

**THE
VENERABILE**

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

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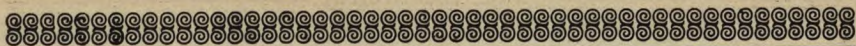
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CONTENTS.

1.	Editorial	Page 315
2.	Our New Beati (R.W. MEAGHER) »	317
3.	The College Library (L.W. JONES) »	329
4.	Usque ad Mortem (JOHN C. HEENAN) »	339
5.	Romanesques — 9. The Rain (G. P. DWYER) »	344
	10. In Defence of Professors »	349
6.	College Rectors — V. — Robert Cornthwaite (THE EDITOR) »	352
7.	Palazzola to Loreto (JAMES REA) »	373
8.	Nova et Vetera »	380
9.	Archaeological Notes (F.J. SHUTT) »	389
10.	College Diary (GUY PRITCHARD) »	393
11.	Personal »	414
12.	College Notes »	415
13.	Obituary »	422

IMPRIMI POTEST: Iacobus Redmond, *Censor Deputatus*.

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



EDITORIAL.

In this number THE VENERABLE must record the departure from Rome of its founder and chief inspiration; and the College the retirement of its greatest rector since the restoration. The full measure and worth of the Rector's work in the College during ten momentous years cannot be estimated now. It is a subject too intimate and immediate; too vast because immediate; indeed it is beyond our powers. The revival of the College after many perilous years, the surmounting of the difficulties brought about by the war, the advent of the nuns, the superb and permanent move to Palazzola, the foundation of scholarships, the statesmanship which averted the threats of the *Piano Regolatore*, various material improvements such as central-heating, two swimming-baths, the arrangement and cataloguing of the Library,—all this merely touches upon the achievements of a magnificent rectorship. It takes no stock of those less tangible, not less obvious benefits that Venerable men of the last ten years will acknowledge they owe to him. Of that energy of spiritual life which made itself felt throughout the whole community, that infectious, unswerving loyalty to the Holy See, that stimulating example of unassuming, deep learning, that spirit of *pietas* which characterised the relations between Rector and men, that veneration of, and loyalty to our great traditions,—in a

word, of all the vital force he has infused into the Venerable English College, estimation is not here possible. Gratitude that would be adequate almost defies expression. We can but assure our Rector, in such plain but sincere words as he has taught us to use, that all "the students past and present", whom THE VENERABLE has the honour to represent, appreciate his work for them and Alma Mater: that we thank him with all our hearts: that in unabated loyalty we shall pray our Forty-Four Martyrs who died for the Holy See to protect and assist him in his Apostolic Mission in Africa. *Firmetur manus tua et exaltetur dextera tua!*



ALTARPIECE OF THE CHURCH OF THE VEN. ENGLISH COLLEGE, ROME,
VENERATED BY OUR MARTYRS.

OUR NEW BEATI.

ἀμέραι δ' ἐπίλοιποι
μάρτυρες σοφώτατοι
Pindar, Ol. I.

THE task of writing an essay or appreciation that has for its subject some historical personage is always a difficult one. No matter how well you may have studied the character, times and environment of your great man; no matter how carefully you have weighed the evidence about him, you must always feel that your effort is not likely to do adequate justice to your theme. Few writers are there who can treat satisfactorily of such men as Plato, Caesar or Napoleon, because only the great can penetrate the veil that hides true grandeur from ordinary eyes. Our Venerable martyrs were emphatically great men, heroes; they lived for the Faith and died a bitter death for it. If their present glory cannot be described, their past achievements just as surely baffle all attempts at a just appraisal. To the casual observer, it is true, who beheld them either as students walking about the streets of Rome or wandering through England in disguise, they appeared normal men. They were plain, bluff Englishmen; were probably quite as sensitive to Roman smells as are their successors today, and regarded Italian manners with that amused tolerance of Freshmen, which men in their last year now find so irritating. It is certain that they spoke the dialect of the county of their birth and upbringing, for there was no wireless then existing to spoil broad Yorkshire or musical Devonian. A Chorley man would style his favourite lecturer as "a gradely talker", whilst a Dunelmian would refer to St. Thomas as a "canny" theologian. Some of them were men well on in

years, some hailed from Cambridge, some from Oxford, and even in those days each University left her peculiar stamp upon her sons. Simple, strong and steadfast Englishmen, Catholic-born or convert, they made no show in their outward behaviour of that wonderful devotion to the Papacy and the Faith, which men of supernatural vision, like St. Philip and St. Charles, so easily detected in them. To my mind nothing so clearly demonstrates the intrinsic worth of our martyrs than the familiar salutation of the Apostle of Rome or the hospitality of the Cardinal of Milan.

Among the newly beatified martyrs of England twenty-two belonged to the Venerable, were "Romans", and they form exactly one half of our glorious *Quadraginta Quattuor*. Some came to the English College straight from Douay, others from Oxford or Cambridge or the grammar-schools of their native towns; some like B. Robert Southwell were of good family, others were of yeoman stock; B. John Munden had been a school-master, while B. Henry Walpole once studied law in Gray's Inn. It is interesting to note that B. Robert Watkinson was the youngest priest to die on the scaffold, and B. John Lockwood was possibly the oldest; the former was only twenty-three years of age and had been ordained barely a month when they butchered him, the latter was executed when well over eighty, after nearly fifty years labour on the English Mission. They were all of them great men. Dogged by spies, hunted by pursuivants, they held on steadfastly to the end in spite of torture and a bloody passage to Eternity; "Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints". Of them Professor Arnold Meyer well writes: "More intimate knowledge of the mission priests teaches us to regard them as men of strong manly character, steadfast in their belief and unruffled in their obedience—men whose self-control seldom failed them, and whose cheerfulness was seldom disturbed, who were transfigured by their victory over the world, and filled with love for all men without distinction—men, finally, who amidst the most terrible torments and ill-treatments remained free and unconquered, because to them martyrdom was the crown of life".¹

¹ England and the Catholic Church under Elizabeth, Eng. Trans. p. 189.

Are we moderns too much inclined to exaggerate the fortitude of the Elizabethan priests? Do we not very often hear today the plea that men were tougher in those times; that physical pain did not mean much to them; that violent death was common and men dreaded it less? No, we do not exaggerate the bravery of our martyrs and death was feared in the days of persecution in England. Men of refinement in any age will shrink from physical hurt, still more from the sight of the boiling caldron, the gallows, the quartering-block, the hideous executioner and his knife. Recall the sentence of the judge at the close of any martyr's trial: "The court doth therefore award that you, prisoner at the bar, be conveyed from hence to the place whence you came, and that from thence you be drawn to the place of execution on a hurdle, that there you be hanged by the neck, that you be cut down alive, that your privy members be cut off, that your bowels be taken out and burnt in your view, that your head be severed from your body, that your body be divided into quarters, and that those quarters be disposed of at her (or his) majesty's pleasure: and the God of infinite mercy be merciful to your soul". Even the most callous of ruffians must have quailed before these ghoulish words. I have seen a murderer collapse on the floor of the dock and scream like a trapped animal on hearing the comparatively mild death-sentence of today. It is, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that because some priests called out "*Haec Dies*" or "*Te Deum Laudamus*" when sentence had been passed, all received their fate in like manner, or because some longed for death and embraced the hangman, all were inwardly calm and regarded their end with equal composure. I need not go outside our own *Beati* for an instance of a real fear of death. B. John Ingram, of New College, Oxford, was a ripe scholar, and a poet of no mean kind, whose gentle soul shines forth in the *Elegiacs* and *Sapphics* that have come down to us. Topcliffe had vented his spleen on Ingram, because he could extract no information from him, though he tortured him horribly. Yet the martyr did fear death, and called its slow approach a second death:

*Altera sanguineae mors est cunctatio mortis,
Quae ridet veteres tincta cruore comas.*

The martyrdom of B. Edward James, a Derbyshire man and a convert, affords us an excellent illustration of the grace of God triumphing over physical fear. This servant of God was hanged at Chichester along with a Douay man, B. Ralph Crockett, in 1588. He was a timorous character, of small stature, and had certainly yielded to his fears after his apprehension, and so the persecutors made him witness the ghastly details of Crockett's agony in the hopes that the sight would prove too much for him. There was, however, another priest standing besides James at the foot of the scaffold, a certain Francis Edwardes, who was to have been the third victim that day... he apostatised during the quartering of B. Edward's body and so missed his crown.¹

In addition to the brutalities sanctioned by law, and God knows they were awful enough, there was always the chance that the agony might be aggravated and prolonged by the hangman's bungling. The most horrible case I know is that of B. Hugh Green, martyred at Dorchester in 1642, but Venerabile men were not exempt from such unspeakable mischances. Of B. Robert Southwell Challoner relates the following: "The unskilful hangman had not applied the noose of the rope to the proper place, so that he (Southwell) several times made the sign of the cross whilst he was hanging and was some time before he was strangled; which some perceiving, drew him by the legs to put an end to his pain". In an old MS preserved at Ushaw I find this extract from the Douay Diary relating to the death of B. John Lockwood, our veteran martyr: "Die 13tio Aprilis (An. 1642) R.D. Ioannes Lockwood annos natus octoginta septem passus est Eboraci, eo quod sacerdos Romanus esset, quod libenter fassus est, et addidit hoc verisimilius esse, eo quod esset Romae ordinatus. In Anglia ad 44tuor Annos munera sacerdotis obierat, et cum iam senio pene confectus cum difficultate scalam ad patibulum anhelans ascenderet, subridens coram populo dixit, Quis

¹ For other examples see Challoner on Ven. Rich. Simpson, and Ven. Thos. Whitaker. B. Christopher Buxton was forced to look on whilst his companions were martyred, because he was the youngest, and it was thought that therefore he would be more impressionable. He died with the same bravery as his fellows.

non tantum laboraret ut caelum peteret! Salutaria monita tanquam alter Eleazarus vir venerabilis populo moribundus dedit: E cuius laniena Carnifex tanto horrore percussus est, ut fugam arriperet; et cum a Satellitibus detentus cogereetur perficere quod inchoaverat fune arrepto conabatur se suspendere, priusquam quasi sanguinarius dissecaret membra Innocentium. Sed scorti cuiusdam blandimentis mox delinitus, ex mitiori fit Lanio immanissimus, et omnia tam huius martyris membra quam commilitonis viscera et pudenda in minutissima dividit et in populum dispergit tanquam furiosus". It is worth while remembering that death in some such terrifying form as above described was always a possibility to be faced by every one of the Venerabile students in those days as soon as they landed in England, and many must have reflected seriously on this possibility as they left Rome by the Flaminian Gate and journied northwards.

There were, however, other terrors besides those of death awaiting the priest on his arrival in England. Topcliffe and Young might have to be encountered, and that meant hours of agony on the rack or the "wall". This latter method of conducting "examinations" became usual about 1590; it was preferred to the rack as being more efficient, for it worked slowly and noiselessly, and the victim was not so liable to faint away, and could in consequence be bullied much more easily into giving the information required of him. I do not know who first thought of it, but I suspect that veteran "Presbyteromastix", Topcliffe. There is a very vivid description of this torture in "The Life of Father John Gerard". It is worth quoting *in extenso* as it brings home to us all the sufferings so many priests had to endure. "Then they led me to a great upright beam or pillar of wood which was one of the supports of this vast crypt. [He was 'questioned' in the Tower.] At the summit of this column were fixed certain iron staples for supporting weights. Here they placed on my wrists gauntlets of iron, and ordered me to mount upon two or three wicker steps; then raising my arms, they inserted an iron bar through the rings of the gauntlets and then through the staples in the pillar, putting the pin through the bar so that it could not slip. My arms being thus fixed above my head, they withdrew those wicker steps I spoke of, one by

one, from beneath my feet, so that I hung by my hands and my arms. The tips of my toes, however, still touched the ground, so they dug away the ground beneath; for they could not raise me higher... Thus hanging by my wrists, I began to pray, while those gentlemen 'standing round asked me again if I was willing to confess. I replied 'I neither can nor will', but so terrible a pain began to oppress me that I was scarce able to speak the words. The worst pain was in my breast and belly, my arms and hands. It seemed to me that all the blood in my body rushed up my arms into my hands; and I was under the impression at the time that the blood actually burst forth from my fingers and at the back of my hands. This, however, was a mistake; the sensation was caused by the swelling of the flesh over the iron that bound it. I felt now such intense pain (and the effect was probably heightened by an interior temptation), that it seemed to me impossible to continue enduring it... Hereupon those gentlemen seeing that I gave them no further answer, departed to the Lieutenant's house, and there they waited, sending now and then to know how things were going on in the crypt. There were left with me three or four strong men, to superintend my torture. My gaoler also remained, I fully believe out of kindness to me, and kept wiping away with a handkerchief the sweat that ran down from my face the whole time, as it did indeed from my whole body... I had hung in this way till after one of the clock as I think, when I fainted. How long I was in the faint I know not—perhaps not long; for the men who stood by lifted me up, or replaced those wicker steps under my feet, until I came to my self; and immediately they heard me praying they let me down again. This they did over and over again when the faint came on, eight or nine times before five of the clock. Somewhat before five came Wade again, and drawing near, said, 'Will you yet obey the commands of the Queen and the Council?' 'No', said I, 'what you ask is unlawful, therefore I will never do it'. 'At least, then,' said Wade, 'say that you would like to speak to Secretary Cecil'. 'I have nothing to say

¹ Among the "Gentlemen" present on this occasion was Sir Francis Bacon.

to him,' I replied, 'more than I have said already; and if I were to ask to speak to him, scandal would be caused, for people would imagine that I was yielding at length and was willing to give information'. Upon this Wade suddenly turned his back in a rage and departed, saying in a loud and angry tone, 'Hang there, then, till you rot!' So he went away, and I think all the Commissioners then left the Tower; for at five of the clock the great bell of the Tower sounds, as a signal for all to leave who do not wish to be locked in all night. Soon after this they took me down from my cross, and though neither foot nor leg was injured, yet I could hardly stand."

This brutal business was continued next morning, but as Father John remained obdurate they gave up the attempt. The effects of such torturing can be more easily imagined than described. "After three weeks, as far as I can remember," writes the Confessor, "I was able to move my fingers and help myself a little, and even hold a knife. ...The sense of touch was not recovered for five months, and even then not fully". The following is a warrant for the torture of B. Christopher Bayles issued to Topcliffe and Young in the January of 1590:—

"Another warrant from ther Lordships to Richard Topcliff and Richiard Younge Esquiers to examyn the said persons Christopher Baylles alias Evers a Seamenary Priest, John Baylles tayller, Henry Goorney, Antony Kaye, and John Coxed from tyme to tyme, and if they see furder occacyon to commytte them or any of them unto such torture upon the wawle as is usuall for the better understanding of the trewth of matters agenst her Maiestie and the Stayte etc.

Directed to Richard Topcliff & Richard Younge Esquiers.
Endorsed—Remembrances (*sic*) for Mr Topcliff."

This warrant was put into execution in the case of the Blessed Martyr, and he was kept hanging "upon the wawle" for close on twenty-four hours! His condition must have been pitiable in the extreme, but I am proud to say here that he never wavered, showing the same glorious obstinacy as his fellow alumnus, B. John Ingram, whom Topcliffe called "a monster among all others for his strange taciturnity". That gentle poet, Father Southwell, was put to the "question" many times during his

imprisonment of three years, but nothing could be forced from him except the admission that Topcliffe was a "bad man"! Father Walpole was so cruelly used that he yielded to his sufferings and revealed names and matters that he should have kept secret. Who, however, can find it in his heart to blame him, when he atoned for this passing frailty by dying so nobly at York? Father Oldcorne, a man of singular holiness of life, was one of the victims of the Gunpowder Plot, or rather I should say that he fell a prey to the panic that followed the Plot's discovery, for he was absolutely innocent of the remotest share in it; he was hung up on five successive days for five hours at a time. "It was ye Interest of some People", say Mr Knaresborough, "that a Jesuit shou'd pass for one of ye Conspirators in ye Eyes of ye Vulgar; and Therefore he was carried to ye same place of Execution, in company of Winter the Conspirator & Littleton, both condemn'd for that Crime. But Almighty God, who frequently for ye Greater Tryal & Humiliation of his Servants, permits their Good name to be Eclips'd for a time, that it may break forth with greater Lustre, Vouchsafed to Manifest his Innocence in ye presence & hearing of Thousands at the place of Execution; His former Accuser & ye only Witness against him Mr Littleton, being now at ye point of Death himself solemnly call'd God to Witness, that what he swore against Mr Oldcorn, was false, and in hopes only of saving his own life by accuseing (*sic*) him wrongfully, for which he there begg'd Gods Pardon and his and did truly repent of ye Injustice... He (Oldcorne) suffer'd at Worcester upon ye 7th of April Anno 1606. And with him were put to death (besides ye two conspirators Winter and Littleton) Ralph Ashley Servant to Mr Oldcorn; with three Felons; whereof one had been reconcil'd by Mr Oldcorn the night before; and Dyed with Extraordinary Marks of Repentance". The Ralph Ashley mentioned above was a Jesuit Lay-brother, and is now beatified; Littleton had been arrested for assisting Catesby to defend himself against those who came to apprehend him; he was a Catholic, and tried to save his skin by turning King's evidence. It was on this wretch's story that Father Oldcorne was condemned, for no other witness was produced by the Crown.

The last three of our new Beati, taking them in chronological order, are BB. Antony Turner S.J., John Wall O.F.M., and David Lewis S.J.; these were all victims of the Oates' Plot. There is to be found in Volume VII of Howell's "Complete Collection of State Trials", published in London, 1816, a curious document written by Samuel Smith, Chaplain of Newgate. Its title is pompous and lengthy,¹ but I quote from this elucubration because it contains a few words on Father Turner. This is how the Reverend Samuel begins:—

“‘He who is first in his own cause, seems just; but his neighbour comes, and searches him’, *Prov. xviii. 17.*

“It is not probable, that such who will perjure themselves, to calumniate Protestants, should be capable of giving any real testimonies for themselves.” Like a good Minister of the Gospel the Chaplain first quotes Scripture and then enunciates his thesis; next follows his introduction. “It being desired of me by a worthy divine, that I should publish what I said to Staley, who was condemned for treasonable speeches; likewise my discourses with the other twelve Jesuitical and popish conspirators, before their being drawn out to their execution: I could not (though with some reluctancy at first) but grant him his request; hoping that this narrative may be of public use and benefit to all, into whose hands it shall come, to acquaint them with the truth of what I spake to them, by way of advice, to prepare them for their approaching death, and that I may give some satisfaction to such as are apt to be staggered in the belief of their abominable crimes, because they frequently avowed their innocency. Which satisfaction I shall perform in the order as they suffered”. Towards the end of this most interesting pamphlet we come to Fathers Gavan and Turner: “I could not speak with Gaven (Gavan) or Turner till they were placed in the sledge. I spake but little to them, time and the noise of the people thronging

¹ “An Account of the Behaviour of the Fourteen late Popish Malefactors whilst in Newgate. And their discourses with the Ordinary, viz. Messrs. Stalys, Coleman, etc. [Samuel mentions them all by name]. Also a Confutation of their Appeals, Courage, and Cheerfulness, at Execution. By Samuel Smith, Ordinary of Newgate, and Minister of the Gospel.”

me would not permit me to say much. Only I told Mr Gawen that now death stared him in the face and his judgment to an eternal state was very near; therefore I advised him not to palliate or extenuate his great crime, much less to deny it; for he would hazard his salvation, if he went out of the world with a falsity in his mouth. I told him I would continue to pray for him and his fellow-criminal in the sledge with him. So wishing them a penitential frame of heart, that they might obtain eternal life in Christ, upon drawing away of the sledge Mr Gawen shewed a public signal of civility to me, and thanked me. He seemed much more cheerful than the rest. And I hope he had better grounds for it." The real reason why the Parson had so little time for Fathers Gavan and Turner was that he had employed himself fruitlessly for too long a space with the other three Blessed Martyrs. The last sentence of his above shows that he had not been too well received; indeed B. John Fenwick said to him, according to this "Account", "What! do you undertake to instruct me or others of my order, as if we were not men of reason and learning?" B. Antony was, I expect, too busy with his prayers to take much heed of the Chaplain's futile exhortation. You will find in Challoner a prayer composed by the martyr.

B. John Wall, a saintly, peaceable disciple of St. Francis, was tried and condemned for his priesthood, April 25th, 1679, at Worcester. He was sent up to London for a time in order that he might be examined by Oates and his crew. Bedloe was gracious enough to inform the martyr that there was no trace of him in the Plot, and that if he would conform in matters of religion, all would be well. "But I told them", he writes, "I would not buy my life at so dear a rate as to wrong my conscience". He was quite confident that the age of persecution in England was drawing to a close and expressed that conviction in the following remarkable prophecy. "This is the last persecution that will be in England, therefore I hope God will give all His holy grace to make the best use of it". For some reason or other Howell, from whose Collection I have already quoted, styles B. David Lewis "the pretended Bishop of Llandaff". It is difficult to see how he could have made such a blunder. This Jesuit worked on the Welsh Mission for thirty-one years before

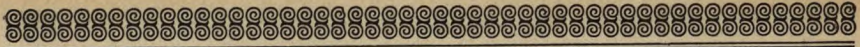
he was caught. After an attempt to implicate him in the Plot, which failed just as signally as all previous attempts, he was hanged, drawn and quartered at Usk in Monmouthshire, August 27th, 1679, for his priestly character only, as his life had been offered him, if he would renounce his religion.

In the MS of the Rev. Mr. Knaresborough there is a description of B. John Almond which is of interest. Most of it you will find in Challoner, but I prefer to transcribe it directly from the original. "Upon Saturday, being the fifth of December, One thousand six hundred and twelve, between seven and eight of the clock in the morning, came to suffer at Tiborne for the Catholick Religion, Francis Latham,¹ a man of the age of forty five by his owne relation; yet in his countenance more grave and staid, beginning to be besprinkled with haeres that were white, denoting his Study and Labour, which were indeed the true messengers of experience and discretion. He was born about Allerton in the County of Lancaster, and departed out of this Realme at the age of 25 year's, (*sic*) and from thence traveled to Ireland and soe abroade into the world; and having tarried beyond the seas about ten yeares, to enable himselfe by his study with learning and virtue, returned into his native Country where he exercised an holy life with all sincerity and a singular good content to those that knew him, and worthily deserved a good opinion both for his learning and sanctity of life. A reprovor of sin, a good example to follow, of an Ingenious and acute understanding, sharp and apprehensive in his conceats and answers, yet compleat with modesty, full of courage and ready to suffer for Christ that suffered for him; of his stature neither tall nor low, but indifferent; a face leane, his head blackish brown... [a remark about his beard obliterated]... the soul as being the most excellent, so that (it) was far more Lustrious than the Earthly tabernackle, yet in his conversation mild learned and persuasive, and worthy to be remembered of those that did converse with him". The way in which the Blessed Martyr argued with Dr. King, the Protestant Bishop of London, reflects great credit on his Logic Professor at the Roman College.

¹ Lathome or Latham were names assumed by the martyr.

In many of the accounts of the deaths of the English Martyrs we read of the amazement of the bystanders at the calmness, courage, even joy, shown by them in their last moments. There is no necessity for us to be astonished, but it is, nevertheless, well worth reminding ourselves of the causes of such fortitude. These causes were holiness of life, love of prayer and a deep humility. The Martyrs never presumed; they took death when it came, but did not court it rashly. You have only to read the lives of men like B. John Cornelius, or that apostle of the sick, B. Henry Morse, to realise that they put their entire trust in God. That they were men of prayer is equally obvious from the constant way in which they called on their Creator when tortured or when the hangman's knife was already searching their vitals. They counted suffering and death as nothing, compared with the preservation of the true Religion in England; they spared themselves not at all to secure for us, their spiritual posterity, that greatest of all boons in this life. They were heroes, most of us are not; but we can as sons of the same old College do our best to continue the work they so gloriously began, a work which, but for their efforts, would never have been ours to do.

R. W. MEAGHER.



THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

(concluded)

IN THE early days of the College, as we have seen, there was no lack of supporters and benefactors of the library. But from about 1620 onwards it is a very different story. As far as available information goes, only one really substantial gift was made to the library during the next 200 years. There are, however, a few smaller items which call for notice by reason of the importance or interest attaching to the donor. Fr. Edward Coffyn S.J. was confessor to the College for some twenty years, and during that time part of his work seems to have been looking after the library. In one of the books he gave is the following inscription: "ex dono Rdi. P. Odoardi Coffini Bibliothecae huius patroni optimi". There is also in the archives a bookseller's bill made out to him, in which, by the way, one of the books is the *Apologia pro Garneto* of Fr. Eudaemon-Ioannes of which there are four copies in the library, one given by the author. Fr. Coffyn had been a student here, and afterwards was a Confessor for the Faith and imprisoned for some years before returning to Rome. Of interest also is the copy of the *Works of St. Francis of Assisi* presented by the editor Luke Wadding, the famous Irish Franciscan, founder of S. Isidoro. The inscription, which is probably in his own hand, is: "fr. Lucas Waddingus ex licentia Superiorum donavit Collegio Anglorum ob summum in eosdem amorem". This recalls the gift of another Irish Franciscan, Hugh MacCaghwell, who was consecrated Archbishop of Armagh in 1626 but died before he could take possession of his see. This book is a copy of his own edition of *Scotus in Meta-*

physicam, in which he has written: "Pro Collegio Anglorum in Urbe fr. Hugo posuit legentium petens precum participium"; to which the librarian has added: "ex dono Illmi. et Revmi. D. F. Hugonis Cavelli Archiepi. Armac. Hibr. Primatis". The name of a Rector of a rather later period is found in several books. This is Fr. Edward Courtney, whose real name was Leedes and who was Rector in the years 1653-57 and 1667-71. I give the inscription found in one of these books as it is the only instance I know previous to the nineteenth century when a librarian is mentioned: "ex dono admodum R.P. Odoardi Courtnei Collegii Anglorum de Urbe Rectoris die quarto Octobris 1667 Bibliothecario p. Ioanne Locketto."

