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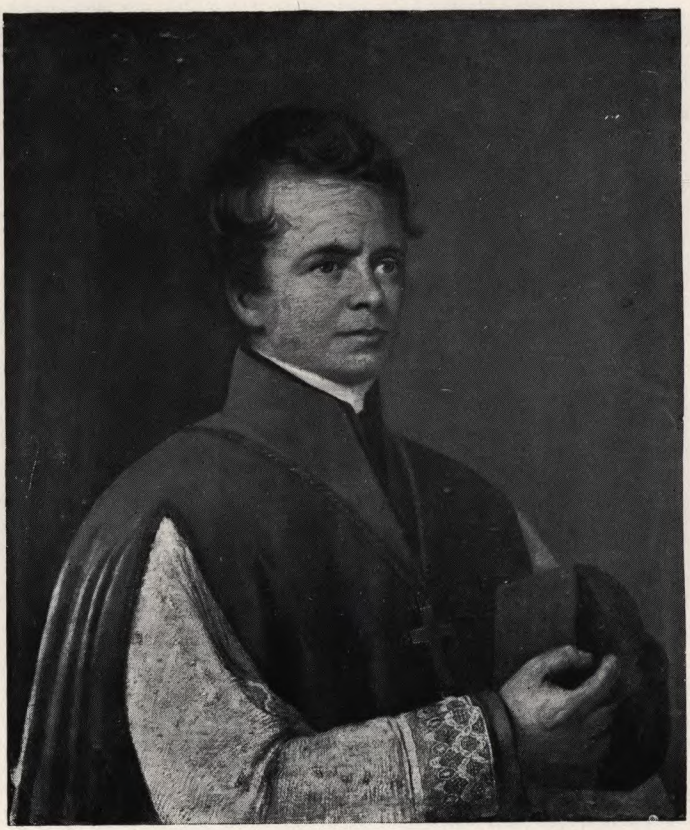

Bishop Baggs.

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Imprimi potest: Iacobus Redmond, *Censor Deputatus.*

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EDITORIAL

As we go to press comes the news of the happy restoration of Papal Sovereignty. The suddenness of the event, almost forestalling rumour, no less than its magnitude, leaves one's perspective hopelessly awry, particularly when one has lived long here, under the familiar shadows of Vatican and Quirinal, with almost as little hope of seeing a reconciliation as of seeing those very shadows turn and meet under the westering sun. At a not distant date we ourselves may hazard an estimate of this the great event of our generation —great indeed and beyond measure joyful to us of a Foundation so near in place, in affection and in long-tried loyalty to the Holy See. Meanwhile let those who keep diaries and succeed in securing front seats at the drama of history-making use their opportunities, for editors of the VENERABILE some fifty years hence will call on them, even as we have called on the veterans of 1870, for their memoirs: and these will make more grateful reading than those.

We take the liberty of reminding our readers that the College *Obit Book*, by his Eminence Cardinal Gasquet,—a work which needs no further recommendation—is now published and may be had from the Secretary of the VENERABILE. Particulars will be found elsewhere.

COLLEGE RECTORS.

III.—Charles Michael Baggs (1840-1844).

Come we now to Baggs the elusive, elusive not because of his character (sweet and simple soul) but because he baffles investigation, both Rome and Clifton having searched their archives for this his biographical notice almost in vain. And here it is that one finds Maziere Brady's *Episcopal Succession* invaluable. For there we are told all about him that the world has ever heard and is ever likely to hear. A great delver in Roman archives this Maziere Brady, convert Irish parson, who must often have visited the Venerabile in the eighties, but alas! we never saw him, (so rigidly were we protected from contact with the outside world,) and I confess I have never sought out his grave, surmounted by an Irish cross in the Campo Verano. For this neglect I beat my breast, for I owe him much.

Well, our future Rector and Bishop, born in the County Meath in Ireland, May 21st 1806, was the issue of a mixed marriage. Luckily the Catholic was his mother, who after her husband's premature death sent her boy, aged fourteen, first to Sedgley Park and then to St. Edmund's, whence, when he was now eighteen, he was transferred to the Venerabile, arriving there on June the 9th 1824. At Rome he had for his first Rector Dr. Gradwell, whom Wiseman succeeded in 1828. His successes at the Sapienza were many and won him great distinction. Cardinal Zurla, the Camaldolese, who was the Cardinal Vicar of the new Pope, Gregory XVI, ordained him priest on December 5th, the second Sunday of Advent, 1831, *in Nostrae Residentiae sacello,* and among the few papers of Baggs which we possess here is the certificate of his priestly ordination. When Errington, Wiseman's first Vice-Rector, left Rome, Baggs succeeded and held the office until his

principal's removal to England as Auxiliary of Bishop Walsh of the Midland District, in 1840. Then he succeeded as Rector. Meantime he was busy with his pen and published *varie operette*, partly liturgical, partly controversial, which to-day sleep repose-fully on the library shelves of the Venerabile. His funeral discourse over the Princess Gwendoline Borghese, daughter of John Talbot, 19th Earl of Shrewsbury, was delivered in S. Carlo al Corso, and the Mass was sung by Bishop Baines, then in some little trouble at Rome, on December 23rd 1841. Of the vigilance which Baggs exercised over his students, let the following letter of his to Bishop Baines, the only letter of his we possess here, be a sample.

Collegio Inglese, Roma,
Nov. 28th, 1842.

My dear Lord Bishop,

I have been grieved to hear of your Lordship's illness, and I rejoice at your reported improvement in health. Before your nephew and Dr. Brindle's letter arrived, Mr. Parfitt had been examined for Priest's Orders, but unfortunately had not passed. It was considered necessary that he should endeavour to retrieve his honour and desirable that he should be ordained before he left Rome; accordingly he was lately examined again, and was again turned back by the public examiners, and an application for a private examination was rejected by them.

That your Lordship might not wait any longer, it has been resolved that he should start for England to-morrow. I am sorry to be obliged to add that at the public schools Mr. Parfitt [1] has on no occasion done this College any credit whatsoever, though I have repeatedly exhorted him to assiduous study. Bishop Brown of Wales has complained much of Mr. Woollett's [2] deficiences; your Lordship knows his disposition, and the consequent difficulty of managing him. I am happy to say however that Mr. English [3] does great honour both to this College and to Prior Park by assiduous study and by considerable ability; and I trust that your

[1] Charles Parfitt, *ob.* 1886, a Protonotary.

[2] Canon of Plymouth and V. G.

[3] Ferdinand English, Canon of Clifton, and Archbishop of Port of Spain, *qui obiit propter nimiam theam.*

Lordship will select such persons for the future for this College as may do credit to us all, and avail themselves of the advantages of Rome. I believe Cardinal Acton has already written to the same effect. I have been obliged to give more money to Mr. Parfitt than to Woollett and Rooker, [1] because as he is not a Priest he does not receive the 40 crowns of Viaticum. I send your Lordship's account of the 500 crowns. I say nothing of the reports concernig Mr. Sharples, [2] as the object of his coming is kept an *absolute secret* to be communicated to him only by the Pope ; this has not yet been done. I remain with the greatest respect and attachment

Your Lordship's Dev.d Serv.t
C. M. Baggs.

Dr. Errington's best respects.

On Baines's death in July 1843 Baggs was after some delay appointed as his successor, and we have here his two bulls, one making him Bishop of Pella *in partibus,* the other giving him jurisdiction over the now reduced Western District, from which Wales had been severed in 1840. He was consecrated January 28th 1844, in St. Gregory's on the Coelian, by Cardinal Fransoni, and about the same time created Assistant at the Pontifical Throne. The brief conferring on him this last honour is also in the Clifton archives. He left Rome in April, but not till May 30th did he enter into residence at Prior Park, exclaiming as he mounted up the magnificent flight of steps leading into the mansion, "*Si sta comodo qui*". There he found Parfitt not only ordained but installed as prefect of St. Paul's College and professor of classics, and he would almost seem to have wished to test the progress made by his old student since being sent home as a returned empty. For what did the quondam Rector do one day but bid his quondam student to hold himself in readiness

[1] Thomas Francis Rooker, Canon of Clifton, *ob.* 1868; nephew of Thomas Rooker, last President of old Prior Park, *ob.* 1857.

[2] James Sharples, Coadjutor to Bp. Brown of Liverpool, whom he predeceased, 1850, one of those who came out to the Venerabile in 1818.

to preach next morning at Pontifical Mass. That evening the resourceful and wicked Parfitt, finding the Bishop's room empty, dropped in casually for a moment and walked off with the manuscript of the sermon which the Bishop himself was to deliver next evening after Vespers. His fraud was not perceived, and he had time to commit the whole carefully to memory before retiring. On the morrow, as soon as he had given out his text at the altar, the Bishop was seen to fidget on his throne, and his excitement increased as he heard the returned empty audaciously rolling off, word for word, the periods of his own written discourse. When, the Mass now ended, the procession had swept into the sacristy, the Bishop of Pella, drawing himself up to his full height, (he was a small man,) and facing round, said to Parfitt, "I suspend you!" What excuses were made, what apologies exacted, before the censure was removed, I never heard; but it is a quite authentic story, handed down by those who had studied at the Prior Park of Baines's foundation before it was closed in 1856. *O tempora! O Moses!*

The Bishop worked hard at his extensive Vicariate, which he did his best to visit during his short span of office: he divided it into deaneries, introduced Conferences, and Spiritual Exercises for the clergy. He wrote but one pastoral letter. We get a glimpse of him in a letter written by Sister Stanislaus Haydock, an Augustinian nun at Spetisbury in Dorset, in July 1844, who had been professed at Louvain. "I wished to entertain you with some account of our good Bishop, Dr. Baggs. He is nothing tremendous as to the exterior appearance, but very amiable in his manner of conversing. Rev. Mother told him I was the oldest in the house, so he made me sit by him in our recreation room, and said, 'You are my grand-daughter'. He is low of stature, not handsome, all the beauty is within... The bishop is only 38; he may bury me in time." But Sister Stanny, as they called her, though born in 1767, outlived him by nine years. In a letter from the same convent, written on Sept. 12th 1845, we read: "Probably you heard that our bishop had a paralytic attack in the very same chapel at Bristol that our late bishop had the same unfortunate *memento mori*.—Dr. Baggs is, I believe, in a very poor way, but at present somewhat better than he has

been." [1] He did not linger very long. After nearly twenty years spent in Rome, our climate, it was said, proved too much for him, and on October 16th 1845 he expired at Prior Park in the same bed-room wherein his predecessor had been found lifeless two years before.

He was interred at Prior Park nigh that predecessor's remains, and the inscription on his coffin ran:

CAROLUS MICHAEL BAGGS
EPISCOPUS PELLENSIS V. A. D. O.
OBIIT XVII KALENDAS NOVEMBRIS
ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXLV
EPISCOPATUS SUI SECUNDO.
VIXIT ANNOS XXXIX. MENSES V.
CUIUS ANIMAE PROPITIETUR DEUS.

On the break-up of Prior Park in 1857 the coffin was removed to a vault in the little church of Midford Castle, near Bath, and when the Midford estate left Catholic hands, to Arno's Vale Cemetery, Bristol. We have here *in thesauro Nostro* two small cameos of him, made no doubt to his order in Rome, and there also hangs here the portrait made of him in Rome, what time he was Rector, in which he wears his black Roman cloak. His episcopal portrait hangs in the library of the Venerabile nigh the entrance. [2] *Vale, suavis anima!*

✣ GEO. AMBR., *Cliftonien.*

[1] *Haydock Papers*, pp. 189-190.
[2] [This is the portrait we have reproduced. Ed.]

Dr. Gradwell and Emancipation.

[*It would not be fitting that, when all Catholic England is writing and talking of Emancipation, this magazine of all others should be silent. But our scope is a restricted one and we have no wish to repeat things said and written very well elsewhere. This article aims at clarifying, from sources accessible only to ourselves, the story of the great men who had Emancipation so much at heart. All quotations are taken from letters in the College Archives. Ed.*]

"*The history of catholic emancipation,* by W.J. Amherst S.J., volume I, chapter 1 ".

The reader paused, glanced round the refectory at the upturned, uninterested faces, and commenced to read. Had he waited a little longer he might have noticed an uneasy fluttering at the vacant guests' table, heard perhaps the whisperings and coughs of approval that seemed to come from the solemn air surrounding it. If he had looked he would have seen that the shade of Dr. Gradwell was the centre of this agitation. " Catholic Emancipation ? " the little man was saying as he rubbed his glasses and nodded across at the tall figure of his Vice-Rector,—"upon my word! Who has written about it ? Amherst ? Umph, I could tell him a thing or two. Has he read my memorials that I sent into Propaganda, I wonder ? What's the date of the book anyway ? 1886,—remote enough from our time, Nicholas, for a fine historical treatment of the subject. But Emancipation itself saw most of its champions in the grave, I'm afraid... Yes, yes, I beg your pardon. My chattering is disturbing you. We'll listen... " One can readily imagine the thoughts of Robert Gradwell as the reading continued. How the little shade must have writhed in won-

der and quivered with indignation as period after period came tumbling down from the ceiling, all in praise of Milner. Yes, Father Plowden and the whole phalanx of them trotted out as heroes before the inmates of his own English College! Could he believe his ears? What was that Amherst had just called Milner? "The champion of the Church's rights in England." Why it was only for charity's sake that he himself had styled this very Milner a "madman" lest Propaganda should discover he was worse. What had happened? Surely the College had not been handed over to... It was in vain that a shady hand tapped feverishly on the bell. They were pretending not to hear. He walked briskly down the refectory (some noticed the draught, they said) and passed noisily through the door he could not slam. "Back to the Library," muttered the offended Doctor, as berretta in hand, he took up his position once more at the fore of the College Rectors. But his frowns grew less marked, and surely he felt a little appeased, when some twenty years later his sharp eye noticed that the Librarian was finding room for Ward's three volumes on "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation". Here at last was the result of careful work in many archives, and especially the archives of the Venerabile. The saintly Bishop Poynter had found an able defender, and the calumnies and printed insults of Milner were, after a hundred years, recognised for what they were. The success of Daniel O'Connell would of course always account for the support that Milner had received from later generations. Did he not use the same arguments? Was he not a champion of Orthodoxy? Did he not succeed, or at least did he not free the way for success? And in our enthusiasm for this solitary figure we come near to deporting the whole boatload of English and Scottish Vicars Apostolic to the perilous realms of Gallicanism. And we must include Dr. Gradwell in the ship's crew. He was their agent, or as he styled himself, "Procurator to the English Mission", during the eleven years preceding Emancipation.

Ward has remarked at the outset of his work that a comprehensive history of Catholic Emancipation can only be written from an Irish standpoint. This has been accomplished recently by Mr. Denis Gwynn. Emancipation that we celebrate this year

was an Irish affair. They won it for us, unburdened of every troublesome security. Yet the English Catholics did their share in the struggling, unsuccessful though it was; and Milner was not the only Catholic in England. But this article will not pretend to throw fresh light on any historical point, nor attempt to defend any person or opinion. Its purpose, if purpose can be found in such a farrago of chit-chat, is to take Gradwell's point of view for a while, and through his spectacles to glance at some of the great people working for Emancipation, with whom he came in contact.

For a long time Bishop Poynter of the London District had thought it expedient to send a secular priest to Rome, who while relieving Mr. Macpherson at the Scots College of the burden of the English Agency, could lay claim to the English College in the name of the Bishops. At the suggestion perhaps of Lingard, Robert Gradwell was proposed by Dr. Gibson, the aged Vicar of the Northern District. Poynter willingly agreed, for Gradwell had been one of his own pupils at Douay, and he considered him "a learned, prudent and sensible man." Gradwell was surprised; "but in obedience to his highest superiors," he said, "he left his tranquil and beloved parish of Claughton[1] to come to Rome in the autumn of 1817." "We know not what may happen in this life," he writes to a friend the following Christmas; "a few months ago I had no more thought of being here at Rome than I had of being at Jerusalem: and I now know that if I had refused this deputation to Rome, I should have been made a Bishop, and sent abroad to a less agreeable quarter." According to Lingard, Gradwell's name had been mentioned as Bishop for the West Indies. Things were not too easy for him at first. To begin with, the behaviour of the servants in the College, whom he was powerless to remove, was, to use his own phrase, "worse than that of the gaolers at Douelens";[2]—then he knew no Ita-

[1] This is Claughton-on-Brock in Lancashire. Elsewhere Gradwell calls Frascati "the Claughton of Italy".

[2] It was at Douelens that the students and professors of the English College, Douay, suffered imprisonment for over a year. Gradwell was then only a boy in Second Rudiments. Dr. Poynter shared the same gaol. The chief gaoler, known as Oliver Cromwell, was particularly coarse and brutal.

lian, and was immediately introduced by the careful Macpherson to the tangled affairs of the agency of the past twenty years.

> Like a schoolboy when in the house, and a slave when out of it, [he writes,] ignorant of the Italian language and immersed in business that required a continual stretch of attention, I have spent these last seven months since I came to Rome in closer application and harder labour than I ever underwent in my life; and such as I could not have sustained anywhere else.

His chief occupation was at first "the diligent study of the Italian language," his amusement "the surveying part of the curiosities of Rome." By June he was able to tell Poynter that though "he could not yet speak correctly and elegantly in Italian he could converse sufficiently well," and that he was "infinitely better qualified to answer the Pope's questions than he was at his third and last audience in February." During the first winter he was desperately hard at work writing out his memorials and seeing to their translations. His memorial to the Index on Gandolphy [1] meant a week's full writing and the first memorial on the state of the English Mission occupied him the best part of a month. This memorial he revised and re-wrote many times, before he was satisfied. "The agency at Rome is not a post without labour," he remarks in his diary. Much time had to be spent in visiting, and waiting and interviewing. He did not waste his opportunities. "Nobody at Propaganda this morning;" he notes with resignation, "and I am writing this (a letter to Poynter) waiting for some of the officials." Cardinal Litta was Prefect of Propaganda in 1817, and he seems to have impressed Gradwell by his polished manners and affability.—"He always receives me with urbanity, which is natural to him,—and listens to my bad Italian with patience and condescension." Yet Gradwell was soon made to realise what the English Vicars had already learnt to their cost. Litta is described later as "sincere, frank and upright; but ardent, precipitate, and changeable." Although he was "a good and amiable man, venerated by those even who differed with him," he unfortunately "yielded too

[1] Cf. WARD: *The Eve of Catholic Emancipation*, vol. 2, chap. XXVIII.

much to the guidance of unworthy persons," and "his fanatical disposition was easily worked upon." The Cardinal "decided best when he decided for himself." This in English affairs seems to have been rare, and many were the months of anxiety that Poynter spent in London, while Litta in Rome changed his mind or delayed his reply. Poynter mildly calls his conduct "unaccountable."

I have also alluded [writes Poynter in the autumn of 1817] to the oppressive treatment I have suffered in the affair of Gandolphy and in the neglect, not to say contempt, with which my complaints of Dr. Milner's almost monthly attacks upon me in the vile Orthodox Journal are treated by Cardinal Litta, who in Gandolphy's business as well as in Bp. Milner's always treats me as if I was engaged in a controversy and dispute with them. Whereas Bp. Milner has been constantly attacking me and I have never resisted him or even replied to him. I suffer in patience, and Litta treats me as a quarrelsome combatant.

But by the end of the year 1818 Gradwell had noted that Litta was losing power in Propaganda; in that year he resigned his office, and died shortly after. He was succeeded by Cardinal Fontana, but Gradwell leaves us no impressions of him. As Rector of the English College, Gradwell had most of his dealings with Cardinal Consalvi, the Secretary of State and first Protector of the restored College. Fiery by nature, he contrasted strongly with the smooth Litta. But, great man that he was, he had his own peculiar method of working; and for a long time Gradwell was puzzled by his behaviour. He was kept waiting for hours in his ante-chambers, his petitions were ignored, and the answers that he received curt and impolite; the Cardinal seemed to treat even the College servants with more deference than the Rector. Bothered by much detailed new work, alone and unaccustomed to the heat of his first Italian summer, the poor little man was almost in despair at ever seeing the College re-opened or the affairs of the agency attended to. "It is too hot to walk," he writes at the end of May; "and I have to return from business to sit down to be employed in the odious and difficult task of refuting patronised adsurdity." Consalvi was the patron, of course.

The Cardinal [he goes on to say] is an honest and disinterested man with regard to money, but is covetous of a little miserable patronage. He thinks he is wonderfully liberal to me because he has relaxed or expunged many shocking rules at my representation and split the difference between the claims of the English and the pretensions of the Italians. I will do all I can to make the situation of the students comfortable, but after the liberality which they have been accustomed to in the Colleges in England I am afraid of them being discontent with the organised corruption of Italian establishments and either turn melancholy or leave in disgust. This prospect combined with the reflections above are almost too much for my resolution, tho' naturally of an even temper and without any disposition to lowness of spirits. With what I see before me I can venture to predict that the time is past for foreign nations to make religious establishments here, and that henceforth no nation in Europe will commit one shilling to the consciences of Italian Protettori, Esattori and Computisti.

Consalvi, he admits bitterly, "is a man of very great talents, and is very sensible of it. He has the vanity to aspire at doing everything for himself." He felt as strongly as he wrote, and Poynter must have been made somewhat anxious by the reception of this letter. But Gradwell had misjudged the Cardinal. Consalvi was merely testing his man. "After a long delay, and a severe course of experiments on my character, temper and capacity, Cardinal Consalvi has approved of me as Rector," he is able to write in June. Simultaneously the troublesome bogeys were sent flying from the College. And with dramatic suddenness which must have surprised the English priest, the Cardinal dropped his pretence of hostility. He now agreed to the majority of Gradwell's schemes, took his side in disputes with the *deputati* and was ready to listen to the trials and difficulties of the agency. The Emancipation of the Rector, as Gradwell termed it, was assured, and a year before Consalvi's sudden death in 1824, Gradwell saw it completed. [1]

Of the four Vicars Apostolic, Dr. Gibson of the Northern

[1] Some idea of the difficulty of working with that Congregation of Deputies can be gathered from the fact that for four years there was no Benediction in the College. Gradwell was not allowed to buy the necessary furnishings.

District was the senior when Gradwell came to Rome. He seems to have been a man typical of the best that Douay sent to England in the eighteenth century—extremely pious, capable and outspoken. And Gradwell had a great veneration for him. But he was an old man, and a serious illness some twenty years before had changed him considerably. Yet with dogged persistence he stuck to his work, wrote all his letters when his writing was scarcely intelligible—(" read this as best you can, " he sometimes concludes in his letters to Gradwell)—,and managed his diocese in a way that began to grow unbearable to his clergy. Bishop Smith was eventually made his coadjutor, but Gibson allowed him very little part in the management of his affairs. Indeed Smith told Gradwell that he hardly dared write to him at all, but had to be content with an occasional postscript at the end of his superior's letter.

With an unaccountable indecision and procrastination in the most urgent cases, [writes Smith to Gradwell in 1819,] which to be sure indicate a decline of the faculties and are producing very mischievious consequences, there is still a wonderful energy about the old man. Though no longer able to read his office or say Mass, though with difficulty he can write anything like his name... though he cannot stir from his bed or chair without the assistance of two strong men... yet he still goes on as usual at Ushaw! I have always been sensible how much you must have felt the want of an active correspondence with the Bishop of the North and the Senior Vicar Apostolic: but at the same time I really dreaded his writing as much as his silence, and often thought that in matters at least of general concern you were better left to Dr. Poynter, who, you know, enjoys not only my confidence but that of the clergy in general, and as much, perhaps more than any man, that of his Lordship himself.

