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IMPRIMATUR: † Joseph Palica, *Arch. Philipp. Vicesger.*

EDITORIAL.

Generatio rectorum benedicetur! Such was the exclamation of a greatly esteemed friend of the College when we celebrated Dr. Godfrey's arrival. Applying the quotation to ourselves we can say we are indeed blessed in our new Rector. To most of us he was no stranger: and he was at home in Palazzola as soon as he crossed the threshold. He is young, strong and able. And that is well; for there is heavy work for him to do. The havoc wrought by a recent landslide on the Palazzola garden and swimming-bath has been repaired—but at considerable expense. The College is growing. This summer it has been necessary, and it will soon be necessary again, to reclaim part of the building hitherto let as apartments. Though this is eminently desirable, it means not only further expenses but also loss of income from the rents. Palazzola must be extended soon and the old fabric renovated: the chapel in particular requires a thorough restoration. These are only the more formidable of the difficulties that face the Rector as he enters into office. The daily needs of the College tax all its present resources to the utmost. Though extension is necessary both in Rome and at the villa it is utterly dependent upon the appearance of benefactors. And we have full confidence that these pressing needs will not be ignored by the friends of the Venerabile. H

THE ENGLISH COLLEGE AND THE UNIVERSITY.

THE passing of the Pontifical Gregorian University of the Roman College of the Society of Jesus from its old prison in the Palazzo Borromeo to its magnificent new home in Piazza della Pilotta is an event in which we may all rejoice. It is a liberation for which all Venerabilini of recent years must have sighed ; an advance that would have been applauded by all Venerabilini from the Martyrs' day to our own. For over three hundred years (if we except two short periods between 1773 and 1818 and between 1841 and 1855) English College men have been also Roman College men and the history of that connection does honour to both University and College. It is a history that has been difficult to reconstruct. It still remains imperfect. But the glad occasion demands that we bring to light what little we know.

About the 20th of February, 1551, over the doorway of a small house at the foot of the Capitol could be read the inscription, "Scuola di Grammatica, d'Umanità e di Dottrina Cristiana, gratis."¹ This was the first burgeoning of a long-felt desire, dear to the heart of that saintly man, Ignatius of Loyola. Doubtless some more venturesome spirits among the Romans, ever desirous to know the be-all if not the end-all of things mundane, penetrated into the sacred precincts and watched with easily aroused interest the earnest little band of scholars, "pusillus grex", as its eyes were opened to the beauties of Virgil, Cicero

¹ Unless otherwise noted the quotations are from *La fondazione del Collegio Romano*, by Ernesto Rinaldi, S. J.

or even Terence. But the full significance of the sight they saw would fail them. Here was no ordinary regional school such as abounded in the city, but a veritable school for all the world in embryo, foreshadowing the great celebrity it was later to attain as perhaps the most famous Catholic university in the world. Presiding over the first scholars (two of whom were Italians from Mantua and Florence, the others a Portuguese and a Frenchman), was "il santo rettore", Fr. Pelletier, himself a Frenchman and much esteemed by St. Ignatius. It was to St. Francis Borgia, come to Rome for the Jubilee of 1550, that the school owed its foundation; and despite the earnest wish of St. Ignatius that it should be called in gratitude Il Collegio Borgia, the small institute from its earliest years assumed to itself the grand-sounding title, so soon to become a word of power—Il Collegio Romano. So marvellously within a short space did the number of students increase that Ignatius was very soon compelled to seek more spacious quarters in the street leading from the Gesù to the Minerva, close to where S. Stefano del Cacco now stands, and there the college flourished till 1557. The opposition on which St. Ignatius seemed to thrive and for which he always prayed, since to his mind it but set the seal on a divinely appointed work, was not long wanting here. The countless calumnies of the masters of the regional schools against the new teachers soon called forth an overwhelming answer—a public disputation held in S. Eustachio to prove the abilities of the Jesuit teachers. The *regionarii* were sadly worsted in this rencontre of mental batteries. This specimen of a crushing *riposte* will perhaps serve to give us the atmosphere: "Quid tibi hic negotii est? non est in hac disputatione pueris locus!" The mouths of the adversaries were closed but their machinations only took another form. The heretic, Philip Melanethon, sent a well primed youth to Rome, who, feigning piety, was admitted to the Roman College as a novice in the Society. Retribution was swift and severe; a few days later the hapless youth was called to account by the Inquisition and began a harder noviceship in the triremes. The Roman College went from success to success and already in 1552, the year following its inception, it could muster 300 students.

As early as 1553 St. Ignatius considered the Roman College as "the first in importance of all the colleges of the Society", a dignity which it was never to lose. In 1553 Philosophy and Theology were added to the curriculum, and it is interesting to observe that while elsewhere the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard were greatly in favour, in the Romano an explanation of the first part of the *Summa* of St. Thomas began the course of Scholastic Theology. The public disputations, grand assemblies by which all the city was stirred in those days, and always honoured by the presence of many distinguished prelates and Cardinals, were held that year in S. Maria della Strada and lasted for eight days; the first three days being devoted to Theology, four to Philosophy and the last to Latin, Greek and Hebrew. In 1556, Paul IV, seeing the great good the college was doing—it had already sent more than a hundred students to various parts of the world—granted it the power of conferring doctorates in Philosophy and Theology and the privileges of all other universities. After a disastrous flood in the following year, the Roman College was transferred to Piazza dell'Olmo near S. Maria in Via Lata, —perhaps where the Palazzo Doria now stands. In 1560, the donation of a monastery in the Guglia di S. Mauro (on part of which site S. Ignazio now stands) enabled the college to be transferred again. This was necessary since it had to house eight hundred externs and eighty scholastics. The college by this time was famous: "intra pusillam domum quasi mundi compendium". "It was preparatory school, public school, university and seminary, all in one. Some of the scholars were little boys who had to be escorted by their mothers each morning, in quest of their first bit of Latinity, while others were big men well on their way to a doctor's degree. Every nation under heaven was represented so that in the recreation hour one might fancy Pentecost had come again."¹

Under the influence of such great masters as Perpignano, on whom the mantle of Cicero seemed to have fallen, Toledo, Ledesma and Emmanuel Sa, the College was gradually winning for itself a European reputation and it soon became a place of

¹ Brodrick: *Life of St. Robert Bellarmine*. I. pp. 33, 34.

pilgrimage. In 1562 it was favoured with a visit from St. Charles Borromeo and, as was the elegant custom in those colourful times, laudatory honours were paid him by the students in seventeen different languages. It is not hard to think that though the foundation of the English College was still hidden in the womb of time, yet our country must have been represented in this grand intellectual display. In 1563 two new chairs were founded for *Casuistica* and the Moral Philosophy of Aristotle. Yearly the number of the alumni soared and soon the thousand mark was reached. No falling off from the high standard set in the early years ever crept in with the passage of time and the college went on from success to success. In 1577 Bellarmine began his monumental, heretic-shattering work, the "Controversies" and continued to read them for eleven years "con somma stima". Now enter upon the scene our own beloved alumni, but first a word about the foundation of the College.

The unified strength of the reforming sects in their first freshness of enthusiastic zeal against the Church called forth a reorganization of the Catholic intellectual forces to deal effectively with this powerful adversary. In Gregory XIII all the energy of a fine nature spent itself in efforts to spread the kingdom of God upon earth, and in rallying to a renewed zeal the disheartened faithful of Catholic countries. Education was the keynote of his plan and soon he had founded or reorganized no fewer than twenty-three colleges and seminaries in Rome and elsewhere. The German College was first favoured with his patronage and in 1579 he lavished all his thoughtful care in founding a national College for the English which was soon to be a strong bulwark stemming the tide of heresy in that far-away Isle of Saints. The Greek and Maronite Colleges with the generous assistance of Dr. Allen ("quest'uomo instancabile", Pastor calls him), were next founded and the Romans were soon stirred by the bands of eager scholars that hurried through the city to the lectures at the Collegio Romano. But this "universale seminario, non d'una ma di tutte le nazioni" was now itself in dire need of succour, and continued supplications were made to Gregory to extend his assistance to an object so worthy of all help. The Pope was at last won over and perhaps this was due to the ingenious

pleadings of his friend, Cardinal Contarelli, of whom the following tale is told. In an audience he thus spoke to the Pope: "When I think of the colleges your Holiness has founded I am forcibly reminded of the statue of King Nebuchodonosor. The German College with its manifold riches is the head of gold, the English College is the breast of silver, the Greek College is the belly of brass, the Maronite College is the legs of iron; but all these are but supported by the feet of clay, the Roman College, which on account of its poverty is well nigh like to falling at this present, and with it all your foundations will be brought to naught." Gregory was much impressed and soon yielded to the entreaties of Father Acquaviva, General of the Society, to take upon himself the foundation of the Roman College. "The fathers and students of the Roman College composed in gratitude many thousands of verses dedicated: 'Gregorio XIII Pontifici Maximo Parenti Optimo Fundatori'." In 1581 the Cardinal of S. Sisto, the Pope's nephew, laid the first stone of the magnificent Gregorian University, and from personal experience we can well imagine how the students, whilst still being exhorted to be patient in their old cramped quarters, would daily cast longing eyes at the progress of the new seat of learning. In 1584 with great solemnity the Pope himself on the feast of SS. Simon and Jude came to open the Roman College. He was received by the students with acclamation as he passed through all the halls. On November 5th the function of *lectio brevis* took place: the lectures were twelve in number and though the audience had to stay there all the time, they remained, we are told, very attentive. Thus was the new Collegio Romano fittingly inaugurated.

It is time to cast a glance upon the scholastic efforts of our own students and their relations with the University.¹ Doubtless before the Bull of Foundation in 1579 some English students began to attend the lectures at the Collegio Romano and were present when Gregory honoured the inaugural lecture of Fr. Suarez in the chair of dogma. Vasquez took Suarez's place

¹ Most of our information on this topic comes from the College Archives, lib. 320, "Notae circa Exercitia Scholastica"—the diary of the prefect of studies of that day.

and Bellarmine too taught our first students. Though we are apt often to sin by irreverent ridicule at *laudatores temporis acti*, still when we are fully convinced that "there *were* giants in those days" we assign no stinted measure of praise. Truly our first students, as well as being God's athletes in running for an eternal reward, were also adamantine in the matter of devotion to study. We indeed still suffer from the early morning horror of first schools, when "the folding door-ways of the east" are scarcely opened, but all this and more our first alumni had to undergo. We recoil with horror from the saddening spectacle of *dies scholarae* being carried on until the end of August with only a brief respite till November 3rd, and we are but scantily consoled by the knowledge that from July 8th there were lectures only in the morning. There were public disputations every Saturday, though the more solemn defensions were of rarer occurrence. The instructions concerning their conduct whilst at the Roman College, given to all the students by the Father Provincial in 1603, might for their modernity have been issued but yesterday. He asks that all be present at the lectures; notice of absence should be given to the beadle; no one should walk about the loggias during disputations or come when they are half over; they should not sit among the Jesuit students nor (what is worse!) near the door so as to leave when they please. Honours soon began to fall thick and fast on the English College due to the good work accomplished by the students. In October 1579 Gilbert Gifford defended the whole of Philosophy by public act in the presence of a large gathering of prelates and nobles, and in the following year a like success was won by John Mush; again the year after by Thomas Lister, "a brilliant student". In the same year there were already seventy students in the College and their progress in learning was noted as being "far above the average and as holding a distinguished place in the Roman College". In this year eight finished their course in Philosophy, three of whom publicly defended their theses with great credit. Thus the tale goes on. In reading the College Diary one is struck in the opening years by the constant recurrence of such phrases as: "He defended theses in Philosophy with great credit". Perhaps our greatest and most brilliant scholar in those early days

was John Lea, *vere* Southcote (1604-1613), who "twice publicly defended theses in Philosophy, gaining the highest encomium of Cardinal Bellarmine. In his fourth year of Theology he made the small act before Cardinal Bellarmine, and then defended all the theses of Theology, in the presence of Cardinals, both morning and evening". Thus it was no bubble reputation that the English College enjoyed in those first years, and rosy hopes for the future, not soon to be dispelled, quickly formed themselves.

It will be perhaps interesting to enter into the no less arduous scholastic life of the students at the College. Such splendid results had to be worked for and there is manifest no lack of zeal. At the foundation of the College Fr. Mercurian had graciously given two Fathers of the Society to superintend the Englishmen's studies, but in 1572 ten Fathers of the Society watched over the seventy students. One who was Prefect of Studies presided over the theological repetitions which took place in the evenings. He was assisted by three others who superintended the philosophy studies, severally directing the students of metaphysics, physics and logic. The calendar of the University was the unalterable norm for school-days and vacations. The students of Philosophy and Theology went daily to the Collegio Romano, and in the evenings at home they had the domestic repetitions, not even Sundays excepted. If any public act were held at the College (they seemed to go the rounds of the colleges, reserving the grand finales for the Collegio Romano), by a special dispensation the repetitions were cancelled, but on the occasion of a disputation at the Roman College only those taking part were exempt from the domestic roll-call. An interesting relic of barbarity has been preserved for our delectation, showing clearly that even in those days it was not "roses, roses all the way" for the senior student or *bidellus* of each year. We find that on rainy days the *bidellus* alone was privileged to squelch his way through the rain-swept streets to the University, and the notes he then took he had to dictate that same evening to his fellow students at repetition time. And stark tragedy lurks, we fear, in the pregnant incisiveness of some of the entries in the diary: "Dies bidellorum sicut heri."¹ Strictness and severity seem to have

¹ Archives, *lib.* 320.

been the order of the day with these repetitions and each student in turn had his public defension. He was given fifteen days in which to prepare his theses. His efforts were then shown to the Prefect of Studies or the responsible President, and three days before the disputation the theses were fixed up in a public place and the adversaries were warned. Some of the students, as is natural, were not too obtrusively eager for these academic distinctions and no doubt sought with keen if jaundiced eye for any loophole of escape. So they required that the various times of warning should be adhered to with meticulous precision and often the perhaps unsuspecting beadles played into their hands: hence it is sometimes regretfully noted: "Nulla fuit repetitio, quia ille qui debebat facere repetitionem non fuit tempestive admonitus, et alius non potuisset inveniri."¹ Convenient illnesses too played their time-honoured part in the drama. Sometimes it is the collapse of the beadle—no doubt overcome by a plethora of *dies bidellorum*—"aegrotante tamen bidello ex oblivione non fuit pulsatum ergo nullae repetitiones"²; and often the proverbial bad memory of boys addicted to study carries on the struggle. At other times the men were left to their own ingenious devices to avoid the task-master. One Thomas Middleton is worthy of mention. He was due to give the *Lectio Logicorum*; but doubtless thinking that there was a great lacuna in his philosophical education and that his talents were more suited to writing a University Prize Poem, he composed his thesis in verse. But he was doomed to disappointment, for we are told that the Rector refused him permission to read it. Superannuated excuses such as pains in the head immediately before the defension were not of much avail: a certain Edward Shelley tried it once but his lecture was merely deferred. Indeed it was rare that exemptions were given from this strict rule of disputations: there was hope only on a real red-letter day. Thus we read that if any big function was held in the College Church *cum canonicis*, such as the feast of St. Edmund, exemption was given; usually also if any renowned guest came to the College. The Rector in 1642, Fr. Thomas Courtney S.J., seems to have

¹ ² Archives, lib. 320.

been an enthusiastic Cavalier, for we read that "a holiday was given in honour of the King's success over the Parliamentarians"¹. Again they were exempted that they might gain the Jubilee in a procession from the Roman College. They went out to the *Vinea* twice a week in summer and once in spring, but even there the study was not curtailed, though on one memorable occasion they forgot to take their text-books. Even while they were pursuing more carnal pleasures a strong dose of scholasticism was administered to them, an eloquent testimony of the strictness of the régime. We find it noted that once during supper-time Walter Gifford gave a lecture *de Coelo*, and later it was the privilege of one William Martin to discourse at length on the Essence of Quantity. From time to time, however, they performed a *tragedia* or *comoedia* in Latin, Italian or English and the Rector proved indulgent to the *protagonistae*—"Nullae repetitiones pro physicis ex gratia P. Rectoris ut se praeparent ad exhibendam comoediam."²

There is evidence in plenty that our first students were men of sound worth and good theologians and one cannot call into doubt their great zeal for learning. In 1596 they complained that "the Fathers (in the College) prevent the students from making a public defension nor will they suffer them to take or to bear the titles of academic degrees"; that they were compelled "to apply to the exclusive study of positive theology or casuistry"; and they begged that they be "allowed to remain, should they so elect, for a year or two at the College at the end of their course, to study the Fathers and controversy."³

Though compassed in narrow bounds, still in some respects their "lines were cast in pleasant places", as is bound to be the case in such a city as Rome. From time to time pleasant little functions took place in the Collegio Romano and in other parts of the city, a description of which might perhaps demand another article to itself. Distinguished visitors to Rome took delight in paying visits to the University and often the Roman Cardinals were welcomed there. There was an elaborate ceremony to be

¹ ² Archives, *lib.* 320.

³ Foley, Vol VI.

gone through on these great occasions, the halls were placarded with poems composed by the professors and students in honour of the guests, and later plays were given in their honour. Polite discourses were made in various languages and the international character of the Collegio Romano was ably manifested. Many of the Popes were pleased to visit the University and these were days of great rejoicing. In 1640 the Collegio Romano celebrated "con gran solennità" the centenary of the Society of Jesus, the celebrations lasting an entire week. In 1640 too Fr. Vitelleschi, the General (and a former Rector of the English College), celebrated the first Mass in the Church of S. Ignazio. In 1622 Ignatius and Francis Xavier were canonised by Pope Gregory XV and plays illustrative of their lives and virtues were held in the Collegio Romano. All this serves to give us a glimpse into the lives our students led. Those too must have been great days when a Pope was elected who had been a student of the University: and they were not a few — Innocent X, Clement IX, Clement X, Innocent XII, Clement XI, Innocent XIII, and Clement XII. In 1676 the *laurea* was held in the Church of S. Ignazio and forty-three cardinals were present. Only late in the day did full honour come the way of England and that was in 1687 when Count Castlemain, the Ambassador of England visited the Roman College. On his arrival all the bells were rung and four trumpets played a fanfare. Pictures by Pozzo, the Jesuit lay-brother who painted the ceiling of S. Ignazio, decorated the walls with scenes from English history and an *orazioncina* of praise was given, together with the usual poems. A fine portrait of the King was in the place of honour and doubtless the English took the front seats that day. This flamboyancy of politeness evidently proved likeable even to the staid English mind, for in the following year on September 6th a grand function was staged at the Roman College to congratulate with the King on the birth of his first son, James Francis Edward. Three *principini*, sons of Prince Pamphili, recited a poem of praise *con gran spirito* whilst "sweet music was rendered". We can be sure that the English College was to the fore in these solemn festivities. It was not until 1720 that any other ceremony of note for us took place at the Roman College. In this year it was proposed

to hold a solemn celebration in honour of the birth of the King of England's first son, with the corresponding poems and recitations. But the King prayed them not to hold any jubilant demonstration lest greater aversion from the heretics against the King might be its only outcome. In the following year the King and Queen of England visited the Roman College and heard several lectures "e c'ebbe molta compiacenza." The next event of importance in the University life was the canonization in 1726 of Luigi Gonzaga, a former student and of Jean Berchmans. So the tale goes on throughout the years.

It will perhaps be of interest to us to catch a glimpse of our Venerabilini in their less serious avocations and the diary for Carnival, 1688, will serve to give us a good indication of the lighter side of their school life:¹

1688. Feb. 4° Ad comoediam in Seminario.

ab 8° ad 15m, Feria IV Cinerum. Vacatio
omnibus exercitiis scholasticis.

6° Nulla repetitio pro philosophis ob comoediam.

9° Vineæ. Hodie exhibita est comoedia logicorum.

10° Ad comoediam in Collegio Clementino.

12° Dom. Quinquagesima. Hodie invitati sunt
omnes ad comoediam nepotum Pontificis.
Aliqui intrare non potuerunt.

13° Vineæ. Qui heri intrare non potuerunt, hodie
admissi sunt ad comoediam nepotum Pontificis,
ordine Cardinalis Patroni.

14° Vineæ.

Doubtless all this festivity was necessary to prepare them for the arduous days of Lent. We find too that their musical talents, in that day of musical delights, were well catered for. Cardinal Allen was eager to send to the College two young converts who had been in the Queen's Chapel in England, "ut possint pro musicis tantum apud vos esse." Truly a liberal education was the aim of the preceptors of the Venerabile even in the days when it was almost a "seminarium litium".

¹ Archives, lib. 320.

We now come to a beautiful side of Venerabile life in those early days and one on which we should like to linger. The Englishmen were devoted to the professors at the Roman College and these amicable relations linked the College all the closer with the University to which it owed so much. We are rightly full of loyal pride when we remember how our Venerabilini loved that great man who but this year has been raised to the highest honours of the altar, St. Robert Bellarmine. The first page of our College Diary holds a glorious record, for on it are the names of two of our Martyrs, Ralph Sherwin, our Protomartyr, and Luke Kirby; and above theirs is the signature of Bellarmine in whose presence those first students took the College oath. We possess another treasure, and rightly hold it as dear as the precious letter of St. Charles Borromeo. This is a letter sent by Bellarmine in 1590 to Fr. Creswell S.J., then Rector of the College and we cannot do better than print it in full:¹

Molto Rdo in Xo Padre

Pax Xi

Ringratio la R. V. dell'amorevolezza sua in salutarmi con lettere et mandarmi il martyrio di quei quatro santi compatrioti suoi. Ci ha consolati tutti la costanza loro et per animare i nostri franzesi presto si stamperà qua l'istessa relatione voltata in franzese: perchè si Dio presto non ci aiuta, dubito grandemente che Francia non venghi al termine in che hora si trova l'Inghilterra. Mi son rallegrato sentir nuove del nostro P. Henrico Garnetto, quale io sempre ho amato grandemente per la sua virtù: ma ben mi persuado che doppo haversi affatigato assai in aiutare le anime il premio suo sarà la corona del martyrio, il che si avenga, spero che haverò in Paradiso un buono avvocato, se pure non tochi prima a me, che son più vecchio et sono stato gran tempo suo padre spirituale, ad uscir di questa vita. Quanto al finire il 3° tomo, lo desidero assai, nondimeno vo adagio per molte cause, et ho perso quatro mesi per le strade. V. R. mi farà gratia bacciar le mani da mia parte all' Illmo. Card. Alano et raccomandarmi all'orationi di tutti i suoi. Di Parigi li 19 Febraio 1590.

Di V. R.

Servo in Xo

Roberto Bellarmino.

¹ Archives, *Scritture* III. *I did not remember that it had already been printed in Vol. I.*

Some of our students had the privilege of receiving orders from Cardinal Bellarmine. This was another link connecting him with the College. Francis Suarez was also well loved at the Venerable, and in 1611 we find him writing a letter to the Rector, Thomas Owen, in which he wishes to be remembered to the students.

There is no need to tell again the sad story of the decay of the College towards the end of the eighteenth century. When the Society was suppressed the College was put in charge of Italian seculars, and the Protector, Cardinal Corsini directed that "the young men should go no more to the publick schools but have their schools and masters at home." This was as well, for the "young men" then sent out were of a different stamp. The last entry in the diary speaks of the admission of John Powell,— "admitted though scarcely acquainted with the alphabet." This phase of our history closed when the French entered Rome and the College fell into their hands.

Thus closed too the first phase of our connection with the Gregorian, a connection that has been since renewed with such success as bids fair to rival the best promise even of those earliest days. We have followed the University in misfortune from the Collegio Romano to the Via del Seminario. We shall follow it to even greater glories in the Piazza della Pilotta. May it ever thrive in the splendid tradition it inherits from the past. May we ourselves in the future live up to our own tradition there.

Floreat Gregoriana!

(to be continued)

JOHN SLATER.

CASTIGLIONE FIORENTINO

A Memory.