The one substantial gift I mentioned above came from the once celebrated poet, James Alban Gibbes, now quite forgotten. He was born at Rouen about 1616, son of William Gibbes, physician-in-ordinary to Queen Henrietta Maria. He received his early education in England, but spent the rest of his life abroad. He finally settled in Rome and was appointed by Alexander VII professor of rhetoric at the Sapienza. His poetry was greatly appreciated by his contemporaries, and he was made Poet Laureate by the Emperor Leopold. For this office he received a ceremonial chain and medal which he afterwards gave to Oxford University. He died in 1677 and was buried in the Pantheon, where a monument and bust were erected to his memory. Apparently he left his library, or some part of it, to the College for we have many books bearing his name. They are for the most part classical literature but some may be found among the historical and even among the theological works. Except for a few books given by uninteresting people which need not be mentioned in detail, the history of the library is a blank for a hundred years. But we can fill in this gap with a note as to the position occupied by the library in the old building, for the College was rebuilt by Cardinal Philip Howard about 1685. There seems to have been some diversity of opinion on this point and lack of positive proof; but one can now say with complete certainty that it was immediately above the nave of the church. Armellini in his description of the church quotes the *Stato Temporale delle Chiese di Roma in 1661*: "La chiesa...

è suffittata e sopra di essa vi è la libreria del Collegio.”¹ But the final proof exists in the carefully drawn up account of the College property prepared by the architect for the Visitation in of 1630.² There, describing the cortile behind the church, he says; “verso mezzogiorno la chiesa, e sopra la libreria.” So that looking at the sketch of the old building in Cardinal Gasquet’s *History*, we can see the position of the library.

During the century following this restoration, the College fortunes reached a very low ebb, partly owing to the languishing state of Catholicism in England, but principally, one gathers, because of the disrepute into which the College had fallen with the Vicars Apostolic and secular clergy in England, and their consequent disinclination to send out any of their best students. Besides this, the financial situation was very bad, so that on the whole it is not surprising to find that the library was left without much help. But with the suppression of the Society in 1773 and the consequent change in government of the College, which passed into the hands of Italian secular clergy, the affairs of the College went from bad to worse, especially in what concerned the library. Our information for this period comes from Dr. Kirk, who was the last student received under the Jésuits and left his impressions in the form of a diary, popularly known as the *Bad Boy’s Diary*.³ He begins with what he remembers of the traditions and customs followed under the Jesuits, among which he mentions that “the higher school used to go into the

¹ *Chiese di Roma*, p. 413.

² Archives, lib. 430. This book seems to have been overlooked of recent years. The ground plans of the College and its property are well drawn and the whole book is interesting.

³ For more about this diary see *THE VENERABLE*, Vol. III, p. 162. Thomas Grant (later Bishop of Southwark) in an essay he read to the Literary and Debating Society in 1841 says of Dr. Kirk: “Another book bears the presentation mark of him, who in a green old age forms the last link between the days before the French Revolution, the days when the College had scarcely changed from the state in which the martyrs left it, and the days that now are. His hand too collected the inscriptions that formerly filled our church, which the barbarism of invaders and the destructive march of time have brought to ruin”. Kirk also took many important papers from the Archives to England with him, to save them from possible destruction by the misguided authorities.

library when they pleased, and for that purpose had a key which was kept by the dean and used to write the books they took in a Book for that purpose in the library." But when Cardinal Corsini was made Protector and the Bull of Suppression promulgated, the Archives and library were closed and sealed with the Cardinal's seal, that no one might enter. An entry in 1778 says: "This year our Library was put to rights, but it seems not for the benefit of the scholars, but for spiders to weave their webs; for when it was finished they took from me 3 vols. of the Church History in England in folio, Cressey's History of Brittany in folio, Flavius Josephus englished 3 vols., and after that time I have never had one of them, and the faculty of going into the library which the higher schools enjoyed before is now taken away. The superiors only can have English books now, and one of them uses them indeed as he ought, for I have seen him use Littleton's Eng. and Latin Dictionary for his footstool, as before he had used a tome of Card. Baronius' annals." Soon after this one of the other students, George Willoughby, is recorded to have gone on a nocturnal expedition "down the back stairs as far as the Library door where he found a great heap of papers and old books (mostly of Jesuits) tossed out of the library, when it was renewed, with intention to be given or sold to the pizzicarolo, or cheesemonger of the College." He rescued some English books, and next night went for some more, this time by a different route "going down the great stairs and through the garden, he went up the back stairs to the library door again." Eventually he was caught. "Bottieri told us after that he himself saw George, and that he was actually in the little library when George was at the library door taking the books." He mentions some of the books that were thus found, and adds "though to the greatest part of them something was wanting, or else they were very old." Truly a great fault in a book, and sufficient to warrant its rejection from a library! The details given in these extracts show that the library then was the present third library which before the advent of the *Suore* opened on to the back stairs. The "little library" (Fourth Room) is of course the present Guardaroba. This, was not the only act of vandalism; referring to the *ripetitore*

Conti, the diarist proceeds: "we discovered that the bottom of his praying-desk was stocked with old papers. Having examined them we found amongst them an old letter of Card. Wolsey to the Pope concerning the divorce of Qn Catherine and Henry 8th which we secured, torn quite in the middle into two." This letter he describes at great length and adds that there were also bundles of other English letters, and many such like papers were seen in other places, and a whole basketful in the porter's room. I don't suppose that this was really as bad as it sounds, and if any important papers were lost, it was probably due more to lack of appreciation of their possible worth than to carelessness or malice. We must remember that it was at this time that the Archives were arranged as they are now, and the valuable Index compiled, by one Pistolesi. In 1779 the students drew up a petition to present to Cardinal Corsini to change the government of the College. One of the points they complained of was "*Non possiamo mai andare nella libreria*".

This period was followed by one even more disastrous for the College and its library. In 1798 the French took Rome, and the College had to be closed. Ten years later Rome was entered again, and in consequence of Napoleon's enmity to the English, the College was appropriated and completely sacked. Finally it was turned into a barracks, and later used as a police station until the return of the Pope in 1814. It is a wonder that anything was left of the library after this. A friend of the College was able to save the Archives and carry them away to a place of security, but the library was exposed to the fury and cupidity of the French soldiery. They no doubt are in large part responsible for the fact noticed above that so few volumes of the earlier donations and bequests have survived to the present day. One wonders what treasures there may have been among these lost books; whether they were destroyed or are now ornamenting the shelves of some other library. The College must have presented a sorry appearance when revisited by the Papal authorities.¹ No wonder we find Gradwell writing to England,

¹ Wiseman, describing in a letter his first impressions of the College in 1818, mentions "the library with its books piled up in disorder".

asking that the students to be sent out should bring plenty of books with them, as the College was insufficiently supplied.

We now enter upon the last phase of the history of the library, during which the work of reconstruction proceeded and gifts accumulated, until the present result has been achieved. With the new interest awakened in the College by its reopening, benefactors were again found, worthy successors of those already mentioned. We find a book bearing the name of Cardinal Litta, from whom, according to Bishop Ward, emanated the project of reopening the College.¹ This book had been presented to the Cardinal by Ambrose Maréchal, Archbishop of Baltimore. The first Protector was Cardinal Consalvi, but though he took a great interest in the College, he does not seem to have given any books to the library. His successor, Cardinal Zurla, did so, I believe, though I have not seen his name in any books. Among the very early benefactors of this period, the majority seem to have been students, probably in response to Gradwell's appeal. The names of most of the first students may be seen in various books. Sometimes they had a little fun from it; one inscription reads thus: "George Errington and John Maddocks beg Mr. Fleetwood to have the kindness to place this book in the English Library as a remembrance of the pleasure they felt, or feel, in the society of the English Collegians at Rome. Maddock's Room Feb. 25th 1823. N. B. This said book was purchased at a public sale for the sum of one halfpenny sterling." In another hand is added: "(Beautiful simplicity!)" A very interesting relic of these days preserved in the library is the Fine-book, bought by Wiseman when he was librarian. At one end are entered all the fines levied for offences against the rules of the library, while at the other end are the general accounts. They apparently took it in turns to occupy the office of librarian, and were fined for refusing to accept it. Other fines were for leaving books out, for putting them in the wrong place, for having them in an improper place (usually school), and for not answering the librarian. A certain Mr. Fletcher was fined twice in succession for having a newspaper in his room. Ap-

¹ *Eve of Catholic Emancipation*, II, p. 112.

parently he resented this, for scrawled across the entries is: "Both notorious lies—but paid!!!" A fine was also levied for a mysterious offence known as "bustling". It is sometimes entered thus: "Mr. Wiseman bustling Mr. Errington finer, case". This seems to mean that Mr. Errington claimed a fine against Mr. Wiseman for "bustling" him in front of a case. Sometimes it is put thus: "Mr. Jones versus Mr. O'Connor, a bustle". Jones was always in trouble, his name appears at least fifty times for various offences. An entry in the accounts section will interest committee men: "Ad perpetuam rei memoriam. It has been voted that the entrance money be raised to four scudi. That one fourth of the money received from each newcomer, and the fines collected during the year, be annually paid to the theatrical body; whereupon the theatrical body guarantees the payment of ten scudi annually to the library to be spent in buying new books. To hold good from Jan. 1st 1838." It would be interesting to know when this system of entrance money and fines was dropped. The accounts go on to 1844, when a new book was bought for the purpose.

To return to our benefactors. Gradwell himself helped to give the library a new start, gave many books of his own and got others interested in the same cause. Wiseman also, as might be expected, gave many books to the library; some when he was a student, some as Rector, and others after leaving Rome. Most precious of these is the manuscript of *The Last Four Popes*; but there is also a copy of *Fabiola* which is interesting. Wiseman gave it to Monte Porzio library in 1854, and some years later wrote on the flyleaf some verses "To the English Students".¹

¹ The verses are: —

1.

The thoughts which in this book have taken form,
 Are but reflections of things growing near:
 As in sweet Nemi's mirror, soft and warm,
 Of hill, church, tree, twin images appear;
 Which if erased, or blurred, by ruffling storm,
 Again through innate art, glow new and clear.
 So youth's impressions life's rough times deface,
 Yet they resume in calmer days, their shape and grace.

Cardinal Weld also presented many books to the library while he was Protector of the College. But the two greatest benefactors of this period were William Palmer and Cardinal Edward Howard. The first was an Anglican, who as a result of the Oxford Movement went over to Russia to seek admittance to the Orthodox Church there; but after long consideration his claim to communion was dismissed. When he found that only by submitting to unconditional baptism would he be admitted, he came to Rome, and in due course was received into the Church. While in Russia he was allowed, as a prospective member of their Church, to use the secret archives. The information he thus gained he afterwards published in a work of six volumes called *The Patriarch and the Tsar*, being an account of the trial of the Patriarch Nikon. Cardinal Edward Howard is perhaps the greatest benefactor of the library, both with regard to the number of books and their value. He was an expert on Oriental affairs, and most of our strange assortment of Eastern literature comes from him. In particular may be mentioned the seven Chaldaic MSS we possess, which are extremely rare. Per-

2.

If not to you who read, to him who wrote,
 They look like flowers, bearing each its tale;
 Crushed 'tween the leaves, where youth has made its note—
 "This rose I plucked in the Nomentan vale";
 "This palm-leaf where the shafts Sebastian smote";
 "Picked where fierce roars made all but martyrs quail".
 They live again, though dry for many a year,
 Sunned by a smile, or sometimes watered by a tear.

3.

Then let Rome's light and shade, upon your breast,
 Leave their sun-picture; somewhat if it fade,
 A word, a line, an hour of thoughtful rest,
 Will once more make it, what your glance has made.
 Well till Rome's fruitful earth—your toil be blest!
 But spurn no flow'r, nor bruise beneath the spade,
 For this is Rome's first gift—from sky to sod,
 Sun-beam, or fragrance, binds us close to her and God.

Monte Porzio, March 27, 1860.

N. Card. WISEMAN.

haps also the Arabic MS which contains a translation of Cornelius a Lapide's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews* came from Cardinal Howard. To Palmer also this section is indebted, especially for Russian books. The number of languages represented in the library must be very large. As a point of interest, I have tried to reckon the number of languages in which we have copies of the New Testament. The total is thirty-five, it may perhaps be more.¹ Some of Howard's books were prizes he received at Oscott; as this was during Wiseman's Presidency, they are signed by him, which makes them doubly interesting. Another book was presented to Cardinal Wiseman by the Abbot of Mount St. Bernard's, by Wiseman was bequeathed to Howard, and so came to us. An interesting inscription is found in Manning's *Pastoral Office*; it says: "Edward Henry Cardinal Howard from Henry Edward Cardinal Manning. Feast of St. Henry, 1883." We received many books on Anglican theology from the Hon. George Spencer, better known as Fr. Ignatius C.P., who was a student here after his conversion. There are books given by Canon Morris, Mgr. Talbot, and Cardinal Manning and also some by Cardinal Newman. Among these is one that has some interest on account of a note on the flyleaf in Newman's handwriting: "There are several passages in the Notes of this volume which require correction as notes 9 and 5 p. 56, and note a. p. 248, but the whole of both notes and Preface I submit to the judgement of the Church. J.H.N." This book is the *Historical Tracts of St. Athanasius*. Coming to the present century we must mention the gifts of Bishop Giles, of Mgr. Prior who left us a fine library of Canon Law, and of Bishop Stanley. The late Cardinal Gasquet was always very interested in the library and from time to time gave us many books, some very valuable. Such are, for instance, the two books

¹ English, Middle-English, Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek (ancient and modern), French, Italian, Spanish, Gothic, German, Dutch (and Flemish), Swedish, Norwegian (and Danish), Welsh, Gaelic, Hungarian, Roumanian, Russian, Polish, Czech (Bohemian), Sorb (Wendish or Lusatian), Slovak, Serbo-Croatian, Bulgarian, Lithuanian, Armenian, Persian, Arabic, Chaldaic, Hebrew, Syriac (ancient and modern), Ethiopian, Coptic and Finnish.

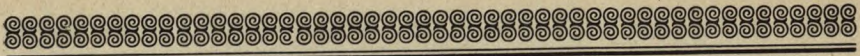
of Thomas Linaere, once Warden of the Hospice, early editions printed at Lyons in 1541 and 1544 respectively.

Apart from the inscriptions which record the names of donors, there are others that are interesting because of the speculation which they arouse. Such are for instance the marks of other colleges or religious bodies. Books which used to belong to the Roman College, to the Jesuit colleges at Macerata, Liège and St. Omer's, or to the English Province itself, are to be seen. Not only these but we find books belonging to various other religious houses, to S. Maria sopra Minerva, to S. Lorenzo in Lucina and a dozen other Roman churches. By what devious routes did these find their way into our library? But my great puzzle is the number of books which belong to a certain bishop of Hippo, Jos. Maria Lais. Was he too a benefactor of the library; or did his books come to us indirectly through other hands? Beyond his name I can find no other information about him. Perhaps some one who knows will be kind enough to solve the puzzle.

This is of course a very incomplete list of benefactors to the library and a very inadequate history, but it does give an idea of how the library has grown from its humble beginnings in the old English Hospice to its present magnificent state of over 20,000 volumes. We may not be quite up-to-date in some departments, so that considered as a help to ordinary ecclesiastical studies it may still leave something to be desired; but in itself it is a very fine and valuable library which does credit to the Venerable College it adorns. Such has been its growth and such is its present state. Nothing remains but to hope with Bishop Grant that these memories may "stir up in your hearts gratitude to such benefactors, and a desire to imitate the virtues and conduct of our predecessors with whom we have been for a time conversing".¹

L. W. JONES.

¹ Grant's Essay on the Library of the English College.



USQUE AD MORTEM...

[The Venerable's proudest boast is enshrined in a tablet over the Martyrs' gallery: "Quadráginta quattuor hujus Collegii alumni in Anglia ob Catholicam Fidem necati sunt." Historians may dispute the mathematics of the statement, but this grand fact is beyond question—English students have lived within our walls who were so filled with the spirit of their vocation as deliberately to spend years preparing for death "Pro Petri Fide et Patria". Presumably these men who trained themselves to die for the Faith were not heroes born. They were students much like ourselves. It would be interesting to imagine the final struggle and victory of one of them. The following is a psychological fantasy of the last moments of such a Martyr's life.]

Then I must die!

Before the busy whisper of this day
Be hushed, unworthy of the priestly state
My soul shall hear the Judge's just decree,
Of grace and effort perfect reckoning.
That holiest Christian flies the approach of death,
Fearing the solemn moment which unites
The creature to his sole felicity,
I wonder now no more—with one swift hour
My soul between and God's dread purity.—
Enter the waters to my very soul.
Is mine the Son of Man's forsaken cry,
The Father hid! O Holy Spirit come,
Do Thou my darksome mind illuminate;
Inspire my heart with hope, nor let despair,
Of Satan's armoury the latest piece
And chiefest, in this wrathful day prevail.

Arise now, Soul, courageous banish fear.
When seems He farthest off is God most near!

Jesus my Lord,
The number of Thy mercies who can tell?
Though royal lust and clerks' ambition
Despoiled Thy Virgin Mother of her dower,
Yet hast Thou not forborne to lead Thy flock
To place of pasture. Whither by Thy grace
And Spirit led, Thy humble pastors seek
To kindle love of God in men, and break
The Bread of Life to little ones. E'en I
Anointed hands (in death to soon be stilled)
Lifted to bless the sinner and aneal
The sick: till prison gates, not less unkind
Than bloody death itself, my ministry
Had power to forfeit—By His will who sees
A thousand years as but the yesterday
That is not; in whose sight the creature's life
Is blade of grass to flourish, fade and fall;
Who now seeks greater glory in my death
Than erst in labour.—Blessed be His will!
O Plan of Providence inscrutable
That sets the foolish teachers to the wise
Choosing our weakness to confound the strong!
Lord, grant I prove me worthy of Thy choice
This day. Allow not snare of Lucifer
Nor angels, Principalities nor Powers
Not present things nor things to come, nor height
Nor depth, nor aught Thy Goodness can create
My soul from love of God to separate.

Martyrs of Christ,
Ye little recked of life ephemeral,
Washing your raiment snow-white in the blood
Of Him, the Spotless One, the Lamb who bore
In torment deep the world's iniquity.

Shall this be also mine, eternally
 To lie, unworthy minister of God,
 His holy altar under, crying: "Lord,
Revenge our blood on them that dwell on earth?"
 Rejoice, my soul, thy comfort be in Him
 Whose arm has raised woman's frailty
 To deeds of valour; others weak as thou,
 Thine eyes beheld to kiss the hangman's cord,
 As Ralph; that noble Ralph! whom often I
 In Rome did mark, as flushed with eloquence,
 Yet humbly still, he'd show 'twere better pray
 For crown of martyrdom than length of life,
 To serve our countrymen. His prayer is heard
 And mine this hour stands in the answering.
 God grant at Tyburn still be mine his prayer:
 "Jesu, my Lord, a Jesus be to me"
 Praying he died: when sudden from the throng
 "Good Sherwin may the Lord receive thy soul"
 The cry spontaneous rose. His virgin soul
 Had sought the chaste embraces of her Spouse—
 Whose Benediction now I supplicate
 And grace, Ralph's blessed end to emulate.

The hour is struck

While on the threshold sounds the sheriff's step:
 He thinks to break my purpose by his threat
 Of butchery, or, hypocrite, to tempt
 My fleshy weakness with cajolery.
 Jesus, dear Lord, I thank Thee for this strength
 New found; for now my spirit is aflame
 To share Thy Passion!—Yet, since coward still
 Remains my heart, this tempter must not speak:
 "Thy well prepared rhetoric, sheriff, spare.
 Description of this morning's bloody deed
 No whit can move my resolution
 To martyrdom; nor rob me of what peace
 Now floods my soul.—Why storm you, Sir, and call
 Him fool who sacrifices earthly life

For sake of conscience? Sheriff, who so dies
Is fool whose foolishness is passing wise!"

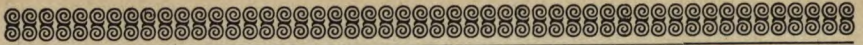
With measured tread
Advance the soldiery. How like my plight
To His in dark Gethsemane, 'gainst Whom
As 'twere a thief, with naked sword and club
Came Jewish rabble. See, they have intent
To bind my hands: "Nay, stay! I better brook
Unbound to walk the way of Calvary,
Good Sergeant, as my Saviour did and thine.
Put up thy ropes, nor doubt that Papist word
Be bond enough to hold him.—I'll not flee!"...
We leave the cell... Without the prison gates
A beast impatient champs: my craven heart
Stands still: I'd liefer walk to Tyburn's cross
Than thus be drawn... For shame! Come, think on Christ
And terror yields to thirst for suffering...
Now cracks the whip,—mislikes the horse's speed
My throbbing head... O torture! England's mad
Or mad she looks from out these streaming eyes,
Whose solitary crime to look with love
Upon my countrymen, and seek to save
Their souls immortal... God, no saint could bear
Such agony... My Jesus mercy! Save!...
Hail, full of grace! Mary, be near Thy child
To bless unworthy lips that fondly frame
The Angelic Salutation... Do Thou,
Who weeping stood the cross of Christ beneath,
Assist this day my humble Calvary...
Tyburn, come quickly! Diabolic wit
Alone contrived this torture which unmans
And maddens; hasten lest I fail... Thank God!—
The populace grows frequent: then is nigh
The gibbet altar of my sacrifice...
How few the days of men! My length of life
Seems crowded now to swift imagining—
Calm days of careless childhood when to serve

My God spelt no dishonour to my king—
 The change—The fight for Faith—vocation
 Th' Eternal City—Neri—and the Pope—
 That Alma Mater whose beloved name
 Now gains new lustre by my steadfastness ;
 Where martyrs of tomorrow, for my crown
 Shall hymn the Martyrs' King and chant His praise :
Te martyrum laudat exercitus.

"What say ye? Have I no request or word?
 None save that never truer Englishman
 Shed blood for England! Witness, friends, I die
 'Spite judge's sentence not in enmity
 But swearing true allegiance to the Queen
 —Whom God preserve!—in all my Faith allow.
 A Faith demanding lealty to Pope—
 Not foreign prince or potentate—but him
 By virtue of Divine prerogative
 Who sits the Chair of Peter: I have done."

Welcome stout rope that leadeth me to Christ
 The Way, the Truth, the Life,—my very goal
 Into Thy hands Lord I commend my soul!

JOHN C. HEENAN.



ROMANESQUES.

9. — THE RAIN.

THERE is a complaint that you may read occasionally nowadays that the "Romano di Roma" is fast disappearing. No longer do the youths of Trastevere settle their love affairs with clenched hands and long knives; rarely now are heard the fierce minor strains of songs as old as Rome. But if the man is dying there are yet some inhabitants of Rome who never change. *Scirocco*, that frowsy African, and his antithesis *Tramontana* who comes with a sword from Gennaro and camps in Piazza Navona; *il Sole*, who will adorn the city for ever, here shining through a fountain, there softening in a hundred shades the too garish distemper of a wall; and finally that uproarious rowdy, the Roman Rain. For he is a Roman. Your northern rain is a cozening creature that drifts in a shadowy curtain across bog or moorland, drips softly from the trees and wraps a man about as with a cloak till he is soaked—but ever so gently. Not so he of Rome. He is a southerner and a Roman. He will take a mad fit and come kicking and bounding into the city to knock the breath out of any who may cross his path, squander his high spirits as speedily as possible and then as suddenly depart to aid a comrade near Bracciano or threaten the men of Etruria.

I suspect there is some chagrin in his mood for he was once a god on this very soil. But his glory is departed. Nay more, by a curious fiction his very existence is doubted! Unknown to those of the outer darkness, in the city of light itself he is ignored. There seems a certain studied aloofness on the part

of the Roman municipality and a conspiracy of silence about him. For whenever he comes upon the city he finds the defences down. He can plunge us into darkness by tampering with the electric plant down beyond the Aventine;—how he does it no one knows, but the lights fail when he is about. Then too he finds the streets a playground prepared. In the more rigid North the rain hardly descends before it is shepherded off the pavement and roofs, and neatly and speedily despatched by divers pipes and conduits to subterranean regions. But in Rome he may dance at his will. You can pick your way here and there but you find him leaping upon you from the housetops, laying traps at every step and chasing down the middle of the street to be tossed exuberantly sky high by every passing car. Meanwhile the Municipality refuses to notice him and there are few greater ironies in life than to see a man bespattered with mud by a waggon of the *Nettezza Urbana*.

It is a pleasing thought to conceive of the Fathers of the City Council clad in cassocks and beaver hats and sent forth from the Capitol armed with an inadequate umbrella to wander round the city when Jupiter Pluvius is remembering his wrongs. That is when he would intrude himself upon the notice of the Municipality. For it is the man in a cassock who really has the fight; the rain is something of an anti-clerical. And yet, with the pig-headedness of the breed he sometimes overreaches himself. Thus, when he begins to descend at 1.40 p.m. the cleric looks down with joy into the cortile, to see Dr. Giles's drain being washed of dust and hears a timid ring of the bell announce optional schools, for so Tradition—a veiled lady—has decreed.