A matter of distress to Gradwell was Dr. Gibson's manifestation of jealousy at the greater correspondence that the Roman agent carried on with Dr. Poynter. At the end of 1818, when Cardinal Litta had written a letter of disapproval to Gibson on the Stonyhurst question, Gradwell in his turn received a strongly-worded letter from the old man:

This pernicious measure [Gradwell explains in return] was determined upon while I was gone into Tuscany to meet the students; in the

meantime I had the affliction to hear that your Lordship was much dissatisfied with me, and with my diligent defence of the character and conduct of your Lordship. In this I must beg permission to say that I was lost in amazement and knew not what to do. I burst into tears and could not help exclaiming: if this be true, God help the Bishop and the Mission! Ignorant of the language and the business of Rome, and coming here from no other motive whatever but personal respect and obedience to your Lordship, and with the best dispositions to do my duty, I flattered myself that if I erred, where it was so easy to err, I should have enjoyed the benefit of being set right. When Bishop Milner, the ex-Jesuits, aye, and Archbishop Troy (for Cardinal Fontana has shewn me Dr. T's letter to Dr. M) were endeavouring to ruin your character and revolutionize the Mission, I defended your Lordship against the whole phalanx with a steady and prudent zeal; and now after the most difficult year in the history of the English agency, with a full knowledge of the mode of doing business, the language and the great personages with whom I have had to act, I believe I could not do the business better.

"There is no calculating on a superannuated man," Bishop Smith had remarked for Gradwell's comfort. Poynter, too, though very fond of Gibson, realised how difficult he was to work with in his old age. The following he had written to Macpherson in 1814:

If we meet at Durham I fear we shall do nothing. You have no idea how Bishop Gibson confuses and disturbs all business and prevents all determination. We said last year that it would be the last time we would ever meet him *on business*.

But Gibson did not trouble his agent very long. He was the first of the fighting generation to go to his rest. In June 1821 Gradwell received a letter from Smith telling of the bishop's death:

We buried the poor old Bishop yesterday with great solemnity at Ushaw... I trust you and your community will not fail to pray for our venerable old father, who certainly had many good qualities and a generous heart.

Bishop Smith succeeded as Vicar of the North, but though not an old man he was delicate; indeed he had not hoped to outlive Bishop Gibson, and in 1819 he was much shaken by the

overturning of his coach twice in a journey from Ushaw to Bath. "I have spent a fortnight with Bp. Smith," writes Lingard, "and fear that he is not a man of business." However he seems to have kept his agent well informed, and being the friend and confident of Poynter, in questions of Emancipation and the restoration of the Society he relied much on his leadership.

The Western District was under the care of Bishop Collingridge, a Franciscan. He supported Poynter whole-heartedly and could write strongly when he wished. To him Milner and the Orthodox Journal were nothing less than "the causes of anarchy," and as such were "to be removed and crushed."

Sufficient has been said already to gather what was Gradwell's attitude to the Vicar of the Midland District, Bishop Milner. His letters to Propaganda, Gradwell had said, "were those of a madman, and as violent as Luther's." In his opinion Milner "planted a crown of thorns in the mitres of all the English Vicars Apostolic." And his opinion was not an uncommon one amongst the vast majority of the English clergy. Gradwell does not seem to have known Milner personally, for so, he would not have kept so unfairly silent on the great man's sterling qualities. To him he was merely an antagonist of the good of religion, all the more dangerous because of his position, and because he was pious and zealous—which by the way was exactly Milner's opinion of Poynter. Nevertheless when Gradwell wrote to Milner asking him to send students to the re-opened English College, he offered his services as agent for the Midland District. This seems to have been a sincere offer, for Milner's reply is gentle though firm. He did not care to send students at the time, nor could he accept Gradwell's offer. He would "were it possible for you to promote the objects of my younger brother, whom the two others blindly follow, and my own: but this is absolutely impossible." He cannot resist a lunge at his old enemy. "You see Poynter pursues the *utile,* myself the *honestum*"; and concludes kindly:

> ...our differences must of course be represented to the Holy See by each of us; but evidently not through the same person. Wishing you all the happiness and all the comforts that your present situation admits

of, and among the latter an *English fire-place* in your apartments, I am etc. etc. J. MILNER.

Later however Milner was persuaded to send a few students regularly to Rome; but he was peculiarly unsympathetic with the views that Consalvi, Poynter and Gradwell had in mind. He could only spare "a few perhaps from Sedgley Park, not ready to begin Rhetoric or Philosophy,—but neither were they who were sent to Rome in the eighteenth century." He suggests that Gradwell should engage a classical professor, and wants the Holy See to pay all the student's expenses. Finally, after much writing, he tells Gradwell he has two he will send to the College; a convert, aged twenty, and a youth aged twelve. And Milner had been spoken of as first Rector of the Venerabile!

The fourth Vicar, William Poynter, had been the last Prefect of Studies at Douay and the second President of St. Edmund's College. The latter office he had resigned when on the death of Bishop Douglass he became Vicar of the London District. By the majority of English and Scottish Catholics he was looked upon as their leader, both because of his position and because he was extremely well liked. His position at Douay had won for him the esteem of many of the older Douay generation, both clergy and laity, and amongst the latter Charles Butler; his long Presidency at St. Edmund's had brought him into close contact with most of the influential Catholic families. A man of quiet determination, cultured and well gifted, he threw himself whole-heartedly into his work. But a dread lest Catholics by indiscreet haste should lose the little foothold they had in the country, explains the caution which characterized his public actions. Speaking of this Charles Butler complains that "too much caution is sometimes the worst species of imprudence". But Poynter was forced to this by the circumstances of his delicate position. When, for example, in 1813 he was told by Sir John Hippisley that Parliament might take the Veto question into its own hands and legislate on it, he wrote in haste to Corradini in Rome for advice:

If they should, what can we do? We cannot assent to such conditions without the assent of the Holy See. If we oppose them consider the

dreadful disturbance amongst so many Catholics eager now to be admitted to their civil privileges. Sir John is well supplied with documents he brought with him from Rome concerning the practice of all the Courts and powers of Europe, Catholic and Acatholic, relative to the appointment of Bishops and the restrictions on correspondence with Rome... I dread the prospect after Easter. We have much to hope for and much to fear. *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.* If it should be necessary to come to a concord with our Government what a happy thing it would be if a person could be sent with powers, or if some Bishops, Irish, English and Scotch could be commissioned to settle the business. I say this only from my own feelings and ideas. Being left as I am, alone in London, I feel much. I hope and pray that Emancipation may be a means or *occasion of the conversion of many* to the Catholic Church.

He received no answer, and again he wrote begging for instruction. How could he oppose the bill, "if all the time he might have favoured it without prejudicing religion? The consequences would be dreadful." But Propaganda remained extraordinarily indifferent to Poynter all during his episcopacy, and many times did he have to complain to his agent of the pain he received from their treatment.

Milner's opposition to Poynter took the form of personal abuse, and of hindering him in nearly every possible way, either in the press or by actively supporting those who had fallen into trouble with him. It is well known now that Milner had no idea of the violence of his own writings. This excuses him. But it did not lessen the very real pain that these continual attacks from a fellow-bishop caused Poynter. Poynter's public defence of himself is what one would have expected from him. Just silence. Only to his agent in Rome did he ever complain, and state his side of the case.

How many hundred hours, nay days, I may almost say weeks [he writes to Gradwell in 1823] have I not lost in answering Bishop Milner and endeavouring to prevent the bad effects of his violence since the year 1810. I dread the approach of Mr. Plunkett's bill... My object will be to prevent a schism, which his violence is capable of causing, not indeed with any direct intention on his part, but by his blind impetuosity.

He had for his coadjutor James Bramston, a Cambridge convert, whose early legal training made him extraordinarily helpful to Poynter; but he was not young and his health often left him incapacitated. Poynter's episcopacy, both as coadjutor to Douglass and as Vicar himself, was indeed a troubled one, and filled with many disappointments. There was the continual struggle for Emancipation, which he never saw completed, the Blanchardist schism and the delicate question of the French clergy in London, the unfortunate Quarantotti rescript, the final loss of the Douay funds, and the attempt to make Stonyhurst an independant Pontifical College for educating priests. "I am really almost broken down with excessive labour and anxiety," he writes after only two years of his Vicariate; and again, "I am alone, with an immense weight of business on my shoulders and am in addition to be plagued with this Gandolphy nonsense." In the summer of 1815 no fewer than twelve of his letters to Rome never reached their destination; and they needed urgent replies. Little wonder that he speaks of discouragement. In 1814 he had to go in person to Rome to defend himself against Milner. It was against his will that he made the difficult journey; the Douay question was in the balance, the Government was showing itself particularly hostile to religious orders, and he was suffering from an internal complaint that periodically troubled him. At Rome he was, according to Gradwell, "treated as ignominiously as a criminal". Yet Poynter was very gentle. Even in his letters of complaint to his agent his language is mild. "Milner says 'no' as easily as a man says 'Not Guilty' in court"—is all he remarks on one occasion when Milner had flatly contradicted himself at Poynter's expense.

To Gradwell this generous, self-forgetting man was a hero indeed, and his enthusiastic devotion to him is well marked. His letters in the Gandolphy case, Gradwell says, are "worthy of St. Francis Sales and St. Charles Borromeo in scouting unsound doctrine and defending the honour of Rome." His own correspondence with Poynter was naturally a large one, for besides attending to his affairs, he kept him well informed of all that befell the College, and he depended on his advice. In 1827, a year after the death of Milner, Poynter fell seriously ill. "Mr.

White is, thank God, doing well," writes Penswick, assistant to Bishop Smith, "I wish that I had reason to say the same of good, I will add great, Dr. Poynter... I dare hardly think of the loss of such a man." But that year saw Poynter meeting his death with his arms out-stretched, an end characterising his life. Asking for prayers at Rome, he had once said: "I may say in a certain respect *Christo confixus sum cruci;* I pray all may turn to the glory of Christ Crucified."

John Lingard had travelled to Rome early in 1817 on behalf of Bishop Poynter, and both before and afterwards assisted the bishops by his advice. Naturally then he kept Gradwell in touch with affairs in England. But he and Gradwell were old friends. Gradwell was "his dear Polycarp" and "his coadjutor for his History."

> I frequently regret [writes Lingard to Gradwell] that you have left Claughton. Now that the poor Doctor is gone, I have no one, absolutely no one, whom I can consult, or whose help I can ask towards my literary pursuits. How I should like to have an hour's or two chat with you on several subjects connected with my history!

While Lingard sent much news, and gave good counsel to the Roman agent, Gradwell in his turn collected much material, and verified references for Lingard in the archives of Rome.

Gradwell's position brought him a new acquaintance, who wrote in March 1819 to introduce himself. This was Charles Butler, the lawyer, who for the past forty years had been intimately connected with Catholic concerns. His letters to Gradwell reveal a calm, self-possessed personality. He speaks reverently of his mitred antagonists; and his piety is unmistakeable. Twice a year he made a Spiritual Retreat, and in his leisure hours amused himself by finishing Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints,* a hobby at which Gradwell was able to assist him. Unless he was accustomed to making and repeating false statements time and time again—and we have no grounds for believing this—we must credit him too with a sincere loyalty to Rome. He and Gradwell were soon on the best of terms; probably they met one another when Gradwell visited London in 1822. Soon Butler was taking an in-

terest in those in the College, and sending them newspapers that they might follow the course of Emancipation.

I hope you receive our newspapers and let them be read in the refectory [he writes]; the eloquence of the present speakers is very great, although very inferior to that of Pitt or Fox, or the written Burke. I am delighted at the ardour of your pupils for literature. I know by experience that even a slight knowledge of Hebrew conduces much to the intelligence of the Sacred writings. I hope they learn it with the Vowel points. Doctor Geddes scouted them, but after hearing both sides of the question I inclined to the Vowel points.

But the old man (*viridis senèctus*, Lingard calls him) had practically given up hope of seeing Emancipation after 1820.

The Catholic hope was raised by the appointment of Marquis Wellesley to the Irish Lieutenancy, [he writes in 1821 to Gradwell,] but it is completely neutralized by the appointment of Mr. Peel to the Secretariate for the home department and of Mr. Goulburn to be the Secretary for Ireland. No persons are more hostile to the Irish Catholics, and have pronounced their hostility in stronger terms. Fate seems big with strange events in respect to that unhappy country; I believe many kind things will be said and some kind things done: but I believe the Cabinet never wished to withold Catholic Emancipation more than they do at this time.

Next year he writes:

Our hopes of any acts being passed during this year for our Emancipation have totally failed in consequence of the insurrection in Ireland. I see no chance that the present state of things will end except in a military government or emancipation. And I fear there is too great a probability of the former.

And his forecast was nearly a correct one; but O'Connell achieved the improbable.

There is one person strangely connected with all these people at that time. This was a certain nun living then in Rome, known as Sister Mary Agnes. Hardly a letter goes by in which Gradwell is not asked to give her some message, or beg her prayers. Butler and Lingard and all the Bishops in England, and Milner perhaps more than any, placed great confidence in her. Ward

in his *Eve of Catholic Emancipation* (volume II, page 113) gives an interesting account of her condemnation, imprisonment, and the subsequent dispersal of her nuns. There was at some time a set of gold vestments in the College which Sister Agnes's nuns had made at Gradwell's request.

But all these were the giants of the eighteen-twenties. In 1829 Emancipation was granted in its surprising way. Yet the majority of those who had yearned for it so earnestly and with such differing feelings were not there to enjoy it. Gradwell it is true was in London as coadjutor to the now almost helpless Bishop Bramston. The following is all that he has to say on Emancipation in a letter to Wiseman, congratulating him on outdoing in splendour the celebrations of the English College, Lisbon:

> I have lately received two ridiculous letters from Signor Closse. He has been told that in consequence of Emancipation we are going to build several fine churches. He begs me to get him appointed purveyor of marbles, columns etc. It is all a mistake or a dream. Several small chapels indeed are building in different parts of England, and more are projected, when subscriptions come in. But alack-a-day! the only materials employed are brick and timber; and stucco and paint the only ornaments. The Protestants are continually building churches: but they never use marble. If you see Closse tell him not to delude himself in this matter; either by laying out money or coming to London on such a wild speculation. Whether the Duke of Wellington will employ marble pillars at Apsley House, or the King in Buckingham Palace, I do not know.

But Gradwell was near to death;—it is not too much to suppose that it was hastened by his excessive work, undertaken with such painstaking care in a climate that he had first experienced in middle age. In 1833 he died,—and the stage was free for Walsh, Baines, Penswick and Griffiths, with Wiseman as their agent in Rome, to ring up the curtain on the newly emancipated Church in England.

GUY PRITCHARD.

ON A FOUNTAIN IN PIAZZA FARNESE.

A sudden spell of wintry weather brought
Unwonted snow and ice to Rome. One day,
As through the square I took my usual way,
I saw that plain, familiar fountain fraught
With clustered icicles. I smiled and thought
"How fearfully baroque!" I could not stay
To gaze on Nature's work, but needs must say
How like it was to gauds Bernini wrought.

And then I thought how often on this earth
Our human works obliterate the trace
Of Nature in our hearts, and so we miss
The real for twisted forms of human birth;
The sham for us at last takes Nature's place,
And Nature seems the strangest artifice.

D. J. B. HAWKINS.

" ...that plain, familiar fountain... "

ROME AND SOME ENGLISH POETS.

In the epilogue to his *Marriage Song* Mr. Abercrombie tells of a "passion-minded" king of Cordova, who within his lofty palace "all glancing in the Spanish light" reserved for himself and his Moorish love a special court, a place

> of pleasant quietude...
> Where always muskéd silences
> Listened to water and to trees.

Here beauty abode untroubled; only those two entered therein to enjoy the cool peace that elsewhere was transitory and insecure. Then the poet asks:

> How could such a wonder pass?...

and the answer is:

> Ah, it was but built in vain
> Against the stupid horns of Rome,
> That pusht down into the common loam
> The loveliness that shone in Spain.

From this it would seem that Rome were some hideous monster, trampling beneath its hooves the loveliness of man and nature, a despoiler of beauty and of peace.

But this is not true. In Rome the arts have ever found a safe abode, flourishing under her careful protection and glorying in her generous patronage. Though her own poets have for the most part been mediocre, the Tuscan and the Umbrian have looked for and found in Rome help and encouragement, similar in many ways to the warm reception awarded to the great poets of France by the Paris of Louis XIV. At times the evil genius of politics has perverted sound aesthetic judgment—a fact in no way pecu-

liar to Rome—and a bastard muse, meagre and pale, has usurped the throne. But the reign has been short-lived; the true values have been restored and the old order has returned, welcomed by none more than by Rome herself. Let us not think, however, that she has constrained her poets, compelling them to dwell within her high walls, commanding that she should be the subject of their song, or that her pre-eminence should be chanted in mighty paeans sounding forth to all the nations. Of Rome during the Empire this may possibly be true, but since the rise of her greater Empire she has been content to stand in the pride of her religion and her history; and from her there has emanated a mysterious attraction, unmistakably felt by Christian and non-Christian. This magnetic force has not been limited to Italy, but has extended throughout Europe and beyond; symbolic of her universality, her permanence, her power over the hearts and minds of men. It is this force which has aroused wonder in the poet's mind, and has drawn to her a Du Bellay and later a Lamartine; from Germany poets as widely differing as Goethe and Rückert. Even England has not withstood it, slander though she may the city it has been her boast to hate and despise.

The names of Shelley and of Keats are so frequently mentioned in connection with Rome that to many it might seem that they alone of English poets have lived there or have written of her. Such an opinion is quite incorrect and can be attributed only to the fact that they are buried in Rome, and to sentiments similar to those expressed in the rather weak lines of Landor:

> Thou hast not lost all glory, Rome!
> With thee have found their quiet home
> Two, whom we followers most admire
> Of those that swell our sacred quire;
> And many a lowered voice repeats:
> Hush! here lies Shelley! here lies Keats.

History records many more than this pair of ill-fated geniuses.

Chaucer, it would seem, never visited Rome. Wyatt, the supposed lover of Anne Boleyn, certainly came to Rome after travelling in the north of Italy, where he had grown fully acquainted with the new Italian forms he used in his own poetry. He is

referred to in Puttenham's *Art of English Poesie* as one of "the company of courtly makers who... having travailed in Italie, and there having tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Arioste, and Petrarche greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar Poesie from that it had been before."

Among the Elizabethans one need only to mention the Blessed Robert Southwell, the poet and martyr, whose connection with Rome and the Venerabile is surely too well known to call for further comment.

Of Milton's two visits to Rome we have many records, written chiefly by the poet himself. Like most university men of that time, after being subjected to a somewhat concentrated course of studies, he decided to travel abroad before beginning a settled life in England. Though openly hostile to the Church, he made Italy his destination, and once in Italy he soon directed his steps to Rome, where he arrived towards the end of the year 1638. Throughout the rest of his life, Milton looked back on this memorable tour with the greatest of pleasure. This is not surprising, for the young poet, possessing as he did an attractive personality, was well received in the highest circles of Roman society, among which he made the acquaintance of several of the most famous Romans of that time. We find among Milton's Latin poems—it is a curious fact that in writing of Italy he seldom if ever used English—one addressed to Salzilli, a poet of some renown in the Rome of those days. It bears the title *Ad Salsillum, Poetam Romanum, Aegrotantem, Scazontes.* It was written at Rome probably during the former of his two visits, in classical scazons. Milton speaks very highly of Salzilli:

Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos —

perhaps in courteous acknowledgment of the tribute paid by the Roman to himself in the following epigram:

Cede, Meles; cedat depressa Mincius urna,
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Among others whom he met were Lucas Holstenius, librarian at the Vatican, Selvaggi and Francini, who were likewise greatly struck by Milton. Francini in his ode *Al Signor Gio. Milton, Nobile Inglese,* invokes the English poet in the effusive manner one usually associates with Swinburnian eulogies. Thus Milton is termed *fabro quasi divino*, and *dal Ciel natio.* At the end of the ode he decides that he must learn from Milton himself the worthy expression of his praise. While on this visit, as we read in one of his *Epistolae Familiares* ("Lucae Holstenio, Romae, in Vaticano"), Milton was present at a magnificent musical entertainment given by Cardinal Francesco Barberini in his palace, where the leading figures in Roman society were gathered. That he was invited to such an assembly is ample indication of a large-mindedness which perhaps would not have been reciprocated in the England of the seventeenth century. In all probability it was on this occasion that Milton heard Leonora Barone, the singer the poets of Rome were vying with one another in praising. Milton no less than they was enthralled, as we see in the several Latin and Italian poems he wrote in her honour. There are three Latin epigrams *Ad Leonoram Romae Canentem* which reveal fully the extent of his captivation.

Nam tua praesentem vox sonat ipsa Deum

he cries; and some have suggested that Leonora is the theme of the Italian poems. Whether this be true we know not; but it would appear that the grave and serious poet fell an easy victim to the charms of some fair Bolognese, the *donna leggiadra* of his first sonnet.

In 1639 Milton returned to Rome after visiting Naples, where he met the biographer and friend of Tasso, Giovanni Battista Manso. His second visit, however, was not such a great social success, and for this he alone was to blame, indulging as he did in an outspokenness on matters of religion that was not calculated to please his Catholic hosts. He himself tells us that he was pursued by the "Papal police", from whom he succeeded in escaping, and made his way north by Florence to Genoa. It is interesting to record that Milton's is one of the many famous names that appear in the *Pilgrim Book,* now kept in the College

archives. Along with several other Englishmen he came to the College on Oct. 26th 1638, that is, soon after his first arrival in Rome [1]

News of civil troubles in England sent Milton hurrying home. Laud's attempted compromise was fast being swept away by the furious onslaughts of the stubborn Puritans, to whom a semi-divine king was but an odious replica of the " triple tyrant ". Among those who found themselves the victims of Puritan fanaticism was the poet Crashaw, who until then had lived in undisturbed tranquility at Cambridge, deeply interested in religion but as yet unattracted by Rome. We next hear of him in 1646, when, already a Catholic, he was discovered by his friend Cowley in Paris. Cowley recommended him to the retired queen, Henrietta Maria, by whom he was well received, his religion and his talents at once winning him her friendship. He lived for some time at the court, until eventually with a high recommendation from the queen he set out for Rome. Here his introduction gained for him the post of secretary to Cardinal Palotta, a position of considerable dignity. In 1649 he received through the intervention of the Cardinal a benefice at Loreto, but Palotta was undoubtedly urged to take this step by more than one motive. In the first place he was much attached to Crashaw and wished to reward in some way the poet's success; it is also said, however, that the domestic peace of the Cardinal's house had been rudely disturbed by the bold criticism of the Englishman directed against the conduct of the servants and hangers-on of the Cardinal's household, who accordingly took no pains to conceal their hatred of him. He died at Loreto a few months after his appointment. Crashaw has left us no poems written expressly on Rome, but his religious poems breathe a spirit that is essentially Roman. His treatment of religious subjects reveals a bright and dazzling colour, a seeking to express in torrential verse the grand and infinite—which strongly suggests foreign influence. He does not, as do other religious poets of England, try to analyse his spiritual emotions, but is content merely to express the ecstatic wonder and delight he experiences in con-

[1] Cf. Card. GASQUET: *A History of the Venerable English College, Rome*, ch. x.

templating subjects of unearthly beauty, a mode of thought and expression peculiar to Rome rather than to England.

During the eighteenth century, when insularity was among the chief characteristics of the English poets—and perhaps the main cause of their inferiority—London kept her writers to herself, stifling amid an artificial society the fair flower of her poetry, and satisfying her degraded taste with the scurrilities of Swift and the platitudes of Pope. Gray provides a happy exception, though even he was still fettered with the chains of a despicable convention. There is no need to refer to his Roman impressions, as these have been spoken of before in these pages. [1]

It was with the Romantic Revival, when the universe, and not some London triviality, urged the poet to give voice to his feelings, that the English poet was once more to be seen in Rome, where he could visualise more easily the permanence of things amid universal change. For Rome herself is this vision; her history shows a series of victories and defeats, of glorious successes and tragic failures; yet her stability is unquestioned, for this we know is based on a foundation no earthly force may shake. And this is the fact that has drawn all kinds to Rome: the pilgrim eager to behold the city of his faith, and the non-Christian curious to see this enigmatic citadel. And the poet has felt that in Rome at least he could link age with age, and contemplate under a new light the forces governing Man and Nature. In 1802 Wordsworth, a worthy herald of the group of poets that were soon to follow, left England for the Continent. Four years previously, with Coleridge, he had sounded the trumpet of revolt, and strengthened by his ideals he set out to find in other lands fresh aspects of Nature and new manifestations of the Eternal. We find several records of his visit among the poems. Wordsworth was rigidly opposed to Catholicism. The explanation of Rome's immortality he would seek in her stones and ruins; thus in one poem [2] he writes:

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[1] Cf. VENERABILE Vol. IV: *Some Glimpses of Rome as Seen by English Travellers,* by H. E. G. Rope.