THERE is nothing grand about Castiglione Fiorentino, unless it be the name. The guide-books disdain the place, and the slave of the guide-book passes by. I too might have passed beneath its walls and gone my way, but for a whim. Now it is good to indulge your whims when you are on the road. Deviations from the common rut lead, as a rule, to adventure or catastrophe,—experiences of equal value in the pleasant realm of retrospection. I freely admit that I have often been mortified, and humiliated, and completely undone, for disregarding the mute warning of a map. But then the map-makers are different; they never exaggerate, they never ignore: they are truthful men, and I venerate them. Are they not Scholastics as we are, in their insistence on objective truth? But the guide-books are only subjective at best, warped by the mind that produced them, and at variance with reality.

On this occasion I was fresh from Arezzo, that monument of vanished glory, and on the road to Cortona. I need never have entered Castiglione at all, but was drawn by a curiosity to see one more Italian town. I said to myself.. "If I do not visit this place with the wonderful name today, I shall never see it; for along these my present roads there is no hope of a returning, and I shall go down to my grave with a regret."

So I went up the hill to the town.

This town of Castiglione lies midway between Arezzo and Cortona, "borgo con aspetto di cittadina, in bella posizione sull'alto di un poggio." In the middle ages, before the star of Arezzo waned, it was called Aretino, but in the fourteenth century the men of Perugia dubbed it Perugino by right of conquest. Last of all the mighty Florence held it and gave it the name it bears today. But Aretino it really should be. So much

for a name. It is backed by fine olive trees, and it overlooks that great valley which stretches from Arezzo to reedy Trasymene, the valley

Where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers,
To where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

I have nothing really interesting to say about the town. There is nothing interesting about it that I know. But I have a very vivid picture of the place in my mind. From all towns, great or small, we carry away a recollection and an impression, whether it be of a cathedral square, or of old palace fronts, or of narrow cobbled streets, or of open spaces and fountains playing in the sun. Each name forever afterwards brings back that stamp of a city's individuality. Such an impression is always before me when I remember Castiglione. For it was market-day.

It was outside the Florentine gate (my town like all her kind, has the dignity of walls and old-time gateways) I came upon the crowd. The country-side was emptied. The *contadini* (they were mostly men) had invaded the town for the day. They were all dressed in that sombre black which curiously enough is the countryman's festive attire. Broadbrimmed black hats half hid their dark and weather-beaten faces. There is a something about these fellows that intimidates. I have felt it many a time, and I know that they have written upon their secret faces something of what they have suffered since they first took to tilling the vine upon their hillsides. They are not of our time, but of an age that is gone. They are the people of Italy, the tillers of its soil, who now emerge after the centuries of foreign invasion and communal strife, having endured untold and unthinkable things.

Today they were making holiday, and here in the open space before the gate they were gathered in a great circle about a strolling musician and vendor of printed trifles, who was trying very hard to draw the *soldi* from their pockets. An old man he was, and pitiful his efforts to win their favour. He even danced for them, as well as his unsteady legs would permit. All in vain! They gazed at him as their oxen would gaze at the

horizon. Now and again one of that solemn gathering might exchange with his neighbour a condescending smile at the man's vain exertions; but that was all. They had nothing for him. Your true *contadino* is very sparing with his *soldi*.

I was at the outskirts of the crowd, leaning my sack against a tree when the performer drew near on his round of collection. The first coin I found was a large and bright piece of two *lire*. This I placed in the empty hat, hoping thereby to shame the rest of the audience and set a collection going in earnest. But alas, the shameless fellows! They seized the opportunity to turn their backs upon the collector. I had only succeeded in transferring their attention to myself. They crowded round with cries of admiration and interrogation of this unfamiliar generosity. I became the centre of attraction. They examined me from head to toe, paying special attention to my sack and its problematical contents. Then their tongues were loosened, and upon me as once long ago upon the wandering Ulysses came the torrent of questions. "Whence come you *giovannotto*? Of what race are you? Whither go you, and what is the country that gave you birth?"

I stood confused. It is not easy for the stranger to face the crowd. Then like the same wily Ithacan I bethought me, and made answer in words of subtle malice—for I was wroth with them and their churlish parsimony—and I smiled at them and at the guesses of the more loquacious who knew the names of several European countries and desired to impress their fellows. So I made answer in a loud voice and full of wiles (for I was annoyed with them), "I am of that nation which won the war." They smiled with appreciation and nodded knowingly to one another. Then they searched their memories and began to guess again. But none of them could say Italian, and they knew very well that I had tricked them, for the Italians too declare that they saved Europe. Some said "Ma sì! Americano" and some "Ma no! è Francese." And another, I remember well, said "Scozzese" just to air his knowledge of the nations. They are very ignorant, these *contadini*. At last one man guessed truly, and I declared that he was right and that I really did come from that unhappy country which has received neither the fruits nor

the renown of victory. Perhaps they would have agreed with me, for they are very courteous, but just then the cause of all the gathering reappeared to deliver me, with blessings on his lips, while in his hand he bore a leaflet containing my fortune, specially chosen, and a small book of *canzoni*. At first I thought he wanted to sell these, but he made it clear they were a gift in token of his gratitude.

The crowd, now considerably grown, applauded this act of grace. In fact the bestowal of the gift was made a public business in which all shared: they drew nearer to ascertain what fortune had been allotted to me. But I thrust the gifts into my pocket and made ready to go. It were not well to outstay one's welcome: to remain might entail international bickering. So while the old man was making a speech to the crowd I raised my stick in salute to himself and to the people and took myself away, followed by the good wishes of them all.

Thus I entered Castiglione Fiorentino, feeling as though I had received the freedom of the town.

I noticed only one street, that through which I had to pass to the further gate. Before me I saw a mass of men, wedged between the walls and swaying to and fro. Hampered as I was by a clumsy sack, it was no light work to force a passage. Bit by bit I won my way, tossed hither and thither in that river of humanity. Everyone was shouting and laughing: no one appeared to be going anywhere except myself. What they were doing I do not know nor did I care. Exhausted, I slipped into the first café for a rest.

There I examined the gifts my generosity had brought. Nothing grand—but given with a good will and the blessing of a poor man. My fortune! it was at least well meant, though sadly out. Eighty years he gave me for my span of life, and I fell to wondering if it would be well to live to such an age. A sudden increase in the uproar outside cut short my musings. Through the window I saw that a fight had started. One of the combatants, an oldish man, chose my café as a refuge from his opponents. They followed, a much younger and more powerful man with his wife, both white with rage. For a moment it looked as if the small shop would be wrecked, and I made

ready for the rough-house that appeared unavoidable. However the crowd at the doorway interfered and separated them just as they closed in battle. The proprietor of the café and I sighed relief. It had been a near thing.

Soon afterwards I left, and once more essayed the torrent of riotous life that lay between me and the southern gate. At last I gained the market place, just inside the walls. There the stall-keepers plied a noisy trade with the country women, and there again I rested. The day was hot; the crowd hotter still. I watched the *contadine* stand with unmoved faces before a red-faced seller of bargains. I myself bought a large red handkerchief for a keepsake and a memory. It was just then that the *carabinieri*, the inevitable two, approached, enquiry written all over their pimpled faces. They asked a few questions, commented on my unusual appearance, and generally behaved with that bovine stupidity peculiar to the lower ranks of the carabinieri. Luckily I had my passport: they were impressed by its splendour, being a people nourished on officialdom. I have since thought that they probably made use of me in order to avoid the unwelcome sight of some disturbance at the other side of the stalls. They are noted for their native caution and their skill in turning the blind eye. Their suspicions satisfied they wished me a *buon viaggio*: I on my part made the well-worn reply, and threaded my way through the waggons and carts that were halted near the gateway. Then with a last glance down that narrow way where the multitude swayed and tossed, I passed beneath the archway into the open and took the dusty road along the edge of the hills to where Cortona stands like a watch-tower high above the broad waters of Trasymene.

So I left the town. I am glad now that I went there, but I do not want to go there ever again. I like to keep the picture of it as I saw it that market day in October. If I were to go again it would be to find all changed, — a deserted street, a few old crones dozing in the doorways, and a great silence in the heavy heat.

That is not my Castiglione. I shall never know it save as a surging, shouting, haggling, quarrelling, merrymaking throng, packed from gate to gate.

R.DELANY.

COLLEGE RECTORS

VI. — LOUIS ENGLISH (1857 - 1863).

Louis B. English was born at Bath on May 22nd, 1826. In 1845 he came to the Venerabile and was ordained in 1850. The next year he was appointed Vice-rector. On February 28th, 1853 he was made Rector of the Collegio Pio which was transferred under him from the Piazza Scossacavalli to the premises of the English College in the Via Monserrato. The two colleges however remained distinct. In May 1857, Dr. Cornthwaite, the Rector of the English College, went to England and his Vice-rector, Dr. Bans, was left in charge. The latter, however was taken ill and the government of the College fell to the Rector of the Pio. Dr. English writes to Mgr. Talbot in July:

I ought to have written to you sooner but any time is no time and I had nothing to determine me on one day more than another. Latterly I have been waiting to hear from Dr. Cornthwaite and it is only three days ago that we got our first letter from him in England, as he had been six weeks on his journey. Dr. Bans has had a bad paralytic attack: he is somewhat better now and has gone to Monte Porzio but I think his recovery is far from certain. The English College is thus left without any government—indeed Dr. Bans never left his room since the end of May, until he moved to Monte Porzio, so that the men have in fact been governing themselves for a month. However, things go on smoothly enough, though of course regularity cannot be expected in such a state of things. I spoke to Cardinal Ferretti but he was in a great hurry and only suggested appointing one of the men pro-vice, but this would have created great jealousies and ill-feeling and was decidedly opposed by Dr. Bans. So I wrote to Cornthwaite to ask him what was to be done and suggested various plans: he at last answered that he had seen Cruikshank in London and asked to him to act as pro-vice in the English College. I expect Dr. Cruikshank here before the end of the week. His visit has not been without use to the College (Pio), for he has got many debts paid up. He says that

he has found generally a very friendly feeling towards the college amongst the priests, Ushaw and Cardinal Wiseman forming two powerful exceptions. The Cardinal cannot get over the junction of the two colleges, but still he was very gracious and kind and has about him many friends of the college. . . Since you left, the administration of the English College has been left with me and has given me abundance of work. However, I am very well satisfied with the results: the men I think, are better fed than before and yet the month of June past shows a reduction of expense upon the June of 1856. Nor is the whole extent of economy that can be practised as yet at work. The abuses have apparently been great and hence the plight in which Cornthwaite found himself at last and his proposal to raise our pension. I hope, although it is premature to form an opinion, but I fully hope and not without plenty of calculation, to be able to lower the pension a little which would be a great advantage in many ways. Of course much depends upon the vintage which promises well. The Branchinis render me no manner of assistance but I am content to act without them. But if Cornthwaite comes back to reorganise sleep and waste after all this I don't know whether I should be able to stand it. I hope he has done with the college although I dread the increase of responsibility. Still anything is more bearable than such dire mismanagement and all the evils of which the poor good man is the innocent parent.

The authorities in Rome realised that Dr. English not only had the interests of the English College at heart but was also competent to rule. Shortly after this letter therefore they appointed him rector of the united colleges. There were however to be two vice-rectors, one for the English College and one for the Pio. The funds were to be administered separately and the only things in common were to be the church and refectory. The English bishops were not consulted about the appointment and this seems to have offended Cardinal Wiseman. The chief complaint was that Dr. English would not act as the Roman agent of the English bishops as former rectors of the English College had done. There is no doubt that Dr. English enjoyed very poor health and perhaps said that he would prefer not to be the Roman agent. The fact is however that during the period of his rectorship he actually did a certain amount of agency work and among his correspondence there are letters from most of the bishops dealing with dispensations and other Roman business. Towards the end of the year Dr. English went to England but for some unknown reason did not communicate with the bishops. Cardinal Gasquet in his *History* of the English College quotes a letter from Cardinal Wiseman to Mgr. Talbot as follows: "I

have written to Cardinal Ferretti about Dr. English's appointment, but I am sorry to say that accounts of his health are very bad. I have not seen him but Dr. Goss told Stonor that he was too ill to say Mass on Sundays, that he had fainting fits and that one lung was gone". The Cardinal felt strongly on this point and wrote more fully on the subject a few days later also to Mgr. Talbot. I select a few points from this long letter which is given *in extenso* by Cardinal Gasquet. Cardinal Wiseman fears for the future of the College. Hitherto the Rector has always been intimate with the English bishops and their trusted ally in Rome. The bishops will not feel confident to entrust their choicest subjects to one on whom they cannot rely. Some are also under the impression that Dr. English speaks contemptuously of the English bishops. The latter must have an agent in Rome and the result of the present system will be that each bishop will have his own agent, perhaps a foreigner, who will know practically nothing of the English clergy, of the social position, or the progress in England. When each bishop has his own agent the door is open to intrigue with Propaganda. No less does he feel on the intended revolution in the administration of the College. His residence of twenty-two years in the house in every state from being the last of its youngest to the rectorship gives him some right to speak... The temporals of the house have always been a cause of trouble. The Cardinal concludes, "My experience in life has led me to mistrust those who come forward on the principle that they will turn everything topsy-turvy and put everyone and everything right. They easily overthrow, they seldom build up..."

The Cardinal's fears were not well founded and even he himself in the following year wrote to Dr. English asking him to be of use in the dispute between himself and his chapter. The Cardinal concludes this letter, "Pray for me at the college on St. Thomas' day *quoniam tribulor*; for I am quite alone with everybody against me".

Dr. English set himself to the task of governing the college with all earnestness. The regulation of the finances was his first care. In spite of his vigorous efforts someone complained to Mgr. Talbot and accused the Rector of extravagance. When

Dr. English was appointed Rector of the College Cardinal Ferretti was its Protector. However in August 1860, owing to his prolonged indisposition the Cardinal obtained permission from the Holy Father to appoint Mgr. Talbot as his delegate with all the faculties of the Protector himself. It was to Talbot therefore that English made the following statement of accounts, in 1862:

I have taken the trouble to put together a few figures which may show how far we are from insolvency and extravagance. The debts to workmen amount at present, as far as we can know, to 926 scudi, or under *L.* 200. A few bills have still to be sent in—two only, and one of them under 100 scudi. Perhaps the two together will bring up our liabilities to 1200 scudi. I do not think that the complaints or fears about the financial condition of the college are seriously put forward; but if they were, I should be glad of any amount of investigation and have indeed thought of asking for it in order to assist me in improving the property, rents etc. However I repeat that I think it would be a mistake to give any importance to vague frivolous charges and I only send you the accompanying figures as to our Protector whom it is a duty to satisfy as well as a pleasure. Thank you for the kindness you showed in resenting the attack on the administration. At the beginning of May 1857 when the administration of the English College was committed to me, the college owed as follows for works, repairs etc.

	DEBTS	PAYED OFF
1. To the builder	2026 scudi 00	2026 scudi 00
(We have payed off the whole)		
2. To the carpenter	1219 » 68	
(We owe now)	542 » 76	676 » 92
3. To the painter	781 » 32	
(We owe now)	302 » 00	479 » 32
4. To the blacksmith	273 » 40	
(We owe now)	82 » 90	191 » 40
5. To the tinner	246 » 71	
(Which has all been paid)		246 » 71
		3620 » 35

In short we owed then 4547 » 11, we owe now 926 » 76

The health of the students of the English College had always suffered in Rome and Dr. English's period of office was no exception. During his first year as Rector one student of the Pio

died and the Bishop of Southwark wrote to him encouragingly that, "Every superior must have a death during his term of office but that many graces will follow from it." There is no doubt that the winter in Rome can be severe. Fr. Thomas Scott, who died in 1926, and had been a student under Dr. English wrote as follows to the VENERABLE shortly before his death: "I think that if it could be managed the college ought to be warmed in winter. The chills of winter were at the root of all the sickness and weakness (I might almost speak from personal experience) of summer fever and *tout çela*. What with bathing in the Anio and at Magliana (a tiny stream) I pulled through the summer. If the college were slightly warmed to take the chill off the rooms it would do much. To seek warmth in play-room or library *nil valet*. Get everyone to shampoo their heads on rising—a great comfort. I would almost have a professor of hygiene *chez vous*..."

Although the idea of the morning shampoo and the professor of hygiene is a little far-fetched, the fact that the rooms were not warmed in any way seems to have caused much sickness. Mr. Bethell, father of one of the students under Dr. English wrote in 1859 such a letter as many other rectors must have received.

I am extremely anxious about the health of my son Augustus. I hear that he is looking very thin and that he is suffering very much from cold from the want of fires in the rooms. I must therefore request that he may be allowed to have a fire in his room and if he cannot, I must remove him at once. It is commonly remarked in England that although Rome is the best place for a young ecclesiastic to obtain a good education, yet the constitutions of the young men are so much injured that they are more or less invalids all their lives; and this no doubt accounts for our having so many priests who are unable to do their work from want of health. The chief thing to be attended to in bringing up young men is to strengthen their constitutions and I am sorry to say that I have had reason to know that this is greatly neglected at the English colleges.

Whether the permission was granted or not we cannot say for certain but the probability is that Augustus had to get along without a fire like everyone else. The same Augustus was very concerned about his health and made further endeavours to se-

cure some privilege. Thus he obtained a note from his medical adviser in England who wrote to the Rector: "Having for several years known Mr. Augustus Bethell as the medical adviser to his family and having been consulted by him as to the propriety of his discontinuing at Rome his habit of smoking, I have no hesitation in affirming that on the contrary smoking is most likely to prove beneficial—even necessary—to him under the present circumstances." We have often heard of doctors disapproving of smoking and even threatening death to those addicted to tobacco, but we never expected to have the pleasure of seeing such a certificate as the above. However, Augustus retired to England at the end of the year, *valetudinis causa*. With regard to studies Dr. English had one failing. On the testimony of Fr. T. Scott "he hungered after medals" and used to let students stay up late at night studying. This was a great mistake and no doubt was the cause in part of the ill-health of some of the students. It is difficult for us of modern times to understand why our predecessors considered *ripetitori* an absolute necessity: for these are the days not only of text books but also of innumerable *folia ad usum privatum*. Perhaps it was different in those days. Fr. Scott says, "You cannot study without a praepostor (*ripetitore*) or you go to sleep. I lost half my time for want of a tutor to put me up to the order of studies. I knew Latin (Sedgley Park, thorough basis) but with the horrid English accent it was difficult to follow the Neapolitan fervid eloquence and windmill gestures of Cercia. Franzelin's German Latin I quickly took up and as Franzelin himself told me, I should have had his gold medal, only the two brilliant Vanutelli's took all before them." Another student writes in 1861 to the Vice-rector, "You will be glad to hear that the Venerabile men created quite a sensation here by having swept off so many medals at the Collegio Romano this year. Does not this prove very clearly that *ripetitori* are not quite such useless individuals as some people considered them."

There is a letter from Dr. English to Mgr. Talbot which as it makes some reference to study and shows the value that the Rector set on examinations, may be inserted here. The letter explains itself.

My dear Monsignor,

Mr. W. told me last night that you had directed him to ask me to procure his ordination at Christmas as a favour. I was embarrassed, for a request, of course, in this way was very urgent upon me, but on the other hand there were several reasons for not yielding to W.'s wish: and I decided though with extreme vexation of spirit not to do so. It is now my duty to state my reasons for not acceding to the wishes of W. and I hope they will appear sufficient. First, it will be well known in the College that there has been an appeal in this case and W.'s ordination at Christmas would be considered, even though done as a favour at your request, as a practical admission of that appeal. Now the appeal was, as you told W., made without grounds and I am sure it would be very mischievous to let the notion prevail that appeals, made even without cause, turn out well and gain their point. The more so, as it is precisely the least well-disposed students who would be sure to rally round W. and to take advantage of this resource of appeal. I am not at all wishful to prevent just and reasonable appeals but I am only anxious not to give encouragement to ungrounded ones. Secondly, I do not see how W. could be ordained at Christmas and anyone else not ordained at any future Christmas; so that practically a continual obligation would arise for the rector to which serious disadvantages might attach. The more so, as we have no *punishments* in the College by which to enforce observance of the rules; nor can we have them, so that the power of the superiors towards irregular and ill-conducted men is very small and would be still further diminished, if privileges and favours, such as early ordination, became obligatory upon us in *all cases*. Thirdly, if W. were to be ordained at Christmas no one else could justly be denied. He has always been an irregular and unsatisfactory subject and in the last *concorso* (examination) although he possesses noted abilities, he took the worst places of any from the College, being actually passed by a student of inferior ability and no great application, who was in his first year of Theology, while W. is in his third. To ordain him under present circumstances, would be to convince all idle and careless men that however little they succeeded, however ill they did their duty at the *concorso*, no inconvenience would accrue to them and they would securely share in the advantages and privileges of the better students. The *concorso* is the only test or guarantee we have that our men study or know their Theology: again it is most important for the College's character that its subjects should do their duty there; and therefore I have long ago publicly and several times in private told the students that the *concorso* would be taken into account for their ordination. Of course difference of abilities must be fully allowed for nor must unattainable success be exacted or expected; but W. has uncommon abilities and in his two subjects only secured a "Laudatus," every student in the College doing better. To grant favours and privileges would be formally and demonstratively, ignoring the *concorso*.

The system whereby students for the college were chosen seems to have differed from that at present in vogue. The Rector

had not the final vote but the names had to be presented to the Protector who chose the new students from written documents or testimonials sent by the superiors of the colleges in England. This system did not please Dr. English who was extremely keen on having in Rome the very best that England could send. Thus he wrote to Mgr. Talbot in 1857:

If you thought it possible to get the Holy Father to examine or to entertain an account or report of the peculiar disadvantages under which the English College suffers in the choice of its students it would be the beginning of our salvation: for whilst the disastrous system of nominating students, which was adopted a few years ago, prevails, it is impossible that the students can be such as we ought to have; the system pursued is radically faulty so that even were the bishops zealous on the point it would baffle their zeal. But Cardinal Wiseman would support the present system out of complacency to the other bishops and also because he will not see how wretchedly the College is treated. I fear that the College's having a Protector is very much in its way, for Cardinal Ferretti is scarcely equal to dealing with fundamental questions, being especially cautious of offending the bishops; and on the other hand he stands in the way of that direct access to the Pope in matters relating to the English College which we have enjoyed in the Pio and to which the Pio owes its present success. It is not for me of course to judge how far it is possible to get the Holy Father to go into the causes which prevent the capabilities of usefulness to religion which the English College proposes, and thus makes the latter a reproach both in Rome and in England. But this at least seems certain and every year confirms it, that unless the subject is taken up in the high places in Rome it never will be dealt with anywhere. The Cardinal and after him Dr. Errington are confirmed patrons and champions of all the abuses here. Please indulge my loquaciousness but it makes one's heart bleed to see such a chance for England as the College at Rome gives, stultified and thrown away by England.

The difficulty was also increased by the fact that the English bishops were reluctant to send their best men whom they wanted as professors for their own colleges. Cardinal Wiseman wrote to Mgr. Talbot, "One thing I own is very trying, not to be able to look forward to the return of one's best men. Cruikshank and Bans — who is very clever and learned — I intended for the college here but both are kept. If Johnson follows them it will be very hard to send others wanted for the college at home. The very end for sending them is defeated. You urge: send us your very best men and they will be returned to you first-rate scholars, professors, etc.: I send them and they never return. What

better is my college for my having sent them? On the contrary they are a loss." The same objection was voiced by the President of Ushaw in a letter to Dr. English of 1858: "I see the only but effective way of removing difficulties on the question of furnishing students for Rome, is to obtain the sanction of the Holy See as to our right to the services of those who have been taken from us, when they return to England. It is my intention soon to move this question and I am sure I shall have your kind assistance in the matter."