“*Horrida tempestas coelum contraxit et imbres
nivesque deducunt Iovem... rapiamus amici
occasionem de die...*”

Horace wrote that; and those who would flout the wisdom of the centuries and brave the rain go not unpunished. On them are poured the seven vials of wrath prepared for the whole college and they will soak on the way and steam on arrival. It is not so much the steady downpour that does the damage. That

is in the nature of a curtain fire to harass the victim, and under cover of it the rain attacks you from vantage points. There are the roofs for example. None of your neat, even, miserable surfaces of slate sloping down to well-kept gutters and pipes. These are of tiles spread in romantic disorder, down which the rain may meander at will; here a clump of moss where he may halt to collect a force, and finally a gutter, but no down-pipe, so that he gathers speed and runs under the eaves to sweep down in a cataract at the corner upon the moth-eaten umbrellas of the *camerata*. Then there is the quick swirl of water down the middle of the road and the sloughs formed on ill-paved streets. As for the roads which are built with a crown and therefore drain to the sides—well, you will meet tramcars there with a double wave curling before every wheel as from the prow of a motor-launch. Who shall describe the horrors of the *piazza* between S. Eustachio and the Sapienza where all roads meet? There you will be involved in a swarm of cars, *carrozze*, 'buses, bicycles and the like all hooting or shouting or ringing and the rain leaping around them and from under their wheels like a gutter urchin surprised at a game of mud-pies. In the midst, despised or ignored but ill-treated by all—the *camerata*. Even supposing you win as far as the Pantheon there is there a greasy surface of wooden blocks and the foot may slip on that treacherous ground. Then the disarrayed cassock, the fallen dignity, the anger and the shame that brings a blush! Finally the goal is reached only to find that a struggle remains with a humid throng on the stairs.

Such the fate of those who would despise Tradition to break a lance with the Roman rain.

But it must be confessed that much may be forgiven him when the *Ave* is rung and the lights come out. A whole new world appears underfoot as the lights flash back from the shining pavement or go glancing from the thousand little whirls and eddies that chase one another along the street. Then every lamp is hung about with a changing veil of diamonds and a street is bedecked with jewels by the head-lamps of a motor car—so do the myriad little drops catch the light before slipping into the darkness again outside the halo. Once in the house, however, you forget his dainty antics in the light and merely notice him

as a roaring hooligan outside. For whereas the rain of England brings a great wind if he wishes for an uproar, the Roman can make all the noise he wants without assistance and you can hear him behaving like a mad thing in every *cortile* of the building.

Thursday is the day when the rain is least welcomed. In the morning you may remain indoors or try shopping and brave the horrors of the streets. If it continues in the afternoon—well, a man must have fresh air and there is nothing for it but to gird up one's wings and take the old way across the Ponte Sisto to Pamphilj. Of motor cars and the like the roads are more or less free once the Fornarina is passed but there remains the climb up the Janiculum and the steps—formidable in summer, doubly so now when every one is a cascade. But these things are forgotten under the Arch of the Four Winds when the *camerate* foregather to sit on sarcophagus or floor and recall the more ludicrous moments in their own and their companions' past lives. That man usually gains the floor who can best gauge the slight pause for relish which a good story demands after the loud laughter has died down. If he cuts in too quickly he slights the tale just told, if he hesitates too long another is before him. But all the time his tale is telling you can see the faces of those around working with suppressed emotion as they cast back for a story to cap it. Meanwhile the smoke from the pipe of some sheltering labourer drifts out to the rain and the umbrellas stand dripping on the stones.

But do not think that here are umbrellas such as those slight green creations which sometimes shelter *porporati* from the sun, nor yet like those monumental erections which tower above the *carrozze*. No, here are plain unassuming umbrellas of an ordinary size. But within that pale of similarity what a variety of types! There are those neatly woven ones which open and close with the touch of a hidden spring and deft movement of the hand and there are others which are moth-eaten along the edge of every rib and which are only kept up by a sort of "half-Nelson" grip known to the owner alone.

These types of umbrella are, however, extremes and between them are numerous grades. Thus one will have a great tear turned to the back through which you may see a charming vi-

gnette of the bearer's head with the walls of Rome in the distance; another will have a sound cover but a bizarre shape due to a dislocated rib; another will be whole and entire but with some part loose as was that of the student who on returning home found only the handle and shaft of his umbrella hooked in the arm-hole of his "wings". A diverse collection, and if the truth be told, of little use against the elfish tricks of the rain. He always manages to damp one's shoulder and drench the fringe of the cassock so that it swishes moistly about the ankles of the cleric. Strange then that this poor thing should so arouse the affections of a man. You have but to see the way they treat it; shorten its name to an affectionate monosyllable and how men will call upon heaven if in some scholastic exodus it be trodden underfoot. So it is, and this in spite of the fact that it will league itself with the rain and deal a cowardly rear-attack, when the rain has gone, by rooting itself in the softened earth between the cobble-stones, suddenly arresting your stride or springing from your hand like a thing bewitched.

As you come down from Pamphilj you may see the rain in a different character. He is playing with the children, sailing their paper Armadas and changing the dust to that plastic mass which so delights the heart of the young. But a few minutes later you will find him holding the Ponte Sisto, as wild a bully as ever.

It is curious that the Roman rain should be so much the swashbuckler, for his companions around us are as solemn as the Campagna they rule. See the sturdy legions of cloud heavy with rain that march over Cavo from the sea or the cavalcades that are marshalled about Gennaro. Not of this sort is the Roman and when there comes a lull at evening he will straddle the sky in rags of cloud above the Janiculum and join the pageantry of sunset, not as a centurion, but as one in scarlet doublet and cloak with a hat gallantly feathered and here and there a gleam of gold in his tattered regalia.

But when he goes he leaves the blue spaces of the sky all washed and cool where the sun and breeze may go, hand in hand.

G.P. DWYER.

10. A DEFENCE OF PROFESSORS.

I knew a man once who used to maintain with an earnestness born surely of conviction that professors are an anachronism. They were a survival (he said) of those rude and unenlightened days when books were few and expensive, when therefore the stream of knowledge had perforce to be tapped at its source. You will doubtless picture this man to yourself as a low-voiced Muscovite, a gesticulating disturber of traditions long established; in short, a man with a grievance. But you err grievously. On the contrary he was one who spoke seldom and with many pauses. Also he snuffed copiously and with vigour, and this is the hall mark of the true philosopher, whatever the textbooks may say. Therefore there was something exceedingly disturbing, not to say alarming, about this point of view. The vision of a myriad professorial chairs blazing up to high heaven in mighty holocaust cannot be calmly contemplated by one nurtured in the *pietas* of the schools. And the Professors themselves: what were the plans of our revolutionary friend in their regard? That charming band of old-world characters which delighted our youth and remains an inspiration in a hard materialistic world—what would he do with them? Would he have them congregated in some mammoth Nosocomium, there to distinguish and subdistinguish each other into an unhallowed grave? It is a disquieting thought.

One must confess that our pedagogues have themselves to blame for much of the odium they have incurred. First of all their naïve candour concerning one another necessarily breeds suspicion of the whole genus. Who does not remember such phrases from his textbooks as “ut somniatur Billuart”, or “ut delirantur Conimbricenses”, or “exploditur sententia Suarezii”? Here is mud-slinging of a high order, and little wonder if it engender in the plastic mind of youth an attitude of universal distrust. Moreover your average professor is provokingly versatile. He will spend hours elaborating an argument, ransacking every sphere of human experience for scraps of corroborative evidence, but when in the hour of examination you have reproduc-

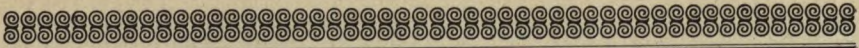
ed his train of thought with verbal exactitude he will raise his eyebrows in cynical disavowal. I have seen young men return from that cynical *tête-à-tête* broken and dejected. Ask them the cause and you will hear in choking accents—"He would not take my proof"! It is hardly surprising after treatment of this kind that professorial stock should sink low in the market.

Nevertheless there are solid grounds for that more conservative view that professors serve a useful purpose. They perform a definite social function. They bring men together. Their lecture halls become the meeting place where souls are knit together and lifelong friendships started. As I sit in the quiet retirement of my study and knock the ashes from my pipe, there floats before the mind's eye a host of faces which it is a joy to have known. Lean and earnest men from Poland; subtle intellects of Iberia; intrepid missionaries now sweltering under the sun of Africa or facing the blizzard hard by the North-West Passage; sad-eyed religious of Armenia; clerks regular and clerks secular; friars shod and unshod; monks hirsute and novices pubescent. How had I known these, had we not sat at the feet of some Gamaliel or joined battle in joust of wits under his benevolent guidance? Nay more: there is in some part of Europe at this moment a Prince of the Blood Royal with whose shoulder I have come in physical contact. I have rubbed shoulders with Royalty and the recollection of it thrills in moments of depression. How came this honour to me except that we chanced to be leaving the same crowded lecture-room together, and fate ordained that we should collide? Other men there are too whose physical appearance I jealously conserve in my memory, for I am certain that future greatness awaits them. Then will I be able to say with triumph—"Fine man, Cardinal X. I knew him well. We took Hebrew together, and often exchanged jests in that idiom", or, "The Holy Father was a rare character in his younger days. I remember well how he heckled old Latteroni with *diffs.* till he cornered him at the fifth subdistinction". Furthermore, to have sat within the shadow of a great professor's pulpit is in itself a distinction which raises one immeasurably in one's own sphere. What solecisms of speech, what oddities of manner, what eccentricities of dress are we not able to recall

and embroider at will for the benefit of entranced listeners when the port is on the table? Think also of the numerous friendly discussions in which we shall triumph by some such irrefragable argument as—"Don't quote Erbaggio to me. He was the standing joke of the Greg in my day".

But there is a still more profound reason why professors as an institution should not be allowed to perish from the land. Look along your bookshelf and notice how largely their names figure among the authors. You would think that authorship were the splendid prerogative of those who occupy the rostrum. And how shall we explain this universal phenomenon? We have been greatly deluded. We have thought in our ignorance that books were the vehicle of thought, but now the fallacy is laid bare. Books are written not to convey ideas, but to fashion them in the mind of the author. When your professor's ideas are clouded and incoherent, he writes a book, and all is made clear. *Solvitur scribendo*. I knew a professor who wrote three brochures on Falsehood before making up his mind how to define it. It was only when he saw his thoughts crystallized in cold print that the latent sophisms which had eluded *Barbara Celarent* were nailed to the board.

See then the dire consequences of this ill-advised campaign against the body professorial. Unchair the professor and the pen is stilled for ever. Empty the rostrum and you empty the bookshelf. *Absit infandum!*



COLLEGE RECTORS.

V. — ROBERT CORNTHWAITE (1851-1857).

NOT for lack of bard or historian shall Robert Cornthwaite, the last Bishop of Beverley and the first of Leeds, and sometime Rector of this Venerable College, pass into a long night of oblivion. With the history of the College is inseparably bound the history of each of its rectors, and if the period since the restoration is rightly called "the period of great rectors" it is of some moment that Cornthwaite's work should be weighed in the balance and estimated at its worth. Such a task is difficult enough when the man and his work are already known. It is much more difficult when the historian ploughs a lonely furrow through new soil. The pioneer historian is most liable to play the bard; but his work clears the ground. If his paths lead less directly to the truth there are always one or two certain facts to keep him in the right direction.

The main facts of Cornthwaite's life are soon acquired. He was born at Preston in 1818 (the year of the reopening of the College) of a Lancashire family with a strong Catholic tradition. At the age of twelve he went to Ushaw where he was confirmed by Bishop Briggs and on June 5th, 1841, received the tonsure from Bishop Mostyn. He entered the Venerable on September 30th the following year at the age of twenty-four and took the College Oath at the end of his first year. At Christmas, 1844, he was ordained subdeacon at the Lateran. Bishop Baggs conferred on him the diaconate at the College three months later and the Vice-Gerent ordained him priest on November 9th, 1845. Five months later he left Rome for his diocese of Beverley and

worked on the mission at Carlisle till his election to the rectorship on August 28th, 1851. He resigned the rectorship six years later, apparently whilst on holiday in England, and was named *cameriere d'onore*. On November 10th, 1861 he was consecrated Bishop of Beverley by Cardinal Wiseman. In the same year he had baptized an infant called John Prior at Darlington. As bishop he visited Rome several times. In 1869 he brought out a student to the College, his nephew, William Kirkham, whose diary of that day has already found its way to THE VENERABLE.⁴ In 1877 his diocese was divided and he became first Bishop of Leeds where he died in 1890.

It seems a normal life in this bald narration, lacking excitement and hardly provocative of interest. But it is only with one small section of it, the six years of his rectorship, that we are directly concerned here. What were the qualities that won for him that position? He was to succeed Grant, and that only five years after his own ordination. He was to act as agent for the bishops, a position of close confidence and serious responsibility. It was already considered a normal consequence that the Rector of the English College should ultimately rule an English diocese. Of the qualities that attracted the attention of his superiors and made Cornthwaite eligible for such a position we find nothing written. Of the qualities he actually displayed as Rector no explicit testimony comes down to us. Of the agency-business he carried on during that lively period which immediately followed the restoration of the hierarchy we can find no trace in our archives; a singular and very remarkable fact, for his predecessor, Grant is well documented and so is his successor, English. Did some strange accident befall the Cornthwaite *dossier*? Or did that humble man (that he was very humble is a well attested tradition) himself destroy the clues from which we might have reconstructed his story? The possible questions are endless and to little purpose. Let us rather take stock of the sources we possess. In the archives we find six short letters written in his own hand to Dr. English, four of them on domestic disputes about the newly sheltered Pio. There is a

⁴ Vol. III, p. 321, seq.

letter to Cornthwaite on agency matters from Canon Fisher of Liverpool and one or two letters from Morris and English to Talbot. There are finally an illuminated petition that Cornthwaite sent to Pius IX, and his portrait now hung in the library. Add what can be gleaned of the state of a college from its *Liber Hebdomadarius* (notices of weekly functions in chapel), from the Minutes of its Literary Society, from the College Register and Accounts, and endeavour to build up a character-study of an elusive figure that flits through those darkling pages, or to reconstruct from them the history of the College of that day. It is but a jejune legacy for the historian or bard! Luckily there is one more personal document at hand—the diary of George Johnson (1852-1856) whereof some pages have already appeared in *THE VENERABLE*.¹ But Johnson, that egregious young egoist, says little of his Rector; and his opinions of men and things are not very reliable. He does at least give us an unbroken account of his own life at the College from the September of 1852 to the Christmas of 1854 and is by far the most valuable source of information we have for this period. The event of greatest moment in the history of Cornthwaite's rectorship seems to be the founding of the Collegio Ecclesiastico (afterwards Pio) which soon took up its habitation under our roof. The documents that survive relating to the Pio are now in the hands of the Beda College and come next in importance to Johnson's diary. Finally we heard that there were some letters at Ushaw written by Cornthwaite all through his rectorship to Newsham. These may contain valuable information but we have not seen the originals and know not on what principle was made the selection we possess.²

Such information as is to be had of Cornthwaite's student-days we glean from the dry stubble of the Literary Society's minutes. True, the College Register gives those few details already written in the bald narration above; and digging through

¹ Vol. II, p. 299, seq.; Vol. III, p. 41, seq.; ib. p. 270, seq.

² We wish to thank the Vice-Rector of the Collegio Beda, Dr. Moss, who gave us every facility for using these documents; and the Rev. M. Thorpe of Ushaw College who sent us a selection from the letters there.

the dust and glistening pounce that covers the Accounts, we find that 40 *scudi* were paid to him as the usual *viatico* in April, 1846. He first arrived in the autumn of 1842 and joined the Literary Society at once. It seems to have been a formidably intellectual cabal in those early days. Its membership was six and a Cerberus of ballot and scrutiny guarded its portals. It is a sign, then, of courage as well as of ability in the youthful Cornthwaite that he was admitted at once. He was an ardent and faithful member, became secretary once in his second year and again in his last. It is enlightening to notice from the papers and recitations he gave how his interests became more and more exclusively concerned with his future work. He begins with the paper so natural to the new man: "On the Beauties of Nature and Art", but he soon turns to such subjects as "Prayer", "Exordium and First Argument on the Relapsing Sinner", "Extemporaneous Discourse on the Epistle of the Day",—though indeed there is a fall from this severe, business-like standard when he reads "Cedric and Aldegitha, a Saxon Tale". Was this a romance or but another sermon in disguise? On April 3rd, 1846, with Grant himself in the chair, a meeting was held to wish Cornthwaite and a certain Wilson good-bye. Touching speeches are recorded and the effect seems to have been great on Wilson who "emphatically declared his intention of giving the most cordial reception to any member of the society who would do him the favour to pay him a visit no matter in what part of the Yorkshire district he should happen to be." No such rashness is recorded of Cornthwaite and the next we hear of him is his arrival as Rector on November 29th, 1851. He found his vice-rector already in possession. Louis English, a brilliant student had taken his doctorate in theology twelve months before but had not been recalled to the Mission. So that when Grant (who had had no vice-rector for his last year) was removed to the See of Southwark, English was left in charge for the *villeggiatura* and Cornthwaite at once made him his vice-rector. That the new Rector was received with enthusiasm we have an inkling from a minute of the Literary Society for November 30th:

"This evening, besides the vice-rector, the Rev. Dr. English, who honours the meeting regularly with his presence and remarks, the House welcomed

with joyous congratulations the Rev. Dr. Cornthwaite, the newly appointed Rector, who arrived at the College the preceding evening. Although fatigued and wearied both in body and mind he would not allow the Society to meet without presenting himself to give it his high sanction and to wish it prosperity. He addressed the House in a short speech."

The minutes show that he kept up his interest in the society. They also record that three months later "Mgr. Talbot honoured the meeting with his company"—a fact of some moment for the future history of the College. The chief man to be reckoned with in all the Catholic affairs of England and her colonies in the next twenty-five years is the famous Monsignor George Talbot whom few historians have understood. In the light of such documents as we possess, he appears as a cheerful, genial soul, moving through life to an ideal world constructed of his own bright schemes; often regardless of the world of facts through which he passed; and leaving behind a trail strewn with his good intentions and the victims thereof. He was certainly not a sinister, crafty schemer, nor was he merely a partisan, grasping after power. By chance he found himself the final adviser in Rome on all things English; and if his clumsiness of judgment and failure to appreciate consequences were only equalled by his adroitness in executing plans often preposterous, we must at least concede to him that the problems he dealt with were beyond him, and that he undoubtedly meant well. It is only natural that he should have been a predominant factor in the affairs of the College for four rectorships; that his influence should have become more and more noticeable as the years passed. His work here began with the introduction of a second college into the house; it ended with the building of the present church. Around his name, then, and the names of four others, the history of the College for the second half of the last century is mainly to be written. Some mention must be made of the others.

It is interesting to note that in Cornthwaite's last year as a student, Louis English, [John Morris and Frederick Neve*] were also here. Morris was to be Cornthwaite's second vice-rector; English was to be his first, as well as his successor as Rector; and Neve, that much wronged man, became Rector after English. Morris is certainly the most attractive of them all and

* Neve ^{Morris} came October 1846. Cornthwaite left in May of Vol. V. of "Gleanings".

time will probably show that his work was most deserving of his Alma Mater. We shall meet him later. The other two became College Rectors and their story remains to be told. We are more concerned with the men who worked under Cornthwaite as his vice-rectors. Louis English held the position for a year and a half. He was fairly popular amongst the men and took an interest in all their intellectual activities. What he did as vice-rector is not easy to find. He had charge of the food-arrangements, but the main material administration was carried on by Cornthwaite himself with the help of the Italian *computista*, Branchini. One would also gather that the care of such discipline as they affected in those days was in the hands of Cornthwaite himself. English was a keen student who concentrated on medals or at least on liberal studies and was evidently little interested in the letter of the law. This policy he continued when he became rector. The only other thing we can safely put to his credit during Cornthwaite's time is that he took classes in Hebrew and seems to have inspired even such a man as Johnson with a zeal for that study.

Johnson arrived during the first *villeggiatura* of Cornthwaite's rectorship and introduced himself at Porzio on September 16th, 1852. A new man's impressions of his Rector are generally worth recording. Johnson writes in his diary:

Sept. 16th, 1852... The superior was a very nice man. As a newcomer I had to sit on his right hand at supper [!]. Before supper I had a long talk with him in his room. He requested me to go to Rome with him on the morrow.

Sept. 17th, Called up at 5 1/2 to go to Rome with the Rector. We walked to Frascati. On the way he told me the horrid details of the late Italian revolution. Got a good carriage. Arrived in Rome at 8 1/2. Took a repast...

The *villeggiatura* moves on in a very normal fashion; one day we have "an expedition granted by the Superior gratis to Rocca Priora... Capital turn-out"; later "a good dinner and caffè after with beautiful rose-wine for the anniversary of the hierarchy"; then the Porzio *fiesta*, with Cornthwaite singing the High Mass;—in a word, like any *villeggiatura* that we ourselves have known.

It will be as well at this early stage to give a rough idea

of the type of men whereof the house was composed. Their full character should be fairly clearly drawn by the end of this article, but it will be helpful to have from the start some notion of what they were like. To us, removed by the length of only one man's life from that generation, they are a problem. They are in so many ways like ourselves and yet so different. Perhaps this is most strikingly shown in the "sea-change" they suffer when they appear in public. Like the dead Alonso, they are transformed "into something rich and strange". Set George Johnson and a companion on the road to Magliana or in Santi's vineyard or on what he always calls "the lodge" (once even "the lodger") and we have a normal pair of Venerabilini albeit of a period less educationally mature and rather more boisterous physically than ours seems to be.

Two lads that thought there was no more behind
 But such a day tomorrow as today
 And to be boy eternal...

But take them down to the library for a meeting of the Literary Society and you will hardly recognise them. There they seem so ponderously erudite, prosaic to the point of boredom and unblushingly sentimental. This transformation, we suspect, was no freak of nature but only the convention and fashion of the day, to be accepted at that time, not to be wondered at in ours. For an appearance in serious vein before the public some stilted cothurnus or tragic mask was felt to be required. Without this forewarning we are liable to misjudge the public appearance and utterance of the last century; we are in danger, for instance, of making a pillory for our Wiseman and calling it his pedestal; whereas it was but the high stage of convention whereon he was expected to strut a little. It is not, then, a matter for undue surprise if we find that our Venerabilino of the fifties wrote papers on, and discussed with relish, such subjects as these taken at random from the minutes: "Phrenology,—its Falsity and Materialistic Tendency", "The Nature and Elements of Civilisation" (which took four evenings to read), "Mesmerism", "Botany", "The Influence of the Atmosphere on the Human Body" and "A Few Thoughts on the Happiness of a College

Life." In the following minute it is easier to sympathise with the fact than the manner of its narration:

Mr. Browne announced to the Meeting that with much reluctance he had been forced to come to the determination of retiring from the Society. With much reluctance, he might add with the sincerest regret,—the evenings which had been spent in the Society being among the happiest of his college times,—but he found that attendance at its meetings interfered indirectly with his studies,—in this way, that his sleep during two, three or four nights being disturbed and so preventing a proper attendance to his books. The chairman expressed his sincere regret, shared in by every member present, at the retirement of Mr. Browne the more on account of the cause, but very much also on account of the loss which the Society would sustain...

It is easy to sympathise with Mr. Browne. But let us turn to the other side of the picture. When they "emerged" from these meetings they resumed the old Adam quite spontaneously. Johnson was an indefatigable gardener, an insatiable collector, a cutter of sticks from all the trees round Porzio; he attacked orchards and vineyards daily; played laborious practical jokes on everyone in the house, even his Rector: ("Jan. 5th, 1853. My joke of pulling the Rector's bell and bringing him all the way down from his room to the Portiera."); took a swim whenever a hard fate made that possible; dispensed with the stairs when life was dull and "came down the water-rope into the garden. Vespers..." and even indulged in such low sports as fights "between our little dog and the rat we caught yesterday".

There were twenty-seven of them when Cornthwaite's term of office began and the numbers remained substantially the same till the Pio arrived. Philosophers were scarce: in 1851 there were only four, and by the time Cornthwaite left the number had not risen over nine. The average age of the men was high: all were over twenty, most about twenty-five or more. All these instructive data come from the College Register wherein Cornthwaite wrote up each year the "Status Collegii" which shows at a glance each year's statistics. He was the last Rector to keep such a list regularly. When the Pio came here, as we shall see later, the opportunity was taken of segregating the older men by transferring them to the new college. This doubled the strength of the Pio but depleted the College by about one half.

What, then, was the Pio? In Johnson's diary for November 28th, 1852, we read: "We found the Convertiti here on our return [from St. Peter's]. I had a long talk with one who had been educated at Cambridge. They came again in the evening for Vespers..." Exactly one week before, a new English college had been opened under Fr. Arrighi for English converts who wished to become priests. Talbot was the originator of the scheme and Pius IX offered it a temporary home in the Ospizio dei Convertendi in Piazza Scossacavalli. Though the real name of the college was "Collegio Ecclesiastico" its members were always referred to in the Venerabile as "the Convertiti", or with colloquial irreverence, "the Tits". Some time later it took the name of its benefactor and is best known as the Collegio Pio. In a month or two, however, the ^{retirement} death of Fr. Arrighi left its rectorship vacant and the Pope decided to appoint to that position Louis English, the vice-rector of the Venerabile. Johnson tells the story thus:

Feb. 24th. Heard of Dr. English being appointed by the Pope rector of the Convertiti but Hebrew was not to stop... The Rector and Paul [Meynell] left for Porzio.

27th. Dr. English sung high mass... Helped to carry the piano from Bans' room to the playroom, where we had a grand turn-out from Dr. English after supper; stayed up till 11^{1/2}; we had several songs, glees etc... A subscription raised to present Dr. English with a parting testimonial.

28th. Dr. English left us at 2^{1/2}.

March 3rd. Hebrew class with Dr. English, the first since superior of the Convertiti, or as they wish it to be called "Collegio Ecclesiastico".

13th. High mass... the Tits served in choir...

On the night of the "grand turn-out" the Literary Society held a meeting to say good-bye to him. The minutes are full of poignant farewells and we are assured that "the whole aspect of the proceedings was one of the deepest gloom and sorrow."

Meanwhile Cornthwaite had returned and chosen his new vice-rector, an old fellow-student, John Morris, then a Canon of Northampton. He was appointed on April 8th and arrived two months later, dropping on arrival his title of Canon and afterwards always referred to in the House as Mr. Morris. His life has already been written, but comparatively little is there said of his vice-rectorship, apart from the chapter where he himself

describes long gitas made with groups of English College men during that time.¹ One of those descriptions was written while "sitting up with a poor sick man in the College, which gives me a delightfully quiet time while everyone else is in bed". They were great walkers in those days (one of their gitas was to Loreto) and they had their horse-gitas as well. The mutual admiration that existed between Morris and the men was reflected in that between himself and his Rector. They worked together admirably and the College was all the happier. Morris occasionally played the peace-maker. At the end of Johnson's first year the Rector decided that another year's philosophy would do him no harm:

Sept. 15th, 1853. Went to the Rector in the morning and had a good row with him about not entering theology. I told him on leaving his room that I would tell him whether I would go or remain a few days hence...