[2] *The Pillar of Trajan.*

Where now the haughty Empire that was spread
With such fond hope? her very speech is dead;
Yet glorious Art the power of time defies.

In another poem [1] he asks

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?
Yon petty steep in truth the fearful rock,
Tarpeian named of yore? —

but he consoles himself with the thought that man is able

to mount on high
With stronger wing more closely to discern
Eternal things; and if need be defy
Change...

Like many others Wordsworth realised that Rome was sustained by some strange power; but blinded by an innate prejudice he could not see the truth, and turned for an explanation to "glorious Art" and "silent marble."

In 1819 Shelley, tired of what he considered the narrowness of England and feeling that only beyond its unsympathetic shores could he find relief, sought consolation in Italy, and came to Rome. It is well known that Shelley wrote the greatest part of *Prometheus Unbound* at the ruined Baths of Caracalla—but his own words give us a better idea of the fitness of the place for this great poem. "This poem," he writes in the preface, "was chiefly written on the mountainous ruins of the baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees which are extending in everwinding labyrinths upon the immense platform and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama." To some who are familiar with the Rome of to-day this description may appear the product of an unduly rich imagination, but if this be so then

[1] *At Rome.*

we can but envy its wealth. Entirely different from *Prometheus Unbound* is *The Cenci,* which also he wrote while in Rome; nor can it in any way be termed typical of Shelley, who rarely descended from his own ideal spheres to contemplate horrors such as those he describes in *The Cenci.* It has been suggested [1] that he wrote the drama because he felt the need of self-discipline; and from the dedication to Leigh Hunt this seems highly probable. "Those writings which I have hitherto published, have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and just... they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality." We can only say that he adopted measures of unusual severity. Nevertheless the preface to *The Cenci* is of great interest, containing many observations that Shelley made regarding Rome and its people. He writes, for example: "But religion in Italy, is not, as in Protestant countries, a cloak to be worn on particular days; or a passport which those who do not wish to be railed at carry with them to exhibit... Religion co-exists, as it were, in the mind of an Italian Catholic with a faith of which all men have the most certain knowledge. It is interwoven with the whole fabric of life..." [2] He gives us a vivid description of the sombre palace of the Cenci with its gloomy and forbidding exterior, adding: "One of the gates of the palace, formed of immense stones and leading through a passage dark and lofty, and opening into gloomy subterranean chambers, struck me particularly." The last few weeks of Shelley's stay in Rome were saddened by the death of his son William, who was buried in the English cemetery—"the most solemn and beautiful I have ever seen," said Shelley, whose own ashes five years later were to be collected and brought to this same place.

We naturally turn next to Keats, though for him Rome probably meant less than for any other of the English poets who went thither. Advised by his friends he journeyed to Italy in the hope that the dry climate might at least prolong his ob-

[1] Cf. Olwen Ward Campbell: *Shelley and the Unromantics,* ch. v.

[2] It is unfortunate that he should have thought fit to remark, a few lines further on, that the religion of Catholics is "never a check"!

viously threatened life. As we know, it did not; and it is sad to think that the few months spent by him in Rome were for the most part months of pain, relieved only by the self-sacrificing care of the painter Severn. Of the city Keats saw but little, his walks being confined chiefly to the Pincian; any strenuous sight-seeing was considered dangerous to him in his weak condition. Severn in his letters to England complains bitterly of the discomfort of their life, and an amusing incident is related about Keats, who, unable to speak Italian, when a distinctly unsavoury dish was brought to him calmly walked to the window and bestowed its contents on the ground below—the *contravenzioni* were evidently then neither so numerous nor so strict. In one letter Severn exclaims—"but the inhumanity, the barbarism of these Italians!" and expresses the earnest wish that Keats had never left England "for the hopeless advantages of this comfortless Italy"; but though there may have been some cause for these strong remarks, I think that they sprang chiefly from his own overwrought nerves and the sense of loneliness he must often have felt as he sat watching by the bed of the stricken poet. At any rate he continued to live and work in Rome until his own death in 1879. When Keats's recovery was seen to be hopeless, he bade his friend go and see the place that had been chosen for his burial, and Severn tells us: "He expressed pleasure at my description of the locality of the pyramid of Caius Cestus, about the grass and the many flowers, particularly the innumerable violets... Violets were his favourite flowers and he joyed to hear how they overspread the graves." With Keats one is always ready to indulge in a happy series of might-have-beens, and certainly no poet has so justified this by the high quality of the work he accomplished. Had he recovered, it is an easy thing to imagine a love of Rome springing up in his heart, and perhaps he would have sung with equal ardour of the Rome he had seen as of the Greece his imagination had painted in such vivid colours.

Until the end of the century Rome welcomed at various times well-nigh every poet that has helped to make the Victorian age an important epoch in English literature. With something in common, they were yet men of very different types: from

the staunch Catholicism of Newman and Patmore we pass to the paganism of Swinburne; from the cosmopolitanism of Browning to the nationalism of Tennyson; yet these poets all loved Italy, though in a different manner and degree, and each was conscious of the greatness of Rome. Several of course were enthusiastic admirers of the new political movement, which to men like Landor and Swinburne appeared as a signal of a new age about to come upon the world. Perhaps Swinburne had this in mind when he referred to Rome as "the first name of the world's names". Browning—to whom, however, Florence and his beloved Ferrara always appealed more strongly—has bequeathed to us several poems on Rome, dealing as we may expect with persons rather than with things, for to him a mere stone or ruin was of no significance unless he was assured that around them men had lived their lives. Then at once he became absorbed; the thing was no longer an isolated object; it was related to life, and in life Browning was intensely interested. His *The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church, Holy Cross Day,* and *Two in the Campagna* are excellent examples of Browning's peculiar manner, which with a brusque realism combines a seeking after a high ideal, and with a dramatist's interest in humanity a great power of local description. The oft-quoted line,

Saint Praxed's was ever the church for peace

gives us at once the whole atmosphere of the poem.

Among other English poets of the last century who journeyed to Rome we may mention Clough, who was present at the siege of 1848; and Addington Symonds, who died at Rome in 1893 and was buried near Shelley in the English cemetery.

There remain two other poets of particular interest, who, like Crashaw deeply religious, ultimately found rest for their souls in the Catholic Church, and who like him have expressed in their verse the satisfaction of their spiritual desires. Newman, it will be remembered, first visited Rome in 1833, twelve years before his conversion. A poem written at Palermo after his visit sounds to us almost humorous. I quote the first stanza:

Oh that thy creed were sound!
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome

By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.
I cannot walk the city's sultry streets,
But the wide porch invites to still retreats,
Where passion's thirst is calmed, and care's unthankful gloom.[1]

Even here we see Newman's great sincerity; no prejudice however great could save him from the disturbing effect produced by the "unwearied watch and round of service", nor from the feeling of repose experienced in the "still retreats". We are not then surprised to read after the triumph of Grace and Reason such lines as the following, taken from his simple song to Saint Philip Neri:

Founder and Sire! to mighty Rome
Beneath St. Peter's shade,
Early thy vow of loyal love
And ministry was paid.

The solemn porch, and portal high
Of Peter was thy throne;
The world's Apostle he, and thou
Apostle of his Rome.

Here Newman has penetrated beyond the symbols, he has arrived at the truths they seek to represent; his soul has at last found an unfailing support.

In Coventry Patmore we meet a tortured and melancholy spirit, drawn almost irresistably to Rome. "I expect to be very dull and miserable", he said before setting out in 1864; as though he were the mere plaything of some uncontrollable force. His first impressions of Rome were distinctly unfavourable—whose indeed are not?—but he soon perceived that here he would find that peace, which at home he had sought feverishly but in vain. He was received into the Church after a few months by Fr. Cardella, a Jesuit, from whom he had received regular instruction. How lasting his sense of security was has been shown by one of his critics, the late Sir Edmund Gosse, who writes: "An im-

[1] *The Good Samaritan.*

mediate result of the decisive step Patmore had taken was to remove the veil of nervous depression that had hung over him."[1]

With Patmore we may leave off. He was one of many who have gone to Rome to discover the secret of its undying, persistent attraction; and in finding the solution he found an ideal that was not illusory and an order that man was powerless to overturn.

W. LENNON.

[1] *Coventry Patmore,* ch. VI.

THE FAULT IS TOLD...

(Concluded).

WHILE the students of the early eighteenth century were destroying the traditions at home, they fought for them with equal tenacity abroad in the city. This other side to their character comes to light in some of the correspondence that took place between the Rector of the College and the Cardinal Protector of the time. The whole correspondence is of interest and importance, so that it may be given at some length.

The matter which provoked the correspondence was briefly this. On the morning of the first public disputation of the year 1718, the English College cameratas marched forth to S. Ignazio to occupy their usual seats for the function. These were the benches next to those of the Roman Seminarists and facing the Germans. On arriving they found these benches occupied by the Greeks, but unwilling that a disturbance should be caused in this sacred place, (so runs the manuscript,) they left the church. On the next day, coming earlier to get their places and intending to warn the Greek students of their perpetual right, they returned to the second disputation to find the Greeks there again. They quietly informed the latter of their rights, but being repelled with threats, they carried their complaint to the Prefect of Studies, who referred them to the Prefect of the Atrium. He promised speedily to solve the question by written documents in his possession, and went to his room accompanied by a student of the Greek College. Two of the English College who followed after to learn the reply, received this answer from the Greek student in the presence of the Prefect: "That they should mind their own business, unless they wished to be treated by the

Greeks as the Clementini were treated by the Roman Seminarists not long before."[1] And since the Father Prefect of the Atrium would give no other reply, save that he had not found the plan and they must sit scattered here and there wherever they wanted, the students came home. The next disputation day came; the same thing occurred; the students came straight back home. Finally, after the next disputation, they determined to approach the Cardinal Protector.

Accordingly the following document was drawn up and sent to his Eminence. It consisted of five points:—

1. The object of the contention is to continue possession; since the mere possession founds sufficient right.

2. The right of possession is originally founded in the fact that the English College was put under the care of the Society of Jesus under Gregory XIII in March 1579, while the Greeks were put under the Jesuits only under Urban VIII.[2] "Alios titulos," says the Rector, "omitto quos forte invidiosum esset citare."

3. The precedence of the English has already been prejudged in the Roman College. For in the disputations there they were given the option of sitting near the Roman and German Colleges, nor was the right ever disputed.

4. Likewise in Metaphysics—and when the Greeks set up a dispute, the possession was decreed to the English. In Physics also they sit near the Germans.

5. In Theology the English have a most convenient position "ipsis Magistro dictanti oppositis" next to the Germans, while the Greeks are in their present position only *per accidens*—because the Roman Seminarists have some space left in their benches. And certainly, those that are not under the Society's care and come to the Roman College have no places assigned them in S. Ignazio, but sit behind the English; e. g. the students of the Capranican College, though they were founded in 1460. Only

[1] No indications are given as to the nature of this treatment.

[2] Julius Caesar Cordara S.J., who wrote a history of the Society, says that the Greek College had really been entrusted to them under Gregory XIII, but was only taken up under Urban VIII's predecessor.

one exception is made, and that is for the students of the Propaganda College.

Further reasons had been added by the students, but they did not appear on the actual petition sent in to the Cardinal. "What annoys us still more," they wrote, "is that this so new, sudden and most obstinate invasion of our rights on the part of the Greeks did not come from themselves, but was inspired by others. Secondly, that the plan, (which was not shown when asked for,) disappeared after the interview between the Prefect and the Greek student, and that it is claimed that in no book of the Roman College is there any mention of places being assigned. Thirdly, that he whom we had in mind as a common father and partial to neither side, is always against us. Fourthly, that from various tokens we perceive that an opportunity is being taken to diminish the fame of the College that so the fault of a few might be punished: which is not justice. Fifthly, it appears to be a way of drawing us from the care of the Society and putting us under Italian superiors—with what consequences you may easily judge from the past history of the College. Finally, it is said that the Rector of the Roman College had decided that the places belonged to the first occupants, and that therefore our intended appeal to your Eminence would be illicit. But this decision was never made known to us; and that it may be of no avail, we dispute the Rector's power to do it."

A long time was taken over the question of precedence. There seems to be a touch of a common-room view of the affair in the foregoing points, which never reached his Eminence. And quite probably it took time to arrive at some agreement as to which would be the most cogent reasons. However, on the ninth of August his Eminence Philip Cardinal Gualtieri, (that same man who had assisted at the death of James II and now lies in Orvieto along with his distinguished uncle,) sent back a dignified reply to his "Illustrissimi, Egregii et Generosi Alumni". He had heard their own claims (those of *possessio* and *antiquitas*), and also the reasons alleged by the Greeks against them. The latter had brought proof that the benches in question had for many years belonged to the first occupants. And this disposed of the first claim. As regarded *antiquitas*, the Greeks had proved (from

their Bull of Foundation) that they had been founded two years before the English College, and that from the time of their foundation they had attended the Roman College. And so it was his opinion, all things considered, that juridically the Greeks had the preference. However, he had come to an agreement with them, which did not detract from the rights of the English, but on the contrary stabilised them. Such had been the agreement: first, that it be contained in writing that the Greeks in this suit claimed no precedence over the English, and that the promiscuous use of the benches in question had come merely from custom. Secondly, that the English and Greeks should both enjoy the use of the same benches in the church of the Roman College (if it should ever be found that another place next to the German College had ever been assigned). Therefore, he paternally exhorted them, when they went to the disputation on the morrow, they should proceed in their usual manner to their ordinary places; and if they arrived first they might, as gentlemen, give half the bench to the Greeks when these should come. And so from henceforth there would be equal rights between the English and the Greeks. Thus ended the reply from their "Amantissimus et ad servitia paratissimus" Cardinal Protector.

The pacific Cardinal (he had apprenticed himself to diplomacy drafting secret treaties for the restoration of the Stuarts) had been true to his calling: a compromise had been arrived at, and the main question left unanswered. For the central point of dispute was whether the right of possession lay in the fact that the English College was put *under the care of the Society* before the Greek College. Actually, Father Perseus Plowden, Rector of the College some twelve years later, could bring forth in the course of another dispute an ancient *Scriptum Ordinationum Provinciae Romanae* which had been given to all the Colleges in Rome, and in which the title ran *ordini per il Seminario e Collegii Germanico, Inglese, Greco e Maroniti intorni al studio ecc.* This certainly supported the students' case, as does the present order in the Gregorian University, in which the Colleges under the care of the Society have precedence. Our own position is immediately after these, so that we are the first of the "non-Society" Colleges and before the Capranicans. This seems to be

the only heritage that has come down to us from the Jesuit régime.

Leaving, however, both Greek and barbarian to occupy the same benches, and returning to the life of the students inside the house, we shall quote only those penances which were looked upon by the Jesuit superiors as the more extraordinary. The majority of those not already mentioned either took place at Porzio or are connected with it one way or another. Thus "the fault is told of Charles Bails for not coming to Vespers on Sunday last, altho' he was called upon twice for that end at his chamber dore (which he had fastened on the inside)." For this and other faults, "if he does not mend he must expect to be kept at home whilst y^{e} others go to Monte Porzio."

At the country house itself the fault was told of Francis Lane "for having gone abroad a shooting whilst he was at Monte Porzio with two others by appointment with a secular man, both without a prefect and leave; and when spoken to about it by his Superiour, for breaking out into severall very unmannerly, disrespectable and violent expressions, to show ye great contempt he had both of his present Superiour, and all others whom he cared not for; y^{t} he would be gone the next day, if they would, threatening with a violent comportment and some mock-oaths he would make 'em all smart for' t in England, that should be the cause of his going: by all which he highly scandalized those that were present, giving some occasion to others to apprehend (all circumstances considered) he might have had some thoughts of turning over informer, (altho' he declares and it is believ'd he had not). He is particularly advertiz'd to break off keeping company in publick, to leave off entirely all smoking of tobacco, and to bear a greater respect for his Superiours than at some times he has done... He shall add three days more to his next Spiritual Exercises; and shall not go abroad to any musick, nor converse with any English till the end of this year."

Evidently Francis was of the type that felt the need of society, for he had already received a penance for a similar offence some months before. "His fault is told," another document goes on to relate, "for having gone alone last Sunday with some externs in their coach from a certain church to y^{e} vineyard, and

entertained them there all the time... and since the little penances and admonitions given him together with a frequent forbearance when they might have been repeated, had not their desir'd effect over his too eager inclination of thrusting himself with too great confidence into the company and aquaintance of English etc., whatever characters they may be of, both at home and abroad, he shall eat his supper at a table apart, have his wine mix'd with an equal quantity of water, and loose his postpast; only for this time in hopes of an entire amendment of this fault for the future." On the same page William Turville receives a like penance for "railing at his fellows".

At Monte Porzio too the wine was not without its attractions. John Barlow, John Liddell, Charles More and George Thompson were found to have assembled in Charles More's room and there "vinum non semel potarint e cavea nocturno tempore ab eorum nonnullis prius depromptum". George Thompson was regarded as least to be blamed and was given the Penitential Psalms; the rest were ordered to say the same twice. But John Barlow and Charles More, the ringleaders, were commanded to say as well the Litanies of the Saints twice "cum Precibus et Orationibus prout in Breviario". John Barlow was also one of the number that spurned the authority of the Superiors and went for a drink to the Trattoria of S. Agnese outside the Porta Pia on the return of the house from the Villa. The matter was brought to the notice of his Eminence, who, though aware that it was a case for expulsion, yet decided to be indulgent for the nonce. They were to dine apart "and loose their ordinary portion".

His Eminence was also informed of another offence about the same time. The delinquent was George Crosland but we know no more about his fault save that he had been seized with a fit of anger and fallen into a grave excess. He was enjoined to go into retreat for four days in order to learn meekness and patience worthy of an apostolic Missionary. He was a Yorkshire man, and had entered the College in 1702 at the age of thirty-five. He took the oath and was ordained three years afterwards. We possess his Petition, drawn up in 1708, in which he desires to make up for the past by entering the order of Carthusians. He would desire however to remain with them for one year as a secular

priest, and be assisted. Cardinal Caprara answered "Ut Neoportum eat, ibique per annum sumptibus Collegii alatur. Concedit Cardinalis 50 scudi."

The same Cardinal later dealt with the black sheep of the house, Henry Ford. The fault was told of Henry "that altho' he was admonished beforehand to be moderate in drinking, particularly at Monte Porzio, yet he has taken so very little or no notice of what he was so seriously minded of, and has given so much way to an inclination of his nature, heightened with an immoderate smoking of tobacco, (altho' not in places forbidden him), that partly with what he drunk in publick at meals, and on other occasions, partly with what he got to drink at other times, he has bin during those weeks abroad, often overheated with wine, and sometimes even so far as not to be fitt to appear and remain in company of the rest... Nay even so far as not being content with what he had within dores, he has severall times gone and with others too, to take a dram of brandy at a house in town; and altho' he had drunk immediately before he went out, yet would needs go to drink at a publick house in Frascati, notwithstanding all orders against both... To repair the scandal of all these things, and give some satisfaction for what is past, and chiefly for the amendment of what has bin amiss, he shall stay at home too-morrow whilst others go to y^e^ vineyard, he shall remain two days longer in the next Exercise than others usually do, he shall be regular in complying with all the duties in the Roman Colledge and in what relates to studies here at home; he shall not go to his chamber nor absent himself from the usual places in time of common recreation, after dinner and after supper; nor be singular in the company he keeps; he shall break the violence of his passion when he is contradicted and shall not take above three pipes of tobacco in a day, and those only out of time of common recreation; and all this in hopes y^t^ he will overcome himself for the futur and give greater edification than he has done, as he promises himself to do."

With a heavy heart the Plymouth convert read his own condemnation, and scrawled at the bottom "Ita est. Henry Ford." The rest of his history is brief. Before many months were out he was expelled by special order of the Cardinal Protector. And

with him we may take our leave of this troublesome generation of students. Not that we have seen the worst side of them. Why do not the names of such as John Austin, James Eden, James Maccarthy, Pollet and Herbert Croft appear among these delinquents? They were all at the English College about this time, all ordained (Eden was a Jesuit), and all apostatized. Herbert Croft became in fact a Protestant Bishop. It is surprising that not one of these should appear, and it makes it all the more difficult to say exactly to what degree the home of the Martyrs had sunk when persecution in England had stopped and given way to the wearying penal laws and the apostasies of the eighteenth century.

J. GARVIN.

ROMANESQUES.

7. — GITAS.

A PURIST would write of *gite,* and there are pedants in Rome who in their superior moments speak of them as such. But there are many Romans, ultramontane to the core be it granted, who are well convinced that an "s" turns any singular into a good plural. One might stray off into a study of English College plurals, but in view of the title, the unity and connection of matter so much sought after by philosophers demand that I keep to the point. Notwithstanding, the thought of gitas brings to mind the man who always referred to *spaghetti* in the plural. Of course he was quite correct and none knew that better than he did every time he said *sono* in connection with the midday meal on Wednesdays and Fridays. But one always had a sneaking regard for the ungrammatical Philistines who would always regard *spaghetti* as a singular *quantum* without reference to its individual *insita.* But these are the terms of six years ago, and Cosmology, they say, is the most unstable of all Philosophy. Which is a subjective mode of expression for: The foundations of things remain unchanged while man's intellect goes a-wandering into theoretical and uncertain fields which change colour as often as Nature herself but not to the same advantage. There is a basis to things and to thought to which the deliriums of an age must return. It is the eternal unity underlying life away from which the theories spend themselves not seeking the truth whose naked light dazzles and blinds. Man is apparently born to wander, physically and mentally, since the days when according to a perhaps unchanged theory the Aryans set off from the Roof of

the World up in the Pamirs. Life is a perpetual "moving on", although most men do not resent their progress so much as did Jo in *Bleak House*. Wherein lies another proof of the strength of fallacy, for many in their progress are moving on from Reality and the greatness of things in pursuit of a mirage. The real "moving on" of life is regarded by many as retrogression. Which indeed it is when considered as recovery of lost ground. But a turning back from the figments of mind can never be retrogression in the popular sense of the word. Thought of plurals has led us on in a wayward manner to ponder upon unity and truth—not indeed to comprehend them, for unity is so great that we only grasp its divisions and then fail to unite them, while truth is so obvious that we cannot see the wood for trees. But we were trying to return to the plural of a word which spells joy to all the uninitiated, yet further joy to the privileged souls who are wed to the open road, but boredom to him who is drawn back to the "moving on" of the noisy city.

... the "moving on"...

Gita is a word soon learned in First Year, almost as soon as such a useful word as *fragola*, which we may say for the benefit of all backward Philosophers and shockingly negligent Theologians as well as all Venerabilini *in fieri* who may see this magazine on the desks of their Parish Priests or on the bookshelves of their College Libraries, means strawberry. We learnt this delectable word on perhaps the fifth day of a meteoric course of the Italian tongue. That *was* moving on. But *gita* was impressed on us by the *anziani*, and sturdy Britons made the plural without regard for the niceties of Tuscan. *Gitas*, as a word,

has passed into the *lingua franca* of all good Romans who dabble in Dante and who have been known to scan Petrarch and Leopardi. But all their fondness for limpid Tuscan will never wean them from the first love of an English "s". It is upon such small things that memory hangs and the chords of the heart are tuned. There is perhaps a rugged defiance in this fondness for first impressions. Gradually a man is led into more grammatical expression, but there are key-words of College life which defy the blandishments of Otto Sauer and Berlitz.

There is a rough and ready division of gitas into Long and Short. One has pleasing recollections of a *Gita Alpinistica* which led to a medley of the nations on the gentle slopes of the Albans. The gradient was not alpine, nor were the *ciambelle,* but imagination looks well in print. Such a gita is reserved for centenary years, it enters into the lives of a few and is outside present consideration. Long and short gitas are however the landmarks of a life otherwise strangely unbroken by long recreation. Romans have but little opportunity of stretching the legs which are an external note of our specific differentiation from other animals. The Venerabilino must become one of a serpent (and by a serpent fell the race) which twines its daily way to the University, a way which gives small scope for the spirit of the open road. The centrifugal ambling around the *cortile* only suits those of short stride and large, well-polished tonsure.

... of the noisy city.