The case of a certain Mr. Boulaye illustrates the method of choosing students. The Rector wrote to the Bishop of Salford:

Mr. Boulaye's starting for the College without the Cardinal Protector's consent having been asked or given is against the instruction which he sent to the bishops about the mode of choosing alumni, and of which I sent the principal provisions to your Lordship lately. Now, if I were to tell the Cardinal that a student had arrived without previous application and without the required testimonials, I fear he would desire me to send him back to England as he did in a similar case with Dr. Cornthwaite. On the other hand, we cannot receive any alumnus without Cardinal Ferretti's authorisation: and so the best thing I can think of is to place Mr. Boulaye, if he should reach Rome before I receive an answer to this, in some religious house where he will be better off and at less expense than in a hotel. In the meantime, please forward testimonials according to the letter of Cardinal Ferretti of which I again enclose the important extract on this point. Your Lordship will see that the Protector requires a *relatio* which should contain several particulars which your letter to me does not touch; though I believe the very object of prescribing this detailed account was to exclude general and vague recommendations which almost any youth may obtain from his college Superiors. I am quite inclined to think that he is a very eligible subject and therefore am the more desirous to receive him into the College: but as yet I feel that I have no sufficient case to go to the Cardinal about and his Eminence is apt to be prompt in his decisions. I will of course do all to make Mr. B. comfortable whilst he is residing in the town; indeed he may not reach Rome before his admission has been arranged. I am sincerely sorry that there has arisen any confusion and I hope it may be slight.

The Bishop replied immediately:

During the seven years Boulaye was at Ushaw I invariably received every year the following account of him: Ability—Good, Conduct—Good, Diligence—Good, Health—Good. May he not then pass as one who possesses "optimis moribus and ingenio plusquam mediocri praeditum, cursum studiorum saltem ad Philosophiam usque perfecisse"? If you explain to the Card-

inal that in my opinion Boulaye has all the necessary requisites, he will at once admit him. I will however get the testimonials from Ushaw but I should hope the Cardinal will admit him on my recommendation.

On the appointment of Mgr. Talbot as Protector, Dr. English won his point and secured the right to choose his own students. Talbot wrote, "I have so complete confidence in your judgement regarding the fitness of students for the English College that I leave the choice of them entirely in your hands so that you need have no scruples about accepting men whom you may think desirable subjects." Still the trouble did not end here and the Bishop of Southwark did not approve of the Rector's methods of choice. This we gather from a letter which the Vice-rector, Drinkwater, wrote to Dr. English when the latter was on a visit to England in 1861:

I went into Rome and spoke to Talbot about Mgr. Grant and his disagreeable treatment of yourself and the College. He recommended me to go to Propaganda. I went, but as Cardinal Barnabò was not in, I saw Mgr. Capalti. I told him the whole circumstances and he asked me to give you the following counsel: to be firm in refusing men who were below mediocrity or who are not above it. With regard to Mgr. Grant he would recommend that you should choose from the collected testimonials of men offered by the bishops and then if you found that the number of students you require can be of a better quality from other bishops than from Dr. Grant, you must acquaint the latter of the fact and express your regret that his place cannot be filled by him on account of the conditions not being complied with, hoping for more success another time as far as the diocese of Southwark is concerned. Capalti says that in this way you will be doing your duty and it would be a lesson to the bishops not to be indifferent as to the quality of the men required by the Holy See for the English College in Rome. They will back you in this, if necessary. I hope this will not be what you dislike; Talbot told me to make it my *duty* to go to Propaganda about the subject.

Amongst the papers of Dr. English there is a very interesting document which although it is rather long I think ought to be given in full. It is a copy of a letter to someone who was likely to prove a benefactor to the College. The name of the correspondent does not appear. Not only is this paper an excellent account of the position of the English College in 1861 but it also contains a well-reasoned argument for its extension—a thing which Dr. English earnestly desired.

The English College at Rome has been sending priests to England since 1579, so that many hundreds have gone forth from it and amongst them, as an inscription in the College tells, forty-four Martyrs. Nor is it worn out by age, for every year it receives a number of fresh subjects whom it maintains, clothes and educates without a farthing of charge to anyone: and every year it ordains and sends off priests to the mission. Thus to speak of the things of which I do know, within the last sixteen years, during which I have been connected with it, fifty-three alumni, or students provided for by its funds, have been ordained priests, and thirteen more after benefitting by its funds have been ordained in England, making sixty-six alumni priests. To this number add thirteen convicts or students who pay for themselves, who have been ordained at the College during this time, and twelve students now in the College, two more who have become Jesuits, and two in other colleges (and both in Holy Orders) and we have a grand total of ninety-five students whom it has assisted and fitted to serve the Church. Seventy-seven of these were on the College funds.

But in order to estimate more justly the usefulness of this institution, it is necessary not only to reckon its successes but also its failures, to take into account what proportion of those who partake of its advantages, lose their vocation or are found to have none. And perhaps the failures of a college are more decisive of its value than its successes, because the number of the latter depend on the college's means: but if we have funds for twenty only, we cannot produce sixty: but the proportion of failures to successes offers a criterion of what a college might do if it had means.

Well in the sixteen years in question, out of 104 students whom I have known in the College there have been in all seven cases of students leaving from want of vocation. Of these seven, three were not on the foundation: and of the remaining four, one is actually now seeking to resume his studies for the priesthood. If we confine ourselves therefore to the students upon whom the College funds have been expended within these sixteen years, out of eighty such students only three have come to nothing. Indeed failures are less likely to happen in the College, because it does not receive young boys whose future is so uncertain but only subjects of from 18 to 20 years.

So far of the College as a nursery for priests. It has served the Church in England for nearly three centuries, so that it is not an experimental work: and it is not an effete one for it serves still. England is sprinkled with its priests, what would it be if there were twice the number?

But another great point of utility of the English College not inferior to the one just mentioned is that it connects England with Rome, and it is a great hope of promoting the Roman spirit among its priesthood. I need only to state, I need not develop, the priceless advantage it is for a young student of the Church, to emerge from his cold atmosphere of Protestantism and error and to go and live for some years in a Catholic land and above all in Rome. I have experienced it myself and have seen the same in others over and over again: the youth of 18 or 20 who comes to our College, drops by degrees a whole set of scales which covered his eyes: national, narrow, and Protestant-

ized notions give place to Catholic impressions and a Catholic spirit. Devotion, too, is quickened and the priestly spirit is formed by all that he sees around him. In this way also a man changes his college and is not always cramped up in the same set of ideas and companions. Much might be said on this subject: it is indeed inexhaustible, but it is not necessary and therefore I will only mention one or two facts which bear on the subject.

First, Cardinal Wiseman told me some years ago that all the progress he had known in England had originated with Roman priests: devotions, ecclesiastical habits and ideas, improvements in short in any direction he could positively trace in every instance to a Roman. Now even if there were some exaggeration about this statement, still I know not what testimony could be desired, if this be not enough, to the usefulness of the College at Rome. The Cardinal says that he owes everything to Rome and he was in the College twenty-two years.

Secondly, the Holy Father has testified his opinion of the value of the College in many ways by various letters and many verbal statements which have been directed to the ensuring of the nomination of good subjects. To select only one evidence of his thoughts on this point—when it was notified to him that a new College for English church-students was to be founded at Bruges, he answered in terms of dissatisfaction, that after all he had done to promote the education of English ecclesiastics in Rome that was the quarter to which assistance ought to be directed: the College at Rome should have been enlarged and rendered more efficient.

Thirdly, another point which recommends the enlargement of the English College is that the feeling of the Pope and the Church in our day is notably to multiply the number of ecclesiastics trained at Rome. The Holy Father has at immense expense founded and endowed a seminary for sixty or seventy students from his own states. A French College, two American Colleges (one for the north and one for the south), a Lombard College, and last but not least the Collegio Pio have all been established in Rome under Pius IX. To increase the English College therefore would be a work in accordance with the living mind and instincts of the Church.

I have summed up, in a few words, crowded thoughts which have been in my mind for years and which, I think, will bear reflection, if you will be so good as to give them a little thought. Comparisons are odious, but I cannot but ask—laying aside all personal and private predilections and inclinations and treating the question as calmly as may be,—What work would be more apt to advance religion in England, what work offers greater hopes of usefulness, than to increase the number of priests educated in the English College at Rome? What work is more thoroughly Catholic in its nature, or better warranted by the great test of time or recommended to us by higher authority? Try it by another test. An old Latin proverb says that it is well to be taught by an enemy. Now, apply this maxim and what is there which Protestants more dislike and dread than increase of connection with Rome? They know how living and vigorous is the Catholicity which flows from Rome, and they always aim at cutting off countries as much as possible from the

Mother See. And what a sickly and declining thing Religion would then become in England! Well let us learn from them: for the instincts of error in its antagonism to the truth are very quick and very shrewd—can we do better than re-enforce and strengthen what they would weaken and curtail—the training of Roman priests? Priests and Rome are perhaps the two words which of all words the Protestant most dislikes and shrinks from: now by enlarging the English College, more priests would be furnished to England and the blessed influence of the Holy See would bear more extensively on the English priesthood.

There remains one other point to which I referred at the beginning—that this charity is one that lies unfortunately out of people's notice and favour. Many persons like to see their charities represented in buildings or decorations and do not care about the more silent work of educating priests: many others feel no interest in Rome and its influence. From one cause or other the College receives neither gift nor legacy of any consequence: the sole exception having been *L.* 100 a year from the late Duke of Norfolk during his lifetime: so that the College possesses only its original property of which, too, part was lost in the great Revolution. Its revenue is about *L.* 1500 a year, the fruit of property and funds bestowed centuries ago. And while the College does not meet with much support the increase of religion in England, as I have argued above, makes it desirable that a corresponding development should be given to the College at Rome. Everything connected with religion in England has made way and there are many more missions and churches than there were in 1845: surely then it is also desirable to increase the element of connection between England and Rome and thus prevent the influence of the Holy See upon the priesthood from waning amidst the general progress.

Let me now touch upon the practical question before concluding and say what it is that we desire for the English College. It is not to build nor to beautify buildings but simply to have the means of taking a greater number of students on the foundation, that is, free of charge. It is true that an extension of the College's funds would make it necessary to provide some more rooms for students: as the College at present has room for twenty-three only. But a large part of the building is now let out to lodgers and might be resumed and adapted for the students. This would require a certain outlay: because the rent which this part of the building yields, forms part of the actual revenue of the College and could not be taken away for new students without impairing the means for the old ones. I should think that *L.* 1000 would make up for the loss of rent and that from *L.* 500 to *L.* 1000 would be required for adapting, altering and furnishing rooms. The cost of maintaining and clothing each subject is not under *L.* 50 a year.

A few additional students to the College is not a very showy result: but yet as the whole number of those maintained there at present is but twenty the accession of a few would have a considerable effect: and indeed half a dozen new places well distributed, would certainly be of great advantage: suppose for example that we could take two more subjects for Westminster, two for Liverpool, one for Birmingham, one for Beverley and one for Southwark.

These are the larger dioceses which could send better men as they have a larger choice of subjects. And then such a beginning would suggest the same good work to others: but what has been said above does, I hope, show that every additional free-place founded for students at Rome is, as far as we can judge, a permanent and solid benefit done to Religion.

I need hardly say that the figures given in this last part are quite in the rough and meant to show what it is that may be done, if you desired, what it is that we wish for the old College of St. Thomas of Canterbury at Rome. Faxit Deus.

Dr. English goes on to speak of the Collegio Pio and concludes his statement thus.

If the good of Religion appears to you as it does to me, likely to be advanced by augmenting the means of these colleges at Rome, or either of them, then, I pray that you will not shrink from the sacrifices implied in befriending them. Who soweth in blessings of blessings also shall reap. The old benefactors who set up the English College three centuries ago must have felt it a great sacrifice and a great venture to sink thousands in that institution: and yet how greatly and how lastingly has their munificence served religion in England. How many priests like the great Cardinal I have quoted above and like my humble self may say that they owed to it all the good they had—how many souls has it saved? And is it not fitting, after three centuries, to go on with their work and to enlarge the means, be it of the one college or the other which are employed so singly for the service of the Church under the eye and blessing of the Holy Father?

To the same document is added a year later the following: "Since the above was written ten more students have been received on the funds of the English College. This illustrates my position that the old source is not dried up nor the waters stagnant."

Now let us see what the students thought of their rector. From a few letters that remain it appears that the rector was well-liked in the college. Mr. Smith who left the College on account of ill-health wrote from England to the Rector: "It is quite a pleasure to write to Rome and especially to one who was so very kind to me in the English College. I shall long remember your care of me in my misfortunes and whenever I have an opportunity of saying anything for you or your colleges, my voice, loud enough at Rome, shall try to make itself heard in England." Fr. T. Scott considers Dr. English, "A grand rector who furnished our rooms anew. He also tried to give us every liberty." Another student,

Mr. Clifford, wrote in 1861, "Till a few days before the Consistory, I was under the impression that Dr. Louis English was Bishop-Elect of Beverley. I was glad to hear of his elevation, as you might naturally expect, but as St. Alphonsus used to say, if you wish a *vescovado* to a priest it's the same as wishing him an accident and of course I should never be so wicked as to repay Dr. English's great kindness to me in such a manner. I am sure that this last sentence will make you smile, and exclaim, Well what a funny fellow that Clifford is! This is what I wrote it for. I have reason to know that Dr. English is doing too much good where he is to wish for his removal."

The health of the Rector which had never been good became worse and in the autumn of 1862 he visited England. When Cardinal Wiseman heard of this he wrote to Mgr. Talbot: "Dr. English is, I fear, very ill. The very fact of his coming to England and leaving Italy, shows the restlessness and capriciousness of a fatal malady. Should it please Providence to take him away, I hope immense care will be taken about his successor: and that we will be able to recommend a rector, also our agent. I must own that I do not feel easy about matters in the College and I hope there will be time for opening my mind, should such a misfortune as I have anticipated occur, more fully than it would be delicate to do at present."

Since the Cardinal was so uneasy Mgr. Talbot must have suggested an investigation about the property of the College. This the Cardinal did not want and wrote that he dreaded any interference in the affairs of the College, spiritual or temporal. He had no desire; in fact he feared Italian influence in the College. The superiors were national and that was the best thing possible. The Italian period of government in the English College had been disastrous as the College records testified.

The year 1863 dragged on and the Rector grew worse. Among the letters to Talbot there is one from Dr. English, written upon his deathbed, as the uncertain writing shows. It is his last struggle for the College.

Since my arrival in England my disease has gone into a gallop, yesterday I received Extreme Unction and today the Viaticum. I thank you for all your kindness to me through life. I hope that in my present state and

condition I may venture now to say a word about the succession to the rectorship, to you the Protector of the College. I beg you to resist the overwhelming influence of Cardinal Wiseman. At least let the bishops give the Holy See a choice, a range among several names. I conscientiously believe that Cruikshank's nomination (and he is constantly mentioned as the Cardinal's nominee) would be a bad one for the colleges. I will say no more about that. I have discharged my last duty to these colleges: befriend them now in the hour of their need: save principles, save whatever I have done from being undone, prevent a mistake.

The date of Dr. English's death is uncertain. The College Register which one may regard as an official document gives July 15th, 1863 as the date of his death. The writing appears to be that of the succeeding rector, Dr. Neve, who ought to have known. However, the letter quoted above as written by Dr. English on his deathbed is dated from Torquay, July 17th. I have been unable to reconcile these two dates. *July 18th.*

Thus passed away another rector of the Venerable English College. There is no doubt that Dr. English was a very brilliant man. At one time he thought of writing something for missionary purposes, on subjects so little known in England, such as Devotion to Our Lady, the Holy Souls and the Roman Pontiffs. A friend approved entirely of the idea but warned the Rector that, "anything of this kind would have to be done with great prudence, for there is a great prejudice against college people: they are always supposed to be unpractical and ordinarily it is considered in the highest degree presumptuous if anyone at college should think that missionary work might be improved and other things done which are not done."

There is in *The Life of Fr. John Morris, S.J.* a short but interesting letter which may be inserted here. Fr. Morris had been a student at the English College with Dr. English, and for a short time its Vice-rector. The letter is addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Scott Murray and introduces Dr. English.

I write a line or two to introduce you to the future Archbishop of Westminster. I dare say you remember my theory as to the classification of our great men.

Class 1. 1. Fr. Newman. 2. Dr. English. 3. Cardinal Wiseman.

Class 2. Vacant.

Class 3. Fr. Faber, Macmullen, etc.

I hope Dr. English will leave an impression on you in conformity with all this, but I dare say he will want drawing out. At least this I can say, that you will find him an original and deep thinker: whenever I measure myself beside him I am proud of being his intimate friend.

Those who are acquainted with the noted abilities of Cardinal Wiseman and the excellent work he achieved for the Catholic cause in England will probably not agree with Fr. Morris's classification. But we must remember that since Fr. Morris had had dealings with both men, and was perfectly competent to weigh their respective merits, his opinion is not without weight.

But the question of more importance is, was he a success as a rector? There are many obscure points in his life due no doubt, to the lack of documents. In a letter to Mgr. Talbot concerning the appointment of Dr. English's successor, Bishop Clifford states that, "Dr. English has done much of the rough work of bringing the college into better order and introducing a good spirit among the men. Neve will be able to carry on and perfect the work without the odium which necessarily attaches to a reformer and which poor Dr. English had to bear from many quarters. Moreover, Neve has never had any difficulties with the Cardinal or with any of the bishops and therefore he will, I trust, enjoy their confidence."

This is not at all clear. In what precisely was Dr. English a reformer? Obviously the reform must have been in some fundamental point or the Rector would not have incurred the displeasure of the bishops. There is nothing to decide this question. And why were the Cardinal and bishops so openly opposed to the Rector? The fact that he was not the regular agent of the English bishops is not a sufficient explanation. The Cardinal is ever uneasy about matters in the College. What does he mean? The finances appear to be in excellent order. The discipline and content of the students to all appearances were perfect. Although I am warned that Cardinal Wiseman who spent twenty-two years in the College was quite competent to judge of matters connected with the place, still, I may venture to express the opinion that his letters show some prejudice. Was he hurt because neither he nor the English bishops were consulted in Dr. English's appointment? Even so, this does not

explain his unconcealed disapproval of all that the Rector did. In none of the letters that we have does the Cardinal make any explicit charges and perhaps in his letters to the Cardinal Protector he was more definite. Thus I conclude with many points unsettled in my own mind but with one firm conviction, that Dr. English was a great rector who worked wholeheartedly in the interests of the Venerable English College and would have attained more success had he met with more support and encouragement.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

ROMANESQUES

10. - CAMERATA.

COLLEGE rules are not in harmony with etymology in their attitude towards Camerata. The term would seem to be descriptive of the associated life of those who belong to one room; that it does not mean this is the nobly suppressed complaint of every solitary occupier of a room in the Venerable. He whom rule enforces to observe in his room a solitude akin to that of St. Simon Stylites would at times extend that solitude beyond his private bounds and truly be a camerata unto himself. But discipline, as Mr. Bagnet said, "must be maintained" and she declares that camerata within the meaning of the act stipulates social communication. For College rule wisely decrees private solitude and public sociability, and men have passed seven years building upon these foundations of Roman life.

Once before in an Editorial, when the appearance of this magazine caused me more anxiety than joy, I hinted that a new man's views on camerata might make exciting reading. This was written without any wish to place limits upon the period of residence necessary to lend colour to one's opinion of camerata, for the student's feelings deepen with the course of years. He may bow to the inevitable but he will never embrace it. He cannot forget the day when he moved abroad *sui iuris*, free from serpentine entanglements and from the attentions of the enthusiast who believes that it is much more useful to discuss an article of the *Summa* than to talk about the weather. For such an enthusiast there is much to be said and wisely has it been said by Authority during some of those disciplinary pronouncements which give an unusual aspect to the Common Room.

May one turn aside and whisper to a former writer in this series: did you forget this aspect when you charmed us with your survey of the Common Room? Do you remember the times when the bell would lose its jubilant note and become a tocsin and we were summoned *ad audiendum verbum*? Nay, sometimes even, when the busy world was hushed and we were settling down to the old *Punch* or to an epic account of First Year or perhaps were absent engaged in a discussion upon the living wage, Authority would alter the formality of that room and speak of abuses which were creeping in; stealthily and upon all fours no doubt. And *camerata* was always mentioned in despatches. But even the necessarily severe voice of discipline was mellowed by those genial surroundings. Is there not a theory (and who denies the infallibility of theories?) which tells us that walls are impregnated with the soul of former happenings? And does not this psychic force pervade subsequent events and modify them? I would believe that the spirit of nights when joy was unconfined, when Rome had gathered in that room "her beauty and her chivalry", that lurking spirit cast a softening influence over stern pronouncements and helped even them to tighten the bonds which unite all ranks of *Venerabilini*.

But like the *camerata* itself I am wandering. Turn then to that peculiar constituent of Roman life; dissect it; regard and discuss it and discover how it has entered into your life — how indeed for years that life was hinged upon it. View your coming in and your going out and know in what manner your life was interlocked with your fellows. We all have views upon it, from the enthusiast who has not yet learned the nature of a "shewa mobile" to the blasé *laureandus* who is frantically trying to recapture that elusive imp of former days.

Looking back upon his Roman days the *Venerabilino* will find that he lived them as a unit of a *camerata*. He rarely pronounced the name, being fond of abbreviations; therefore he knew himself as one of a "cam"; which means nothing to the ignorant but so much to all who have been tried in the furnace and are the better for it. Search the history of the *Venerabile* and you will find *camerata* looming large therein. That which is so essentially a part of the Roman system has tested the spirit

of Venerabilini in every century of the College's life. It has moulded them; it has taught them to know their fellows and to ignore the names of the streets over whose cobbles they have wandered. From the day when they first donned a cassock it has crept into their lives. Men ignorant of its nature are eager to be absorbed into it. Even they who in their heart of hearts have thought for a trouser-crease will gladly greet the day when their trousers are consigned to the moths for three years and they step into a cassock and a camerata. A battered hat which has weathered many villas anticipates Silvestrini's more polished creation, and "wings" long since deserving of official condemnation complete the transformation; and though as yet the man is not worthy to form a camerata (that is a goal not easily attained) he may at least be numbered amongst it.



They will show them round.

But this anticipation of events is not in accord with that

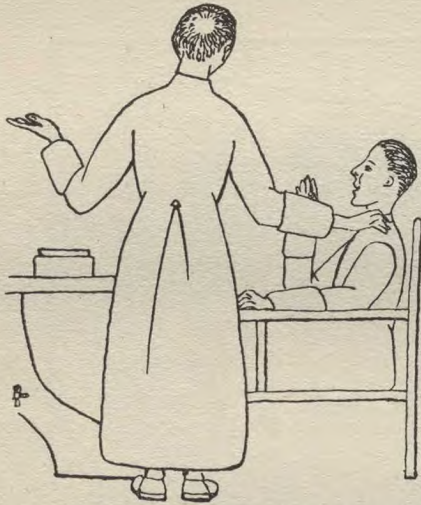
crisp order so desired by all tinkerers with a Thesis-sheet. Turn to the breeding ground of all cameratas. Strange it is that Palazzola, the "beata solitudo" where camerata is observed in full rigour on only the first and last days of villeggiatura, is the place where many a new man's first camerata is hatched. The notice-board proclaims to the house the names of the new men whom the present generation as a whole does not know and upon whom there is such speculation. They are raw material for future "cams". Some among them were known in former



... a look of dogged resignation...

days; of others the Catholic Press has said that "they are to enjoy the advantages of a seven years' course in the Eternal City"; a few must come as strangers to all. Even these latter have become partially known through correspondence with fellow diocesans who have been deputed to inform them as to the general make-up of a Roman outfit. Men will gather round the notice-board and parcel out their brethren. They will show them round. Oh fatal phrase! Oh grim promise! One year at least (I cannot adduce a tradition; she is fickle and depends upon whim) authority désignated shepherds and sheep. The new man was to be pounced upon and shown the sights by his temporary pedagoué,

but nowadays, I believe, there is no such organisation. The new men arrive and their fate depends upon private enterprise, working of course in approved channels. A man's taste may be vitiating; his life may be marred; he may be embittered by his first cameratas. Will the round peg find the square hole? Will he whose nature-loving soul longs for the pine groves of Pamphili, be bidden to gaze at the much admired but gaunt walls of the Baths of Caracalla? Their once having been adorned with foliage,



... that coerced fourth member...

or mention of Shelley will arouse a flicker of passing interest; then with a look of dogged resignation he will suffer himself to be led to the Porta Capena. Or will he to whom Football League and County Championship are convertible terms be coupled with the enthusiast who grows eloquent upon Steve Bloomer's second goal against the Arsenal in 1909?