Meanwhile a distraction occurred—the raising of a new cross on Tusculum—which gave Johnson little time for rebellious thoughts. Then

Oct. 10th. The Vice called me to his room after mass and had a confidential chat with me. Told me to bear up with another year's philosophy and all other difficulties and to look upon him as a friend and consult him as such...

After that even the inflammable Johnson settled down to his philosophy in cheerful acquiescence. In the same way when there was trouble about expensive theatricals and "in a meeting of the students it was resolved to have neither plays or supper, ut mos erat, on account of the strange conditions the Rector chose to propose" it was Morris who smoothed things over and the play came off well enough; "and fortunately it did for Cardinal Wiseman was there... We had a treat from the Cardinal in the library immediately after it". Morris would say Mass early for them if there was any expedition afoot. His scholarly mind made him a welcome member of the Literary Society. He it was that started *The Porzio Post* which was read in the common-room after supper and seems to have been a worthy ancestor of *Chi Lo Sa?*

¹ J.H. Pollen, S.J.: *The Life and Letters of Father John Morris, S.J.* Chapter iv.

Surely his appointment was one of the wisest acts of Cornthwaite's rectorship. One of the men writing later ¹ bears witness to "his public school boyishness of manner, yet withal his intense realisation of the supernatural". The same writer also records:

It was chiefly through Father Morris's influence with the Rector and the Cardinal Protector, Card. Ferretti, [nephew and Secretary of State to Pius IX] that the English College students were transferred from the course of the Roman Seminary of S. Apollinare, to that of the Collegio Romano. That in so advising Father Morris merited well of the Church in England, will not, I think, be disputed by those who are able to form an impartial judgment of the state of studies in Rome between the years 1850 and 1856...

This brings us to consider the standard of studies under Dr. Cornthwaite. That the College then attended the Apollinare and not the Roman College we simply know as a fact. When the change had occurred is not so clear, though it seems probable it was during the time of "Baggs the elusive", for Grant took his doctorate in 1841 at the Apollinare, not at the Roman College. Nor is it clear when the reversion to the Roman College took place. Johnson always refers to the Apollinare as "our seminary" but as his diary ends in 1854 and Morris did not leave till 1856 we may conclude the second change took place somewhere in those two years. Some idea of the Apollinare of that day is given by Johnson:

Nov. 8th, 1854. First study-day. About 30 of us in Bomori's class, Dogmatic; about 26 in Cardoni's class, Moral; about 40 in Archangelo, Scripture...

They seem to have taken a fair part in the disputations and other activities of the university, though when summer came on their ardour in attendance was noticeably lessened. After all, the summer term stretched well into August! Poor Johnson took his first summer badly. When July has set in, the diary mounts up to climax as the days grow hotter: "hot day", "very hot day", "a most terribly hot day", "a flaming hot day". And the inevitable dénouement:

July 31st, '53. I suffered terribly from my nettle-rash, took a hot bath, it nearly killed me... I bought some brimstone and cream of tartar. I took some of the former and went to bed in terrible agony, suffered all night.

¹ Pollen: op. cit. p. 79.

August 1st. In bed all day. The doctor saw me in the morning and told me for my comfort that patience and quiet could alone cure. I spent a most miserable day and night. Thos. Bennett and C. Graham attended me.

2nd. Just as the preceding day. My body spotted over like a leopard.

3rd. Just as the preceding day except a visit from O'Loughlin.

4th. Mr. Morris asked the doctor if I could go to our country-house at Porzio the day after next and he answered in the affirmative...

A few days on the Porcian height make him a new man. In fact, we find him exclaiming shortly after: "A magnificent hot day!" Such distractions as lectures in August, then, must not be forgotten when we consider the studies. And yet when the examinations came at the end of that torrid month, some of them took their degrees and medals if not all. The records we have of these achievements are but scraps picked up here and there,—a bill from the Apollinare in the Accounts or a stray reference by Johnson. Imagine their delight in '54:

Aug. 10th. Got up at 5 1/2. Concorso day. [i. e. examinations] Went first to S. Agostino to pray for good success and our prayer was immediately heard for on getting to the Seminary we were told to our unbounded joy there were none. The fear of cholera caused this lucky step. Our Cardinal Protector, Cardinal Ferretti said we were to go to Porzio directly. Going on the morrow in consequence. Carpet-bags left. Ices after supper...

Their work did not end at the Apollinare. In the College itself they had Dr. English to teach them Hebrew; a certain Puoti (quite a character) and later a Don Fabio to teach them Italian; a Father Mazzani who gave them classes in something else, not stated; and the vice-rector was official *ripetitore*. During the *villeggiatura* they all wrote "dissertations", the exact nature whereof is not quite clear: Johnson wrote one on "Optimism" and declares with pride on several successive days that "it was much liked by the Vice". On St. Stephen's Day one of the older men preached before the Pope: a function duly celebrated afterwards at the College. And they enjoyed their examinations at the Vicariate:

Nov. 28th, '54. Set off at 9 o'clock to the Vicariate in carriages (as it was raining dogs and cats) to be examined for minor orders. I got the far-famed red-cross knight and another. Answered very well...

In those days the Rector was practically spiritual director as well. When Cornthwaite first took up the position he wrote to his old superior at Ushaw:

... I am sorry you had nothing to say to me in the way of advice. I think this cannot have arisen from your seeing no necessity for it. However I will venture to trespass on your charity for a short scheme of a course of sermons or lectures on spiritual subjects, such as you think most useful for the students here and within my powers. I see a great need of such a course and feel how ill I am prepared to give it. Yet I see some such thing must be done. If you would kindly give me a few hints, I trust God's grace would assist me and Our Lady ensure success...

The course was given and had for its subject "Union with Our Divine Lord". He seems to have preached in the Chapel fairly regularly. According to Johnson he preached once at S. Andrea during the Epiphany Octave and the sermon was "taken down in shorthand; a great many English people were present." The students had their two retreats each year,—a week in the autumn and three days in Holy Week. These retreats were invariably given by a Jesuit Father,—once even by Fr. Cardella, the Prefect of Studies of the Roman College. For their ordination-retreats they went to S. Eusebio, the Jesuit retreat-house. Fr. Etheridge S.J., the English assistant to the General, was confessor to the College; though Johnson for the first few months went to confession to the Rector and afterwards took up a Carmelite, Fr. O'Loughlin, whom he used to summon by letter as occasion required. Most of them had the privilege of hearing Pope Pius IX read the Definition of the Immaculate Conception. The College at that time was especially devoted to Our Lady. The "Madonna Chapel", as they called it (now part of the common-room) was used for most of the domestic functions: the Sodality Chapel was kept for big occasions. It was quite an event on April 27th, 1853 when they had "meditation for the first time in the lower chapel." Occasionally they would have processions from one chapel to the other. During May there was Benediction every night and a sermon which they took in turns. In July Cornthwaite made a petition to the Pope representing

... che gli studenti del suddetto Collegio per devozione hanno alle proprie spese abbellita e dipinta sulle scale una nicchia mettendovi una Statua di Maria Santissima col Bambino Gesù che da parecchi anni vi si trovò una Statua della

Santissima Vergine donde presero i suddetti Studenti il pio costume di levarsi passando la berretta. Ora il sunnominato Rettore prostrato ai piedi di Vostra Santità umilmente supplica che Vostra Santità si degni accordare al detto atto di divozione un'Indulgenza parziale di giorni trecento applicabile alle Anime sante del Purgatorio.

Pius IX wrote his answer below in his own hand: "A quelli che reciteranno la *Salve R.* concediamo la Indulgenza richiesta."

The petition was presented to the Pope by that magnificent man, Bishop Willson of Hobart-town, who carried on Ullathorne's work in Australia. He stayed at the College in 1854 and was much beloved of the students with whom he spent all the time he could. He had come to take home one of his men at the College, Fitzgerald, the first Australian to be ordained priest. The Literary Society, of course, had a farewell meeting, at which the Bishop

... in a few kind and most affectionate words, said how delighted and gratified he had been with everything he had seen and heard in the Society, particularly with the Gentlemanly and Christian behaviour of Honourable Members towards each other...

Johnson and he were great friends,—the ebullient spirits of the English student appealed to the missionary Bishop. So the diary reads:

July 31st. Feast of St. Ignatius... Our good old friend, Dr. Wilson, left for Australia with Fitzgerald, the first native priest. I bade him good-bye in the house. [Johnson was suffering from nettle-rash again.] The good old man was nearly crying. All the others went to see him off...

The English College was, of course, the centre of all English life in Rome, and the English bishops stayed there during their visits *ad limina* as they had ever stayed in the College, and in the Hospice before it, since the days of King Offa the Saxon. Pope Pius IX visited the College once during Cornthwaite's rectorship on Jan. 29th, 1856, as a mural tablet records. There is a bill in the Archives for the decorations put up on the occasion. At Christmas in '54 he sent them presents. Wiseman was naturally a frequent and very welcome visitor:

March 16th, '54. Dinner at 1 o'clock. The Cardinal, Mgr. Talbot, Searle and Howard all dined here and a capital dinner we had. The Cardinal finished carving his name on the marble pillar in the garden which he had begun as a student...

When he was going out to dinner, Wiseman would first go into the refectory for a few moments "to get us Prosit", i.e. short reading. Once when Johnson had a very bad fever and must have been bled white by the doctors so that he could not walk, Wiseman lent him his carriage for the afternoons and visited the sick-room most assiduously. (Cornthwaite also was most attentive and the invalid one day announces "Orvietto at the College expense".) Perhaps the greatest day was when Wiseman went out to them at Porzio:

Oct. 20th, '53. Preparations for the Cardinal. Before he came the Rector called me to him in the garden and offered me the choice of my present bishop or the newly consecrated one Dr. Roskell. I chose the latter. Went out to the top of the hill to meet the Cardinal. We gave him as good a cheer as 21 voices could as he drove up. Searle, Burke (his nephew) and Howard came with him. Heard he had dined yesterday in Rome in a carriage and six to our College and that he had dined with the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. We all kissed his ring in the refectory and had a familiar talk with him whilst he took his breakfast. We had a capital dinner, quite as good as on St. Edward's. Caffè and rosolio after it. He told us a great many anecdotes about the old College. The band played for him in their uniform during dinner... He made exceedingly free with us the whole time. He left about 3 o'clock, leaving 3 scudi for the band and 10 to the parcho for the poor...

He held ordinations in the Chapel in November 1853 at which Edward Howard (afterwards Cardinal) received the tonsure; and he took the College to S. Gregorio to supply the *assistenza* when he blessed the first Abbot of Mt. St. Bernard's. One might go on quoting, almost indefinitely, evidence of the external social life, for Johnson has descriptions of the banquet given to all the English-speaking Bishops in Rome for the Definition of 1854; of St. Thomas's Feast when there were ten Cardinals in our Chapel and a guard of Swiss sent by the Pope; and of St. Edward's Feast when Cornthwaite entertained the Mayor and Corporation of Porzio. But something must be said of the family life of the College. It was a very happy family. The incidents that can be cited are mainly gitas or dinners or theatricals. Yet we do get odd glimpses of their everyday life such as daily jokes and "skit-papers" passed round the refectory, walks along the Tiber beguiled with stone-throwing competitions, and "singing in the billiard-room after supper" or "songs round the fire". Johnson

claims that his songs were always the most amusing and best received: but they make dull enough—nay, almost maudlin—reading now. Their chief musical treat was to go to the *Trinità dei Monti* for Vespers. Johnson went nearly every Sunday:

Nov. 28th, '52. Went out after Vespers to the *Trinità* on Pincio, belonging to the French nuns. The singing was sweet and beautiful; hence the great concourse of English. One of our camerata heard an English lady mournfully ask her companion on seeing the veiled nuns enter: "Oh, are those sweet creatures doomed to be locked up there all their lives?"

There was coffee and *rosolio* on the least provocation,—feasts, anniversaries, birthdays and the least significant of minor ordinations. Public gitas were plentiful. They progressed from Rome to the sea-side in a vehicle they called "the Noah's Ark". Let Johnson (in his first year) speak again:

Dec. 6th, '52. College expedition to Veii... We went in our Porzio dress. Had a capital dinner at which F. Davies gave us a Welsh speech... Took plenty of the fine, sweet Veii wine; bathed my feet in wine on return. All went to bed immediately after supper...

Oct. 3rd, '54. General expedition to the Capuchini near Albano Lake... Dined with the Tits inside the monastery and not on the forest green as usual...

When the garden oranges were gathered they were divided amongst the men: the quantities were surprising, sometimes as many as thirty or forty each, besides a generous allowance sent to the *Convertiti*. There seems to have been some arrangement by which they could supply for the lack of afternoon-tea by buying coffee in the refectory; hence we find Johnson gratefully recording that So-and-So went with him for a walk and "treated me to caffè in the refectory on return." Plays and suppers went together: sometimes the supper was a College affair, sometimes it was restricted to the private enterprise and appetites of the actors. These celebrations were not always successful:

Jan. 6th, '53. Epiphany... The "Comedy" which began at 6¼ was entitled "The Heir at Law"; went off but very poorly. They were actually obliged to send round an Ushaw man to beg the people to clap. The long expected supper followed... The supper itself was on a most magnificent scale but I never attended one in which the spirit was so low. It was a silent and lifeless feed...

But they revived a month later:

Feb. 7th. [Carnival Concert]... Lord Camden and about 30 strangers present. The tragedy went off pretty well and the farce kept up a roar of laughter... On the conclusion we [the actors] had a jollification, 4 chickens, a fowl-pie and ten bottles of good orvietto gave a relish and finish off to the whole. We then went down for a nominal supper where we were delighted to hear of the great pleasure we had given all...

And they enjoyed themselves at Christmas:

Dec. 24th, '52... On my return [from Vespers at the Sistine] I immediately struck up the good old English custom of adorning the public rooms with ivy-hangings, laurel, bay, orange and lemon leaf. I had to leave it in the middle for supper (or an apology for such) which was at 5 o'clock. We rushed out immediately afterwards to see the Pope come to St. Mary Major. [Fine description]...

Dec. 25th. [Morning spent at St. Paul's]. We had no Mass at the College. We had a fine Christmas dinner on a table in the middle... We had a ring of 20 or more singing round the fire at night...

A word remains to be said on Cornthwaite's care of the discipline and also of the fabric of the College. It would need much patience to extract from the Accounts a full list of the repairs and improvements carried out during this period, but enough information can be gained from other sources to shew that the material side was not forgotten. Thus we find the Literary Society ousted from the Library in January and February, 1855, because of the renovations that were going on there. In '53 we hear that the Rector was away at Porzio, "seeing after two new rooms being made". On June 18th, '53, Johnson makes a laconic reference to a momentous event: "Got new bell for College." Is this the same that regulates our days even now? It is probable that the stalls in the Chapel date from Cornthwaite's time. As for the discipline, there is every sign that the reins were held firmly though unobtrusively. A visitor to the College in the late forties wrote:

There appeared to me a Benedictine character about the English College, or rather what I should suppose a Benedictine character to be when in action. Their hours are not so early, their habits not so ascetic, their time not so rigorously disposed of, as in S. Sulpice and the French seminaries, and the system seems altogether more elastic ¹...

¹ Pollen: op. cit. p. 73.

From what one can gather in Johnson, the College was divided into two cameratas on Feb. 9th, 1852, and a year or so later they were subdivided. So that roughly the size of a camerata during the greater part of Cornthwaite's time would be about six,—humane enough for those days. Cornthwaite seems to have been extremely cautious about innovations and loyal to the established customs of the place. He occasionally surprised them by his "sweet reasonableness":

May 10th, '53. ...C. Graham, as he had been ill a long time, asked the Rector, as he was now allowed to go out into the open air, if he might take a ride with me, as I had the tooth-ache very bad. The Rector, to our mutual surprise, consented...

And he evidently encouraged them to inform him of their views:

June 29th. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Two low masses and a bit of a dust with the Rector about the same...

Johnson was not a model of discipline: but in any case the fact that the breaking of a rule should be noted in the diary should mean that it was rare enough to be noteworthy. His predominant failing was a tendency to late rising, acquired during his minor-professorhood at Prior Park. Here is the end of the sad story:

Jan. 25th. & 26th, '53. I stayed in bed till the bell rang for class. Took no breakfast...

Feb. 10th. Stayed in bed and fortunately the Rector did also. Graham tried to get into my room to rouse me but all in vain. I took no breakfast...

17th. Stayed in bed. Had courage however to get up in time for the Agnus Dei of the mass...

21st. Stayed comfortably in bed and consequently walked down in the Rector's bad book. Took no breakfast...

Mar. 31st. The Rector spoke to me about staying in bed and not speaking to him.

April 8th. Stayed in bed till breakfast. Felt rather ill. I missed hearing the bell... Gave excuse to Rector about staying in bed. He took it very kindly...

Johnson thrived on kindness and he conquered the bed-without-breakfast habit rapidly; but not without relapses:

July 13th. Down rather late at meditation. I made my excuse to Morris and, having no better reason, I threw all the blame on my rotten stock, and of course got leave to get a new one forthwith...

At Porzio, life was easier but none the less restrained:

Aug. 27th. ...Lecture from Rector just before grace after dinner about reading novels in time which should be given to bona fide study, and about going to bed at 10 ¹/₂...

31st. Got a good moth from the Rector's room...

The superiors were not afraid to leave them alone, though this trust was sometimes betrayed when incipient nettle-rash was making Johnson restive and rebellious. But it is only natural that in such a diary the adventures alone should be recorded, the more circumspect routine merely implied. After all the evidence is weighed, there can be no doubt that the discipline of the College during those years was admirably maintained, and that if it had not suffered somewhat after Cornthwaite's departure there would have been no handle given to those who introduced the "reform" under O'Callaghan. Perhaps the chief difficulty which faced the disciplinarian later on was the presence of the Collegio Pio. The union of the two colleges is the last incident of Cornthwaite's rectorship to be dealt with.

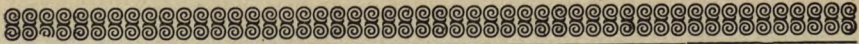
Towards the end of English's second year as rector of the Pio he sent a memorandum to the Holy Father saying that, as far as numbers were concerned, the Pio could be considered flourishing and likely to improve; none the less, it was labouring under difficulties. The building that the Pope had lent them was insufficient, the kitchen arrangements were awkward, the cost of a carriage to take the students from Piazza Scossacavalli to the Roman College was a drain on their slender resources. He reminded the Pope that a plan had been suggested in the spring of 1853 to transfer the Pio to S. Brigida in Piazza Farnese so as to strike up a relationship with the English College. That plan had fallen through because the money could not be found. Still, it would be a good thing to link up the two Colleges, for obvious reasons. Hence, the Rectors of both Colleges, with the assistance of Bishops Goss and Grant, had evolved a plan whereby the Pio could inhabit an unused part of the English College. The two Colleges would remain distinct, for the Pio would have its own staircase, corridor, common-room; it would use the Chapel, refectory, library of the English

College. English College men over the age of twenty-four could join the Pio. This would ensure more resources for the new college; and the prestige and patronage of the Venerable would bring new friends to the needy Pio. At the same time Cornthwaite also sent a memorandum to his Cardinal Protector putting forward the same arguments, but reminding him that the age division was likely to deplete unduly the English College; that the dual government must be carefully provided for; and that the villa at Porzio would not hold the Pio as well. A pension was fixed to be paid by the Pio to the College for *convitto*. The decree uniting the two Colleges was signed on March 29th, 1855 and the Pio took up residence on November 21st, with Cornthwaite as Rector of both Colleges on the understanding that he would not, as a matter of fact, interfere with the "Director" of the Pio in the government of that college. Such difficulties as had been mentioned seem to have been swept aside. Many others must have been tacitly ignored. To take but one instance, the drafting of men from one College to the other was bound to break down the artificial barriers between the two and, as was soon realised, the discipline of the English College was bound to suffer. The question of the union was evidently decided on before it was put, by a previous agreement of the parties concerned. Such a college as the Pio was a necessity and likely to do good work for the Church in England. Part of the English College was lying empty and the new institution lacked sufficient means to provide for itself. The solution seemed obvious; it was one which appealed to most of the English Bishops; it satisfied the authorities in Rome; it was salvation for the rector of the Pio. How was the Rector of the English College to oppose all this? When everything seemed to be in favour of the union he could hardly be expected to foresee the countless troubles it would spell for both places. But he might have at least forewarned them of some of the difficulties and taken the advice of Wiseman who was always strongly against the union. We cannot find that Cornthwaite made any opposition, and when we consider that English and Talbot were agreed on the union we cannot see how any opposition would have mattered.

So the Pio came. Soon after, Morris returned to England and Joseph Bans was made vice-rector of the English College. And in the summer of 1857 Cornthwaite went to England and resigned his rectorship. The reason for his retirement remains a mystery. We know he was none too strong. He was probably much needed on the Mission and anxious to return to its more congenial labours. The difficulties of governing the two Colleges were already showing clear.

In November he resumed the mission work in England that ended in his becoming the most prominent bishop in the North. We may notice in conclusion that in seven years he saw twenty-eight of his men ordained and assisted almost every one of them at his first Mass. Only five had to leave during his rectorship on account of ill-health: only two, *re infecta*. Of the man himself we need only quote what Morris wrote to Talbot after Wiseman's death: "I think the best Bishop in England is Dr. Cornthwaite and there is no one in whose hands I would sooner see the diocese of Westminster." And we may remember that it was Cornthwaite who was asked to hear Grant's confession as he lay dying and to assist that saintly man in his last hour.

THOMAS DUGGAN.



PALAZZOLA TO LORETO.

Io sospirai lontano
veder le sante mura
che un dì mirò natura
andar per l'aria a vol.

Eccoci al luogo santo
ove di Dio l'eletta
Vergine benedetta
l'Angelo salutò.

(Loreto hymn.)

A VERY observant Catholic traveller remarks that there are some places of pilgrimage too well known and some too little known; Lourdes he places in the former category, Loreto he reckons with the latter. However accurate this statement may be concerning Lourdes, I do not know, but it is undoubtedly true of Loreto. How few pilgrimages nowadays from the British Isles to Rome include in their itinerary a visit to the Holy House! How many Venerabilini of the recent generations have gone thither to pay their respects to Our Lady? Nor is it from lack of good example that so few from our northern lands visit this ancient shrine, for the saints and illustrious personages of many ages have venerated these hallowed walls. St. Helen, St. Petronius, St. Francis of Assisi and, almost in our own days, the Little Flower are but a few of our canonised saints who journeyed there to pay homage to Our Lady. Let no one however be too humble to walk in such renowned and holy company, for men of every sort mingle in the throng that passes down the ages to Loreto, and amongst them we notice that jolliest of scoundrels, Benvenuto Cellini.

It is not for me to censure Venerabilini who have devoutly prayed at La Verna and Assisi, at Lourdes and at Lisieux, merely because they have not added to their piety by a visit to the Holy House. I must myself plead guilty to being at one

time more than ordinarily ignorant of this holy place. A vague remembrance of the story of the miraculous Translation and a belief that Loreto was in Italy constituted the sum of my knowledge. It was, therefore with unaccustomed recklessness that I agreed to accompany a certain giant¹ on a pilgrimage to Loreto. To his proposal that we should walk all the way there, as nearly as possible in a straight line, and then return, also on foot, by a different route, I readily consented. Then—tell it not in Geth—I hastened to a map to find out where Loreto really was. I was dismayed and alarmed by the number of brown streaks used to designate white mountains between Palazzola and the Marche. Nor were my fears allayed by the casual remarks of my fellow-pilgrim about walks ranging from thirty to forty miles (not kilometres) a day. But for one as young and foolishly proud as I was then, withdrawal was not to be contemplated. Indeed my hopes soon rose and before the day of departure came I was longing for this gita and prepared for any hardship, for it was to be a real pilgrimage, made as our fathers would have made it.

All who have studied the map of Italy for their gitas will concede that it is a long march from Palazzola to Loreto, especially in a warm September and if one tries to go in a straight line. Before we started on that walk I had never realised fully how hot an Italian sun can be, or the number of mountain ranges that can be crowded into a few hundred miles. Never have I seen hills so white and glaring, *sentieri* so elusive or roads so dusty as we travelled over during those days. We continually lost our way (chiefly it must be confessed on account of my rather lengthy "short-cuts" and erratic sense of direction), suffered occasionally from hunger, perpetually from thirst, but rarely from tired limbs. Our day's tramp was always a creditable one, so that we always arrived at nightfall at the place we had settled upon. Still, it must not be thought that this journey was wearying or uninteresting. On the contrary, our desire to push onwards gradually increased and we became more and more anxious to

¹ For the sake of posterity, Mr. Ibbett has consented to claim the distinction of being this "giant".

brave any hill, were it ever so white, and any road however dusty, that led to Loreto. Then again one needs but to look at a map to see if such a walk could be dull.

The joys of every long gita were ours and many and various they are. From the day of one's first expedition from Rome, the delights of continually changing scenery, of the open road and of that pleasurable sense of freedom (for we are still frail and human) on emerging from the scholastic lists are all summed up in that wonderful word, "gita". Plentiful also are minor gratifications. The man taking his first plunge into the unknown is thrilled to be taken for a German, Austrian, Frenchman or Pole, while the veteran is proud of his fluency in the Italian tongue when asked if he is a Roman. A cunning *albergatore* will pander to your pardonable vanity by his feigned incredulity and amazement if you mention a sixty kilometre walk. Some I have known to take pleasure on a gita by frequently recalling what precise duty their friends at Palazzola were at that moment performing; others, pessimists, lose no opportunity of pointing out the comforts of college life—solid meals and no *conto*! Again many, if we judge by the astounding results, spend all their time in collecting or inventing anecdotes to relate to the guileless ones at home. Of these we recall the notorious pair, who led an honest *contadino* to believe they were the sons of Irish princes and on a walking tour round the world; the man who lived on three lire a day; the countless ones who tell of record marches (always forgetting to mention the 'bus or *biga* that carried them for the last twenty kilometres). But I am wandering and another has told in the VENERABLE of gitas and the men that make them.