But to return. After the New Man has seen St. Peter's and has drunk in the soul-stirring truth that sixteen people fit into

the copper ball, he is led to the summit of the hill—not one of the Seven, for they lie beneath him as Martial tells us—to gaze on *Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles,* the happy hunting-ground of the wayfarer. He is shown the "long white line over there", the starting point of many a ramble. Carnival is held out to him as the festive season during which he may stretch himself and top the mountains which hem in the City. Distinctions between Long and Short gitas are impressed upon his mind. He is but a day in Rome, but like his fellows he must be moving on. The distinctions themselves are already hazy, as are all traditions save Divine—and even on that opinions are often befogged. A short gita was described as a day's ramble from the Country House with a midday meal taken in common, whereas a long gita conjured up visions of trains and even of a diligence! In the olden days all gitas had been in common, serpentine, like life's daily gravitations, but a new order of things called for more personality as opposed to the individuality of participation in a united effort. In which distinction lies more philosophy than one wishes to develop in the course of a few remarks. The protracted gita which was apparently outside the categories in "our First Year" concerned only the *laureandi in Theologia*—and that by the generous bequest of Fr. Delaney, whose memorial stone is not on the wall of the College Church but is to be seen in the main corridor. But that restriction of long gitas is deep in the necropolis of discarded traditions. We advance from the limitations of the past to the fuller benefits of the present. In these days Philosophers have trod more of the Peninsula than many a pre-war Divine.

... those of short stride and large, well-polished tonsure.

Looking back it seems better to treat of gita-memories as a

whole than to draw hard and fast distinctions between the reverential "Where would you suggest?" of dutiful First Year, and the "Oh yes, join on if you like" of a Seventh Year god well entrenched on Olympus. For all one's impressions make up one harmonious whole of expectation and fruition—of a deeper appreciation of values once dimly perceived. One can now think in a way perhaps impossible to a wayfarer who is just passing the first milestone on the ribbon of road that stretches from the city. One now knows better than upon first acquaintance the charm of the hill and of the valley. Gitas grow upon one, for better or worse be it conceded, for the beach and pier of an English seaside town or the English lanes have prior and not-to-be-surrendered claims upon the affections of many.

There is a strange joy in the planning of a gita. To the new man all places are unknown, but to the adventurous spirit *omne ignotum pro magnifico.* One who remembers his classics or who can consult a guide book is no stranger in the enchanted land. He is about to visit and to see the reality of many a dream. Veii, Tibur, Soracte, were always more than names to him; now he may roam and be glad that he is developing a friendship. The reality may fall short of the dream—I remember a man who suffered more than disappointment along the Via Appia. The Queen of Ways is not so majestic in her present setting of *forno* and *pizzicheria* wherein lingers more than the spirit of history, as she was in the days when Horace rode on to the poor hospitality of Ariccia. But the open road lies there as it did in his day, leading to the hills and beyond.

The planning of a gita is a special art. It taxes the ingenuity as no mere picnic or excursion could ever do. If a train journey is involved, then the intricacies of an Italian time-table must be mastered. The man who does that is sure of a following. Only born leaders of men can discover that the *internazionale* for Paris via Modane stops at Palo which is but a *diligenza* ride from the *spiaggia incantevole* of Ladispoli. No one lacking the spirit of Alexander could acquire easy familiarity with *omnibus* and *accelerato.* The man who turns with easy confidence from the table of kilometrage to the deciphering of such mystic signs as a crossed fork and spoon is worthy to be numbered among the immor-

tals who may "start a list", which is the first step to the formation of a gita party. Everyone may rest assured that he will not be content with short change at the Termini; he will know the exact time of every *coincidenza* and there is reasonable hope that he will get back in time. There is the spectre of all "moving on". Then there is the getting back. The Angelus—or *Ave*, as these Latins have it—is surely a signal for peace and prayerful recollection. Millet's picture suggests the calm of the countryside; but to the student the *Ave* is a tocsin. He must be in for it. It clangs out and hastens his steps. No prayerful repose, but breathless haste. The peasant of Art and Romance may down tools and raise up his heart; the student must gird his wings about him and murmur against the inexorable rulings of life. But on gita days it may be confidently said, "curfew shall not ring to-night." The destinies who shape our ends and clip our wings permit supper time to be the *Ave—per fictionem iuris*, and of course *per modum actus*.

By degrees lists appear upon the notice-board. They have strange bedfellows of which another has written. Elegant sheets of newspaper or grimy *carta comune* headed by the goal of a wandering spirit. Frascati for those of peaceful bent, Veii for the open-air fiend of an antiquarian turn of mind. The Seven Churches for the pious pilgrim, for those who have been everywhere before, for the man whose last remittance was lost in the post. Gennaro and Soracte inspire those of alpinistic taste. The hills are a daily bait seen from the Janiculum, tempting the adventurous and repelling those who would walk in the easy ways of life. The more learned will remember a few lines from one or other of their authors; the superficial will appear just as wise after a reference to Baedeker or Murray. Results are attained by varied means.

The *wanderlust* and the love for home so proper to the Englishman are never more manifest than in a gita selection. Some wander beyond the setting sun; others, in strong contrast, find their horizon near the Aurelian Wall. The wanderer will discover that it is just possible to visit some place near the edge of beyond, Monte Cassino perhaps, but the realist will point out that many stations are miles below the town whose name they bear.

The sight of a railway station, even if the station-master does look picturesque in a red hat, is a poor reward for hours of cross-references in an *orario generale*. And so many a vision goes to join the good intentions which pave hell and roof heaven. Green fields strewn with ruins magnetize the "brick-hunter". Horace's farm, the wide stretch of Campagna with acqueduct and tomb entice the susceptible who are always ready to admire and to gape. "Gaping" deserves a section to itself. Who can define the period necessary for the true admiration often betrayed by mute expression and limply-held Murray. "Much admired!" Admiration mingled with longing for the next man to be done with his interest and move on. Only the privileged few recapture the past in the presence of a "brick". Ruins are either quarries to the vandal or elysium to the dreamer. But even the dreamer must not muse too long. He must move on ere the feet begin to shuffle. What is it that induces a man to stare with wondering eyes at a ruin or monument which he would hurry by in England? *Chi lo sa?* What is the subtle influence that impels a man to admire a Pelasgic wall? It is not only he whom the gods have endowed with a sense of history who will stroke it fondly. The spell of a day is cast upon all who stray near the past. Problems must be left to the thinkers. Hasten to the joy of a day merged into the memories of years.

There are those who scorn *Trattoria* and *Osteria*. Who can define the distinction between them? Many have wondered whether the rigid moralist's terminology of *caupona* and *popina* might be applied to them. Be that as it may, the green sward and the clear sky above are accomodation enough for many a party who ramble where they list. Romantic enquiry is the soul of the *al fresco* party. They are unfettered by time and place. They may eat where they will, even upon the top of an Etruscan painted tomb. Organisation and careful estimates are the basis of open-air eating. Who has not thought twice before giving an answer to the apparently superficial question "Can you manage an *etto?*" *Pizzicherias* are ransacked; insularity has no part in the provision of eatables "both rich and rare". There is a special type of buying-in for consumption on the premises. A party may eat its own food at another's table; unwritten law demands that his

drink should be consumed and payed for in addition to a modest charge for *coperta*. But that is not the true *al fresco* party. They are economists who will not dine *à la carte*. "*Primus*" stoves may

"Can you manage an etto*?"*

be part of the kit of an *al fresco* party. Simpler souls will prefer the cooked meats of the city, but the epicure must fry his eggs and reduce his *spaghetti* to an uneatable mess on the bleak hillside or in the pleasant meadow. Men stride away equipped as if for

the Poles, but they must be back for the *Ave* (or soon after).

A *Trattoria* may be *piccola* but is never, *ex professo, grande.* I speak from personal experience and surprise at this strange distinction. A *piccola Trattoria* will afford its modest hospitality in all towns which boast a *carabiniere.* It is not ashamed of definitions. True humility is blatant of self. In the course of many a gita afoot and awheel, I have never ascended higher in the scale of *trattorias* (*sit venia verbi*). They blossom into *albergo* or *ristorante con alloggio.* But the *fiat* of indefinable tradition lays down that a *trattoria* is either *piccola* or itself unqualified.

Companions of the road come back to mind. Who will ever forget the voluble Malevolta, who had anticipated all trained archaeologists in his excavations at Veii? And when we have all forgotten Horace's lines on Soracte we shall still remember the demented caretaker lost in his necromancy.

... the voluble Malevolta ...

They merit an epic; but who, ah who will be their Homer? Who will tell of the bright boy of Scanno who was so ready with the hot water? Or of the old crone in those regions where *trattoria* soon yields to *gasthaus,* who had given bed and breakfast to two emperors?...

But it is not my purpose to particularize in these remarks. The genius of gitas is universal. It dominates and inspires every gita, be it long or short, walking or by train. Days of hearty goodfellowship, of sumptuous fare near a Sybilline temple or of iron rations in the lonely Abruzzi.

That expansive and goodly fellowship born of the open road and broad vale cannot be recaptured. England has "her flowers to love, her ways to roam", but one never sees them on a gita. Picnics, excursions, trips, and *id genus omne* there are. Parties with Women's Guilds, when even Immortals who once "started

lists" remember that man has to play many parts on this stage and wish there were more exits.

Perhaps I have rambled in these remarks. But the *benevolus lector* will remember that he who treats of gitas must roam as they do. What gita is complete without the short-cut which is the longest way home? *Vale in Domino! Vale! Vale!*

E.H. Atkinson.

NOVA ET VETERA.

TUSCULUM ONCE MORE.

If the distinguished diarist of the Tusculan gita which was recorded in our last number did not sufficiently betray his identity, the following stately hexameters, describing the view from Tusculum, can hardly fail to give him away. To the verses is attached a tragic little story, which his Lordship shall relate in his own words:

["These lines have a little history. When the writer returned to Rome after his first long visit to Monte Porzio, his fancy was haunted with the vision he had so often gazed upon from the Cross on Tusculum, and he put that vision into verse. Thinking he would do a thing pleasing to the then Rector, who had professed *belles-lettres* at St. Edmund's College, he presented him with a copy. A few days afterwards he was summoned *ad audiendum verbum*. And the gist of what he heard was, 'Drop this sort of stuff, and give all your time to Liberatore!' *Belles-lettres* indeed! *Misericordia*!"]

Pastor in aprico servans pecuaria monte,
Quem circum ingenti cingebant mole Pelasgi
Moenia Telegoni, solidoque arx edita saxo,
(Telegoni, quem progenuit, si fama probatur,
Has oras Circesque domos devectus Ulysses,)
E summo speculo latos dum despicit agros,
Strati more maris procul hinc procul inde jacentes,
Leniter in campum sub sese excurrere cernit
Laetum pampineo florentem tegmine collem
Culmine convexo, silvamque feracis olivae
Aequis se ordinibus viridi demittere clivo.

Templum summa tenet, cui binae a fronte decorae
In coelum assurgunt turres; tum candidus infra
Porrigitur vicus, solisque repercutit ictus.
At latere adverso, qua stat pulcherrima pinus,
Agnoscenda procul, flaventes vinitor uvas
Dum metit et cantu gaudet fore pinguia musta,
Sub pedibus Gabiosque videt, nunc squallida rura,
Regillumque lacum, et Tiburtia moenia longe,
Queis super hinc illinc densent minitantia caelo
Mille Sabinorum fastigia; nobile necnon
Attollens Soracte caput, Ciminîque reclinis
Longa juga, insignemque Petri testudine Romam.
At laevâ intendenti aciem Tiberina videre est
Ostia, et errantem tardis prope flexibus amnem,
Tyrrhenasque undas, et quae vada caerula juxta
Surgit opaca, ingens Laurenti in littore silva.

WHEN WISEMAN WAS VERY YOUNG.

The author of the biographical article on Wiseman as rector, which appeared in our last number, has unearthed from the archives what appears to be the earliest extant letter of the future Cardinal, addressed to his mother a few months after his first arrival at the College, when he was seventeen years old. As it gives some of his first impressions of Rome and describes his perilous voyage from England in detail, our readers will perhaps like to have it in full. It is Wiseman "off his pedestal"; but even here we may trace the beginnings of the Grand Manner! And perhaps it will give encouragement to some of us to know that there was a time when even Wiseman was innocent of Hebrew.

Rome Ap. 13th 1819.

My Dearest and most loving Parent,

I received your letter on Maunday Thursday and have not delayed a moment to reply. The reason why I did not answer your last was, because my letter left Rome the day that yours arrived. You may however depend upon being duly attended to in your correspondence. I shall now answer everything which you said in your letter, and then proceed to give you the particulars of our voyage. First then to James I have written some time ago, with

the assistance of my friend Sharples, a long letter. With respect to Ushaw it is of course flourishing. The prefect (Mr. Anderton) is gone on his mission, and by our last accounts, Mr. Brown was expecting to follow. Every one there envies us who have come to Rome, and one has already made the resolution of setting out by land after Whitsuntide. I think that if I were there I should be unhappy, such would be my desire to come to this glorious city. To give you some ideas of the revenues of this college, it will be sufficient to tell you that we possess 30 large houses in the city which bring in a rent of £891 .. 5 a year. Besides this, we have 3 large farms with country houses attached to them. To one of these, situated in the hills on a most healthy spot we shall retire in the month of October which is the only unhealthy month in the year. The food etc. agrees perfectly with me, and as I can have everything that I want, I am glad to say that there is nothing which I could wish you to send by the gentleman coming except,—a *long letter* from you and Frasquita [his sister]. I am sorry to say that I shall not be able to attend your friends about Rome as the etiquette here is very strict and we are not able to go out without a person drest as a priest, though he be only one of our own number. It has been a pleasure to me to think that I am now in a situation in which I can live comfortably without the pain of thinking that I am of expense to any one.

Yesterday, being Maunday Thursday, the Pope gave his benediction from St. Peter's, but as I was prevented from going out by my *nose unluckily bleeding* I could not see the ceremony, though I expect to see it on Sunday. Last night of course we went to St. Peter's and after *tenebrae* we beheld the glorious sight of the blazing cross. It is of brass 24 feet long and illuminated with no less than 628 lights, which at some distance gives it the effect of a cross of fire. We had a good view of the Emperor of Austria, the Empress, the grand Duke Michael, the Queen of Etruria etc. who are all now at Rome.

Italian I can now understand easily and can *gabble* with tolerable fluency; it is very easy, and I think a beautiful language though I think the Spanish better. I have gone tolerably far in Mathematics, and have not neglected Chemistry. One branch of our studies which we shall ere long begin is Hebrew, which I am anxious to learn. It is impossible this year to see the ceremonies in the Pope's chapel, so that we must wait for another opportunity.

I shall now satisfy your desire to hear some of the particulars

of our voyage. It is a common remark that nothing is more pleasant than to reflect on past dangers and labors, and I hope that the recital of our misfortunes, if anything temporal deserve that name, will only produce this effect in you, to make you thank the Almighty for his conducting us to this place. For my own part I can say that in the most violent storms I felt a confidence in God that he would never suffer us to perish in an undertaking for the good of the church and the promoting of our vocations, and with these thoughts I felt secure and easy; only one thing gave me pain,—the thought of you and my Frasquita. We embarked at Liverpool, on the brig Susanna, on the second of October. There were ten of us on board, besides a woman. Six of us were from Ushaw and four from Old Hall Green. We cleared the port about twelve o'clock and our pilot left us at half-past one. We sailed along the coast of North Wales with a breeze that was just sufficiently in our favour to let us keep our course; had it been strong this would have been impossible. We were in sight of the Holy-head lights at 8 in the evening; but about 10 a violent gale sprung up and it was now impossible to continue in our way. We tacked as it is called, but found it ineffectual. Our captain resolved to bear before the wind and put in at Whitehaven in Cumberland or in the isle of Man. About 8 in the morning we were in sight of Douglas, when the wind calmed and we were able to return. Towards evening we were again in the same situation as the proceeding and were obliged again to drive before the wind, and on Sunday the 4th, we were safe anchored in Ramsay bay. We went on shore, and found Ramsay, which is called one of the principal towns in the isle of Man, a filthy little hamlet composed of a few huts and not as large as Redcar, and not near as clean. The most dangerous part of our voyage was when we were anchored here. On Sunday evening about 5 o'clock we thought of returning to the vessel which lay about two miles from the beach. The Captain had not thought it worth while to launch the long boat to take us on shore, but we had gone in the small boat at two separate times. But now, he resolved to take us all back in the same boat, and contrary to the advice of his sailors he made 14 go into a boat which ought only to receive seven. When we came within half a mile from the vessel a violent squall arose and for some time baffled all our attempts to come to. The crews of the different vessels about were all on deck looking at us and all the inhabitants were ranged on the shore, observing us with telescopes and never expect-

ing to see us reach the ship. We made several efforts and at last by the presence of mind and intrepidity of our captain, we reached the vessel. On Tuesday, a favourable wind sprung up and in three days we were out of the channel. With the exception of a few days near Gibraltar, this was the only time that we enjoyed a favourable breeze. No sooner had we entered the Bay of Biscay, than we fell in with a contrary gale which continued almost without intermission for 3 weeks. At one time we went only one degree or 60 miles in 7 days. We were tossed about in a most horrible manner, and our captain declared that he had never in his life seen such weather. Several times we were obliged to *lie to*, that is, to tie the rudder and with one sail to leave ourselves to the waves. It was really dreadful to see the billows, which without exaggeration might be called mountains, and which sometimes left us in such a valley that we could not see two yards on any side of the vessel. Sometimes the ship plunged most dreadfully, or was so much at one side that we could not stand or sit without taking hold of something. And the water was over the railing of the vessel which was 4 feet high, and reached to the middle of the deck; once she plunged so much that her head was below water as far as the fore mast, and sent two or three pailfuls into the forecastle which was closed up. You may think this shocking, but this is the least part of our misfortunes. A few days after we had left Ramsay, our fore-yard, which is the beam that supports one of the principal sails in the ship, gave way, and we were obliged to mend it as best as we could in the midst of a storm; a short time after one of the principal ropes which supports the mast broke, then the shrouds. Yet we always had the consolation to think that we were in a tight vessel that took in little or no water; we only pumpt her twice during the voyage and then through curiosity rather than necessity, whereas most vessels require it as often in the week. Sunday the 18 of October was the most fatal day in our voyage. It was rough weather all the day and towards 10 at night the wind became more favourable, but the sea still remained very high. On a sudden we were alarmed with a cry: "All hands on deck!" We all ran up and found that a man had just fallen overboard. It was truly awful to hear the cries of the poor man in the water. Ropes and spars were thrown over to no purpose, and our captain with another sailor went out in the boat, with danger of their lives, but were too late. The man lost was a black and our best sailor. We tossed about the ocean for some days longer,

till on the eve of All Saints we saw Lisbon rock after having been 22 days without seeing land. You may judge of the skill of our captain by this, that we were 300 miles out of our reckoning. We continued with a tolerable wind until we came to the Cape St. Vincent when we were annoyed by a bad wind. During the Sunday we made no progress but met with a serious accident. A dog which we had on board went mad and after howling round the deck and refusing water, went to the stern and jumpt overboard. On Monday we passed the Straits with a wind that took us for 10 miles an hour. I must tell you that as we passed and saw the smoke and vessels of Cadiz, I felt sufficient emotions [and plea]sures to tell me that I was a Spaniard. The next day we were becalmed but the next day passed Majorca and Ivica, and the next Minorca. Here our fortune forsook us and we were a fortnight going from Nice to Genoa, the enormous distance of 66 miles. At last we entered the gulf and were sure of entering Genoa the next day. Our captain had been there 3 times before, and therefore ought to have known the way. But the next morning we found we were only in the bay of Rapallo, and turning back enjoyed the most beautiful scenery imaginable. After a calm for a day and a hard night, we took a pilot on board and after being driven back several times we anchored safely in the port of Genoa, on Sunday 21st of November, at 10 o'clock, and at twelve went on shore, 7 weeks and a day after our departure from the port of Liverpool.

I will now say a little of our comforts and accomodations. There were ten of us besides the captain to sleep in a cabin which had decent accomodations for five. I was one of the most unlucky of them all. Three of us were stuffed into a close little hole which had been the sail case, and I had two of three thin mattresses spread over a few hard beams that went across and some thick ropes and damp sails. Besides, when the ship was on one side I had the weight of the other two on me. At last I took up my abode on the floor of the cabin, and there slept with hardly any covering. I think I can say that I never slept 3 hours together all the time. For seven weeks I never once took off my clothes, and changed my shirt only once. By day we had a superstitious, psalm-singing Methodist, who however never swore and allowed us to say our prayers morning and evening. On Sunday we said them 4 times even in the roughest weather. With regard to diet we were not in a better condition. At first, to be sure we had wine, apples,

porter, tea and coffee. But we were ill stocked, and in a short time were reduced to salt beef, brown biscuits and water from a rum cask which of course was shocking. And yet, I can assure you that I never remember having been in better health or better spirits. I was sea-sick only on the night that we left Liverpool, and a little stupid the next day, so that, except my friend Sharples I came off the best of any, as some were sick nearly all the voyage. In consequence of my illness before I left England, I began to lose my hair, and, had we remained much longer on the sea, I should have been completely bald. It is now however completely returned, and I was never better or happier (except when I was with you and Frasquita) in all my life.

On Easter Sunday we went to St. Peter's and heard a grand mass celebrated in the presence of His Holiness by Cardinal Mattei, and after the ceremony, secured places to see the Pope give his benediction. He was carried on a sumptuous chair of crimson velvet and gold, and in a rich cape and his tiara with the triple crown, surrounded by Bishops and Cardinals he appeared in the grand balcony over the front door. It was something above earthly to see an Emperor and Empress, a queen, dukes and princes of the highest blood kneeling before the sovereign vicar of Christ, with thousands of people of all nations. The bells tolled, the band played for a few minutes and all was silent. The Pope recited a short prayer, then slowly rose up, joined his hands and gave his benediction to the whole world. Instantly, the cannons fired, the bells rang, and the band played. All was silent again. He again rose, and in the same manner gave his blessing to the people assembled. In the evening, St. Peter's was illuminated. At a distance the dome looked like a vast mass of red-hot iron. The most remarkable thing is the celerity with which it is performed. The bell rings for the Ave Maria. At the first stroke, a light appears at the top of the cross, and before the fifth stroke, the whole of St. Peter's, and the colonnade before it, is illuminated. We saw also most beautiful fireworks at the Castle of St. Angelo. The Italian fireworks are justly reckoned the first in the world.

... I shall write to my Dear Frasquita next month. Give her of course ten thousand loves, I need not tell you or her my affection. Put Fanny Tucker in mind of me: poor thing I hope she has not forgot Nicolas. If the happiness of your beloved son can make you happy, revive and don't be so melancholy. Bear all with resignation, and remember that this is a world of miseries.

Frasquita no doubt will be the same little dear she ever was, and you will have reason still to love her. May God bles you both, and may she and I live to make you happy in this life & [...] be so hereafter. This is the wish of your affectionate [...] Son

NICOLAS.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL.

As the space devoted to "Archaeological Notes" is taken up with the conclusion of that interesting and indispensable itinerary, *Gradus ad Parnassum,* we print here the latest archaeological news-items, communicated to us by the same authority.

"Rome still changes day by day, and it is a welcome antidote to the increasing noise and bustle to find many churches shedding their baroque plaster under the hammer of the restorer.

"The facade of the Ospedale S. Spirito (facing the Castle of S. Angelo) is the most recent instance. An open portico and biforate windows in the upper storey replace the already ruined restorations of Benedict XIV and Pius IX. It now approximates to its original appearance in the late *quattrocento,* when Botticelli copied it as the Temple for his fresco of the Temptations in the Sixtine Chapel.

"The portico of S. Lorenzo in Lucina and crypt of S. Alessio on the Aventine are also very pleasing restorations. One wishes the interiors also would shed their plaster veil. In the same way the Palazzo Atticornj in the Piazza Rusticucci (by the end of the left colonnade) has regained its *cinquecento* glory. The *cortile,* with three tiers of arcades on one side, is especially pleasing. And this after it had been marked out for demolition!

"We hope to have more definite information in our next number on the excavations now nearing completion. It now seems certain that the whole of the Zona Argentina will be left open."