It is only in after life when growing friendship leads to increased knowledge and encourages disclosures of those first days, that the

truth will out. Even St. Catherine's day did not lead to a betrayal. I have known men thank their first guides, but there was often a certain hesitation about joining that same camerata. At Christmas ask a man whom you once hailed round the Forum to accompany you on a similar expedition and you will understand why he was so apathetic towards the Lapis Niger. Indeed on many St. Catherine's Days I have blushed when listening to First Year's opinion of their barrack-room companions and have groaned at their ideas upon Rome, but I do not remember any detailed treatment of camerata. Perhaps it had not dawned upon them. One man did say that he had never paid a tram-fare. That may be taken as a tribute to his companions'

generosity or as an acknowledgement of his own powers of fumbling. Nor should it be forgotten that trams are forbidden to students unless in case of necessity; hence, doubtless, the reference. After all how can one keep in "cam" on a public vehicle when regulations demand that formation be observed outside the College?

Cameratas differ in numerical strength; in taste; in speed; they differ one from another in their own internal constituents. We shall say more anon about that coerced fourth member whose part we have all played and persuaded others to fill. Let us, (fatal phrase reminiscent of official "don'ts" in a sermon class) delve into the nature of camerata: *an sit* is well known to all Rome; *quid sit* is learnt with the advancing years.

We may begin with First Year; is it not traditional to attribute to the freshmen all things from tied-up wings to an extinguished light? Convention seems to demand that new men should not immediately form cameratas among themselves. They must be numbered off, moulded by their seniors many of whom are brimming over with a newly found "bricking" spirit which must find an outlet in someone's ear. Men who later in the year cross the Ponte Sisto (without praying for Sixtus IV) on every possible occasion, during that period before Retreat are busy imparting statistics concerning the floor space of St. Peter's and the precise height of the baldacchino. The new man whose previous knowledge of ecclesiastical architecture is limited to the buying of raffle tickets for his new parish church is asked to give his views upon the decoration of an architrave. And who has had the courage to ask for a definition of terms?

Camerata first dismembers itself upon shopping days, those great upheavals in College routine. It is possible that a new man could fend for himself in the Forum: he may even correct those whose sole authority is an inaccurate guide-book: but in the shops and markets of present day Rome he needs a guardian. There are many of us who in these days at home rarely enter a shop; but we were as eager as any housewife to conduct business in those days. We arrived in Rome with bulging suit-cases; perhaps a registered trunk had to be rescued from the *dogana* (task worthy of the toughest "cam" leader); we had brought

out all that the list advised, and yet we asked, "When is shopping allowed?" It may not be done indiscriminately; there is a day set apart when money may be exchanged and expended. Shopping as such merits a separate study; one could tell of English spoken; of price-cutting and of Papal blessings; of the men who obligingly join shopping parties and return without their few wants, so energetic and lavish were their companions.

It brings clearly to mind the distinction between camerata and party. The new man hitherto has been one of four; now he may legally walk abroad with only two companions. There is no danger of losing a rear half-section; they proceed in triple perfection with wings bravely flying in the breeze. A party may be regularly or accidentally formed. Like evil it may proceed *ex quocumque defectu*. In its worst aspect it is a negation of the positive perfection of camerata. There are many ways of constructing a "cam" varied and difficult; but step only four paces to the rear, the edifice tumbles to the ground and the "cam" becomes a party, and a party deserving of censure. Here is no case of *totum in toto et totum in omni parte*; a part at one instant may be a decorous seminarian, but a passing tram, a turn in the street or even a loose bootlace will turn him into an object of suspicion. A man in loneliness may like Alexander Selkirk be monarch of all he surveys, but that lopped-off member of a camerata in his separation is a vagabond king. Never did man so sigh for his fellows. Yet only a moment ago he was railing them or perhaps disagreeing with their views; now he feels an irresistible urge of affinity; he would again be one with them. Fearful to run, so manifold are the rules which circumscribe his actions, loath to walk slowly with jaunty air lest he be judged guilty of "loitering with intent", what can he do? "Alone and yet alive... why linger here?" He must hasten as best he can and retrieve his right to be abroad in the City.

Retreat, that time of adjustment and of "sizing up" follows the first shopping day. Cameratas and parties alike being temporarily abolished, seventy men piously ramble round the garden as a loosely connected horde. Who will ever forget the walking of those few days? It seems a kindred subject to camerata. There was the determined man who methodically tramped along

the gravel paths; he would pace away for half an hour without turning a corner; there was the dilettante who strolled into every nook and cranny; he would scan Pozzi's efforts at perspective, then look curious as to the origin of the sun-dial; nor would he neglect Wiseman's signature on the column. Then finally from those relics of ancient days he would turn his eyes skywards in search of the aeroplane which droned away over the Cappellà. The tortoise, surely a model for all retreatants, was never more regarded both by loiterers and by rambles in their intervals of rest. Some few with energy disproportionate to the area, furiously strode along crunching down the gravel, surely thinking more of the time they "did the Catacombs in forty minutes" than of the Four Last Things.

The end of Retreat ushers in schools with camerata not of choice but of necessity. There is no lack of numbers, there is no fear of a "cam" not being made up. On five days of a normal week the destination is pre-ordained and the *robur juvenum, spes Ecclesiae*, streams forth to a man. Tradition and convenience lay down that school "cams" are always formed of the same men. That they are men between whom one is seated at table affords an opportunity to complete an interrupted conversation or to correct errors which may creep into an oft-repeated tale. One may eat, walk and pray with a man for seven years and that to say the least of it enables one to know him. The early morning walk to schools does not bring out the best in a man: conversation is not born of hurried breakfast and the prospect of three hours of lectures. This applies to the veterans of the schools rather than to First Year for these are as yet free from the searing effects of *scirocco* and sleepless nights. For them, lectures bring a certain amount of emancipation. They sally forth without senior guidance: there is little fear of straying from the beaten track; some prefer the draughty bottle-neck of the Cucagna with its broad view of the Navona; others for no definable reason will journey by way of the Teatro della Valle. The goal is the same and must be attained by one or other route more times than a beginner would care to number. Along this Via Sacra the hours are marked by cameratas. First Year on their way may be greeted or ignored by Prolytes to be, who must face

two hungry hours of private study. Ten o'clock sees all philosophers setting their faces towards the Monserrà. Morning and afternoon there is a relentless sameness about it all; not even the enlivening effect of an argument. But discord will arise at sun-set when for an hour Brother Ass must be exercised to enable him to stand the strain of much learning. Then the new man's enterprise and the veteran's boredom are manifest. Cameratas must sort themselves from the tangled throng that blocks the Via del Seminario. There was once a well worn and almost exclusive custom of promenading the Pincio and surveying the City from the terraces; but relentless generations, tired of such sober habits have sought further afield. New men forgetful of the seven years to come are eager to ransack the City. Thursdays and Sundays will not slake their "bricking" thirst; through the gloom of November evenings they peer into darkened churches. Happily these expeditions are not marred by the guide-book fiend who damps our spirits with stilted references. All may mutely admire, agree that it is "jolly good" and pass on. The unfettered spirit of recent generations has led them to Pamphili after schools; nor are Lenten Stations forgotten by the penitential and the athlete. But upon holidays, after private study, cameratas are freely formed: the destination is a matter of choice. Pamphili is always a pleasurable magnet, and after the acquisition of scanty information about Rome, later to be passed on to pilgrims, many yield to the attraction. Others would roam the bye-paths of the City and garner her treasures; among these are leaders of men. Under the clock are two categories; one listless says, "Where are you going?" the other resourceful replies, "Come to so and so". The latter will attract the interested and press-gang the aimless. One man will look at a map before the bell rings; another will drop his Remer and snatch hat and wings at the second clang (I speak of my day, heedless of possible changes) and be a parasite upon his fellows. How often have we not formed "cams" by dint of much cajoling, by many threats and possible bribes and a coloured anticipation of the destination? Many times have we gathered a four together and have been annexed by an additional three who hampered our progress through the City. One to whom "bricks" are devoid of all soul will suffer himself to

be led to the Forum when there is no *libero ingresso*. Thus does camerata conscript a man and lead schemers to deceive their comrades. There is the man who reads the *Osservatore* and who knows the free days at the museums; he will casually give the infectious cry for a Vatican "cam". There are plagiarists who seize upon an idea and gather an independent following; and there is the man who is left behind.

Nor does leaving the College solve all difficulties. There is the optimist who after all is not so sure of the way; he must bear the brunt of much shrewd advice. A leader should always



... sets the speed ...

be in the van; the man who directs from the rear is sadly misplaced; after a time he will impatiently leap ahead and block the view of the open road. There is relative freedom in the leading of a camerata; the rear rank has but little scope for initiative. A leader may strike out for himself; he may find long short-cuts; as a rule he does not welcome advice from his followers. He sets the speed, that bone of contention which has wrecked the peace of many cameratas; his ingenuity must find a safe way through the bewildering traffic, and such are the privileges of his office that he must, being *primus inter pares*, report if the "cam" is late for the Ave.

On summer afternoons the enterprising camerata may escape the heat and clamour of the City. There are few enough green fields beyond the Aurelian Wall but the explorer will find reward

for his search. The Bosco Sacro, the Tomba di Nerone, the Vallé dell'Inferno with its neighbouring pines so often seen from the Pincio and Pamphili, all afford change and offer their varied charms. But "cams" to these havens are not to be gathered beneath the clock. When they who run in grooves are settling down to *Times* or *Universe* those who seek the setting sun prowl around the Common Room and enlist kindred spirits. Such is the fluctuation of taste that one day twenty men will swarm to the Catacombs or around Monte Mario; yet he who would lead them again fails to awaken comradeship, he must toil along the well-worn way to Pamphili and from the terrace see the unattainable goal. Rule forbids him to plough the lonely furrow; it closes the open road to the solitary. Was ever a man granted a *fer-raiuolo* to enable him to go round Monte Mario? Such a privilege is reserved for the painful way to the dentist or doctor, and then a *socius designatus* may spy upon our fears; or for those midsummer jaunts to the Gregorian, when if ever, a man seeks to shun his fellows. That they will not shun him and permit him to meet his fate alone but adds to the terrors of a scholastic joust.

So for six years or more a man is bound to his fellows. He will either lag behind or sprint ahead of them in his wanderings through the streets of Rome. Yet he is one with them; he shares their joys and depressions. Surely no more soul-searching discipline was ever devised by far seeing authority. Like all systems it will create leaders and docile followers. Camerata has awakened in many men the spirit of leadership and discovery; in others it has choked enterprise and led them to be always among those who join on at the last minute, ignorant perhaps of the goal. There are some few who pass through the College without having formed a camerata; they have been swept into the maelstrom thinking little for themselves.

But there comes a time when every Venerabilino may cast aside his "wings" the badge of camerata. If he be provident he will arrange for their conversion into a slip for use in England, where they will preserve the memory of brave days. They who first walked Rome in the company of their fellows, at the end of their days bid her a solitary farewell. A Thesis Sheet will not brook the distractions of camerata. Loneliness once to be avoid-

ed is now the prize of seniority; no longer the anxious quest 'neath clock and bell but the unrestrained fulfilment of inclination, so sober in these latter days. That these will bring a *laureandus* home from Pamphili in the midst of the descending throng is further proof that old habits die hard within us. And this is all to the good for in England do we not lead cameratas longer than even those of Propaganda? Must not the new curate take the boys to the swimming baths or lead a sinuous line of schoolchildren to their annual treat? Then men who never raised their voices under the clock, awaken long dormant talents and reveal the visionary might-have-been. You who think yourselves at the point of desperation when the "cam" will not collect at the obelisk or piazza prepare for the day when you must gather 200 children on the sea-shore or answer to anxious mothers for the lost, stolen or strayed. Believe me it were better by far to be late for the Ave.



*... the point of
desperation ...*

H. ATKINSON.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

THE CATACOMBS.

Some valuable works have recently been completed by the Pontifical Commission of Sacred Archaeology.

At the Catacomb of St. Praetextatus a museum has been formed for the recent discoveries. Sarcophagi and inscriptions are placed in the arcades of a pleasant, be-fountained cortile above the catacomb entrance—the whole greatly resembling the Cortile Belvedere of the Vatican. Six sarcophagi have lately been discovered there. Several had been broken up by lime-burners, but when reassembled proved to be very fine third century work. Some of them possess a particular interest since they originally came from the sumptuous neighbouring villa of Herodes Atticus, the tutor of Marcus Aurelius.

One sarcophagus which represents a wild beast hunt is magnificently composed and executed with an oriental fineness of detail. Another decorated with Tritons and Nereids, still shows traces of gold on the cornice, of blue on the waves, and of red and brown on the figures. The type of the architect-sculptor's tomb is quite new. It is in the form of a small temple which has representations of the architect's instruments carved on the tympanum.

In 1929 a catacomb (as yet unnamed) was discovered on the Via Tiburtina near S. Lorenzo. The first group of excavations has now been completed. A large sarcophagus of the fourth century was found. It was in its original position and still contains the body for which it was made. In the centre it has a representation of Our Lord foretelling the Denial of St. Peter. The technique is very poor; still the sarcophagus is

extremely interesting for its well preserved representations of Our Lord's miracles and of St. Peter's Primacy. This latter is beneath another figure of "Mosé che batte la rupe". The whole catacomb is very well preserved. The galleries had been filled up with earth from higher galleries and the *loculi* were consequently untouched in later times. So many of the inscriptions are dedicated to wives that Professor Fornari has suggested as a possible name, the "Catacomb of the Widowers".

For purposes of identification many treasures were taken from the *loculi* in which they had been embedded. The chief among them were: a finely carved ivory statuette, possibly of Pallas; coins of Diocletian, Claudius and Probus; a rare silver medallion of Alexander Severus, and several of the gilt figured plates that were used at the feasts in honour of the dead. One of the glass plates had worked upon the back, in gold leaf, the figure of Our Lord holding out a crown to St. Peter and St. Paul. Many lamps, a magnificent alabaster medallion representing a winged Victory similar to that on the Column of Trajan, and glass receptacles for sweet smelling balsams (an antidote to the underground air) were also found.

At S. Sebastiano the excavations of 1919 resulted in the discovery of the famous *grafiti* invoking St. Peter and St. Paul, and of the Roman house and Hypogea. Further research has now brought to light more of the Roman house. A room has been opened which contains rough *grafiti* of gladiatorial fights—chiefly of *retiarii*. More invocations of St. Peter and St. Paul have been found but absolutely nothing to justify the theory that St. Peter actually lived there during his lifetime, or that the "habitavit" of the Damascene inscription should be interpreted in anything but its usual sense.

By reconstructing the left aisle of the ancient Basilica a museum of Epigraphy and Sculpture has been formed which contains all that has been found there during the recent excavations. The glassware, goldwork, coins and other objects in it lack none of that peculiar interest that small finds often possess. It is well worth visiting.

S. BALBINA.

The lines of the Roman hall which gave the Church of S. Balbina its unique form have become much more evident now that the restoration is nearly completed.

Five layers of fresco were found on the walls. The fifth century frescoes which are badly damaged have been covered over again, but a beautiful Madonna attributed to Pietro Cavallini can still be seen. Among the more recent discoveries are the foundations of the "Schola Cantorum"; part of the medieval *baldacchino* and a square marble altar of the fourth century which had a *loculus* in the centre for relics of the Martyrs; the altar is similar to that of S. Maria Antiqua. For some inscrutable official reason the remains of the *baldacchino* have been taken away to an unknown destination and replaced by a hideous baroque altar.

DEMOLITION IN ROME.

The work on the Forum of Augustus and of Trajan continues. All the houses between the Forum of Trajan and the North West Hemicycle of the Forum of Augustus have been pulled down and the fine *loggia* of the Knights of Malta is in full view.

Behind Giulio Romano's church of S. Rita at the foot of Ara Coeli steps was found the largest Roman house yet discovered. It is four stories high and is of the "insula" type. The church will not be rebuilt as was previously intended. The extensive excavations below the Tarpeian Rock have yielded little save walls, chiefly of the imperial period. All the houses between S. Nicola in Carcere and the Pons Fabricius have been pulled down, bringing the great Ionic columns and entablature of the Temple of Spes into view. So much demolition is taking place that great alarm is felt, particularly by those who love other periods than the classical. Many even of the classical archaeologists claim that too much is being done, and that if the great monuments be isolated according to plan "They will seem, not more imposing as the promoters of the scheme appear to hope, but far less so".

The question seems a very difficult one, but criticism has been so strong that no new work will be commenced until a specially appointed commission has thoroughly enquired into the matter.

GROTTAFERRATA.

It is hoped to restore the Abbey Church of Grottaferrata to its original Romanesque form in honour of the seventh centenary celebration of the feast of Our Lady of Grottaferrata. Work has already been commenced and a book has been published that deals with many aspects of the history of the Abbey and of the Madonna. Judging from the contributors and from the titles of their articles, we may hope for very interesting reading.

OSTIA.

In the excavations of the *thermae* at Ostia it was discovered that some of the rooms had large bay windows. These must have been glazed since the rooms were heated by hypocausts. The appearance of the façade has been much improved by the setting up of the columns.

At the farm of the Inviolatella on the Via Tiburtina is an underground building first discovered by Dr. Ashby. Recent excavations have shown it to be a sanctuary of Hercules, probably of the time of Hadrian. It contains the oldest dome mosaic known.

The most interesting recent discovery in the neighbourhood of Rome is that of a complete necropolis of the second or third century of the Empire, at Isola Sacra—the island at the mouth of the Tiber where St. Hippolytus was martyred and is buried. It was previously suggested that the island was called Sacra because it had been presented to the Church by Constantine, but the discovery of the cemetery seems to show that it was so called because it was the Campo Santo of Ostia.

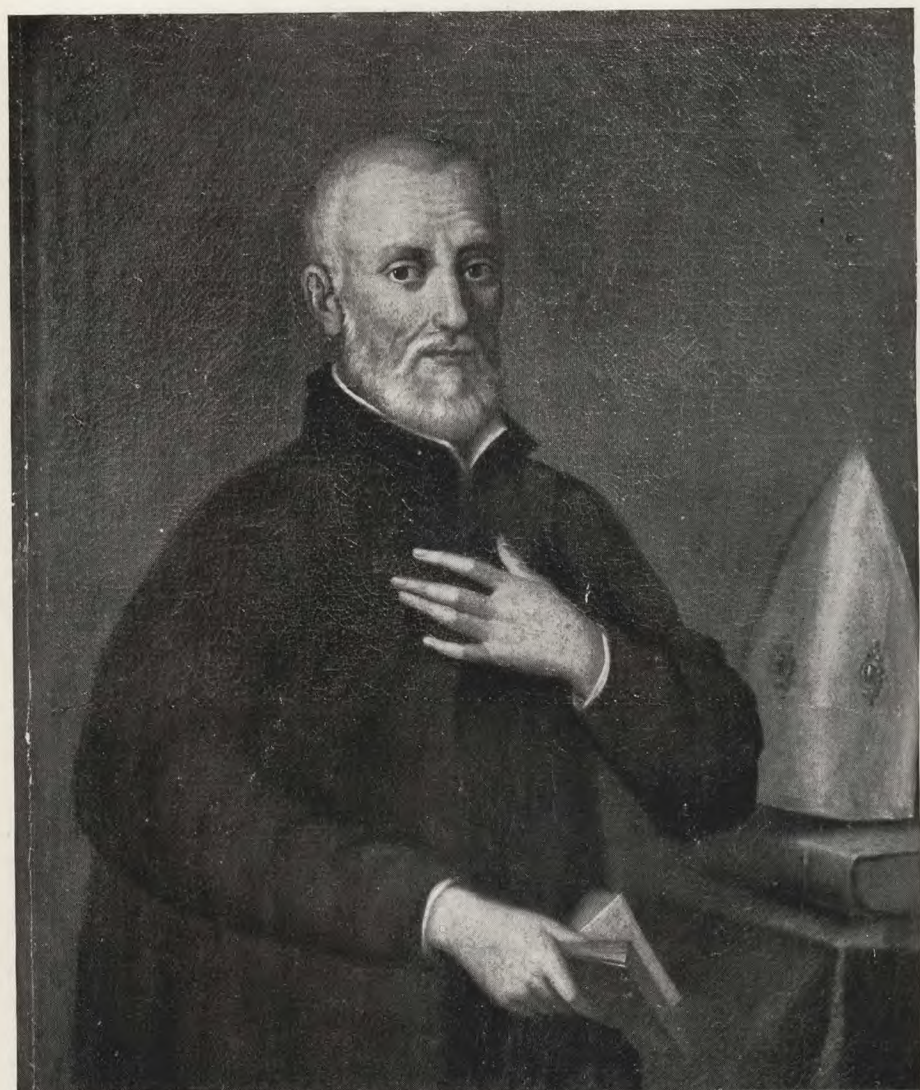
The island was famous in imperial days for its perennial fruits and flowers. It also provided the best tasting melons in the Empire. The Emperor, Claudius Albinus, an excellent judge, could eat ten of them at one meal. It was in an effort to restore this part of the land to its former fertility that the tombs

were accidentally discovered. The tombs are very well preserved and stand in groups of five or so, within a triangle of ground each side of which is about half a mile in length. One can get an almost perfect idea of what a Roman cemetery was like, for the urns, ceilings, inscriptions, sarcophagi and even parts of the lead-lined doors are in place.

None of the tombs are of very rich people so that they are not magnificent either in material or workmanship. They possess, nevertheless, considerable artistic merit. Many vividly coloured decorative *motifs* and mural paintings remain. They represent, for the most part, mythological subjects—Hylas, the Danaids and Ocnos. There is a series of panels in stucco relief work representing the Labours of Hercules, and outside the tomb are plaques signifying the occupation of the dead man. One of the plaques on the doctor's tomb shows a surgical operation, the other shows a case of instruments. The miller's is that of a horse turning a wheat-grinder, and the sailor's, appropriately enough, is of three men in a boat.

The cemetery, being so complete is therefore much more important than that of Pompei.

W.KELLY.



R.D. THOMAS GOULDWELL ANGL. EP. AS. CR. IN TRID.
CONCIL. CONTRA HÆRETICOS E. I. ANGLIA. CONT.
ELIZABETH FIDET. CONFESSOR. CONSPICUUS.

BISHOP GOLDWELL.

The lives of many great and illustrious men have been sketched in the pages of this Magazine. Some because they have helped in the foundation of the College or have guided its destinies; others because they are sons of Alma Mater. But others again have a claim to our notice and appreciation because they have lived and worked in England and Rome and any such person who establishes a connexion between the two is a most apt subject for inclusion in a publication whose policy is so well defined.

The disaster in religion which took place in England in the sixteenth century caused a change in the character and object of the old English Hospice in Rome. Up till then, it had stood near to St. Peter's shrine content to house and direct the weary pilgrim. But henceforward its part was to train those who would refresh and direct now not the pilgrim of old but the spiritual pilgrim—to help on not merely to Peter's earthly shrine but to that which it symbolizes, the centre of the true Faith from which so many were turning their eyes. It became the rallying point of those who had to suffer exile for the Faith but never ceased in their endeavours to keep the Faith alive in England. One such was Thomas Goldwell, the last survivor of the ancient hierarchy in England. The short biography which follows adds nothing new to what has already been discovered. In a study of Owen Lewis,¹ a contemporary of Goldwell, the frequent reference to "Thomas Asaphensis" [suggested that Goldwell's story would repay a similar study. But later, chance acquaintance with

¹ Vol. II, p. 116.

