

**THE
VENERABLE**

**conducted
by the past and present students
of the Venerable English College
Rome**

October 1929

Vol. IV

No. 3

**ROME[®]
SALESIAN PRINTING SCHOOL**



I very earnestly bless each and every student of the venerable English College
with a prayer to God that all may advance in wisdom and grace and render
themselves worthy of their great vocation, for the salvation of many.

Rome, October 24th 1929.

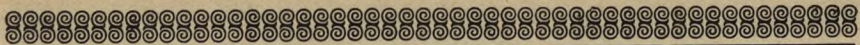
Fr. Carl. Merzetta
Protector

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IMPRIMI POTEST: Iacobus Redmond, *Censor Deputatus*.

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



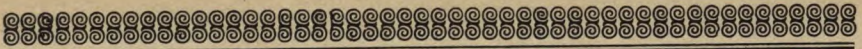
EDITORIAL

THE VENERABLE has recently lost one of its most valued contributors and supporters, and the College its learned historian and devoted Patron. If anything, however, could mitigate the loss, it was the news that the vacancy was to be filled by his Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val; and we pray that we may long enjoy the patronage of one who alone perhaps may claim to dispute the place in our affections held by his predecessor.

But to pass to the material affairs of the magazine. Suggestions take a long time to mature and it was only after much deliberation that we decided to change the title-page of the VENERABLE and give more space to the *Contents*. Our other columns are gradually becoming stabilized so that only the *College Notes* still required attention. After the division of the *Diary* at a point in the year so as to include the whole account of the life at the Villa in the April number, it followed that a similar division with regard to the Sports' and Societies' notices should be adopted. Activities in the former are more conveniently chronicled in the April number, as they occur to a large extent during the *villeggiatura* and earlier part of the scholastic year; while the activities of the Societies of the house continue strong up to Easter and are still at their zenith when we go to press in the spring. In future

then, the Societies' notes will appear only annually and that in October. The transition taking place in this number necessarily makes our *College Notes* column a slim one.

We are giving some jottings from the letters of our subscribers (not written for publication) who have responded to our appeal for criticism and who claim to have a following in the causes they plead. How large such a following is, we would like to know and beg such as consider the points in the *Letters to the Editor* of sufficient importance, to condemn or support them when next they have an opportunity of writing to us—when paying their overdue subscriptions, for example! We wish to express our extreme gratification at the general appreciation shown in the numerous other letters, for our efforts in the production of the magazine.



THE RECONCILIATION.

THE thought that within such a short period of the first venture of the VENERABLE we should have the grateful task of commenting on the successful issue of what promised to be an age-long problem, could hardly have occurred to any Venerabilino, young or ancient. To our revered predecessors who have run their course here in the atmosphere of the Roman Question, while it yet remained a question, the sudden and rapid events of the past few months, even though it came as a joyful surprise, must have been somewhat disturbing for their habitual outlook on things Roman. We ourselves, in spite of the advances made in recent times, had felt the air of the old state of affairs in our very bones, and to wake up after the Ratification and the final upheaval of the old order and find the world the same as yesterday was not the least of our novel experiences. In the past in our more idle moments we had let our imaginations run wild: how sensational if Papal Carabinieri were to parade the streets and fall upon rule-breaking Venerabilini! and then perhaps a few days' confinement in traditional fashion in the Castel Sant'Angelo or perhaps in a department of Regina Coeli reserved for refractory Seminarists! Or we speculated more seriously on the adaptation of Papal Government over a large area to the conditions of modern times, and wondered how the City would fare under its paternal protection. But however we built our airy castles, there were sensational revolutions and sweeping changes. And now that everything is settled we meet with nothing in our workaday life even to remind us of it. A visitor to the City would meet with nothing to indicate the change, unless perhaps he were sharp enough to note that now

the Bronze Doors are fully open or that on the left side of the façade of St Peter's there is a little house to accommodate a few Swiss Guards whose chief duty is to keep loungers off the new State. The *Osservatore* you would peruse in vain, now as ever, for anything spectacular. Everything in the execution of the Treaty has taken place in a quiet unassuming way, and you have to read the newspapers closely to know what is going on at all.

Entirely different was the sudden and spontaneous acclamation with which the first news of the signing of the Pact was greeted. This was spectacular enough to satisfy the most melodramatic soul. The whole of Catholic Italy rose with one voice, forgetful for the moment of their political sentiments. The negotiations had been carried on with such secrecy and were shrouded in such mystery, that although the atmosphere was electric with rumour of every description, their publication could not but evoke a sudden outburst. The various reports from the foreign press that we assiduously gathered from friends in other Colleges during our rotary inter-lecture recreation, had formed a never-failing subject of conversation. Much of it was fanciful, some of it even alarming: at one time it seemed that our loyalty to the Temporal Power was to grow tepid at the prospect of losing the indispensable Villa Pamphilj. But on the whole, by the eve of the publication of the event at the Lateran, we had fairly good ideas of what was to follow.

Such circumstances of mystery stimulated still more, if that were possible, our curiosity and interest. Anyone will be able to judge of this, who knows what a heaven-sent blessing that Shrovetide gita-day is during a long and trying term, and who learns that men were not wanting who stayed in the City to witness the small procession of cars that were to take the Plenipotentiaries to the Lateran. They were rewarded by what they saw, and, let us add *sotto voce*, by European publicity on the latest films. But the majority, (and who will dare to judge them?) sought out the usual corners of Latium, and there besides air, wine, song and good-fellowship, had the pleasure of anticipating a return to a new and penitent city.

And he was a hard man to please who was disappointed.

Our first view of the city that evening was perhaps the most impressive thing of all. Our proximate ancestors, and we probably more than they, have been accustomed to grand and solemn Papal functions—if not a coronation, then a canonization or a beatification—and have gone expecting something *commovente*, but who ever saw or expected to see the Papal Colours falling gracefully over the *loggia* of the Palazzo Chigi? The white and yellow, holding the place of honour between the banners of Savoy and the nation, exercised such a fascination over our eyes that we were in imminent danger of being run over. All the streets and particularly the Corso were fired with colour; only the Cancelleria and the other ecclesiastical palaces preserved their sombre gravity. At frequent intervals on the walls the *cittadinanza romana* was invited to stop and read a large red and green notice which invited it to appear the following morning in the *piazza* of St. Peter's, and then later on in the afternoon at the Quirinal. Evidently there was to be some excitement. Even the old *carrozza*-drivers gave vent to their feelings in the form of little Papal ribbons in the lamps or twisted round the horses' ears. The *Osservatore* enjoyed a popularity that must have been without parallel in its history, for all the copies were bought up as soon as they appeared; while on the other side the Italian papers made up for their long-imposed silence by an outburst of rhetoric and an array of photographs that only a confirmed habit of similar explosions on a smaller scale could have rendered possible. There was his Holiness and his Majesty, his Excellency the Head of the Government and his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, then the jurists concerned, and after that a host of other satellites with suitable lives of each, popular disquisitions on the rights of the Church and the foolery of freemasonry. They had to live up to the occasion on the very slightest information, and they did it gallantly.

It was a stirring evening, and in the common-room that night there were few of the customary gita anecdotes exchanged. The Pact was the absorbing question of the hour, and those who had stayed in the City had the more interesting story to tell. A large old Papal flag was brought forth from some obscure

corner and hung in the room, and it was natural that the strains from the indefatigable piano should drift into "O Roma Felix" and the *Inno Pontificio*. The more we reflected on the eventful day the more we felt it a source of gratification that Providence had placed us in a position in which we could say we had seen the transition from the old regime to the new. We were to belong exclusively to neither the one or the other, but to have lived in one of those periods of Roman and consequently Venerabile history which are the privilege of a few. Just at that moment even those whose memory remained still fresh with us would be wondering incredulously what it was all about—in fact the College had already received a telegram from high quarters asking for a confirmation or denial of the newspaper reports—while it would be left to the imagination of all future new men to picture the days inaugurated by the assailants of Pio IX. And so we went to bed, full of expectancy for the enthusiastic demonstrations of the morrow.

The morning of the twelfth dawned dull and with the probability of rain. It was the occasion of the celebration of the Pope's jubilee, and there was no doubt about the intention of the *cittadinanza*. The whole of Rome was moving to St. Peter's. By ten o'clock many of us who were by that time in the portico could see that the crowd filled not only the whole *piazza* from which the façade could be seen, but extended well down the Borgo also. The space immediately in front of the façade was kept clear by a big array of Italian troops, a rather impressive novelty, and with them the Corpo Bandistico that was to be responsible for a great number of false alarms by its performances at unaccountable moments. Inside, the crowd was dense enough to make moving about a difficulty, although it seems that most of those a long way from the altar began to consider their *biglietti d'ingresso* a rather doubtful privilege, as many of them afterwards tried to get out into the *piazza* to make sure at least of the blessing from the *loggia*. In this they were unhappily frustrated, for the *cancelli* of the portico were soon closed and they had to content themselves with the fine outlook on the *piazza*. As was to be expected, the Venerabilini among this number were not thus to be embroiled. With their accustomed

astuteness at baffling Papal soldiery, they were able to slip into the Vatican at the foot of the Scala Regia and from windows near the Bronze Doors watch every movement in the *loggia* at a convenient distance. It had the additional advantage of being sheltered from the rain.

For it soon began to pour unmercifully. Umbrellas went up until the *piazza* was one sea of mushroom-heads, although anyone who looked carefully would note that more than half of the people were without them. Nothing but the obduracy of the Roman populace could have stood out against it, and that in the face of the most pessimistic rumours of the Pope's refusal to appear on the *loggia*—for State reasons. In fact everyone knew it was true that the *Messaggero* had been told to make public that there would be no blessing *urbi et orbi*. Those particularly who were near the Bronze Doors were subject to waves of depression. Here excited little Monsignori appeared at intervals to try their influence on the patient crowds and interest the guards in persuading them to give up their optimism. But it was no use. The guards themselves after an unconvincing denial of all favourable reports would add a hopeful "Ma chi sa?". Having already got thoroughly wet, the people had no intention of going away, for they knew their Pio XI better than did his Monsignori. How far things had proceeded inside nobody knew. What between the whims of the bells and the band, it was hopeless to try and guess. Movement around the *loggia* would be the only reliable sign, and even there any minute motion of the curtain caused by the curiosity of someone inside caused an immediate stir. But the end came eventually, and as usual everyone forgot the hours of waiting, the rain and everything else. The big curtain was drawn, the windows opened, and a few officials came out to make preparations. Immediately afterwards the cross appeared. Then came the Purple, and finally his Holiness himself. He walked up to the middle of the balustrade, and gave his blessing several times. He remained there repeating the same action, held by the enthusiastic demonstration of the people, and then finally raised his hat and went in. It was only then that the vast crowd showed solicitude for its own welfare, and there was an immediate stampede out of the *piazza*.

After all this, the similar appearance of the King and Royal Family on the *loggia* of the Quirinal in the afternoon, the attempt to get the *Duce* to appear on the *loggia* of the Chigi Palace, and the evening illuminations were but accidental stimuli to our own unbounded enthusiasm. Perhaps the greatest pleasure we had in following the ensuing programme was the fervour shown by the people at the thanksgiving ceremonies in the various churches. Everywhere the congregations took up the *Te Deum* with astonishing vigour, *contadino* and *commendatore* vying with each other in their transparently genuine efforts. At Ara Coeli, where a cardinal gave the benediction at the official State thanksgiving, the national flag was hung with the Papal flag over the altar, and at the end the national anthem was played by the organ. It was the same wherever you went. It was said that people gave way to what our fellow-countrymen would have dubbed unseemly emotion even in the streets. All kinds of strange little dramas were enacted. Doors of *palazzi* that had been closed in protest in 1870 occupied the carpenters until once more they groaned back on their hinges; old rooms were once more inhabited, old beds slept in, while in the Colonna palace a great banquet was given which twenty cardinals attended.¹ And so the popular feeling went on manifesting itself in various little ways until the lack of further news and new difficulties created by the Italian government allowed it to die a natural death. By the time of the Ratification we had had sufficient time to accustom ourselves to our novel surroundings. How far this was responsible for the poor demonstration at the ceremony of the exchange of the *ratifiche*, and how far the disappointment and mistrust shown at the government's recent attitude was responsible, it is difficult to say.

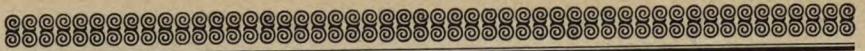
One thing was certain. We could rely on our great and beloved Pio XI to see it through if that could conceivably be done with advantage to the Church. With that fine breadth of view and indomitable courage in which we like to trace the

¹ Another curious example is that of the thrones used for Papal functions in the apartments of the Cardinals. These were once more placed in their natural position, after having been turned to the wall for the last fifty years.

characteristic of the mountaineer, we knew from past experience that when he approached a question, there was an end of it. But we also knew that there would be no wavering, no diplomacy, where there was even the shadow of a principle involved, and so we could only read with admiration the courteous but firm replies to misinterpretations of the text of the Concordat. In the manner of the settlement, too, we see the reflection of his personality. It was just of that dignified character which was at the same time an open repudiation of worldly ambition and a firm establishment of the temporal interests of the Church. No other of the innumerable methods proposed since the time of Cavour would seem to be more in keeping with the temper of our own time. In the Concordat we see another characteristic trait—the love of his native land and his paternal anxiety for its spiritual welfare, while losing nothing of the supranational character of his office. Throughout all the negotiations it was to be expected that his rare combination of tractability and determination, amiability and severity would make issue of the greatest difficulties and enable him to deal successfully with one of the greatest men of his time on the most difficult of politico-ecclesiastical problems.

What further developments in the ordinary policy of the Holy See all this may give rise to we may only very vaguely surmise. We ourselves look forward eagerly to processions to the Lateran and other papal functions in the city once more. And then there are the papal trains and the papal motor-cars, and surely these have not been accepted for nothing! But we must confess that there are not the slightest indications forthcoming. What we can rely on with certainty is that during our future summers at Palazzola we shall have the Holy Father not far from us on the other side of the lake. Perhaps we are not entirely unreasonable in hoping that we may be able to add to our tablets in the refectory yet another in commemoration of a pontiff's visit. After all we have a sufficient precedent in the recorded visits of nine previous popes to this little haven of ours, and we are not so much less important than the friars! But there we are again, building castles in the air!

W. PARK.



THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

LIBRARIES may be very dusty places, and carry with them an air of pedantic professors and dreary days spent in quest of useless knowledge; but this is only on the surface. Apart from the general information on conceivable subjects which form its stock-in-trade the patient grubber can extract from an old library many interesting side-lights on history. Stray notes on fly-leaves and title-pages, names of donors and such like, form the chief material of this investigation. The idea of this article is to build up a history of our own library, principally from this source, but not disdaining the help of the Archives in giving direction to the search, and in supplying details of the earliest period.

To begin at the beginning, we must go back to the Hospice from which we are descended. It naturally possessed a library for the use of the brethren of the Confraternity, and those officials who lived in the house. When the College was founded, Gregory XIII transferred to it all the property moveable and immoveable hitherto belonging to the Hospice, including, one assumes, the library. That this was actually done is testified by the presence in the library to-day of some thirty or forty books bearing the inscription "Liber Hospitalis Anglorum de Urbe" or the equivalent. The beginning of the Hospice library is shrouded in the mists of the past. But some idea of its progress may be gathered from such of its annual inventories as have come down to us. In 1445, for instance, we have "In biblioteca librorum magna copia", but no details. This is the earliest reference and quite isolated. About the end of the century, however, we have more detailed inventories in which all the books with their titles, and often the names of the don-

ors, are noted. The manner of entering the books is curious. The inventory for 1496, for instance, begins thus: "Here folouth the Register of the Bokys that langys to this Hospitall. In primis a feyr great lengent wrytyn, gefyn be mester Reynald Kentwod, den of Poulys, the secund lef of yt begynnyth "culis enim". From another inventory written in Latin we learn that a "lengent wrytyn" is a "legenda sanctorum in scripto" and the compiler adds that the Dean of St Paul's gave other seven volumes. Quoting the first words on the second leaf is a curious method of identification¹, and we find it used constantly. There is one exception, however, in the case of a book of which it is noted "This booke is at Saynt Edmunds". Too much trouble to cross the Ponte Sisto to look at the "secund lef"! The number of books in the Hospice library at this time was about one hundred; and the inventories include some thirty more belonging to the church, missals, office-books and such-like. The majority of these books are manuscript, but several are noticed as being "in prynte". The proportion of printed books increases in the later inventories, as one might expect.

Probably most of the manuscripts were destroyed later, or used in the binding of printed books, as was often the case. There are only two or three manuscript books in our possession now which we can say for certain belonged to the Hospice. One is a very fine volume of Lydgate's Poems, with a treatise on hunting bound in. Among other donors of books at the end of the fifteenth century may be mentioned Hugh Spalding, who died in 1500, and who had grown grey in the service of the Hospice. He had been a member of the Confraternity for about thirty years, and had held the office of warden with only two short interruptions from 1496 until his death. He was buried in the Church of St. Thomas, and it is curious that there is no memorial of him. Neither does he find a place in the Obit Book, though his long service should claim for him this honour. Another donor was called Caxton, very likely the famous printer.

¹ Still it is very serviceable. By this means I was able to identify our MS life of St. Thomas with a "boke de vita S. Thome the secund lef *modicum letificatus*" mentioned in these inventories.

In 1493 died Mr. Dr. Francis O.F.M., chaplain of the Hospice, who left twenty-three books to the library, nearly all theological. A curious note at the end of the description of this legacy records that a Pontifical was bought with the money found in his purse after death.¹ After this period the inventories cease to mention the library, except casually, but we know that this small library received many additions in the course of years. During the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI, but chiefly after the accession of Elizabeth, many illustrious and learned Englishmen, exiled from England because of their opposition to the king's divorce or their attachment to the Holy See, dwelt in or visited the Hospice, and enriched its library with their books. Chief among these was Cardinal Reginald Pole, who was Warden of the Hospice for many years, before he was called to England to perform there his great work of reconciliation. Renowned for genius and learning, not less than for holiness of life, he is perhaps the greatest of our English Cardinals. Among the books of the Hospice which we still possess, a large proportion belonged to him, being inscribed with the initials R.P.C. or sometimes R.C.P. Whether he gave these books before his departure from Rome, or bequeathed them in his will, I do not know. Most of them are works of the Fathers, both Latin and Greek, which fact is typical of the man, and of his age, the period of the Catholic Reformation. Worthy of special mention are the Works of the Venerable Bede in three volumes, and a first edition of Themistius. Some others of these Hospice books were given by Henry Pining or Pynning, who was Pole's steward; and another has the inscription "Liber Hospitalis Anglorum ex dono D. Edmundi Danielis Ecclesie Cathlis Hereforden Decani, et huius Hospitalis cofris".

The meaning of the last word is not at first apparent, but it is an abbreviation of *confratis*, a member of the Confraternity.

¹ Other benefactors are mentioned in a passage which deserves quoting in full. "Item a boke of the lamentabill complainte off ye solle in englishe wt. other diverse werkis whiche gave the friers de celio monte we have iij also other litill bokes off confessions and pryours in englishe goven off the same friers butt the be soo litill that the nede not be written the li in the hall."

He held an official position in the Hospice as chamberlain, and is duly remembered in the Obit Book and on the wall of the College chapel. Another such inscription recalls the memory of an illustrious Catholic writer, Nicholas Sander. He also was a member of the Confraternity, and when in Rome held an office in the Hospice. The book is inscribed "ex dono Rdi Dni Nicolai Sanderi Sacrae Theologiae Professoris an. 1574". At the same time he may have given the manuscript copy of his great work *De Origine et Progressu Schismatis Anglicani*.¹

This brings us up to the foundation of the College, when these books were transferred to the possession of the College. Since a library plays such an important part in a seminary, it was natural that the patrons and admiring friends of the infant establishment should show their goodwill by including books in their various presents. Cardinal Morone, Protector of the English nation and first Protector of the College, gave us the works of St. Thomas Aquinas. The gifts of Cardinal Allen are too numerous to mention in detail. They cover a great variety of subjects ranging from Froissart's *Chronicles* (a fine edition of 1530) to a Biblical Atlas. Probably most of them came in the form of a legacy after his death, but there is a copy of his own work *De Sacramentis* which he doubtless presented in his lifetime.

Some books came from Allen's faithful friend and secretary Roger Baines, who also gave the bronze plaque of Aristotle which used to adorn the library. But a more famous man than all these is represented by the *Annales* of Cardinal Baronius, each volume of which the great author presented to the College as it issued from the press. There is no record of the motive which prompted him to this generosity, but is it fanciful to detect the influence of St. Philip Neri's affection for the future martyrs of the Venerable?

A gift coming from one of the students about this time is, I think, the oldest volume we have in the library, an early edition of the commentary on the first two books of the *Sentences* of

¹ For a full description and discussion of this book, cf. *The Venerable* vol. III, p. 114.