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

(Concluding the itinerary begun in our last number).

GRADUS AD PARNASSUM.

THE student is not always free to choose even his own route to the University. When the Palazzo Farnese requires a military guard—and nowadays that is quite a frequent event—he must needs first turn towards St. Peter's and creep like a snail by many twists and turns to school. Yet the mailed fist is not always so intransigent or so much in evidence, and on most days our *camerate* are free to branch off in the Piazza Farnese, going by the Vicolo del Gallo (as previously described) or the Via Marna.

The latter street leads through the Campo di Fiori to the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and until recently its whole length bore the name Via Baullari. This formerly was the centre of the trade in trunks (*bauli*) and travellers' requisites, but now that the hotels with their motley crowd have fled to the heights of Pincio, the present shops belie its name. During the war the first section of this street was renamed to commemorate the battle of the Marne. Armellini notes from a contemporary document that in 1535 " essendo messer Latino Juvenale maestro di strade, de commissione de n. S. Paolo III fece fare una strada dalla p. Farnese per fino in Campo di Fiori ".

CAMPO DI FIORI.

The Campo itself was levelled and laid out as a *piazza* by Sixtus IV. This square is familiar to everyone, with its market and flower-stalls, and to the casual visitor the name, though

picturesque, would suggest nothing of ancient interest; yet it was so called long before flowers were sold there, possibly even when surrounded only by porticoes in the days of the Empire.[1]

In the 15th century "La Grechetta" resided here, but owing to a murderous quarrel between two admirers, their retainers came to blows and in the strife her house was burned down.

The Campo was for long the forum or centre of Roman life. Papal bulls were published here,[2] as were governatorial notices. Here were exhibited portraits of fugitives condemned to death, whilst it was the usual place of execution for religious offences, heretics such as Giordano Bruno having been burned here. Numerous inns and shops surrounded the square, and such noted publishers as Antonio Blada and Antonio Salamanca had their premises on the *piazza.* Until the close of the last century a block of buildings occupied the end where the fountain now stands, so that the Cancelleria was almost invisible from the Campo.

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[1] GREGOROVIUS (*Rome in the Middle Ages,* tr. Hamilton, VII, p. 663), noting that it was a flower-covered plain until paved, derives the name from this fact. Moroni (*Dizionario,* vol. 52, p. 279) prefers this, but suggests it is named after Flora, "donna amata da Pompeo" (cf. PLUTARCH. *Pomp.*, c. 2), whose theatre was near by, or from Terentia, a courtesan, who left her property to the Roman people. In her honour were instituted the Floralia, and she herself was deified. Lactantius (*Inst. Div.*, I, 20) has an interesting passage: "Jam quanta ista immortalitas putanda est quam meretrices assequuntur? Flora, cum magnas opes ex arte meretricis quaesivisset, populum scripsit heredem, certamque pecuniam reliquit, cuius ex annuo fenore suus natalis dies celebraretur editione ludorum, quos appellabant Floralia. Quod quia senatui flagitiosum videbatur, ab ipso nomine argumentum sumendum placuit, ut pudendae rei quaedam dignitas adderetur. Deam finxerunt esse, quae floribus praesit, eamque oportere placari, ut fruges cum arboribus aut vitibus bene prospereque florescerent. Eum colorem secutus in Fastis poeta, non ignobilem nympham fuisse narravit, quae sit Chloris vocitata, eamque Zephyro nuptam, quasi dotis loco id accepisse muneris a marito, ut haberet omnium florum potestatem." (Cf. OVID. *Fasti,* V, 195 ss.)—The worship of the Sabine goddess Flora was introduced into Rome by Titus Tatius and the games instituted only in 238 B.C. Thus the cult had long been in existence, but perhaps the Senate apotheosized this woman as the goddess already worshipped, and then instituted the games.

[2] They concluded: "Die — mensis et anni ut supra, praesens affixus et publicatus ad valvas Curiae Innocentianae, et in Acie Campi Florae, et in aliis locis solitis et consuetis per me N—, apostolicum cursorem."

With regard to Roman constructions we know that the Via Tecta coming from the Porta Carmentale below the Capitol, skirted Pompey's theatre and then traversed the Campo diagonally, on its way to the Aelian bridge. This portion of the Via coincided with one of the *porticus maximae* of Gratian, Valentinian and Theodosius, which started from the hecatostylum of the theatre and terminated at the triumphal arch of these Emperors.

The cutting of the Vittorio Emanuele has benefited art in one respect—the liberation of the Palazzetto Farnesina (De Regis-Silvestri). By 1900 it had been freed from its parasites and a new façade added. This architectural gem is attributed to the younger Antonio da Sangallo or to Peruzzi, and was erected in 1523 for Thomas Le Roy, Bishop of Dol, who having come out to Rome with Charles VIII of France remained at the Papal court. On the lily which decorates the frieze becoming the Farnese emblem, the building came to be styled the "Farnesina".

LI POLLAROLI.

One usually turns off the Baullari into the Piazza Pollarola —now partly renamed Piazza Teatro di Pompeo. From the 15th century the poultry market has been held here, and even nowadays an occasional motor-lorry still brings its squawking freight, boxed up in crates. [1]

On the right is a very pleasing Renaissance building, erected by the Pichi family. [2] The windows bear the inscription "Ce-

[1] There is an interesting inscription on one of the walls: "La Santità di Nro Signore Pio | P. P. VI felicemente regnante | con suo speciale rescritto | emanato il dì 20 settembre 1775 | si è benignamente degnato | di dichiarare che li vetturali | e conduttori di ilova e polli | nelle piazze di Pollarola | e del Paradiso siano immuni ed | esenti dal pagamento della tassa | come più diffusamente apparisce | dallo stesso rescritto originalmente | esibito per istrumento rogato | negl'atti del Sig. Selli segretario | di camera il dì 9 nel mese di | ottobre del sud. anno 1775."—*Pollarola* is of course derived from *pollaiuolo* and *pullarius*.

[2] CALLARI (*I palazzi di Roma*, p. 327) writes that it was erected in 1450 and later came into the possession of Petrus Cancanus. (There is an inscription over the door: "Domus Petri Cancani sub proprietate Piae Domus Orphanorum Urbis Romae MDCCCI"). The Pichi were a family of rich merchants who owned many houses in the district.

cholus Depiciei," and "De Pichis," whilst at one side is a tablet recording that here was a hospice conducted by a confraternity instituted under Gregory XIII. Piazza [1] mentions its having four officials in charge of the sick and another four to visit the prisons. "Tiene per insegna un Salvatore che esce dal Sepolcro resuscitato; ma non veste sacchi."

The pens of the cattle-market were situated hereabouts, and we find a record of this in the name Via de' Bovari, since the drovers lived close by. [2] This leads into the narrow Via del Paradiso, which recalls the *paradisus* or garden in the portico of Pompey. It previously bore the name "Berlina Vecchia". The *berlina* or *barellina* was the equivalent of our stocks. Miscreants were publicly exposed with a list of their crimes, being secured by a tight metal band (*gogna*) round the neck fastened by a chain to a pillar. This punishment was carried out in the neighbouring *piazza* (which bears the same name).

On our left is the Palazzo Manfroni-Lovatti (now a branch of the "Rinascente" stores), the façade of which was rebuilt when the Corso was cut. Baracconi mentions that in style it resembled the Cancelleria, and indeed there still remain some pleasing windows above, with the inscription "Hieronimus Picus". [3] This member of the family was appointed aedile by Julius II to supervise roads and buildings, and his name may still be seen on an inscription in the Via Banchi Nuovi with date, 1512.

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[1] *Opere Pie di Roma* (1679), p. 589. The inscription reads: "Domus R. Archiconf. Ssmae Resurrectionis nationis Hispanorum in R. eccla. SS. Jacobi et Ildephonsi de Urbe ex pio legato Q. H. Fonseca pro dotandis pauperibus eiusdem nationis."

[2] RUFINI (*Dizionario delle Strade etc.*) thus explains it: "Vi sono nella suddetta molte rimesse ove si custodiscono bovi, cavalli ed altre bestie che transportano merci in Roma... Cotesti vetturali essendo costretti a stare in questa strada per custodire le loro bestie hanno dato motivo che si nominasse de' Bovari." Cf. BLASI: *Vie, Piazze e Ville di Roma.*

[3] ALBERTINI (*De mirabilibus Urbis Romae,* 88b) describes it: "Domus Hieronymi de Picis apud ecclesiam Scti Laurentii in Damaso nonnullis picturis exornata, atrium cuius lapidibus tyburt. et marmoribus adornatum est." The following is from a more detailed and erudite note for which and for a later one I am greatly indebted to Prof. Huelsen, and to Mrs. Strong, who

Immediately opposite is the Palazzo Massimi alle Colonne,[1] commenced in 1532 by Peruzzi to replace the one destoyed in the Bourbon sack of Rome. It is connected on the left with the Palazzetto Massimi, where Sweynheim and Pannartz established the first printing press in Rome. For long this palace was the resort of scholars and the literary *élite* of Rome, who held conferences in its library.

A few yards more and we turn into the winding Via Teatro Valle. Cardinal Andrea della Valle built the palace—now Rustici-Bufalo—leaving his name on various windows. He also built a new residence, designed by Lorenzetto, a pupil of Raphael, but left unfinished owing to the sack of 1527. This was later inherited by the Capranica family. They restored it in 1879, when a small theatre of marionettes, the Valletto, was destroyed. The Teatro del Valle occupies the site of a very fine sculpture gallery of this palace. The name of the Valle family, who resided here in the 12th century, seems to be taken from a depression due to the *stagna* of the baths of Agrippa, which covered this spot.[2]

IL GIRO DEL MERCATO.

We now join the route previously described; but our liberty of choice is not at an end. On "Campo days" there is yet

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kindly asked him on my behalf. "Ceccholus Colae de Picis mercator de regione Parionis" is mentioned in various documents from 1468 to 1496, when he died, being buried in S. Lorenzo in Damaso, where they had a family chapel. (He built the house previously mentioned). His son, "Hyeronymus Ceccholi Picii de Picchis" or "filius Cecchi Colae de Picis civis et mercatoris Romani regioni Parionis," is mentioned from 1482 to 1520 and was *Maestro delle Strade* in 1508 and 1514. Writers in the late 16th century give his palace the name Aedes Casciariorum.

[1] GREGOROVIUS (*op. cit.* VII, 743) says the family was previously called *Massimi del Portico* since, until destroyed, their palace had a portico. In the 18th century they held the position of Postmaster General to the Pope, so that the street behind the palace, where the stables were, received the name *della Posta Vecchia* when these were moved.

[2] TACITUS (*Annals* XV, 37) describes a Neronian banquet on this artificial lake: "Igitur in stagno Agrippae fabricatus est ratem, cui superpositum convivium navium aliarum tractu moveretur. Naves auro et ebore distinctae... Volucres et ferae diversis e terris et animalia maris Oceano abusque petiverat."

another detour, which one makes when returning from lectures, to get a glimpse of the famous market. From the Via del Teatro Valle one crosses straight into the Via Chiavari. We are back again in the artisan quarters, for as the name implies, this was the habitat of locksmiths. In earlier days it bore the name Latrio—a corruption of *atrium* (of Pompey's theatre). Until last century a small chapel projected into the square—Sta. Elisabetta dei Fornari Tedeschi. This confraternity of bakers was instituted in 1487 under Innocent VIII and had charge of a neighbouring hospital for Germans. [1]

Turning to the right into the Piazza del Paradiso, and round by the Via del Biscione, one notes on the left the old Albergo del Sole, which dates back at least to the middle of the 15th century. Though fallen now to low estate, it was then accounted one of the best, in 1489 sheltering the French ambassador. [2]

TEATRO DI POMPEO.

The Piazza del Biscione [3] takes its name from the *biscia* (snake) on the Orsini *stemma*, which adorned their palace (now Pio Righetti). In 1242 Napoleone Matteo Rubeus, nephew of Ursus (an ancestor of the Orsini), bought a fifth part of the "Trullo" [4] and a building annexed known as "Arpacaca" or "Arpacasella". The latter was a tower looking on the Campo, perhaps the one described as "turris nova nunc aedificata et palatium iuxta eum". In 1271 the Guelphs on the return of Charles of Anjou destroyed several palaces, including the "Arpacata". Cardinal Francesco Condulmero later built here a palace, which the Orsini acquired and rented to Cardinals until fi-

[1] PIAZZA, *op. cit.* p. 616. Cf. *Roma Antica e Moderna,* II, p. 29.

[2] On the angle of the building just opposite can be seen a stone mask which would seem to be a relic of Pompey's Theatre.

[3] BLASI, *op. cit.* and CALLARI, *op. cit.* p. 307 derive it thus. Rufini, however, says: "le ha somministrato il nome una grande biscia rappresentante il serpente infernale che era dipinta sotto l'immagine di una Madonna... Nell'anno 1844 la figura venne cassata." The Piazza was also called "delle Carrette," being at one time used as a "carriage park".

[4] *Trullo* denoted any circular building—here the Theatre of Pompey. Hence also the name "Concilium in Trullo" at Constantinople.

nally it came into the possession of Prince Pio di Carpi. The Orsini held this palace and Monte Giordano as fortresses, just as the Frangipani had the Colosseum and the Savelli the Theatre of Marcellus.

Pompey's theatre was the first permanent one in Rome, receiving the name *Theatrum Lapideum*. It was nominally a shrine of Venus Victrix, to evade the law forbidding permanent theatres.[1] The shrine was situated almost at the corner of the present Campo, whilst the outer row of seats is marked by the Via Biscione. Rivoira[2] mentions that some of the substructure may still be seen in the cellars of the Tata Giovanni Institute. Perhaps some day this ruin also may be brought to light. It has been suggested that the *Xenodochium in Platana* mentioned by the pilgrim of Einsiedeln was in this vicinity, though more likely it may be identified as attached to S. Eustachio, also once styled *in Platana*.

We are now back in the Campo and may reach the Piazza Farnese by the Vicolo della Corda.[3] This very suggestive name recalls the executions carried out in the Campo. Marion Crawford in his *Ave Roma Immortalis!* explains that "the *Corda* was the rope by which criminals were hoisted twenty feet in the air, and allowed to drop till their toes were just above the ground" —hardly a pleasant form of punishment.

And so we have returned to the College. This little sketch can give but a faint idea of the romance and history which linger round the names and ruins of Rome. One can but hope that in the fervour of edilitial activity, too many of the old names will not be sacrificed on the altar of a new national pride.

F. J. SHUTT.

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[1] The opening show is described by PLUTARCH, *Pomp.* c. LII: Πομπήιος δὲ τὸ θέατρον ἀναδείξας ἀγῶνας ἦγε γυμνικοὺς καὶ μουσικοὺς ἐπὶ τῇ καθιερώσει καὶ θηρῶν ἀμίλλας, ἐν οἷς πεντακόσιοι λέοντες ἀνῃρέθησαν. ἐπὶ πᾶσι δὲ τὴν ἐλεφαντομαχίαν, ἐκπληκτικώτατον θέαμα, παρέσχεν.

[2] *Roman Architecture*, p. 24.

[3] At the angle of this street is a stone, with the proprietary inscription: "Lateranensis Ecclesia omnium Urbis et Orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput," apparently 17th century (Huelsen). The house, however, has no historical interest.

COLLEGE DIARY

"Nulla dies sine linea."

JULY 20th. *Friday.* From the stress of work and weather and fleeing from "the Voice of the Murmuring of Rome," we took a deep plunge into the cool, green quiet of Palazzola. The cloisters have been re-stuccoed, and their roof flattened, tiled and embellished with a parapet. There were also improvements within; the few double rooms have now been divorced; and the "pericolo di morte" has been banished to the dungeons. A paved terrace has been made in the corner of the garden nearest the house: but the Palm, alas, is dead. The Sforza presents an unusually spruce appearance: the new earthworks of last year have been dealt with tenderly by winter's gales; and all other appointments by the Roccheggiani.

21st. *Saturday.* Fr. Welsby arrived, faithful as ever. The long walk from Rufinella has no terrors for him: indeed he finds it an excellent weekly constitutional.

22nd. *Sunday.* The church clock, which would seem to have acquired (so young) hibernating habits, consented to be awakened and to resume normal activities; but not without a struggle; in which tired men, hearing it strike many more hours than there are in a villa-day, were considerably startled. If the clock thought that time or time-table writes no wrinkle on the azure brow of the *villeggiatura,* it was mistaken.

23rd. *Monday.* To-day we sent the last of the belated victims to undergo the *periculum.* The emancipated majority are by no means idle. The tennis and golf committees are already busy, hewing wood and drawing water. And that common but mysterious occupation, the rolling of immense stones from place to place, has its faithful adherents. At eventide the bridge votaries are at it again, post-mortems and all; the billiard-room is given over to the wireless-demon; genteel conversation holds sway in the quiet-room; and an electric lamp lures many to the garden.

24th. *Tuesday.* Walkers report the countryside substantially unchanged by the earthquakes of last winter. Several new and professedly expeditious paths were discovered to the lake-side: but the veterans who divide their afternoons between the Hermitage and the Cliff will have none of them. The new paths are certainly unfavourable to the good old custom of reciting a litany on the way down to the lake.

25th. *Wednesday.* St. James the Great. Minor celebrations (in the menu) of the Vice-Rector's feast, which is to be solemnized on Sunday.

26th. *Thursday.* A public gita and *al fresco* repast up on the Sforza, public opinion having decided against the old site at Nemi pines. Domenico has lost none of his cunning. Whether before or after dinner we know not, but on this day plots were laid for a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's " Gondoliers. "

27th. *Friday.* Sunset brought Monsignor Heard and Fr. Peter Paul Mackey O.P. Palazzola is at its best when we have guests to entertain, so they are doubly welcome.

28th. *Saturday.* A party who had been renewing acquaintance with Monte Cavo reported that the new road is now completed up to the summit; as others found to their cost who unthinkingly climbed the heights on a Sunday afternoon, and found themselves in a crowd of picnicking Romans, with all the horrors of paint, scent and Sunday-clothes. The sacred mount now wears a halo on Sunday afternoons—of dust-clouds raised by climbing motors. *Di meliora!*

29th. *Sunday.* Our friends the Scots, banned from their Marino retreat by building operations, are to rusticate in the neighbourhood of Siena. Unwilling to miss the annual match, however, our energetic cricket-committee had prepared a wicket and invited them to play before their departure northwards. But our friends' prolonged stay in Rome had so depleted their strength that they could not send a full team. The more robust ones were very welcome and enhanced the Vice-Rector's feast. Their health was coupled with his at coffee and *rosolio.* A scratch game was played in the afternoon, to solace our visitors and ourselves in missing the annual contest. Frs. J.A. Walsh and L.K. Patterson S.J. were also at dinner.

In Lancaster many Venerabilini, old and young, were at the ordination of an ex-diarist of the *Venerabile,* Mr.R.L. Smith. The present diarist hereby wishes him a special *Ad multos annos!*

30th. *Monday.* We bade a reluctant farewell to Monsignor Heard, who was *en route* for England after winding-up affairs at the Rota.

31st. *Tuesday.* Feast of St. Ignatius. Our hearts went out to No. 120, Via del Seminario, where our many friends were making merry to-day. And that means the exams are over, too.

AUGUST 1st. *Wednesday.* Fr. Peter Paul holds court at recreation times in the garden, and carries us back to ancient days in all quarters of the globe. Mountaineering, zoo-management, witchcraft, Emancipation days, *osterie* of the Campagna, archaeology and the popular songs of the last century are only a few of the gambits wherein his reminiscences run.

2nd. *Thursday.* A Sforza gita: not that our activities are restricted to our own territory. There are arduous expeditions in the morning for all who want them; and for the ultra-valiant, even after tea.

On our return we were sorry to read the news of Monsignor Mann's death.

3rd. *Friday.* Fr. Peter Paul was not to be restrained from braving the perils of the ascent to the Sforza: where he found operations much to his mind. Two stalwart youths are building a " golf-house " at the first tee—a rustic structure of logs, roofed with bracken—with seats Delanian.

4th. *Saturday.* Feast of St. Dominic, which Fr. Peter Paul spent with his brethren in Rome: but he returned safe and sound in the evening. Despite the fauna that burrows from without and the flora that springs from within, the tennis-court opened to-day.

5th. *Sunday.* Our Lady of the Snows. Not to be outdone, the committee for the promotion of the noble game arranged an all-day cricket-match between North and South, which has already been recorded in its own place. For our visitor's delectation and our own we solemnized, gastronomically, yesterday's feast along with our own. Fr. Mackey regaled us with cigarettes. In the evening the cinema-men presented *Bardelys il Magnifico,* a hectic romance. The performance was remarkable in many ways, but chiefly for the fact that the screen was erected against the bay-tree in the garden, whilst the machine and its minions operated through the windows of the "Piazza Venezia." Freshets of wind, after a breathless month, threatened from time to time, but the screen held to its moorings.

6th. *Monday.* We entertained a small pilgrimage of young men—old boys of St. Philip's Grammar School, Birmingham, who were visiting Rome in the care of Fr. Vincent Reade, of the Oratory.

7th. *Tuesday.* After a great array of notices and much parading of The Rules (albeit most artistically bound) the Golf Committee declared its course open. They have spent the days of preparation well and the Palazzola golfer now disports himself on links luxurious in their appointments. Nature, indeed, will not be turned out of her course; but there are signposts, with distances marked, at each tee; well-clipped if wrinkled, greens; metal-lined holes; and flags of tin, guaranteed to survive the most ravenous of Carnevale's cattle. But the cows have their revenge when they take a siesta on the yielding, earthy crest of the new bunker.

8th. *Wednesday.* Who was the youthful enthusiast who played a solitary nine holes armed only with a putter?

9th. *Thursday.* Another Sforza gita; and the departure of a gita-party *(Delaney adiuvante)* for the Dolomites, and of one or two others for different parts of the Alps.

10th. *Friday.* The *Osservatore* brought us the news of Dr. Downey's appointment to Liverpool.

11th. *Saturday.* The tank-man has no need to advertize his wares in this weather; but, not to be outdone by any committee, he has laid down a regal stretch of carpet for running-dives and improvised—from who knows whence?—a spring-board. *Prosit!* Meanwhile, can anyone invent a means of keeping that charming inscription legibly black? The repeated splash of divers is constantly effacing the edifying lines that record rectorial munificence and the labours of our forebears.

12th. *Sunday.* A beautiful day for the time-honoured cricket-match, Theologians *v.* Philosophers. The youngsters sowed their wild oats and reaped the whirlwind.

13th. *Monday.* It was delightful to see Dr. Ashby once more gracing the College board. He had spent the morning, not without Venerabilini followers,

on M. Cavo, and had with him Mr. Checkley (a student of architecture) and Sig. Lugli, a premier Italian archaeologist who was their host in Castel Gandolfo. They sampled the tank and siesta'd in the garden. We were sorry not to see more of Dr. Ashby at Palazzola.

14th. *Tuesday.* The rude awakening of the stricken piano in the library, at unexpected hours, makes clear that the "producers" of "The Gondoliers" are already at work; and the equally unexpected disappearance of all the brighter bits from our wardrobe warns us that the costumiers are on the prowl.

15th. *Wednesday.* The Assumption. We went to Rocca for the festal High Mass but were, alas, unable to assist at the great annual procession. Still, the lucky few caught glimpses of angels and saints in plenty: the Sacred College was represented (by all the worst little boys) in the usual way. After dinner we betook ourselves for coffee and *rosolio* to the shade of the cloisters. The garden seems to supply less and less shade as the heat increases.

16th. *Thursday.* Another Sforza gita. Those "not addicted to the labour" were warned to keep clear of the cortile from an early hour in the morning, so only our venerable visitor saw the first extensive rehearsal of the opera: he followed it with great interest.

17th. *Friday.* The reading in the refectory of Fr. Knox's "Sanctions" stirs the faculty of conversation, and the ingenuity of Mrs. Cholmondely awakens much ambition in the men who are accustomed to "gather circles" around them. With all their wiles, however, they cannot compete with Fr. Peter Paul, who makes of the garden a brilliant *salon.*

18th. *Saturday.* Great clouds, the first of this summer, are beginning to drift up from the sea but restraining themselves admirably.