Father Bridgett's *Queen Elizabeth and the Catholic Hierarchy* showed that the research had already been excellently done.⁴ Justice compels the mention of this, for no better biography has yet appeared; but the book is now out of print and—well—the worthy Bishop deserves a place in our Portrait Gallery.

Goldwell Manor in the county of Kent was the place of his birth and the year, 1500. His family had been long established there and Goldwells had been prominent at Oxford. Thomas was sent to All Souls College when twenty years old. He seems to have distinguished himself in Astronomy and Mathematics. One Protestant writer says that he was "more eminent in Astronomy and Mathematics than in Divinity", yet he took his B.D. in 1533. Another accuses him of being "skilfull in the blacke art." We know practically nothing of his activities until about 1540. He was at Oxford when Henry received the title of Defender of the Faith from Leo X in 1521. He must have seen the downfall of Wolsey eight years later and was aware of the coming breach between England and Rome. Heresy began to succeed when in 1534 the payment of Annates (the first year's income from benefices) to the Pope was forbidden and the Supremacy of the Pope was abolished by Act of Parliament with the King's assent. Soon an oath was required from all his subjects declaring Henry supreme head of the Church in England. Then the struggle began and adherence to the Pope meant either imprisonment or death or exile. Goldwell sought refuge abroad and we find him mentioned by name with Reginald Pole and his servants in the Act of Attainder of 1538.

About this time the staff of the English Hospice in Rome had decreased and the institution was in a state of neglect. Pope Paul III appointed Pole to look after its interests and he in turn appointed Goldwell "Camerarius". From now on Goldwell's connexion with the Hospice and College was continuous, and he was a close and esteemed friend of the saintly English Cardinal. A well-known life of Pole gives much information

⁴ Bridgett and Knox, *The True Story of the Catholic Hierarchy*, Chapter IX, Thomas Goldwell.

about Goldwell.¹ In Pole's Account Book (Liber 23—College Archives) the comings and goings of Goldwell are mentioned—"accessit Thomas Goldwellus: recessit eps Asap." And from an Inventory (Lib. 33) we gather that Goldwell had permanent quarters there—"My Lorde Bishshope's Chamber". When he was made Bishop the Hospice funds supplied him with "a newe redde coverlite, a white quilte with images, a white pavilion (Canopy?) and a turkie carpet."

In 1524 a new order of Clerks Regular had been founded by St. Cajetan and Carafa, later Pope Paul IV. Its members were called Theatines and its object was the reform of the Secular Clergy. To this Order Goldwell was attracted as were so many great men of the time. Accordingly, in November 1548, Goldwell went to Naples to begin his novitiate—a somewhat arduous undertaking for a priest already aged 48: besides, he had not much to give up in the way of wordly goods for had he not forsaken everything that was dear to him by his voluntary exile? St. Cajetan, the Founder, died in the previous year and Goldwell began his novitiate in the same house at Naples, which was then ruled by one who was later beatified, Blessed John Marinoni. In the next year Pope Paul III died and Pole applied to Goldwell's Superiors asking that they would allow him to have Goldwell as his attendant during the Conclave. This was granted and Goldwell has left us an account of the voting which nearly made Cardinal Pole Pope.² It is said that Pole's attitude to the decrees of Trent regarding Justification (he only objected to the wording, not, of course, the "id quod") caused some to oppose his election. The Conclave ended in February 1550 and resulted in the election of Pope Julius III; thus Goldwell was soon free to return to the less exciting seclusion of a religious house. At the end of the year he was solemnly professed—now fifty years old and for the next three years he lived the strict and regular life of the Order and edified all by refusing the special favours and exemptions offered him "ratione aetatis et dignitatis."

¹ Beccatelli's *Life of Pole* (Pye's transl.).

² Vol. I, p. 231.

Queen Mary's accession to the throne of England in 1553 caused great excitement in Rome. Hopes for England's return to the Fold rose high and the Pope was overjoyed at the prospects. Julius III hastily summoned a council of Cardinals and Pole was appointed Legate to England. For the past year Cardinal Pole had been living in retirement at a Monastery on the shores of the Lago di Garda. He received a letter from the Pope telling him the good news and his appointment as Legate. He deemed it prudent to wait awhile before setting out for England and despatched messengers with a letter for the Queen. They obtained an interview and the Pope was made aware of the state of things and of Mary's desire for a reconciliation and general absolution. The Pope and Cardinals again conferred and Pole was directed to proceed to England immediately—this was in September 1553. The Cardinal had asked that Father Goldwell should accompany him again. The Theatine Superiors acquiesced in the Pope's demand for Goldwell's release for they recognised that his excellent qualities could be of great use in a serious and difficult undertaking. "To a more than average knowledge of philosophy he added a familiar acquaintance with theology, the doctrine of the Fathers, and Holy Scripture. His reputation stood high in the Order, and even at Rome, as an excellent religious." Goldwell then left Naples and Rome and joined the Cardinal at Maguzzano.

Having arrived at Trent the Cardinal Legate sent ambassadors to the Emperor Charles V and to the King of France. From Trent Pole went to Augsburg where a friend of his was Cardinal Archbishop residing in a castle at Dillingen, a town of Bavaria. (He had here founded a University which became famous under St. Peter Canisius.) When Pole was on the point of departing for Flanders he was prevented by messengers of the Emperor. Charles V at that time was more interested in the proposed marriage of Philip and Mary than anything else and he feared that Pole's presence in England would affect this. So he prevented Pole from proceeding on his journey and caused a delay of two months. He only condescended to allow Pole to leave when the marriage was practically arranged. But Pole had sent on his chaplain Goldwell with letters to the Queen.

Goldwell himself had some difficulty in landing at Calais but eventually managed to carry out his mission and then returned and joined the Cardinal in Germany. In January of the next year Pole with his suite including Goldwell, Priuli and Ormaneto left Dillingen but interviews with the Emperor, intrigues and events in England prevented the Cardinal from getting to England. It was November before Pole left Brussels and reached Dover. The story of his reception is well-known and of the subsequent events. Bishops who had been deprived of their Sees were restored to them and vacancies were filled. We can imagine what complications must have arisen during the reigns of two heretical Kings.

Goldwell was nominated to the See of St. Asaph in North Wales in 1555 and he was granted the use of the Temporalities until the Pope should confirm the nomination and confer jurisdiction. It seems that Goldwell was again in Rome this year negotiating for the appointment of Pole as Archbishop of Canterbury. Pope Julius III died in March 1555 and was succeeded by Marcellus II whose Pontificate lasted only three weeks. After him came Pope Paul IV, the Cardinal Carafa who had been a co-founder with St. Cajetan of the Theatines. Goldwell was probably consecrated in Rome and when he returned to England the Pope entrusted him with letters for the Queen. Bishop Goldwell arrived in England in time to attend the National Synod which Pole had assembled and he was present too at Pole's consecration, on Passion Sunday, 1556, as Archbishop of Canterbury.

Goldwell now turned his steps to his diocese in the West. It was never a See which ambitious men sought and had been known centuries before as "*paupercula sedes*". Yet the new bishop tried to introduce law and order and the injunctions he issued reflect on the sad state of things then existing. The Cathedral Library at St. Asaph furnishes very little information and the diocesan records of this period are scanty. Goldwell's brother, Stephen, was Diocesan Registrar and we find one or two entries concerning appointments made by the Bishop. Valuable books belonging to the Cathedral have been lost and historians are still trying to trace them. There was a beautifully illumi-

nated copy of the Gospels, *Librum seu Textum Evangeliorum de Ecclesia Assaph*, which was a proud possession of the old Welsh Cathedral. This book had been exhibited at different times from the thirteenth century onwards by Episcopal command, once when Archbishop Baldwin toured through Wales preaching the crusades. It is said that this book disappeared when Goldwell left finally for Rome having been deprived of his See under Elizabeth. This may be a mere "post ergo propter" inference: on the other hand, Goldwell may have tried to preserve it from its inevitable fate and one day, perhaps the Campo will reveal this treasure to some prying Celt.

At this time Goldwell must have made the acquaintance of two men from North Wales who later became prominent and active exiles in Italy. Morris Clynnog became the first Rector of the English College and had a difficult time.¹ The other, Dr. Griffith Roberts became a close friend of St. Charles Borromeo, was his Canon Theologian and Confessor, and is famous for his Welsh Grammar and other publications he made when in Milan.

Goldwell was not long in possession of his See. Mary had nominated him to Oxford and had appointed him her ambassador to the Pope but she died before these could take effect. With the accession of Elizabeth to the throne all hopes for the future were gone. We know how she deprived the bishops of their Sees and imprisoned them, thus bringing about the extinction of the old hierarchy: the fond belief of some Anglicans in "Continuity" is unhistorical. Elizabeth called her first parliament for January 1559 but Goldwell seems to have been omitted from the writ and wrote protesting to Cecil her Secretary stating that he is still Bishop of St. Asaph, not having resigned. In July he was deprived of his See and therefore decided that he could no longer remain in England. He escaped in disguise in June 1559 with Clynnog and Griffith Roberts as companions.

After some delay due to illness Goldwell reached Rome but did not remain there long before returning to his religious house in Naples. In 1561 a General Chapter of his Order was held in

¹ Vol. II, p. 116.

Rome and it appointed Goldwell Superior of the house in Naples. But he was never left long in the retirement which he loved for he was summoned again to Rome by the Pope on certain business; when this was transacted the Pope told him that he must go to Trent for the resumed sittings of the Council which took place at Easter 1561. He must have resided at the Hospice then for he was elected Warden in the same year. In June he arrived at Trent and Knox gives his authority for stating that Goldwell officiated at first Vespers in the presence of the Fathers and Legates (p. 234). His presence there annoyed Elizabeth but he wrote to her telling her that he would be pleased to act as her representative if she so desired. Apparently, he received no answer.

His connexion with the Council and its reforms is interesting and would be well worth studying in detail by those who could easily consult the Acts and Histories of it.¹ We must rely entirely on our guide who gives his sources.

The correction of the Roman Breviary and Missal had been long recognised by the Sovereign Pontiff as an urgent necessity... In 1529 Clement the Seventh had encouraged the Theatines to make this matter the object of their special study... Paul the Fourth (a Theatine) on becoming Pope granted permission to adopt certain minor alterations, but he did not consider that the matter had been as yet discussed with sufficient completeness to admit of his imposing any of these corrections on the Universal Church. When the Council of Trent met anew under Pope Pius the Fourth His Holiness referred the whole question to the Fathers of the Council. The Council entrusted the work of revision to a Commission of which the Bishop of St. Asaph was naturally appointed a member... The Council of Trent had not time to bring this important work of reformation to a conclusion. It was obliged in its last session to refer the matter back again to the Sovereign Pontiff praying him to do by his own authority whatever he might judge necessary. Accordingly, Pope Pius the Fourth appointed a special Congregation at Rome, of which the Bishop of St. Asaph was a member, to continue the work of revision. St. Pius the Fifth added to this Congregation other learned men and was able at length (July 9, 1568) to bring the labours of so many years to a conclusion by giving to the Universal Church the Roman Breviary and Missal in their present amended form (p. 236 seq.).

The question of Elizabeth's excommunication had come up at Trent and Goldwell was in favour of its pronouncement. The

¹ Theiner, *Acta Concilii Tridentini*.

Pope, however, decided to postpone it for a while. The Council concluded in December 1563 and the Bishop of St. Asaph's name is to be found among those who signed the decrees.

It was a few days after this that the great St. Charles Borromeo received episcopal consecration in Rome. He desired to take over his diocese and reside at Milan but his duties as Secretary of State to his now aged uncle, Pope Pius IV prevented him. He was most anxious to put the recent Tridentine decrees into practice and his diocese at that time sorely needed them. Unable to be on the spot himself he looked round for a trustworthy Vicar General and his choice rested on the Bishop of St. Asaph. This is a tremendous tribute to the character of Goldwell: he was to be assisted in his work by Ormaneto. But again, the Pope had need of him and he was ordered to proceed to Flanders with the object of returning to England. But news of his coming soon spread and everything was done to prevent his landing. He returned to Rome and took up residence at the Theatine House on Monte Cavallo near the Quirinal. He spent his spare time in helping English exiles for he was still Warden of the Hospice. Apart from this occupation "he lived a life of the strictest retirement, avoiding the courts, punctual in every religious observance and only distinguished from his brethren by his episcopal insignia". On two occasions he presided over General Chapters of his Order. He also consecrated the Church and high altar of St. Sylvester's and there is supposed to be an inscription testifying to this. Enquiries once made at that Church which does not now belong to the Theatines revealed complete ignorance of the Bishop's connexion with the place and was a fruitless search.

St. Pius V appointed Goldwell representative of the Cardinal Archpriest at the Lateran Basilica; he was called the Vicar and his duty was to see that everything was carried out correctly at St. John's. Gregory XIII too confirmed his appointment when he succeeded Pius. Goldwell satisfied the Sovereign Pontiffs in this capacity but he resigned ultimately "perceiving that the canons of the Basilica bore with difficulty the strictness of his government"! Anthony Munday in his "English Romaine Lyfe", (see Vol. III N° 2) describing the ceremony of the Jewish

convert at the Lateran says: "Then is he there baptized by an Englishman, who is named Bishop Goldwell, sometime the Bishop of S. Asaph in Wales: he hath thys office, maketh all the English priests in the Colledge, and liveth there along the Theatines verve pontificallye."

St. Pius V took in hand the matter of Elizabeth's excommunication in 1570 and before the judges appointed to enquire into the state of things we have this answer from Goldwell to the question regarding his departure from England. "I quitted England because I was no longer able to perform a bishop's office of which all the bishops that then were had been despoiled by the Queen of England. Wherefore, though I was Bishop of St. Asaph, which is a bishopric in the realm, as I was unable to celebrate Mass, minister the sacraments and preach, and was unwilling to give security as other bishops not to leave the kingdom, I thought it best to betake myself to Rome." The year 1574 found Goldwell appointed Vicegerent of Rome. In spite of his age he carried out the duties especially of ordinations with great exactitude and ease. "In performing ecclesiastical ceremonies it was his custom to say the prayers by heart, instead of from a book. The Pontifical which he was in the habit of using was full of corrections and notes in his handwriting. After his death the Fathers of the Congregation of Rites begged earnestly to have this book and they made great use of it in the correction of the old Roman Pontifical. When Father Silos wrote his chronicle of the Order it was still preserved as a precious treasure in the sacristy of St. Sylvester's." Besides, Goldwell was no mean Theologian, as a letter of his to Cardinal Allen in 1581 testifies. He there corrects the Cardinal in certain statements of his in his book *De Eucharistia*: the letter may be seen in Dodd, Vol. I.

In 1578 the old Hospice entered on its career as a Seminary and we may be quite sure that Goldwell took a deeper interest in it than ever for the conversion of his country was a matter dear to his heart. He ordained many of the students including Edward James and William Chaplain who were later martyred. Nicolas Sanders too mentions somewhere that he received Orders from the Bishop of St. Asaph. On the Vigil of the Immaculate

Conception 1580, Goldwell conferred the Tonsure on Palestrina. It is said that Palestrina conducted a special musical service in the Chapel of the English College in February 1584. ¹ Goldwell must have known the great musician well and no doubt interested him in the College choir.

When discussing the dissensions and racial antipathies which disturbed the College in its first years (Vol. II N^o 2) it was mentioned that the Jesuits desired to have Goldwell removed from the College and that this was one of the causes of friction between the Rector, Clynnog, who was his great friend and the Jesuits. We can hardly believe this, for the Bishop was a great friend of the Jesuits and seems to have favoured their taking over the administration. Tierney doubts the authenticity of the document which is the sole authority for this report.

We next hear of the Bishop singing High Mass in the Minerva in the presence of thirty three Cardinals on St. Thomas's Day in 1579. Richard Haddock mentions this when writing to Cardinal Allen. And then the next year hearing that the English Catholics wanted a bishop among them for poor old Bishop Watson of Lincoln had been imprisoned for a long time, Goldwell, although now aged eighty volunteered to go. With difficulty he obtained the Pope's permission and set out with several other priests including Fathers Campion and Persons. Led by Goldwell the party set out for Rheims. The Douay Diary gives the account of their arrival there and mentions that the Bishop conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on various English Catholics there. It says of Goldwell that he "did not disdain to go to table with us in our common refectory but desired to give us daily the consolation of (his) presence until the Reverend Father Bishop was prevented by sickness from coming to the refectory". He was ailing fast and weakness prevented his intended return to England. On August 8th, 1580 he departed for Rome having said goodbye to Ralph Sherwin who had nursed him through his illness. A letter of his to the Pope at this time is worth quoting in full. "Most Blessed Father,—If I could

¹ *Tablet*, April 17th, 1926, "Palestrina and Bishop Goldwell" by W.H. Grattan Flood, Mus. D., K.S.G.

have crossed into England before my coming had been known there, as I had hoped to do, I think that my going thither would have been a great consolation to the Catholics and a satisfaction to your Holiness, whereas now, I fear the contrary, since there are so many spies in this kingdom, and my long stay here has made my going to England so well known there, that I doubt now it will be difficult for me to enter the kingdom without some danger. Nevertheless if your Holiness is of a different opinion I will make the attempt, even though it should cost me my life. Still it would be impossible for me alone to supply the needs of all those Catholics, who are many thousand more than I had thought, and in almost every part of the kingdom. The most, I think, I possibly could do would be to supply for the City of London and some miles round it. And therefore in my ignorance I cannot but wonder that, when God has given your Holiness the grace to plant, as it were, anew and to maintain the Catholic faith in that kingdom, you make such great difficulty about creating there three or four titular Bishops to preserve and propagate it, although this might be done at as little cost as your Holiness pleases; since God has so inclined the minds of those priests to spend their lives in helping to bring back that kingdom to the Catholic faith, that, if they were made bishops, they would be content to live as poorly as they do now, just as the bishops of the primitive Church did.

May God inspire your Holiness to do whatever shall be most for His honour, and prosper you many years. I humbly kiss your feet.

From Rheims, 13th July 1580.

Your Holiness' most devoted servant,
"The Bishop of St. Asaph."

He returned to Rome and resumed his duties as Vicegerent. In 1583 and 1584 he conferred all the Orders on St. Camillo di Lellis. He also consecrated several altars in the Church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere. He was appointed a member of the Commission for the revision of the Roman Martyrology. Cardinal Baronius in his notes on the Martyrology about St. Winefride's

Well says — “I have heard greater things than these from a most faithful eye-witness, the Most Rev. Thomas, Bishop of St. Asaph... a man conspicuous for holiness of life, the confession of the faith and learning.”¹

But the end was drawing near. Bishop Watson the only other survivor of the old Hierarchy died at Wisbech in September 1584. And the Bishop of St. Asaph, now the sole survivor, lasted only a few months longer. He died in Rome at St. Sylvester's on the third of April in the year 1585, and was buried there either in the cemetery or in the church. There are many tombstones and mural tablets still to be seen there but the inscriptions are so worn that it is almost impossible to read them. A patient search there may reveal the last resting place of one whom all generations of Englishmen and especially Venerabile students must admire and revere deeply.

He is said to have left much to the English College and his epitaph was in the old church there. Now only his portrait hangs in the College Refectory to remind us of him.² We have a note from the Bishop of Clifton who says that in Pye's translation of Beccatelli's *Life of Pole* there is reference to a portrait of Goldwell as being in the Theatine house at Ravenna. It had an inscription: “R.D. Thomas Gouldwellus, Ep. Asaph. Trident. Concilio contra haereticos et in Anglia contra Elizabeth Fidei confessor conspicuus.” Addison mentions having seen it in his *Travels through Italy and Switzerland in the years 1701, 1702, 1703*. Knox says that there is another in the English College but the one we have seems to be the same as the one seen at Ravenna. Father Francis Goldie S.J. told the Bishop of Clifton that Dr. Gradwell, the first rector after the reopening, came across it in a dealer's shop and bought it.

We conclude with a tribute paid to the Bishop of St. Asaph during his lifetime:— “God willed that England should reject thee as a bishop, in order that the whole world might honour thee as bishop”.

DAVID CROWLEY.

¹ Baronius, *Martyrologium*, November 3.

² This is the picture we have reproduced.

COLLEGE DIARY.

JANUARY 7th. *Tuesday.* O the weariness of this day, when the stage is dismantled, the decorations torn down, and the jangling discord of the bell summons us finally to schools. But this morning on arrival at the University we were pleasantly surprised to find a notice informing us that *hodie post meridiem et crastina die scholae vacant*—in honour of the forthcoming wedding. Never indeed has Rome been so gay with bunting, flags and banners innumerable, Belgian and Italian fluttering tenderly side by side; every *pizzicheria* in the city is bright with coloured lights, every flower-woman on the Campo displays a picture of the August Spouses: the red ensign droops over our own front door and high over the city the Belgian tricolour floats on the Torre delle Milizie. The prize for festive decorations would surely have gone to Zingone, but even he was overshadowed by the gargantuan banners of Messrs. Coen in the Tritone: and in the evening the Synagogue also was illuminated. In the afternoon a vast procession of all the *belle regioni d'Italia* in national costume passed before the Prince and Princess on the Quirinal. We too plunged into the thick of the Roman throng, and amidst cries of *non spinge* forced our way to the front in time to see the twirling banners of the twelve *contrade* of Siena pass by. Truly a bright and colourful pageant—from every part of Italy costumes bright “con tutti i colori delle montagne e delle valli, dei laghi, dei fiumi e dei mari d'Italia; dal bianco della neve lungo tutte le gradazioni infinite del verde dei prati e del ceruleo di cielo e di mare”. Followed some vicious-looking Greeks from the Aegean Isles, representatives of all the Colonial troops, and, the *pièce de résistance* for the *plebs*, a real camel corps, headed by a self-conscious young officer who kicked his camel's neck with an elegantly shod foot. “Sono del nostro esercito insomma”, cried one good Roman in a voice throbbing with pride. And so we returned to tea, after which was the annual function at S. Andrea della Valle, the Rector pontificating at Benediction. The day closed with illuminations all over the city and ghostly moonlight effects on the ruins. Groups of Roman soldiers and citizens stood about in the Forum under greeny-blue lights, but the illusion of Imperial Rome was rather spoilt by the gentleman in the toga and the trilby hat who was smoking a cigarette. Dr. Smith left us this evening.

8th. *Wednesday.* The wedding of H.R.H. Prince Umberto of Piedmont

and the Princess Marie José of Belgium. On this day, as the Governatorial proclamations have it, "the mighty heart of Rome bounds with a joy unspeakable": with fine generosity the Monti di Pietà were thrown open and welcomed all who would take back their pledges, we had a holiday, and prisoners were all granted a year off their sentence. We had hopes indeed, on the way down from our morning constitutional, of seeing the exodus of *detenuti* from Regina Coeli, but were disappointed. The lion-hunters of course rushed off to the Quirinal and were not seen again till long after dinner. They brought back epic tales of stupendous crowds and hand-to-hand fighting with the soldiery, but appear to have seen nothing. After supper the Traditionalists—a troublesome breed—made great stir over the disappearance of a certain "votive M" from the picture of Our Lady in the common-room. The rest of us, hitherto unaware of its existence, made sympathetic noises expressive of horror and indignation, and the tumult was only quietened by the discovery of the missing *ex-voto* and its triumphant restoration.

9th. *Thursday*. Undeterred by all these secular celebrations, one praiseworthy student of Higher Hebrew sallied forth in the grey dawn to his early schools—to find there were none. This evening great rumblings and bangings from the fireworks on the Janiculum. Bishop Amigo arrived with Monsignor Sprankling.