Gregory of Rimini, printed at Paris in 1482. It was presented by Richard Thorne or Thorney, one of those who in 1586 signed the petition to keep the College under the care of the Jesuits. From the numerous inscriptions it would appear to have passed through many hands before reaching him. There is the name of Thomas Vavasour to be seen, the ill-fated student who, being sent to the south of Italy to collect alms, was murdered by his guide near Bari. Another inscription, crossed out but still decipherable, is: "detur hic liber Radulpho Sherwino". So here is a small relic of our Protomartyr, a relic of his days of preparation when he belonged only to the College to which his and his companions' heroism was to secure the title of Venerable. Apart from its inscriptions the book is valuable. The capital letters throughout this volume are illuminated by hand; and there are many curious footnotes, and elaborate hands pointing out important passages, put in by earnest students. Another book in which the capitals are thus illuminated is Gabriel Biel's *In Quattuor Libros Sententiarum*, printed in 1513. This volume is bound in wood, as also is a volume of St. Jerome's letters, published in 1495. Bishop Goldwell of St. Asaph, who for a long time lived in the Hospice and the College, gave at least one book to the library; it is inscribed "ex dono reverendissimi azafensis".

Other books about this time came by way of legacy. Some details as to these we can obtain from documents preserved in the Archives. The first of these benefactors was Alan Cope, a well-known exile of Elizabethan days. He was a friend of Nicholas Harpesfield, the historian, and was himself a writer of no mean repute. From an examination of his will it appears that he left his library at Louvain to Douai, and his library in Rome to us, on the condition that if either College were dissolved, all the books should go to the surviving one; while if both were dissolved, or in the event of the conversion of England transferred thither, his books should all be given to the Oxford University Library. Another condition was that a memento be made of him in the Masses offered in the College, particularly on Sept. 6th, his anniversary. There is no inventory or other document to show what books, or how many, his lib-

rary contained, but they must have been very numerous. His name may be found in many of the older books in the library, usually in the form: "Alani Copi Londinensis". Among these are some both interesting and valuable. There is for instance Cardinal Pole's *Pro Ecclesiasticae Unitatis Defensione*; the first edition printed at Rome by Antonio Blado about 1536, the exact date is uncertain. This book is extremely rare, because Pole destroyed as many copies as he could find.⁴ Interesting also is a copy of Henry VIII's *Defence of the Seven Sacraments*.

Among Cope's books, too, are three volumes of the notorious Protestant Church History, the *Centuriae* of Matthias Flaccus and his collaborators. These books bear the interesting inscription: "Sum Alani Copi ex dono et permissu Pii V S.P. 1572". We have also the incomplete refutation of this work by Eysengrein, which was given us by one of the students. This was John Gower or Gore, one of those few of whom we cannot be proud. He was one of the very first students to enter the Venerabile and appears to have been a leading spirit in the disturbances under the Welsh rule. He was one of the four that were commanded by the Cardinal Protector either to obey or to leave the College; but later we hear a good report of him from Fr. Agazzari, the first Jesuit rector. He left the College in 1580 with the Pope's blessing, but apparently went no farther than Paris, being afraid perhaps that he would become a traitor. From what Cardinal Allen says about him in his letters to Fr. Agazzari, we gather that Gower was of a very choleric nature, and inclined to madness. He lapsed into heresy at Paris and was imprisoned, but Allen ascribes this rather to his madness than to sane judgement. He made some kind of a recantation, but afterwards went completely out of his mind, and lived on the charity of the Jesuit fathers. Cope's books came to the library on June 16th 1579, and so were probably the first received

⁴ Pole wrote this book in answer to Henry VIII's demand for an opinion on his conduct. He meant it for the king's eyes alone, being afraid that if it were published all chance of the king's conversion would vanish. During his absence on a legation it came into the Pope's hands and by his orders a small edition was printed. Cf. HAILE, *Life of Pole*, p. 230.

by the College as such. The next legacy was that of William Sheprey (Scepreus) who after studying at Douai, and spending a short time as prefect of the College of Anchin, became chaplain to Cardinal Paleotti at Bologna. This office brought him in touch with the College, of which the Cardinal was a firm friend, and led to such a close connection that he left most of his goods to the College, including his library. "Do, lego libros meos quos Romae habeo ad eius Bibliothecam, insuper et scripta mea." These the College received on July 11th 1598, and an inventory is given of all the goods. Unfortunately only the number of books of various sizes is given, without any titles: "13 libri grandi in foglio; 68 pezzi di libri in quarto foglio; 65 libri in ottavo foglio; 127 pezzi di libri più piccoli, etc." The etcetera are a few manuscripts and unbound oddments. Of this great number of books, about 300 in all, little trace remains in the library. I have only been able to find three, two liturgical works and one canonical. It is quite likely that his name was not inscribed in many of the books; though I think that was usually done with at least as much care as it would be nowadays. One of the two liturgical books is interesting, It is entitled *Missa qua Ethiopes communiter utuntur, item modus baptizandi*, Romae 1549; and there is bound in with it a mutilated copy of the Epistles of St. Paul in Ethiopian. But the most interesting part of the book is the inscription: "Hic liber e librario Scte Marie de urbe sup. miner. habitus ex libris M. Emanuelis año dñi 1567 eum vendidit Fr. Gulielmus Saceverellus pro reparandis aliis libris eiusdem librarii Domino Gulielmo Scepraeco". Quite a life-story of the book. One wonders whether M. Emanuelis was an Ethiopian, or merely an Orientalist, and whether William Sacheverell was an Englishman. The other book is a *Hydragiologia* or treatise on holy water. The fact that so few of Sheprey's books are to be found makes one wonder whether a proportionate diminution has occurred in the case of Cope's books and those of the Hospice. This seems hardly possible, as it would make the original number far too large. But certainly there is much ground for supposing that there were many more formerly than there are now of these books. Probably there were two or three thousand volumes in the College library

at this time—quite a satisfying library in those days. Soon after this Fr. Person's books were added to the library. He died in 1610, but whether he gave them before his death I am unable to tell. Certainly there are a very large number of books bearing his name, and it would seem likely that he bequeathed them to the College, though there is no record of this in the Archives. To him we are indebted for a large part of the excellent collection of the controversial works of the period which we possess. One of these books is peculiarly interesting and valuable for the sake of its associations. It is Thomas Harding's *Rejoinder to Jewel's Reply*, and has two inscriptions. The first is "Thomae Stapleton ex dono auctoris", while the second is the usual one "Collegii Anglicani ex dono R.P. Roberti Personii". Did Stapleton give this book to Fr. Persons, I wonder, or has it passed through other hands? At any rate it is extremely interesting that the books should have belonged to three of the most prominent English apologists of the time. The titles of these books are often very amusing, especially when they run in series. Thus a Protestant champion, Sir Francis Hastings, published a book entitled *A Watchword to all religious and true-hearted Englishmen*. Fr. Persons took up the cudgels in the Catholic cause and wrote *A Ward-word to Sir Francis Hastings' Watchword*. Sir Francis countered with an *Apologie or Defence of the Watchword against the Ward-word*. This book Persons called a "Wast-word", and replied with *A Warn-word, containing the issue of three former treatises, the Watchword, the Ward-word, and the Wast-word*. Another series he wrote against the notorious apostate and informer Thomas Bell. Bell's second book was called *The Pope's Funerall*, and Person's reply was *The Doleful Knell of Thomas Bell*. It is interesting to note that a volume of Bl. John Fisher's *Opera Omnia* is also among the books given by Fr. Persons. Neither must the interesting copy of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* be forgotten, which Persons used in preparing his refutation, and which is filled with his notes and corrections.

The next, and last legacy recorded in the Archives is that of William Percy (Perseus) in the year 1613. Legacy is hardly the correct word, as the gentleman died intestate. In virtue of

a privilege granted to the College by Paul V of succession "ab intestato" to Englishmen dying in Rome, all his goods were acquired by the College, and his books added to the library. A fairly complete inventory was taken, which gives the titles of all the books above octavo size. There were seventy volumes in all, and fifty-four titles are given, not always complete. I have been unable to find any trace of these volumes so far, having neither come across Percy's name in any book, nor identified in the library any of the books mentioned in the inventory. William Percy was a well-known figure among the English exiles, being a friend and companion of Dr. Worthington of Douai. He was himself a keen student, having taken his doctor's degree in Theology at the Sorbonne and exerted himself much in the cause of English Catholicism.

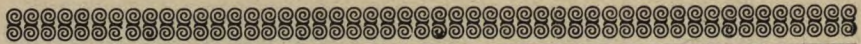
In this same year was printed Suarez's *Defensio Fidei Catholicae contra Anglicanae sectae errores*, a copy of which was presented to the library by the learned author himself. Something may be said here of John Barclay, a son of William Barclay of Aberdeen. He was born and educated in France, but went to England in 1606 and was well received by James I. This fact and his publication and defence of his father's work *De Potestate Papae* which attacked the temporal power of the Pope, caused him to fall under suspicion of heresy. He accordingly left England and travelled to Rome in 1616, where he submitted his writings and those of his father to the judgement of the Pope. He also wrote a work against heretics, and so removed all suspicion from himself. A copy of this work, *Paraenesis ad Sectarios*, Romae 1617, he presented to the College. His best work is the *Argenis*, a political satire which was always read with pleasure by Cardinal Richelieu, and was pronounced by Cowper the most amusing romance ever written. The library possesses a first edition of this work, which strangely enough was placed in the theological shelves. Another author who gave to the library a copy of his own work was the famous scientist Fr. Athanasius Kircher S.J. The volume is entitled *Primitiae Gnomonicae Catoptricae*, whatever that may mean.

To conclude this first part a word on how the library was used would not be out of place. Under the Jesuit rule the library

was fairly free of access. There was however a restriction on the borrowing of books. Only with the Rector's permission could a book be taken out of the library, but this permission could easily be obtained. That this rule was frequently disregarded appears from a very severe edict issued from the Cardinal Protector in 1676, namely that no books were to be borrowed or taken away from the library without the Rector's permission, under pain of excommunication. Later on, under the Italian secular rule, the library became practically closed to the use of the students, as we shall see later.

(To be continued.)

L. W. JONES.



THE PIANO REGOLATORE.

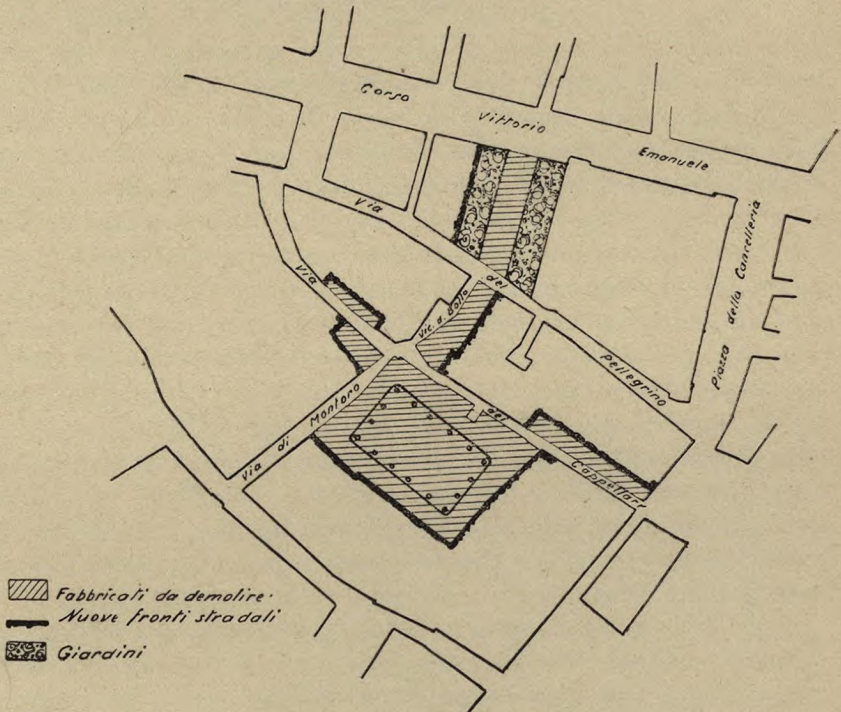
THOUGH not known to our readers, it has been well known for some time to those in touch with the *res Romanae* that the modification of the *Piano Regolatore* which saves the existence of the English College has now received the approval of the Governor of Rome—by the *deliberazione* of the 23rd February 1929.

We can and must remember that the problem of the systematization of the Via dei Cappellari is old and difficult. It is difficult because the Via dei Cappellari and the English College are right in the heart of that quarter of Rome which was always proud of the distinctive title of the "Renaissance Quarter". It is here that Renaissance Rome has preserved intact its essential features. Those that do not sufficiently appreciate this side of the Cappellà should study the *acquarelle* of Roesler Franz in order to see at least an artist's view of this old-world region. And so—the *piano* for this district had need of a specialist's care: a delicate balance had to be preserved between modern exigencies and the *genius loci*. While Communal Governors cried "More room! more room!", Romans of all kinds, idolizers of Tradition, shuddered to think of what might happen to the mellowed colours and overhanging arch of the Street of the Hatters.

The first man of repute to be entrusted with the new planning of the district was the architect Sanjust, who conceived a system of arterial roads that would cut out the Via dei Cappellari, and ease the other quarters of the City. His plan was given approbation in 1909 but was never taken up, and in 1916 the Communal Council unanimously decided that a new plan of the zone be drawn up for the *rioni* of Ponte and Parioni, which should take into consideration the architectonic character

of the district. A Commission was appointed with the architects Filippo Galassi and Gustavo Giovanni in charge. The Commission took to its task seriously, making an extensive catalogue of every building worthy of historical interest, and solving the problem by another road-system of much smaller dimensions.

In 1918 the Commission handed in the fruits of its labours to the *Consiglio Comunale*, where it bided its time, along with so many others, till its insertion in the general modified *Piano*



The Galassi - Giovanni Plan.

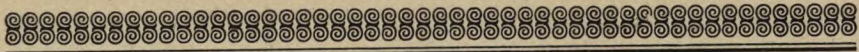
Regolatore. It was this Commission that foresaw the possibilities of a covered market on the site of the Via dei Cappellari. The justification for such a project we may give in the words of the Commission: "There is not perhaps in any part of old Rome a narrower and dirtier street than the Via dei Cappellari, nor a block so dense and overfilled than that which separates it from the Via di Monserrato and lies between the Vicolo del

Gallo and the Vicolo Montoro. It is here then that for hygienic reasons we think the opening of a fairly wide space to be opportune. This space could be used as a covered sales-market, especially as its site is so near the traditional Roman zone of markets. The construction of covered markets is one of the modern problems of Rome which has yet remained unsolved..."

The new planning was a good solution of the problem except for two things, one of which was of vital interest to ourselves. It would have cut off a large portion of the upper corridors of the College, the library and the kitchen, and no doubt would have meant our departure. The other exception to the plan, speaking academically now, was the *innesto di baionetta* which would have made difficult the access of traffic from the Campo di Fiori side: as may be seen from the plan. Fortunately, owing in great measure to the representations of the Rector (and we hope that he will tell his story in the near future), a modification was made on the new plan which cut away the *innesto* and permitted, in the words of Arturo Bianchi writing in the *Capitolium*, *una più adatta sistemazione del Collegio Inglese di Via Monserrato, la cui istituzione riveste grandissima importanza sia storica che morale per i cattolici inglesi*. In the new variant the Piazza for the market was shifted toward the Via del Pellegrino, and as an afterthought it was decided to plan the erection of a portico along the sides of the square... This is the Plan which has received the approbation of the Governor, who thus gives the legal title to proceed to the necessary expropriations in preparation for the change.

One last word—for this is only a news-column and not an adequate account of all that has happened. As one may already have noticed, the magnificent Papal palace of the Cancelleria, which is one of the finest productions of the Italian Renaissance, has hitherto been closed up from the rear by a not too artistic tenement. In the new plan this will be removed, and the street flanked by gardens which will place the Cancelleria in splendid isolation. The new plan therefore has much to recommend it, and we look forward, not without hope, to speedy changes.

J. GARVIN.



ROMANESQUES.

8. — THE COLLEGE GARDEN.

WHEN the new man first opens the College door that leads to the Monserrato, great is his surprise, and pleasant withal, to find himself in an entrance-hall so splendid, with glistening tiles beneath his feet and an occasional palm above his head. But it is not now that he appreciates this magnificence, for he feels an irresistible attraction for something at the end of the hall. As he follows his nose he is casually and in a negative sort of way shown the garden, for, strange though it may seem, our front door and hall lead directly and immediately to the garden. He is warned away from it by his chaperon: "Not that way; up the stairs, to the right. That is the garden." Credulous he may be (and where if not in Rome should the virtue of Faith be most practised?), yet the vision he has seen and the name "garden" will not fit comfortably together. Through an open glass door (which it is a crime of the first magnitude to leave open later in the year when the heating is on), he sees a painted perspective of pillars and arches which, we are to suppose, was likely to make our visitors believe that our entrance hall developed further on into a marble palace. But alas! the fair trees that now flank the view and well-nigh cover the fresco, leave no doubt that there is no continuity between the hall and Pozzo's colours on the opposite wall of the garden.

On closer inspection, however, the garden defends itself adequately against the accusation born in the stranger's mind that it has been misnamed. Although there are no flowers,

without which an English garden would be unworthy of the name, there are trees and, at certain times of the year, grass. Privets, variegated and plain, grow in curved rows round the path that encircles a fountain and in their struggle for air and light are reaching the proportions of trees rather than bushes. Palm-trees with great fan-like leaves (or are they branches?), so slow in increasing their stature that the College will be celebrating its fourth centenary before they will be tall enough to sit under, occupy almost every square inch left by the privets in the four plots of soil, (left no doubt by the retiring flood of the Tiber in days gone by) that lie around the oval fountain-path, and are neatly trimmed on their other sides by another path that runs in the form of a square round the whole. To complete the description of the topography of the garden proper, add four short tributary paths radiating north, south, east and west, from the oval-shaped one round the fountain basin, separating the tree-plantations and each meeting one of the four sides (and thus bisecting them) of the outer path that bounds the square. Thus some idea may be gained of the complicated maze of walks our garden-designer has compassed in so small a place, and incidentally, a realisation of the importance of those four plots. Their shape has no term in geometry, as far as we know, having the suggestion of a triangle with one side curved, facing the fountain, while the other two are straight, with a potted lemon-tree securely placed or a wisp of mossy grass on the corners where they meet. To take a walk round the garden, you see, might well be described as taking a view of the four plots from every conceivable angle. And such is the garden to-day.

“But do you remember the old garden?—Ha; now in our first year...” And you may rest in peace and let the old men talk. “There was a *pergola* up the middle, all covered with greenery, with seats running along both sides within; and the spring of *acqua vergine* that is now confined below the ground running in pipes to the house, used to bubble up over there; and there stood the column upon which Wiseman carved his name in part when he was a student and was persuaded to finish it roughly when he revisited the College as Cardinal; and we had the proper *madonna* on the column too—an *Immaco-*

lata—not a Virgin and Child like that one there. Oh, it was different in our time!” And once more the privilege of hearing variations of the oft repeated *motif* proper to seventh year and old Venerabilini, is yours.

“ Prince, n’enquérez de semaine
Où elles sont, ni de cet an,
Que ce refrain ne vous remaine:
Mais où sont les neiges d’antan ! ”

If we are to give the old garden its due we must admit that it was a serious rival to the common-room in attracting company after meals in the summer months. A contemporary’s opinion of the garden, though true as it exists to-day, would be black libel if applied to the garden of “yester-year”, (I quote from the fourth Romanesque): “Thenceforward our course runs smoothly till the heats of June try to lure us from the common-room to the garden, and the postman abets by delivering his midday burden there. But the garden offers only a half-hearted rivalry. It has virtues of its own and many attractions, though lately bereft of its orange trees; but those virtues are not the social virtues. Our better selves soon draw us back upstairs.” There was a time when men would recreate, as they were meant to do, in the open air where the zephyr (or sirocco) would purge away the vile smell that their smouldering weeds create, instead of sitting huddled together in an atmosphere of asphyxiation even in the very heats of the dog-days while their faces grow pale through sleepless nights and thesis-sheets and (mainly) lack of air. From about the beginning of the summer horarium, which in “our first year”, and every first year before it, began on the 27th of April, the garden would be unanimously adopted as the official place for recreation after meals. There was no half-hearted rivalry then of a privilege which the common-room now alone possesses, but a monopoly of the same by the garden. Coffee and *rosolio* were always served here on the many great feasts that occur during this part of the year. Here the traditional speeches were unburdened (and composed too) before a willing audience who listened respectfully and cheered or jeered and clapped to the astonishment of the neighbours.

There were always cool accomodation and comfort enough for the men of that time in the *pergola* or under the orange trees. But I fear to tell of the change.

It was not entirely the fault of the new formation of the garden, so at least we would believe. It was a trick based on a deep study of psychology that was the occasion, if not the partial cause, of the break from tradition. You must know that when it was thought opportune, a vote used to be proposed to the house to this effect: Did it not think it fitting to relinquish the common-room and take to the garden for recreation after meals, now that the clemency of the weather invited out of doors? I have paraphrased (and surely not too widely) the motion which would be drawn up very concisely, something after this fashion: "Vote that from and including to-morrow letters be given out in the garden after dinner. *Pro... Con...*" Now in more recent years a common-room party had been formed—and shame to them, though it is I who say it, for breaking from the noble traditions handed down to us—; this faction, though quite in the minority at the time, was wily and hankered after the softness and luxury of the chairs and tables upstairs. This was bad enough; but true to the promptings that have been portrayed throughout the history of mankind, beginning with the temptation of Adam by Eve, they were not content until they had dragged others down with them, not stopping till all were corrupted. They would have all recreate in the common-room after dinner! It was easily manoeuvred. The vote was sent round quite prematurely one year, it was never known by whom, and the house returned a negative answer. The common-room faction wagged its well-trained tongue: they were being imposed upon, intimidated, coerced into the garden by the fanatics of the opposite party. What! would the house allow itself to be thus driven? What was wrong with the common-room? And what was right with the garden?.. Like many another assembly, in spite of the depth of philosophy in which it was steeped, the house listened, was momentarily angry and was pleased to adopt the common-room in future for its official place of recreation after dinner without reference to the seasons. Coffee is now no longer served on the artistic stone benches,

as was becoming the custom, and men rarely foregather on the wooden ones that were added to encourage garden-lovers. Even on hot summer nights only a few of the more conspirator-like seek the darkness of the garden, where with straining eyes they may gaze up as from the bottom of a pit at the small square of starlit sky that is permitted them by the high enclosure of College building and Cappellari wall. The more noisy element, when the heat forces them to desert the common-room after supper, seek air and coolness upon the balcony, another of the garden's enemies.