19th. *Sunday.* The cinema, forced by mild gales to the shelter of the common-room, raised much laughter with the comedy *Ci Penso Io.*

20th. *Monday.* Our visitor, having had occasion to drive to Albano, returned brandishing a fearful-looking weapon. It turned out to be nothing worse than a saw, which was forthwith presented to the builders of the golf-house as a spur to further efforts.

21st. *Tuesday.* Several who chanced to be in the garden about sundown were not unnaturally surprised to see a white figure moving rapidly along the high wall above the Sforza stair-case. Fr. Peter Paul has not lost his old mountaineering nerve: but his coolness was scarcely shared by his companions as he placed one foot over the side and explained that he was quite capable, alas, of mistaking the empty air for the wall!

22nd. *Wednesday.* In fulfilment of a promise Sig. Lugli and Mr. Checkley showed some of us round the excavations at the Villa Doria in Albano.

23rd *Thursday.* The fifth gita to the Sforza: nothing to report.

24th. *Friday.* A gita-party from the Dolomites descended upon us at supper-time and brought many stories of their mountaineering and linguistic feats.

25th. *Saturday.* The Rector's Birthday. A free day, which was devoted to the final preparations for the solemn junketings to-morrow. The work was lightened by a timely letter from the Rector, with interesting photographs and good news.

26th. *Sunday. Dies creta notandus.* After an excellent dinner we toasted his absent Lordship at coffee and *rosolio.* The cortile had, of course, flowered gaily during the night, and before sundown it was still more tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted. There was a "high tea"; and then great rushings to and fro, which betokened the dressing of the artists. At seven o'clock the first notes of the overture of "The Gondoliers" were struck from the heights above. As usual, we leave to an unprejudiced witness the appreciation of the performance. At the interval betwcen the acts, the Vice-Rector in thanking all concerned expressed our regret at the absence of the Rector and other Palazzola friends who had enjoyed such performances in the past. Supper was served in the garden, and we had all the delight of a firework-display that was going on in Albano.

"The opera, we may say at once, was a real success. This is to say, already, a great deal. The number of people required for the producing of 'The Gondoliers' is almost prohibitive. There is a caste of nearly twenty, and these, added to the other indispensables, formed the majority of the *rusticantes.* A difficult proposition; for all agree that an entertainment is spoilt if there be no one left to be entertained. But 'Nothing venture, nothing gain,' sang the Gilbertians—and produced the opera. Singing, then, to a select gathering they sang right lustily, and for the most part tunefully. The only failure was the opening chorus which seemed not to begin but rather break out (proving that time is indeed the *mensura motus secundum prius ac posterius*). Happily the subsequent quips of Marco's friends with the *contadine (signorine)* fully restored confidence. Hereafter all went swimmingly. Praiseworthy in particular was the acting. With so many on the stage the concentration of the lesser stars—for all were stars—might have been expected to weaken. Yet the side-acting was sustained throughout, but without that exaggeration slightly noticeable on former occasions. The principals were quite splendid, singing and talking naturally and without excitement, while they danced with an ease altogether shocking to men living subject to canon 140 of the *Codex Iuris Canonici.*

"The dressmakers, too, are to be highly congratulated. Some of the gowns (that of the Duchess in particular) were at once tasteful and gorgeous and by no means unworthy of Bond Street. The figure of the Grand Inquisitor was so efficient as to spoil the evening, they say, of an October *laureandus* in the audience.

"Perhaps we may be permitted to make one general criticism. The excellence of the music would have been enhanced by a greater decision in its execution. Such decision, however, can be induced only by a conductor. A single piano in the open air is inadequate to lead a chorus. But this is a small fault to find. The whole opera was most creditable, and worthy to take its place with the operas of the past."

It is scarcely necessary for *us* to thank the producers, artists and craftsmen. But the *Diary* in some sense represents the opinion of the house and hereby declares that "The Gondoliers" merited a very golden opinion. A *villeggiatura* without an opera, as most of us felt in 1927, tends to be aimless

in its early days and dull when it should be brightest: it lacks that zenith which should ensure for it at the end a feeling of completeness and content. The work of production is considerable, but it is recreative and salutary; and it is honestly shared. The entertainment delights the actors as much as the audience—perhaps more at times. And it does honour to the Rector in a fashion whereof he approves.—Here is the programme:—

ILL.MI ET REV.MI D.NI RECTORIS
QUEM DOLEMUS EXSULANTEM
NATALICIA CELEBRANDI CAUSA
EDUNT COMOEDI PALATIOLENSES
BENIGNE ADNUIT REV.MUS D.NUS VICE-RECTOR
CONGAUDET REV. PATER PETRUS PAULUS MACKEY
A. D. VII. KAL. SEPT. MCMXXVIII

THE GONDOLIERS

or,

The King of Barataria:

by

W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.

Dramatis Personae:

The Duke of Plaza-Toro (a Grandee of Spain)		J. Park.
Luiz (his attendant)		A. Ibbett.
Don Alhambra del Bolero (Grand Inquisitor)		C. Morson.
Marco Palmieri	*(Venetian Gondoliers)*	B. Cunningham.
Giuseppe Palmieri		J. Moore.
Antonio		R. Flynn.
Giorgio		T. Marsh.
Francesco		J. Garvin.
The Duchess of Plaza-Toro		T. Duggan.
Casilda (her Daughter)		J. Halsall.
Giannetta	*(Contadine)*	W. Butterfield.
Tessa		W. Kelly.
Fiammetta		G. Dwyer.
Vittoria		B. Strudwick.
Giulia		E. Wake.
Chiara		S. Hodskinson.
Inez (the King's Foster-mother)		T. Marsh.

ACT I. — The Piazzetta, Venice.

ACT II. — Pavilion in the Palace of Barataria.

(An interval of about three months is supposed to elapse between Acts I & II.)

DATE: 1750.

Dresses by R. Flynn & G. Pritchard.

Stage Effects by W. Park & C. Restieaux. Accompanist: F. Shutt.

(Meanwhile, Mr. Whiteman was ordained at Nottingham: best wishes!)

27th. *Monday.* A day of cleaning-up and photograph-taking. Five stalwarts from S. Pastore dropped in, from Cavo, for dinner.

28th. *Tuesday.* Luigi and the *camerieri* (who, we suspect, had made as good use of the practices as the artistes, but most honourably restrained themselves heretofore) revived, *con slancio,* the greater part of "The Gondoliers." The Italian snatches, of course, acquire authentic *ton* and manner in these daily revivals.

29th. *Wednesday.* The "Sanctions" party having talked itself out, we made an exhilarating plunge into H. Belloc's "Four Men."

30th. *Thursday.* Mourning an absent Rector, we achieved the sixth and last Sforza gita.

31st. *Friday.* The end of one horarium and the beginning of another, with the usual debates as to which half of the *villeggiatura* is strictly a holiday.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Saturday.* September brought us, if only for a week-end, a much-valued friend: Monsignor Cicognani, fresh from his travels *nel paese di Gesù.*

2nd. *Sunday.* In the evening, a film: *La Brigata del Fuoco.* The directors, undaunted by the fury of the elements which had marred the garden performance, raised their tent in the cortile—with much more success.

3rd. *Monday.* In good time before the second of "the two Madonnas", and in good earnest, came the expected rain.

4th. *Tuesday.* The vineyards again were satisfied with grape-filling showers. We had waited for this to see how the new roof to the cloisters would stand the weather. It emerged from the peril *cum laude.*

5th. *Wednesday.* Almost the whole house, except those who had departed to scour Umbria or Tuscany, spent an enjoyable day at the American Villa below Castel Gandolfo.

6th. *Thursday.* A letter from Fr. Rauch S.J., *Minister* of the German College, brought us sad tidings. Owing to an unfortunate outbreak of fever in Rocca Priora and the surrounding country, our red-coated friends will not be able to come to Palazzola this year. And we, alas, must forego our day at S. Pastore.

7th. *Friday.* Fr. Peter Paul, who at first ascended to the Sforza with some difficulty, benefits so much (he claims) from his stay, that he can now stride up with the best of us and inspect the operations on the new golf-house.

8th. *Saturday.* We were glad to see a few fellow-countrymen from the Propaganda Villa across the lake.

9th. *Sunday.* We thought we had secured Monsignor Cicognani for another week-end, but he had to return to Rome suddenly this morning at the beck of the highest authority. He gallantly returned, however, in the evening; in fact the intrepid president of the Literary Society had made sure of this by not losing sight of him: we were very grateful. In the interval of his absence we were invaded by a small party of Plymouth pilgrims under the wing of the Rev. E.J. Kelly. And so, to dinner: Very Rev. Canon Burns, Revv. J. O'Shaughnessy and E.J. Kelly, and B. Keaton C.SS.R.

10th. *Monday.* To-day we bade a very reluctant farewell to Fr. Peter

Paul, but not before he had regaled the whole house, from his accustomed spot in the garden, with a final riot of stories—many of the old favourites and some new ones. *Cecidit corona de capite nostro!*

11th. *Tuesday.* Postcards assure us that the various parties of our brethren scattered about Italy are enjoying themselves and being enjoyed by their hosts.

12th. *Wednesday.* The stay-at-homes had their first free gita, and patronized the usual places. A party to Algidus spent its after-dinner energies in ascending the wrong peak: they reported it very charming in its way. The denizens of the Wattled Huts are particularly anxious for rosaries these days.

13th. *Thursday.* A brave remnant of twenty-four spread itself out to entertain thirty Americans, and their Rector. We trust they enjoyed the visit as much as we did. After dinner there was an *impromptu* concert over coffee and *rosolio* in the garden, whence we were driven by showers to the common-room. Our visitors took an active part in the concert—with the consequent enlargement of our vocabularies and repertoires. When the rain cleared they made a creditable *début* at cricket: "pitchers" are easily converted to bowling but a "striker" finds it hard to retain his bat after a stroke. After tea they said good-bye, with a polyphonic rendering of *Ad multos annos.*

14th. *Friday.* Heavy rain-storms with thunder and lightning confined us to the house—or the Sforza stairs.

15th. *Saturday.* Despite the cruelty of the weather Monsignor Cicognani was found faithful.

16th. *Sunday.* The storms were so violent that we were left without any electricity, but an amazing service of candle-sticks was skilfully organized in the evening. Palazzola was transformed into an elfin palace. There was a sing-song round the common-room fire to pass the time after supper.

17th. *Monday.* The countryside seemed thoroughly renewed in the glorious sunshine which followed yesterday's storm. The second spring which comes with September rains is one of the delights of the Alban Hills. Already, on the Sforza and down the lake-side there are drifts of cyclamen and crocus decoyed into a second appearance by the deceitful change of weather.

18th. *Tuesday.* Our subdeacons went apart for their diaconate retreat.

19th. *Wednesday.* Ember-day. The golf-house is now finished and attracts a numerous *coterie:* though it is not the driest spot in the world during a shower.

20th. *Thursday.* Gitas to Velletri, Lake Nemi, and, of course and alas, Frascati.

21st. *Friday.* Ember-day. Fasting does not weaken the conversational powers. Passing by the Quiet Room we caught snatches of very spirited discussion on the uses of "Mr. Johnson" as a pseudonym.

22nd. *Saturday.* Ember-day. In Rome our subdeacons were raised to the diaconate at St. Teresa's, a fine new church outside the Porta Salaria, by the Vice-Gerent. They were: Messrs. J. Kelly, J. Howe, R. Nicholson, J. Dinn, and E. Malone. In distant Wonersh Mr. Sewell was ordained priest. *Ad multos annos!*

23rd. *Sunday.* In the common-room—for the nights are growing cool—

we were carried back to our earliest cinema days by a thrilling film, *Terra Nostra*, featuring in all their ancient glamour "le pelli rosse". The operators showed, at the intervals between the acts, a delicious little series of advertisement-slides—a feature to be encouraged.

24th. *Monday.* Palazzola was honoured with a short visit by Cardinal Laurenti in the afternoon. His Eminence walked over from the Passionist house at Squarciarelli.

25th. *Tuesday.* The then Editor, having completed his labours on the October number, betook himself to the Chianti region for a spell of walking. He promised, however, to be back in time to correct the proofs.

26th. *Wednesday.* Gita. Tusculum and "dear old Monte Porzio" are still as popular as one could wish. But hardier spirits make for the Due Torri, distant Palestrina, or the mountain fastnesses of Rocca Massima.

27th. *Thursday.* Seeing two new erections in progress on the Sforza we feared the worst; but it was only the football committee planting its goalposts.

To tea: Frs. Donnelly and Coyne, S.J.

28th. *Friday.* Another welcome letter from the Apostolic Visitor reports that all goes well in Africa. At this we rejoice; and although we find it hard to forgive Africa for her momentary hold on the Rector, we realise that his work there not only furthers the Church's cause and the cause of justice in Imperial government, but also sheds great lustre on this Venerable College.

29th. *Saturday.* We welcomed Bishop Keatinge and trust that Italian sunshine will improve his health.

30th. *Sunday.* A small pilgrimage of British sailors arrived in Rome, where they were ably shepherded by two of the students.

OCTOBER 1st. *Monday.* For some days now the Sforza has been a place of disturbing activity. Grave veterans, with surveyance implements, are measuring distances and marking out plots and tracks. The youthful element is running swiftly to and fro, jumping high and long, and even casting boulders from place to place—all this to the sad distraction of German enthusiasts and Hebrew "fans". The Sforza is no longer a safe retreat for Potter-practice. Even we sat up and took notice, to be ultimately whirled away in the vortex. And the cause of everything is the projected Sports Day.

2nd. *Tuesday.* We said good-bye to Bishop Keatinge.

3rd. *Wednesday.* The arrival from Rome of a beautiful cup as a sports-prize—the gift of Monsignor Cicognani, who enjoys the idea of a new tradition. The eponymous associations of the Coppa Cicognani will be an additional spur to the spurters.

4th. *Thursday.* A day of great rain and strong gales. But nothing daunts those in training for the sports. A practice for the mile walking-race is perhaps the most harrowing spectacle the Sforza sees these days. In the evening the list of entries was published and the adjudication of handicaps discussed with feeling.

5th. *Friday.* We awoke to find the whole country from the lake-side to the distant coast looking like one great snow-drift, under a heavy pall of white mist. Later in the morning it crept into the house in ghostly wisps.—The

over-eager athletes who have been displaying too much prowess in their practice, find to their chagrin that an unseen, all-seeing judge has been compelled to alter the handicaps slightly.

6th. *Saturday.* The arrival of that faithful *villeggiante* Fr. Curmi from Malta.—To-day is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Mother Superior's religious profession. Not a few of those twenty-five years have been spent in looking after Venerabilini.

7th. *Sunday. Dies notandus.* All the world moved up to the Sforza, where events began at an early hour, that have their proper notice elsewhere. As the finals were to be run in the afternoon, and several other events had still to be competed for, the majority had to practice a laudable restraint at dinner. At coffee and *rosolio,* after graceful speeches by Monsignor Cicognani and the Vice-Rector, the health of the *Madre* was drunk, with musical honours. She presented us with *immaginette* to commemorate the occasion. After rosary the contests began again. Oh for the pen of a Pindar! At six o'clock the pent-up appetites of a day's hard labour were unleashed upon a high tea *à l'anglaise.* By supper-time, stiffness had set in, but it did not impair the excellent little concert after supper. During the evening, after an orgy of speech-making by all concerned, the prizes were presented by Monsignor Cicognani, who was supported by the Duchess of Plaza-Toro. We append the programme.

Quintet . .	*Lo Sport*	J. Park. J. Halsall. J. Moore. T. Duggan. B. Cunningham.
Song . . .	*The Trombone*	G. Pritchard.
'Cello solo .	*Sarabande* (Corelli)	E. Wake.
Song . . .	*A Son of The Desert*	J. Moore.
Interval . .	*DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES*	
Song . . .	*Ol' Man River*	B. Cunningham.
Song . . .	*Pelmanism*	J. Heenan.
Song & Trio	*Evviva Palazzola*	J. Park. J. Halsall. T. Duggan.

8th. *Monday.* The Editor returned, full of Chianti-reminiscences and ready to tackle any amount of proofs. With him, another familiar Palazzola figure, Mr. H. Johnson of the Beda. Fr. Curmi had meanwhile departed.

9th. *Tuesday.* A day of great mental toil. For the lists and plans have appeared to direct our choice of new rooms in Rome. It is one of the wonders of the human mind that it can weigh in one balance such diverse qualities as distance, noise, furnishing, windows, proximity to *h. & c.,* and respectability of neighbourhood.

10th. *Wednesday.* We had safely consumed the augmented gita-day breakfast before the rain made a gita impossible. So only three irrepressibles, who

had stepped out into the night at 5.0 a.m. and stridden off to Velletri, were away for the day. They ultimately made their way, somehow, to Cori, and claim to have enjoyed the day.

11th. *Thursday.* The postponed gitas were achieved under excellent weather conditions.

12th. *Friday.* There are eleven new-men on the re-appearing lists, whose possibilities provide an interest for flagging conversations. They are not exactly "airy nothings", for they have a name, and even a local habitation prepared—on the Monserrato corridor.

13th. *Saturday.* St. Edward's Day. Nothing to report.

14th. *Sunday.* To dinner: Archbishop Palica; Monsignori Heard and Cicognani; Frs. Welsby S.J., Cotter C.SS.R., O'Gorman O.S.A.; and Mr. Randall. In the evening the Palazzola cinema-season ended with the film *Lo Studente* and a few captivating advertisement slides.

15th. *Monday.* The melancholy business of packing starts to-day.

16th. *Tuesday.* To make the parting worse, the sun has revived considerably after a dull week or two, and the garden is beginning to fill again after dinner. To dinner: Fr. Duchemin, Fr. Potts, Mr. Randall.

17th. *Wednesday*—a full holiday. The goal-posts, the roller and the regal golf-appointments are being carted into winter quarters. Soon there will be only the tennis-court to show that the Sforza has felt the subduing hand of man. We do not wish, of course, to cast any reflexions on the golf-house: its cheerful hearth is a pleasant place towards evening.

18th. *Thursday.* Giving the lie to yesterday's remark about "the subduing hand", the earth-shakers, in a final burst of fury, have enlarged the new bunker to twice its size.

19th. *Friday.* Departure by motor, railway, tramway, and the good Old Appian Way for Rome. The College looks bright: the tank glistens like a jewel; the new gold-fish have grown to an unthinkable size; the upper galleries are resplendent with an array of pictures. Dr. Moss just beat the newmen by arriving during supper: we shall keep a firm hold on him henceforth.

20th. *Saturday.* Appearances and re-appearances. The newmen are:—Messrs. B. Grady (Southwark), F. Fleming (Liverpool), H. McNeill (Hexham & Newcastle), G. Tickle (Shrewsbury), B. Pearson (Lancaster), J. Johnston (Middlesbrough), J. Lyons (Shrewsbury), F. Ellison (Liverpool), W. Purdy (Nottingham), G. Rickaby (Middlesbrough), and V. Marsh (Liverpool).

21st. *Sunday.* Monsignor Heard came to dinner.

22nd. *Monday.* The Senior-Student's life is not a happy one—especially when acting as go-between with the Consulate on behalf of new and old. Football has started betimes in Pamphili.

23rd. *Tuesday.* A few showers of rain to settle the dust for the retreat which began in the evening under Fr. Anthony Mills O.S.M. This diary is bound by the rule of silence.

28th. *Sunday.* End of retreat. At the Leonine College in the Prati, Archbishop Palica conferred the priesthood on Messrs. J. Kelly, J. Howe, R. Nicholson, J. Dinn and E. Malone. *Prosit!* The following received the last two

minor orders: Messrs. J. Halsall, E. Wake, L. Jones, D. Hawkins, J. Moore, F. Shutt, E. Rigby. To supper, Monsignor Cicognani.

29th. *Monday. Primitiae Missarum.* At the ordination-dinner, the guests were: The Vice-Gerent; Frs. Welsby S.J., Cotter C.SS.R.; and Mr. W. Dinn. The new priests were toasted with the usual honours, but in the refectory. We welcomed the appearance of his Grace and the other visitors in the common-room for coffee and *rosolio.*

30th. *Tuesday.* We were bereaved by Mr. Miller's departure for England. "He's gone where the best men go", with all our good wishes.

31st. *Wednesday.* The publication of that little green booklet, *Kalendarium Pontificiae Universitatis Gregorianae.* Musings upon it would be cruel to future writers of "Romanesques". Recent rains have swelled the Tiber considerably. To-day it was flowing through the *occhiolone* in the Ponte Sisto. When the embankment is most useful it also looks its best.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Thursday.* All Saints. To dinner, Monsignor McShane.

2nd. *Friday.* All Souls. There was the usual immense crowd, the usual display of flowers and lights at S. Lorenzo. The groups of peasants who had come to Rome for the *Mostra dell'Agricoltura* (50,000 in all!) swelled the crowd considerably. The festal costume of the peasant women and their glittering head-dresses mingled a welcome gleam of brightness with the duller Roman garb.

3rd. *Saturday. Lectio Brevis* and Red Mass at S. Ignazio. During the former we noticed that while the material husk remains the same, the living body of the University has been considerably enlarged by the absorption of several new religious congregations including Greeks, and Augustinians, both Irish and Discalced. There was a requiem later in the morning at S. Silvestro for the late Monsignor Mann. As we went thither to represent the College we met the above-mentioned agriculturalists in procession on the Corso. It was a sad sight to see those festal dresses so pitilessly drenched by heavy rain.

4th. *Sunday.* In the outside world the natives gave themselves up to paroxisms of exultation in memory of 1918. *Anche i combattenti di Collepardo,* we understood, were present in Rome to celebrate the *Festa della Vittoria.*

5th. *Monday. Praemiatio,* which was preceded (at home) by coffee and *rosolio.* In proposing the toast, the Vice-Rector extended it "to all who had distinguished themselves in the examinations", remarking that even a *probatus* might consider himself distinguished. But to save embarrassment in the matter of rising, he narrowed the actual toasts to the Doctors of Theology. S. Ignazio was crowded to the doors when Cardinal Bisleti took his seat. As for the medals, the lot fell upon the Pious Latins unusually often. The chief feature of the afternoon, as Fr. Lazzarini triumphantly explained, was the appearance under the portrait of the Sovereign Pontiff, of a wonderful *vas harmonicum;* whereby the speeches of premiation-day would henceforth be made audible to the whole assembly. This proved undoubtedly true. The new acquisition is a yellow pulpit with a great conch-shaped sounding-board—which makes the occupant perilously like a gigantic, restless oyster. The prevalent opinion was that the *vas* was not overrated but distinctly overworked.

6th. *Tuesday. Docetur.* Monsignor Heard came to dinner. The new book

begun at supper, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's *Tragedy of Fotheringay,* carries us back to our earliest Stuart enthusiasms.

7th. *Wednesday.* Lectures at the Gregorian ended at 10.0 a.m. and all the *alumni* were hounded into the cortile. Here Fr. Gianfranceschi, looking well enough after his polar flight, read the address which the University had sent to his Holiness on PremiationDay and Cardinal Gasparri's reply. A *schola* sang the *Oremus pro Pontifice* and Fr. Gianfranceschi then led a hoarse but lusty *Evviva il Papa!* The rejoicings ended at 10.30 with the announcement that there would be no schools till the afternoon.—Fr. Lazzarini, delivered from the distraction of lecturing, can now devote his whole attention to crowding the greatest possible number into the smallest possible space. This afternoon he did wonders with two-thirds of the philosophical faculty: had they been angels and *Aula IV* a pin-point, they would hardly have been so near to, yet so far from, compenetration.

8th. *Thursday.* Requiem for the defunct Sodalists of the Gregorian. We notice with regret that this is becoming another Thursday fixture.

9th. *Friday.* One of the days in the week when the early worms, the proverbial quarry of the early-school-bird, have a fellow-sufferer in Dr. Moss; whose new incumbency (mentioned in its proper place) sends him out into the dark at an even earlier hour than is necessary for us.

10th. *Saturday. Obit Book of the Venerable English College,* compiled by Aidan Cardinal Gasquet, was officially published by the staff of the VENERABILE.

11th. *Sunday.* Pam-worshippers will be relieved to know that that shrine is still well cultivated. Even on the wettest days the Quattro Venti archway is "the gathering place of bedraggled *camerate*" still.—To supper, Fr. Haeck S.J. and Mr. Rumann.

