross and Barton-Brown, and Frs. Welsby S. J. and Forty (Naval Chaplain).

25th. *Wednesday.* Solemnity of St. Joseph. The body of Bishop Stanley was brought in procession to the College in the evening and a dirge sung in choir.

26th. *Thursday.* Solemn Requiem, sung by the Bishop of Nottingham. The guests included Cardinals Gasquet and Merry del Val, Archbishop Zonghi and the niece and grand-niece of Bishop Stanley, Mrs. and Miss Henley.

Earlier on the same morning the Pope said Mass in St. Peter's to celebrate the tercentenary of Guido d'Arezzo, the inventor of modern Gregorian notation. The music, however, was mainly of the usual type. His Holiness visited the tomb of St. Gregory after Mass.

29th. *Sunday.* Mgr. Barton-Brown to supper.

30th. *Monday.* Theologians' *menstrua*, in which Mr. Butterfield defended.

MAY 2nd. *Wednesday.* Mr. Morson was objector at the Philosophers' *menstrua.*

3rd. *Thursday.* High Mass at the Catacombs of S. Callisto.

4th. *Friday.* Feast of the English Martyrs. Dr. Donovan (South Norwood) was our guest at dinner.

5th. *Saturday.* Two *revenants* from the not very distant past—Revv. H. Atkinson (1919-1927) and H. R. Kelly (1919-1926)—made their appearance here in

the interval of a bicycle tour in North Italy, and were our welcome guests for some days.

6th. *Sunday.* Several assisted at the function at S. Gregorio in honour of the eleventh centenary of St. Romuald. Abbot Vincenzo Barbarossa, Abbot-General of the Camaldolesi, pontificated.

On the same day Mr. Whiteman received the Subdiaconate.

To dinner: Mr. H. E. B. Boulton.

Evening: a film—*Sulla strada d'acciaio.*

20th. *Sunday.* To dinner: Rev. B. V. Miller D. D. (Bonchurch I. O. W.) and Fr. T. Beahon (Preston).

This evening the movie directors, their ambition growing with their efficiency, produced *Robin Hood.* If we chose, we could enter into successful competition with most of the provincial cinemas of this country.

27th. *Whit Sunday.* Mgr. Cicognani and Fr. Beahon were at dinner. We assisted at the Pontifical Benediction given by Archbishop Zonghi at the convent of S. Maria Riparatrice.

28th. *Monday.* The Whitsuntide *gite,* Ostia being the destination of the majority. On the principle of "once bitten twice shy," sunburn casualties were considerably less than those of last year. What victims there were, having been solemnly warned the night before, had nothing for it but to bear the consequences of their indiscretions in silence and without hope of sympathy.

A pioneer expedition, having armed themselves with the requisite permit, visited Fregene and pronounced it to be worthy of closer attention.

JUNE 2nd. *Saturday.* We congratulate Mr. Whiteman on receiving the diaconate.

3rd. *Sunday.* To dinner: Mgr. Heard, Fr. Keeler S. J. and Dr. J. Barton D.S. Scrip. (Westminster).

At this point the arc of shadow begins to impinge on the disc of our summer joys: Hebrew and Greek examinations are in the air, and soon there will be talk of nothing else but boards and bluish, opaque envelopes.

6th. *Wednesday. Examina scripta ad lauream.*

7th. *Thursday.* Corpus Christi. Rev. Fr. Mostyn to dinner. At the Villa Lanti this year we took over the singing in addition to the usual *assistenza.*

8th. *Friday.* Fr. de la Taille to dinner. The weather is getting steadily warmer.

10th. *Sunday.* The procession at Tor di Quinto. Card. Laurenti gave Benediction and preached to a great crowd of the faithful.

14th. *Thursday.* To dinner: Messrs. Charles and James Quinn.

16th. *Saturday.* The "Public Act" in Philosophy at the University.

17th. *Sunday. Le sette probabilità*—a lively film, honoured by the presence of Mgr. Cicognani.

19th. *Tuesday.* The early scholars who sit at the feet of Fr. Vermeersch had the unusual sight of a pontifical-looking chair and a wisp of red carpet being arranged by Napoleon opposite the rostrum. When the lecture com-

menced it was occupied by a distinguished Mexican prelate, Archbishop Ruiz y Florez.

20th. *Wednesday.* The end of lectures and the *adhortatio* at S. Ignazio preparatory to to-morrow's feast of St. Aloysius.