Yet in spite of all this, the garden holds a mighty sway over the affections of men after breakfast. The common-room satellites incline to think that its gloom and depression are more in keeping with the after-breakfast mind. But that is only jealousy. Others suggest as the cause the human weakness of procuring an earlier and longer smoke, since the garden is the smoking resort nearest the refectory. There are a few sincere devotees, who cultivate it at this time all the year round; who seem to take it in turn to provide amusement for their guests by being thrown in the fountain pond; who take a pride in our one domestic pet (if we exclude a lazy cat that lives in the kitchen), Herbert, the long-lived tortoise who on occasion leisurely unearths himself and takes an amble for a few yards; who are ever receiving buckets of water on their giddy heads at the hands of their enemies from windows overlooking the garden. But they are few; you might almost count them on the fingers of one hand. Alas that they should be so few, while not many years ago this health-giving patch where nature struggled to cheer the student's heart with the sight of an orange, lemon or tangerine leaf (thoroughly perforated by disease) was appreciated to the full! Now, when the Cappellà fig-tree spreads its luscious leaves over the high wall and creeper-roses cling to trellis work; when ever-greens stand in rows like statues asking to be admired; when a fountain bubbles blithely into a beauteous pond of gold-fish—it is sad that so pretty a spot should have fallen into desuetude.

As to the fountain, in its childhood days it was far different—and thereby hangs a tale. A bird of red stone but of an unknown species (though many affirmed it was a stork, in spite

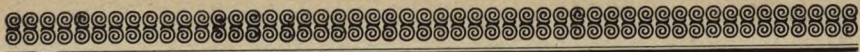
of its elevation on *two* legs) was set up to spray the water high up into the air through its beak. But never a drop passed its throat, for before the water was laid it had given its life in an attempt to save a student a wetting! Its slender neck offered a ready hold to the falling young man, who in his clumsiness clasped the delicate thing to his bosom and broke the bird's legs. It was laid to rest in the cellar, where, pious pilgrims report, it is still in an excellent state of preservation. At its interment there were no mourners; it was not liked from the beginning. From that time the water has had to trickle from the base where once it stood, through four or five small orifices in the rock, and moss is beginning to take kindly to the stone pedestal and sides of the basin, after the careful attention of our garden artists.

Such might be given as an unprejudiced description of the new garden by one who knew both. Yet it contains only part of the truth. Already the discussion of the changed garden must have pushed forward the question that will explain all. Why was the garden ever changed? In the answer you have at once condemnation of the old and praise for the new. It was changed in order to make room for a luxury which this fortunate generation feels a necessity—a swimming-bath, our tank! If we have lost the shade and extra area of the old garden; if we have to wait long years for the young trees to grow and are somewhat more confined during our retreats, we have a thousandfold recompense in that part which is now no longer garden, but has become the vortex of life in the summer months. Do any still ask: "But where are the snows of yesteryear?" Tell them they are turned into life-giving waters!

J. HALSALL.



Thomas Grant.



COLLEGE RECTORS.

IV. - THOMAS GRANT (1844-1851).

MANY are the rectors that the Venerable can be justly proud of as men of more than common brilliance. Nor has good solid piety been lacking. But in studying the life of him of whom it is now our pleasant task to write, we are brought into touch with a sanctity that is far from common. When thinking of Dr. Grant it is his sanctity that remains vivid long after all remembrance of his many other qualities has vanished from the mind. His sanctity was of the detailed, systematic sort that one associates with the *Exercises* rather than with those intuitive leaps of a St. Francis, and at first sight he gives the impression of an uninspiring canonist: of a genius retentive in the extreme, but uncreative; of one whom we cannot help admitting did indeed reach his goal, and performed every minutest part of his duty in all detail, but of one whom we do not feel moved to admire or imitate. The example of this detailed rigorism in its most extreme form is the resolve he made when he became secretary to Cardinal Acton of never looking a woman in the eyes. A closer study, however, soon corrects this first impression, and the story of the rigid custody of his eyes must be put in its proper setting by the other story, not so often told, of the merry smile and "God bless you my child" with which he satisfied an anxious friend who had been promised £ 50 for the orphanage if she could persuade the Bishop to look at her. He was a man of very strong will, yes, and once he saw a danger was most ruthless in rooting out its cause, especially in matters concerning

his own spiritual life. But he could also be most gentle, and his wonderful power of drawing friendship even from people he met in a merely official capacity bears witness to this. His very scrupulousness for detail made him a true St. Paul in his interest in others and carelessness of himself. His myriad letters show that he never let slip the smallest occasion of sending a word of encouragement and good cheer. Be it a birthday, or feast, or just an anniversary, there would always be a short cheery note from his Lordship to make you realise that at least one friend had not forgotten you. Even the helplessness he displayed when bewildered by his own scruples endeared him all the more to those who knew to what pains he would go to free another from the same torturings.

Thomas Grant was born of Irish parents at Ligny-les-Aires, Arras, on the 25th Nov. 1816. In Jan. 1829, when he was thirteen years of age, he was sent by Dr. Briggs to study for the priesthood at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. After five years' study of Humanities and two of Philosophy, Dr. Briggs decided to send him to Rome, and on Dec. 1st 1836, with Wiseman as rector and Eyre as vice-rector, Grant began his life as a Roman of the Venerable.

Of his life here as a student we know but little. There is, of course, the *Life of Thomas Grant* so devotedly written four years after his death by Kathleen O'Meara (Ramsay); for wealth of detail and study of the inner man that will always be the classic authority on Grant. Unfortunately Miss O'Meara has left us but little on his public and official life as Bishop, and has restricted greatly the utility of her book by failing to compile an index. Apart from this biography, our general historic sense of life at the Venerable during Wiseman's time will be of great help to us in providing the atmosphere in which Grant lived. For a few details we shall consult our own archives, and principally the minute-book of the debating and literary society which he did a great deal to found and which in our day has been named after him.

It is well known how enthusiastic Wiseman was for the widening of his students' outlook by intercourse with cultured Italians, at literary and theological gatherings. Grant certainly acquir-

ed an exceptionally good knowledge of Italian, and a fluency in speaking and writing that was to make him of the greatest use in the negotiations for the restoration of the hierarchy and to stand him in good stead during the whole of his life as bishop.

To this spirit of Wiseman's we owe our College theatricals, for it is during these years that they were introduced. It seems that after the parts for the first performance had been distributed and were well on their way to being known, trouble was experienced with regard to the fitting up of the stage and painting the scenery. The difficulty was met by Dr. Wiseman's volunteering for the task.

"Day after day he went at it," says Grant, reminiscing in 1870, "while Roskell and I worked hard grinding the colours for him; he proved to be as clever at the brush as at everything else; after a while Roskell took to the brush, but I stuck to the colours."

The Literary Society was the natural result of this varied interest in literary and theological studies which Wiseman was at such pains to cultivate in his students. Though it was not formed until the year immediately succeeding Wiseman's departure to England, it was not so much something new as the formal continuation of the many discussions and lectures that had been part of the College life while Wiseman was there. The minute-book of the Society well repays an hour's perusal. Grant was one of the moving spirits, and the first to hold the office of Secretary. We find him full of energy for the success of the Society, and unfailing in his attendances. The subjects of the papers that he gives to the Society cover a wide range, and when it is remembered that in the first year of the Society's existence, 1841, which was also the year in which he was ordained and took his D.D., he gave no less than seven "recitations" and "readings", it is easy to see that he was not afraid of hard work and did not allow the press of university work to hinder his general reading. During the first session of the Society he gave lectures on "The Study of the Ancient Orators", "The Library of the English College" (which seems to imply that he was once librarian), "The Light thrown on Theology, History and the Arts by a study of the monuments of this city", and on "The Eccle-

siastic's examination of Conscience". He also read a paper on "The Character of Wolsey". In August of the same year he took his Doctorate of Divinity by Public Act.

When the Society began its second session on Nov. 18th, after the return from Porzio, it was again Grant's turn to act as Secretary. But this was the month of his ordinations, and for the first time we find his name in the minutes as "absent in retreat". He must have spent nearly the whole of this month in retreat, as we see from a letter he wrote home describing his life at this time :

Dec. 9, 1841.

My dearest Mother,

...I must now give you some news about myself. I was ordained Sub-deacon Nov. 4th, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Brown, Bishop of Lancashire, in the chapel of our College. On the following Sunday I received the Holy Order of Deaconship in the church of the Nuns of the Visitation, and on the Sunday after I was ordained Priest. On the next Tues., the feast of St. Andrew, I sang my first Mass in the College chapel. Several English and Scottish gentlemen were present, and it was going to be arranged at one time that I should sing the Mass in the church of St. Andrew's belonging to the Scots college, as the students of that house are well acquainted with us, and were very anxious to have my first Mass at their college.

I mentioned in my last that I ought to be returning to England about Easter, but I have since had a letter from Dr. Briggs prescribing a course of studies which will occupy nearly two years more. I am sorry to disappoint you or to defer the pleasure I had expected in meeting you at Winchester: but you are well aware of the obligation imposed on me both by duty and by gratitude of obeying his Lordship in everything regarding my studies and my stay in Rome.

I remain, My dearest Mother,

Your affectionate Son,
T. GRANT.

The further course of studies here referred to was to be in Canon Law.

During the next few years, as far as one can judge, Grant remained at the College in the position of a privileged student, studying Canon Law and at the same time acting as Secretary to Cardinal Acton.

Although the notices of his absence from the meetings of the Literary Society now grow much more frequent, we find him still working for its better organisation. As a result we meet in this session the first account of debates strictly so called, and it is significant of Grant's active interest that he was the leader of the first, "The Justice and Expediency of sending Napoleon to St. Helena".

Grant seems to have begun to feel at this time that he was gradually ceasing to be a true member of the College, and he shows his regret in a lecture to the Society on "The Advantages of College Life". This is followed on April 3rd by a last one, being "A Defence of the Proceedings of Innocent III in the Cause of King John". Shortly after he retired from the Society, probably on account of the increase of work which Acton's elevation to the cardinalate brought to him as Secretary.

Grant's resignation marks the end of the Society's first period of youth and vigour. The membership then fell to a mere five and the weekly number of meetings was reduced from two to one.

This is the last we see of Grant until in his position as rector he begins once more to attend the meetings of the Society.

The three years from 1841 that followed his studies for the D.D. were of great importance in forming Dr. Grant for the work he was to be called to in later years. Cardinal Acton himself directed the Canon Law readings that Dr. Briggs had prescribed, and gave him an introduction to Congregational work, thus making him well known in Rome. It also fell to Grant to arrange all audiences etc. for visitors, so that even while here in Rome he was able to make some lasting friendships that were to prove a great help when he should return to England, a stranger, to govern an English diocese.

It was in this capacity that Grant first met Fr. Faber, then still an Anglican. During the course of Fr. Faber's prolonged

stay in the Eternal City he was able to enjoy to the full the fruits of Grant's long residence, and there is no doubt that these quiet strolls together through the treasures of Rome had no small share in Fr. Faber's conversion, so that when eventually the step was taken Faber could announce the news thus to Grant: "By the grace of God and the love of Rome in my heart, as you put it there, I am a Catholic".

When then Dr. Baggs, after nearly a year's delay, left the College to take up his new duties as Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, Grant was most naturally appointed to be pro-rector, and six months later was confirmed as rector, Oct. 1844.

It is surprising how many rectors inherit with their office a burden of debt. It is recorded of Grant that he, too, found the College overwhelmed financially. His method of dealing with these troublesome obligations seems to have been the indirect one of winning back property lost to the College during the French Occupation of 1798. The College archives contain the account of a long lawsuit with a certain Sig. Bianchi who had appropriated certain lands at Porzio. Grant's first act was to bring out the deeds, and there we see them, numbered and ordered for each square inch of the land under discussion, and Grant's marginal notes in that tiny yet distinct hand of his ("Come tante pulci", as Pio IX said of it), show what thoroughness and knowledge of the intricacies of law he brought to bear on his task. We see also Grant's instructions to his lawyers, and finally a note by Grant stating the outcome of the case, and the return of the disputed lands to the College.

Though but twenty-eight years of age when he was appointed rector, and still not much more than a student himself, Grant seems to have enjoyed the complete confidence of his students. There is no doubt that his sanctity of life, even then noticeable, and his attractive personality, together with the meekness of rule and humble manner of administering rebuke when such became necessary, were as effective in inspiring respect as riper years would be in many another man. He had a manner combining free affability with a certain unobtrusive reserve, that made him loved and respected by all over whom he held a position of authority. It is related of the visits to Magliana that his first

act on arrival for the fortnightly visits was to call all the *contadini* together, probably no difficult task, and hand out wine all round. It is not surprising that he lived in the memory of the older men long after he had left Italy, and even after his death.

An event occurred during Grant's rectorship that was to be his test for posterity as a man of action and resource. For Grant was in ordinary times a man who relied on the scrupulous regularity of rule; and there were not lacking those who said he would fail completely when it came to meeting some unexpected crisis where all rule would have to be thrown over and situations faced for which no prearranged plan could be of any use whatever. The following brief note is read in the oft-quoted minute-book after the meeting of Sunday, April 15th, 1849. "This session was abruptly closed by the sudden arrival of the French at Civitavecchia, and the consequent retirement of all students to Monte Porzio". These were stirring times in the history of Rome and the Papal States. No need to recount here how the United Italy movement had been growing, and how its growth had been influenced by such differently minded leaders as Mazzini, Garibaldi, Gioberti and Rosmini. Suffice it to say that the anti-clerical party had grown so aggressive that Grant and his students, in common with the rest of the clerical population of Rome, found themselves compelled to wear lay clothes, so as to avoid insult and violence in the public streets. This insolence of the roughs of the city, rendered more brazen by the success of the De Rossi affair, reached a climax when Pius fled to Gaeta in November 1848. It can well be imagined that the position of the Venerable, and of clerical institutions in general, was no enviable one. But life was still possible, and the Literary Society continued to hold its meetings with accustomed regularity, and the Congregations worked on at the preparations for restoring the English hierarchy. When, however, the French government, whipped into action by a still Catholic populace, decided to win back Rome for its exiled Pope, and when General Oudinot landed at Civitavecchia with an army that meant war, it became clear that a siege was inevitable, and all who could find any means whatever of escaping deserted the city and fled to the hills.

This was the problem that Grant had to face. The only su-

perior in the College, for Ferdinand English, his vice-rector, had left the year before and had not been replaced, he had eighteen students to get safely out of danger and a college to protect from anti-clerical Italians and, in the event of a victory, from the marauding French. His first act was to pack everybody off to Porzio, where it was hoped they would not be troubled by the republican troops, and where they would at least be free from the hardships to be endured by those who remained in the city. Grant himself, having been at length with much difficulty persuaded to allow one student to stay with him, then secured the College against the incursions of any undesirables, and prepared to stand the siege. He had great confidence in the Union Jack and soon had it flying for both Italian, and if need be, French, to see and to respect. The Holy Office seems to have realised the safety of this flag too, for they immediately increased Grant's responsibilities by intrusting important documents to him to be kept safe.

Meanwhile the French had taken possession of the Ponte Molle, north of Rome, and had constructed a bridge of boats at St. Paul's on the south, and with the city thus held on all sides, began the attack at the Porta S. Pancrazio. Communication between the besieged and their friends outside was extremely difficult, and rector and students had to be content with the sparsest scraps of news. Food soon began to run short, and when the French, to force a capitulation, cut the aqueducts, the position of the besieged became desperate. Nor was Porzio free from alarms. One or two skirmishes were reported from neighbouring parts, and for a time it seemed as though "dear old Monte Porzio" was to become a cockpit for the opposing troops. Here too food began to run short, and the suspense as to what was happening in the city and what was likely to happen grew beyond endurance.

Grant did find a means eventually of conveying messages to his anxious students by rolling them up as a cigar, and thus getting them through the pickets in the mouth of a trusted messenger. He used to date these notes from the successive reigns of the kings of England, thus ensuring that the absence of any one from the series would be noted at once, and by dint of excel-

ling himself in his habit of writing very small, he was able to convey a fair amount of news, and even add a sufficient spicing of humour to make his budgets the one cheery feature of those dreary days.

As the resistance of the besieged grew more persistent, so the French began to make more serious attempts to wear them out. It must be understood that General Oudinot was in a difficult position in so far as the last thing he desired was the destruction of the city. He thought at first that he would be able to force the rebels to surrender the city without his firing a single shot, but as the resistance continued he saw that bombardment would be necessary. The rebels' cannon had been shelling the French more or less ineffectually since the beginning of the siege, and now the French decided to return the compliment. One cannon-ball (which we still preserve) struck the tower of the College and did considerable damage. Grant, keeping his lonely vigil, at once ran to the spot, regardless of danger, to see what the damage was and how further destruction could be avoided. It is also related that many rifle-bullets found their way to the College but luckily did no great harm.

On the eve of the feast of SS. Peter and Paul the French made a breach in the fortifications at the Porta S. Pancrazio and proceeded to take the commanding position afforded by the Janiculum and S. Pietro in Montorio. The Garibaldians, already demoralised by the superstition that on this the eve of their feast SS. Peter and Paul were fighting against them for Pio Nono, as before they had fought for Leo the Great, gave up the struggle and fled by Trastevere as the French advanced over the Janiculum.

Thus, on July 2nd, the French took possession of the city. But private skirmishes between the Garibaldians and the none too mild French victors made life for some days even more perilous than during the actual siege. It was Grant's foresight of this short period that was the chief reason for his determination to stay by the college during the siege, and the gallantry and tact with which he conciliated the victors and preserved the College from all molestation must win the undying thanks of all who love our Alma Mater and who remember

how sadly she had suffered already at the hands of these same French.

On July 17th the gates were opened, and the students returned from Porzio. The Pope was still away, the Cardinals were scattered, and the mob continued more or less to rule the city, yet civil life was just possible, and after a short stay one presumes both rector and students went for a more pleasant sojourn at Porzio, leaving Rome to sort itself out as best it could.

Meanwhile it must not be imagined that the spiritual functions of the Papacy were paralysed by the disorders of the temporal. With the exception of the few weeks of the actual siege, the Roman Congregations worked on as steadily as ever solving cases and issuing decrees for the world and his wife. The restoration of the English hierarchy was begun and carried to its conclusion in these troublous years, and as Grant faced the difficulties of the political stress, so he was instrumental in the great boon conferred on Catholic England.

The first agitation for the re-establishment of the English hierarchy, as is well known, had taken the form of a petition to Propaganda from the annual meeting of the Midland clergy at Sedgley Park in 1838. Then followed the formation of the Adelphi Club and a repetition of the petition in 1843. Two years later the Vicars Apostolic openly seconded the agitation, and Dr. Wiseman and Bishop Sharples were sent to Rome to petition personally as the delegates of the English Bishops. An interesting little document of the College archives of this date informs us that Grant was named general agent of the Bishops for these negotiations. It runs as follows:

Noi sottoscritti Vescovi e Vicarii Apostolici d'Inghilterra dichiariamo che il Sig. D. Tommaso Grant, Pro-Rettore del Venerabile Collegio Inglese in Roma, è il nostro agente per Affari Ecclesiastici presso la S. Congregazione di Propaganda Fide, ed in genere presso la S. Sede. Agosto 29, 1844.

In fede, &c.

Giovanni Briggs Vesc. Vic. Ap. di York.

Tommaso Griffiths Vesc. Olen. Vic. Ap. di Londra.

Giorgio Brown Vescovo di Tloa V. A. di Lancaster.

Guglielmo Waring Vescovo di Ariopoli Vic. Ap. di Orientali.

Tommaso Brown Vescovo di Apollonia Vic. Ap. di Galles.

Per Mgr. Vescovo di Cambisopoli assente, N. Wiseman Vescovo di Melipotamo, Coadj. d. Dist. Centr.

Per Mgr. Vescovo di Abydos Vic. Apost. nel distretto Settentrionale assente, Gulielmus Riddell Vescovo di Longo, Coadjutore del detto Vescovo.

Carlo Baggs Vescovo di Pella e Vic. Apost. del D. Occid.