12th. *Monday.* The Grant Debating Society, enriched with new blood, started its new session after supper. As its younger and more blue-stockinged sister, the Societas Mezzofantiana, as well as the Literary Society, have also commenced operations, the normal life of the house may be said to be in full swing.

13th. *Tuesday.* An interesting paragraph in the *Osservatore Romano* shows that Rome takes a keen interest in the Apostolic Visitor's progress.

14th. *Wednesday.* His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet paid a short visit to the College in the afternoon. It was good to find his Eminence looking well and strong after his holiday in England.

15th. *Thursday.* An attempt to sell "Chinese babies" in an apathetic common-room after supper seemed to show that the day of the rough-house is over. In church our curiosity has been piqued for some time by the numbering of the boxes. To-night our surprise was increased but explained by the appearance in each place of a new *Liber Usualis,* beautifully bound, with "Collegium Anglorum" and a corresponding number stamped thereon,—the gift of a generous donor.

16th. *Friday.* At the University we were alarmed to find on the first floor an exotic shrub, which reached from its lowly pot to the ceiling. "Full many

a flower... " Within a few minutes, needless to say, it bore as promising a crop of decrepit hats on each of its tender emerald branches as any projecting bit in the building. For the elucidation of this portent see " University Notes ".

17th. *Saturday.* A hot breath of *scirocco,* after an unusually cold spell, —just to harden the new-men, we suppose.

18th. *Sunday.* Mr. Bowring dined with us. After Vespers a storm blew up, and as we crossed the Ponte Sisto dead leaves were flying as high as birds. The rain should clear the air again.

19th. *Monday.* Queen Mary was just stretching out her neck to receive the executioner's blow when the reading at supper stopped.

20th. *Tuesday.* At dinner we began a very promising narrative entitled *Lawrence and the Arabs,* by Robert Graves. Our outdoor garb is scanty enough when pitted against the icy blasts that sweep Rome just now. But collected in the front corridor before tea it makes the place like a miniature Campo. So the authorities have erected *attaccapanni,* with numbers complete, in the passage behind the refectory, to supplement those in the *vestibolo*—much to the relief of the plant-stand at the foot of the stairs.

21st. *Wednesday.* To S. Cecilia for first vespers. The gate, fore-court and front of the church have been regenerated during the summer. The court is now laid out in flower-beds with a great marble urn for a fountain in the centre. We were delighted to see that Fr. P.P. Mackey can still keep up his round of functions. At home (in honour of the feast?) we find we have been supplied with a new Westminster Hymnal each, duly numbered.

22nd. *Thursday.* The philosophers started repetitions for the year and welcomed back Mr. Lotz S.J. We were sorry not to see him at dinner, but he had to hurry off to the first dinner of the year at S. Saba. In the afternoon Pamphili saw an unusual sight, a Venerabilino knocked unconscious at football. One of last year's doctors had headed his chin : the impact of the laurel, we suppose! We ourselves did not witness the *débâcle,* as we were striding over M. Mario, where buildings crop up daily and blot out the green.

23rd. *Friday.* Monsignor Heard dined. To-day's story at the Gregorian : a new student at the German College, having heard his elders maligning the *Scirocco,* the *Tramontana* and other prevalent distresses, inquired of them in all innocence if this *Munzi* was also an ill wind.

24th. *Saturday.* The heating and Mr. Smith arrived together—and none too soon—to the consequent delight of everybody.

25th. *Sunday.* St. Catherine's. We attended, along with most of the seminarists of Rome, Cardinal Bisleti's Mass at S. Ignazio for the celebration of his Eminence's sacerdotal golden jubilee. At coffee and *rosolio* the Vice-Rector proposed the toast of " The New Students " and read through the list of last year's successes. Six vigorous replies showed us that the new men were well able to speak for themselves. In the afternoon the Senior Student read an address from the College to Cardinal Bisleti at the *Convegno Accademico* which was held in the hall of the Pont. Scuola Superiore di Musica Sacra. After tea we assisted at Benediction in S. Caterina and rejoiced to hear the usual choir wind up with " *Noi vogliam Dio* ". To supper : Monsignor Barton

Brown, Frs. Davidson and Mostyn. Afterwards the philosophers provided an excellent concert in the traditional style.

PROGRAMME.

1. Piano solo . . .	*Valse (Schubert)*	Mr. Ellison.
2.	*First Year Song*	
3. Song	*Little Michael John O'Shea*	Mr. Purdy.
4. Instrumental solo	*Selected*	Mr. Grady.
5. Song & Chorus .	*A Rome-Sick Boy*	Messrs. Rickaby McNeill, Lyons & Grady.
6. Recitation		Messrs. Pearson, Fleming & Tickle.
7. Song	*John of Devon*	Mr. V. Marsh.
8. Duet	*What Mary Had*	Messrs. Purdy & Ellison.
9. Sketch	*OBITER FACTA;*	

or,

Seventy Years Hence.

Dramatis Personae:	*Archbishop Johnson* . . .	Mr. Morson.
	Mtesa XII	Mr. J. Park.
	1 Senior Student	Mr. McKenna.
	2 Senior Student	Mr. Hennessy.
	Martha Swinburne	Mr. Tomei.

Scene: A Room in Rome, 1998 A.D.

26th. *Monday.* St. John Berchmans. There was the usual fine crowd for the early Masses at the shrine.—The *vestibolo,* not content with sprouting hooks for all, now provides each number with a box for the reception of the minor *impedimenta* of his daily walks.

27th. *Tuesday.* A heavy storm in the afternoon kept most of us from schools.

28th. *Wednesday.* We heard with regret of the death of the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinbugh, and condoled with our friends from over the Border—especially as their bereavement will cast a shadow over their feast two days hence.

29th. *Thursday.* The following notice appeared: "The prayers of the English College are earnestly solicited for the good estate, spiritual and temporal, of his Majesty King George V." And we hear that the Holy Father is praying for the same intention.

30th. *Friday.* St. Andrew's, and the second anniversary of the Rector's consecration-day. We know that, as he moves homewards, the Venerabile will be especially in his thoughts to-day. We drank his Lordship's health enthusiastically at coffee and *rosolio.*

DECEMBER 1st. *Saturday.* A refreshing outburst of " parlour games " and others in the common-room after supper.

2nd. *Sunday.* Some of us were present at the consecration of the Archbishop of Bombay at the Gesù. Monsignor Heard and Fr. Keeler S.J. came to dinner and joined us in the common-room afterwards. The ever-beneficent cinema genius regaled us after supper with Chaplin at his best in *La Febbre dell'Oro.*

3rd. *Monday.* St. Francis Xavier's feast gave many of us the opportunity of Mass at the Catacombs, where the monks are as hospitable as ever.

4th. *Tuesday.* A minor upheaval of the Gregorian programme transferred third-year philosophers to an L-shaped hall; Fr. Munzi's first distinction in it was that " quoad nomen est aula sexta: quoad figuram est aula septima ".

5th. *Wednesday.* We found the common-room spent with the fret and fever of designing, selecting and printing Christmas-cards. The histrionically talented are constantly being lured away for practice by the three Fates that rule our concerts' destinies. This all seems to point to the scarcely realisable fact that Christmas is already upon us.

6th. *Thursday.* As this year marks the centenary of Cardinal Wiseman's appointment as Rector, and to-day is the feast of St. Nicholas, the students had a special Mass said for the repose of the soul of our great Cardinal.

7th. *Friday.* We noticed an usurper occupying Napoleon's box at the Gregorian this morning; and a distinct falling off in style in the ringing of the bells. Let us hope the old general has not met his Waterloo—or his Austerlitz.

8th. *Saturday.* The Immaculate Conception. To dinner: Monsignor Payne (Derby), Canon Winder (Glossop), Fr. Raymond and Fr. Gracias. At coffee and *rosolio* we noticed, with pious pride, that the *toscano* finds favour amongst the new men already.

9th. *Sunday.* The servants' spiritual director dined with the superiors. Jackie Coogan entertained us after supper in a costume-romance entitled *Viva il Re!*

10th. *Monday.* Mere considerations of space compel us to relinquish the proud policy outlined in the Latin tag which heads these notes. *Meno male,* as the Reader justly observes.

15th. *Saturday.* His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool visited the College and stayed to dinner. We drank his health in the common-room and were favoured with a characteristically witty speech of thanks. The other guests at dinner were Monsignor Heard, Monsignor Burke, Monsignor Clapperton, Monsignor Barton Brown and Father Potts. Before he left, his Grace visited the rooms he had occupied during his student-days in Rome.

19th. *Wednesday.* The first of our Christmas guests arrived, Fr. McNulty, of St. Edmund's House, Cambridge.

20th. *Thursday.* The Holy Father said Mass in St. Peter's to inaugurate the year of his jubilee, and gave Holy Communion to about two hundred children.

21st. *Friday.* The annual visit of the *apparitori* to deck the church for

Quarant'Ore. Much scientific bustle in the sacristy for the same reason.

22nd. *Saturday*. The organ failed us at High Mass and not all the combined cunning of the household electricians (who are super-efficient) could stir the recalcitrant motor to its duty. Bishop Keatinge arrived in the afternoon. In the common-room the stage went up. Our progressive χορηγοί have deepened it by about a yard. After tea the decorating began—a function which defies description. All the traditions were observed. The *pièce de résistance* was a gigantic star over the stage—attended by a galaxy of little comets.

23rd. *Sunday*. The church, "thrown open to the public," was patronized by the traditional crowd. As the organ remained silent, the chant was very plain. Strange figures on the upper gallery and muffled knocks from the engine's lair above the ceiling lead us to the hope that some professional engineer has been persuaded to break his Sabbath repose.

24th. *Monday*. A seasonable day, though not quite promising enough for snow. The *Quarant'Ore* trappings disappeared and the Crib (complete with St. Joseph's "lanthorn") was erected in an incredibly short space of time. The organ emerged triumphantly for the *Te Deum* during Matins. Dr. Moss sang the Midnight Mass. After the collation there was the usual *convivium* in the common-room. All the old songs—we still reach back to ten years or so before the war—were piously revived, the favourite solos were mercilessly executed, and the climax was reached in a universal sneeze, organized by the Spiritual Director. It must have been four o'clock before the immovables were left with the glowing embers and the latest *Chi lo sa?* Ghost-story-tellers are not yet extinct.

25th. *Tuesday*. Christmas Day. A cold but sunny morning. We were glad to see the faithful little group of Capuchins at High Mass. And the post arrived—all in the traditional ritual. And so through the day. To dinner, besides our two resident guests, came Monsignor Heard and Fr. Mostyn. After Benediction we were honoured with a visit from the Cardinal Protector, who wished each of us a happy Christmas. The first concert of the season was quite a phenomenal success and the introduction to a magnificent series. We cannot lavish on every item its meed of praise, but we congratulate *en masse* the whole organization and personnel of the Christmas concerts. There was scarcely a man who had not a part in one or other of them, and very few who appeared twice. This division of labour was more than justified. So was the division of the orchestra into several quartettes and trios. To-night's sketch was quite an ancestral ghost, seasonably called up from the past and found to be still vigorous.

1. Carols	*I. A Babe is Born* (Southwell) . *II. The Burning Babe* (Southwell)	The Orpheus.
2. Duet	*Nebraska*	Messrs. Nicholson & Shearstone.
3. Song	*Jim*	Mr. Morson.
4. Recitation . . .	*Winkelheimer's Motor Drive* . . .	Mr. Pearson.

5. Duet	*Pinafore*	Messrs. Smith & Halsall.
6. Instrumental Trio	*Gavotte*	Messrs. Wake, Shutt & Heenan.
7. Song	*Figlio di Bacciccia*	Mr. Carey.
8. Piano Duet . .	*Lustspiel-Overtüre*	Messrs. Flynn & Ellison.
9 Sketch	*A NORTH-COUNTRY CHRISTMAS-NIGHT.*	
Characters:	*Peter Parkins*	Mr. Campbell.
	Mrs. Parkins	Mr. Wilkinson.
	Aunt Martha	Mr. Tootell.
	Fr. Green	Mr. Cashman.
	Joe Peterson	Mr. Redmond.
	Bert (his cousin from London) . .	Mr. Weldon.
	Willie	Mr. Rickaby.
	Mr. Alfred Parkins	Mr. V. Marsh.

Scene: The Kitchen at " The Cottage ", Christmas-Night.

After supper the snap-dragon was duly vanquished and despoiled : we missed the Rector's valiant leadership here. And Father Christmas arrived in scarlet and ermine on a well-laden sleigh : the old man is a wonderful orator.

26th. *Wednesday.* The new men, as usual, and some of the old ones, went to revive their admiration of the early martyrs at S. Stefano. In the evening a curious film, entitled *Il Campione d'Irlanda.*

27th. *Thursday.* That section of the Roman ecclesiastical world which takes an interest in football (a section now augmented by a great influx of South Americans) made its way to the Fortitudo ground for our annual match with the Scots. In the evening the team and its supporters found solace at the second concert—well up to the standard, for they had wisely secured a song from Fr. McNulty. The sketch was an excellent adaptation and the actors did it justice.

1. Song	*Rimini*	Mr. Cunningham.
2. Duet	*Lo Rag*	Messrs. Smith & Heenan.
3. Musical Crambo	*30th of January 1649*	Messrs. Shutt, McKenna & Grady.
4. Song	*Pinafore*	Fr. McNulty & Chorus.
5. Trio	*Laughing Song* . . .	Messrs. Shearstone, Butterfield & Cunningham.
6. Interlude . . .	*2. L. O.*	Messers. Garvin & Duggan.
7. Song	*Iolanthe*	Mr. J. Park.
8. Sketch	*JENIFER'S WILL*	

(adapted from E. & A. Philpotts' *Yellow Sands*).

Characters as they appear:

Emma Blake	Mr. Carter.
Richard Varwell (Jenifer's brother)	Mr. Rigby.
Arthur Varwell (Jenifer's nephew)	Mr. T. Murphy.
Joseph Varwell (her other nephew)	Mr. Tickle.
Jenifer Varwell	Mr. Hawkins.
Mr. Baslow	Mr. Fay.
Minnie Masters & *Nellie Masters* (*Jenifer's twin cousins*)	Mr. Fleming & Mr. Johnston.
Mary Varwell (Arthur's mother)	Mr. Pritchard.

Act I. Miss Varwell's Parlour.

Act II. The same, three weeks later.

28th. *Friday.* Bishop Keatinge pontificated at first vespers of the patronal feast. The relic of St. Thomas was venerated afterwards, and a few went to St. Mary Major's to see that all was well with the relics there. In the evening the Black Babies had their fancy-dress whist-drive. Even in the most venerable of us the glamour of dressing up is not yet dead. The players were divided into Toads and Tadpoles. After a most impressive costume parade, Mr. Smith adjudicated and his Lordship presented the prizes.

29th. *Saturday.* St. Thomas of Canterbury. Pontifical High Mass. Fr. P.P. Mackey O.P. was one of the first guests to arrive and, to our great delight, made his way at once to the common-room where we talked of old times till dinner-time. The guests were his Eminence Cardinal Gasquet; Archbishops Robinson and Marchetti; Bishop Keatinge; Monsignori Duchemin, Clapperton and Burke; Frs. Welsby S.J., P.P. Mackey O.P., McNulty and Butler O.S.B.; Mr. Getty Chilton (British Minister to the Holy See) and Mr. Randall (the First Secretary). His Eminence allowed us to carry him up to the common-room after dinner. The *sediarii*, who had enjoyed it, returned to the salone, kidnapped Fr. Peter Paul and carried him off, chair and all. The other guests prudently followed on foot. In the common-room spirits were running high, and by some unhappy chance the "lions" were left high and dry upon the platform, instead of being thrown to the Christians in the usual manner. But there was a lull to allow the Cardinal to wish us a happy new year and to introduce Mr. Chilton, who also said a few words. His Eminence was accorded an *Ad multos annos* and Mr. Chilton *He's a jolly good fellow.*

In the evening, another step upward in the scale of concert-perfection. The items though select were few, to leave time for a sketch which grew into an opera. Those who have enjoyed home-made Venerabile operettas in the last year or two will need no reassurance as to the excellence of acting, music and staging here. After supper we added the tunes to our common-room repertoire.

1. Piano Duet . .	*Merry Wives of Windsor* .	Messrs. Flynn & Ellison.
2. String Quartet	*Reverie*	Messrs. Wake, Carey, Lynch & Thompson.
3. Song	*In Cellar Cool*	Mr. Moore.
4. 'Cello Solo . .	*Ave Verum (Mozart)* . .	Mr. Wake.
5. Sketch . . .	*THE JOLLY ROGER.*	

(A Mellowdramatic Opera in Three Acts).

Cast: Percival Pentagon *(the Captain)*		Mr. Morson.
Horace Bolightly *(the Mate)*		Mr. J. Kelly.
Herman Hawkins	*Piratical Undergraduates*	Mr. J. Park.
Pococock Frobisher		Mr. Carey.
Habakuk Moonbeam		Mr. Shearstone.
Winstanley Drake		Mr. Ellison.
Otto Snapdragon		Mr. Tomei.
Stephen Derangement		Mr. Pearson.
Edwin Archibald Barton *(the Hero)*		Mr. Heenan.
Marion *(his Newly-Married Wife)*		Mr. Dwyer.

Scene: Deck of the Pirate Sloop.

Act I. Early Afternoon.
Act II. Late Afternoon.
Act III. Nearly Midnight.

30th. *Sunday.* The fine weather is giving place to heavy rain. In the evening there was the usual bazaar in the common-room. We cannot decide which was the most popular stall—the Palmist, or the Wash-and-Brush-up (including a blood-letting process of tonsure), or the ever willing Shies, or the Refreshments (mince-pies and *paste* and *zabbaioni*), or the innumerable Prize Contests, or the Electric Shock (in the charge of a particularly ferocious young man). The grand finale was a Ping-Pong Match between Mr. Wrighton and Mr. Hawkins, our rival experts, dressed carefully for the part and in excellent form. We fear the enthusiasm of their supporters and the excitement of the bookmaking must have thrown them occasionally off their game. The hard-earned victory was rewarded with a piece of mince-pie that somehow had escaped our vigilant search all the evening.

31st. *Monday.* A very hilarious evening with *La Zia di Carlo*—though the sub-titles do not go well into Italian. After supper *Auld Lang Syne.*

1929.

JANUARY 1st. *Tuesday.* We began the New Year very well with a High Mass sung by Fr. McNulty. To dinner came Monsignori Cicognani and Heard. The concert was uniformly excellent, and the sketch introduced an old and

honoured friend, for the " ? " of the programme signifies the Horse. His quondam supporters will be glad to know that he retains his excellent form in both senses.

1. Part Song . .	*Coventry Carol*	The Orpheus.
2. Trio	*Pinafore*	Messrs. Macmillan, J. Kelly & Smith.
3. Interlude . . .	*MOTHER SHOWS HER MUDDLES*	
	Mrs. Paul Parish . . .	Mr. Wrighton.
	Rev. Paul Parish . . .	Mr. Lynch.
	Freddie (their son) . . .	Mr. Thompson.
	Joyce (his fiancée) . . .	Mr. O. Murphy.
4. Piano Solo . .	*Elégie* (Rachmanninoff) .	Mr. Talbot.
5. Song	*Santa Lucia*	Mr. Campbell.
6. Violin Solo . .	*La Précieuse*	Mr. Thompson.
7. Sketch	*SIR RICHARD.*	

Characters as they appear:

Sir Richard . . .	*A Parish Priest*	Mr. Wroe.
Joan	*His Housekeeper*	Mr. Jones.
Hal Pearson . .	*A Pedlar*	Mr. Smith.
Kate	*Housekeeper to*	Mr. W. Park.
Sir Oliver . . .	*Another Parish Priest* .	Mr. Restieaux
Sir Amyas Paulet	*A Gallant Young Popinjay*	Mr. Lennon.
Colin	?	Mr. Slater & Mr. Rea.

Scene: Outside Sir Richard's Presbytery, during the reign of Henry VIII.

After supper, a revival of that ancient sport: " Are you there Kelly? "

2nd. *Wednesday.* We bade farewell to Fr. McNulty and returned to schools.

4th. *Friday.* The recent heavy rains have raised the Tiber even higher than it was in October. Roads were flooded in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's and by the Ponte Molle.

6th. *Sunday. La Befana.* The Vice-Gerent and Monsignor Heard came to dinner. The concert began early, for it consisted of the second presentation of " The Gondoliers "—a performance which fully justified its repetition. It is difficult to compare the admirable natural stage afforded by the *cortile* at Palazzola and the equally congenial setting in the common-room in Rome. The stage proved thoroughly adequate, embellished by our noble office of works with a delightful back-scene of the view from the Piazzetta at Venice, with an effective gondola, and the magnificent lighting effects which our electricians achieve by methods known only to them The costumiers had im-

proved on their former success, though few would have thought this possible. And the actors hope they did their duty by all these external aids. The cast has already been given. Among the guests were Monsignori Duchemin and Cicognani, and Messrs. Chilton and Randall.

After supper we took advantage of the presence of both pianos in the common-room to *slanciate* the whole of the evening's previous performance and the other songs which in Christmas concerts have come to stay. And here we shall take leave of the Reader before the gay lights die out and the holly comes down and the workaday world awakes once more.

T. DUGGAN.

PERSONAL.

THE RECTOR, whom we had hoped to have with us at Christmas, now fears he will not be back before June. He is still operating in East Africa, with his headquarters at Nairobi, whence he will proceed to Uganda, the last stage in this part of his task.

Meanwhile, our good wishes go with an old Rector, Archbishop MCINTYRE, in his retirement from active work—a retirement which he has merited by years of labour undismayed by grave sickness. Now that he has exchanged Birmingham for the less troubled waters of Odessus, we hope that improved health will be among the rewards of his devotion.

We have great pleasure in congratulating and welcoming to our Anglo-Roman circle the new Rector of the Beda College, Mgr. C.L.H. DUCHEMIN M.A., and in wishing him many years of honoured service in his responsible position.

We have had the pleasure of a long visit from Bishop KEATINGE C.M.G., C.B.E. this winter. Reasons of health sent him flying south, and at the time of writing arctic weather conditions threaten to send him still futher south. Whether, however, the Venerabile be his half-way house or his destination, his Lordship may always be assured of a hearty welcome.

To return to the Beda: Dr. MOSS now fulfils the duties of lecturer in Moral Theology there. We record this appointment not without a certain malicious glee in thinking how our *Padre Spirituale* must now —if only on three days a week—turn out to Schools as early, or earlier than our long-suffering selves.

Our congratulations to the Very Rev. Canon J.H. KING (1899-1904), who has been appointed Vicar General to the diocese of Portsmouth.

We have to express our thanks to two generous benefactors. In the name of the College, to Mr.A.C.BOWRING for the munificent gift of

£100. In the name of the *Venerabile,* to an anonymous donor for the gift of £5 towards the expenses of reproducing in colours the portrait of Bishop Stanley—a feature of our last number.

The following appointments, completing Page the First of the after-history of those who left last year, were too late to be gazetted in our autumn number. Mr. MILLER has the double responsibility of a curacy at Camberwell and the charge of a chapel-of-ease at Hartley, Kent. Mr. WHITEMAN is attached to the Cathedral at Nottingham, and is also, we hear, engaged in forming a new mission in that city.

We take this opportunity of felicitating the Rev. J. MILAN (1920-1927) on his rapid promotion. Though but so lately passed from us, he is now Parish Priest of Llay, near Wrexham, with the cure of two hundred souls.

Our congratulations and all good wishes go to DOMENICO, who on February 11th celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his wedding. A suitable offering was presented to him through the Senior Student.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE VENERABILE.

With Mr. Garvin's retirement from the Editorship, the *Venerabile* loses the services of a gifted adept in the higher branches of journalism. The loss will be felt by our readers, as it is already felt by the novices on whom his cares have fallen.

The present membership of the committee is as follows:

Editor: Mr. Wrighton. Secretary: Mr. Halsall.
Sub-editor: Mr. Duggan. Under-Secretary: Mr. Redmond.
Fifth member: Mr. Pritchard.