10th. *Friday*. The University seized us once again in its clutches, this time to hold us fast until Shrove. En route we encountered outside the Pantheon groups of well-dressed men in tall hats and coloured sashes, evidently about to demonstrate their patriotism, but in what manner we could not stay to see. Bishop Shanahan left us today for the French College. To supper Fr. Considine of the Fides Service: and at this memorable meal came a sudden hush as the bell was rung and, after a pause just sufficient to arouse our excitement, the Bishop of Southwark informed us that his Lordship the Rector was no longer his Lordship, but his Grace the Archbishop of Nazareth and Apostolic Delegate in Africa. There was a moment's surprised silence and then the glasses rattled with our clapping: for though Dame Rumour had prepared us for the shock of losing our Rector, she had not hinted at this new dignity. His Grace replied in characteristic fashion.

11th. *Saturday*. The Vice-Rector returned after his short holiday in Frascati.

12th. *Sunday*. It transpires that last night there also arrived from Rocca a new *madre* for the sisters. Pessimistically—for most of us are conservatives at heart—we fear the worst from the change, but time will tell.

13th. *Monday*. Monsignor Myers left us.

14th. *Tuesday*. We were very pleased to see an old friend, Fr. de la Taille S.J., amongst us once again at dinner. After dinner his Grace the Rector (we have not yet got used to mouthing his new title!) left for England. Fr. Engelbert retired to his monastery, and the Superiors sadly depleted in numbers, seceded to the upper table again.

15th. *Wednesday*. *Dies Scholae*. So were we the more delighted to find

antipasti spread before us at dinner, followed by all the wondrous dishes that come in its train; though some malcontents still sighed for their lost *spaghetti*. The Vice-Rector then proposed the health of the Madre Ildegonda, and we gave her a rousing *ad multos annos*, which, we trust, penetrated to the gloomy depths of her kitchen. Coffee and *rosolio*, and our hearts went out to the early-school men. At supper, owing to the absence of Bishop Amigo, we plunged once again into the almost forgotten horrors of *Red Mexico*.

16th. *Thursday*. A cheering party saw the Madre Ildegonda off from the cortile, and the skies wept in sympathy. We wish her all happiness and prosperity in her new labours in the Motherhouse at Padua.

17th. *Friday*. Philosophers' *menstrua*, at which the Doctorate Year gloried in two protagonists; Mr. Morson defending and Mr. Wroe dissenting. Both of them, we hear, bore themselves right manfully. For Theologians a delicious fresh morning with every fold in the mountains standing out sharp as on a relief map. Is this to be the last year of such well-earned holidays?

19th. *Sunday*. We supplied *assistenza* and singing at the Little Sisters.

20th. *Monday*. A Sailors' pilgrimage arrived and was shepherded round by two nautical students. To supper Fr. Driscoll, their chaplain, himself a Venerabilino. This evening many people who had never heard of S. Paolo alla Regola discovered it quite close to them on going out to assist at a Benediction there for the conversion of England. Why S. Paolo should suddenly interest itself in the barbarian North we cannot tell, but we are grateful.

21st. *Tuesday*. Great was our pleasure to welcome Bishop Keatinge, *ep. cast.*, once again.

22nd. *Wednesday*. Function at the Riparatrice. An outburst of song after supper made the night hideous—but think not that we are carping. It is a cheerful sound and nowadays the tinkle of the piano and the roar of community singing are but rarely heard.

23rd. *Thursday*. Our grateful thanks to Monsignor Sprankling to whom was due an unexpected *pranzone*, followed by coffee and *rosolio* and cigarettes. Monsignor Barnes to dinner.

24th. *Friday*. Three coffin-like packing cases of vast proportions arrived from Naples for the Rector, containing we presume the usual motley of African travellers.

25th. *Saturday*. How is it that Saturdays pop up with such provoking rapidity?

26th. *Sunday*. A member of an order highly esteemed amongst us, Fr. Agostino della Vergine, O. Trinit., came to dinner. He is the new Postulator (in place of the Rector) of the cause of BB. John Fisher and Thomas More. This evening a Napoleonic film, *Brigadier Gérard*.

27th. *Monday*. The professors have got our noses well down to the grindstone now. Nor are we lacking for religion, for we assisted (some of us at least) at yet another function, this time at the Piazza di Spagna.

29th. *Wednesday*. The Rector—we cannot yet bring ourselves to say the "late" Rector—returned from England and informed us that he had been

“degraded” from Nazareth to Sardis. Fr. Engelbert also materialised from the cloisters of S. Anselmo.

30th. *Thursday*. Departure of his Lordship of Southwark and Monsignor Sprankling.

FEBRUARY 1st. *Saturday*. Theologians' *menstrua*. We are now so crowded in Aula Prima that only second and third year were permitted to attend—an odious distinction yet pleasant withal. But the rain (such is the irony of fate) fell in torrents upon just and unjust alike.

2nd. *Sunday*. Candlemas Day. Bishop Keatinge blessed the candles and sang Pontifical High Mass. To the Rector's farewell dinner; the Vice-Gerent, Monsignori Cicognani, Heard, Clapperton and Duchemin, Dr. Schut and Dr. Moss, Frs. Welsby, S.J. and Cotter, C.S.S.R., and Mr. Withnell. Over coffee and *rosolio* in the common-room the Vice-Rector proposed the health of the Rector, so soon, alas, to leave us orphans, and was seconded by the Senior Student, speaking in the name of the present House and, he was sure, also of all others who had been privileged to pass under the Rector's influence. He assured his Grace of our undying appreciation of all he had done for the College, for the material improvements patent to every eye, but still more for the mighty moral influence he had wielded in the House. Words are, after all, poor cold things to express our feelings, but we trust that the heartiness of our *ad multos annos* told the Rector clearly enough that our words were no mere formality but the very truth. His Grace was deeply moved and exhorted us in a stirring address that breathed the very essence of his Rectorship to cultivate that spirit of Catholicity and *Romanità* which was the distinguishing mark of this College, and, he was convinced, the true remedy of the difficulties the Church had to encounter. Bishop Keatinge, *laudator temporis acti*, then entertained us with stories of the Venerable in his day, and we realised more than ever what a great and successful Rector we were losing. His Grace then gave Pontifical Benediction.

3rd. *Monday*. A Triduum of Benedictions in honour of our Martyrs commenced in S. Ignazio; and attendance was all the more meritorious for being during our one hour of free time.

4th. *Tuesday*. Strong men appeared overnight and tearing up the tram-lines at the corner of the Pantheon, cast the iron rails carelessly on one side as a stumbling block for the faithful, strewing the ground in front with knobby lumps of lava paving. So, well satisfied with their handiwork, they went home, leaving the cleric to stumble through as best he might.

5th. *Wednesday*. The funeral cortège of some high Government official—one of the *Quadrumvirs*—cut us off from schools this afternoon so that we were left to our own devices.

6th. *Thursday*. The Triduum for the Martyrs ended with a Low Mass in S. Ignazio, which most of us attended. Fr. Welsby said the Mass and Fr. Van Laak preached, in Latin, an excellent sermon. The Rector then gave Benediction and we returned home in pouring rain for breakfast. It is on such days

as this that the "continental breakfast" seems a poor, feeble thing. The celebrations were rounded off by a dinner at the University, at which two students chosen by some secret standard, were present.

7th. *Friday*. At 11-30 the Rector left for the Soudan. It was a mournful leave-taking—not that we are seeing him for the last time, but when he does return it will only be as his Grace the Archbishop of Sardis, a very distinguished visitor. At the last moment he found he had forgotten his stick (even the most efficient of secretaries cannot remember everything) and while Domenico ran to fetch it we stood around in dismal silence. And so we bade him godspeed and without more ado he left us, rectorless and uncertain of our fate.

8th. *Saturday*. So far we have had a remarkably mild winter, but today at last the peak of Gennaro, far off through the evening mist, was capped with snow.

10th. *Monday*. A disturbing vaccination rumour, backed up by a Vice-rectorial list, invaded our tranquillity, but after supplying matter for lagging conversation, already weary of the "new Rector" topic, the rumour retired to the obscurity whence it had come.

11th. *Tuesday*. Though not officially celebrated, except by a few limp flags, it seems worth while recording that today is the anniversary of the signing of the Lateran Pact. Why did the University remove their flag in the afternoon?

12th. *Wednesday*. One of those fresh, clean mornings when a brisk walk to S. Callisto for Mass in the Catacombs rejoices the heart of the energetic. And Mr. Wrighton kindly obliged all such by saying Mass for them. The book-auction commenced today—

13th. *Thursday*. —and progressed with great rapidity: classical works of the great revivers of Scholasticism going for prices that must have made their disillusioned authors wonder whether after all it was worth while.

14th. *Friday*. Another Triduum for the Martyrs, at the Gesù. Fr. Venturini, S.J. preached a long sermon.

15th. *Saturday*. The influenza has surprised us, and despite the efforts of our able infirmarian (and assistant) two sufferers retired to the infirmary to be quickly joined by two more. Monsignor Salotti preached at the Gesù.

16th. *Sunday*. To complete the Triduum most of us heard Mass and received Communion at the Gesù, getting back for breakfast at the ordinary time. There was no High Mass in the College, but at 10-30 Bishop Keatinge, assisted by our own M.C. and students, sang Pontifical High Mass at the Gesù. Whatever may be one's private opinion of baroque and of Jesuit architecture and decoration in general, one must admit that the Gesù furnishes an admirable setting for an Episcopal function, and the crowds that attended were a revelation. On our return, we were delighted to find an old and well-tried friend, Fr. Peter Paul Mackey, O.P., in the common-room giving his opinion of the gramophone. To dinner besides Bishop Keatinge, Bishop Barrett of Plymouth, Monsignor Cicognani and Heard, Fr. Peter Paul Mackey, O.P. and Fr. Newdigate, S.J., Frs. Gardiner, Whitely and Westhead, and Mr. Bell, were present.

Coffee and *rosolio* of course, and then after an early tea back to the Gesù. Cardinal Lépiciér preached and Cardinal Laurenti gave the Benediction, for which we carried torches at the end of a lengthy procession. Congratulations to Messrs. Halsall and Jones, who have received the Diaconate.

18th. *Tuesday*. The thermometer is still falling and the snow has crept down to the Alban Hills. Gennaro, at present hidden in heavy cloud, should be in good trim for Shrovetide mountaineers.

19th. *Wednesday*. Bishop Keatinge left us.

20th. *Thursday*. A film this evening showing the full history of the Royal Wedding.

21st. *Friday*. At the eleventh hour a rigging of wires now connects the lecturer in Aula Prima with two mysterious-looking box arrangements on the Gallic balcony, presumed to be amplifiers. They are not yet in working order, and, uplifting the veil of the future, we may inform our readers that they never were.

23rd. *Sunday*. Purple vestments remind us that Lent is looming near. But Lent spells Shrovetide gita first, so why worry?

25th. *Tuesday*. Memorable for the fact that the Benjamin of Theology passed out of his 'teens.

26th. *Wednesday*. The sad news of the death of our Protector, Cardinal Merry del Val, came as a great shock to us. He died this afternoon under an operation for appendicitis. R.I.P.

27th. *Thursday*. The Cardinal was laid out in his house in the Vatican City, where we paid our last respects to him. His desire to be buried close to his saintly friend and master, Pius X, has been granted and the Requiem and funeral are fixed for Monday in St. Peter's. The Shrovetide Gita has of course been postponed to permit our attending the ceremony.

MARCH 1st. *Saturday*. And now after clapping our professors with heartfelt sincerity, we relax ourselves for a little holiday, though the realisation of the Cardinal's death has cast a shadow over Shrovetide.

2nd. *Sunday*. Gita lists are now up and the merits of every suggestion hotly canvassed. Very distressing were the dissensions of a certain gita-party, some of whom upheld the thesis, *ad minimum piis auribus offensiva*, that Gennaro could still be climbed after one had tramped most points of interest in the Campagna. Which is absurd.

3rd. *Monday*. A lovely day and for the first time for eight weeks Pamphili was fit for football. In the evening Theologians entertained us with a concert and by an excellent programme, which we append, proved that age has not soured their hearts nor learning dried up in them the fount of merriment.

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|-------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Song | a) <i>Iam lenis spirat aura</i> . . . | Mr. Dwyer. |
| | b) <i>Argus</i> . | |
| 2. Duet | | Messrs. W. Park
& Wrighton. |

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| 3. Song | <i>Hindu Song</i> | Mr. Carey. |
| 4. Trio | <i>Cherubs</i> | Messrs. Campbell
Wilkinson & Tootell. |
| 5. Interlude | <i>The last 'Bus</i> | Messrs. McKenna
& Rea. |
| 6. Song | <i>The Moralist</i> | Mr. Tomei. |
| 7. Seventh Year Song | | The Seventh Year |
| 8. Sketch | <i>THE BOY COMES HOME</i> | |

Characters:

<i>Philip</i>	Mr. Jones.
<i>Maggie</i>	Mr. McGee.
<i>Aunt Emily</i>	Mr. Redmond.
<i>Mrs. Higgins</i>	Mr. Slater.
<i>Uncle Joe</i>	Mr. Halsall.

Time: The Day after the War.

4th. *Shrove Tuesday*. We awoke to find a morning mist that was the herald of another perfect day, a cloudless blue sky and a warm and friendly sun. While some lounged in Frascati, others scoured the hot Campagna: Gennaro was conquered in the heat of the day, historic towns such as Anagni and Viterbo were not neglected and one party, composed mainly of elderly men, struck out a new line by visiting Farfa and the old villa at Montopoli and reported well of it. In the evening, pleasantly tired and perhaps a little footsore, we foregathered in the common-room amid a haze of blue smoke to listen, politely incredulous, to one another's tales.

5th. *Ash Wednesday*. An extra half-hour's sleep was very welcome. Yesterday during our absence the High Altar was removed and a complicated wooden structure erected in the middle of the Church, so that we had to hear Mass and bless the Ashes in the Sodality Chapel. A great light is playing on Durante's picture revealing a wealth of detail hitherto unsuspected. And the result of all this was the frontispiece of our last number—we hope it was worth the trouble. After the Ashes a gentle stroll up the Aventine—very gentle after yesterday's exertions—to the first station at S. Sabina: and Lent has begun.

7th. *Friday*. Feast of the Angelic Doctor. Station at SS. John and Paul, where a certain seventh year man penetrated, for the first time in his course, into that Roman house in the bowels of the earth, and was discovered later wandering round in circles, completely lost.

9th. *Sunday*. Fr. Arnou, S.J. came to dinner. The weather is so extraordinarily mild at present that we actually had the gramophone out on the balcony this evening. And with it all the memories came back to us of hot summer nights, of the whirl of theses in one's brain and of a swiftly approaching return to England. Only the Great Bear hung low in the heavens and a cold bright moon shone straight overhead like the hole in the distant roof of a vast Pantheon.

10th. *Monday*. The trimestral *menstrua* is losing the last shred of its old

solemnity and sinking to the degree of a common *repetitio*, that bane of a Philosopher's life. Today only one year, Fundamental Theology, attended: though the Aula I seemed as crowded as ever. Mr. Redmond argued. In the evening some students assisted at the function at Tor de' Conti, while others of us, who had last met Fr. Keeler across the Board of Destiny, had the pleasure of greeting him again at the station, S. Pietro in Vincoli.

11th. *Tuesday*. Philosophers' *menstrua* at which Messrs. Grady and Beevers argued. Five men have now performed in one way or another at the last three *menstruas*, so no one can accuse the Venerabile of not taking its share in Scholastic disputations. Merely to annoy Theologians, it would seem, the weather which has so long been gracious, broke today and the sky changed suddenly as if a malignant angel had pulled a damp grey curtain over it. The *riscaldamento centrale*, which has been resting for the last few days under the impression that summer had come, rose to the occasion gallantly.

12th. *Wednesday*. St. Gregory's. We supplied as usual *assistenza* and choir to the High Mass at "S. Gregò" on the Coelian. The reversal from Perosi to Plain Chant, though the rendering was good, did not seem to please the populace who expected something more exciting. Rather to our surprise no coffee after dinner.

13th. *Thursday*. These long Lenten afternoons give the opportunity, for those who care to take it, of a good walk. Along the Appia to Frattocchie, and you are then so near the Villa that it is heartrending to turn your back and once more face the Seven Hills.

14th. *Friday*. One of the servants rang the bell at 4-30 this morning, but no one was taken in by the joke.

16th. *Sunday*. The Ecclesiastical system of First Vespers is decidedly unsuitable when applied to celebrating St. Patrick's. However the concert given tonight was really excellent and great praise is due to all who had a hand in its production. Mr. Cutmenstahl, Mr. Bell, and Brothers Price and Conlon came to supper and stayed for the concert.

Nothing could surpass the delicious absurdity of the three little sketches. We append the programme.

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| 1. Vocal Item | <i>What the "Big Pots" do</i> | Mr. McKenna. |
| 2. Solo | <i>The Meeting of the Waters</i> | Mr. Purdy. |
| 3. | <i>"No Noes"</i> | Mr. J. Park. |
| 4. Song | <i>The Hills of Donegal . . .</i> | Mr. Hennessy. |
| 5. Interlude: | | |

THE LOST HEIRESS.

Characters:

<i>Jarge</i>	Mr. Cunningham.
<i>Willyum</i>	Mr. Luke.
<i>Rachel</i>	Mr. Beevers.
<i>Hugh FitzHugh</i> (Squire)	Mr. Carey.

(Scene: Village Green)

6. Song . . . *The Deathless Army* . . . Mr. Leahy.
 7. Duet . . . "Believe me..." . . . Messrs. Hennessy & Grady.
 8. Solo . . . *Solatium (Trial by Jury)* . . . Mr. Carey.
 9. Duet . . . *Shepherd's Dance* . . . Messrs. Beevers & Flynn.
 10. The Committee presents:

I. A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Characters:

<i>George</i>	Mr. J.Park.
<i>Henry</i>	Mr. Duggan.
<i>Isobel</i>	Mr. O.Murphy.

II. AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

Characters:

<i>Dick Trayle</i> . . .	Mr. J.Park.
<i>Jasper Beeste</i> . .	Mr. Pearson.
<i>Millicent Wildon</i> .	Mr. O.Murphy.
<i>Two-toed Thomas</i> .	Mr. Fay.
<i>Policeman</i>	Mr. Duggan.
<i>Warder</i>	Mr. Walsh.

17th. *Monday*. St. Patrick's, and a goodly show of shamrock brightened the Palazzo Borromeo.

18th. *Tuesday*. A spontaneous outburst of community singing which ended rough.

19th. *Wednesday*. St. Joseph's, a day this year devoted to world-wide prayer for Russia. In Rome itself the Pope said Mass in St. Peter's and a great crowd assisted. There were two *scholae cantorum*, one conducted by Ferretti singing Plain Chant, and in this some of our own singers had the privilege of a place, the other an excellent Slav choir. After Mass the Litanies of the Saints were sung, with the addition of some queer Russian names, and the blessing given with the relics. Tremendous enthusiasm was shown as the Pope was carried out and one could not help feeling that the might of the Soviet was of little avail now that the whole spiritual power of the Church was arrayed against it.

21st. *Friday*. The last box of shamrock arrived today. This afternoon the portals of the *nova sedes* opened to receive second and third year philosophy, who now bear company with their lonely brethren of first year.

22nd. *Saturday*. We were glad to hear that our new Cardinal Protector is no stranger, but our old friend, Cardinal Lépicier.

23rd. *Sunday*. To dinner Monsignor Heard and Fr. Boyer, S.J., who came up to the common-room afterwards. More than a touch of *scirocco* in the air, which held many weak-willed brethren back from the long and deadly trek to S. Lorenzo *fuori*, the station.

25th. *Tuesday*. The Annunciation. A football match 'twixt Theologians and Philosophers resulted, as was only proper, in a solid victory for Theology.

26th. *Wednesday*. Many of us repaired to the Vicariate *ad faciendum periculum* and renewed the acquaintance of several old friends there.

27th. *Thursday*. A Requiem in S. Silvestro for Cardinal Merry del Val.

28th. *Friday*. News came today that Dr. Moss, in return for his services, had been raised to the purple dignity of a Monsignore. We were all immensely delighted.

29th. *Saturday*. The examination letter came out, causing heart-ache to many.

30th. *Sunday*. A film, *La Gloriosa Avventura*, featuring an army of mitred soldiers and enlivened by the selling of chocolate. Would it be indiscreet to inquire what profit is made on these sales?

31st. *Monday*. The Doctorate thesis sheet came out, a public meeting saw the resignation of the old and the accession of the new Senior Student, and the priests donned their *ferraiuole* with a fine flourish of freedom. But the *ferraiuola* carries a sting in its tail, as they will discover ere the year is out. Monsignor Moss came to tea.

APRIL 1st. *Tuesday*. This is always taken to be the dullest season of the year, but for those who have eyes to see and whose spirits are uplifted and not crushed by Leuten rigidity, *la Primavera* is as true a symbol of awakening as it has ever been. The bright spring weather is upon us now, there is a freshness in the air that tugs one's heart away from noisy Rome, the trees are budding in Pamphili, although alas, "no birds sing" in this land of corduroyed sportsmen: a livelier coterie tears itself away from the Conservative Club atmosphere of the common-room to the freer air of the balcony, and some there are (and is not this the proper day to mention them?) who for some time already have been disporting in the tank. And so with lightness of heart *procedamus in pace* to Easter.

3rd. *Thursday*. To dinner Commander Cole-Hamilton and Rev. Sir John Hoskins.

5th. *Saturday*. Requiem for the late Cardinal in S. Maria in Trastevere. Passiontide is already here and the chapel is now draped in every shade of purple.

6th. *Sunday*. To dinner Monsignor Heard and Fr. Hanrahan who brought us news of Mr. Coyne at Fribourg.

9th. *Wednesday*. Theologians' (second and third year) *menstrua*. Forgive our perpetual harping on these occurrences but—they occur. Mr. McGee argued.

10th. *Thursday*. The end of this long, long spell of work came in sight for tired eyes with the appearance of the Palazzola room-list. As usual of course some people were never to be found when it came to their turn to choose a room, but then such people, like those others who persistently keep us late in the refectory, are always cropping up for the affliction of the rest.

11th. *Friday*. Philosophers' *menstrua*, and the last of them. For once the Coll. Anglorum were left in peace.

12th. *Saturday*. I wonder how many professors are really taken in by the enthusiastic clapping which crowns their labours. For a time at any rate we have finished with those excellent men and are preparing ourselves for better things. Candidates for Major Orders retired into solitude at S. Alfonso—for the last time incidentally, as the Redemptorists are taking in no more retreatants: and for this we are very sorry. In the evening appeared the April number of *THE VENERABLE* and the common-room presented that spectacle of absorption which is the bane of the sociable but balm to an editor's heart. After all it only happens twice a year.

13th. *Palm Sunday*. Fr. Sylvester, O.S.F.C., commenced the retreat in a thunderstorm—

16th. *Wednesday*.—and ended it in pouring rain. Spite of the turmoil of the elements however our souls are at peace.

17th. *Maundy Thursday*. A popular day for the Seven Churches, a devotion combining as it does spiritual uplift with the historic sense and good bodily exercise with no small amount of bodily penance. For what walk is more blistering to the feet or more parching to the throat than that out to St. Paul's or S. Lorenzo? The "social function" in St. Peter's, following the Maundy, was as brilliant a mundane parade as Rome could produce, and aroused a heated argument in the common-room. Some affirmed with bitterness that it was a disgrace and something ought to be done about it, while others stoutly upheld that this was the true Roman spirit and delighted them. *Chi lo sa?*

19th. *Holy Saturday*. The clouds have rolled away, a bright Easter sun is shining down and with a peal of joyous if discordant bells Paschaltide is upon us. In the Lateran, Mr. Halsall (the late Secretary) and Mr. Jones were ordained priests by the Cardinal Vicar, and Messrs. Shutt, Heenan, Wake, and Hawkins received the subdiaconate, while in the Lateran Seminary, at the hands of the Vice-Gerent, second year Theology received Minor Orders and first year the Tonsure. To those who have reached the goal we wish a hearty *prosit*: as for the rest of us, *prospere procedamus*.