The two delegates, gratified by the unlooked-for favour of the Holy See to their petition, but astounded by the even more surprising opposition of Cardinal Acton, after consulting all the authorities at Rome, drew up their petition and presented it to the Holy See. The Holy Father, after saying three Masses for guidance, admitted the petition, and it then remained for the legal proceedings to take their course. Before however the delegates could give their answers to the first series of objections from the Congregations, the unrest in Italy grew so acute that they both found themselves forced to return hastily to England. It then fell to Grant to continue their work and press on the negotiations to the best of his ability. The weight of this work was soon more than even Grant's willing shoulders could bear and he had to apply to the Bishops for a coadjutor. After much deliberation, for good men were then scarce and many Sees were vacant, the Bishops persuaded Dr. Ullathorne to assist Grant, and in May 1848 Ullathorne arrived in Rome. Here a special congregation of seven cardinals was formed to hear the case, and Ullathorne and Grant once more presented memorials giving a clear statement of the case with all its details and intricacies. The result of the Congregation's deliberations was that Bishop Walsh, then on his death-bed, received an order under obedience to accept the See of London with Wiseman as his coadjutor, and that Ullathorne received a similar command to accept that of the Central District. Grant, though seriously alarmed by a petition of Ullathorne's that Grant might be given the Central District instead of himself, was left in peace for a little while longer. Thus far, then, the hierarchy was virtually established, with the names of the Sees left vacant. It was over this point of the naming of the Sees that the bigotry of England

was expected to burst into flame, and consequently this last stage was entered upon with a renewal of all that care and circumspection for which Rome is so renowned. Ullathorne was dispatched to England to consult in person the Bishops then about to assemble for the opening of the Salford Church, but no sooner had he left than Italian political affairs once more reached a climax, and a few months later the Eternal City was in a state of siege.

As soon as peace was restored to Rome, Grant set the cause of the hierarchy in motion once more, and soon the last steps were completed. By the time Pius had returned to his See everything was ready, and on Sept. 29th 1850 the Apostolic Letters establishing the hierarchy were promulgated. The early months of the next year brought a territorial rearrangement of the dioceses, and with it the end of Grant's rectorship of the Venerable. The occasion was long remembered at the College by those who witnessed it. Grant had been to Propaganda that afternoon for about the thousandth time, and when he returned seemed rather agitated. After Vespers and Compline in choir all went to the refectory in silence. It was still quite clear that something had occurred to disturb the rector, but though the guesses were numerous Grant remained silent. At last, half-way through supper, he wrote out a short note and sent it across to the top of the side table. It ran: "The new dioceses have been filled up as follows: Shrewsbury, Brown; Salford, Turner; Southwark, Grant." The news was received with mixed feelings, for though all had been expecting some such appointment for a considerable time, the actual accomplishment of their wish came as a surprise. But there was no gainsaying Pius's command, and on July 4th Grant was consecrated in the College chapel by Cardinal Franzoni and shortly afterwards took his leave for England.

We cannot leave this important aspect of Grant's rectorship, the Agency work, without a quotation from Bishop Ullathorne, who worked in conjunction with him during the latter part of the negotiations and always remained one of his closest friends. He thus writes: "Dr. Grant was the ablest, most judicious and most influential agent that the English Bishops ever had in

Rome. He kept them well informed at all times on whatever concerned their interests, whilst he overlooked nothing in Rome in which he could serve them. To him more than to anyone, so far as English action was concerned, from the beginning to the end of those negotiations the success was mainly due. He was the animating spirit of the great transaction. When it was decided that he should fill the See of Southwark in the new hierarchy, the then secretary of Propaganda said to Cardinal Wiseman: "You would gain more by leaving him in Rome. You will never have his like as agent again. He has never misled us in a single case. His documents were so complete and so accurate that we depended on them, and it was never requisite to draw them up anew. When the Pope or Propaganda sees Grant's handwriting they know it is all right".

With Dr. Grant's arrival, a perfect stranger, at St. George's Road our narrative must perforce lose sight of him, and with but a brief note of his visits to his Alma Mater pass to his death, which found him once more here among the remembrances of his earlier years.

His first return visit was in November 1854, when many Bishops assembled for the definition of the Immaculate Conception. The occasion became one of the vivid remembrances of Grant's life. Impressive as it was to see the Sovereign Pontiff so little overwhelmed by the political trouble he was experiencing as to hold this assembly of the Teaching Church to pay homage to our Immaculate Mother, it was still more touching to see him visiting in person his plague-stricken children as they lay desolate in the hospital of S. Spirito. Full of joy Grant sends off a pastoral to his flock, dated:

The Villa of the English College, near Rome.

Jan. 27, 1855.

The prayers which you offered in union with the whole Church have been answered. The scourge of pestilence has been stayed, and hopes are now promising deliverance from the calamities and horrors of war [the Crimean war]. But the chief and highest grace which you asked was that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception might be defined... Let us give thanks to our dear

and loving Father for His goodness in reserving for our days and for our Holy Pontiff the glory of this definition and the consolation which it will bring in the increased reverence and honour of the children of Mary to their beloved Mother.

He could not drive the remembrance of these days from his mind.

Bear with us, beloved brethren and children in Christ, [he cries on the first recurrence of Rosary Sunday after the promulgation of the dogma;] bear with us if we tell you again of the joy that flowed over our soul on that happy day when first this most exalted of privileges was pronounced solemnly to belong to our dear Mother.

Even five years later we find the same remembrances crowding into his pastorals, and he was never heard henceforth to speak publicly of Our Lady without giving her the title Immaculate.

His two next visits were in June 1862, for the canonization of twenty-six Japanese martyrs, and again in June 1867, for the canonization of yet another group of martyrs. On both occasions he wrote long letters to his friends descriptive of Rome as he found it after his absence. One short extract might be of interest to those who are familiar with the topography of present-day Rome. Under the date of June 27th 1867 he describes the concourse of pilgrims, and then continues:

It is perfectly wonderful to see how much has been done to improve every part of the city. Fancy a suspension-bridge erected over the Tiber specially for the canonization, and a new road winding up a steep hill, made below S. Pietro in Montorio on occasion of the Mass of his Holiness, on the spot where St. Peter was crucified, being likely to draw crowds to that spot on the day.

It is hard for us of the present day to imagine the Tiber with nothing between the Ponte Sisto and the Ponte S. Angelo or to picture S. Pietro in Montorio without that serpentine approach so pleasant when the dog-days set in.

At this meeting of the Bishops in Rome Pius announced his intention of calling a Council within a few years, an intention that was to be realised three years later in the Vatican Council, and was to be the occasion of Grant's last act of homage to the Holy See.

Since 1862 Grant had been undergoing a veritable martyrdom of suffering from cancer in the stomach. In spite of the most excruciating pain he still managed to keep working and was successful to a great extent in keeping his torture a secret. His outward demeanour was as cheerful as ever and it was only when caught unawares that he could be surprised into the admission of the pain he was suffering. After his return from Rome in 1867 his illness became much worse, and from then until his death his life became a series of mere respites of devastating pain, respites during which he worked all the harder in a feverish attempt to make up for the time lost. Despite the gloomy forebodings of all around him and the assertion of his doctor that if he went to Rome it would be to die there, he persisted in his intention of attending the Council. "When the Sovereign Pontiff calls a bishop to Rome," he said, "Rome is the place where he should be"; and to the objection that he would never return if he went, he replied: "Perhaps so, but it is better to die obeying the command of the Holy Father than to live disregarding it". It was clear that nothing short of the word of the Holy Father himself could keep Grant in England, and accordingly some of his friends wrote off privately for a dispensation. When Pius saw the doctor's report on Grant's health he exclaimed affectionately: "Ah, then my *piccolo santo* must not come". To which Cardinal Barnabò made reply: "Holy Father, there is no making rules for these saints". The dispensation arrived in October, and it is characteristic of Grant that he immediately submitted to what he took as the will of God and gave up all thought of undertaking the journey. The effect of the decision however was contrary to the fond expectation of his friends. The obedience outwardly so calm and willing was costing him very dear, for his heart was set on what he knew would be his last sight of the city he loved so much. His health grew worse and worse, and suffering made such havoc

of his physical being that even his friends could hardly recognise him, and it soon became clear that whether he remained in England or whether he went to Rome he would not last much longer. Seeing this, his doctor felt that he had no longer any right to prevent the journey if the Bishop still wanted to go, and he told Grant clearly the exact state of his health and left him free to do what he wished. Grant was overjoyed: if he was to die he would die in Rome, and he wished for nothing better. The decision to set out on the journey—for few thought that he would ever reach his destination—was the signal for a further respite. It was wonderful what energy the very thought of Rome put into him. He bustled round like a care-free school-boy packing his box for the holidays, a strange contrast to his sorrowing friends who realised that this would be the last they would see of him in this world.

The Venerable has always been closely associated with the activities of the Holy See, and it saw great doings during these days of the Council. So many of the English Bishops were staying in the College itself that it was found necessary to fit up several temporary altars for the use of them and their secretaries, and the reunions in the College had the appearance almost of an old boys' meeting. Baggs, Grant, Cornthwaite, three successive rectors, were there; Roskell too, of whom we have spoken as scene-painter with Wiseman and Grant; and O'Callaghan, the then rector. Dr. Grant's appearance was a painful shock to many. At dinner on the day of his arrival he was observed looking round as if in search of something, until at last his eyes rested on his own portrait.¹ He gazed long at it with a sort of surprised, half-wistful look, and several times during dinner he turned as if drawn in spite of himself to gaze at it. All noticed the act, and the effect of the contrast was so painful that many could not restrain their tears. His recovery however sustained itself for several months, and he worked zealously at the work of the Council, so that even he himself began to think that the prayers of his people were going to be heard and that he would regain his old strength. In the Council

¹[This is the portrait we have reproduced. Ed.]

he was appointed Latinist, and member of the Congregation for the Oriental Rite and the Apostolic Missions, and soon became a noted figure for the noble example of his determined obedience and for his skill and clarity in the business on hand. He was the object of the tenderest care of all and revered as a saint.

On February 14th he was to address the Council, and had been working for several weeks on the composition of his discourse. It is said that he recorded his vote against the definition of Papal Infallibility. However that may be, he was under no delusions as to the truth of the doctrine. When asking for prayers for guidance in the composition of his address we find him writing as follows to his flock :

Above all things let us remember that when the Council has spoken, and when its decrees have been confirmed by the Vicar of Christ, the hour will have come in which entreaties, prayers and petitions will be blessed in one united act of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Author and Finisher of our faith. When his voice is heard, the winds of uncertainty will be silent, and the waves of doubt will be stilled. The definition of the Council will unfold to us the doctrine always preserved to us in the Scriptures and in the Tradition of the Church.

But the discourse so carefully prepared was never delivered. The strain was too much for his weakened powers, and on the very day, while Grant was listening with great attention to the address immediately preceeding his own, he was seized with a most violent attack of his old pains and fell forward writhing under the violence of his suffering. He was carried back to the College, and shortly after received Extreme Unction from his old friend Dr. Cornthwaite, the successor of Grant's patron, Dr. Briggs, in the See of Beverley.

The end was not yet, however. He lingered on, confined for the most part to his bed, but still managing to stay up long enough to say his Mass, and still scribbling away in his moments of alleviation at the work set him by the Council. On the 7th of March the Holy Father showed his great esteem for Grant by coming to the College to visit him. Grant thus records the great event: "His Holiness visited my sick-room and sat, mak-

ing me sit near him, for a quarter of an hour, and conversed with paternal kindness about my illness. As he left he said: 'All is in the will of God, but I trust you are going to get better'".

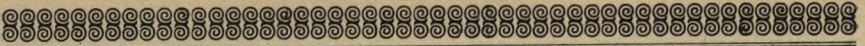
Grant received a new lease of energy from this visit and was well enough to accompany his Holiness down to see the new chapel which was then being built. He remained quite elated for several days, and speaking to Mr. Scannell, one of his own Southwark students, he could hardly contain his praise of Pius, and made Scannell promise always to love the Pope and to be faithful to him in an especial way in gratitude for this and many other kindnesses. The same student came in one evening and told the Bishop that he and some others had met the Pope on their way home. "And did you give him a good cheer?" cried Grant eagerly; and being assured that they did, he said with great satisfaction, "That's right". When May came the students began the May Devotions, singing their English hymns before the statue of Our Lady in the garden. Grant had a particular devotion to this statue because it had been erected in honour of the definition of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception in 1854, and he used to assist every evening from the window of his sick-room. The room was the one near the Archives overlooking the present swimming-tank. As the month progressed his cancer became worse and worse, until he could not even sit up at his window, and had to follow the hymns as best he could from his bed. On the last day of May Grant said Mass as usual at half-past five and spent the rest of the day putting the last strokes to his conciliary work. There was little noticeable change in his customary state of cheerful weakness, and everybody had by now become so accustomed to the miracle of his continued hold on life, that they thought that he might last for weeks. But during the afternoon of that day he had a relapse, followed a few hours later, during the Benediction that was to end the May Devotions, by a further and still more serious one. There was no disguising the truth now: he was in the last stages of exhaustion and could not possibly live for more than a few hours. Dr. Cornthwaite heard his confession and the rector anointed him. At ten o'clock Grant asked for Mr. Scannell and gave him his last blessing. The night wore on and Cornthwaite

and O'Callaghan stayed with him reciting the prayers for the dying, until at one-thirty Grant breathed his last. So peaceful was the end that those present hardly realised that it had come, and it was only when the crucifix was put to his lips and he made no movement to kiss it that they knew that all was over.

The news of his death brought manifestations of sorrow from all parts of the city. The Holy Father sent his own guard to act as escort to the body, an honour generally reserved to Cardinals. The Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Manning, sang the Solemn Requiem at the College, and as many as fifty other Archbishops and Bishops were present. But not in Rome did Grant find his last resting-place. He had expressed a desire to be buried in England, not indeed in his own Cathedral, but at Norwood, amongst those orphans for whom he had shown an extraordinary predilection since his first arrival in the diocese; and there accordingly the body was taken, reaching its repose on June 23rd 1870.

Ever anxious as he was to make God alone the witness and judge of his life and work, he lies now in death almost unknown and unremembered. It is as he would have had it.

E.H. WAKE.



CARDINAL GASQUET.

ALTHOUGH his Eminence had been Protector of the Venerable for many years, it was only within the last three that this present generation came to know him. Before that—incredible though it must sound—we had gathered the impression of a sternness, none too sympathetic. The Cardinal used to walk down the corridor with tightly compressed lips and irritable-looking lines above his nose, while his eyes, which were partly hidden beneath frowning brows, scanned us searchingly the while: in a word, with none of that graciousness of age which is the common memory of all who knew him.

In those days we saw the Cardinal only when he was the central figure of some formal function, and he was not at his best in such surroundings. Perhaps they worried him, who was no lover of ceremony; certainly they gave little scope for that human contact which he so relished and at which he was such an adept. But his own explanation, as we heard it later, was more detailed and given with captivating simplicity. He had felt, he said, that he did not know us and was puzzled how to begin. Just to scrape acquaintance with seventy people is a large proposition: to an old man living outside the house it appeared an impossibility. Then, his journey to South America had impaired his health, and his legs were become refractory members that refused to do his bidding. "I need a first-class miracle to resuscitate these shanks" he once exclaimed, "or better, two new ones!" It was this difficulty in walking which gave him the tense expression we so misinterpreted: while as for those probing looks, they were merely the expression of his hopelessness of ever coming to know us individually. But his



Cardinal Gasquet

The late Protector

opportunity came, and above all ours, when in 1926 he arrived at Palazzola to spend some of the summer there. I do not know whether we turned out as he expected, but there was a positive revolution in our former impressions, which were now seen to be ludicrously astray.

In some ways the position might have been difficult. Palazzola is the paradise of good-fellowship, but not every old man can take pleasure in the perpetual society of the young, nor is it given to every person of eminence to fit into the atmosphere of the unimportant. Now Cardinals are emphatically men of eminence, to be treated with the ceremony due to their office and prestige; Cardinal Gasquet had additional claims upon our reverence in his services to the Faith and in his venerable age. Church students, on the other hand, are small fry; whatever they may think secretly of themselves, there is no getting beyond that *in statu pupulari*. So restraint was in the air, and one felt inclined to resent any curb upon the free and easy existence of *villeggiatura*. But the Cardinal, within a few minutes of his arrival, had not only brushed aside all question of formality and etiquette; he had already succeeded in making us perfectly at home in his presence. He flattered us by seeking our society, he was a good listener and a fascinating talker. I do not think many hours had elapsed before we realised he would be a real asset to Villa life, and when you consider what a degree of intimacy this meant between Cardinal and student, I can think of no greater compliment to his gifts of tact and sympathy.

He liked best that we should pursue our own topics of conversation, leaving him to join in only when he felt inclined. He never seemed bored with any discussion, and he never monopolized attention, though his reminiscences were so enthralling that we often wished he would. He was a link with Wiseman, having carried that great Cardinal's train and been fed with grapes by him while the old Roman talked lovingly of Porzio. He had seen our troops set sail for the Crimea in wooden ships, he had known many giants of the Victorian era, he had taken a leading part in the condemnation of Anglican Orders, he had been largely instrumental in securing a British Minister to the

Holy See. But this, and a lot more, came out quietly, from time to time. His interests were ours, or he pretended they were ours, to such a degree that his presence never stifled conversation or forced it into unnatural channels. We might discuss predestination or the Book of Common Prayer, but not because he was in the circle; neither did we stop talking cricket, when the subject cropped up naturally, and in that branch of knowledge, perhaps, we were able to tell his Eminence something he did not already know.

He used to chaff us about the hard tennis court we were making at the time; he professed grave doubts whether we would ever play on it, and then gave us some money towards the falsifying of his own prophecy. Indeed, he grew so curious about that court that he made Gigetto drive him over the impossible surface of the old coaching road, down to the Sforza gate. It was shut, but the Cardinal, nothing daunted, climbed over somehow or other, and set off on foot till he reached the court and could satisfy himself that the whole thing was not one colossal fiction. Whenever he set out for his afternoon drive, he always enquired whether he could give anyone a lift into Albano, and whoever accompanied him was expected to do his fair share of the conversation. He even enjoyed the noise we made in the common-room, although it was next to his own sitting room, and when the piano started he often came in to listen, remarking slyly that it reminded him of Blackpool.

His determination to be in the swim sometimes led him into quixotic actions, which we could not but deplore, though they made us love him. There was a cricket match one day, and the managers of these things called one eleven the Cardinal's and the other Monsignor Stanley's, I suppose to make the sportsmen keener, as though great reputations lay in their hands to make or mar. True to character, the Bishop was profoundly indifferent to this borrowing of his patronage; they might do what they liked, he supposed he couldn't stop them, and anyway cricket was a game in which he took not the slightest interest. He had heard of Grace, but who was this Hobbs they were always talking about?—and so on. Far otherwise with the Cardinal. He felt, or suspected, we were trying to pay him a com-

pliment, and thought it incumbent upon him to put in an appearance at the match. So he toiled up the Sforza steps, Gigio wringing his hands behind, and after an agony of effort, spread consternation by his arrival. He knew he would pay for it, and he did. And this was the Protector whom we had once thought uninterested in the College!

Looking back on those weeks of intimacy, I think he impressed me most by his perfect practice of the Benedictine motto. There was something about him that defied all ruffling. A martyr to rheumatic pains, often passing whole nights in nerve-racking sleeplessness, the morning, nevertheless, always found him calmly cheerful. His inability to walk, or at best the extreme painfulness of walking, disappointed, it did not depress him. Sometimes he seemed to totter rather than walk, and when he moved from one room to another it sounded like the coming of a tiny child. The length of the garden was almost beyond him, so that he used to sink down exhausted upon the odd stones under the cypresses, and called the path between the box hedges his purgative way. I don't think he liked anyone to pace along by his side, not from any feeling of humiliation, but because he felt he was only keeping one back. But he dearly enjoyed your meeting him at the other end and talking to him. So, when we saw him embark on his dolorous constitutional, we would skip along by back ways and be discovered by the fountain, playing innocently with the gold-fish. If he ever saw through the ruse, he did not embarrass us by letting us see he had understood.

Tranquillity may be something of a negative quality, a dull reposefulness, an inability to react to life. It was not so with the Cardinal. He followed events in the world with absorbed interest; he was always full of plans for someone. He would come from historical research to discuss giving the whole College dinner at Castel Gandolfo. He would suggest our writing a guide book to Rome for English Catholics or the rehabilitation of poor Monsignor Talbot from his correspondence in the archives. He discussed Cardinal Bonzano's progress through the States, described the irritating tactics of sand-flies—"those blessed *papatacci*"—or showed us the first volume of the revised Vulgate,

all with the same eager vivacity. And what a young laugh he had too! It was a joy to hear it ring out in the refectory or in the garden, where he always arrived after dinner with one or two cigars for anyone who owned to luxurious tastes. And when *spaghetti* was one day put in front of him—a forbidden dish, it appeared—he attacked it with the zest of a real Roman. “Poor Father Philip!”, he said grinning, and then with a typical after-thought, “He looks after me so faithfully and so kindly, this seems like disloyalty”. But he went on eating all the same.

No, it is impossible to question his delight in life. He remained young in mind and heart. It was only his old body which failed him, till he would lament that he could only work three hours at a stretch nowadays, and a shamefaced fourth-yearling swiftly changed the subject.