EXCHANGES

The following exchanges are gratefully acknowledged: *The Downside Review*, *Pax*, *The Upholland College Magazine*, *The Lisbonian*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, and *The Ratcliffian*.

Messrs. Chester are thanked for successive numbers of *The Chesterian*, and the Catholic Association for *The Pilgrim's Scrip*.

THE UNIVERSITY.

"That there be established a true, perfect and complete University of Ecclesiastical Studies such as our age seems to demand," the Holy Father by the *Motu Proprio* dated Sept. 30th, has united into one body the three institutions of the Pontifical Gregorian University, the Pontifical Biblical Institute and the Pontifical Institute of Oriental Studies. The Holy Father insists on the many advantages to be expected from this union and confirms all the privileges previously granted to the three institutions. He especially commends the Magisterial Courses in Theology, Scripture and Philosophy, for the training of future teachers and writers in these subjects, and expresses his satisfaction at the work

done by the Institute of Higher Religious Culture. This institution was founded as recently as 1918 to provide a more advanced religious education for lay students, and is domiciled in the Gregorian University. Recently it has been working in close connection with the *Azione Cattolica*, and the formal union took place with much pomp and solemnity in the Gregorian University on November 15th of this academic year.

On November 5th Cardinal Bisleti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Studies, presided at the *Instauratio Studiorum*. The usual distribution of medals took place. We had many "eligibles". Mr. Redmond was among the *Summa Cum Laude Probati* in the Licentiate of Philosophy; among the *Cum Laude Probati* were Mr. Howe (Licentiate of Theology), Mr. Gowland (Baccalaureate of Canon Law), Mr. Hawkins (Baccalaureate of Theology), Messrs. Dwyer and Lennon (Licentiate of Philosophy) and Messrs. Weldon and Wroe (Baccalaureate of Philosophy). Mr. Butterfield *proxime accessit* for the medal in the Academy of Moral Theology.

We began lectures on November 6th. This year there are a greater number of new appointments to the teaching staff. We were somewhat astonished to find that Fr. Lazzarini was no longer to teach *De Deo Trino* but was to be replaced by Fr. Lohn of the Magisterial Course. But this, we believe, is only a temporary arrangement to enable Fr. Lazzarini to give the whole of his time to superintending the building of the new University and to his duties as Prefect of Studies. Fr. de Guibert has become Prefect of Studies to the Magisterial Course, and is succeeded as lecturer in *De Ecclesia* by Fr. Zapalena. In the faculty of Canon Law, Fr. Cappello will no longer lecture to the first year, but to the second and third years of the Faculty. He is succeeded in the first year by Fr. Restrepo. Fr. de la Taille has left Rome for the purpose of study, and his chair in the Academy of St. Thomas is taken by Fr. Elter. Logic is this year to be taught by Fr. Naber in place of Fr. Keeler, who will take History of Philosophy (Modern).

In the Magisterial Course in the absence of Fr. de la Taille, Fr. Hocedez will lecture on certain questions in *De Redemptione* and will direct the *exercitationes practicae* in Theology. Fr. D'Alès, whose writings on the Fathers are well known, is to give a course of lectures after Shrovetide entitled *Quaestiones Selectae de Verbo Incarnato*. Methodology is taken this year by Fr. de Guibert and ranks as a *Cursus Liber* for those who are not taking Magisterial Courses.

Despite these many changes in the teaching staff, our curriculum remains much the same. In Theology however Fr. Vermeersch has in-

troduced a new four-year course in Pastoral Theology. At the *Instauratio Studiorum* Fr. Lazzarini emphasised the intention of the University to develope its scientific side, and lectures are now given in Biology, Chemistry, Minerology, Physics, Astronomy and Geology. In the new University extensive laboratories are being built, and on their completion, without regard to the student's previous studies, science will be an absolutely compulsory subject in the Faculty of Philosophy.

In these later years we seem to be getting our full share of publicity at the University. This year at the Philosophers' Menstrua Mr. Weldon was chosen as *arguens*, and shortly afterwards Mr. Howe was shown the same honour at the Theologians' Menstrua. On February 9th Mr. Butterfield read a paper to the Academy of Moral Theology entitled *De Obiectiva Ratione Pretii Iusti.*

The new building in the Piazza Pilotta is rising steadily; in fact, about one half is already roofed in and though it will not be possible to have schools there this scholastic year, it is hoped that all will be ready for November 1929.

W. BUTTERFIELD.

SOCIETIES: *1. The Literary Society.*

" Literary " has never been an exclusive adjective as applied to the society whose activities are recorded here, and thus there has been the usual variety in the subjects treated of during the session.

We began at Palazzola with Mgr. Cicognani's description of his visit to the Holy Land and his impressions of the state of affairs there, all told with his wonted vivacity and shrewd judgment. On our return to Rome Fr. Haeck S.J. gave a lantern lecture in French on the inspiring work of Fr. Lievens and his conversions *en masse* in Chota Nagpur. The first paper from the house was given by Mr. Butterfield on the beginnings of the Reformation. It was a psychological study of a typical parish priest—Sir Richard—and purported to explain the defection of the ordinary clergy under Henry VIII. But perhaps our finest address was an account of the political problems of India given by Fr. Raymond, a young Indian priest. He expounded a moderate Swaraj opinion in a convincing fashion and kept the attention of the house from beginning to end. Mr. Wrighton next entertained the house with a highly diverting essay towards a theory of the Baroque.

Our most distinguished visitors have been Cardinal Lépicier and Fr. Gianfranceschi S.J., Rector Magnificus of the Gregorian. The Cardinal described in his own delightful manner his experiences in Abys-

sinia as Visitor Apostolic. It will be long before the house forgets his demonstration of the somewhat bizarre Abyssinian rites. From Fr. Gianfranceschi we had an account of his voyage with the Nobile expedition to the North Pole. He illustrated the lecture with his own lantern-slides and described very vividly the various rescues.

Unfortunately the percentage of papers from the house is so far small. It is a pity, as they are most appreciated of all and their production the primary end of the society.

G.P. DWYER (*Sec.*).

2. The Grant Debating Society.

Report for 1928-29. The season cannot be called an unqualified success, but at any rate there is the consolation that we have held our own against the tide of new societies. This continuous struggle for existence has at least this advantage, that our faithful members are all keen, and always ready to speak.

The experiment began in the previous season of holding a Palazzola session was again tried last summer. This time, as before, only one debate was possible. In Rome we have pursued the even tenor of our way, only one debate exciting any special interest. It was suggested by a paper read before the Literary Society and took the form of a motion that "The Reformation in England could never have taken place but for the utter incompetence of her clergy." Twenty-six members attended this debate, of whom fourteen made speeches. The motion was finally rejected by two votes.

We welcome several new members who promise great things, and hope that our next season may see us further on the road to recovery.

L. W. JONES (*Sec.*).

3. The Catholic Social Guild.

At the beginning of the year the Society divided into two clubs, one to study Père Fallon's book *Principes d'Economie Sociale*, the other to examine the question of Education. Fallon's *Principes* is intended to give members a sound foundational knowledge of the whole field of Social Science, and the club works through the book steadily at the rate of a chapter or two a week. Members who are studying the Education question have a far more difficult task, as their purpose is to discover and establish the underlying principles of the problem, to determine the respective rights of child, parent, Church and State, and fi-

nally to apply these principles to the present state of Education in England—of a truth a delicate but most important study. Both clubs meet once a week.

It is hoped that in the next few weeks one or two papers will be read by members, but up to the time of writing, amid the multitudinous activities of the House, we have been unable to find any suitable evening for such reunions. W. BUTTERFIELD (*Sec.*).

4. Societas Mezzofantiana.

Quae perturbatio quantaque impedimenta nostrorum sodaliciorum obstent initiis, abdicata libertatiuncula qua fessi labore exercitationum scholasticarum gaudent vespertina, nemini ignotum est. Quod sane multo facilius consequeris si numerum aliarum societatum iamdudum exsistentium attendis. Quamquam enim ipsa mentis cultus ratio nos admonet nihil utilius, nihil nostris hominibus decentius quam ut omnibus linguis communioribus praestanter calleant, vix tamen dignum est memoratu quantopere alliciunt, illa hora qua habentur nostri conventus, aula communis sermonesque vulgi.

Quapropter si exitum societatis nostrae desperaveris, quanti tandem est illa hominum gloria qui illecebras tantas firmo animo superaverunt? Societatem enim scito iam maxime vigere: si quidem viget illa quae constanter magna hominum frequentia concurrit et omnes ad orationem sive ad forense dicendi sive ad quietum disputandi genus invitat. Quam quidem ad rem non parum adiuvat nostros diversitas linguarum, unde non modo litterarum sive gallicarum sive italicarum sive latinarum rudiores orationem ornatiorem plenioremque efficiunt, sed etiam illi qui secus sermonibus obtusi essent, si qui sint, novitate et varietate consolationem percipiunt. Res vero ipsae de quibus agitur naturae societatis magnopere consentaneae sunt, ut earum elenchus profecto illustrat, videlicet:

1. Homines pingues gracilibus omnino praestare.
2. Gentem Italicam nunc temporis excultiorem esse quam primo post Christum saeculo.
3. Diplomata pro peregrinis (vulgo *passaporti*) quam primum esse abolenda.
4. Nationem Anglorum magis quam aliam ullam Ecclesiae Catholicae nocuisse.
5. Ita se habere res publicas in Anglia ut nonnisi introducto systemate omnino diverso (puta Statum Corporativum) salvari videatur posse respublica.

6. Utrum via docendi oralis, ut nunc in scholis adhibetur, adhuc suam utilitatem retineat.

Praeterea magnum progressum factum esse in istis linguis addiscendis nemini negandum esse videretur; nemo enim est qui homines tam solutos imo profluentes non miraretur. Quod si linguam omnibus gratissimam et usu crebriorem quaeris, satis est ut actorum commentarios inspicias, ubi "Gallice locutus est Dns *N.*" pluries repetitur; qua in re id quod est nostrorum proprium maxime perspicuum est, nihil scilicet extimescere, omnem verecundiam deponere, ac ea quae duriora sunt eligere; lingua enim Gallica imperitiae causa prae ceteris ardua est. Tandem ex tota hac laude unum illud est admiratione dignum, unumquemque singulis fere vicibus quibus conventus habiti sunt, loqui tenendum se censuisse. Omnes igitur extra gregem hortamur ut quemadmodum eorum sodales utilitatem capiunt simulque virtutem exercent, sic eorum exempla imitentur.

W. PARK (*A scriptis*).

5. The Wiseman Society.

The foundation of another new society may seem to require some justification. For the Wiseman this lies in the fact that up to the present there has been no society for reading and discussing papers of more specialised interest than are acceptable to the Literary Society. On filling this lacuna therefore, we do not seek to supplant the Literary Society, but to complement it. Since there cannot be discussion except among a limited number, only those willing to read papers are entitled to take part in the discussion.

The Society was formally constituted in November of last year, but it already existed as an experiment last summer at Palazzola, so that it will not appear out of place to chronicle its history since last August. The papers read at Palazzola were, in chronological order, as follows:

Mr. Hawkins: *Poetry and the Abbé Bremond.* An appreciation and criticism of the mystical theory of poetry that has recently excited so much attention.

Mr. Pritchard: *Matthew Arnold as a Critic.* A rehabilitation of a great figure in the history of literary criticism in England.

Mr. Butterfield: *Newman on the Criterion of Certitude.* A vindication of Newman from the charge of subjectivism.

Mr. Morson: *The Message of Aristotle to the Citizen of To-day.* The permanent validity of much of Aristotle's Politics.

Mr. W. Kelly: *Progress and the Silver Age.* Human history is not a progressive evolution, but a process of revival and continuation of a primitive civilisation.

No meeting was possible in Rome before Christmas, but since then we have had one paper from Mr. Wrighton on *English and Foreign Political Ideals*, a plea for thoroughgoing individualism and the *laissez-faire* policy, as opposed to the continental theory of the absolute State. Other papers are in preparation and will have been read by the time that these notes are in print. The future of the Society consequently promises to be a successful one.

D.J.B. HAWKINS.

SPORTS: *1. Sports' Day.*

In spite of a rather cold and cloudy morning on October 7th—a morning that belied the happy promise of the previous week—the Secretary's imperative notice of an early start could not be ignored. As a result the heats for the "hundred" were begun with but little delay, and our first sports' festival had commenced. After one or two almost unexpected successes the starter's newly-mended air-gun jammed completely, and even the humble whistle requisitioned in its place occasionally shirked duty.

The heats produced little that was interesting, but as most of the expected heroes were returned as winners, we were assured a good final. In the egg-and-spoon race, hands and eyes long out of practice revealed old cunning, though the winner had to run the final twice as nobody completed the course at the first attempt. Weight-putting next held our attention. Here if we did not see any really lengthy "putts" we were afforded a delightful variety of methods. Perhaps it was the possession of probably the most interesting style that gave the victor his success. The three-legged event gave us some spirited running and the usual humorous breakdowns. Two of the old men of the seventh year provided some interesting fun in the long jump when, outdistanced even at the first attempt, they used their remaining jumps to settle a private feud, amid encouraging cheers from the spectators. First place in this event was tied for by two excellent jumps; and here too was worthily earned a mystery-prize for the "wildest" expression shown during the day. For the "quarter-mile" the course was decidedly awkward, but the competitors, maintaining the fierce pace set at the start, ran well to a good finish. People should collapse after the "440"! The cricket-ball event and the obstacle race—a curious sort of mob-affair

with the traditional mat and netting—concluded the morning's programme; and we retired for dinner and a rest.

To cut short a man's siesta and then to offer him a potato race in its place requires careful management to carry out successfully. However, the competitors for this item showed the spirit of the day, and suffered their endurance test good-humouredly in what proved to be a rather slow event. Spectators were thrilled however by the final of the "hundred" which followed soon after—as in a fast race a bunch of people reached the tape almost together, providing a tie for third place.

By this time our good Sisters were interested spectators and seemed to find great amusement when competitors in the high-jump failed to find secure footing on the other side of the bar. Interest in this event was kept up right to the end, many jumpers taking full advantage of their third attempt, and provided quite a spectacular display. The Inter-Class Relay race brought out some of the best and hardest running of the day. The prophet whose vociferous assertion of his own year's superiority over the rest of the house was primarily responsible for the day's activities, saw his hopes defeated; and possibly the old men were disappointed—though they were also the victims of ill-fortune. Great hopes were entertained that long-walking gita men would make a brave show in the mile walk; nor were we disappointed. Two neck-and-neck struggles were witnessed for the final placing of an excellent event.

Thus finished a most successful experiment and a highly enjoyable day; and we gratefully returned to the house for a high tea and the prospect of a musical prize-giving in the evening.

R. FLYNN.

2. Soccer.

The season opened very quietly. Owing to the absence of an unusually large proportion of our regular players who were spending the holidays in England we were unable to raise sufficient numbers for games at the Villa. Consequently enthusiasts were compelled to content themselves with "shooting in," (or shall we say "ball-practice"?)

But the return of the stalwarts of First Year Theology from England soon provided us with some good games in Pamphilj. So great was the keenness displayed that it not unfrequently fell to the lot of the Committee to have to persuade people to stand down. A welcome change from last year! Naturally such interest soon improved the standard of play, and it was with confidence that we looked forward to the

match with the Scots College. But yet once again we returned from the Madonna del Riposo—vanquished; this year by a score of 6 goals to 1; a crushing defeat on paper, but perhaps more than a little in excess of the run of play. But we hasten to congratulate the Scots on their splendid win in a game which was played according to the best traditions of the match before a most enthusiastic gallery upon a ground that would have put a strain upon the stamina of the highest-trained professional. So all honour to the Scots for another year!

A game early in the season with the Jesuit College of Mondragone gave us a win by 5 goals to 3.

Our thanks are due to the Christian Brothers and to Drs. Masterson and Early for opportune gifts of balls.

R. Gowland (*Capt.*).

3. Rugby.

During the last two years we have played Rugby several times, but the game has had no formal status in the house. This season it has received official recognition, January and February having been given over to Rugby. We were very glad to notice the spirit of give and take which prompted the Soccer captain to be the leader of the motion which gave Rugby its formal, though of course only secondary standing. Thus far we have only been able to play two games on account of the bad weather. The field at Pamphilj has been made in turn unfit for play by rain, snow and frost, which last is perhaps the worst. The games we have played have been very enjoyable, and have exemplified, though of course somewhat imperfectly, two kinds of Rugby, the open back play and the close forward play. For the best Rugby these two phases of the game should harmonize, and the extent to which one or the other should predominate in a game is usually governed by the state of the ground. We hope the weather will be more kind to us than it has been up to this time, and that in coming years Rugby will preserve its hold in the Venerabile. *Ad multos annos!*

E. Carey (*Capt.*).

OUR BOOK SHELF.

THEOLOGIAE MORALIS PRINCIPIA — RESPONSA — CONSILIA. By the Rev. A. VERMEERSCH S.J. 2nd edition. In 4 vols. Vol. I pp. XVII-511, 24 *lire*. Vol. II pp. XVII-706, 27 *lire*. Vol. III pp. XVII-829-54*, 40 *lire*. Vol. IV pp. VII-149, 7 *lire*. Romae, Università Gregoriana: Brugis, Beyaert.

THOUGH but recently available to the public, this second edition of Fr. Vermeersch's Theologia Moralis has been our text-book at the University for the past two years, and fresh from such a study of it we venture to describe and recommend this truly admirable work. Perhaps the best idea of its method and spirit may be gained from an accurate understanding of its title—a new title for a book of moral theology:—*Theologiae Moralis Principia—Responsa—Consilia.*

First we are promised *principia.* To be worthy of the name of a science moral theology must be no mere catalogue of statements and conclusions; no popular catechism of question and answer; but rather a systematic proposition and rational deduction of doctrine from established principles: unless it substantiate its conclusions by this recourse to first principle, it cannot indeed be considered a science at all. In contrast to many of our modern *summae* and *summulae* we find throughout Fr. Vermeersch's work a consistent and untiring effort to discover and emphasize the intrinsic reasons and underlying principles that govern his conclusions.

Secondly the work claims to give *responsa,* for in a practical science principles must be applied to concrete cases. Here Fr. Vermeersch's method is scholastic rather than casuistical: his first care is to establish the principles, giving a few examples of their practical application, so that the student is then fitted to answer for himself such cases as may arise, or at the very least he is taught "when to doubt"—a lesson not easy to learn. Only the more difficult, complicated, psychological or subjective cases are treated *modo casuistico,* by explicit statement and formal answer. In such questions synthetic methods are alone effective.

Thirdly there are to be *consilia*. The author maintains that the confessor's standard of morals in the confessional should not be the minimum required to keep his penitents out of hell, but the standard of Jesus Christ set forth in the Sermon on the Mount, "Be ye perfect". The confessor's aim, then, is to advance in perfection himself, and to help penitents towards it as far as he can. That this entirely new conception of his subject-matter is not an encroachment on the preserve of ascetics is well shown *pp.* 6 *seq.*

To descend to particulars.—Vol. I is entitled *Theologia Fundamentalis*. Each question treated is prefaced by a note explaining its utility and importance, and followed by a brief synopsis of the doctrine expounded. No praise is high enough for these extremely useful summaries, at once an aid to the understanding and the memory. The student will not fail to notice in this volume thea ccuracy of the definitions, couched in strictly technical language; the extremely individual and characteristic treatment of the principle of double effect; the exposition and proof of Probabilism, which excells in clearness and solidity of argument. On this subject of Probabilism Fr. Vermeersch has much that is unique: for example the chapter on the use to be made of Probabilism, with the distinction between *probabilitas iuris* and *facti*; why the system does not lead to laxity; why the controversy is of small practical moment; he even shows that in practice and in the confessional even the very adversaries of Probabilism are themselves probabilists!

Vol. II is inscribed *De Virtutum Exercitatione*. The most important treatise is that on Justice, which occupies 336 pages. Those who have read the author's earlier work, *Quaestiones de Justitia*, will not be surprised at the wealth of erudition here manifest. Something new is the exceptionally large amount of space devoted to the consideration of positive and especially civil law. Whenever occasion demands it, the author enters with some detail into the civil codes of England, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Austria, Italy etc., comparing and contrasting the various legislation and so helping the reader in the very difficult questions connected with the virtue of Justice. In his treatment of the virtues he is particularly faithful to his promise of *consilia*, and certain passages are brim-full of sound, practical advice (e. g., *n.* 71, a few words show that the practice of charity is not difficult; in *n.* 108 some practical hints are given on the duty of almsgiving; on *p.* 173 the value of the liturgy in the spiritual life is made clear; etc.).

Vol. III is full of controversies, both moral and canonical; the reader will recognise such old friends as *de errore communi*, *de voto paupertatis*, *de laesione sigilli*, *de copia confessarii*, *de reservatione casuum*, *etc.* The

learned author does not shirk the difficulties. He considers the questions under their various aspects, weighs the reasons in favour of each opinion, and finally, with disarming frankness and sincerity, gives his own carefully considered judgment, adding such reasons as seem to him relevant. Nor, while giving their due to his predecessors, does he simply repeat what has been often said before. There is also in this volume much of practical interest: the question of intention in the Mass, of stipends, of vocal prayer, of the treatment of *recidivi*, of general confessions, of children's confessions and communions, of the requisites for contrition, *de confessario ut medico* (a chapter full of help for the director of souls), *de confessarii dotibus et supernaturali intentione, etc.* And everywhere Fr. Vermeersch's mature experience and sound commonsense is assuredly welcome.

Vol. IV is devoted entirely to *de Castitate et Matrimonio.*

In conclusion, his devotion to principle, his practical experience, his optimism and hope in a world already publicly divorced from religion, his high ideals of Christian duty, and the apostolic love of souls that gives gentleness to the severest of moralists—such qualities have fitted this writer to give something of solid value and real assistence to us all. But at times his Latin is needlessly complex and involved; and his reasoning, though solid—perhaps because of its solidity,—is often difficult to follow and requires close attention; so that on the whole the book does not make as easy reading as, let us say, the familiar Noldin or Ferreres. For this reason too it is perhaps not a good book for the beginner: but to the teacher and to the student who wants something a little better than the elementary text-book we can wholeheartedly recommend it. They will find it to be not merely just another book of moral theology but a definite addition to the sum of theological knowledge.

In the second edition corrections have been made, obscurities clarified, parts entirely rewritten, and misprints erased (but by no means all!). The work is also somewhat longer, but the print remains large and excellent.

W. B.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL: 1929. Herder. 1/-.

This publication has been reviewed once before in our pages, yet in view of its special character the Annual for 1929 deserves particular mention. It treats exclusively of the Centenary of Catholic Emancipation, its intention being "to supply a complete account in popular form of the centuries-long struggle to preserve the Faith in England."

The hope expressed in the Editorial that "readers may have a clear and especially a concise knowledge of everything pertaining to emancipation and all that the commemoration of it implies," will, we think, be justified. The articles give a succinct but interesting résumé of how England lost the Faith, of the growth and character of the Penal Laws, the dawn of Toleration and finally of the history of Emancipation itself and the days of growth and development that have followed. Particularly enlightening is the account of the Confessors of the Faith and what it really was for which they died. But what is the meaning of the surprising statement on *p.* 22: "...Henry (VIII) passed from one divorce to another until he had divorced six wives and murdered two"? Surely this could have been corrected before going into print. And in another place the sub-title is apt to give one the impression that the Titus Oates plot was under James I. But it would be ungracious to insist on these minor flaws in view of the really excellent intention of the publishers and the success with which they have on the whole carried it out. This little volume supplies a want to all those who, without having the time for more detailed study, are yet interested in the past history and future development of their Religion, and we wish it all the popularity that the venture deserves. R. P. R.

OBITUARY

Your charitable prayers are asked for the repose of the soul of the Very Rev. Canon Albert Whereat D.D., for ten years Parish Priest of Chistlehurst in the diocese of Southwark, who died on Jan. 9th 1929. Canon Whereat was a student at the College in the years 1885–1889. R. I. P.

This number was already in the press when we received the sad news of the death, on April 5th, of his Eminence Cardinal Gasquet O.S.B., Protector and constant benefactor of the College. All our readers will join with us in mourning the loss of so distinguished and well-loved a patron, and in praying for the repose of his soul. R.I.P.

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