20th. *Easter Sunday*. *Primitiæ Missarum*. To dinner Archbishop Palica, Monsignor Cicognani, Fr. Hanrahan, Mr. Jones and Mr. R. Jones, Mr. Durrant and Mr. Sullivan. During coffee and *rosolio* we drank the health of the new priests, and to put the final touch to our gaiety the editor of *Chi Lo Sa* produced an excellent number, worthy of its predecessors. Our staid and clerical corridors were brightened unusually by the fresh young faces and childish trebles of a school-girls' Pilgrimage which arrived for Benediction under the care of Monsignor Gonno of St. Bede's, Manchester. They were then shown over the College by Dr. Macmillan, of whom they seemed to stand in awe, but even his prestige withered to nothingness when they were so kindly received by his Eminence Cardinal Lépicier himself. We waived our tea for once, a rare occurrence, and the children occupied our refectory, gazing with wonder on the full-bodied tea urns that are a student's lot. An amusing film in the evening, whose name I have forgotten, and hurried preparations for the morrow.

21st. *Monday.* The first of the Old Guard, Mr. Ibbett, left for England, preceded by gita-parties for all over the country. Nevertheless there was a full house when we gathered at Palazzola. Many were the sighs at the devastation of our once wooded hillside. We consoled ourselves with the thought that perhaps it would be better in the summer when the shrubs had had a chance to grow. A wet afternoon seemed ominous.

22nd. *Tuesday.* Even at this time of the year the Villa still keeps up its reputation for keen mornings. We shuddered to hear of one Spartan who broke the placid surface of the tank at 6 a.m. To restore circulation he and some others joined in a paper-chase in which the hounds for want of scent turned themselves into harriers, only to be reconverted at the sight of the unsuspecting hares calmly clambering the Sforza gate. One of the latter reached the Golfhouse in safety, the other was laid low by the fell swoop of a Rugby partisan. Monsignor Howlett and Fr. O'Connor of S. Silvestro visited us during the afternoon.

23rd. *Wednesday.* The feast of St. George, and despite the fact that we could only "commemorate" him at Palazzola, yet he gave us a splendid day for our gita, for some to pay their respects to him in good Frascati, Grottaferata, or Velletri, but the majority in prime *pastoso* or *asciutto* of Monte Porzio. The fledglings, lately initiated into the sacred rites of Tusculum, listened in awed astonishment as Mrs. Blue-blue lisped the names of bygone stalwarts, and dutifully yielded their tribute for the upkeep of La Madonna dell'Esperanza.

24th. *Thursday.* There must have been some "heads" after yesterday's gita; confusion among the Powers that Be almost gave us the Greater Litanies a day too soon.

26th. *Saturday.* Sadly we returned to Rome. The scattered units of the *diaspóra* converged on the Holy City, Knights of the road mechanical and pedestrian, bearded and snow-logged adventurers from Abruzzo, sleek-faced men who had fattened in Siena and embittered suppliant turned away from Cassino, all met together and regaled each other with tales of Chiusarellian intrigue, of hard days eked out on *mortadella*, and of all the strange events which are the present joy of gitas and the store for future memories when days grow dull and spirits weary with the round of work.

27th. *Sunday.* A crop of fresh young tonsures sprang up like mushrooms this morning and were promptly treated in the customary fashion, to the disgust of their proud wearers.

28th. *Monday.* St. George's Day, transferred. The Vice-rector sang High Mass and then Cardinal Lépiciér arrived with his suite to take possession of the College. After the usual formalities — the reading of the brief, kissing of the Cardinal's ring and a speech by his Eminence — we sang *O Roma Felix*, said the prayers for the Conversion of England and filed into dinner. The guests, besides his Eminence, were Monsignori Calderari and Heard, Rev. Sir John O'Connell, Frs. Welsby, S.J., Cotter, C.S.S.R., Cuthbert and Sylvester, O.S.F.C., Mills, O.S.M., and Benedict Williamson, and Major Whaley. At

coffee and *rosolio* we drank the Cardinal's health and he entertained us in his delightful way. The proceedings were further enlivened by the man who asked Fr. Cuthbert if he had ever been to Assisi. The Cardinal unfortunately could not stay longer, so Mr. Halsall gave Solemn Benediction and we then repaired to Pamphili, for a breath of fresh air.

29th. *Tuesday*. We sipped the bitter cup of lectures for a morning and then fittid lightly away, for this afternoon and tomorrow are given off for the celebrations of the Augustinian Week. But this release was but as a little candlelight in a black night of gloom. "Black Tuesday" this day might well be called when all things smokeable from the plebian "tusk" (now rarely seen) to the most aristocratic of *estere* so soared in price that we were left gasping, and full of economic resolutions. But we are resilient and have soon accommodated ourselves to the new conditions.

MAY 1st. *Thursday*. May ushered itself in with a succession of soft April showers — *baci*, the Pam porter poetically called them — that made our hearts sick with longing for the dripping skies and sodden fields of England.

2nd. *Friday*. The devil ever finds work for idle hands to do and so the soldiers at Porta S. Pancrazio, freed from the burden of the *Dazio*, now amuse themselves by raising the chain at the gate, and the tired cleric has perforce to go round.

3rd. *Saturday*. His Grace Archbishop Hinsley returned from the Soudan, accompanied by his secretary and was seated, not in the centre, but on the Vice-rector's right, without even jurisdiction over the bell. Two of the priests, who had been making for Sicily but got stranded in Calabria, also arrived.

4th. *Sunday*. A religious day, for the English Martyrs clashed with the *flocchi* procession, and many of us succeeded in attending both. His Grace of Sardis pontificated for us. Coffee and *rosolio* after dinner and we again toasted the late Rector, who replied in a short but cheering speech. In spite of the rain, most of the House made its way to the Augusteo to hear Fritz Kreisler, the eight lire seats decidedly having the laugh over the fourteen lire. As a pleasant contrast to Kreisler we returned home to one of our own concerts, deferred from St. George's: and who will say which we enjoyed most?

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|------------------------------|--|--|
| 1. Duet | <i>The Wee Cooper o' Fyfe</i> | Messrs. Wake & Beevers. |
| 2. Solo | <i>A North Country Classic</i> | Mr. McNeill. |
| 3. Pianoforte solo | <i>Air de Ballet (Chaminade)</i> | Mr. Ellison. |
| 4. Song | <i>The Two Grenadiers</i> | Mr. Beevers. |
| 5. Recitation | | Mr. Hawkins. |
| 6. Quintet | <i>Humpty Dumpty</i> | Messrs. Carey, Grady, Purdy, Rickaby & McCarthy. |
| 7. Song | | Mr. J. Park. |

ingenuity, came to afflict us for our sins. So did *nespoli*, which was the final blow. Also the Via Monserrato was blocked by the *camerate* of the Spanish College after morning schools, but we were too worried to discover why.

18th. *Sunday*. A small pilgrimage, ably shepherded by those men who are always willing to sacrifice themselves for the common good, came to the college for Benediction. After supper a film.

19th. *Monday*. While some thank heaven for the gentle rain which keeps things cool, others clamour noisily for the baking summer-sun that is so coyly hiding himself, and say that they cannot work except with their feet in a basin. Certainly it is not yet proper tanking weather, whatever fanatics may say to the contrary.

20th. *Tuesday*. An extra half-hour's wait put us in fettle for the *pranzone* in farewell to our late Rector. As befitted the occasion it was a family party: Monsignor Duchemin, the Scotch Vice-rector, Frs. Welsby and Cotter, and Count van Cutsem being the guests. Over our coffee and *rosolio* the Vice-rector proposed the Archbishop's health after recalling how splendidly he had deserved of this college, and we sang *ad multos annos*. His Grace in his farewell speech to the college for which he had always fought so gallantly, despite the peaceful disposition he tried to attribute to himself, appealed once more for that loyal spirit of *Romanità* (of which is he not himself the embodiment?) and begged for our prayers to assist him in his gigantic mission. In the evening he gave Pontifical Benediction and after supper we gathered round to see him off. A crowd at the common-room windows who had made themselves conspicuous by cheering off the Vice-rector and luggage, decided to join the main body downstairs and for some time the *cortile* was a lively scene of moving black figures and redly-glowing cigarettes. At last Pierleone drew up before the door: there was a delay of final incoherent farewell, and amidst a thunderous storm of cheers His Grace the Archbishop of Sardis, Apostolic Delegate to Africa, and sometime Rector of this Venerable College, passed out of our lives to his great work.

21st. *Wednesday*. A telegram was sent to another old rector, Archbishop McIntyre, to congratulate him on his Golden Jubilee. Hard on the heels of our bereavement of yesterday came the startling news that the cliffs at Palazzola have collapsed and crashed down on the garden wall, carrying with them the statue of Our Lady, pulverising wall and gate and thudding finally into the shattered tank. Further news is awaited anxiously.

22nd. *Thursday*. Now discussion on that unknown quantity x who is to command the destinies of the Venerable flames up again with new life after having nearly died away during these last few weeks for very lack of fuel. When shall we know? Who is it to be? But, save as a topic for conversation, it does not affect the hurried scurry of our lives. Lectures still carry on in their breezy way, professors with that sword of Damocles, *ducitur linea*, hanging over their heads, turn over pages with the rapidity of bank clerks counting out your money; and the poor student, each according to his own method, tries to swallow and digest the mountains of intellectual food thrust upon him.

23rd. *Friday*. The spirit of Peter Pan entered the common-room today in the shape of a balloon captured under the eaves, and (forgive us, for the double nervous strain is making children of us) we made merry with it. Eventually it was released out of the window and was last seen gaily floating away to be spiked on the point of Gennaro.

24th. *Saturday*. The world is a hive of industry at present. In Pamphili men are mowing meadows: plasterers are at work on the noble façade of S. Caterina: and the examination inscription cards have passed irrevocably into the sanctum of the *Subprefectus studiorum*. The rash are now regretting their plunge into first series, the cowardly, or cautious, wondering if it's really of any avail procrastinating until the fourth.

25th. *Sunday*. A battle royal took place on the Cappellar' today and all work had to be suspended on the garden side. In all our experience of Rome, never did we imagine that women could talk so loudly, so rapidly, and with such vehemence.

26th. *Monday*. After some confusion amongst themselves the cantors decided to double the Rogation Litanies, so we were late for breakfast. In honour of St. Philip Neri, we supplied *assistenza* at the High Mass (sung by the Vice-Gerent) in Chiesa Nuova. The acolytes sat beneath the shade of a spreading palm-tree, concealed amidst a bower of foliage and potted rhododendron.

27th. *Tuesday*. Pamphili (*horresco referrens!*) is to be closed against us all this week. Our feelings are too deep to be profaned by further words.

28th. *Wednesday*. First schools drag the Greek scholars, priests and all, out at an early hour on this day, the resultant crush on the stairs, reminiscent of the bad old days, causing a stream of moralists to dribble in late to Aula I, to the annoyance of that early bird, Fr. Vermeersch.

29th. *Thursday*. The Ascension. This wet, miserable May is drawing to an end, Junier days are at last setting in and now is the time for all good men to go into the tank. Coffee and *rosolio*—and a certain difficulty in finding what to do with ourselves now that we are barred from our Elysian fields. But is our ingenuity ever at a loss?

30th. *Friday*. From what we hear, the damage done at the Villa seems to be pretty bad. A monstrous great rock, the size of half the Salone, reposes in the tank, and probably can only be removed by dynamite, with what consequences who can tell? But worse, rumour whispers of the burying of part of our all too precious water supply, and if that be so...?

31st. *Saturday*. Egbert or James or whatever they call that tortoise creature (to sensible men he is just "the tortoise") is back again, taking his daily stroll—seemingly a painful operation. Unless just for exercise, it is difficult to see why he does it, as he never gets anywhere. One of the students, an animal lover in many ways resembling Egbert, feeds him every day: but the ingrate has been known to bite the hand that filled it. Does anyone know who bored that neat round hole in the animal's shell?

JUNE 1st. *Sunday*. Enter flaming June, a warm and sunburnt maid. And Vespers at such a time, though we sing them gladly, are a little trying.

2nd. *Monday*. Some stark and realistic photos arrived of the Palazzola disaster—one more pleasant one featuring the Vice-rector perched on top of a jumbled piece of rock. From these it seems that the whole face of the rock has split and fallen sheer away right across the end of the garden and the bottom part of the tank, where it lies in tumbled confusion, a torn-up tree or two giving it the air of a rockery garden. As we plunge splashily into the Roman *vasca* after schools of an evening, we wonder within ourselves what a tankless villa will be like.

3rd. *Tuesday*. What exactly do the servants think of the way we read *Inviti Sacri*? They keep their faces politely straight.

4th. *Wednesday*. The star-gazers on the balcony, hearing a tremendous shout from the common-room, decided it must be the new Rector at last. But it was only a gentleman with a *tutti quanti*. We register our strong disapproval at the revival of this atrocity.

5th. *Thursday*. Their heads bursting with varied knowledge, a motley crew of *laureandi* theological and philosophic, hellenists and hebraists descended on the University to prove their skill with the written word. Even gentlemen hitherto noted for their supreme self-confidence were found to be dithering. This, by the way, is the first time Hebrew has been reduced to a written examination. In our day, *pace* the present and all future first years, we *earned* our degrees. This afternoon the traffic-police donned their sun-helmets and white ducks, giving a pleasantly tropic air to the *sciocco*-laden city.

6th. *Friday*. After schools we were all herded together in the cortile of Palazzo Borromeo to practice the University hymn in preparation for Wednesday; and the little porter at the door was rather upset. It came as a blow to us to find that nostalgic verse,

mox quisque cinctus laurea

had been changed to something about virtue.

7th. *Saturday*. Prince Pamphili holds us in the hollow of his hand. Often before, as we lay among the ants in his shady meadows, did we picture to ourselves, day-dreaming as contented men are wont, what life would be "without Pam". Now we know. Today we heard that it would be closed "indefinitely" and simultaneously came news, claiming to be authentic, that the new rector was not even appointed yet! A thunderstorm then broke over the city and we plunged our heated heads into a rain-riddled tank.

8th. *Whit Sunday*. Coffee and *rosolio*, but nothing of interest except gitalists. Two efficient Blue Nuns are here in charge of a patient and are running the poor infirmarians off their feet. The patient we are glad to say progresses favourably.

9th. *Monday*. The patter of rain on those skylight contraptions on the church roof was a dismal beginning to a gita-day. One of the numerous Fregene parties actually gave up the ghost and took to Palazzola instead; but the rest boldly grasping their umbrellas made for their destinations,—Fregene, Ostia, Anzio, Bracciano (where ancient tubs were hired), and the Palazzola *scavi*, being the main attractions. And indeed after a rainy morning,

during which the sea was unbelievably warm, the sun peeped out after dinner, took courage at the sight of holiday-makers bravely enjoying themselves and soon put the clouds to flight. Mounted *carabinieri* riding up the beach near Ostia caused great amusement, and we were surprised to hear of some unlikely people giving unexpected alms to a tubercular hospital.

10th. *Tuesday*. Can no one rid us of these pestilential oranges?

11th. *Wednesday*. There were no schools today and at six o'clock the Pope received the Gregorian University and the Biblical and Oriental Institutes in audience in the Cortile S. Damaso. It was an intellectual feast that the Gregorian prepared for the Holy Father: erudite papers were read interspersed by pious music from the *scholae cantorum*. Mr. Wroe was chosen by the University to represent the Philosophic faculty, and read a very learned paper entitled, "Idea socialis totius generis humani in opere Taparelli — Saggio teoretico di diritto naturale", which was quite beyond most of us. Followed the *acclamations Pontifici*, a truly Gregorian touch. Each nation sent a representative to kiss the Pope's foot and greet him in the vernacular with the words, "Pio Undecimo, Pontifici Maximo, vita, pax, gloria." Amid the cluster of Pious Latins Mr. Butterfield succeeded in making his voice heard on behalf of England, the Senior Student being unfortunately incapacitated by a sore throat. Then as night crept over the cortile and cardinalitial red and monsignorial purple faded into one confused blur, the Pope addressed us in a short speech and gave us his blessing. In the darkness the company dispersed and we returned to a late supper, taking our places in the refectory in praiseworthy democratic disorder.

12th. *Thursday*. At the second sitting for the *examen scriptum*, Mr. Wroe was graciously turned away in consideration of his paper before the Pope. At St. Patrick's a requiem for the student drowned at Anzio on Monday.

13th. *Friday*. The last lap at the schools begins. The Professor of Church History, Fr. Leiber, told us this morning that, "never in the history of the education of the clergy, from the days of the Apostles until now, has such unparalleled heroism been shown as at the English colleges on the Continent", and we are rightly proud of this public testimonial from so competent an authority.

14th. *Saturday*. The weariness of the last three weeks is over, finished are the deadly tramps to the Brancaccio place and the dreary walks on Monte Verde: Pamphili is open at last. And may it never close again is our heartfelt prayer.

15th. *Trinity Sunday*. The last High Mass of the year, a very hot and exhausting ceremony. Our only available organist has injured his hand, so a combine played today, one man performing on the pedals while the other tried his hand on the keys, with interesting results. Coffee and *rosolio*, and cricket, undefeated by so many knock-out blows, came into its own at last.

16th. *Monday*. Every morning dawns clear and fine and every afternoon the clouds pile up, the deadly breath of the *scirocco* weighs upon us and thunder rumbles in the sky. Today the storm broke and before long four

streams of water were rushing from the corners of the *cortile* to mingle together in a square-shaped pond over Monsignor Giles' obviously inadequate drain.

17th. *Tuesday*. The Public Act in Theology at the *nova sedes*—

18th. *Wednesday*.—and in Philosophy. It is a long time since these displays have interested us personally, except to give our *laureandi* a chance of explaining enviously how well they would do if they could get such a gift of an exam. The poor victim gets little credit for his performance.

19th. *Thursday*. Corpus Christi, and the usual procession at Villa Lante. The fierce faces of the *Trasteverini* hungering outside the iron bars of the gate remind one of the French Revolution, but we must not judge by externals for the street, after all, is plastered with pious epigrams.

20th. *Friday*. The last lecture, listened to with a drowsy satisfaction because it is the last, the unavoidable *adhortatio*, and the scholastic year is at an end. Very quickly the weeks have passed since we first sat down before our new professors, and, now that we have finished with them, how clear in retrospect their exposition seems, how loveable their little ways. Not so did it seem as we dragged ourselves day after day to hear them!

21st. *Saturday*. By a cunning trick the University keeps up that feeling of uncertainty that is the spice of human interest. Not till the last possible moment is the date of your examination put up, and you then discover that you are up several days before you expected. So many a well-laid plan of study comes to grief.

22nd. *Sunday*. In St. Peter's the Pope canonised Lucia Filippini and Paola Frassinetti. In the afternoon the procession at Tor di Quinto, which nearly all attended except for one or two whose ideas on Archaeology needed rubbing up for tomorrow. To supper Monsignor Dandria, who gave us a masterly and first-hand account of the Malta trouble. We are proud to think that a Venerabilino should have been among those who have borne the brunt of the attack in the cause of the Holy See.

23rd. *Monday*. The examinations commenced and several of us weathered one peril at least on the first day. On the Philosophic board *lupus rapax* strikes terror into the hearts of prospective *laureandi* whose laurels have become even more hypothetical.

25th. *Wednesday*. To add to our worries the sand-fly has declared war, but the sufferers, armed with Flit and Flytox, are making murderous reprisals.

26th. *Thursday*. The news we have waited for so long and patiently has come at last. A short notice summoned us to the common-room before Benediction, and we came, outwardly calm, but with a certain sinking anxiety. There without fuss or formality we were informed that the new Rector had been appointed in the person of the Rev. William Godfrey, D.D. A great burden of anxiety fell from our shoulders at this welcome news and we gave three cheers for the absent Rector, all the more gladly since he is a Roman and a true son of the Venerabile. The prayers he asks for are most

willingly his and tomorrow the Community Mass is to be offered for his intentions. *Deo Gratias!*

27th. *Friday*. A tough-looking customer was seen before supper talking to the Vice-Rector, and on closer inspection turned out to be one of the doctorate men whom we thought we had got rid of. Having lost his passport he had nothing left but to return to the comforting arms of his Alma Mater!

29th. *Sunday*. As usual a deep blue sky and a sweltering sun marked the feast of Rome's patron Saints, celebrated this year by the canonisation of the Canadian Martyrs, the Franciscan, Teofilo da Corte, and Robert Cardinal Bellarmine, *huius universitatis olim professor*. These, by the way, are the first canonisations since the Holy Year, so that most of us had never before been present at an infallible decree. Good tickets, of course, are not for us, but a little impudence will enable a man, if he so desires, to wriggle himself into the procession. The Pope looked terribly tired as he was carried in and must have found the long morning very trying. It is a long ceremony and even with a late dinner we could not stay for the end. Coffee and *rosolio*, at which Mr. Wroe was presented, amid great enthusiasm, with the medal sent him by the Holy Father. We drank his health but spared him the agony of a speech. In the evening the Basilica was very finely illuminated, and our thoughts strayed to absent friends sickening in Frascati who would be gazing across the Campagna at those same lights.

JULY 1st. *Tuesday*. A steady grind is the order of the day. Our only excitement consists in darting out of rooms at about 8-15 a.m., hearing the results and with a muttered "hard lines", plunging back into a wilderness of sheets. So Tuesday is a dull day for the vultures.

2nd. *Wednesday*. The first of the D.D.'s left tonight, covered with glory. As the taxi swung round the dark *cortile* and the triple cheer brought the flat-dwellers to their windows, one felt perhaps a little melancholy, remembering the long years yet to be passed *in statu pupillari*. Fortunately we have no time to be morbid.

4th. *Friday*. Large new bootbrushes appeared in the bootplace near Giuseppe's hole. A small thing to mention but it is the little things (like hairless bootbrushes) that make life unendurable.

5th. *Saturday*. A selection of new records delights the gramophone fans on the balcony: but they are not so numerous as of old. The garden (where a talented player accompanies himself on the guitar) and the habit of nocturnal bathing draw many away.

6th. *Sunday*. To dinner, Monsignori Cicognani and Heard, Fr. Broderick, and others. Mr. Heenan was ordained today (though the guests were not invited *propter hoc*) at Ilford. Congratulations!

7th. *Monday*. Both the Universe and the Catholic Times have published pictures of our new Rector, together with varied scraps of information, mostly contradictory.

8th. *Tuesday*. We had hopes of going out to the Villa on Friday, but

dis aliter visum—we are not to go till the 18th. The college church grows more hideously stuffy every morning, and by that time a few pale-faced wrecks will be hobbling to meet the Albano tram.

9th. *Wednesday*. Strange departure of a seemingly healthy gentleman to Frascati. He is wise.

10th. *Thursday*. The tide of humanity has been gradually receding from the middle table in the refectory. It is now empty and tonight an unexpected voice intoned the *Salve*. We are already a pleasant (though not yet happy) family party, nearly reduced to Villa proportions.

11th. *Friday*. *Prosit* Mr. Butterfield who achieved a *cum laude* in the D.D., the first for, I believe, eleven years.

12th. *Saturday*. A *pranzone* followed by coffee etc. in farewell to Dr. Macmillan who is leaving tomorrow. The Vice-rector in proposing our learned *ripetitore* let us know that the late Mr. (now we presume, Dr.) Park was to take his place. Dr. Macmillan replying to a well-deserved *ad multos*, dropped a tear over his departure from the Venerabile.

13th. *Sunday*. On these long Sunday afternoons cricket still rears its head above a waste of thistles. The weather has turned quite cool today and if it continues thus we shall be able to endure the last week in Rome. The rock-encumbered Villa tank has, thanks to the strenuous efforts of the Vice-rector, been cleared and rebuilt with the greatest dispatch, so all is ready for our arrival.

15th. *Tuesday*. Our new Spiritual Director, Canon Hall, arrived to supper, preceded by a vast smile that warmed our hearts.