22nd. *Friday.* The examination in Church History for the First Year Theologians is steadily assuming more imposing proportions. This year it took the form of a five-hours written paper.

23rd. *Saturday* saw the beginning of the doctorate examinations.

25th. *Monday.* Messrs. Delany (Hexham and Newcastle) and Cahalan (Shrewsbury) departed, the vanguard of the exodus.

27th. *Wednesday.* Fr. McClement (Naval Chaplain) to supper.

29th. *Friday.* Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Mgr. Heard and Fr. Coyne S. J. to dinner.

JULY 4th. *Wednesday.* Mr. T. McGee to supper.

8th. *Sunday.* Mgr. Cicognani and Fr. Schwamm to dinner, which was followed by coffee, *rosolio* and speeches from the Vice-Rector and the guests. Mgr. Cicognani was congratulated on his appointment as *assessore* to the Congregation for the Oriental Church, and in his reply regretted that a tour in the Holy Land would prevent his visiting Palazzola before the end of August; after that, however, he would come for week-ends, " whatever the Vice- Rector says. "

Dr. Schwamm, who is shortly returning to Germany after taking his Magisterial Degree in Theology with the highest honours, was thanked for his work as *ripetitore* in Theology, and replied in Latin.

13th. *Friday.* Fr. Fay (from the Holy Land) to dinner.

17th. *Tuesday* saw the last doctorial departure—that of Mr. Crowley. With many voids in our ranks and hearts, we are now reduced to our Villa strength.

18th. *Wednesday.* Bro Clancy to supper.

19th. *Thursday.* This morning the Pope said Mass in St. Peter's for a great pilgrimage of the Gioventù Cattolica Femminile d'Italia. They made a colourful and impressive congregation and sang a simple Gregorian Mass as well as the inspiring hymn *Christus vincit*—with great effect.

20th. *Friday.* The trek to Palazzola. For most of us the shadow alluded to above has long passed over, and Nature herself has done her best to cheer our spirits with long weeks of blazing sunshine and cloudless skies. A few stragglers are still at their thesis-sheets, but all will have finished by the 23rd. As we have decided to halt here so as to include the whole of the *villeggiatura* in the next number's instalment of the *Diary,* it will be necessary to raise the veil of the future a little (only *specie tenus,* however) in order to give the complete statistics of examination results. Out of 109 examinations taken, 100 were successful, which gives a percentage of 91.74; of these 3 were passed *summa cum laude* and 17 *cum laude.* Four students obtained the doctorate in Theology, and seven in Philosophy. On this note of triumph we end.

B. W.

PERSONAL.

ONE familar figure was missing from the high table in the Palazzola refectory during this *villeggiatura,* but Providence, ever mindful, gave us another very welcome guest in the person of Fr. Peter Paul MACKEY, O.P. Heretofore Father Peter Paul had been one of those guests whom perennial tradition had given a right to assist at the supreme banquet on St. Thomas's Day. Younger folk rather obscurely connected him with the foundation of the College, and in veriest truth he has a long memory, as he displayed to us during the six weeks of his stay at the Villa. We need not say that he was an asset to the house. Three times a day, and sometimes four when he climbed up to the golf house, he had a fixed audience, and every single topic, from the Greek of the Apocalypse to the songs anent "Champagne Charlie," was freely discussed. He was seen walking undaunted on the battlements by the *Sforza.* He became Lord Chief Adviser on the Matter of Gitas, regaled us twice with cigarettes, and provided the capital for the S.A.A.S. (Società Anonima per l'Abbellimento della Sforza), an old society never formed, and now for the first time possessed of a local habitation and a name. For all this we congratulate ourselves (contrary to the *motivum formale* of these notes), and hope to see him established here again another summer.

We are delighted to offer our congratulations to the Most Rev. Dr. DOWNEY, a former denizen of the Monserrato, from 1907 to 1911, who has been named by the Holy Father to the Archbishopric of Liverpool. His Grace was a student of the Beda College when it shared our roof, and as he was also an alumnus of the Gregorian University he is bound to us by close connexions. His multitudinous labours in England are too well known to readers of these pages to need setting down

here. As for ourselves we cannot forget his kind assurances to the *Venerabile* when it first appeared. A constant reader of the magazine, His Grace is well aquainted with all things Roman. We wish him every success in his episcopal office. *Firmetur manus tua et exaltetur dextera tua!*

By special appointment of His Holiness, Monsignor CICOGNANI has been promoted to the responsible and honourable post of Assessor to the Oriental Congregation in succession to Bishop Papadopulos. The best wishes of all Venerabilini are with him. Monsignor Cicognani has recently been engaged in Congregational work in the Holy Land, whence we saw him on his return for a week-end or two at Palazzola. We are anxious for his every success in his new sphere of action and, now that he is an Oriental, wish him "εἰς πολλὰ ἔτη"!