Of the towns and villages we passed through I remember little, but there are some that are not easily forgotten. Norcia which gave us Benedict and Scholastica is one of these. We had tramped all day on the road from Antrodoco and towards evening came upon that little town which is hidden from the outside world by a complete circle of hills. From our commanding position on the heights above it looked so calm, so peaceful and so holy in the evening light that I could not doubt that Norcia was a mighty influence in the formation of Bene-

diet's monastic character. Next morning we heard Mass and received Holy Communion in the church raised over his home; but did not tarry long in this historic town and soon we were climbing up from the northern side of the *conca*. Another town that impressed itself on me was Tolentino, home of St. Nicholas. We arrived all unknowing on the eve of the annual *fiesta*. Now St. Nicholas is a mighty saint worthy of our honour and devotion, but when his celebrations take the form of brass bands and vinous singing at a late hour of the night, tired pilgrims do not feel great fervour. I shall not forget Tolentino for some time!

Before we commenced our journey, a saintly Dominican had warned us that in the hills above Antrodoco, there dwells a devil who delights in alluring travellers to destruction. Little heed we paid to his words (I mean the Dominican's) until we found ourselves somewhere above this town, the *sentiero* completely lost, hills stony and barren all about us and darkness coming on. Then Satan started on his game with us. I was certain I had heard cow-bells on the top of a ridge to our right and proposed climbing up; for I argued where there are belled cattle there is also man. Useless for my companion to point out to me that a cow with any glimmering of instinct, does not feed on boulders, that it was safer to descend than to be left for a night on the heights, that I had already made the journey twice as long by my "short-cuts"; I had heard those bells and would follow them. Painfully then we mounted upwards in the darkness, moving to right and left, but after half an hour's strenuous labour it became very clear that my cattle were not natural ones. Sitting down for a moment's rest, I looked about and descried a vague figure standing on a pinnacle of rock close by. It was the Antrodoco devil in his usual guise of an old man. The first sight of him startled me but, plucking up courage and muttering a prayer for my deliverance, I approached him. I asked in my boldest tones if he could direct us to Antrodoco as we had lost our way—which was very evident. The old fellow chuckled to himself and cackled out "Ha! hanno perduta la stradella, ha! ha! ha! qui non si passa ad Antrodoco, ha! ha! ha!" With this he vanished into the night and we were left alone

with the hills and the stars. Our panic now overcame us and we fled down the slope, slipping and sliding, down and down until we came to vineyards and civilisation; but I did not feel safe until many miles of darkness separated us from that unholy mountain and even then I heard that mocking laugh in my troubled sleep.

Only once did we feel weary and very tired. It was our last march, from Tolentino to Loreto, and as we were now on the plains of the Marche, the shortest way was by road. Such a blinding road, the choking dust and the intense afternoon heat made us into two very sorry-looking spectacles. There was no talking, no scenery worth looking at (for the province of the Marche is not the most beautiful part of Italy) and we were very, very thirsty. A courteous peasant offered us a lift and only with great difficulty did we persuade him to leave us. It was a great temptation, but a pilgrimage is a pilgrimage and, as I mentioned before, I was very proud. We stumbled onward at a good pace however and soon topped the ridge upon which Recanati stands. Then Our Lady came to our relief and brought us a powerful joy. Before us lay the Adriatic, dotted with many white-sailed fishing boats, and near us, standing on its little hill, was Loreto! The setting sun gave a faint glow to the dome of the basilica, under which we knew lay the end of our journey. Thanks to Our Lady of Loreto for that welcome sight! With renewed strength and rapid strides we descended into the valley; then up again, now in a talkative and merry mood. With the darkness we entered Loreto.

Next morning we were early at the Santa Casa for Mass and Holy Communion. To kneel before that historic shrine and kiss in humility those sacred walls and to observe the mighty faith of the pilgrims moves one profoundly. One thinks more at such a moment than can be put into words. If any words could say it, they are those of the inscription in the Holy House: "Hic Verbum caro factum est". And there is the reason why Loreto is nearer my heart today than any other town in Italy.

If there be any Catholic, not blessed with the unquestioning faith of his forbears in tradition, who doubts that the Santa Casa is one and the same with the Holy House of Nazareth, let

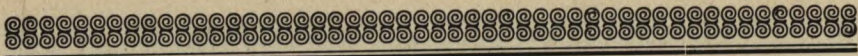
him carefully read the reports of the competent and not over-credulous persons delegated to inquire into the matter. When in April 1751 a diligent examination was made, it was found as tradition asserted, that there were no foundations beneath the walls. Furthermore, the soil beneath was loose and sandy so that several passed their arms through to the other side. Seeing this, one Bishop exclaimed "Non più, basta; si tenta Dio"; but despite his Lordship's pious protest the operations were continued with the same result under each wall. Contrary to the laws of gravity, the Holy House exerted no pressure on the ground beneath. Again the findings of the Pontifical Commission held in Loreto in April 1921 and July 1922, clearly show that the authenticity of the Translation of the Holy House can be denied by no reasonable man. Having completed his investigations, let the sceptic walk in all humility to that shrine and ask for pardon and faith.

Loreto will be found interesting in many other ways. It is a pretty town in a pleasant position and its history is of no mean importance. The historian will know that those walls were built as a protection against marauding Saracens and will live over once again much of Italy's troubled history. One scene of the past alone came to my mind. I saw it as on that morning near seventy years ago, when many brave and noble men made their last visit to the Santa Casa, received the Blessed Sacrament and joyfully marched to death. Out of that gate they passed,—sons of the Church from every land, a living testimony to its Catholicity—ready to die for Pio Nono. Before them flew the banner which had lain in the Holy House since it received the scars at the battle of Lepanto, long ago. It is with pride that we remember that at least one division came from the northern isles of rain. They went to death, but rarely have soldiers gone in a worthier cause. Looking out at Castelfidardo, you can see that hill with the farm houses of Le Crocette, the scene of that day's bloody combat. It is not difficult to picture the spirited advance of the Papal troops, the desperate struggle for the possession of the farm-houses and then, when victory seemed near, the treachery or cowardice or military ignorance of the Italian Pontifical troops, who shot down more of their own comrades

than of Cialdini's army. But it was a glorious death they died, for they showed, as has often been shown in history, that there can be victory in disaster and triumph in failure.

Let the visitor to Loreto discard his guide-books, one of which speaks of Loreto as "infested" with beggars and rosary-vendors; rather let him remember his Faith and history and he will not regret his stay. Venerabilini, in these happy days of long gitas, have left few places in Italy unvisited. They have prayed at Assisi and La Verna, at Subiaco and Monte Cassino, at Siena and Bologna; they have answered the challenge of the Abruzzi hills and conquered the peaks of the Dolomites; they have strolled gently through the wilds of wild Calabria and have "done" Florence and Naples. They have done well. Yet perhaps it will be pleasanter when gita-days are over and the ruck-sack and staff have passed to more youthful travellers to look back on a tramp to Loreto than to the picture-galleries of Florence or the snows of the Abruzzi.

JAMES REA.



NOVA ET VETERA.

OUR NEW BEATI.

This list of twenty-two of our Martyrs, beatified on December 15th, has been compiled from dates and names given in the *Liber Ruber* and the *Responsiones ad Questiones*, in both of which the information is usually written out or signed by the Martyrs themselves. The places and dates of their executions have been taken from Challoner and the Brief for the Beatification.

Bl. Thomas Hemerford (Oct. 1580—April 1583) born in Dorsetshire, studied at Hart's Hall, Oxford, entered the College at the age of twenty-six, and martyred at Tyburn February 12th, 1584.

Bl. John Munden ("Stette un pezzo nel Collegio di Roma dove fu fatto Sacerdote")¹ born at Coltley, Dorsetshire, studied at New College, Oxford, entered this College at the age of about forty, and martyred in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, February 12th, 1584.

Bl. Robert Morton (April 1587—1587) born at Bawtry, Yorkshire, entered the College at the age of thirty-nine, and martyred at Lincoln's-inn-fields, London, August 28th 1588.

Bl. Richard Leigh (Nov. 1582—1586) born in Cambridgeshire, entered the College at the age of twenty-two, and martyred at Tyburn, August 30th, 1588.

Bl. Edward James (Sept. 1580—Sept. 1585) born in the Lichfield diocese, entered the College at the age of twenty-one, and martyred at Chichester, October 1st, 1588.

¹ cf. "Historia del Glorioso Martirio di diciotto Sacerdoti etc. Tradotta da lingua Inglese in Italiana da un scolare del Collegio Inglese di Roma." 1585.

Bl. Christopher Buxton (April 1584—April 1587) born in Derbyshire, schooling at Tidswell, entered the College at the age of twenty-two, and martyred at Canterbury, October 1st, 1588.

Bl. Christopher Bales (Bailey) (Oct. 1583—Sept. 1584) born at Cunsley in the bishopric of Durham, entered the College at the age of nineteen, and martyred in Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, March 4th, 1590.

Bl. Oliver Palmer (Polydore Plasden) (April 1585—1587?) born in London, entered the College at the age of twenty-two, and martyred at Tyburn, December 10th, 1591.

Bl. Eustace White (Oct. 1586—1588?) born at Louth, Lincolnshire, entered the College at the age of twenty-six, and martyred at Tyburn, December 10th, 1591.

Bl. John Cornelius S.J. (April 1580—Sept. 1583) born at Bodmin, Cornwall, studied at Exeter College, Oxford, and entered this College at the age of twenty-three. Martyred at Dorchester, July 4th, 1594.

Bl. John Ingram (Oct. 1584—Sept. 1591) born in Warwickshire, entered the College at the age of nineteen, and martyred at Newcastle, July 26th, 1594.

Bl. Robert Southwell S.J. (*Ripetitore* in Philosophy for two years: 1583—1584)¹ born at St. Faith's, Norwich, 1561, and martyred at Tyburn, February 25th, 1595.

Bl. Henry Walpole S.J. (April 1583—Jan. 1584) born at Docketing, Norfolk, studied at Cambridge, entered the College at the age of twenty-four, and martyred at York, April 7th, 1595.

Bl. Robert Watkinson (Wilson) (Oct. 1599—Oct. 1601) born at Hemingborough, Yorkshire, schooling at Castleforde, entered the College at the age of twenty, and martyred at Tyburn, April 20th, 1602.

Bl. Edward Oldcorne S.J. (April 1582—1587?) born at York, entered the College at the age of twenty-two, and martyred at Worcester, April 7th, 1606.

Bl. Richard Newport (Smith) (Sept. 1595—April 1602) born at Harrington, Northamptonshire, entered the College at the age of twenty-three, and martyred at Tyburn, May 30th, 1612.

¹ According to a list of College Superiors, kept in the Archives of the Jesuit College at Valkenburg, Holland.

Bl. John Almond (April 1597—Sept. 1602) born at Allerton, Lancashire, entered the College at the age of twenty, and martyred at Tyburn, December 5th, 1612.

Bl. John Lascelles (Lockwood) (Oct. 1595—April 1598) born in Yorkshire, entered the College at the age of thirty-four, and martyred at York, April 13th, 1642.

Bl. Henry Morse S.J. (Claxton) (Dec. 1618—June 1624) born in Norfolk, entered the College at the age of twenty-three, and martyred at Tyburn, February 1st, 1645.

Bl. Anthony Turner S.J. (Ashby) (Oct. 1650—1653) born in Leicestershire, studied at Cambridge, entered the College at the age of twenty-two, and martyred at Tyburn, June 20th, 1679.

Bl. John Wall O.F.M. (Marsh) (Nov. 1641—May 1648) born in Lancashire, entered the College at the age of twenty-one, and martyred at Red Hill, Worcester, August 22nd, 1679.

Bl. David Lewis S.J. (Charles Baker) (Nov. 1638—April 1645) born at Abergavenny in Monmouthshire, studied at his father's school, the Royal Grammar School, in the same town, entered the College at the age of twenty-one, and martyred at Usk, August 26th, 1679.

BL. ROBERT MORTON.

A book in the library which once belonged to Blessed Robert Morton was discovered only a few days after his beatification and so created quite a sensation. The librarian has compiled the following note. The book is the second volume of the Works of St. Bernard, Venice 1549. On the title page his name is written: *Robertus Mortonus*, with an inscription in the same hand: *Collegii Anglicani ex dono Roberti Mortoni*. Obviously the first thing was to look up the martyr's entry in the *Liber Ruber* to compare the writing. There the whole entry was found to be in his own hand, which in itself is a very interesting fact and quite unusual.¹ There can be no doubt that the handwriting in the St. Bernard is the same as that in the *Liber Ruber* and so the discovery of this book makes amends for the apparent loss of

¹ As this is an excellent sample of the sort of entry whereof the *Liber Ruber* is mainly composed we reproduce it on the opposite page.

another which we used to have. Fr. Christopher Green says that Robert Morton gave the College an Italian edition of the Catechism of the Council of Trent, writing in it: *Collegio Anglicano, ex dono Roberti Mortoni*. This book cannot now be found. It was this same Robert Morton who put up the monument to his uncle Dr. Nicholas Morton, which by a lucky chance is one of the few original monuments preserved from the old Church. Robert Morton apparently made his first acquaintance with the Venerable on April 26th 1586 when he came as a visitor and stayed nine days. Then on December 9th of the same year he came again in the company of his uncle, and they both stayed eleven days. After this he became a "convictor" i.e. paid his own expenses as a student until on April 5th 1587 he took the oath. The same month he received orders and left the College as a deacon to be ordained priest in France. The book was apparently well-thumbed by our martyr (indeed on one page there is the distinct print of an inky finger) and passages are marked and underlined throughout. We hope in the next few numbers of the VENERABLE to publish as much as we can find of these traces of our martyrs.

DURANTE ALBERTI 1538-1613.

For the same reason we reproduce as frontispiece the picture which has hung since the days of the martyrs over the altar of the College Church. Before it they gathered to sing the *Te Deum* when news came from England that another of their companions had received the palm and crown. Hitherto doubts have been cast on the tradition that the picture is by Durante Alberti. But tradition seems to be vindicated in the following note on the picture's history, for which we are indebted to our latest archaeologist:—

"The old church of the Holy Trinity, which had formed part of the ancient hospice, was still standing though its roof was gone. The old altarpiece, a painting by Durante Alberti, representing the Holy Trinity and the two patrons of the College, St. Edmund the King and Martyr and St. Thomas of Canterbury, still occupied its place among the surrounding desolation."

So Wiseman writes of his first sight of that picture which the Venerabile has known for over three hundred and fifty years. It is the only picture left to us from the church which was "illuminated from floor to roof with the Saints of England." Even Murat's troops did not deface it—a strange forbearance; and it was left, a symbol of its history, to the Venerabile of the Second Spring.

Cardinal Wiseman attributes the picture to Durante Alberti, but he does not indicate his source of information. There were three Albertis painting in Rome at the same time: Cherubino the celebrated engraver and historical painter, Durante and Giovanni, who painted the great Sala Clementina where the first reading of the Decree for the Beatification of the English Martyrs took place. They were all of the same Borgo San Sepolcro family and came to Rome shortly before the election of Gregory XIII. Lanzi would seem to suggest that Cherubino painted our picture. It does not appear to have any signature and the College Diary does not mention it explicitly. The problem, however, is solved by Baglione, a contemporary, who attributes the picture to Durante. He probably obtained his information from some notebook of Durante's similar to the small diary which the Alberti family still possesses. In it are recorded all the works carried out by Durante between 1587 and 1607 for the town of Borgo San Sepolero and the neighbouring villages. They are for the most part religious paintings for churches and monasteries, for which on the average he received between 90 and 150 scudi. Titi, and Galassi Paluzzi, the modern authorities on the paintings of the Roman churches, also agree in attributing the picture to Durante.

Durante had a most pleasing character. He was elected head of the Accademia di S. Luca and Missivini, the historian of the Academy, gives the following delightful sketch of him:—

"Era un uomo d'onore e piissimo, siccome le sue pitture lo fanno manifesto, le quali, oltre la bontà propria, ispirano a tutti mirabile devozione. La sua rimessa vita, e la modestia, e l'animo recato alla pace e al riposo non potevano essere opportuni a sedare le tempeste che erano già insorte nell'Accademia. Eravi bisogno di

un petto forte e risoluto a comporre quegli'ingegni rivoltosi: perchè Durante resse alla corrente onde si portarono altre novità sullo statuto."

He did not however bow before the storm in another matter:—

"Alcune pitture non serbavano quell'onesto pudore che si adice alle vergini arti. Laonde Durante preso dalla sua intima pietà chiamò il soccorso di un discreto sacro oratore della Compagnia di Gesù, e con prudenti e dolci parole fissò nella mente degli Accademici la convenienza che i lavori delle arti nobili dovessero sempre serbare tal grandezza e decoro che le mostrasse (siccome erano) figlie di Dio medesimo."

He came of a family famous for its artists, and was born in that many-towered Umbrian town, Borgo San Sepolcro, in 1538. Santi di Tito, the best painter of his own period, and Vasari's "most good-natured little man in the whole world", the amusing and witty Doceno were his contemporary fellow townsmen. In our own picture the head of God the Father reminds one of those beautiful and perfectly painted heads which Raphael admired so much—the work of the famous Piero della Francesca of the Borgo, and its perspective, ending in the arch with its glimpse of church and sky beyond, suggests Piero's studies in perspective.

Much of his painting in Rome was done for the Cappuccini to whom he was devoted, but he also did many works both in oil and in *fresco* for the churches of the City. His finest picture, a Nativity, still remains in the Chiesa Nuova. There is a freshly coloured and very pleasing Madonna and Child among the Saints in S. Girolamo. His Annunciation in S. Maria ai Monti is splendidly original in conception and beautifully painted: Durante is more attractive there in portaying happiness than in our own picture where his sorrow and suffering lack virility. But it is this work which most resembles our picture; there also a delightful golden circle of *cherubini* about the head of God the Father, and the choir of angels have the fresh beauty of that other angel which College tradition claims to be a portrait of Durante's daughter. There is a fine restfulness of repose about his figures, the quiet loveliness of the Nativity of the Vallicella is in strik-

ing contrast to Rubens' clamourous pictures in the apse there. In that contrast we can see the source of Durante's charm, which lies in the true devotion of his pictures, a devotion that flows naturally from a mind that loves peace and serenity.

The *motif* of our picture appears both in Bishop Clerk's account book for 1523 and in that of Cardinal Pole for 1548. George Gilbert, the famous companion and helper of the martyrs paid for it in 1583:—

“Ex hoc in martyres amore processit quod omnes qui a prima Angliae conversione ad hodiernum usque diem ex hac natione pro fide morte perpassi sunt pulcherrimis in templo huius Collegii imaginibus exprimi suis sumptibus curavit, licet ipse cum de hoc egregio opere sermonem fieri audiret in alios conaretur laudem transferre.”¹

The person to whom he gave the credit of the work was Fr. William Goode, godfather to Bl. William Hart and English confessor to the College, to whom Gilbert left the subject and order of the whole. It was about this time that Gregory XIII gave *viva-voce* permission that the *Te Deum* might be sung when the news of a new martyrdom was received.

In the inscription below the reproduction of Durante's picture in the copy of Cavalleri's engravings which Monsignor Moriarty recently presented to the College, are incorporated the very words that Agazzari says Gilbert used when speaking of the motive which prompted him to have the pictures painted:—

“My object in this is not only to honour those glorious martyrs and to manifest before the world the glory and the splendour of the Church in England, but also that the students of the College, beholding the example of their predecessors might stimulate themselves to follow it.”²

¹ This quotation (*Liber Ruber*, Annual Letters 1583) applies not only to the famous frescoes in the College Church but also to our picture, which depicts the martyrs St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Edmund the King, with other English Martyrs in the background. Gilbert is associated with the “quadri e pitture” in the Church in 1663, and this seems to be one of the “quadri” referred to.

² Foley: Records of the English Province, S.J., Series viii, p. 698.

Gilbert's desire was granted. A hundred Confessors for the Faith and thirty-five martyrs who came of those who had knelt before this picture showed that the "constantia maiorum et sociorum exempla" were not in vain.

CARMEN.

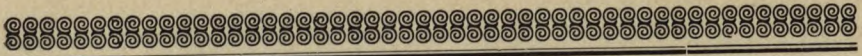
An old Roman (Fr. Adkins of Warley, Essex) has sent us the following hexameters: they celebrate the settlement of the Roman Question:

PACE ROMAE FELICITER RESTITUTA.

Quae mea, Sicelides, pertransit lumina imago?
 Intentis animis iuvenum studiosa caterva
 Et logicae normas et tecta sophismata volvunt,
 Dogmatis aut agitant valido certamine lites,
 Pectus ut argento, doctoris tempora lauro
 Ornent, ac plenas mereantur nomina laudes.
 Cum subito veniens Praeses sic reddere verba:
 Eia, agite, o iuvenes, lepidi deponite libros.
 Quaestio erat Romae multos excussa per annos;
 Italia spondente Pio adnutante Supremo
 Roma locuta est: haec Causa est finita per aevum.
 Aspera compositis mitescunt undique rebus;
 Contritus tandem est laqueus; gaudere necesse.
 Iussa ergo studium solvit fidissima pubes;
 Clauduntur libri, tolluntur carmina festa
 Laetitiaequae sinus laxis spatiantur habenis.
 Vox sonat unanimis: lux optatissima nobis
 Expectata veni! pacis redimita corollis.
 Non te surgentem bellatorum arma salutant
 Nec donata ducum ditant, felicibus ausis.
 At satis est proprio splendescere lumine soli!
 En, compressa silet faustis sub legibus ira;
 Libera Pontificis fluitant vexilla per auras.

TRAMS AND BUSES.

On New Year's Day a thorough reorganization of the Tramways and Motorbus Service came into force. The trams have been banished from the centre and condemned to wander on an endless *linea circolare* right round the City, the *circolare destra* going outside the walls from the Piazzale Flaminio to Porta Salaria and Porta Pia, thence in by Piazza Indipendenza to the Railway Station, round by S. Maria Maggiore, the Colosseum, the Coelian and up Via dei Cerchi to Bocca della Verità, then along the Tiber bank past Ponte Sisto and back *via* the Prati to Piazzale Flaminio, and the *circolare sinistra* doing the same *giro, vice versa*. In the City itself a monstrous fleet of 'buses has been put on to the streets with fast and frequent point-to-point services linking up various *nodi*, which are designated by a cryptic letter (N Porta Pia, B Ponte Vittorio Emanuele, E S. Maria Maggiore, etc.): and from the *nodi* trams radiate out to all points of importance outside the City. A few of the old 'bus routes still remain as *linee di penetrazione*, and the electric tub, we are glad to state, still holds its own and ambles peacefully up the Corso Umberto. Whether or no the change is for the better seems to be disputed. From all accounts the *Romani* are not too well pleased—the 'buses are too crowded (a child is reputed to have been crushed to death in the early days of the system), they are more expensive, the ticket system is unnecessarily complicated and they are an undoubted menace to pedestrians. But taking the system as a whole the 'buses are a great improvement: one can now get from place to place with a speed and directness that are a source of joy to all who remember the tiresome meanderings of the trams. In fact traffic has speeded up all round and the green monsters tearing up the Corso and the traffic blocks, small though they are, at Piazza Venezia, have done much to modernize the face of the city. The noisy rattling and screeching of the trams has gone as well, but instead the air is full of the blast of electric horns and it is difficult to say which is worse. Artistically at any rate the trams were an eyesore and it is good to see such spots as Piazza del Popolo free of them at last.



ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

ST. PAUL'S.

It is perhaps only natural that the year of the Concordat should also see the long delayed fulfilment of a gubernatorial promise. For many years now the three stained-glass windows in the façade of St. Paul's have been the sole evidence that the windows destroyed by the explosion of 1893 were to be replaced. But now a "dim religious light" steals through the new, richly toned alabaster windows, and the harmony is complete;—or is it quite? for the Gothic canopy over the Confession is not quite in keeping. Yet it is a delicate question whether the lover of Gothic could bear to see one of the few remaining traces of Gothic work in Rome removed. We first saw these windows when their greenish-yellow tints (for there is a large proportion of bluish-green tones combined with the more usual pale gold) were reflected across a marble pavement newly polished after last year's floods, and one's old belief that St. Paul's is the most beautiful church in Rome became a settled conviction.

The Canons of St. Mary Major's have had to find a temporary choir in the nave, for the apse is now screened off whilst the stucco work in the *catino* of the apse above the mosaics is undergoing repairs, since it was becoming dangerously loose.

AD CATACUMBAS.

The slow work of excavations is carried on regularly in the catacombs of S. Sebastiano as in the neighbouring ones of S. Callisto. Two years ago a new gallery was opened, the *loculi* and

lamps being found untouched. This led to a flight of eleven steps and then to a new *gruppo cimiteriale* of wide, low galleries. It appears from the nature of these galleries and from the ground being a good quality *pozzolana*, that they were originally a quarry and later utilised as a burial place. A rectangular shaft in one of the corridors was, we may surmise, used for the extraction of the *pozzolana*.

Most of the *loculi*, although untouched, are only faced with tiles, so that but few inscriptions have been found. This drawback is partly counterbalanced by many of the tiles having, as is natural, "brick-stamps" giving the names of the Emperors reigning when they were made. Many are ascribed to the second century—e.g. the Emperors Marcus Aurelius (161-180) and Hadrian (117-138). Still, no dates may be assigned with safety owing to the scarcity of inscriptions. Perhaps we may assume that originally the galleries were in part a quarry, and in part belonged to a private hypogeum and that in the first half of the third century they were linked up and used as a cemetery, whilst in the fourth century some of the galleries were reinforced with walls and some closed—for a reason not yet apparent.