The Cardinal’s gentleness and constant thought for others was particularly displayed in the way he treated his servants. I have never seen him get out of his car without a word of thanks to Gigaretto for the drive. They idolised him, and looked after him in a way the most handsome wages would fail to explain. When Gigaretto had to go to Rieti about some accident in which he was once involved, Cardinal Gasquet thought about him all the day. “I wonder how Gigaretto is getting on”, he kept saying; “He’ll be all right, the thing wasn’t his fault, but it’s a nasty ordeal”. And when Gigaretto returned triumphant, he had to go into the Cardinal straight away, and tell him all about the proceedings. It was my great privilege to serve his Mass every morning, and when I set about preparing the altar or putting things away at the end, he would insist on helping me. Whenever he carried the vestments or the chalice into the next room, I was always terrified of his falling. But there was no gainsaying him. “You need your breakfast”, was his answer in the morning; and at night, “You want to smoke or play cards”. So I developed phenomenal speed while he was shuffling off with one thing in his arms, and by the time he had come back there would be nothing to do. He countered this by wanting to carry several things at once, and then I had to pretend they were not ready. And always that grave, English-vowelled

Grazie. It seemed he could never take the least consideration for granted.

Mention of his Mass brings me to the subject of his private religious life, about which it would be impertinence to speak at any length. Although not such a John Bull as Bishop Stanley, his Eminence was equally English in all his habits of thought. It is not surprising, then, that he seldom talked about piety. Luckily we have not lost all his wise experience,—much of it is to be found in *Religio Religiosi*,—and serving his Mass, I saw his convictions put into practice, hide them as he otherwise might. The Holy Sacrifice meant everything to him, and not least a great effort. Even though he had permission to sit until the Offertory and after the Post-Communion, his weakness at the end was alarming. Still, he would not give up the celebration, even for a single day. When I came in, he would wish me a pleased “good morning”, and then set about vesting at once with perfect recollection. We were plagued with flies that year at Palazzola, and I used to notice the way he brushed them off when they had pestered him over long, with a gentle, slow gesture—too gentle, be it confessed, to be efficient—as though fearful to break in on his own absorption in the divine work he was about. His genuflections were not perfunctory, despite his weakness, and his crosses were clearly made and generous. He wore an alb made by his mother for his ordination to the diaconate, of plain linen, the hem and sleeves worked in faded red and blue, it was nearly transparent with over fifty years of service. His beautiful chalice came as a gift from South America. Everything he used was hallowed with sweet memories, of which he would sometimes tell me: and employed, as these material things were, to the supreme Praise of God, their associations only grew more precious and his handling of them more gentle and devout. I shall never forget those Masses, with the early morning sun brightening the low room; for sound, nothing but the slight shiver of trees outside. It was such peaceful prayer, and must remain an inspiration as long as memory lasts.

I have called the Cardinal's way of thinking very English. One example of this was his attitude to vocal prayer. He con-

fessed himself repelled by many translations from the Italian, and wished we would make greater use of our own heritage. Towards this end he had himself published a little book of prayers, all pre-Conquest in date, and he showed me with glee how doctrinal, rather than exclamatory, was their style. "These old Saxons had a real devotion to the Trinity", he exclaimed, as he turned the pages; "Of how many people to-day could one say the same thing?" Then he looked at me quizzically. "This is my only copy, which I have had by me for years. If I give it to you, will you make good use of it?" I promised, if only to acquire that little relic of his own devotion.

Many will remember the Cardinal's Jubilee, when it was arranged to hold a musical celebration in the *Scuola Pontificia*. We had to sing a Christmas hymn and the *Laudes Hincmari* in company with the Benedictines from S. Anselmo but, over and above this we were expected to produce something typically English, and after a trifle of discussion, the Peers' Chorus from *Iolanthe* was selected. At the actual performance, the Cardinal was forced to listen to pages of *pergamena* on his virtues and achievements: everything proceeded with a truly ecclesiastical decorum and the audience was growing restless. Judge then of the effect, when, without any introduction, we "loudly let the trumpets bray" to the full extent of our lungs. For one startled moment, the long row of Cardinals turned for their cue to the black figure upon the dais. They saw him leaning back with delight, his eyes tight-shut and his hand briskly beating time. So, as we "tan-tan-ta-ra-ed" our way through the chorus, an increasing number of "plum coloured stockings" started swaying to the rhythm, and a Prince of the Church afterwards expressed his preference in the evening's entertainment for that *canzone di caccia*.

The Cardinal's Englishry came out in a hundred and one ways. It was not surprising that his accent when speaking Italian should betray his origin, though it was unexpected that the same should be true of his French. But his nationality was perhaps most evident in the forthrightness which went hand in hand with his great measure of tact and sympathy. Naturally, it was on questions of Catholic principle that he spoke out. A

prominent continental Catholic, who had taken part in the Malines Conferences, once came to visit him. "Why did you join in?" asked the Cardinal. "Because the Anglicans asked me," answered his visitor. "But why did they ask you?" continued the Cardinal with unusual persistency. The other shrugged his shoulders: "How am I to know?" The Cardinal looked at him squarely. "Don't you think it was because you once wrote a book which was put on the Index, and so they hoped to find you sympathetic?" "And do you know," he added when telling the story, "he was quite annoyed".

After that summer, the Cardinal's visits to the College were a very different thing from of old. His progress down the corridor was no longer a formidable ordeal but an exchange of nodded greetings, slow nods of genuine pleasure, not the curt acknowledgements which do duty for greeting nowadays. He invariably climbed up to the common-room and gathered about him "the gang" who had learned to know him in the Alban Hills. We cheered his entry spontaneously, when before we had been only dutifully noisy. It is a quick way to the heart of every Venerabilino to enjoy his common-room. The Cardinal professed himself bored with the atmosphere of the *salone*, gilt chairs and what not. Would we not reproduce a little Blackpool for his entertainment? And if the Vice-Gerent of Rome were of the company, he would clap warm approval when he saw someone open the age-defying piano, for he too is of the fellowship.

Despite his worsening health the Cardinal always remained the same, wonderful company. He might tire after a while, but his interest in the College, which had always been warm if only for its long history, now widened into a steady concern over all its "inmates". Whenever one saw him, he seemed up to date in the reports of our general health. He held refreshing opinions about the supply of fresh air at the University, the hours of lectures and the times of examinations. Above all, he was ever glad to see any of us at San Callisto. I shall never forget a tea-table there, one raw winter's evening, when two of us with the Cardinal and another eminent *porporato*, who is now our popular Protector, spent the time chasing texts in the New

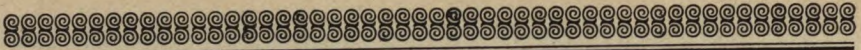
Testament, and all because Cardinal Gasquet had remarked to me, with a happy little bow, that St. Joseph was no carpenter at all but an honest smith. He even had two of the Fathers on his side, and produced an old interleaved Bible, crammed with notes in his own beautiful handwriting. Condescension is no word to describe his attitude towards us: for him, rank simply did not exist at such meetings; and for us, the evident beauty of his character made the over-familiar word impossible.

The last time he came to the College was on St. Thomas's. At dinner he was constantly looking round for old friends, and gave his never-failing gratitude to the man who pushed his great chair into the table. His legs were too feeble now to carry him up two long flights to the common-room, but he was not to be imprisoned in the *salone* for all that, and asked to be carried up to the noisy element above. He was glad to be set down, as he owned quite frankly. But he was even more pleased to have joined us once again. He looked well, though fearfully frail, as though a breath of wind could blow him away. "Life's so short", he said laughingly, when we complimented him on his looks: "I have never had time for half the work I wanted to do. There are books of notes in my room which could be worked up with very little trouble, but I suppose someone else will reap where I have sown." It was the one word of regret I have ever heard from him, regret that he was growing unequal to work, which is an honourable regret: and even then he did not delay over it, but immediately set about asking us how the *Gondoliers* was going, and remembering his own presence at the Mikado four years ago.

He had triumphed over so many threats of death that one almost expected him to go on for ever. It is for Downside to estimate the whole man. He was hers at the beginning, and now he lies again in her keeping. He made friends wherever he went, but I like to think that we were his last, that we helped, however little, to keep him young when bad health was closing round him and he started to tell himself that he was an old man after all. His death, sudden at the end, means a real sense of loss, the end not just of a benign influence, but of a true friendship, indeed of a mutual affection. If I have

lingered over trivialities I ask indulgence, for it is with regret that I make an end at all. To talk of such a figure is to recapture some of the old fragrance which must surround his name in the Venerabile until the chaos of all things. May God grant that at this moment His servant is enjoying that perfect peace which the world can never give, even to such trustful souls as Aidan Gasquet.

RICHARD L. SMITH.



NOVA ET VETERA.

THE *nova* are in such preponderance this memorable year that it is to be feared they will leave no space for *vetera*. Such events as cluster round the jubilee of our Holy Father Pius XI and the signing and ratification of the Lateran Treaty are treated elsewhere by more competent hands; for a record of these things as seen by us our readers are referred to the Diary, which they will easily pardon for swelling to an unusual size.

A QUINQUAGENARY.

In the first place we ought to recall that this year marks the 350th anniversary of the College's foundation in 1579. Not that we are going to make a fuss about it: there are so many centenaries to remember nowadays that one cannot bother about the old lustra, nor is fifty years so very much in the history of a College which is destined perhaps—for so one likes to think—to override Gregory XIII's proviso and share in the eternity of Rome itself. With this little reminder, then, we pass on and set our faces confidently towards the next milestone—1979!

HIS EMINENCE THE NEW PROTECTOR.

On May 16th the installation of his Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val as Protector of the English College, in succession to Cardinal Gasquet, took place in the College chapel. The Papal brief having been read by the Vice-Rector, the Cardinal delivered a memorable address which was so strikingly not the conven-

tional discourse one resigns oneself to on such occasions that we very soon found ourselves sitting up and hanging on every word. The terms in which his Eminence spoke of his departed friend and ours, Cardinal Gasquet, of his own connections with England and with the College, and the manner—nobly simple, deeply spiritual, and so truly English—in which he touched on our duties and ideals, found his listeners at his feet in spirit even before the ensuing ceremony of homage brought them there in person. The rest of the proceedings—dinner and the more intimate reception in the common-room—were by the Cardinal's own wish attended by the minimum of formality. We give the text of the Papal brief appointing his Eminence to the Protectorship:

PIUS PP. XI.

Dilecte Fili Noster, salutem et apostolicam benedictionem. Traditionibus memoriisque dives exstat hac Alma in Urbe Nostra Collegium Ecclesiasticum Anglicum, quod, ob tuam erga res catholicas in Anglia sollicitudinem, iugiter provehendum curasti. Nil mirum quidem cum ab inito sacerdotio in Anglia ipsa, in qua studiorum curriculi partem gessisti, tum in Italia atque in hac Urbe praesertim, animorum ministerio naviter seduloque fungens, in veritatem doctrinamque catholicam apud Anglicos edocendam studiose incuberis, atque etiam ita in Domino fructuose, ut ex iisdem plures ad Romanam Ecclesiam reduxeris. Opportunum propterea Nos existimavimus te, Dilecte Fili Noster, qui continenti quoque amicitia Angliae Episcopos a b. record. Cardinalis Vaughan tempore prosecutus es, nunc Urbani Conlegii Anglici, quod Patrono suo apud Romanam Curiam nunc caret, Protectorem eligere, certa spe freti ex tua prudenti ac nitida tutela praefatum Conlegium plurimum incrementi utilitatisque suscepturum esse. Quam ob rem motu proprio, certa scientia ac matura deliberatione Nostris, te, Dilecte Fili Noster, hisce litteris, auctoritate apostolica Nostra, Urbani Conlegii Anglici apud Nos et hanc Apostolicam Sedem, ad tui vitam, PROTECTOREM seu PATRONUM eligimus, constituimus, renuntiamus cum omnibus honoribus, privilegiis, iuribus, facultatibus atque oneribus, quae huius muneris propria sunt. Mandamus propterea omnibus et singulis

dicti Conlegii moderatoribus ac quibusque personis ut te in suum Patronum excipiant, et ea, quae debent, reverentia prosequantur; contrariis non obstantibus quibuslibet. Datum Romae, apud Sanctum Petrum, sub anulo Piscatoris, die VI mensis Maii anno MCMXXIX, Pontificatus Nostri octavo.

P. CARD. GASPARRI,
a Secretis Status.

Dilecto Filio Nostro

RAPHAELI Sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae Presb. Cardinali

MERRY DEL VAL,
Titulo S. Praxedis.

THE STANLEY MEMORIAL STONE.

On April 23rd, St. George's Day and the anniversary of Bishop Stanley's death, a commemorative tablet was unveiled on the wall of the corridor outside the Sodality Chapel. Cardinal Bourne, who had only the night before arrived in Rome, very kindly consented to perform the ceremony. The Bishops of Nottingham and Brentwood were also present. At a quarter past twelve we assembled in the corridor, the tablet being veiled with the Papal colours. When the Cardinal had arrived to the accompaniment of the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," the *Obit Book* entry for the day, commemorating Bishop Stanley, was read by the junior Stanley Scholar. The Vice-Rector then spoke, welcoming the Cardinal and expressing our own gratitude to him for the pains he had taken to be present on the occasion. His Eminence, replying, spoke of his own interest in the College and of the generosity—not only to the College but also to the dioceses of Westminster and Shrewsbury—of the illustrious benefactor whose memory we were perpetuating. He then unveiled the stone; after which the Bishop of Nottingham in a short speech thanked the Cardinal on behalf of the College and recalled some of his own memories of Bishop Stanley. The ceremony closed with "O Roma Felix". The inscription on the tablet runs as follows:

CAROLO ALGERNONO STANLEY
DOMO ALDERLIENSI IN COMITATV CESTRENSI
STIRPIS NOBILITATE ILLVSTRI
EPISCOPO TIT. EMMAVSIENSI

AC PONTIFICIO SOLIO ASSISTENTI
 PETRINAE BASILICAE CANONICO
 QVI ALVMNOS VEN. COLL. ANGLORVM IN VRBE
 IN SPEM ECCLESIAE SVCCRESCENTES
 ET IBIDEM PRO PATRIAE BONO INSTITVENDOS
 MVNIFICENTISSIME ADIVVIT
 ARTVRO HINSLEY RECTORE
 MODERATORES
 TITVLVM GRATI ANIMI TESTEM
 POSVERE
 NONO KAL. MAII MCMXXIX

A TEMPORARY DISAPPOINTMENT.

When the Lateran Pact was signed we at once began to have visions of the Pope's spending a first and much-needed summer holiday this year in our immediate vicinity—that is to say, at his villa at Castel Gandolfo, which, together with the adjacent Villa Barberini, is now among the extra-territorial possessions of the Holy See. We are disappointed in this, since it now seems certain that the Pope will not in the near future make any considerable use of his freedom of movement.

NEW ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

So much is being done in this direction, so rapidly is a new Rome growing up under the sign of the Fasces, that we cannot hope to notice everything that might be of interest. We have collected a few jottings.

The monument to Cardinal Rampolla in S. Cecilia has a fine figure of the Cardinal and a very effective view of the crypt he restored. But the billowing white marble curtain above, held at one side by an angel, might with advantage have been omitted. The dusty cortile of S. Cecilia has been converted into a garden, with a fountain in the centre. This is in the form of a deep bowl on a pedestal, with two side-jets which fall into a square, stepped basin. It is very graceful, and when the sandy paths have been tidied, and the greenery has taken firmer hold, the cortile will be a grateful oasis to the eye after

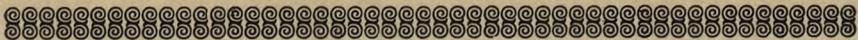
the mean and narrow streets which lead to S. Cecilia. The outer gates have also been repaired.

The tomb of Benedict XV in St. Peter's creates a very favourable impression. The general colour scheme of the marble is quite rich, though not loud. Perhaps a different ambient might have shown it to greater advantage, since it does not harmonise too well with the general tone of the wall. But that is a frequent difficulty with monuments in churches faced with polychrome marbles.

There is an immense amount of building activity in Rome nowadays. The new Gregorian progresses steadily, while the Jesuit Curia in the Borgo S. Spirito is substantially complete. On the hill behind lies Propaganda, and in the Pope's territory behind St. Peter's rises the newly completed Vatican Seminary—now to become instead the residence of the Governor of the Vatican City.

Of Government buildings we have the Ministero di Giustizia ed Affari di Culto on the Via Arenula, and more recently the Ministero della Marina on the Via Flaminia. This is a very successful return to stone and brick—most of which has been left visible, instead of being stuccoed to imitate stone. Opposite this is the new Ponte del Littorio, a three-span bridge with two round and two niche-shaped flood-holes. This again is faced in brick and travertine. The most striking and well-conceived work is however the Casa Madre dei Mutilati, close to the Castle of S. Angelo, for the National Association of war invalids. It is built in tufa and travertine, giving a note of severity and restraint. The interior is in stone and brick, with granite stairs and pavement. There is nothing grotesque or bizarre in the building, though it gives the impression of a living architecture with scope for future development. Though by no means in Ruskin's favourite style, he would have found room for praise of its solidity and honesty.

In many of the new houses and villas there is visible this tendency to use stone and brick without the deplorable plaster facing which so soon looks shabby. This may be the result of a more prosperous Rome. We sincerely hope it will remain a feature of new buildings.



ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES.

THE ZONA ARGENTINA.

LAST April our long-suffering curiosity was at last quieted, for on the "Birthday of Rome" the hoardings, which had long concealed the mysteries of the Zona Argentina disappeared, disclosing a bright oasis of shrubs and temples. The roads on two sides have been considerably widened, whilst a low wall enables one to view the four temples below in comfort. The four temples, as yet not identified, have all the same orientation, and are all of Republican origin though with various restorations. The first temple (i. e. nearest the Corso Vittorio Emanuele) has fluted columns of tufo faced with stucco, the bases of which were buried by the raising of the floor level in a late restoration. To this period belong the unfluted travertine columns, with bases at the new level, which formed part of the front colonnade. The mediaeval church of S. Nicola in Calcarariis was built into the temple. Traces of frescoes still remain in the apse, and a very pleasing altar has been found, and some memorial stones, but little else, since it was replaced by the church of S. Nicola de' Cesarini, destroyed during the excavations.

The second temple (a round one) is apparently contemporaneous with the first, having the same type of column and workmanship. Here again the floor has been raised, but this time the pavement is in mosaic. When the *cella* was enlarged the columns were enclosed in the new wall and the whole surface stuccoed, whilst the surrounding platform or base has twice been amplified.

The third temple, which is the most ancient, being at a lower level, has a base in *opus quadratum* in tufo, and shows traces

of fire. The fourth is only as yet half exposed. It is the largest, having a travertine base. Between the temples were several rooms or halls, some with mosaic pavements, whilst the whole area seems to have been enclosed by porticoes or walls. The ground level of the *piazza* has been raised, since it was first paved in tufo and then in travertine. This may be due to floods or fires, combined in the case of the temples with the Roman method of utilizing previous structures for foundations instead of first clearing the ground.

On the same day was reopened the hypogeum of the Scipiones. Several cells and passages have been cleared, and the original simple plan is now evident. Some sarcophagi have been found, and in a small decorated *loculus* a cinerary urn; this latter with the adjacent cells probably belonged to the Lentuli, heirs of the Scipiones. Near by a columbarium has been found, whilst above ground the *casetta* standing over the hypogeum has been restored. A park has been laid out round this, and the whole gives a very pleasing impression.

PORTA S. PAOLO.

The courtyard between the inner and outer gate has to a large extent been cleared, and one can now partly trace the lines of the earlier double entrance. Like the Porta S. Sebastiano, the Porta S. Paolo had originally two passages, which in a reconstruction were converted into the single central arch we now see. A section of an early Roman road may be seen about 5ft below the present road level. There is also a scheme to liberate the pyramid of Cestius. Part of the Protestant cemetery will be converted into a *piazza*, whilst the city wall, destroyed at this point some years ago for a projected new road, will be restored. Work here has revealed some Roman road, part of a minor Via Ostiensis.

THE FORA.

Some months ago we were startled to find that a new temple had grown up in the Forum. A closer inspection proved it to be a partial reconstruction in plaster of the circular "Aedes Vestae" between the house of the Vestals and the Regia. When

the relative position of the columns has been determined the temple will be rebuilt from existing fragments. It will certainly add a picturesque note to the Forum, and will dispose of many of those marble fragments which make the ordinary visitor remember the Forum as a rather confused lumber shop. We would not judge on the accuracy or justice of such an extensive reconstruction, but repeat it is pleasing to see, and would form a worthy record of the work of Giacomo Boni, the great excavator of the Forum and the Palatine, in whose honour it is to be restored.

One cannot yet see much of the work at the hemicycle in Trajan's Forum, but the results are reported to be very satisfactory. It is now proposed to join this with the Forum of Augustus, demolishing the Via di Campo Carleo (thus blocking one of our routes to St. John Lateran). The diagrams published give a most imposing impression, as seen from a widened Via Alessandrina. It is proposed to complete this for the second milenary of Virgil's birth (Oct., 70 B. C.-1930), so we may expect some signs of activity when we return from the Villa.

LAKE NEMI.

The results so far of the draining of Lake Nemi are hardly satisfactory. We now know much more about the construction of a Roman galley, but no fresh works of art, no further insight into the life of the period has been gained. A few bronzes have been recovered; but nothing to balance the immense expense of widening and strengthening the emissarium and draining the lake. Perhaps it was too much to expect; at any rate we sympathise with what must be a keen disappointment to those in charge. But the work is not yet over, so we may still hope for a greater measure of success in a rather romantic enterprise.

A WELCOME CHANGE.