Though it has not been heard in Gath, and it has not been seen by us in the *Universe,* we believe we must congratulate Rev. Father O'FARRELL (1890-'94) on his recent promotion to the Chapter of Portsmouth, his native diocese. Father O'Farrell is an old Roman of the true type, who pays frequent visits to the College, and who was educated here when "the Doctor" ruled over the destinies of Venerabilini. We rejoice with the new Canon on his accession to fresh dignities and wish him many years of service in his new career.

We hear also with the greatest pleasure that the Rev. D. LUDDY D. D. (1908-1912) has donned the ermine and is now a member of the Chapter of the Middlesborough Diocese.

Conflicting rumours (to which the Editor of a truthful journal like this cannot give heed) reach us from time to time regarding the fate of the late "seventh year". Mr. ATKINS, who had filled a column of the *Universe* before he reached his home town, is now acting as curate in the neighbourhood of Old Swan, Liverpool. Mr. DELANY, the *feu* senior student, has been given the post of Professor of Humanities at Ushaw College, Durham. Mr. CROWLEY has also been elevated to the teaching staff at Aberystwyth. Mr. O'LEARY is settled at St. Patrick's, Rochdale; Mr. CAHALAN, at St. Lawrence's, Birkenhead. Mr. FORD is exercising his energies at the Cathedral, Plymouth. Mr. HIGGINS is engaged at New Ferry, while Mr. MILLER is one of the *villeggianti* here at Palazzola. Meanwhile Mr. BRISCOE, who has spent his last two years at Fribourg, is fulfilling a diocesan appointment in West Kirby.

To one and all we offer our expressions of sympathetic joy on their entrance into their respective fields of labour, at the same time expressing our regret that we must inevitably eke out our existence without the presence of these "pillars" of the Venerabile.

Lastly our corporate congratulations go to Mr. SMITH and Mr. WHITE-

MAN, who were raised to the priesthood during the vacation in England. Mr. Smith was ordained at the Cathedral, Lancaster, by His Lordship the Bishop of Lancaster on July 29th. A reunion of the clans took place for the occasion. Mr. Whiteman was ordained on the 26th of August by His Lordship the Bishop of Nottingham in the diocesan Cathedral. To them both *Ad Multos Annos!*

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE VENERABILE.

In the retirement from office of Mr. R. L. Smith, the Magazine is deprived of a hard working and very versatile Editor. The destinies of the *Venerabile* have been controlled by him for (we can truthfully say) years. And even as an ex-editor he still faithfully serves, and is an example to all other ex-editors to do likewise. May they remember it!

The committee is now composed of the following:

Editor: J. Garvin. Secretary: J. Halsall.
Sub-editor: B. Wrighton. Under-Secretary: G. Pritchard.
Fifth member: T. Duggan.

LETTER TO EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

Those upon whom a benign Providence bestowed the unique distinction of being members of the 1919 year of the Venerabile, met for the purpose of mutual edification and recreation at the Queen's Hotel Manchester on the eleventh of April 1928 at 1.30 p.m. This was the second of such reunions, the first having proved an eminent success about the same time and at the same venue last year. Amongst those present were noticed the Revv. Wilson, H.R. Kelly, Clayton, McNarney, Williamson, Atkinson, Goodear and Egan; the last named being accounted a member *per fictionem iuris*. The Rev. J. McNulty made a somewhat dramatic appearance later in the afternoon, when he entered with a stage umbrella which bent gracefully in various directions when subjected to gentle pressure from above. The Rev. J. Briscoe, and the Admodum Rev. L. Smith were present as guests on conditions previously decided upon. These conditions were two:— *a*) that the person or persons so invited be Romans contemporary with the 1919-26

generation; *b*) that they defray their own expenses. The Rev. H. Casartelli was unfortunately prevented by sickness from attending.