We might note in passing that the Trappists at S. Callisto have been replaced by sisters who inhabit the large building originally constructed as a museum for catacomb "finds". These take charge of the Mass arrangements and provide breakfast, whilst the visitors are now shown round by students of the *Istituto di Archaeologia Cristiana*.

THE MARKET OF TRAJAN.

To give a clear description of the work here it seems necessary to mention first one or two well-known facts. The Forum of Trajan was roughly like a cruciform church whose transepts end in apses. The column with its surrounding colonnade marks the sanctuary. The Basilica Ulpia stretches from one transeptal apse to the other, and a portico marks out the side-aisles of the church. But here the resemblance ceases for outside these side-aisles is a large hemicycle, bounded by a row of columns.

Looking over the recent excavations one sees first the eastern

hemicycle with its marble pavement, and broken marble columns marking the limit of the Forum. Round this runs a road paved with the usual basalt blocks and beyond is the immense structure built partly to support the Esquiline hill, which had been cut away and partly to provide room for the tradespeople who had lived round the old Forum and had been scattered by the successive building of the Fora of Caesar, Augustus, Nerva and Trajan.

We have therefore on the ground-floor eleven square "doorways" where goods could be shown, with a small room behind, whilst a window above each door lets in the light. At each extremity is a flight of stairs leading to a covered corridor with another row of little square-roomed shops with a window opposite each. Above these shops is the uncovered "Via Biberatica" which had shops at each end. This road leads off to the Esquiline above, passing on the right the great covered hall, which later became a convent and then part of the barracks of Magnanapoli. This great hall which may be seen from the Via Nazionale was used perhaps as a meeting place for business men or as some sort of market.

But above all this nest of shops lie the thirteenth century constructions and fortifications of the Gaetani and Savelli, forming part of the line of defences from the Tor de' Conti, the wall of the Forum of Augustus, Torre del Grillo and Torre delle Milizie and so to the Torre dei Colonna;—a part of the network of towers stretching across Rome—the strongholds of the rival factions. The whole work has been carried out most artistically and presents better than anything else in Rome a clear idea of the appearance of the average large Roman building.

ISOLATION OF THE CAPITOL.

The sketches and models exhibited at the recent exhibition of Piani Regulatori show a plan for the systematisation of Rome from the Forum of Trajan to the Theatre of Marcellus and the Ghetto, which will make the centre of Rome unrecognisable.

The work of demolition goes on at a rapid pace; the blocks of buildings between the Palazzo Venezia and the foot of the steps of Ara Coeli have come to the ground, whilst one side of

the Via Tor de' Specchi has also disappeared, leaving the Tarpeian rock in clear view. S. Nicola in Carcere is to be relieved of its screen of buildings and the remains of the Porticus Frumentaria, hidden in a neighbouring back-street, will come into prominence. In fact the so-called modern Ghetto will rapidly disappear as its mediaeval predecessor has done. On the other side, the buildings between the Capitol and Trajan's Forum will come down bringing to view some traces of the Forum Julium. The Forum of Augustus will be linked up with Trajan's hemicycle and the Via Alessandrina widened. There will be some new buildings here, but from the Piazza Venezia one will have an uninterrupted view of the Theatre of Marcellus and Trajan's Forum and even possibly of the Roman Forum and Basilica of Constantine. However, although the work of demolition proceeds rapidly, the whole scheme is obviously a work of years.

F.J. SHUTT.

COLLEGE DIARY.

JULY 29th. *Monday*. At last we may be said to have begun our normal Villa life. Most of us came out here on Friday, only just in time to welcome Bishop Burton who is to make a *villeggiatura* with us. Fr. Welsby, of course, was here on the first stroke of eight the following day; but the four newly ordained deacons did not join us till Sunday, and the pilgrimage helpers arrived only this morning—in time for meditation! Palazzola has borne the cold winter and blistering summer well. The golf-house remains intact, and was speedily re-roofed with fresh ferns. But the bunkers have disappeared, and it took more than a March wind, we suspect, to dispose of these. Gentle grazing cows, always so patient with the golfer, have given place to shy horses; and down the vine-covered path gaudy melons, too fat to hang unsupported, gladden the eye of the passer-by. In the lobby there are bright new hooks, all be-numbered, so that the other man can borrow your hat with less trouble. The tank is clean, and is most popular at the end of the morning, when his Lordship gallantly swims two lengths—a dose he will repeat every day, and perhaps twice a day, he says.

30th. *Tuesday*. Coming to the villa late has its advantages. The exam plague has passed and is nearly forgotten. But it has its disadvantages, as the two who arrived from the Blue Nuns' today can testify.

31st. *Wednesday*. The *Rossomondi* and *Ambrogiani* met on the Sforza to play the first Cricket Match of the year. Carefully placed matting made it easier for the bowlers to find the wickets, so that neither side made a record score.

AUGUST 1st. *Thursday*. A Sforza gita! And why not? But feeling had run high on this question at a public meeting a few days before, and the tradition, youthful though it be, was only saved by a casting vote. Today Bishop Burton came up with us and decided in its favour. But one of the young men unwisely sat in the blazing rays of the sun, and was soon affected. After a few futile attempts to obtain snaps of the group, he sank slowly to the ground, carefully photographing his feet as he did so. Mercifully, sleep put an end to his troubles.

2nd. *Friday*. A terrific storm today frightened the servants, laid low the dust and made siesta impossible. Why did I choose a room with a leaking roof?

3rd. *Saturday*. Foul weather has no terrors for Fr. Welsby. But it did upset the electrical arrangements, and keep the electrician occupied. Consequently, supper by candlelight.

4th. *Sunday*. His Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow took dinner with us. And the sisters cutely served up a *dolce* with a distinct tartan design.

5th. *Monday*. Our Lady of the Snows. Coffee and *rosolio* of course marked the feast, and the Golf Committee—a body of prodigious number this year—announced to the rest of the members that the course was open for play. The cows who come on to the Sforza in the evening have been waiting impatiently for a little fresh elastic to chew.

7th. *Wednesday*. The Cricket Committee provided another match.

8th. *Thursday*. The second Sforza gita was tackled more cautiously, and the results were less distressing. Keen bathers in the lake have met Scotties taking their Archbishop there for a swim. The achievement and the folly of swimming across are being discussed by the deck-chair critics on the villa terrace.

10th. *Saturday*. After much labour spent on weeding the Tennis Court—whose soil grows more fertile each year—the hard-working Committee opened the court to the hard-worked members. We lost no time in getting back our form and made ourselves familiar with the De Cupis side of the wall again.

11th. *Sunday*. A *Scirocco*. So you can't expect much of the diarist, can you?

13th. *Tuesday*. Opera practices began, of course, nearly as soon as we came out here. And as we hear it is to be *Patience*, no doubt twenty love-sick maidens were working up an appetite on the *cortile* this morning. And they were not disappointed. For as we were settled in the Sforza, waiting for Domenico to put the finishing touches to the *spaghetti*, down came the rain. We waited no longer, and seizing everything fled to the refectory, where with all the luxury of a chair and a table we really did justice to a Sforza lunch. As it continued to rain, we capped the orgies with a siesta.

14th. *Wednesday*. Fasting and abst—. Oh no, of course! But it was anyway.

15th. *Thursday*. The Assumption. The attraction, of course, was at Rocca, where the Senior Student sang the High Mass and we chanted. It must have seemed no feast at all to the Rocca folk,—Gregorian chant, no fireworks, and even the innocent little masquerade in the procession stopped by headquarters (so the scandal of the Little Flower kicking St. Francis did spread to Rome). At coffee and *rosolio* in the shadow of the laurels, his Lordship at the end of an amusing speech proposed the health of the Vice-Rector, a health which we drank with pleasure. The Salve Regina tonight was made merry by explosions and coloured lights from up above. I suppose fireworks are our neighbours' return for opera practices.

16th. *Friday*. Fr. Welsby brought Fr. Newdigate S.J. to tea.

17th. *Saturday*. There has been a drought of water on one side of the

house; but we haven't grumbled before, not even in the Diary. Here we record thanks that things have returned to normal. But while we are about it, we might as well protest about the disgusting behaviour of the clock. Or is it only the clock-official? Whenever a man comes in from Rome, or even Albano, the clock gains or loses alarmingly, and should various reports as to true time arrive on the same day, its giddy conduct leaves us dizzy. The little clocks are proportionately erratic. Grandfather in the common-room wheezed a little during the first week, but now has settled down to an eternal eleven-thirty. Outside the golf-house, by the way, you may practice your strokes by aiming at a figure chalked on some matting. Its purpose is psychological. It relieves the feelings.

18th. *Sunday*. The Madonna del Tufo made up for the disappointing *fiesta* in Rocca on Thursday. There were fireworks and we were not asked to sing. But we did the *assistenza*. A cricket match this afternoon, which was continued,

19th. *Monday*. and finished today.

20th. *Tuesday*. At Rome some lively boy-scouts from Bradford were discovered in our tank (they were *heard* in the Piazza Farnese). And with them Fr. Tyndall and Fr. Thorpe. Accordingly two of "ours" exchanged Palazzola for S. Marta, and will be trying to answer a few straight questions about Rome and its churches this hot week.

22nd. *Thursday*. Yet another fine morning and wet noon. So gita-de-luxe in the refectory again. It will rival the ordinary form very soon, and become a tradition!

23rd. *Friday*. The scouts came out for a day to the Villa. It was cheering to meet Fr. Tyndall again, and to make the acquaintance of Fr. Thorpe. Did he intend this Scout Pilgrimage as a tonic preparatory to becoming prefect at Ushaw? They certainly made us sit up. They challenged us to swimming, cricket, eating and goodness knows what. One youth made the gramophone circle foam. He had read every Edgar that Wallace had ever written. Fr. Tyndall kindly supplied free smokes to the house. Palazzola seemed depressingly quiet after they had gone.

24th. *Saturday*. Preparations for decorating the *cortile* have begun. That means greenery, ferns and flowers are heaped up near the well, orders given, orders cancelled, and flowers, ferns and greenery, now half dead, dragged away again. But in spite of this the finished effect is always pleasing. Excitement on the eve of the opera is not unusual. The return of a long-gita man from the Black Forest completed our numbers. He had curious tales to tell about walking and climbing; but his later fate confirmed our suspicions as to the real nature of his holiday.

25th. *Sunday*. Today we celebrated the Rector's birthday. The arrangements in the *cortile* were completed, the dressers stitched the last stitch and the actors rested their voices and revised their parts. But we were anxious about the weather. It looked very like rain at times. However we were fortunate, and the opera was able to begin at the appointed time. The programme will be given here, but our critic—certain that the performance would

be reproduced in Rome—preferred to criticise in Rome and enjoy himself at the Villa performance. And he was wise. For what can be more charming than an opera in the cortile? The pleasing airs of *Patience* sounded mellow under an Alban moon. The little lights twinkled knowingly. And the chorus of maidens—ah “beauty enough to make a world to dote!” At the interval the Vice-rector thanked everybody in any way connected with the opera, and then on the terrace audience and entertainers alike munched sandwiches of unknowable ingredients. The Second Act passed quickly, and everything was over. And as we “bent our bed-ward way” we took just one glance at the pretty cortile before the stars shut up shop, and we met the grey reality again.

PATIENCE

or, Bunthorne's Bride:
by W.S. Gilbert & Arthur Sullivan.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Colonel Calverley		Mr. Cunningham.
Major Murgatroyd		Mr. T. Marsh.
Lieut. the Duke of Dunstable		Mr. Tootell.
1 Dragoon Guard		Mr. Flynn.
2 Dragoon Guard		Mr. Weldon.
Reginald Bunthorne (a fleshly poet)		Mr. Morson.
Archibald Grosvenor (an idyllic poet)		Mr. Carey.
Mr. Bunthorne's Solicitor		Mr. Carter.
The Lady Angela	} (Rapturous Maidens) }	Mr. Wilkinson.
The Lady Saphir		Mr. Campbell.
The Lady Ella		Mr. Grady.
The Lady Sylvia		Mr. Purdy.
The Lady Jane		Mr. Wake.
Patience (a dairy maid)		Mr. Halsall.

ACT I. Exterior of Castle Bunthorne.

ACT II. A Glade.

Dresses by Messrs. Flynn & Tickle. Accompanist: Mr. Ellison.

28th. *Wednesday.* The North & South Cricket Match. We should have won of course; and it was only by the narrowest shave that we—anyway we'll see next year.

29th. *Thursday.* A party numbering at least a dozen rushed down to the lake this morning. Even some of the most lethargic were caught by the fever—and panted and grumbled all the way back. The Sforza gita fulfilled its definition today. And a pleasant one it was. At its conclusion Bishop Burton rose and in Italian thanked Domenico for the five splendid dinners he had provided. Domenico was overcome by confusion, but evidently pleased when we sang “ad multos” in his honour. *Evviva il cuoco!*

30th. *Friday.* A little excitement on the Golf Course. The Tomb Stone

Competition is to be buried at last. The results point a moral. The winner had spent a week with the Scouts. The competitor who had walked in the Black Forest walked away with the Booby Prize. Gitas have begun in real earnest, for today the first party set their noses towards Sardinia.

31st. *Saturday*. Gita-talk holds a monopoly, so that it was fitting that Mgr. Cicognani should come out for a week-end, with his tales of a holiday in Czecho-Slovakia.

SEPTEMBER 3rd. *Tuesday*. More gita departures, and a delicious *dolce* made from blackberries collected by a few thoughtful students.

4th. *Wednesday*. The first day-gita took some people to their favourite haunts on days such as this when the Sforza is grudgingly forsaken—Acqu'Acetososa, Civita Lavinia and Nemi! But the majority were guests at San Pastore—and walked there too. Our hosts had a splendid banquet awaiting us, preceded by a cold shower for those who hadn't dawdled on the way. A musical martyrology and a folk-song interrupted the courses, and later we were treated to coffee and a *teatro*—a German play translated into Italian. A string quartette played the overture in masterful style. We were enjoying ourselves immensely when someone suggested football. Jolly game football, but after a long walk, and a huge dinner—I mean to say! But we rallied round and just saved our reputation by scoring the only goal. “Salve in Domino” sweetened our departure as usual.

5th. *Thursday*. The “Scotties” who have been quartered at the Albano Seminary this summer—their own villa is still far off completion—came over to Palazzola for the day. We played the customary cricket match, and though you will see the result elsewhere, the Diary cannot refrain from rubbing its metaphorical hands at our handsome victory.

6th. *Friday*. Of course really it's very quiet at Palazzola, so that Mr. H. Johnson of the Beda rightly made this his Manresa in preparation for the Sub-diaconate. But it must be a little trying for him in the refectory, where perhaps the “Beatitudo” is more noticeable than the “Solitudo”.

7th. *Saturday*. The Black Forest Gita Man has satisfied public opinion by carrying off the prize in a contest which the Golf Committee were pleased to call an Eclectic Competition. The Schneider Cup contest aroused interest too, even amongst the Gramophone circle, and excitement reached fever pitch in the usually chilly Billiard Room, as the successive *notizie* came through on the wireless. But loud were the execrations poured on the head of the unwise virgin who had neglected to charge his batteries, as, just on the last lap, the valve-lamps faded, and “we were left darkling”.

8th. *Sunday*. Coffee and *rosolio*, and in the evening a film, *Mia Mammina*.

10th. *Tuesday*. Where did those three gita-men get their clothes from? And are they going to show them to Tuscany?

11th. *Wednesday*. Gita day. Parties reached as far as Velletri—and of course there were those who would go to Frascati.

“Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more”.

This is à propos of two aged theologians who, returning after a quiet day spent at the *Gabino*, disagreed with the rest of the party about the path up from the lake. They arrived back two hours later, weary and bramble-torn.

12th. *Thursday*. It was our turn to entertain our German friends. They arrived early, bringing Fr. Rauch S.J. the *padre ministro* with them. The morning was spent at the tank; the refectory had been decorated tastefully, and revealed tables

“Freighted with amber grapes and Chian wine,
Green bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in brine”,

or nearly so! At coffee and *rosolio* in the garden, the Vice-Rector formally welcomed our guests, and the Bishop of Clifton seconded the speech. His witty address in Italian greatly amused the Germans, one of whom replied in perfect English. Unfortunately for us they all had to leave just after 3 o'clock in order to reach San Pastore in time.

13th. *Friday*. Goal posts on the Sforza are trying to startle summer into making an early departure.

16th. *Monday*. The Diary has been having a *sabato inglese*. Why? Mgr. Cicognani was with us again, and he says he does not like to see his name too often in these pages! The Bishop of Clifton went into Rome to have an audience with the Holy Father.

17th. *Tuesday*. The Editor of the *VENERABLE*, after a trek across the Gran Sasso and a penniless tramp from Roma Termini, arrived at the villa unshaven and unfed—only to find awaiting him an episcopal letter, containing further marching orders;

18th. *Wednesday*. so that today he left us again, this time for England and ordination.

19th. *Thursday*. Gitas have reduced our numbers to nineteen, all of whom accepted the American invitation and went to S. Caterina for the day. We were right royally entertained by our democratic friends.

20th. *Friday*. Another heavy storm, the fourth this week, and always just after merenda. Would that old Odin prolonged his siesta in summer.

22nd. *Sunday*. Sorrow sits less heavy on a well-fed stomach. So we dined grandly today, and made merry with coffee and *rosolio*, while all the time we were saddened. For the time had come for the Bishop of Clifton to set out for England again. Canons Chard and Iles of the Clifton diocese itself, and Mgr. Cicognani, were our guests for the day, and beneath the shady laurels there was a little speech-making. Once more his Lordship amused and instructed us: just once again we took pinches of those “pungent grains of titillating dust” and then he drove away, taking, or so he said, his “last look” at Palazzola from the car. The Villa seems strange now that he has gone.

24th. *Tuesday*. Anyone returning from Umbria or Tuscany must be struck at once by little changes and improvements at the Villa. For instance, previously, flies swarmed into the refectory, bothered you, and flew away. Now, a formidable framework of netting over the window prevents any such thing. Freddie the Fly who cannot possibly escape is driven by despair to commit

suicide on your pat of butter. Then again there was that great unbudgeable piece of rock between the Sforza and the garden. Some will have unpleasant memories of attempts to move it. The majority have associated it with the unflinchable permanence of Nature in the way of Man. However it has yielded at last to the efforts of an enthusiastic gang, who have been hard at work in that part of the grounds. That piece of rock is now utilised in the decoration of a terrace, which, once you have passed the cow-obstacles, really is very pleasant. Tootell-harbour it has been named; and into its shelter drift many weaker vessels making their way towards the Golf House. The Senior Student has started to work also. He is designing an arterial path that will take you directly to the Golf House, without passing through the meadow in front of the Tennis Court. The horses and cows are delighted with the result, and of course it keeps him occupied. Down in the garden Bishop Burton had spotted those curious old weights near the cypresses. Certain that they were Roman, he thought that they should be placed in a more noticeable position. Accordingly the stoutest of us lugged them along to the terrace, and there they now stand in a sulky row, at the mercy of the more playful of the morning smokers.

25th. *Wednesday*. Gita-parties have nearly all returned to the Dove-cot now—and their records have been good. Amazing tales are in circulation of 75 kilometre walks, all night trekking, sleeping on hay-cocks and adventures in monasteries. But some of the “he-men” are taking things very, very easily now, so that for today’s gita none went further than Algidus.

26th. *Thursday*. Some twenty Americans from S. Caterina were our guests today. They brought with them Mgr. Burke and their Vice-Rector. After a cheerful dinner we had coffee and *rosolio*, followed by a concert in the common-room. Some items from *The Gondoliers* were revived, and an old interlude known as “Monte Carlo” or “Ruined!” saw the light again. The actors in it were told their parts two or three minutes before they appeared; and having no time to grow stale, carried it off successfully. The last game of cricket of the year followed, in which the Americans showed plenty of keenness. For those who did not play, there were tennis and golf; and some of us took the American Rector and Vice-Rector round our course.

27th. *Friday*. Long reading in the refectory from *The Escaping Club*, by a Prisoner of War, is particularly apposite for those returned from long tramps through Italy. A warm day and one on which the sea was exceptionally clear. This gave rise to a discussion after dinner about the Mediterranean and Tyrrhenian seas, a discussion which widened its circle, grew heated and loud and was only hushed finally by siesta itself. After tea the first game of “soccer” was played.

29th. *Sunday*. Congratulations to our Editor, Mr. Wrighton, who is being ordained priest in England today. A telegram was sent to him by the Senior Student. At the Villa Mgri. Cicognani and Heard and Frs. Westlake and Waters of the Southwark diocese were to dinner.

OCTOBER 2nd. *Wednesday*. A return to tradition was favoured by two

parties who rose very early this morning, and after Mass at Velletri made for Cori and Norma and Ninfa. *Evviva* the providential youth who carried stone-cold coffee in a vacuum flask all the way from Palazzola to the centre of the Velletri Campagna! It is necessary now, by the way, for people who wish to see Ninfa to produce a *permesso* which is obtainable from the Caetani agent either in Cisterna or Rome.

3rd. *Thursday*. The energetic "hikes" of yesterday brought many a deck-chair into use today.

4th. *Friday*. The gramophone, though greatly appreciated, does not hold a fascination for all, at least not every night. So that an outlet for lively spirits these evenings has been found in round games of cards. Pontoon is the favourite, poker comes a close second, and *cerini* are the stakes. Noise and merriment accordingly once more wax strong in the common-room.

5th. *Saturday*. A fair number, but mostly of the older men, made the customary pilgrimage to Cavo to see the sun rise. And when they returned they saw that a herd of swine had been nozzling on the Sforza during the night. The damage was a bit heavy. And feeling rose high when later in the day the offending pigs were seen approaching the cow-proof sanctuary of Tootell-harbour. But they were driven away by the angry foreman.

6th. *Sunday*. We celebrated the feast of St. Francis today with a *pranzo* at which chickens were the *pièce de résistance*. Liturgically of course it is the feast of St. Bruno, but that did not interfere with our appetites. Free wine was flowing from the fountains at Marino, and a band of young hopefuls decided that they had better call up their friends the Little Sisters of the Poor this morning. But the fountains had not begun, and they had to be content with convent lemonade. Mr. Randall was here to tea this afternoon. In the evening Mgr. Cicognani, who is spending the week-end with us, read a paper to the Literary Society entitled *Le Mie Prigioni* a title which gave scope to the wittier element in the house.

7th. *Monday*. Blasting has been going on in our neighbour's grounds recently, and was nearly the death of our Secretary who would not be moved from his customary position at the top of the Sforza steps, till a flying piece of rock drove him this morning to a place of safety.

8th. *Tuesday*. Chestnuts are plentiful this year. And roasting gangs get busy these dark evenings. The place of course is in the Golf House, where a pleasant fire glows in an old can, and chestnuts are free and company pleasant; but there are other concerns that pose as rivals. There is no reason of course why this should be recorded today, except that, though pleasant to remember, the chestnut business cannot be mentioned every day.

9th. *Wednesday*. The last gita-day of the season, and a noticeable *sci-rocco*. Fr. Wainright of Norwich spent the night at Palazzola, and brought us welcome news of Mr. Restieaux hot from Norwich. News of the other Englishers is scarce. Though of course it soon went round that Mr. Heenan had been giving demonstrations in Plain Chant to the youth of Ireland.

10th. *Thursday*. Chilly enough for fires tonight. In the common-room

the smoke was bad enough to force us to open the windows, so that it was both cold and smoky.

11th. *Friday*. Chestnuts for Dinner nearly choked our Sforza roasters.

13th. *Sunday*. A happy feast for St. Edward's Day! At dinner we entertained Archbishop Palica, Mgri. Cicognani and Heard, Dr. Moss and Messrs. Schneider and Freddi. Coffee and *rosolio* was rather a family affair: no speeches and great entertainment from *Chi Lo Sa?* This, by the way, was Dr. Moss's first visit as Vice-Rector of the Beda and we listened enthralled to the tales of improvement and increase in the Via di S. Nicolò da Tolentino.

15th. *Tuesday*. An alarming scarcity of water produced equally alarming notices to the effect that our return to Rome may have to be anticipated. Luigi—and others—came to the rescue; and the well in the cortile squeaked noisily all day, while buckets full of the precious liquid were handed over to the kitchen.

16th. *Wednesday*. A beautiful day,—the thought of returning to Rome on Friday added poignant touches to the lazy Sforza and the flaming sunset.

17th. *Thursday*. Some were wise enough to pay a farewell visit to the lake, and bathed from "the tree". Others dashed across to see Caligula's galleys for the first time. The Golf and Tennis Committees did not close down till the last moment, and in the evening round the fire in the Golf House there was a final roasting of chestnuts, singing of snatches and a cremation of ancient straw hats.

18th. *Friday*. "The air is damp and hushed and close
 As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
 An hour before death;
 My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
 At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
 And the breath
 Of the fading edges of box beneath,
 And the year's last rose."

You cannot help feeling like that, as you place your mirror face downwards, lock your door and set out for Rome. And it was a damp *scirocco* through which we took our melancholy way. It was really an effort to be cheerful at dinner in the vast refectory, and the gathering in the common-room was as dismal as a funeral party. However, depressed spirits were worked off in the bustle of moving into new rooms, and those who had walked in from Palazzola were footsore enough to be glad of a quiet rest. In the evening the first of the new men, who had come *via* Algiers, put in a timid appearance, and of course was welcomed. So, meet Mr. E. Beevers (biennist) of the Leeds diocese.

19th. *Saturday*. The Englanders return in straggling groups, and we are glad to see them again. Venetian mosquitoes have worked havoc on some, but the majority look exceedingly well, even the man who had the task of bringing out three new men. Pilgrims to Pam this afternoon brought back amazing news. The new porter who was so friendly in July, has with the

approach of autumn shed his summer smile, and now demands peremptorily that we should come up in a *camerata* of sixty-seven! Heavens! But it is almost worth trying once, to let the Ponte Sisto feel the tread of six-score English boots marching in time. Meanwhile the porter will be dealt with, say we, nodding to the senior student.