All good things have an end: likewise we are pleased to report do some evil things. For years we have watched with dismay the ever increasing charges made for visiting Italian galleries and museums. But at last there is to be a welcome

change, since shortly all Royal and National galleries will be open gratis. This will affect about a hundred galleries in the Kingdom. In England art galleries and more recently most cathedrals are open free of charge, and this is undoubtedly the right ideal. A nation should be proud to show its treasures of art as evidence of its culture and love of the beautiful, and not as a mere means of increasing the revenue. Though we may doubt whether the present decision was inspired by any more exalted motive than that of conciliating tourists and so sparing the goose that lays the golden eggs, we hope that the results of the policy will induce the various municipal authorities to follow the Government's lead.

F.J. SHUTT.

COLLEGE DIARY.

JANUARY 16th. *Wednesday.*

“*Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas.
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.*”

The diary fittingly resumes its narrative of the workaday half of the year with the philosophers' *menstrua*, whereat Mr. Weldon argued.

17th. *Thursday.* First snow. We are now getting callous to its yearly arrival on a Thursday. For once we were able to quote our Horace and point to a Soracte that did not give us the lie.

18th. *Friday.* St. Peter's Chair. An even heavier fall of snow has transformed Rome. To dinner, Mr. Ackroyd-Jones.

20th. *Sunday.* Fr. Austin Moore O.S.M., Count Van Cutsen, Dr. Cherubini and Mr. de Navaro came to dinner. At S. Agnese *fuori*, first vespers of the feast. They still sell the “agnelli tradizionali di S. Agnese” at the gate. After supper we had a diverting film, *A Colpi di Sprone*, featuring Buck Jones. It was preceded by a queer little comedy entitled *Nel Paese dei Balocchi*.

23rd. *Wednesday.* To dinner, Fr. Smith. We assisted at Benediction given by Cardinal Lega at S.M. Riparatrice.

26th. *Saturday.* We hear with sorrow that Fr. P.P. Mackey is again seriously ill. Archbishop Pisani came to dinner.

27th. *Sunday.* To supper, the Rector of the Gregorian, Fr. Gianfranceschi S.J.

29th. *Tuesday.* A particularly obnoxious brand of influenza which is supposed to come all the way from Chicago somehow escaped our vigilant infirmarian and started its inroads on the college.

30th. *Wednesday.* Theologians' *menstrua*. Mr. Howe argued. We had the pleasure of singing *Ad multos annos* for the Senior Student—the only one *in statu pupillari* who links us with the 'nineties—on his thirtieth birthday.

31st. *Thursday.* A day set apart with “special facilities” (fasting and abstinence) for gaining the Holy Father's jubilee indulgence.

FEBRUARY 1st. *Friday*. Monsignor Caccia-Dominioni, *Maestro di Camera* to his Holiness, paid a short visit to the College in the evening.

2nd. *Saturday*. Candlemas. One of the coldest days we remember—"a nipping and an eager air"; from the neighbourhood of Monte Verde the Campagna was a fine sight, glistening with hoar frost.

3rd. *Sunday*. We awoke to find the frost still more rigorous, and most of our water-pipes in its grip. We shudder to think of the demands that will be made on otiose Roman plumbers once the thaw sets in. At supper we were honoured with the presence of H.E. Cardinal Lépicier, who brought along with him his secretary and an Abyssinian priest and a French monsieur, whose names, we blush to confess, escaped us.

4th. *Monday*. Icicles, more or less, have now ceased to excite remark on the Roman fountains. What is really unusual is that one can walk on the ice on the lake in Pamphili. The above-mentioned 'flu is extending its ravages: it does not even respect the inviolability of the enclosure and, alas, some of our nuns are in its grip.

5th. *Tuesday*. Long-expected letters arrived from the Rector who is toiling manfully to complete his work. He is beset with all the discomforts of the rainy season and weathers them all, besides emerging triumphantly from a series of motor accidents worthy to be enshrined with the best we have yet read of in missionary records.

7th. *Thursday*. *Giovedì grasso*, which should have been another jubilee fast-day, but it was postponed on account of the weather.

8th. *Friday*. Hitherto the diary has scorned to record the ever-rising rumour that the Roman Question may soon be settled. But this morning we were assured by the Vice-Rector that Cardinal Gasparri had made his final statement to the Italian ministers last night, and that great things might be hoped for before Tuesday, the Pope's Coronation Day. The Italian press is still discreet to the point of reticence.

9th. *Saturday*. Dr. Moss, attacked from one side by the malicious 'flu and from the other by his treacherous friend malaria, departed for the amenities of S. Stefano. And Fr. Welsby sent word that he, too, was *hors de combat*. So Frs. Cotter C.S.S.R. and Donnelly S.J. were requisitioned for confessions. —Gita-lists are beginning to appear for Monday. It is hoped they will have a salutary effect on the *ammalati*.

10th. *Sunday*. To St. John Lateran for the annual *Te Deum* for the Holy Father's coronation. The crowd filled the basilica to the doors and their rendering of the *Te Deum* in the time-honoured *tono Romano* was magnificent. After supper the theologians unbent at a delightfully *réchauffé* concert. Though new to many of us, the items all derived from those mythical ages whose glories the theologians love to recall. They had an appreciative audience. All the same, the subtle mind of the younger generation sees a revolutionary tendency in this craving to resurrect the past. And we feel sure that these *laudatores temporis acti* set a standard of excellency for

their own posterity even higher than their forebears set for them. The sketch was new and blood-curdling, on Websterian lines.

1. Prologue . . . *Lo Stato della Questione* Mr. Howe.
2. Piano Duet . . . *Qui vive* Messrs. Smith & Talbot.
3. Chorale . . . *Canzone dell' Ultimo anno.*
4. Part Song . . . *The Long Day Closes* I Baffi.
5. Interlude . . . *Pamphili 1729* Messrs. Wrighton & Hawkins.
6. Trio *Bourrée* (BACH) Messrs. Gowland, Wake & Heenan.
7. Song *The March of the Cameron Men* Mr. Macmillan.
8. Quartet . . . *Four Jolly Sailormen* Messrs. Butterfield, Ibbett, Heenan & Carey
9. Sketch . . . *CARNIVAL, or THE POISONED PANCAKE.*

A tragedy of the Italian Renaissance.

- Cardinal Tarquinio Tarantella (a worldly prelate)* . . . Mr. Smith.
Orazio (his faithful gentiluomo) Mr. Nicholson.
Black Matilda (itinerant pastry-vendor and poisoner, a thwarted soul) Mr. Garvin.
Sigismondo degli Strangolabimbi (Count of Montesangue) Mr. Gowland.
Giulia (his consort) Mr. Talbot.
Gugu (a blue-faced baboon) Mr. Campbell.

SCENE I. Piazza Navona, forenoon of Shrove Tuesday.

SCENE II. Cardinal's dining-room, the same evening.

11th. *Monday. Dies creta notandus.* A rainy day and a great one in Rome's history. But this did not restrain the gita-parties that went off to Tivoli, Bracciano, Anguillara (or was it Albano?), Caprarola (not the one opposite the front door), Segni, and even Orvieto—not to mention the "ironmen" who claim to have reached the summit of Gennaro, the devout who did the Seven Churches, and the infirm who had to be content with a gentle stroll to the nearest dinner, but had the privilege of standing in the Lateran Piazza while the Concordat was signed. As we ourselves were struggling against wind and rain towards Bracciano at the time, we cannot give any intimate description of the event. It will in any case be fairly ancient history by the time this diary comes to light. When we returned to Rome in the evening there was scarcely a building that was not flying the Papal flag with the Italian tricolour. In the common-room after supper, for loyal Britons fly no colours after sun-down, we unfurled the Yellow and White and sang "O Roma Felix".

12th. *Shrove Tuesday.* We were off betimes to St. Peter's and found the basilica crowded at an early hour, with a crowd that seemed to be drawn from all Latium. The cheering when the Holy Father appeared was stupen-

dous—the more remarkable as there seemed to be scarcely room to breathe. We found ourselves envying a stalwart *contadino* near by his wealth of synonyms: *Evviva il Papa, evviva il Sommo Pontefice, evviva il Santo Padre, evviva Pio XI, evviva Sua Sautità, evviva il successore di S. Pietro, evviva il Pescatore, etc. etc.* When at last one was able to squeeze out towards the end of Mass, it was to find the piazza crowded to the end of the colonnades and a steady downpour of rain starting. But the crowd patiently put up its umbrellas and waited what seemed an interminable length of time. Then the windows opened and the cheering began. The Holy Father was not disturbed by the rain, but stood for quite a long time acknowledging the military salutes and the ovations of the crowd. Then came the blessing and a great crush in the Borgo S. Spirito, and a drenching race home to our pancakes. The Papal Flag, the Red Ensign and the Italian Tricolour flapped in the rain over the front door. As we went to the refectory we caught a glimpse of Bishop Keatinge and the Vice-Rector returning in all the glory of purple and fur. At coffee and *rosolio* the Vice-Rector's toast "His Holiness the Pope" was received with musical honours. Towards evening there was a great crowd outside the Quirinal, where the King and Queen appeared and bowed from the balcony. The city was soon blazing with illuminations;—the front of St. Peter's was lit with the traditional *fiacole* and there was a fan of five searchlights behind the dome; the *Ponte S. Angelo* and the *Ponte Vittorio Emanuele* were lit, the Castel S. Angelo with *fiacole* and a blue searchlight on the figure of St. Michael; Ara Caeli, the Capitol, the Monument, the Sisto and Paolo fountains could all be picked out from the clock-tower, and also St. Mary Major with flood-lights on the domes; there were searchlights on the Gianicolo and Pincio; and even the Gregorian University had its own little crown of stars. The film-magnates had thoughtfully provided us with a stirring film *Dopo la Tempesta*, and an "International Newsreel".

13th. *Ash Wednesday.* Lent, which brought with it a fall of snow, must have found Rome very tired after such a Carnival-time as surely has not been for years.

14th. *Thursday.* Station at S. Giorgio, which is always the church where the crowd first finds its "form". S. Sabina is rather too spacious and everyone is out of practice.

15th. *Friday.* We had the usual travail after schools to SS. Giovanni e Paolo, one of the few large churches which looks crowded on its station-day. And we had the usual trouble with that half of the camerata that will go to see the excavations at 5.45 p.m.

16th. *Saturday.* Canon Hall (Wentminster) came to stay with us.

18th. *Monday.* Dr. Moss returned from the Blue Nuns' looking much better.

19th. *Tuesday.* One of those very rare miracles, an unexpected holiday from the Gregorian. This was that we might sing a *Te Deum* of Thanksgiving in S. Ignazio at 11 a.m. Pontifical Benediction followed, given by Bishop d'Herbigny S.J. As one of the Senior Colleges we were represented by six torch-bearers.

21st. *Thursday*. The weather grows steadily colder, though we hear it is worse—or better—in England. Ushaw men wistfully remark that skating has already begun. It blew a regular hurricane as the Rugby thirteens turned out in Pamphili this afternoon.

22nd. *Friday*. Bishop Keatinge left for Sorrento. We shall miss him after so long a stay. Station at the Twelve Apostles: where is there such an interesting array of relics—or such a meeting of acquaintances—as in the crypt here?

23rd. *Saturday*. Messrs. Butterfield and Gowland received the diaconate at the hands of the Cardinal Vicar in the church of the Lateran Seminary.

24th. *Sunday*. We arrived at S. Maria in Navicella too early for the procession (at which Mgr. Respighi himself was celebrant and precentor at once) but in time for Vespers in the Greek rite and their beautiful chant.

To supper Commander Cole-Hamilton, R.N.

26th. *Tuesday*. The diligent thumbing of time-tables and long poring over maps that have already commenced remind one that Easter is not really so far off as it seems to the Lenten eye.

28th. *Thursday* and a “shopping-day”. Not that this is a rarer event than was usual in the past, but the institution has never been mentioned in the diary before and its name alone must bring back to many an exile a motley crowd of memories. On our way home we called at S. Ignazio and stumbled upon the funeral of Cardinal Vico.

MARCH 1st. *Friday*. “*Martiis caelebs quid agam kalendis?*” Everything leads one to hope the March will go out like a lamb, but it will have to change a good deal in the next thirty days.

2nd. *Saturday*. It was a great shock to us all to hear of the Bishop of Clifton’s serious illness. We shall be under a cloud until we are assured that his Lordship is regaining his old strength and vigour, and our joy will only be full when we hear that he is on his way to Palazzola to convalesce, where

. *inter flumina nota*
Et fontes sacros frigus captabit opacum . . .

Should the future hold for us any such joy in store we shall agree that out of evil good may come. And that reminds us to congratulate Monsignor Canon Lee, the new Vicar-General of Clifton.

4th. *Monday*. We have been lucky enough to discover in the Mondragone magazine a report of the football match we played there last November. The idiom and phraseology may be interesting. The game is summed up as “*Partita pesantissima... e disputata fino al sangue. Gl’Inglese dal canto loro possiedono un metodo sicuro, una tattica nei passaggi molto superiore ed accortissimi del vantaggio hanno insistito sul giuoco alto...*” The whole game is then described with a wealth of incident; here are a few snippets: “*Carey tocca con le mani, l’arbitro concede la punizione... Wilkinson assaggia con un forte tiro, Nicotra blocca ma si lascia sfuggire la palla che Slater è pronto a far pe-*

netrare in porta... Moore è inesorabilmente battuto... Nicotra deve sviare a corner un tiro insidiosissimo di Weldon, il corner è di esito nullo, ma non così un rapido dialogo tra Wilkinson e Slater... Campbell centra a Slater che colloca sul piede la palla a Weldon, il bolide entra in porta tra lo smarrimento dei presenti, soggiogati dalla precisione dei bianchi... Subito dopo Nicotra deve bloccare un tiro spiovente che Gowland gli manda da lungi. Carey tocca con le mani, l'arbitro concede il rigore... Si crea quella situazione angosciosa e piacevole che precede il goal... Cicchetti tocca con le mani, ma l'arbitro non vede... Weldon ricevuta in velocità la palla da Murphy segna di prepotenza per i bianchi... e la partita si chiude, tra la stanchezza generale."

6th. *Wednesday*. Theologian's *menstrua*. For once the English were emancipated from argument and Mr. Talbot read a dissertation.

8th. *Friday*. Monsignor Heard came to dinner. Mr. Lennon argued at the philosophers' *menstrua*.

9th. *Saturday*. A welcome letter from the Rector, who longs to see us all again. We are all proud to hear of his victorious progress through the Dark Continent and are beginning to wonder if even we shall be able to give him a welcome such as he receives at the various mission stations.

10th. *Laetare Sunday*. We relaxed our Lenten rigours with a really funny film *Mio papà per forza*. No less amusing was the "Newsreel" which showed us Governor Al Smith entering New York.

11th. *Monday*. At last the long-drawn-out narrative of Lawrence and his Arabs has worn itself out and we start Mr. H. Johnson's "The Papacy and the Kingdom of Italy", which is at least seasonable.

12th. *Tuesday*. St. Gregory's. We supplied the *assistenza* at S. Gregorio for the Pontifical Mass, and the Orpheus sang from the clouds Perosi's *Missa Pontificalis* under grave difficulties but not without éclat. The celebrant was the abbot of S. Gregorio: and he delivered a stirring discourse for half an hour after the gospel without apparently needing to pause to take a breath. After dinner, as usual, there was coffee and *rosolio*. Canon Hall said good-bye to us in the evening.

14th. *Thursday*. Fr. Spence came to dinner. The spring flowers, as well as the spring sunshine, are beginning to brighten the Campo again. After tea we had the film which has been collated from various scenes during the reconciliation between Italy and the Holy See. The part showing the actual signing was really thrilling: not to mention the execution that was done by another camera on the crowd outside, which contained certain Venerablini (who shall be nameless); they were granted that for which the poet sighed:

*O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us. —*

But the "ithers" enjoyed it more than they. The views of Rome were very good in the main. The most amusing were those of the Vatican galleries: it is amazing what can be made out of a leisurely sightseer, a loitering janitor, or even a Palatine Guard by a little speeding up of the camera. We were

glad to have Bishop Keatinge back amongst us for the picture: he has returned to Rome and is staying at the Beda.

17th. *Passion Sunday. St. Patrick's Day.* At S. Isidoro, whither most Roman exiles bear their garlands on this day, there was Pontifical Mass by Archbishop Robinson O.F.M. and a sermon by Cardinal Lépicier. At home after supper we had the usual concert, a very welcome one, and not without its little surprises.

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Song | <i>My Dark Rosaleen</i> | Mr. Cunningham |
| 2. Song | <i>Fr. Molloy</i> | Mr. Heenan. |
| 3. Instrumental Solo. | <i>Humoresque</i> | Mr. Smith. |
| 4. Song | <i>O'Donnell Aboo.</i> | Mr. Carey. |
| 5. Piano Duet | <i>Petit Rondo Brillant</i> | Messrs. Flynn
& Ellison. |
| 6. Song | <i>The West's Awake</i> | Mr. Weldon. |
| 7. Instrumental Trio. | <i>Bohm (op. 352)</i> | Messrs. Wake,
Thompson &
Flynn. |
| 8. Quintet | <i>The Cruiskeen Lan</i> | Messrs. Flynn,
Cunningham,
Grady, Purdy
& Rickaby. |
| 9. Song. | <i>Savourneen Dheelish.</i> | Mr. McKenna. |
| 10. Song | <i>The Snowy-breasted Pearl</i> | Mr. Flynn. |
| 11. Sketch | <i>OVER THE GARDEN WALL.</i> | |
| | <i>Mr. Lemonheart</i> | Mr. Weldon. |
| | <i>Mr. Daly</i> | Gardener Mr. Rea. |
| | <i>Gerard</i> | Delicate Student. Mr. Carey. |
| | <i>Molly</i> | Schoolgirl Mr. Duggan. |

19th. *Tuesday.* St. Joseph's. Dr. Moss sang the High Mass. Bishop Keatinge, Mgr. Heard, Mgr. Cicognani and Mr. Alden dined with us.

20th. *Wednesday.* The time of great changes is just beginning. The Literary Society and the Debating Society elected their new officers to-day. And at the Gregorian the *laureabiles* in philosophy had their photograph taken before "sheet appeal" draws them into its harrowing toils. No one enjoyed the function so much as Napoleon, who constituted himself the camera-man's "little bird".

21st. *Thursday.* Another welcome letter from Africa warns us that parcels may arrive soon containing all manner of native curiosities. These should be useful to men who take the new free course in Missiology at the University; perhaps we shall need a free course in taxidermy too. In Pamphili the theologians and philosophers met in gory combat, and not all the superior wind and muscle of youth could prevail against the cunning strategy of eld. But it showed them that soccer can still withstand the blandishments of its more boisterous brother.

22nd. *Friday*. The accession of the new Senior Student and the tradition of the Public Purse, whereupon we offer congratulations to the old, and *auguri* to the new, Atlas.

23rd. *Saturday*. "Traduntur theses pro examinibus ad gradum Doctoris"—and to solace ourselves we read the fifth Romanesque. The potential sub-deacons and priests went to S. Alfonso.

24th. *Palm Sunday*. Dr. Moss was celebrant at High Mass, and the Passion was sung by Messrs. Macmillan, Sewell and Malone. The short retreat here is to be given by Fr. Sebastian Mills O.S.M., an old friend, under whose wing we now withdraw for three days.

27th. *Wednesday*. Those who are not collecting garments for gita-wear are studying the plan of Palazzola rooms and explaining to the new men what exactly a *mezzanina* is, and why it is called "Piazza Venezia". S. Anselmo becomes more and more *the* place for Tenebrae.

28th. *Maunday Thursday*. The sacristans are to be complimented on the Altar of Repose. There was the usual great crowd at St. Peter's for the washing of the Papal Altar. Several parties visited the Seven Churches.

29th. *Good Friday*. At the Mass of the Presanctified the Vice-Rector was celebrant and the deacons of the Passion were Dr. Moss and Messrs. Kelly and Nicholson. The crowds at the Scala Santa and at S. Croce were greatly increased by the influx of a large French pilgrimage. Indeed at the Scala Santa it was necessary for a priest to stand at the top and deliver a continuous exhortation to the slow and sure ones to move on quickly.

30th. *Holy Saturday*. As is becoming common, the ordination left us with depleted ranks for this morning's function, at which Dr. Moss was celebrant; Mr. Smith sang the *Exsultet*, and twelve quavering, youthful voices the prophecies. At St. John Lateran the Vice-Gerent conferred the priesthood on Messrs. Butterfield and Gowland. Messrs. Garvin, W. Park, Ibbett and Wrighton were ordained sub-deacons. To all these our hearty good wishes! The priests spread themselves over the parish to bless the houses in the afternoon. It is a relief to have the bell back again after the harrowing uncertainties of the rattle.

31st. *Easter Sunday*. *Primitiae Missarum*. Mr. Butterfield said the community Mass at 6.30, Mr. Gowland at eight o'clock. The visitors at dinner were Bishop Keatinge, Monsignor Heard, Monsignor Cicognani, Fr. Mills O.S.M. and Mr. T. Gowland. We drank *Ad multos annos* to the new priests. In the afternoon his Lordship gave Benediction and, after the Kissing of Hands, intoned the *Te Deum*. English pilgrims were in the offing. Monsignor Cicognani went to see that all was ready for us at Palazzola—

APRIL 1st. *Monday*. —and indeed we had nothing to complain of when we arrived; except perhaps those who came from Rocca by the top road and found the Sforza stairs inscrutably locked. As they toiled round to the front they ought to have remembered the date. The Sforza was a patchwork of mole-hills and flowers—and even the tennis court—for the winter has really gone and the glorious sunshine should cheer those who stepped out to-day

laden with snow-shoes and other gita-gear. It certainly tricked many *villegianti* who yielded to the attractions of a tank resplendent with new whitewash and found Jack Frost lurking there. After dinner the new men realised the possibilities of the lower library and the deck-chair cupboard. The old men were content to gaze on the familiar view.

*Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus.*

We found our way to the Pines and Nemi after tea and appreciated the fires that were lit at home in the evening.

2nd. *Tuesday*. Returning from Grottaferrata this morning we were shocked to find that the woods below Rocca have scarcely a tree left standing: let us hope the wood-cutters will advance no further in our direction. Old scenes were revisited and old legends were revived at the Cliff and the Hermitage in the afternoon. We had the pleasure of the company of Fr. Mills and Signori Freddi and Schneider during the day. When they left, alas, they took Monsignor Cicognani with them.

3rd. *Wednesday*. The sun seemed a few minutes late in appearance, and we came into breakfast to find that the gita had been postponed. Before the meal was over, however, things brightened considerably and off we went—mainly with the catechumens to Tusculum and Porzio, though a few struck off to Compatri and one party ascended Faete. At Monte Porzio, we were loudly reproached by Mrs. Blue-blue's successor on our apathy about the shrine. We promised to amend and said the Ransom prayer there. At Frascati we met some of the Scots and learnt that the foundation-stone of their villa-extension is to be laid to-morrow. Of the many noble sunsets we have enjoyed at Palazzola we have never seen a finer than to-night's, so close to the *flammaria moenia mundi*. On arriving home we had great trouble with the old enemy, Time. All week he has been at loggerheads with the Palazzola clock, which has been trying to crowd in twenty-four hours between sunrise and sunset. Hence we found ourselves hurried into supper a quarter of an hour before we (or the poor nuns) expected it; and before night prayers the incorrigible gin had stolen from us another quarter of an hour. But because it had a loud voice it was to be regarded as infallible as long as it could speak. Luckily it stopped in its mad career in the night—tripped up, no doubt, by its own haste.

4th. *Thursday*. We had yesterday's breakfast. This is not a bizarre result of the clock's aberrations, but as the gita was doubtful the statutory breakfast was withheld. An enterprising party that went down to Acqua Aceosa after tea had to light a fire to thaw themselves when they came out, but the lake was warmer than the tank. We heard of the death of Sig. Cantoni, the College agent.

5th. *Friday*. We had the pleasure of welcoming Mgr. Heard and Fr. F. Long for the day. We made our way up Cavo in the evening and the first rain of the week caught us coming down. Then we heard with sorrow of the death of the Cardinal Protector.

6th. *Saturday*. The rain continued heavy. This was sad, for the return to Rome had been arranged for the afternoon, an excellent change. So we had to huddle round the fire all morning, and face the storm after dinner. But by supper-time the clans were reunited at No. 45, adventures related, scars compared and the like. It is difficult to weigh the relative merits of a sun-burnt nose from Umbria and a frozen toe from the Abruzzi! The Sicilian Expedition and the *Cocumella camerata* have not yet returned.

7th. *Low Sunday*. We went to pay our last respects to Cardinal Gasquet, lying in state at the Palazzo S. Callisto. Here we met Fr. Peter Paul Mackey, able to get about again but, to our great grief, scarcely able to speak. The Pamphili porter seemed to be having his usual difficulties with crowds under the impression that that was the way to S. Pancrazio, to-day's station.

8th. *Monday*. Lady Day and so a holiday. We celebrated it with fasting and abstinence for the Pope's jubilee indulgence!

9th. *Tuesday*. The body of Cardinal Gasquet was taken to S. Maria in Trastevere. The College was represented by six torch-bearers.

10th. *Wednesday*. Those who were not prevented by lectures were able to attend the Requiem for Cardinal Gasquet at S. Maria in Trastevere. The College was represented by six servers, and Mgr. Respighi earned our gratitude by securing a few places for the rest of us near the catafalque.

11th. *Thursday*. Solemn Requiem in the College for the late Cardinal Protector, sung by the Vice-Rector.

12th. *Friday*. We began a new and very promising book in the refectory: *My Mystery Ships*, by Rear-Admiral Gordon-Campbell.

13th. *Saturday*. Emancipation Day. Our hearts were at the celebrations in England. There was coffee and *rosolio* after dinner and Solemn Benediction with a *Te Deum* in the evening. The College sent a wreath to be laid on O'Connell's monument at the Irish College.

14th. *Sunday*. Mgr. Ross came to dinner and supper and stayed to see the Chaplin-film presented to us in the evening: *Il Circo*. Several took advantage of an invitation to the Irish College to see the bed wherein O'Connell died.

15th. *Monday*. Mgr. Heard dined with us. We were very sorry to hear of the death of that great Venerabilino, ἔσχατος τοῦ ἱεῖος γένους, the Bishop of Middlesbrough.

17th. *Wednesday*. The Solemnity of St. Joseph. We took advantage of the holiday to open the Pamphili cricket season. Their Lordships of Nottingham and Brentwood with Canon Deady and Fr. Quinn arrived in the evening.

18th. *Thursday*. The Vice-Rector sang a Requiem for the late Sig. Cantoni.

19th. *Friday*. The appearance of the examination-lists at the Gregorian causes a mild flutter in the dove-cote. The victim begins to count the hours and bind the fillet to his brow.

20th. *Saturday*. With Stoic resignation we learn that there are no schools this morning owing to the opening of parliament and its prospective effect

5. Quartet *Chant Solennel* (Vodorinski) Messrs. Wake,
Thompson, Ca-
rey, Lynch &
Flynn.
6. Song *Yeoman of the Guard* . . . Mr. Halsall.
7. Pianoforte Solo *Two pieces* by Cyril Scott. . Mr. Talbot.
8. Part Song *Come Shepherd Swains* (Wil-
bye: 16th cent.) The Orpheus.
9. Song *Leatin'* Mr. Cunningham
10. Sketch *THE ITALIAN MUSIC MASTER.*

(A thriller in two scenes by Edgar Wallace)

Characters :

- Signor Professor Bernardino da Capo* . . . Mr. Tomei.
Margaret Norton-Eustace, his pupil . . . Mr. O. Murphy.
Raymond Raffles, an amateur craftsman . . . Mr. J. Park.
Mrs. Martha Huggins, a charlady . . . Mr. Weldon.
Mrs. Norton-Eustace Mr. Pritchard.

Scene I. Professor da Capo's sitting-room; late afternoon in winter.
 Scene II. The same, an hour later.

29th. *Monday*. Theologians' *menstrua*. Mr. Hawkins argued. The Bishop of Nottingham and Fr. Quinn left for England. The April number of the VENERABLE was published after supper and created a respectful hush for some few minutes in the common-room, till the lights fused and noise was restored.

30th. *Tuesday*. Philosophers' *menstrua*. Mr. Grady argued and so was the first to fall a victim to the new system wherein the *arguens* must learn his objections by heart—or at least by rote. A letter from our hard-toiling Rector saying that he must retrace his steps to South Africa once more before coming home. But as he can keep smiling through it all, we should be ashamed not to do the same.

MAY 2nd. *Thursday*. For some time we have been praying (under orders) *ad petendam pluviam* and consequently evoking an occasional thunderstorm. But it is considerate enough to come at night, and most of us are inured to sleep through noise.—Two Requiems to-day: one before breakfast, for the late Bishop Lacy; the second at S. Silvestro for Cardinal Gasquet, at which the Bishop of Brentwood was celebrant and Cardinal Merry del Val gave the absolutions. We provided the *assistenza* and the Beda sang. Cardinals Bourne and O'Connell were present in a tribune, and the greater part of the "English colony" filled the church.

4th. *Saturday*. BB. John Fisher, Thomas More and Companions, a quiet domestic feast. At coffee and *rosolio* the common-room drawers and cupboards were made to disgorge the collected photographs of the ages. We venerated

the relic of Bl. Thomas More after tea.—It is worthy of note that Edgar—or is it Achilles?—anyhow the Tortoise—chose this day for his annual reappearance in the garden, and has bravely begun his grand tour to the fountain and back.—A nameless one has bought a gramophone which should provide pleasant evenings for the devotees of the *loggia* and sometimes, we venture to hope, for those of the common-room.

5th. *Sunday*. We bade goodbye to Bishop Doubleday. He has had to leave Canon Dedy behind at the Blue Nuns', where he is quickly recovering from a most unfortunate attack of pneumonia.

9th. *Thursday*. Ascension Day. Monsignori Heard and Cicognani came to dinner and added to the gaiety at coffee and *rosolio*.

12th. *Sunday*. The cinema season closed with a very boisterous comedy called *Slim Papà*: the gramophone sprang into the breach when the pianists tired.

13th. *Monday*. Bl. Robert Bellarmine. We took the opportunity of having the annual High Mass at the catacombs of S. Callisto. Mr. Macmillan was celebrant. Nearly half the house was prudent enough to travel out before breakfast, for the day turned out hotter than we have had so far this year. Great was the concourse at the tank on our return. As the temperature soars the bathing-season rises to its zenith. The stalwart who has recently distinguished himself twice at life-saving is seen loitering by the side, waiting to complete his hat-trick. But a mouthfull or two of *acqua vergine* soon quenches the novice's thirst for providing sensations.

15th. *Wednesday*. The Vice Rector reappeared after a week-end's holiday, the first for nearly three years. We had scarcely noticed that his influence was withdrawn. He brought us good news, that the Cardinal Protector is coming to take possession of the College to-morrow.

16th. *Thursday*. His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val arrived at half-past twelve and after hearing the Papal Brief read in church, he gave us a very inspiring address and received our homage. At the dinner (by his request as informal as possible) there were present Monsignori Heard, Cicognani and Baldi, and Fr. Welsby S.J. It was a great delight to welcome his Eminence to our own domain for coffee and *rosolio* and to hear the Senior Student second the Vice-Rector's toast of his health. Felici was in attendance below.

17th. *Friday*. Those who had hitherto escaped received their thesis-sheets to-day, with all the traditional thrills, surprises, excursions and alarms.

19th. *Whitsunday*. Discussions at coffee and *rosolio* on the relative merits of sea-side resorts for to-morrow's gita. A party of Liverpool pilgrims came to Benediction.

20th. *Whitmonday*. The gita parties were few and so more populous. One sea-loving party was attracted by the fairly new delights of Fregene, the other was faithful to unfailling Ostia. The rest struck inland to Bracciano and, of course, to Palazzola. The usual *fiesta* was in high progress at Albano and the Appian was crowded with racing-vehicles—the horses plumed and decked with the gayest colours.

23rd. *Wednesday*. On our return to the Gregorian we counted no less than four new electric fans in the lecture-rooms. If so much can be done for the old building at this stage, what may we not hope for in the new?—The votaries of the *loggia* and gramophone enjoy fine, starlit nights, though the softer strains often suffer from the noise of aeroplanes. We wonder if any other country has such weather conditions for aviation as Italy: certainly no country is making better use of them.

30th. *Thursday*. Corpus Christi. A great procession of laymen and clergy escorted the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of Rome. Cardinal Cerretti was celebrant and Benediction was given at various places on the route. About 200,000 walked, including a representation from the College. The annual procession at the Villa Lante was suspended for this event.

JUNE 2nd. *Sunday*. The crowd at the Beatification of Don Bosco seemed to eclipse any we have hitherto rubbed shoulders with in St. Peter's, notwithstanding the fact that a great part of the College were faithful to their annual appointment at the Tor di Quinto, where the Vice-Rector was celebrant. Even the most crushed threw themselves into the crowd again after supper to see the illuminations.

6th. *Thursday*. *Examina scripta ad lauream*, an appeal which drew most of the philosophers concerned and one of the theologians.

7th. *Friday*. The final ratification of the Lateran Treaty and Concordat at the Vatican. Dr. Moss witnessed the meeting of the Swiss Guards and the Carabinieri Reali in the Piazza della Sagrestia. Some of us paid a visit to the new state in the afternoon, and saw the Portone di Bronzo wide open, for the first time since 1870. Papal Carabinieri were at the entrance to the Basilica, and Swiss Guards, with bayonets, at the temporary barricade below the belfry.

8th. *Saturday*. A rumour grew rife in Aula I that Dr. Moss is leaving us to be Vice-Rector of the Beda: and, alas, we found it was true.

9th. *Sunday*. Beatification of Teresa Margherita Redi. There was a magnificent display of fireworks at night from the Monument and Castel S. Angelo, which shed glory upon the Cappellari's populous roofs.

10th. *Monday*. The first of the fledglings, Mr. Smith, spread his wings and left the nest, flying (literally) as far as Genoa.

12th. *Wednesday*. *Ducitur linea*—one of the few fictions that still survives in these days of enlightened realism. The Vice-Rector vanished, and rumour says that he is taking a holiday at Palazzola.

13th. *Thursday*. The remnants of the holocaust did their written examination. The students of Biblical Greek are valiantly preparing for four hours' similar enjoyment soon. Meanwhile Hebrew results are arriving in grand style.

15th. *Saturday*. The "Public Act" in Philosophy.

16th. *Sunday*. The Beatification of Fr. Claude de la Colombière, for which the Gregorian provided us with good tickets. Familiarity with these functions breeds no contempt in the Roman crowd.

17th. *Monday.* The "Public Act" in Theology.

20th. *Thursday.* To dinner Canon Hobson (Nottingham) and Fr. Hobson I.C. Fr. Keeler S.J. came and made his *début* at the tank in the evening. To supper Fr. Calderbank (Barrow-in-Furness).

21st. *Friday.* St. Aloysius', and the *ἀρχὴ κακῶν*.

23rd. *Sunday.* The Beatification of Cosma da Carboniano. The Rev. M. Egan (Naval Chaplain) revisited his *Alma Mater* and brought one or two naval-officers.

28th. *Friday.* The Vice-Rector is once more in our midst, looking very well after his holiday.

29th. *Saturday.* SS. Peter and Paul. The guests at dinner were Monsignor Heard and Cicognani and Fr. Welsby S.J. At coffee and *rosolio* we drank the health of Dr. Moss, after both the Vice-Rector and the Senior Student had expressed our regret at his leaving us and our wishes for the future. Dr. Moss replied in a cheering speech. St. Peter's was illuminated in the evening.

30th. *Sunday.* Beatification of Francesco Maria da Camposso.

JULY 5th. *Friday.* Meanwhile

*Mox quisque cinctus laurea
Fines revisit proprios.*

The theologians are slow to move, but we feel they will be all the more sure. The philosophers, not yet compelled to bid Rome a long, lingering farewell, are nearly all on their way: in that way the diarist must follow. *Redeant gaudentes!*

[The scribe, laurels in bag, doffed his sober work-a-day garb and left for England. The diary is being completed by his successor, unwillingly and with no little trepidation].

A topic of conversation has been started for these warm evenings. The date of the Villeggiatura is to be determined apparently by the actions of some committee controlling the International Seminarists' Pilgrimage. We might be forced to depart very soon; we might be at the Villa scarcely in time to welcome flaming August. The College itself might become the home of one loyal English pilgrim or, more likely, a hive for seventy enthusiastic Latins.

6th. *Saturday.* The sinuous forms of candles in the chapel remind the sacristans that it is really as hot as it feels.

7th. *Sunday.* Mgri. Cicognani and Heard to dinner. Figs *au pair* made a seasonable appearance. After tea the Vice-Rector gave Solemn Benediction and the *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving for King George's recovery.

8th. *Monday.* Visitors to the library taking a last (or first?) feverish glance at *loci citati* were startled to find themselves in a veritable museum. In each room were displayed the presents that have been showered on the Rector by Catholics in Africa. The tables creaked delightedly beneath the weight of their novel Afric wealth—ebony elephants, peacocks' fans, ivory tusks, bead belts, skin sandals, spears, leopard-skins, snake-skins, and many other things that must remain nameless until the Rector himself explains them. Not the

least interesting are the letters and addresses of welcome, many of them written in striking if unorthodox English.

11th. *Thursday*. Mr. Nicholson D.D. leaves us.

12th. *Friday*. Our late Senior Student, befrocked and booted, bade us farewell. But October will see him with us again, we hope.

13th. *Saturday*. Mr. Malone D.D. made an unwilling departure. The gods of this Seventh Year have been making no mistake about their laurels, and the small fry are rejoicing in an abundance of free cigarettes. To-day we learn that the President of Old Hall is sending eleven Edmundians to Rome for the Pilgrimage. They will be staying at the College. We have not heard yet whether other seminaries in England have responded to the Holy Father's wishes.

14th. *Sunday*. Coffee and *rosolio*, for Mr. Lotz S.J. was the guest of honour at dinner to-day. Mgr. Cicognani was with us when we expressed our thanks through the Vice-Rector to Mr. Lotz for his kindness and faithfulness in acting as *ripetitore* in Philosophy. We wished him success and *ad multos annos* in his new career at Innsbruck. Mr. Lotz, replying—to our delight—in English, charmingly turned the shower of compliments on his hosts. The procession in the Borgo for the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel was witnessed by some of us from Mgr. Cicognani's windows.

15th. *Monday*. The nuns at Tor di Quinto sent us a handsome gift—two fat ducks! But what an omen for us examinees! They quacked piteously while we poured over thesis-sheets, and in spite of their protests were finally plucked.

16th. *Tuesday*. To-day we forgot our sorrow and fed on duck.

19th. *Friday*. The little drink-stall "Cocco Mio" on the Pamphili side of the Ponte Sisto has sprung up in the night into a full blown *osteria*. Its walls are of purple and yellow paper and its roof bright red, and Our Lady of Lourdes in a niche protects the entrance. This we presume is the first outward sign of the jollities that will transform Trastevere for the bringing back of the picture of Our Lady of Mount Carmel from the Borgo on the 28th.

20th. *Saturday*. Strange names affixed to eleven rooms betoken the arrival of the pilgrims on the morrow. The tank has many votaries these days, though the craze for attempting suicide amongst First Year is on the wane. Mr. Howe D.D. left us suddenly at some hour unknown, and the subdeacons betook themselves to Subiaco in preparation for their retreat for the diaconate.

21st. *Sunday*. The Edmundians arrived for breakfast. We are disappointed to find them looking quite fresh and clean after two nights in the train. But they felt otherwise. Volunteers were not wanting to take them to St. Peter's. At coffee and *rosolio* the Vice-Rector welcomed our guests to the Venerable, and reminded them how pleased a former Rector of ours, Bishop Giles, would have been to have had staying with him at the English College eleven *alumni* from his old Alma Mater in England. The first official visit on the programme was to St. Ignazio where the thousands of students were greeted by Cardinal Bisleti in the evening.

22nd. *Monday.* *Missa Cantata* by Cardinal Pompili in St. John Lateran for the pilgrims. The Gregorian chant was impressive, sung by so many male voices. The procession eight deep to St. Mary Major was warm going, and took some time, as the tail had not emerged from St. John's when the head had reached St. Mary's. The Holy Father gave an audience at midday to the foreign pilgrims. Four hundred Spaniards with a very lively Papal hymn spread enthusiasm even to the Pope, who as a special favour promised to come to the window of the Vatican next day to see the seminarists' procession to St. Peter's. He also asked that the Spanish hymn might be sung again. The evening service in the Colosseum was not very intelligible to those of our guests who had no Italian.

23rd. *Tuesday.* True to his promise the Holy Father came to the window of the Vatican as the great procession wormed its way into St. Peter's for Cardinal Merry del Val's Mass. The Catacombs were visited in the afternoon; a much-discussed *convegno fraterno* which had appeared on the programme proved to be a success. *Bibite* and enormous meat sandwiches were thrust into grasping hands.

24th. *Wednesday.* The majority of us profited by a rest that was suggested as an emendation of the general programme. In the evening there was a general audience for all seminarists in Rome, and we managed to squeeze into the Cortile S. Damaso. The Holy Father seemed glad of his opportunity and spoke at great length. The Piazza of St. Peter's is complete with massive barricades for to-morrow's procession.

25th. *Thursday.* The Holy Father said Mass in St. Peter's for the seminarists. After dinner Fr. Welsby S.J. very kindly conducted our visitors and a few of ourselves around the Roman College and the Gesù, a tour which even included No. 120 Via del Seminario. Fr. Welsby had many interesting anecdotes for us and a surprise at the Casa del Gesù where the Fr. Minister regaled us with wine, cakes and ices. We were back in the College for the last of a high tea at which ices and multi-coloured drinks aroused great curiosity. Everybody after tea made for St. Peter's armed with a cotta: a favoured few in wings were to have the honour of carrying the *baldachino* over the Pope as he held the Blessed Sacrament. The procession began at six o'clock and by nine o'clock most of us were back home, terribly tired but greatly impressed by the Papal procession around the colonnade.

26th. *Friday.* Mr. Sewell D.D., who had waited a few days to witness the great procession yesterday, was the last of the Old Guard to leave for England. We ourselves, feeling that we had done something to earn the jubilee indulgence, made straight for Palazzola at last. It seemed all the more charming because long deferred. The Edmundians were our guests for the day, and we saw with delight that Palazzola had made them really envious. Two of them were taken up Cavo in the afternoon, but the majority were fully satisfied with the less energetic walk to the Pines. Bishop Burton arrived at the College after facing the long journey to Rome alone. *Salve et prosit!*

27th. *Saturday.* The pilgrims and those who remained in Rome with them

as their guides were received in audience by our Cardinal Protector. Bishop Burton came out to Palazzola with the Vice-Rector.