After grace, intoned in the ancient Latin formula by the Senior Student, the assembled party sat down to a choice but befittingly frugal repast. This more sordid part of the proceedings was much enlivened and uplifted by frequent sallies of refined wit and many a merry quip and jest, as the Senior Student in the absence of Superiors had given reading off. With the arrival of coffee and smokes, chairs were pushed back and the brethren indulged in dignified reminiscence and discussed those means most expedient and conducive to the rapid conversion of England. And lest the old traditions so jealously guarded by the first year after the war should perish, all present signed the menu card, which presumably somebody sent on to their absent brethren still engaged in their academic course in Rome. The presence of so able a pianist as Mr. Smith enabled us to enjoy a little chaste music in which all joined. At the conclusion of the meeting the "O Roma Felix", the Greg. Hymn, the Papal March, and "Till we me-he-heet!" were severally eviscerated with due solemnity and decorum. The bill was introduced, footed in the customary manner, and the venerable brethren in their discreet dispersal said, not farewell, but "a rivederci," an Italian phrase auguring a subsequent reunion.

The brethren of the 1919 year wish it to be understood that by these meetings no disloyalty is meant or inferred towards the Roman Association of which all are loyal members. For this reason it is intended that the number of guests invited shall be strictly limited to one or two, and that the date of the meeting shall never be in the same week as the Roman meeting. Owing to industrial depression and the high cost of living at the present time, the members of the 1919 year cannot see their way to purchase a minute book. They therefore respectfully beg that this brief account be enshrined in the next number of the Venerabile, to which all are regular subscribers, at least *in voto*.

J. Goodear.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor acknowledges with gratitude the following exchanges: *The Lisbonian, The Oscotian, The Douai Magazine, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, Pax, The Ushaw Magazine, The Downside Review, The Upholland College Magazine.*

He also thanks the Catholic Association for the periodical publications which they have sent.

His thanks are likewise due to B. Herder for sending the List of

Selected Works on the English Martyrs which were displayed at the Summer School of Catholic Studies in Cambridge. The catalogue will be sent willingly to any one interested in the Martyrs.

SOCIETIES: *1. Literary Society.*

THERE are only five meetings to record for the summer session of the society. The dog-star is notoriously the enemy of the Muses, and the deserted common room is a silent threat to any who would lead a heated and brain-weary house to the heights of Parnassus. It is gratifying to note, however, that of the four papers read, two were the work of fourth-year theologians. The title of Mr. R. Delany's paper on "Cheese" caused at first some apprehension. There was a dark suspicion that the title cloaked, perhaps, yet another lecture on the Anglican heresy. It was therefore with relief that one received the comforting assurance that "Just Cheese" had inspired the paper, and relief gave place to delight as Mr. Delany followed cheese through the ages with fine whimsical humour in the authentic vein of the Chesterbelloc. Mr. Crowley's paper was a defence of the early British church, that is, of the church in Britain before the coming of St. Augustine. He brought to the task a wide knowledge of his subject gained by a study of all the relevant documents, not only in Gildas and Bede but also in the records of the Councils of the Church in which British bishops took part before ever Augustine landed. The result was a careful, scholarly piece of work which vindicated Britain of the charge of schism if not of the reproach of an unapostolic spirit. Fr. Eustace Dudley spoke on the Corporative State and endeavoured to show how the principles, though not necessarily the details, of the Fascist state might be applied to replace the failing democracies of Europe to-day. The paper provoked some searching questions. Finally Mgr. Barton-Brown spoke on Lord Halifax's report of the Malines conversation and made a salutary protest against the interference of ill-informed foreigners, such as the *abbé* whose book Lord Halifax had translated, in matters which require an exact knowledge of local conditions affecting the church in England. There remains only to chronicle the business meeting held on March 26th, when Mr. J. C. Heenan was elected president and the writer secretary, for the coming session. The most pleasing feature of the session was the number of papers read by members of the house. It is not too much to ask that every second paper should be from this source, and the disposition of members to discuss things at length and the consequent shortening of papers should induce even *laureandi* to take the chair.

G. P. DWYER (*Sec.*)

2. Catholic Social Guild.

At the annual meeting held just before Easter the Secretary gave the usual review of the year's work. There were twenty-seven members in the club, which was divided for the purpose of study into four circles. These had met regularly once a week throughout the scholastic year. During the same period one paper had been read entitled "The Genesis of Socialism". This was given by Mr. Ford. At the same meeting a new Secretary was elected to succeed Mr. Whiteman, retiring.