20th. *Sunday*. The new men—their pardon, they are, save one, un-introduced. Messrs. E. Beevers (Leeds), J. McCarthy (Cardiff), G. Malone (Liverpool), G. Nesbitt (Hexham & Newcastle), E. Neary (Birmingham), D. Leahy (Southwark), R. Luke (Lancaster), T. Fee (Shrewsbury), W. McCurdy (Liverpool) M. Pierse (Leeds), J. Walsh (Cardiff). The new men according to tradition are experiencing a first class *sciocco*. Umbrellas are hunted up, borrowed and taken to St. Peter's. Mgr. Heard was at dinner; while at supper Mgr. Cicognani, with just a dash of impressive purple, came to see his old friends and to make new ones. In the common-room, where circles are large and English cigarettes abound, old favourites are sung and listened to, while in a confidential corner *Chi Lo Sa?* is explained to a few. This evening the deacons left us for S. Alfonso.

21st. *Monday*. Still raining hard. He was an optimist who sent round the football list at dinner time. But perhaps he wanted to remind us of what we would do if it were fine. A curious shortage of chairs in the common-room (for our numbers have not increased so much) has populated the unpopular benches.

22nd. *Tuesday*. We were able to have a game of football this afternoon; and glad we were to get a bit of exercise too. A frisky theologian let loose on the field, forgetting his age, shot three goals, to the surprise of even himself. This evening we begin our spiritual exercises.

27th. *Sunday*. And much better too after that retreat, for which we must thank Fr. Sylvester O.S.F.C. A new arrival however proved a minor distraction. For of course a goose quacks when it likes, bell or no bell. This goose, which has been sent by the nuns at Tor di Quinto, is a splendid fellow, and we are pleased to hear that he is to be kept until the Rector returns. Congratulations to Messrs. J. Garvin, A. Ibbett and W. Park on their ordination to the priesthood. Archbishop Palica conferred the Orders in the chapel of the German College. Solemn Benediction was given by Mr. Park in the College this afternoon.

28th. *Monday*. Today we had the first Masses, and a *pranzone* at which Dr. Moss, Fr. Welsby, Fr. Sylvester and Mr. John Park were the guests. *Ad multos annos* was sung at table, and after coffee and *rosolio* Mr. Garvin gave solemn Benediction.

29th. *Tuesday*. Cuthbert—that's the goose—thought the weather promising, so took a short swim in the tank. This afternoon Mr. Ibbett gave solemn Benediction.

30th. *Wednesday*. The chimney of the "spag" factory is being pulled down. The view from the Ponte Sisto will be wonderfully improved. Even now the half-standing chimney, looking like an East Anglian bell-tower, harmonises with the surroundings,—from a distance.

31st. *Thursday*. The Messrs. Radclyffe and Fr. Hoffleur of the Birmingham Archdiocese were to dinner.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Friday*. To dinner Fr. Green of Newbury.

2nd. *Saturday*. Does it always rain in Rome on All Souls Day? After we had struggled with umbrellas up to S. Lorenzo the College grave was visited and tended, while some Stanley scholars thoughtfully sought out the resting-place of their benefactor.

3rd. *Sunday*. Little purple "Kalendaria" remind us that *docetur* will soon give the key-note to the day's endeavour. Fr. Placid Turner O.S.B. came to tea.

4th. *Monday*. A very trivial affair from our point of view was Premiation this year. The Possibles were excluded, while the Probables gathered for the fun not in the Temple of St. Ignatius, but in Aula Prima at No. 120. However it was a historic day for us. Mr. Lennon received a silver medal for his Doctorate in Philosophy. *Prosit!* We celebrated tonight by re-enacting the scene in the common-room for the benefit of those who had been absent in the afternoon. And we were more generous with the prizes.

5th. *Tuesday*. The Diarist's birthday. But coffee and *rosolio* was in honour of the new doctors, whose healths were proposed by the Vice-Rector.

6th. *Wednesday*. The hurried after-breakfast smoke seemed ridiculously short, and before we knew it we were back in the "Greg" again, renewing acquaintances. The crush "between times" seemed greater than ever. Napoleon, glass-box and all, will be swept away long before we move to the Piazza della Pilotta. At the solemn Requiem in S. Ignazio the chant was even more elaborate than the catafalque. Mgr. Heard to dinner,—hence long reading postponed till supper, when *Red Mexico* by Capt. McCullagh was begun.

7th. *Thursday*. Yesterday and today we have had an anonymous gift of free cigarettes. Thank you somebody. The rain held off sufficiently to entice the footballers out and then give them a thorough wetting.

8th. *Friday*. The October number of the VENERABILE arrived this morning, and copies were sold after dinner; an unusual proceeding, but happily successful, for the reverent hush that greeted Us was not so depressing as in years past. We always like to be quiet at midday.

10th. *Sunday*. Pancakes on silver dishes! An historical fact that defies explanation. All day there was a little fluttering discernible amongst the officers of the Literary Society, for at their request Mr. G.K. Chesterton spoke to us this evening. His merry humour hugely amused us, and his talk provoked a fair number of questions. Mgr. Cicognani just dashed in after tea to get his copy of the Magazine (and censor the Diary!), but was not able to stop for the meeting.

11th. *Monday*. Armistice Day. A requiem Mass at S. Silvestro for the War Dead would certainly have attracted more from the College, if schools had not made it impossible for many to attend. After dinner there was a public meeting, with the usual "excursions and alarms". It was not quite so blood-curdling though as the reading in the refectory.

12th. *Tuesday*. Continuation and conclusion of the public meeting, and peace again. At the Gregorian we notice pipes and plumbers. Is the old place succumbing to central heating, or—but it sounds almost blasphemous—are baths going to be installed?

13th. *Wednesday*. There is no doubt about it. Baths and radiators are scattered in profane profusion around the ambulatory of the Gregorian cortile. Great news today! A telegram from the Rector. He will be with us on Friday! And we had almost given up hope of seeing him before Christmas. We hear that his room is being made ready and his trophies hung around the walls. There is just one who does not share the feelings of the House. For the Rector's return is the signal for the signing of the death-warrant of Cuthbert the Goose.

15th. *Friday*. An early supper, and at 8.15 we were in the cortile waiting for the Rector. He did not keep us long. A powerful car swung into the darkness. And in another moment the Rector had stepped out and received a deafening welcome. His secretary and his baggage (well marked with H) were scarcely noticed in the excitement. A few minutes later he came into the common-room, and in a record circle which included everybody he answered questions, told us tales and gave us statistics (the latter with the help of Fr. Engelbert Griensbach O.S.B., his faithful secretary), and then led the way down to night prayers as of old. *Deo Gratias* that he is with us again, looking so well!

16th. *Saturday*. Cuthbert, the fatted goose, (he should have been a swan) was executed,

17th. *Sunday*. for today, St. Hugh's day, we had a grand *pranzone* to celebrate the Rector's return. Mgri. Cicognani, Burke, Clapperton, Heard and Duchemin, Dr. Moss, Frs. Welsby S.J., Cotter, C.S.S.R., Count van Cutsen, Mr. Bowring and Mr. Randall were our guests. Fr. Engelbert of course is part of the "house". At coffee and *rosolio* in the common-room, the Vice-Rector welcomed back the Rector, and the Senior Student seconded the toast. The Rector replied to the resounding *Ad multos annos* and asked us to express our appreciation in the usual way for Fr. Engelbert's devotion and fidelity. Without his secretary's help, the Rector said, he never could have succeeded in finishing his mission so happily, nor indeed in finding the way through Africa. A *Te Deum* and solemn Benediction followed. In the evening Bishop Kelly of Oklahoma addressed the Literary Society. Mgri. Cicognani and Niccolò were present.

19th. *Tuesday*. To make an event in a dull week of schools, the Tiber today flowed through the hole in the Ponte Sisto.

20th. *Wednesday*. But we have seen this so often now, that today it sank back disappointed to its normal level.

22nd. *Friday*. The following was received by the Rector from the Bishop of Clifton:

SALVE EXIMIE PRINCEPS
 QUEM REDDIDIT NOBIS
 D.O.M.

QUI TE EX MILLE PERICULIS SERVAVIT INCOLUMEN;
 (SED NOLI AMPLIUS PEREGRINARI!)
 "O QUID SOLUTIS EST BEATIUS CURIS!"

24th. *Sunday*. The diocese of Northampton was represented today at dinner, on the top table, by Canons Marshall and Youens. Fr. O'Toole (Tamworth) was also with us.

25th. *Monday*. Cold and foggy for the morning of St. Catherine's feast. But after dinner the sun peered in through the common-room curtains to have a glimpse at the speech-makers, who entertained us before dashing off to first schools (Hebrew),—a wicked thing to do after coffee and *rosolio*. In the evening, after they had been introduced to an Italian ceremony at our parish church, the new men gave us a lively concert which was backed up by a Philosophers' Sketch. The First Year Song had a long and soul-stirring chorus which now takes its place with the others. Not the least enjoyable part of the concert was the wine and biscuits. Congratulations to those who look after such important items, and thanks to the Public Purse (i.e. the subscribers thereto) that makes them possible.

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| 1. Quartet | <i>Carolina Moon</i> | Messrs. Nesbitt, Luke,
Beavers & Neary. |
| 2. Ensemble | <i>FIRST YEAR SONG</i> . | |
| 3. Song | <i>The Little Brown Owl</i> . | Mr. McCarthy. |
| 4. Song | <i>Linden Lea</i> | Mr. Beavers. |
| 5. Instrumental Interlude | | Mr. Luke. |
| 6. Recitation | <i>Philosophy: A Warning</i> | Messrs. Walsh & Pierse. |
| 7. Duet | <i>Guardian Angel</i> | Messrs. Leahy &
McCarthy. |

9. SKETCH:

"AT MRS TWEEDLE'S."

- Characters in order of appearance:
Ronald Mr. Pritchard.
Cuthbert Mr. Purdy.
Mrs. Tweedle . . . Mr. T. Murphy.
Major Peppercorn . Mr. Johnston.
Miss Langtree . . Mr. Rickaby.

Scene: Mrs. Tweedle's Parlour, Bindlesands, October 1929.

26th. *Tuesday*. An important meeting was held at the Vatican today for the Cause of the English Martyrs. Accordingly we had exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the College Chapel till midday. It is interesting to remember that many of our martyrs prayed on the same spot, when, in the 16th century exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was frequently held in the College for the purpose of obtaining grace for England.

30th. *Saturday*. St. Andrew's Day. A happy feast to our friends at the Scots' College, who are rejoicing that the Brief for the Beatification of Ven. John Ogilvie S.J. is to be read today. It is just three years since our Rector was consecrated Bishop in the College church. His Lordship said the community Mass and wore for the first time an alb, emblazoned with his own heraldic device,—a triumph in lace achieved by the sisters.

DECEMBER 1st. *Sunday*. Feast of Blessed Ralph Sherwin, Proto-martyr of the Venerable. We had a *pranzone* today in honour of yesterday's anniversary. Fr. Gosling, Dr. Griffin and Fr. Verhoosal S.J. were our guests. At coffee and *rosolio* we drank the Rector's health, who in turn proposed the health of Fr. Verhoosal who had helped him so much in the Congo. In the evening the Rector spoke to the Literary Society on Africa. He held our attention with the account of his interesting travels but ten o'clock found us still down in South Tanganyika and we had begun from the Cape, so we have still much to learn at some later time. Enthusiasm for the spiritual welfare of Africa is spreading rapidly.

2nd. *Monday*. Fr. Calnan (1907-1912) of the Southwark diocese to tea.

5th. *Thursday*. The King and Queen of Italy made their formal visit to the Vatican this morning. To our disappointment the State ceremony proposed gave place to a quiet affair in closed cars, a precaution advised by the Holy Father, we are told. Tales were around of divers arrests within the Borgo and the Prati, of closely masked conspirators lurking near the new Curia itself, but the event passed off without mishap.

6th. *Friday*. The Rector continued his absorbing talk on Africa, and we have now reached as far as Western Uganda.

8th. *Sunday*. The Rector sang Pontifical High Mass this morning. Some noticed the coincidence that it was two years to the day, since he had last pontificated in the College chapel. At 10.45 at the Vatican, the Holy Father listened to the Decree for the Beatification of the English Martyrs. All those who could get tickets went, of course, and heard with delight the Holy Father's speech in which the secular clergy of England were mentioned *summa cum laude*. Mgr. Heard to dinner, and coffee and *rosolio* for the feast. The cinemamen, hankering after humour gave us a Syd Chaplin film called *His African Adventures*. The Monserrà was decorated with paper lanterns after dark, in honour of the Immaculate Conception. Messrs. Halsall and Jones, barred from all retreat-houses, are making their spiritual exercises in preparation for the subdiaconate, under the direction of the Rector, in the College.

9th. *Monday*. The Lungo Tevere which has been the road-breakers' paradise since we have been back, boasts two old Puffing-Billy tar-machines, which arouse sentimental memories in those who have travelled between Lancashire and Ushaw.

11th. *Wednesday*. Archbishop Mostyn, Fr. Cronin, Canon Hall and Mgr. Moriarty arrived and are staying at the College.

12th. *Thursday*. His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne called and took tea in the refectory.

14th. *Saturday*. The following was read out in the refectory at dinner time:

ANNO MILLESIMO NONGENTESIMO VIGESIMO NONO,
DIE DECIMO QUINTO, MENSIS DECEMBRIS
IN BASILICA PRINCIPIS APOSTOLORUM, ADSTANTIBUS EPISCOPIS ANGLIAE:
FRANCISCO CARDINALI BOURNE, ARCHIEPISCOPO WESTMONASTERIENSI

FRANCISCO MOSTYN, ARCHIEPISCOPO CARDIFFENSI,
 RICCARDO DOWNEY, ARCHIEPISCOPO LIVERPOLITANO,
 THOMA WILLIAMS, ARCHIEPISCOPO BIRMINGHAMENSI,
 GULIELMO COTTER, EPISCOPO PORTSMUTHENSI,
 DUDLEY CAROLO CAREY-ELWES, EPISCOPO NORTHANTONIENSI,
 THOMA PEARSON, EPISCOPO LANCASTRENSI,
 HENRICO HANLON, EPISCOPO TITULARI TEIENSI,
 ARTHURO HINSLEY, EPISCOPO TITULARI SEBASTOPOLITANO, QUI REDUX EX AFRICA,
 VISITATOR APOSTOLICUS, RECTOR EST HUIUS VENERABILIS COLLEGII ANGLORUM,
 AMBROSIO MORIARTY, VICARIO GENERALI ET DELEGATO, EX SPECIALI MANDATO,
 EPISCOPI SALOPIENSIS,
 ALUMNIS OMNIBUS HUIUS COLLEGII OMNI EX DIOECESI ANGLIAE ET CAMBRIAE
 SOLEMNI CUM RITU
 BEATI PROCLAMANTUR
 MARTYRES PRO FIDE ROMANA ET PRIMATU PETRI
 CENTUM TRIGINTA ET SEX ANGLI
 EX QUIBUS DUO ET VIGINTI OLIM
 NOSTRI COLLEGII FUERUNT ALUMNI
 CORONA NOSTRA ET GLORIA (*here the names are written*)
 HORA QUARTA DEMI POMERIDIANA
 IN EADEM SANCTA BASILICA
 PRESENTE PAPA NOSTRO PIO UNDECIMO
 BENEDICTIONEM SOLEMNEM CUM SANCTISSIMO SACRAMENTO
 DABIT ILLUS. ET REV. DOMINUS
 DOM. ARTURUS HINSLEY
 ADIUVANTIBUS ALUMNIS.

A charming telegram was received from Sheffield today with the simple inscription "Salvete flores Martyrum".

15th. *Sunday*. The Beatification of the English Martyrs. The ceremonies that took place today in St. Peter's have been sufficiently described in the English press. It will be sufficient here to note our own part in the proceedings. In the morning we acted as stewards, emancipated from all barriers; on our breast we displayed a wonderful medal which was an "Open Sesame" to the innermost recesses even behind the Altar of the Chair. We also handed out the books to those in the high places, when the picture was unveiled. The reading of the decree seemed interminable, for the monsignore who had this honour, had little English and found our barbaric proper names and place names difficult to Italianise. We hurried back to dinner, had coffee and *rosolio* and were once more in St. Peter's again, this time for the Papal function. The medals once more did duty, so that even Switzers fell back before them. The Rector was celebrant at Benediction in the presence of His Holiness. When we left the basilica, it had grown dark and we found that the façade and the colonnade were illuminated in honour of the new Beati. We had our own illuminations on the façade of the College later that night, and in the church the Martyrs' altar was transformed with hangings and flowers.

16th. *Monday*. The Triduum of Thanksgiving at S. Silvestro began this evening. Benediction was given by Cardinal Ehrle and the sermon was preached by his Grace, the Archbishop of Birmingham.

17th. *Tuesday*. Unfortunately for the pilgrims, the weather has broken. No schools today, for the Rector on behalf of the College and the Postulation gave a banquet. We had about forty guests including Cardinals Bourne, Lépicier, and Laurenti, Archbishops Mostyn, Downey and Palica, the visiting English Bishops and the General of the Jesuits. Fortunately there was room for everybody in the refectory; but coffee and *rosolio*, at which Cardinal Bourne spoke, were taken in the second library. At S. Silvestro in the evening the sermon was preached by Archbishop Mostyn. Cardinal Laurenti gave Benediction. We provided the *assistenza*.

18th. *Wednesday*. Benediction at S. Silvestro by Cardinal Bourne and sermon from Archbishop Downey.

19th. *Thursday*. Benediction today at our church for the pilgrims—and we just managed to find a place for everybody. First of all there was the Veneration of the Relics, followed by a splendid sermon from the Rector on the College Martyrs. Cardinal Merry del Val gave Benediction and afterwards, when he had unvested, he gave us a most inspiring and affectionate talk. He then received the pilgrims in the *salone*. Tea was on tap in the refectory and in the library. The former was filled with demurely veiled ladies, the latter was the scene of lively scrambling and disappointments. But we had to be off to the Bronze Doors very soon, ready for the audience, which was for every English person then in Rome. And we have seldom been to a better one. His Holiness looked remarkably keen and spoke at some length and very graciously. And having blessed us, gave us medals. *Santi*, by the way, of our own twenty-two Beati, are being distributed at the College.

20th. *Friday*. We realised the reason of the Pope's elation when we heard that he had slipped out early this morning and said Mass at St. John Lateran, on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. Even the "Greg" stopped an hour or two earlier at hearing the news. After all the anxious hours we spent wondering how they would fit the Roman crowd into St. John's for the Pope's first visit!

21st. *Saturday*. *Quarant'Ore* is upon us. We began particularly early so as to be able to attend His Holiness's Mass in St. Peter's. The usual "tec" took charge of our goods and chattels at St. Thomas's church. Congratulations to Messrs. Halsall and Jones who were made subdeacons today.

22nd. *Sunday*. The Beatification of John Ogilvie. Alas! the Paris-Rome express took away Archbishop Mostyn and Bishop Carey-Elwes. We had hoped they would have been able to stay for Christmas week.

23rd. *Monday*. Schools finished for a little at last and in the common-room tussling with holly, picking up drawing-pins, and obeying commands of electricians.

24th. *Tuesday*. News here should be recorded tomorrow. But it always seems like today till you get up next morning. The Rector with difficulty sang the Mass at midnight. He has a very bad cold on him. The fire was

lighted in the common-room and the *Chi Lo Sa?* editor just in time threw his sop to the crowd who were tiring of their songs and ghost stories. Father Christmases were busy with stockings this year.

25th. *Wednesday*. Christmas Day. Canon Hall sang the third Mass for us. The Orpheus rendered the *Adeste Fidelis* particularly well this year. Of course the Christmas dinner was as usual. Mgr. Heard, Cicognani and Myers made up the family party. Mgr. Myers has come to stay with us, we are pleased to say. As he sits next to Canon Hall at table, the irreverent of us remark that the President of St. Edmund's is never far removed from Old Hall. An excellent concert this evening, as you can tell from the programme, which contained a clever sketch whose author the Rector proclaimed "a wicked slanderer".

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| 1. Carol | <i>As St. Joseph was a-walking</i> | The Orpheus |
| 2. Piano Duet | <i>Marche Militaire</i> | Messrs. BeEVERS & Leahy. |
| 3. Solo | <i>I lift up my finger</i> | Mr. McKenna |
| 4. Interlude. | | |

- Characters:
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| <i>Sir Toby Belch</i> | Mr. T. Murphy. |
| <i>Sir Andrew Anguecheek</i> | Mr. Lennon. |
| <i>Clown</i> | Mr. Beevers. |
| <i>Maria</i> | Mr. Johnston. |
| <i>Malvolio</i> | Mr. Wake. |
| <i>Fabian</i> | Mr. Grady. |

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| 5. Duet. | <i>Matilda—A Cautionary Tale</i> | Messrs. Butterfield,
& Wilkinson. |
| 6. Solo | <i>Where e'er you walk</i> | Mr. McCarthy. |
| 7. Quartet. | <i>The Camel's Hump</i> | Messrs. Ibbett, Flynn,
Weldon & Nesbitt. |

8. The Committee present: *THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD*.

- Cast:
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| <i>Bishop</i> | Mr. Heenan. |
| <i>His Secretary</i> | Mr. Duggan. |
| <i>A Student</i> | Mr. Morson. |
| <i>African Native</i> | Mr. V. Marsh. |

26th. *Thursday*. A beautiful day attracted an immense crowd to S. Stefano Rotondo, where everybody was able to have his fill of horrors for the year. At the cinema, a film whose title I forget proved to be very wicked. The Rector is still nursing his cold. Fr. Engelbert has a bad one too. The Vice-Rector left this evening to take a well-earned holiday while he can, for the Rector is being sent to Africa again soon.

27th. *Friday*. St. John's Day. Very heavy rain fell today so that the Scots match after much hesitation was postponed. But it was unfortunate that we didn't know of the postponement before. Two of our visitors walked to the Stadium and then to Fortitudo, so keen were they to see the match. Another good concert with a touching domestic sketch. At supper the Bishop of Pella arrived and with him, to our surprise and pleasure, Dr. R.L. Smith.

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| 1. Solo | The Tinker's Song | Mr. Carey. |
| 2. Song | The Ghost's High Noon (Ruddigore) | Mr. Campbell. |
| 3. Piano Duet | Valse (Coleridge-Taylor) | Messrs. Shutt & Ellison. |
| 4. Solo | So I kept on waving my flag | Mr. McNeil. |
| 5. Interlude | The Uses of Philosophy. | |
| | The Philosopher | Mr. Hawkins. |
| | The Crook | Mr. Dwyer. |
| 6. Solo | The Wedding of the Painted Doll | Mr. Wilkinson. |
| 7. Song & Hornpipe | The Bold Mounseer (Ruddigore) | Mr. Cunningham. |
| 8. Recitation | His Hirsute Pride | Mr. Halsall. |
| 9. Song | Selected | Mr. Heenan. |
| 10. Quartet | Rolling down to Rio | Messrs. Cunningham, Grady, Beavers, & Nesbitt. |

11. The Committee presents: *THE DEAR DEPARTED*; a comedy in one act.
 Characters in order of appearance:

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| Mrs. Slater | Mr. T. Murphy. |
| Herbert Slater, her son | Mr. Fee |
| Henry Slater, her husband | Mr. Luke. |
| Mrs. Jordan, her sister | Mr. Weldon. |
| Ben Jordan, her husband | Mr. McKenna. |
| Abel Merryweather | Mr. Garvin. |

Scene: The Slater domicile.

28th. *Saturday*. First Vespers of our feast were sung by Canon Hall. As a sedative to jangled nerves the common-room committee provided a fancy-dress whist-drive. Mgr. Myers presented the handsome prizes. But there were very few dresses this year, and very little whist, it was all drive. The stage was used for quiet chatting circles. It looks very well this year, thanks to an anonymous gift. Rich velvet hangings of a beautiful green make a pleasing background for most of the sketches. Some clever youth had chalked the Rector's coat of arms in colours, and this takes the central place over the proscenium.

29th. *Sunday*. Feast of St. Thomas. Bishop Brown sang Pontifical High Mass for us. The Rector is still very indisposed, unfortunately. Cardinal Merry del Val and Cardinal Bourne were present at dinner, with a great many other guests; so that once more we took coffee and *rosolio* in the second library. The sketch at the concert this evening was of unusual length as it had no musical items. Perhaps this is a definite step forward in the production of a few plays without cuts or adaptation at all. The concert was augmented by stories from Bishop Brown and Canon Monk.

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| 1. Recitative & Aria | Mad Margaret (Ruddigore) | Mr. Park. |
| 2. Song | The Old Kent Road | Very Rev. Canon Hall. |

3. Piano Solo *Seguidillas* (Albeniz) Mr. Talbot.
 4. Song *Selected* Mr. Heenan.
 5. Solo *Carol of St. Thomas of Canterbury* Mr. Dwyer.
 6. Quartet *Simple Simon* Messrs. Butterfield,
 Garvin, Halsall
 & Wilkinson.
 7. The Committee presents: *MOTIVES*; a farce in two acts, adapted from
 "The Cabinet Minister" by Sir. A. Pinero.

Characters as they appear :

- Brooke Twombley, a gay young man* Mr. Leahy.
Probyn, a servant Mr. Restieaux.
Mrs. Gaylustre Mr. Neary.
Valentine White, a social rebel Mr. Malone.
Lady Euphemia Vibart, cousin to Brooke Mr. O. Murphy.
Sir Julian Twombley, a cabinet minister Mr. Grady.
Lady Twombley, his charming wife Mr. Carter.
Imogen Twombley, a débutante Mr. McCarthy.
The Dowager Countess of Drumdurris, Sir Julian's sister Mr. Hawkins.
Sir Colin Macphail, a Scottish laird Mr. Pearson.
Lady Macphail of Ballocheevin Mr. Beevers.
Joseph Lebanon, a money-lender Mr. Tomei.
The Earl of Drumdurris Mr. Restieaux.