28th. *Sunday*. Congratulations to the four deacons who received their orders at St. Ignazio: they joined us in the evening at Palazzola. After their strenuous week the pilgrims left Rome at midnight carrying back, we hope, happy memories of the Venerabile. Their guides made for the Villa as quickly as possible and left "the sweet city of souls" to the mercies of the sweltering sun.

A more clement summer seems to have worked its influence on the results of examinations. The figures will speak for themselves. 107 examinations were taken and 97 were passed (including 14 *cum laude* and four *summa cum laude*). The seven who entered for their doctorate in theology were successful while three of them went so far as to get *bene*. Nine of the philosophers took their laurels, two *cum laude* and two *bene*. *Prosit!*

T. DUGGAN.

PERSONAL.

THE VENERABLE must not be slow in adding the greetings of this Pontifical College to those of the rest of the Catholic world to his Holiness Pope PIUS XI on the attainment of his sacerdotal golden jubilee. We here at the College participated in July in the International Pilgrimage of Seminarists to his Holiness; indeed a few privileged ones were allowed to carry the heavy canopy over the Holy Father when he was borne into the *piazza* of St. Peter's for the eucharistic procession.

The death of our late Cardinal Protector and friend left us mourning his loss and wondering who would be appointed as his successor. The weeks passed by anxiously, but at length to our great delight we heard that Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL had been approached and had graciously accepted the office. An Ushaw man at one time, his Eminence had originally been ordained for the diocese of Westminster, so that his English sympathies are deep, and what is more, he has the conversion of England at heart. The VENERABLE takes this opportunity of expressing its loyalty to his Eminence, and thanking him for the inspiring words with which he first addressed us at his installation.

When we read that his Lordship the BISHOP OF CLIFTON had received the Viaticum in the early part of this year we had hardly hoped to have him with us at Palazzola this summer. But he gallantly set out for Rome alone, and arrived at the Villa one day after ourselves. And in splendid health he seemed too, for he did not forego his customary two lengths in the tank twice nearly every day, and when occasion demanded it he would rise to make a speech in English or Italian, and delight us as of yore. A "Sforza Gita" had no terrors for him. The young men learnt to take snuff under his direction, and suspicions of accents or brogues were scouted with startling ferocity. Horace came into his own again, and many were the tales we heard of papal history that you will search for in vain in Ludwig von Pastor. His Lordship's stay of seven weeks passed too quickly and it was a sad day when after a grand *pranzone* Bishop Burton rose to make his farewell speech. Two Canons from the Clifton diocese had come, as we thought, to take him

away; but his Lordship set out for England alone—ready to face the Channel's worst after his holiday in these fair Alban hills. We miss him much—though he will pretend to wonder why. Did he not be-
 “dagger” us for our ignorance of history, of the classics, of archaeology, of tradition, of everything that a Venerabilino should know? And did we enjoy that? We did; and hope for more such next year.

How many times have we published the probable date of the Rector's return to Rome, and been hopelessly wrong and deeply disappointed too. But as we go to press we hear from the Rector himself that he really has started on his journey back to Italy, and that he *hopes* to be in Rome at the end of October. Many new children will he find in the Venerabile family; but the old place will be much the same as he left it, and his home-coming will be all the more appreciated by those who have had their hopes so persistently deferred.

Our sympathy is offered to St Mary's College, Oscott which loses its rector, Mgr. C. CRONIN V.G. (Rome 1898-1914). He has left to devote his time entirely to his work as Vicar-General of the Archdiocese.

It came as a surprise and an unpleasant shock to us recently to learn that Dr. MOSS would be leaving us at the end of the summer term, and would be taking up his duties as vice-rector of the Beda College in October. We were beginning to accept him as spiritual director *in perpetuo* at the Venerabile, and though we had seen him wending his way towards the Beda at an early hour thrice a week, we had little idea of the designs that were being made upon him. But our loss is the Beda's gain, and we congratulate them on their choice; and while we wish everything that is good to Dr. Moss in his new position, we trust we will see him frequently as a visitor in the Monserrato. The bus that took him to the Beda will bring him to the Venerabile as quickly.

To those who had heard last winter of Fr. Peter Paul MACKEY's second stroke which brought him to a critical condition (and as late as St. Thomas's day, we had seen him at the College apparently so healthy and vivacious) it will be a relief to know that he is now quite better, though unfortunately the illness has seriously impaired his speech.

It is our happy duty to send our best wishes to the members of our lately departed seventh year, for success in their new spheres of activity. There seems to be a reversal to tradition in the appointment of Mr. MACMILLAN, as *ripetitore* in Philosophy at the Venerabile. Others too have been transferréd from the bench to the rostrum. Mr. SMITH, to whom the VENERABILE owes so much for his untiring interest and effort as its former Editor, has been appointed to the chair of History at Uphol-

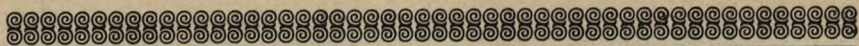
land College; Mr. DINN is teaching Moral Theology at Leeds' Seminary; Mr. NICHOLSON has returned to Cotton College to take up a professorship there, and Mr. SEWELL has the onerous task of assisting in the opening of the new John Fisher School in the Southwark diocese. Mr. HOWE, Mr. J. KELLY and Mr. MALONE, we understand, have been appointed to parishes in their respective dioceses. To one and all our time honoured greeting, *ad multos annos!*

A letter from MALTA which finds a place in another part of the magazine reminds us that we would be glad indeed of news of Venerabilini stationed there. Appointments and promotions pass unnoticed in this column—not through lack of good-will but because we have not seen the Maltese newspapers, and a visit from an old friend from there is rare.

We must record here the very generous gift of Mrs. L.J.S. WOOD, who has presented to the College the numerous papers and magazines which formed part of her husband's collection, besides many of his books. Mr. L.J.S. WOOD was a well known figure in Rome, and his excellent work for Catholic journalism was appreciated in the United States as much as in England. His sad death in 1927 left much work that he had contemplated, unfinished. He, together with the late Canon O'Kelly, a Venerabilino, had produced a periodical for English speaking people in the Eternal City. "Rome," as it was called, ceased to be published after the Canon's death in 1916. Mrs. WOOD not unnaturally is anxious that the Canon's and her husband's memory should be kept at the College, and for this purpose has presented the collection. We thank her most warmly.

The Mother Superior of our community of nuns, Rev. Suor ILDEGONDA ARESE has bowed to the will of her superiors, and will soon leave us to become Assistant-General at Padua. Mother Ildegonda has been in charge of our sisters ever since they came to the College, and while we sympathise with them on their loss, we are aware that we too are losing one who has ever been kindness itself, and who again and again has gone out of her way to study our curious English wants. Our best wishes go with her, and we trust that amidst her new arduous duties she will sometimes find time for a prayer for those at the Venerabile.

We have recently lost an old friend in the person of the PAM PORTER who has retired from his profession, and has taken a cottage in the *campagna* far from the gates of Villa Pamphili. A suitable *pour-boire* on behalf of ourselves and past generations was handed to him by the Senior Student.



COLLEGE NOTES

EXCHANGES.

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

THE UNIVERSITY.

Usually the period from Christmas to Easter is one of steady and fairly monotonous work. This year however in February, work had to be interrupted to celebrate the signing of the Lateran Treaty. Solemn Benediction with a *Te Deum* was given in S. Ignazio, but lectures ceased for one day only.

In Aula I things have gone from bad to worse. Every inch of space has been utilized; the benches were crowded past all belief and the space between them filled with chairs; on more than one occasion early in the year some students even had to stand. Happily after Easter, with the doctorate year under no obligation to attend lectures, the congestion was relieved to a certain extent. Otherwise in the summer, despite electric fans and the patent oxygenator, we might all have perished from suffocation. These deplorable conditions could hardly continue and we are not surprised to hear from Fr. Keeler that next year it is proposed to divide the theology-cycle in this fashion: second year theology, instead of joining the ordinary three years' cycle, will attend lectures in a separate hall. Two of their professors are already appointed—Fr. Nerney S.J. (one time *ripetitore* at the Venerabile) and Fr. Filograssi S.J. Thus the numbers in Aula I next year should be reduced by about a third.

We had hoped that the new University building would be ready for use in November. But countless delays and slow progress have prevented this. In July under the guidance of Fr. Welsby S.J. and the architect, some of us inspected the building and it was apparent

that it would be well on in 1930 at the earliest before lectures could be given there. We were certainly favourably impressed by what we saw... and yet, as we stood in the new Aula I which is planned to seat 800, we had an uncomfortable feeling;—was it not just the slightest bit on the small side? But perhaps our sufferings have prejudiced us!

This year, examinations finished a week earlier than usual in order to leave us free to look after the great pilgrimage of seminarists which was to arrive half way through July. Consequently our preparation for these necessary evils was more intensive than ever. But, as is recorded elsewhere, our results in no way suffered.

With great pleasure we take this opportunity of congratulating our *ripetitore* in Philosophy, the Rev. Mr. Lotz S.J., who in July took his diploma in the magisterial course in philosophy with distinction.

We have only one other point of personal news. Fr. de la Taille S.J. returned to the University but he was in such a poor state of health that after a short stay he had to leave once more for France; not, however, before he had visited us at the Venerabile.

W. BUTTERFIELD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

[We are giving some points (by no means *verbatim*) from welcome letters sent to us concerning the form of the magazine. We should be glad to have an opinion on these if they are thought to be of sufficient urgency to warrant discussion. Ed.]

Could you not have some sort of news bureau in England and let us have a news-article or diary of old Venerabile men? Those in whom one is most interested are those one knew at College in or about one's own time. Many we have never seen since. We do not know where they are, how they are, nor what they are doing.

News of the clergy and old Venerabile men of Malta is very scarce in the VENERABILE. Could not this be rectified so as to strengthen the link between us and our English friends by means of our *Alma Mater*?

Why confine the Obituary notices so strictly to sons of the Venerabile? Would it not be more just and fitting to open them to all significant benefactors of the College, and as such, to include all the hierarchy of England and Wales? Once the VENERABILE shocked me (nor me alone) by omitting any mention of the death of an English Catholic Archbishop.

It seems to me, and to others to whom I have spoken about it, that our premier College for philosophy and theology should devote some part of its publication to one or two learned articles on those subjects. Of course it is more "human" to be confined to Italian things, but, believe me, when a man has been out of Italy for a number of years, it is a good deal less interesting to him than it was when he lived in the College. Since I only read to-day what helps me in my line of work, I find the VENERABLE frightfully useless and uninteresting except the "Chronicles of Events".

[Many other letters of an entirely laudatory character, on the other hand, seem to confirm us in our "Roman" policy. Ed.]

SOCIETIES:

1. *The Grant Debating Society.*

As so few debates have taken place since the report of the year appeared in the April number of the VENERABLE, it will be unnecessary to comment on them here. At the final meeting of the Society the retiring officers, Mr. Howe and Mr. Jones were warmly thanked for their services by Mr. Duggan, the newly elected chairman, and many good resolutions of a general nature were suggested and approved of by the attending members. An extra debate was voted in, and took place in May. Its success argues a good season for the society next year.

G. PRITCHARD (Sec.).

2. *La Société Mezzofantienne.*

Dans ce numéro il ne reste à rapporter que les deux dernières séances de la saison. Voici les deux propositions discutées:

7. Que parmi toutes les nations les Etats-Unis occupent la première place.

8. Que les Italiens sont plus romantiques que les Anglais.

On a proposé, afin d'assurer à tous des progrès plus uniformes, d'assigner à chaque séance l'exercice d'une seule de nos trois langues successivement, mais cette proposition, encombrée bientôt de modifications sans nombre, a souffert comme tant d'autres une morte violente, et nos "constitutions" restent encore dans leur simplicité originelle. Et bien que l'assistance à nos réunions ait souffert peut-être une diminution presque négligeable, le nombre de ceux qui participent activement à nos discussions reste constant et satisfaisant. L'enfance d'ailleurs très sereine de notre société est passée.

H. CARTER (Sec.).

3. *The Wiseman Society.*

The undoubted success of the Wiseman Society displayed during its first year of existence was due perhaps to its youth, to the convenient number of members which made the discussions practical, and certainly in great part to the energy of its secretary, Mr. Hawkins, who retired from office at the end of the year. Eleven papers were read, and the discussions that followed them were always lively. Lest the interests of the Literary Society should seem to be imperilled, a saving clause in the rules was admitted, by which members who read papers to the Literary Society were thereby excused the obligation of writing papers for the Wiseman during the same year. The following were the papers read and discussed, which followed the six already reported:

Mr. Smith: *Modern Catholic Church Building in England.* A short historical introduction led to a review of the many problems that faced the modern man who would build a beautiful and at the same time suitable church, practical for Catholic purposes.

Mr. Shutt: *Music, the Supreme Form of Emotional Expression.* Music is not imitative but translates an internal emotional idea, having an ulterior message beyond the mere grouping of sounds. Its supremacy lies in the fact that it does not depend upon the experience of the hearer, it does not confuse emotional and intellectual ideas, and it combines the descriptive power of poetry with the instantaneous effect of a great painting.

Mr. Talbot: *The Clergy of the Fourteenth Century.* A sturdy vindication of our clerical forefathers from the calumnies of modern non-catholic mediaevalists.

Mr. Lennon: *Catholic Poetry and Catholic Poets.* An attempt to establish the position of Catholic poetry and to indicate the peculiar characteristics separating it from other religious poetry.

Mr. Pearson: *The Ethics of Art.* A plea for the judgement of the artist in certain works, as opposed to the condemnation of the moralist.

G. PRITCHARD (Sec.).

OUR BOOK SHELF.

VON PASTOR: *STORIA DEI PAPI*, vol. XI, *CLEMENTE VIII* (1592-1605); versione italiana di Mons. Prof. Pio Cenci. Rome 1929.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi, sed omnes etc.: and such has been the fate not only of many warriors but of many a Pope also, for lack not of a bard but of a historian. Pope Aldobrandini was one of the great Popes of the Catholic reaction, worthy to take his place beside Popes Ghislieri, Buoncompagni and Peretti who preceeded him, but few know much about him and he has slipped down the ages largely unappreciated. At length he has come into his own, for his life has appeared in a ponderous volume of over eight hundred pages which present us with Mgr. Cenci's translation of the original German of Pastor. That Pastor himself should have been able to produce such a life of Clement VIII, so ample and so full, so interesting and often entrancing, is in most part due to the wise and generous action of Leo XIII in throwing open the Vatican archives to the researches of historical students. Years will have to run out, at the rate we are going, until this volume will appear in English garb; but most of our Venerable men ought by now to read Italian with no great effort, and if the reading of the whole work seem to them an endless task, there are at least certain portions of it which will hold and pleasantly occupy their attention, if only as a relief from severer studies.

Thus the Venerable man will find much to interest him in the long account of the relation of our English clergy with the Holy See during the last years of Queen Elizabeth and the opening years of James I. Two thirds of the country were still Catholic at heart and the problem which faced our clergy in those years was how to restore the old faith and worship in England; by a Spanish invasion or by winning the government to grant toleration in return for guarantees of loyalty. To this

latter plan Clement gave his whole-hearted approval. Like Sixtus V, who was badgered to death by Spain, he too was sick of the preponderance and pretensions of her rulers, and gradually emancipated the Holy See from their hateful influence. He could do this the more easily after granting absolution to Henry IV, under whom France, united again and strong, became once more a first-class Catholic power. The long story of the double appeal of our secular clergy to Clement, about which so much has been written, his refusal to grant them a bishop, and his appointment of an arch-priest, Blackwell (*infaustum nomen*), as well as the arts by which Elizabeth and her ministers fostered the quarrels of seculars and regulars and fooled both parties, are all detailed with a scrupulous reference to authorities but with the conciseness demanded of the author by the size of his work. By the way, it would be gratifying to know in what chambers of the College Persons locked up poor Bishop and Charnock in 1598. A minute study of the plan of the College, such as it was in Persons' day (the plan may still be inspected in the *computisteria*) might reveal the place, or places, for they were kept severely apart, of their long durance.

The Venerabile man that loves the Society will follow with interest the story of the risk it ran when an attempt was made by certain Spanish malcontents, at the head of whom was Acosta, an ambitious man backed up by the Spanish king and his Inquisition, to alter the constitution given by St. Ignatius to his foundation. Had the Society had for its head during that crisis a man of less holiness of life and less strength of mind and will than Aquaviva, the power of the General over the appointment of superiors and his life-long tenure of office might have disappeared. Thus would also have disappeared the Society's efficiency. For Ignatius was a soldier to the last, and he meant his order to be an army, and he knew that without unity of command no army can achieve certain victory. During this dangerous crisis Clement did not put his foot down as perhaps he ought to have done. True, Popes before him had wished to alter the Society's constitutions; but this time the attack came not from the Pope but from within, and Acosta should have been gagged at once and sent back to Spain, if not fired out for disloyalty.

The great dispute, which still mildly rages at intervals, "de Auxiliis", between St. Dominic's sons and those of Ignatius, a controversy which originated in Spain, gets sixty-three pages all to itself, and is dispassionately told. The problem how to save the freedom of the human will and at the same time to save the omnipotence of divine grace in the cooperation of the two, that is of the will and grace, is clearly

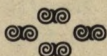
stated, and so are the chief objections that were brought in their day against the two contending schools of Bañez, the Dominican, and Molina, the Jesuit. All Europe watched the contest when once the battlefield had been transferred to Rome, and Clement himself had begun to preside at the meetings of the belligerents; for the Calvinists the condemnation of Molina would have meant Calvin's acquittal. From the beginning the scales seem to have been weighted in favour of the Dominicans. They were an old order and were the accusers, and posed as the champions of tradition; yet "physical predetermination", a discovery of Bañez, was not taught by their entire Order, and they could never be brought to discuss it or to say how they explained the action of triumphant efficacious grace. But the whole sixty-three pages deserve to be read and pondered, and particularly the remark of Paul V, Clement's successor: "Pope Clement repented of having plunged into the business, and after many, many years of disputing could see no way of getting well out of it".

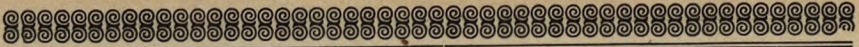
The old fable which made of Beatrice Cenci a Virgin and Martyr, thanks to the general ignorance of her history and to the fascinating portrait, once thought to be hers, in the Borghese gallery, is finally exploded in the light of the most recent research. Throughout the trial she never referred to her father's alleged odious advances, nor did her own brothers: she cooperated in her father's murder and carried on an unlawful intrigue with the keeper of her father's castle. Exploded too is the old calumny that Clement allowed a judicial murder to be perpetrated in order to get hold of the wealth of the Cenci family. There had been of late a kind of outbreak of murder within the family circles of the Roman nobility, and Clement felt it his duty to apply the full rigour of the law in this particularly heinous case. The confiscation of the property of the culprits was quite in accordance with the penal legislation of the times, and as succession to the family property had more than once prompted the crime of murder, the law had its justification in the removal of the incentive.

The last chapter of all, that on learning and art under Clement VIII, is by no means the least interesting. The poet Tasso, for instance, whose patron was Cynthius Aldobrandini, one of Clement's nephews, receives a large and keen share of attention. His death-chamber at S. Onofrio used to be visited by the Venerabile men in the glorious days of old; nowadays who knows of it? Which of them knows how the Sala Clementina in the Vatican got its name, or who decorated the just finished cupola of St. Peter's, or consecrated the high altar there, or raised the magnificent altar of the Blessed Sacrament in the Lateran

basilica, or where Clement's own tomb is? But not to end this notice in a querelous key, here is a *bonne histoire* about the great Aldobrandini pope. Beer was almost unknown in Italy in his day, and a Dutch merchant having sent him a barrel of it, he offered a glassful to the Cavaliere d'Arpino, his favourite painter. D'Arpino tasted it, but at once handed it him back, when Clement, though a mortified man, swigged it off at a gulp.

✠ G.A. Cl.





OBITUARY.

IT is with sincere regret that we have to record the death, on April 11th last, of the octogenarian BISHOP OF MIDDLESBOROUGH, an old Venerabile student (1864-1868). It is now many years since his last visit to Rome and to us, but we know how he loved the College and with what interest he read the VENERABILE. So many months have passed since the sad event that it would be useless to give any account of his long life as zealous priest and devoted bishop, for such has long since been done by the press. In praying God for the repose his soul we may add a petition that He will deign to bring forth from our College many more worthy to follow closely in the imitation of the life and work of Bishop Lacy. R.I.P.

The Very Rev. RICHARD CANON LANGTREE V.F. (1877-1881) was born at Preston in 1854. After a time spent at Ushaw, he came to the Venerabile in 1877 and was ordained by the Cardinal Vicar at St. John Lateran's in 1881. In 1883 he was appointed to Grange-over-Sands, where at that time the beautiful little church was in process of building. The new rector spent all his priestly life at this little parish, and his worth was recognised, for in 1923 he was made head of the deanery, and in 1925 a Canon of the new Lancaster Chapter. Forty-six years of zealous work gained for Canon Langtree the esteem of the district of Grange-over-Sands, and his death is greatly felt there. The Canon always loved and kept in touch with his old College in Rome, and his loyalty was shown in recent years by the generous support and encouragement that he gave to this magazine.

R.I.P.

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Two vols. in-8 gr., 1928, of 1800 pag. Lire 80