At Palazzola the society has formed itself into one club to study the attitude of the Church towards Social Work. The course opened with the public reading of the encyclical "Rerum Novarum".

The Secretary cannot but implore a greater membership for this society. Membership undoubtedly involves hard word and great sacrifice. But surely it is worth it. W. B. (*Sec.*)

SPORTS:

1. Golf.

At the business meeting in June the following were elected to form the committee for the coming seasion—Messrs. W. Butterfield, J. Park and B. Cunningham.

On arrival at the Villa we found the Sforza already mown, but the usual difficulties in laying out the course were not diminished. We viewed with apprehension the presence of Carnevale's "caudine kine", but met their vindictiveness by using tin flags. One or two changes of another nature were made as our experience gained ground. The sixth green is no longer of grass but is made on the principle of the hard tennis court. A set of new tin buckets have been procured for the holes, and so far they seem to have escaped the light fingers of the *contadini*. Our scoring cards are now printed with the title "Palazzola Golf Club" in brave characters on the top. Thanks to two men who are keeping on the traditions, a new club-house ("rustico ma bello", as the Trinitarian friar said) has been built close to the old one. Among other improvements, a hazard has been made on the fourth fairway in order to put a stop to the sneaking mashie shots which used to help the inferior player in former years.

The popularity of the game is still as great as ever, and we are looking forward to many interesting competitions before we trek back to the city. W. Butterfield (*Sec.*)

2. Cricket.

CRICKET has had a surprisingly good season. Surprisingly good, because the all but intolerable heat and the consequently poor and dangerous wickets were discouraging. Furthermore there was no Scots' Match to foster enthusiasm. Yet cricket flourished. The first game was on the occasion of the visit of a handful of Scotsmen. It provided good practice. But the game of the year was the North *v.* South Match. This is the first occasion on which we of the South have been able to muster an eleven, and with it we were well satisfied, perhaps even jubilant. The result will be found below. Finally the Philosophers challenged the Divines, and the younger men displayed great keenness at the nets during the week preceding the game. The result of such earnestness was seen on the following Sunday when they very nearly won the day. Later on we hope to play another game or two—possibly the champion county *versus* the Rest.

Our thanks are overdue to Dr. Slevin (1920–27), who last year presented to the club three pairs of batting-gloves which have proved more than useful. We also thank the Authorities, who gave us a piece of coco-nut matting sufficiently thick to conceal some of the lower ranges of hills on the pitch.

In the interests of truth we must confess that the reference above to practice at the nets was a mere technicality. We have no nets at present, but no doubt they will eventually come.

The results of the games to date: August 5th. The South 36;
The North 101.
August 13th. Theologians 48;
Philosophers 31.

Apart from our batsmanship the low scores may be attributed to our healthy disapproval of the modern over-prepared wickets.

J.C. HEENAN (*Cap'n.*)

OUR BOOK SHELF.

THE RITUAL EXPLAINED. By the Rev. W. DUNNE, B.A., Professor of Moral Theology at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. Pp. 166. Herder, 4/-.

IN this fourth edition of an already well-known little book, the author has taken the opportunity of thoroughly revising it in the light of the Code, the recent editions of the Ritual and the Missal, and the latest decrees of the Sacred Congregations. We have here in English a clear, accurate and up-to-date explanation of the ceremonies connected with the administration of each of the Sacraments, the receiving of converts, funerals, and the various blessings of the Church. There is also some sound advice on numerous subjects connected with the Ritual, as for example the proper care of the sacred vessels, and the ways most effective for visiting the sick. The whole is based on the teaching of recognized authorities in Liturgy and Moral Theology. A book therefore safe and reliable, but at the same time with an object practical rather than theoretical, so that we cannot expect a full discussion of certain interesting and difficult questions necessarily connected with the Ritual.

The book is handy for the pocket, well printed and pleasingly bound. Both the writer and the publishers are to be congratulated on this useful manual. We need hardly say we recommend it to the clergy—those who already possess former editions will not hesitate to secure the new revised one.

W. B.

BIBLIOGRAFIA METODICO-ANALITICA DELLE CHIESE DI ROMA; saggio della lettera A. By PIO SPEZI. L. S. Olschki, Rome, 1928.

THOSE who take archaeology seriously will welcome with delight this specimen of a work which, when complete, will be an encyclopaedic guide to a hitherto uncharted ocean. And those who have experienced the