Act I. Sir Julian's place in town.

Act II. Drumdurris Castle, Perthshire, (some weeks later).

30th. *Monday*. The thing today was the Scots' match. From a spectator's view it was a splendid game, cleanly played and always exciting. We so often nearly did, but didn't. Congratulations to the "Scotties" on their victory. The Fair this evening was a great success. Was it the personal presence of the representative of the Black Babies that did it, or the satisfying stock of the mince-pie stall? An innovation was a Bureau of Telegrams.

31st. *Tuesday*. The Cinema had a *Luce* this evening and a film about the Scarlet Pimpernel, and very good too. There was a touching scene on board the "Daydream" when the hero, in what looked like a Chesterfield, leaving dangerous Paris and the guillotine behind him, came into sight of the cliffs of Dover. *Auld Lang Syne* was sung after supper of course.

1930.

JANUARY 1st. *Wednesday*. In the College there seems little difference between this year and last. But it is a different tale in the city. 'Buses now replace trams, and trams having made a circular tour round the town branch off to the suburbs. But the system isn't really as easy as that. Another concert this evening at which there was a clever caricature of a morning at the Vicariate, and a sketch where not the least startling thing was the Swiss Guard's costume. The Rector provided snapdragon after supper.

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| 11. | Sketch: <i>CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN</i> — a Pirandellian Drama. | |
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Characters:

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| Patient | Mr. Dwyer. |
| Infirmarian | Mr. Pritchard. |
| Doctor | Mr. J. Park. |
| Vice-Rector | Mr. Johnston. |
| Maestro di Camera | Mr. Carey. |
| Guards | Messrs. Talbot, Tickle & Hodskinson. |
| Chamberlains | Messrs. Lennon & Wroe. |
| General of the Jesuits | Mr. Fay. |
| Professors of the Gregorian University | Messrs. Rea & Fleming. |

Scene 1. The Common-Room—Evening. Scene 2. Student's Bedroom—Next morning. Scene 3. The Salone—Same Afternoon. Scene 4. The Same—Evening.

3rd. *Friday*. The 7.45 bell for early schools brought us back to earth with a bump,—and a 'bus infested earth, too. The walk to the Gregorian seemed like a nightmare, with mammoth 'buses tearing down the Corso and pursuing you up every side street. *Vespere h. 2¹/₂*, but the monotony was broken for first year who steer their course to the Piazza della Pilotta for afternoon schools. They report that their hall at the new Gregorian is magnificent. A paper on Education at the Literary Society fittingly closed the day.

5th. *Sunday*. The King and Queen of the Belgians arrived in Rome this morning for the Royal wedding. Magnificent displays of flags, and at night flare-lights and electric signs make sure that you dont forget that Rome is *en fête*. The public monuments such as Trajan's Forum, the Colosseum and the new excavation really look very fine. For flag decorations Zingone's are only rivalled by Coen's.

Very grateful we are to the Beda who entertained thirty of us to tea and a concert.

6th. *Monday*. The Epiphany. The Rector was well enough again to sing

High Mass for us. There was coffee and *rosolio* for the feast, of course. In the evening we had the opera *Patience* with the same cast as at the *villeggiatura* performance. The following is an unbiassed criticism of the performance:

“Thanks to a capable and energetic producer, a willing company of actors, and a tireless set of workers behind the scenes, we were enabled to witness one more Gilbert and Sullivan opera played at the Venerable. *Patience* is a difficult opera: the comparative slowness of the plot and the subtle wit of the dialogue demand exceptionally good acting and careful speaking. We were given both. Whether we were listening to the correctly subdued tones of the ‘love-sick maidens’, or to the ecstatic effusions of the fleshly poet, or the self-spoken enologies of the idyllic, our enjoyment was unhindered by any unnatural straining or weakness of delivery. The Heavy Dragoons were well chosen, conforming in spirit if not in letter to the finished article of Gilbert’s imagination. Defects of course there were, but all minor defects. Occasionally the mild side-play suggested by the situation showed a tendency to boisterousness. For the rest it was excellent. Once or twice the encores were needlessly prolonged, this appearing to arise from a confusion, which we suggest might have been avoided by a more careful prearrangement. There were occasional lapses of memory but they were insignificant when we consider the length of the opera, with but four and a half days’ preparation.

“The opera was rightly judged a success and has maintained the high level set in previous years by the performance of *The Mikado*, *The Yeoman* and *The Gondoliers*. The dresses and the little scenery our limited stage allows, were this year exceptionally good; it was evident that strenuous work had been done by others besides the actors. Finally we must warmly thank and congratulate the pianist on the important part he took in so successful a presentation of *Patience*.”

Fr. Charlier who had seen the performance stayed to supper and left immediately afterwards,—for England.

And here our festivities end.

7th. *Tuesday*. Today:

“Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays, and misletoe.
Down with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith ye dress’d the Christmas hall.”

And while Rome makes merry over the Royal wedding, we return to a life of strenuous study and quiet days.

GUY PRITCHARD.

PERSONAL.

To the MOST REV. ARTHUR HINSLEY, (1890-1894) our beloved Rector, we offer filial congratulations on the success of his mission as Apostolic Visitor to Africa. His home-coming was a joy to all of us, and though his stay was so short we had the satisfaction of seeing him as strong and energetic as ever. While we regret his departure, we wish him many fruitful years of labour as Archbishop of Sardis and Apostolic Delegate in Africa.

We note with pleasure that the University of Cape Town has recently conferred on one of its pioneers, MONSIGNOR F. C. KOLBE, (1877-1882) the degree of Doctor of Letters, in recognition of his services in promoting higher studies, particularly in science and literature.

MONSIGNOR HEARD (1913-1921) we are glad to say is now confessor to the College and is giving us monthly conferences till the new Spiritual Director arrives.

This is the VERY REV. CANON HALL (1893-1896) who has paid many welcome visits to the College since he became Director of the Society of the Holy Childhood. So our new Spiritual Father is an old, much valued friend.

To the VERY REV. CANON HAZLEHURST (1898-1905) the Secretary of the Association, we offer hearty congratulations on the attainment of his Silver Jubilee in the Priesthood.

News reaches us from the fastnesses of Menevia of the rapid promotion of the REV. F. CASHMAN (1920-1927) now parish priest of St. Mary's, Aberystwith.

We were very sorry to lose in January the REV. SUOR ILDEGONDA ARESE, the Mother Superior of our Nuns. She has taken up her work as Assistant General in Padua.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE VENERABLE.

TIME is constantly taking its toll of the editorial staff. In this number we have to lament the retirement of an able Editor, Mr. B. Wrighton, who guided the fortunes of the magazine through the last two numbers. With him also retires our painstaking archaeologist, Mr. F. Shutt, who illuminated by his researches our daily path to the Gregorian.

The present staff is:

Editor: Mr. Duggan.

Secretary: Mr. Halsall.

Sub-editor: Mr. Pritchard.

Under-secretary: Mr. Redmond.

Fifth-member: Mr. Johnston.

EXCHANGES.

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

We thank Messrs. Chester for *The Chesterian* and the Catholic Association for *The Scrip*.

THE UNIVERSITY.

In spite of repeated promises that the new university would be ready for the re-opening in November we are still attending lectures in crowded halls in the Via del Seminario. The "Instauratio Studiorum et Distributio Praemiorum" which was to have been a solemn function in the spacious hall of our future home, took place privately in the old Aula Magna, when Mgr. d'Herbigny, President of the Pontifical Institute of Oriental Studies presided and gave the prizes. For a long time Fortune has been unkind to us, but this year she deigned to smile faintly, and a medal fell to Mr. Lennon, who had taken his Doctorate of Philosophy with a *Cum Laude*. The other "eligibles" were seven

in number; Mr. Wroe was among the *Summa Cum Laude Probati* in the Licentiate of Philosophy, while among the *Cum Laude Probati* were Messrs. Jones and Hawkins (Second Year of Theology), Mr. Redmond (Doctorate of Philosophy), Messrs. Cunningham, T. Marsh and Morson (Licentiate of Philosophy) and Mr. Grady (Baccalaureate of Philosophy). In the Academy of Moral Theology Mr. Butterfield "*proxime accessit*" for the medal, while Mr. Heenan was "*amplissimis verbis laudatus*".

Lectures began on November 5th. A new feature in the Dogmatic Faculty is the separation of the second year, who instead of joining the three years' cycle, are doing "*De Sacramentis*" under Frs. Filograssi and Nerney. The latter is from Ireland and was *ripetitore* at the College four years ago, while he was taking the Magisterial Course. In Fundamentals Fr. Van Laak, who has guided the destinies of men from time immemorial, has given place to Fr. Tromp. Another familiar figure has departed in the person of Fr. Munzi; Fr. Arnou is taking Natural Theology in his stead. The new lecturer in Metaphysics is Fr. Dezza.

On December 21st. to commemorate the golden jubilee of His Holiness and "as a sign of gratitude towards the Pontiff who had ordered the commencement of the new university", one of the halls "*omni ex parte absoluta et perfecta*" was blessed by Cardinal Bisleti. It is now used by the first year of Philosophy for evening schools.

At the Philosophers' Menstrua in January Mr. Morson was *defendens* and Mr. Wroe read a scholarly dissertation "*De Doctrina Abaelardi de Universalibus*". About the same time Mr. Butterfield read a paper to the Academy of Morals entitled "*De Causalitate Per Accidens*".

The "*Academia Romana S. Thomae*" has recently issued the following announcement: "*Ad Augustinianam Hebdomadam mox Romae celebrandam in honorem magni Ecclesiae doctoris recurrente XV centenario anno a felici eius transitu viros Christianae Philosophiae studiosos Academia Romana S. Thomae Aquinatis instanter invitat... Augustiniana haec solemnitas Commemoratio Romae celebrabitur ea hebdomada quae Paschatis festum immediate subsequetur*".

The University was naturally very proud of the Twenty-Two Martyrs recently beatified who were not only Venerable men but also sons of the Collegio Romano. A triduum of Benedictions was held in S. Ignazio from Feb. 3rd to Feb. 5th after evening schools. The picture of the Martyrs that had hung outside St. Peter's during the beatification was hung above the high altar in S. Ignazio. On the Thursday morning of Feb. 6th, at the witching hour of 6.30 a.m., Mass was said by Father Welsby S.J. and there was a general Communion of Thanksgiving. A

magnificent sermon on the Martyrs was preached by Fr. Van Laak. Benediction followed by his Grace the Archbishop of Sardis, with the *assistenza* of the College. On that day his Grace and three English College men were the guests of the University at dinner.

Unfortunately we can give no date for the possible opening of the new university in the Piazza della Pilotta, for the work appears to progress but slowly and from all appearances is still far from finished. We dread the prospect of another summer in the overcrowded halls of the present building and buoyed up by the assurances of the authorities that that could never be, we live in hope.

F. TOOTELL.

SPORTS.

I. Cricket.

The cricket season was a good one. We played several matches, although at times the weather was more English than Italian. Rain often drove us to the shelter of the trees and more than once we spent the afternoon under the meagre thatch of the Golf House, watching the clouds roll down Cavo or rainbows play over the unusually green Sforza. However the Golf House is not the dullest place on a wet day and we enjoyed this taste of the more sociable side of cricket.

In the earlier matches the experiment of not allowing the experts to monopolize the game was made and achieved some success. There is not the slightest doubt that the experiment should be repeated, and with even greater success. The great matches of the season were as usual the Theologians v. Philosophers and the North v. South. The Theologians won easily. E. Carey knocked up 70 not out—a record, I believe—and, though Philosophers may disagree, he hit more than missed catches. The Philosophers' innings was very poor, E. Weldon being the only one who hit weak bowling as it deserved.

It is strange how quickly we rally to a call; even when one side of the refectory played the other, three-rounds-a-day golfers were heard to ask the result. So when North met South naturally we stiffened our sinews and summoned up the blood. At dinner on the day of the match the men of the South were joyful, while the Northerners were ashamed of a very poor 52 all out, and not reassured at the prospect of meeting the best batting side the South had had for some years. After tea two Southern wickets went down for no runs and immediately an atmosphere descended on to the pitch. The succeeding batsmen, especially T. Murphy, tried hard to retrieve the game, but the burden of the hope of their side and the keenness of the North were too much for them. The

innings ended with the total of 31. The game was the keenest and most enjoyable of the *Villeggiatura*.

The last match was against the Scots. We won easily, making 120 against 52. The Scotch bowling was poor and was frequently hit into the ferns for six. T. Murphy, Weldon and Cunningham all reached the twenties by lusty hitting. F. Fleming, going in last man before we had reached a hundred, not only enabled us to reach the hundred, but stayed while twenty more were added. Carey took the honours in bowling with 5 wickets for 18.

Before concluding we should like to mention that the bats and balls we have at present will scarcely last another year. We hope old friends will not forget us and at the same time thank all who have helped in the past.

P.J. McGEE (Capt.).

2. Football.

At the Villa: some five weeks before the *Villeggiatura* closed, the football posts appeared on the Sforza, but we had to await the return of vagrants from the various centres of Italy before we could start the season in earnest. During the last three weeks six games of football were played—11 a side actually— with a referee; nor was our ardour diminished by midnight excursions of neighbours' pigs who attempted to ruin the near goal-mouth. "Shooting-in" we indulged in almost daily.

In Pamphilj we had fewer games than usual owing to constant rains and a sodden pitch. We never kicked a ball during one period of three to four weeks. However, the games were not killed, in fact several times as many as thirty names went down on the list and created for the Committee a far more difficult task than that of beseeching men to play.

The Scots Match was arranged for Dec. 27th on the old Fortitudo Ground, but the weather that day forced us to put it off till the 30th. On the 30th No. 24 tramcars could scarcely hold the clerics who swarmed to Madonna del Riposo. We found the ground in quite the best condition most of us have ever seen it, though still a little slippery after the recent rains.

At three o'clock the teams took the field; the Venerabile was represented by: Lennon; Ellison, Carey; Weldon, McGee, Murphy T.; Campbell, Wilkinson, McCurdy, Slater, Gowland. Our men won the toss and faced the city with the sun behind them.

The game began very unfortunately for us; before 17 minutes had gone the Scots had scored twice. The first goal came from what appeared to be a centre from the left, the ball striking the top of the far post and rebounding into the net; the second came from an excellent long shot, which, however, was very nearly saved.

Now people in the Grandstand began to spell SCOTLAND. The second attempt reached no further than SCOTL, when a real thundering chorus broke out, from which the players could distinguish "Venerabile", "Whites", "Monserrà"; one man even learned the Spanish for "Come on the Venerabile!" and shouted it with stronger lungs than any Spaniard could have used. With such pandemonium to urge them on, the Venerabile sprang into the fray. After half-an-hour's play the thing happened; a centre from the left was headed back and re-centred for Slater to slip the ball quietly into the goal. The Grandstand shook under the roar and stamping.

From this point onwards the game became a grand struggle for supremacy. A good strong shot from the Scotties' inside left was smartly turned over the bar by our goal-keeper. At the other end our forwards pressed very hard, but half-time came with the score 2-1 against us.

Second half was a fight of brain and speed from beginning to end. After 25 minutes play the Scots centre forward was carried off having twisted his knee when jumping to head a centre. This meant a rearrangement of their forwards, but they fought on pluckily, and from a centre from the right the ball was sent into our net by a very clever overhead shot. Scotland began to receive its spelling again, but the Venerabile rose at the challenge and drowned it. A swift low shot was well fielded by Lennon near the post; shortly after, one of our full-backs cleared; the ball reached a white-shirted figure who seized it and sped down the field to send a through pass to Slater. The latter took the ball in his stride, rounded the opposing back, drew the goal-keeper from his charge and shot; as the ball rattled into the net the old Fortitudo Grandstand nearly collapsed. Scotland was now spelt SC.

The game continued to be hard fought; just before the close a hard shot went inches over the Scotch bar, and another sailing for the angle of post and bar was saved by the goal-keeper's wonderful dash and leap. So ended a well fought battle, the Scots being victors by 3 goals to 2.

L. WILKINSON (Capt.).

3. Golf.

At the annual business meeting held last June it was decided that the Committee should be increased in number from three to five members. The following officers were elected:

Secretary: Mr. Gowland.

Clubmen: Messrs. Wilkinson and Flynn.

Groundsmen: Messrs. Cunningham and Tickle.

On arriving at the Villa we found that, as in the previous summer, the more encroaching elements of our luxuriant growth of bracken had been laid low by Luigi's scythe. More power to his arm! For us but to deal with the wilder parts of the course which stout pioneer thews have hewn and blazed and beaten around the Sforza. Tees were scraped, greens shorn and thumped; clubs were bound and polished, bags sewn, balls purchased or repainted; the Senior Student drove from the first tee, and another season opened for the Palazzola Golf Club.

A few changes were made in laying out the course. Part of the unclaimed ground at the bottom of the Sforza has been somewhat cleared, enabling us to introduce a more interesting 4th hole and also to lengthen the rather diminutive 9th hole. The 7th and 8th holes have also been made a little longer. Our hard-green expert, encouraged by his success of last season, dug up a patch of earth to replace the makeshift green of the 7th hole. A little dusty during the days of August drought, it hardened with the coming of the rains and should be much firmer after the winter. Herbert the Mole still molests us in his progeny, but his work is as nothing when compared with the havoc wrought by a herd of swine which on occasion snouted its way across our fairways. Our congratulations are due to the ingenious inventor of the tin flag. The cows would seem to have found them something of a wartime substitute for the Paduan linen which they found so much to their palate.

The usual competitions were held and the winners were as follows:

Tombstone Competition . . . Mr. Slater.

Stroke Competition . . . Mr. Jones.

Nine Hole Handicap . . . Mr. Pritchard.

"All the clubs in our possession are, of course, public, but we have only a sufficient number to equip four bags in a becoming manner, and several of these much-enduring weapons show symptoms of de-

bility. The strain on public mashies over a short course must necessarily be great, and we shall shortly be constrained to play the round with brassies unless a supply of iron clubs be forthcoming. The weak point of a public armoury is manifested when a player is found smiting a snake which lies basking on a rock, or when a frenzied competitor proceeds to mow down a patch of briars and bracken with an enfeebled putter."¹ Thus spoke one of our predecessors in the secretarial office. Endorsing his words and pointing out that it is those same much-enduring weapons that are still the mainstay of our armoury we would extend our thanks to Mr. Dormer for a gift of iron clubs which he sent us last summer.

R. GOWLAND (Sec.).

4. Tennis.

At the annual meeting of the club in June Mr. Fay and Mr. Pearson were elected to succeed the retiring officers, Messrs. Shutt, Moore and Rea. The club now contains thirty-two members, but of these nine spent their vacation in England. Enthusiasm was not widespread, though a few were very keen.

The weeds proved stronger than ever, and only by firing the grass inside the wire-netting could the court be made entirely free from obstruction. A fortunate shower enabled us to open as soon as the weeds were cleared, but the weather like the pump proved a fickle friend, and so, as a day's work to water the court only gave us a day's play, we found it more expedient to close the court for a short time. The overdue rains brought tennis to life again, and though on account of the long gatas no tournament was held, play was plentiful until the close of the season.

V. FAY (President).

¹ VENERABLE, Vol. II, p. 257.

OBITUARY.

RAPHAEL MERRY DEL VAL, CARDINAL PROTECTOR (1929-1930).

On the evening of Wednesday, February 26th, soon after seven o'clock, the Vice-Rector heard from Dr. Moss at the Beda that Cardinal Merry del Val was dead. It seemed incredible! So straightway he went to the Cardinal's house inside the Vatican City, only to find the news verified. The same evening during supper, in that silence that follows the sudden stopping of normal conversation, the Vice-Rector gave out the sad news. He asked that the *De Profundis* which is silently recited on the way from supper to Church be said for the soul of the Cardinal Protector; and he announced also that the Solemn Requiem of the following day would take place as usual, but that he himself would say it and offer it for the repose of the Cardinal's soul.

By next day we had learned all the details and began to understand how so sudden a thing could take place. The Cardinal's first complaint was on Tuesday morning, after a painful night, he got up but was unable to say Mass. The pain and the nausea grew worse and by evening the doctor judged it to be a case of appendicitis. This was confirmed on the Wednesday morning, and an immediate operation being decided upon, the Cardinal made his confession and received Holy Communion. The operation began after three o'clock, but before long it was seen that life was ebbing and Extreme Unction was at once given. Soon after four o'clock the Cardinal died without once recovering consciousness.

Extraordinary numbers came to pray by the body laid out in purple robes, and the funeral was put off till Monday to allow for the arrival of the Cardinal's brother, the Marquess Merry del Val, Spanish Ambassador in London. For us the shock of the loss was increased by our not having even heard of the Cardinal's short illness. And when we realised it all, with greater clearness than ever we knew what it had meant to have such a Protector.

He had accepted the responsibility gladly at the request of the

College and had solemnly received our allegiance only nine months before on May 16th 1929. He was a Spanish aristocrat and yet knew English college-life from within; he spoke Spanish and also finer English than we ourselves; he was Secretary of the Holy Office, but also Protector of the Venerabile. So we were happy in the knowledge of his watchful interest, and felt less calamitous than otherwise we should have felt the uncertainty about our Rector and his eventual loss to us.

And now that we have no Rector and no Protector, we feel our loss but say little. Prayer is of more avail than talk, that the best may happen. We remember the Cardinal's last words to us; they were about the Blessed English Martyrs and the Blessed Martyrs of the Venerabile. He commended them to us for our example, and commended us to them for our protection and care. Like him, we trust them, and ask them not only for the College, but also that he soon may join them in their glory. R. I. P.

J. MACMILLAN.

FRANCIS EDWARD O'HANLON D.D. PH. D. (1896-1903).

"The finest Roman I ever met". It was the verdict of a priest, himself not a Roman student, on Francis Edward O'Hanlon. And the grounds of the judgement were greater praise. "He was so learned, and yet so simple and humble that he never gave you the impression that he felt himself superior in any way." Those who knew Dr. O'Hanlon best will readily agree.

Frank O'Hanlon came to Rome from Douai in 1896, small and round and ruddy, and boyish-looking in the extreme. A contemporary student who had arranged to meet him in London in order to travel with him, used to tell how he looked in vain for a young man likely to be Mr. O'Hanlon, until on the boat he saw "a little boy sitting on his trunk dangling his legs", who, catching his eye, suddenly jumped down and ran to him, asking "Are you Mr. Bray?" It was a legend, but a legend that told the impression that Frank O'Hanlon gave on his arrival at the English College. "Frank" he was never called. In an innocent moment soon after his coming he talked of Douai and spoke of "Father Sub-Prior". He was promptly dubbed "Sub-Prior": the title shortened to "The Sub", and "the Sub" he remained, for many of us, to the end of his life.

In Rome he found himself in his element in the study of Philosophy and Theology. Very soon it was evident that he was not the

little boy he looked; actually he was twenty years old on his arrival. His was a naturally metaphysical mind: he found delight where many of us were bewildered, and he revelled in subtle questions of Philosophy and Theology. In this respect he remained the same all his life. His article in the first number of the VENERABLE, with the title "Per speculum in aenigmate", will be remembered by many, even if not understood by all; and it may be mentioned here that the question which, as the VENERABLE told us, was vigorously debated in one of the Roman schools, as to whether God could annihilate an archangel and then create again the same individual archangel, really originated in the fertile brain of Dr. O'Hanlon, and was discussed (but not by many!) in England, before it reached Rome.

Naturally his course in the Roman Schools was marked with success. The present writer has been looking up the old Gregorian Prize Lists of the years 1898-1902 and finds in every year the name of "Franciscus O'Hanlon" extremely well placed, while in 1901 he gained what was a rare distinction for an English College student, the first medal in Dogmatic Theology.

But his fellow students were concerned with the man rather than the scholar. Few may remember his scholastic successes, but many will remember what an asset he was in our College life of those days, when the number of students was so small. A bright and happy disposition, an unflinching sense of humour, a capacity for genuine friendship, all these were his and we benefited by them. One might say that he was made up of mirth and metaphysics: not a bad qualification for the Roman course.

He was ordained in 1902 and left us in 1903. For two years he taught philosophy at Oscott. Then began his missionary wanderings, and he worked in many parts of the Birmingham diocese. Laughingly he would say that he had to suffer for the fact that his uncle, the Vicar General, was determined to show that he was innocent of nepotism—the nephew always seemed to be sent to the least attractive places. Later he spent two years as Professor of Philosophy at Womersley Seminary: last of all, in 1917, he was appointed to Wednesbury. Here the student and philosopher showed himself an ideal Parish Priest, full of zeal and practical common sense; bold in attempting, and persevering in labour to bring attempt to achievement. His work at Wednesbury will be remembered: its fruits remain. It was during these years that he was also appointed Diocesan Chancellor, an office that kept him in touch with Rome. Few of Alma Mater's alumni have been more genuinely interested in the welfare of the College. For

many years he acted as Secretary to the Roman Association; upon him fell the bulk of the work in arranging the examinations for the Roman Scholarships; from him, it is almost certain, came the inspiration that prompted the donor of the valued "Delaney Fund". The present writer knows that at one time he was offered the post of Vice-Rector of the English College, but was unable to accept.

On November 1st 1927 a great gathering of his friends assembled at Wednesbury to help him celebrate the Silver Jubilee of his Priesthood. With them was his venerable father. Those of us who had known Frank O'Hanlon in Rome could not but think how little the years had changed him. His speech was like an echo of more than twenty-five years back! We sang, in fullest confidence, *Ad multos annos*—as I had joined in singing it on November 1st 1902.

In less than a year the same friends, and more, gathered again at Wednesbury; with them again his venerable father. But this time it was to sing *Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine*. Frank O'Hanlon had died, on October 23rd 1928—and left many of us poorer. *Cuius animae propitietur Deus*.

H.E. HAZLEHURST.