16th. *Wednesday*. A furious ringing of all our door-bells startled us on the way upstairs after night prayers. Before we had time to realise its significance there was a shout of "Fire!" and a scamper of feet to the common-room where flames were leaping up at one of the windows. A curtain was blazing merrily and one of the basket chairs (already, alas, too few) a glowing red,—the handiwork of some careless cigarette. It was quickly beaten out however and the *Salve* sung with all proper decorum.

17th. *Thursday*. The charred chair and the black ashes stamped into the parquet floor presented a mournful sight in the cold light of morning. Fortunately no real damage was done, and anyway it worried us little for—

18th. *Friday*.—today we left for Palazzola. A few unfortunates have still examinations to take, but they are a very small minority and they too will be free by Monday. 105 examinations were taken this year, (excluding Hebrew) of which 91 were successful, making 87% if you would have mathematical accuracy. 16 passed *cum laude* and one *summa cum laude*. We have reason to be proud of our D.D.'s of whom four out of five passed, three *bene* and one *cum laude*. Seven out of eleven *laureandi* in Philosophy became *laureati*, two *cum laude* and two *bene*. Could we ask for more?

So we departed rejoicing from

"those living walls that hedge mankind,

The walking walls of Rome,"

and here on the Albano path we will take our leave of you, making our way to the delights of Palazzola to await in patience the coming of the Rector.

R. P. REDMOND.

PERSONAL.

It was with real joy and enthusiasm that we welcomed as our new Protector, his Eminence, CARDINAL LEPICIER. His education in England, his perfect command of our language and his zealous work as Apostolic Visitor, all unite him to us and to all who wish for the conversion of our country. But he is bound to the Venerable by a bond yet more intimate: he has displayed in our welfare an interest gracious and sympathetic and, in his own words, he cherishes our College as "a house truly venerable and a home of the Martyrs". We offer him our loyalty and affection, trusting that the Venerable will long continue to enjoy his watchful patronage.

To his Grace, the ARCHBISHOP OF SARDIS (1890-1894 and 1917-1930) dwelling now in darkest Africa, we send our heartiest good wishes for the continued success of his apostolic labours. Two years of separation could in no way lessen our grief at his final departure. While realising the burden of his duties in Africa, we cannot help being optimistic: for surely those same duties will compel an occasional visit to the Eternal City — and to his beloved Venerable.

We offer our respectful congratulations to his Grace, ARCHBISHOP McINTYRE (1875-1880 and 1913-1917) on the attainment of his golden jubilee in the priesthood. For his piety and learning the Venerable is proud to claim him as one of her old alumni. And as former Rector of the College he surely merits our very deep gratitude.

It is our happy duty also to congratulate three other Episcopal Jubilarians. His Lordship, the Bishop of SHREWSBURY has celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Their Lordships, the Bishops of LEEDS (1877-1883) and PORTSMOUTH have both attained the silver jubilee of their consecration to the episcopate. To these zealous guardians of the Church in England, *Deus det longitudinem dierum.*

The Very Rev. MONSIGNOR HALL (1893-1896) has now taken up his

duties as Spiritual Director to the College. For those who remember him as the centre of many a happy circle in the common-room, his coming (and this time as no mere guest) cannot but cause great satisfaction. Did Fate conspire against us that his appointment as *cameriere segreto* should coincide with his official welcome to Palazzola? Nothing daunted we sang the more heartily our *ad multos annos*, and thus expressed both welcome and congratulation. May we for many years be aided by his experience and inspired by his word and example.

To MONSIGNOR MOSS, our former Spiritual Father, we also extend our heartiest felicitations on his appointment as privy chamberlain to his Holiness. The kindness and sympathy he displayed to us as *Padre Spirituale*, make him now one of our closest and most personal friends. And therefore that 'bus to the Piazza Farnese really should be used more frequently!

From Malta we received a most welcome guest in MONSIGNOR ENRICO DANDRIA (1913-1915) who until lately was Minister for Public Instruction there. He gave us a brilliant survey of the present crisis and has since sent us a copy of his pamphlet on the subject. The Venerabile is proud to own so staunch a defender of the Church's rights and we look forward to the day when peace will be restored to "little Malta".

We note with satisfaction the appointment of Dr. S. BARON as Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Oscott College. A student at the Venerabile from 1909-1916, he still remains an ardent Venerabilino—and treasurer of the Roman Association.

To our list of jubilarians must be added the names of the Very Rev. CANON WADE (1875-1881) who has celebrated his golden jubilee in the priesthood; also the Rev. J. BAMFORD (1899-1900) who lately attained his silver jubilee. To them both we offer our heartiest congratulations, hoping that we too, in future years, may be enabled to follow such a tradition.

The following have been promoted to the position of Parish Priest: Rev. R. FINNESEY (1909-1912) of Liverpool, Dr. E. ELLIS (1916-1923) of Nottingham, Dr. J. CREGG (1920-1927) of Birmingham, Rev. J. LEE of Plymouth. We wish them many fruitful years of labour *in vinea Domini*.

We recently entertained an old friend and welcome guest in the Rev. W. DRISCOLL (1906-1913) who as Navy Chaplain accompanied the Sailors' Pilgrimage to Rome. We also owe him our most cordial thanks since he presented us with two excellent cricket bats and thus won his way to the hearts of an indigent Cricket Committee. We appreciate his gift very highly: but surely when becalmed in the Naples Bay he

might find fair weather for a trip to Palazzola, to wield the willow on our Sforza green.

Yet another band of stalwarts have sung their *canzone del settimo anno* and sped northwards to evangelise their various dioceses. Mr. BUTTERFIELD has been appointed to the staff at Upholland College. Mr. GARVIN and Mr. WRIGHTON (both versatile and efficient editors of this magazine) also occupy the professorial chair; the former will teach modern languages at Upholland, the latter will enliven with classic lore his lectures at Cotton College. Mr. W.PARK, whose arrival in Liverpool was heralded by excursions and alarms from the Orange section, will return to Rome as *ripetitore* in Philosophy, and Mr. IBBETT as agent for the English bishops. Mr. GOWLAND is at present doing mission work. We lament the loss of such varied talent, from the hero of titanic disputations in the Gregorian to the humorist who preached us sermons from the Sforza wall. To them all we send our heartiest good wishes—*prosperè procedant!*

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE VENERABLE.

To our regret Mr. Halsall has retired from the secretaryship. We shall feel the loss, for the material fortunes of the Magazine were more than secure under his firm hand; he worked up the printers to an unequalled standard of correctness; and he was not above lending valuable assistance when necessary to the toilers on the more humane side of the Magazine.

We wish to record our deep gratitude to the generous friend who made it possible to reproduce in colours in the last number the Martyrs' Picture. The staff is now composed as follows:-

Editor: MR. DUGGAN.

Secretary: MR. REDMOND.

Sub-editor: MR. PRITCHARD.

Under-secretary: MR. JOHNSTON.

Fifth Member: MR. GRADY.

THE LIBRARY.

The new catalogue is now substantially complete and only needs a few finishing touches to make it a work of permanent value and of great use. Dr. Rheinthalder has done his work well and we only regret that we cannot engage him to complete a subject-matter catalogue to supplement that of authors. He has been of great assistance to the librarians, having given us many valuable hints and arranged a catalogue of numbers which simplifies much of our work.

The *falegnami* have also been at work in the library, constructing two new cases in the second room, between the windows on the left-hand side. They are a valuable addition to our accommodation, for space was getting very limited. Then the locked case in the same room has been removed and a permanent one made in its stead, resplendent with brass-wire network doors. Also some little cupboards have been erected to accommodate the catalogues.

Owing to the expenses of cataloguing we have been unable to buy any new books for the last two years, not even those most necessary. We should be glad to get a copy of Abbot Butler's *History of the Vatican Council*, and the rest of Belloc's *History of England*, of which we have only the first volume. We have received several valuable and much appreciated gifts. Special mention must be made of the first editions of the Doway Bible and Rheims Testament given us among other valuable books by Monsignor Moriarty; and also of the generous gift of Mrs. L.J.S. Wood, consisting of many of her late husband's books. Among other donors to whom we are very grateful may be mentioned: - His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, the Pontifical Scots College, the Rev. Fr. Welsby S. J., Lady Anne Kerr, Miss Dunnington Jefferson, Philo L. Mills, and John Thwaites Mumford.

L.W. Jones. *Librarian.*

SOCIETIES.

1. *The Literary Society.*

At a public business meeting held on Wednesday, March 20th, 1929 Mr. Garvin was elected President of the Society for the ensuing year and the present writer Secretary.

In all the long history of solemn quarrels set between contending faiths in the sacred senatorial atmosphere of a common room meeting, there has been recorded nothing finer than the amiable strife that animated the proceedings on that memorable occasion, when our esteemed contemporary, the Wiseman Society, as yet only a cradled infant of but few weeks' standing, vindicated its claim to a complete and autonomous existence by the side of its more ancient counterpart.

The somewhat gloomy forebodings of those who would have prophesied impending disaster have not been fulfilled, but it is none the less necessary to emphasise here a point which a former president was at pains to stress, namely that in the matter of intended literary contributions the public society legitimately claims priority of preference.

A simple enumeration of the eminent personages who have addressed the Society during the session under review would suffice to demonstrate its complete success.

We cannot, however, forbear to recall the two epic evenings his Grace the Archbishop of Sardis, "ex Africa redux" generously devoted, at a moment of intense preoccupation with pressing business, to regaling us with a stirring recital of his adventures on what has been justly described the longest gita ever accomplished by a nursling of the Venerable.

No less remarkable for its suggested comparisons and practical applications was the arresting account of Catholic Church Extension activity in America for which we are indebted to his Lordship the Bishop of Oklahoma. And while the throes of a persecuted Russia, the fortunes of the English Education battle, and the ultimate issue of the Action-Française *imbroglio* were engaging the universal attention of the Catholic world, our own interest in these matters was stimulated by the visits of such high authorities on their respective subjects as his Lordship Bishop d'Herbigny, who addressed the Society in French on "La Période actuelle en Russie"; Bishop Brown of Pella, who treated of the Catholic Education campaign in England; and Mgr. Canon Myers whose subject was "Post-Action-Française France".

One of the most interesting evenings of the session was afforded by the visit of Mr. G.K. Chesterton, who in his own peerless and incomparable fashion delineated before a delighted audience the character of the "White-haired Lady" with an effectiveness and exhilarating humour which only left one desperately craving for more.

As is meet, our greatest interest is centred in papers read by members from within the house, and it is with more gratitude and admiration than we can well express that we here recall the names of those three stalwarts who have generously come forward to address their fellows during the past year.

Mr. W. Park read a paper on "Christianity and Humanism"; Mr. C. Talbot on "Abgar the Black"; and Mr. W. Lennon on "Newman's use of Controversy". All these papers were marked by one common characteristic—a high standard of excellence—to which the interest and appreciation with which they were received bear ample witness. In spite, however, of these splendid efforts, the contribution from the house is far from satisfactory. It comes to this—"Literature is not merely a Science to be studied, but an Art to be practised."

Great as has been the work of our stout pioneers, we must look upon their achievements as a legacy, the value of which is to be enhanced. A literary society that is content to rest complacently on the glory of its past, is to that extent degenerate. This being the case, not all our pride in what has been accomplished before can justify the remission of a single moment of endeavour—however vain and hopeless it may appear—to improve upon it, or at least some portion of it.

If, with our shining exemplars to enhearten us, we persevere in our efforts to swell the volume of the golden stream, we may be content to relinquish in favour of other persons the quite secondary and subordinate distinction to be gained by the critic and the faultfinder.

J.P.WROE. *Secretary.*

2. Grant Debating Society.

The outstanding merit of the session which closed last Easter was undoubtedly the large number of debates held, the highest for the past five years, and that despite the fact that there was no Palazzola session. This is in itself a striking tribute to the popularity of a society already deeply-rooted in the affections of the House.

Although attendance did not break any existing records, nevertheless a constant support of twenty-five loyal members helped to maintain a brisk interest in a wide variety of subject-matter ranging from the all absorbing topic of the respective merits and demerits of the *Universe* to a theme of palpitating moment, "That it is undesirable to have more than Seventy Students at the Venerable". (Is it worthy of mention that the motion was lost?) It is also gratifying to record that an evening devoted to impromptu debates was an unqualified success.

Congratulations are in a special way deserved by this year's neophytes who quickly assumed a leading part in the discussions of the Society and contributed in no small manner towards the upholding of its best traditions and the general entertainment. Perhaps however a little word of warning would not be out of place in these notes! The tendency to slang might be avoided and a penchant for wit which often becomes frivolous rather militates against than aids profitable argument. This on the other hand does not imply that a humorous speech is to be decried; quite the contrary; the lighter side of a subject is always welcome after a hard day's toil. It is merely recommended that such efforts should be kept within due limits ere they become futile. And moreover this is touched on rather in the nature of an aside than as a reflection on the Society as a whole.

No one indeed would question that members had anything but reason for mutual congratulation on the outcome of their endeavours during the past year. The officers elected to guide the fortunes of the Society for the ensuing twelve months are Mr. E. H. Wake and his scribe,

J. JOHNSTON, *Secretary.*

3. Catholic Social Guild.

The Social Study Club has had an uneventful, though not unsuccessful year. The membership remains small but the members make up by enthusiasm what they lack in numbers. Two circles have held their meetings as regularly as circumstances would allow. One circle

studied the Code of Social Principles under the guidance of the Secretary, while a more advanced circle led by Mr. Halsall discussed papers written by the members in turn. During the year we had two papers read by members before the Study Club, one by Mr. Butterfield on "Our Duty of Social Work" and one by Mr. Tootell on "The Living Wage". Besides this one of our members has been attending Fr. Vermeersch's Social Academy and has been giving us periodically the synopsis results of his diligence. The only other item worth recording is the purchase of a new book-case for the club library, by the joint effort of several members. We hope that our next season will show some improvement in membership and under the wise leadership of Mr. Tootell will prove more successful than the last. We wish success also to the Catholic Social Guild in England, and hope it may soon recover its financial position.

L.W.JONES, *Secretary.*

4. *Societas Mezzofantiana.*

D. Gulielmo Park a sede consulari gubernante, D. Henrico Carter opus amanuensis conferente, admodum feliciter hanc tertiam peregrinus sessionem. Numerus sociorum utique fuit exiguus, scilicet sedecim, at tamen constantia in coetibus frequentandis omnino collaudanda. Per septem disputationum decursum res varias et valde disputabiles tractavimus.

Adscribenda est praecipue hospitem aliquorum in societatis conventibus optatissima nobis praesentia. Tales fuerunt R. D. Calnan, dioceseos Southwarcensis, huius Venerabilis Collegii olim alumnus; Revmus. etiam D. Myers, Collegii S. Edmundi apud Ware praeses; necnon Illmus. et Revmus. Dnus Episcopus Southwarcensis; omnes qui coram consociis orationes habuerunt. Etiam in ultimo societatis conventu ipse huius Collegii Revmus. D. Vice-Rector sese scopo et opere societatis maxime praebuit contentum. Attamen et mentione dignissima nobis occasio fuit ipsius Illmi. et Revmi. Dni tunc temporis Rectoris ad societatem visitatio. Post orationem de re disputanda apposite habitam, de ipsa nostra societate loquens illustrissimus naturam eius, etiamsi se absente confectae, sibi maxime dixit placere, et tale opus pro conformatione cleri utilissimum esse futurum. Quas voces nos grato animo tanquam omen pro futuro optimum accepimus.

Demum, coetu ad res agendas in fine sessionis convocato, electi sunt pro sessione proxima praeses D. Collin Morson, a scriptis D. Bernardus Cunningham. In eodem conventu consociis tribus a Collegio in

Angliam exeuntibus valediximus, nempe D. Joanni Garvin, D. Gulielmo Park, D. Basilio Wrighton, omnes qui ad bonum societatis statum conservandum ab ipso eius initio vires laude dignissimas contulerunt.

Remanet optandum hanc societatem Mezzofantianam, sub novo Collegii adventuro regimine, abundantia consociorum, eloquentia oratorum, acritate disputationum esse gavisuram.

BERNARDUS CUNNINGHAM, *a Secretis.*

5. *The Wiseman Society.*

Though members of any new society are naturally enthusiastic supporters of it, they are nevertheless somewhat anxious as to its final success. It is true that the meetings held in the first year of this society's existence gave no cause for such fears; but it was felt that another year was needed to provide the real test. The past year has left us in an optimistic mood. The number of members remained the same and several of the papers attracted others from the house, who, it is scarcely necessary to add, were always heartily welcome.

Eight papers were read, the first at Palazzola and the remaining seven in Rome. Three other members through giving papers to the Literary Society were excused their obligation of writing for the Wiseman; this being in accordance with the new rule referred to in the last report of the Society. The following list will give some idea of the papers read and discussed during the past year.

Mr. Pritchard—*Hamlet*. A consideration of the various theories propounded by past and present critics in explanation of Hamlet's reluctance to act decisively; all of which theories the writer finds unsatisfactory and advances an original view to form a subject of discussion.

Mr. Butterfield—“*There is a great difference between the wisdom of an illuminated devout man and the knowledge of the scholar.*” (Imitation III, 31.) The Catholic in possessing absolute certainty in Faith and Morals, and consequently a sane outlook on life and its problems is a privileged person; and, *ceteris paribus*, is necessarily a better thinker than the non-Catholic. A greater devotion to Catholic writers is urged, a devotion often sadly wanting.

Mr. Duggan—*Our Sympathy with Greece and Rome*. Has criticism instead of taking us back to the real Greece and Rome, built up rather an insuperable barrier between us and the past? Or is it perhaps that we have changed in externals only, and that substantially human thought and feeling remain unchanged?

Mr. Hawkins—*The Tendency to Concreteness in Contemporary Philosophy*. A brief study of the tendency towards concrete experience and life and value, which is so marked a feature of contemporary philosophy. After enumerating the causes of this movement and considering some of its manifestations the paper concluded with a tentative forecast of the immediate future of philosophy.

Mr. Wrighton—*Homo Papyraceus*. Under the influence of modern literary culture, "Homo Sapiens" has become "Homo Papyraceus". Optical symbols have largely superseded spoken sounds as a vehicle of thought. This has induced a "paper habit" with all its attendant evils, the price we have had to pay for a more intense cultivation of the mind.

Mr. Wake—*Chamber Music and the Amateur*. After laying stress on the many pleasures to be derived from music, apart from that basic pleasure which all experience, the paper claimed that the man who actually played some instrument was in a position to appreciate more fully than the non-player all those manifold emotions. And for amateurs the most fitting setting is the string quartette.

Mr. Kelly—*Some Modern Sculpture*. The principle of idealistic simplicity characterises the greatest sculpture of the world, and a return to this principle seems to be perceptible among the moderns. Unfortunately this simplicity has been abused, and as a result we are given works often repulsively grotesque. This fashionable sculpture is to be distinguished from that rational sculpture whose simplicity rests upon tradition.

Mr. Shutt—*The Nature of Song*. This paper set forth the writer's strong preference for purely instrumental music. The main reason given was that the voice as an instrument for producing sound is inferior to other instruments in purity and delicacy of tone, in gamut and power.

W. LENNON, *Secretary*.

OUR BOOK SHELF

A **Topographical Dictionary of Ancient Rome**, by SAMUEL BALL PLATNER; completed and revised by THOMAS ASHBY. Oxford University Press: Humphrey Milford, London. xxiii-608. 35/- net.

OUR acquaintance with the topography of Ancient Rome begins very early in life. The Forum came first, for most of us, with a brightly-coloured St. Gregory and very golden-haired Angles. The geese familiarized us with the high and rocky Arx of the Capitol. Splendid Horatius fought on the Pons Sublicius, and that book *The Martyrs of the Coliseum* made such exciting spiritual reading that it was spirited away by the Powers that Were.

Shelley in *Adonais* shows us the

Gray walls... on which dull Time
Feeds like slow fire upon a hoary brand

and by St. Paul's Gate that "one keen pyramid with wedge sublime". Horace brought the Imperial City, Campus and Forum, temples, Circus and the Seven Hills, Esquiline most vivid of all, where wild-eyed Canidia tore the earth with her talons and screamed into the night. Juvenal opened up the teeming Suburra and so the picture grew. Thus one began to "know one's Rome". Who shall dare to write of all that phrase implies? Anyhow, whether a man be making his first acquaintance with Rome or trying from afar to recapture the glamour of the Rome he knew, this Dictionary is a book that should be placed near his hand, for it will continually help him to know his Rome better. It will satisfy the student; it will charm the scholar: it will not repel the casual reader. It will redouble every Roman's delight in Rome. When every street and corner in Rome becomes the scene of this or that particular event, recalled in this or that well-remembered passage, Roman literature and still more Roman history become startlingly proximate and personal things. The mere outline of description is now filled in

with vivifying colours. To read the Dictionary's "Apollo Palatinus, Aedes" and then re-read the *Carmen Seculare* is to invest the poem not only with new life and colour but also with all those personal memories that place-names bring back for the Roman.

"This temple was the most magnificent of Augustus' buildings, constructed of solid blocks of white Luna marble... on the roof was a chariot of the Sun... and the doors were decorated with reliefs in ivory... before the temple stood a marble statue of the god and an altar surrounded by four oxen by Myron..." From the steps of the temple where the *Carmen* was sung, according to Dr. Ashby's orientation:

"The temple of Diana was visible on the Aventine opposite with those of Fides on the Capitol and of Honor and Virtus near the Porta Capena... also within view."

Under the heading "Domus Aurea" a picture of the Rome that St. Peter and Paul conquered appears, dominated by the Golden House of Nero as it stood like a city above the lake that was to become the site of the Coliseum. The treasures of the world had been ransacked to furnish the tapestries and plaques of gold, the coloured marbles and precious stones that Suetonius and Pliny speak of as adorning the rooms. The Dictionary quotes *verbatim* Suetonius' description of this mad voluptuary's palace and we can realise from such detail the atmosphere against which the early Christians of Rome fought and the magnitude of the Apostles' victory over such a city; and at once the high arches below the *Thermae* of Titus acquire a new significance.

Few cities in the world repay detailed study so generously as Rome. Topography is an important and delightful part of that detail and since at last we have in English an accurate and up-to-date topographical dictionary the study of it has been made considerably easier. The Dictionary gives a clear and concise summing of the available information under each heading, and indicates the best sources from which fuller information can be obtained. It has a clear though somewhat small map of the ancient city. It is a pity that some of the photographs reproduced were not taken more recently or taken from better positions. The "Augustus Divus, Templum" illustration, for example, taken at least thirty years ago, shows little save a group of uninteresting houses that formerly masked the building. However the usefulness of the chronological index of dateable monuments, prepared by Dr. Gilbert Bag-nari, more than compensates for this minor defect.

In looking at this book one realises that since Flavio Biondo published the first modern scientific work on the topography of Ancient Rome a magnificent picture of the ancient city has been gradually paint-

ed. An early death put an end to Raphael's eager planning with Leo X, Castiglione and Fulvio, but his ambitious design for a grand topographical work on the ancient city, which so delighted and amazed the intelligentsia of his day, has been carried on by archaeologists, architects and artists for four hundred years. Marliani, Sangallo, Palladio, Du Perac and a score of others each added to the picture that the classics and the *Liber Pontificalis* left to us. The new era of scientific topographical study that began in the nineteenth century cleared away the errors of Nardini's *Roma Antica* and the ground was free for the magnificent work that has been done in our own day—notably by Huelssen, Lanciani and the authors of this work.

This Dictionary gathers together the fruit of these hundreds of years of labour. It is, as topography is, a true "Speculum Romanae Magnificentiae", a mirror that shows Roma Quadrata becoming Roma Imperialis and the city of the classics becoming the city of the *Liber Pontificalis*. It is a book for everyone who would enjoy to the full that continual keen delight that "knowing one's Rome" implies.

WILFRID KELLY.

The Italian Painters of the Renaissance, by BERNHARD BERESON. Oxford University Press: Humphrey Milford, London 1930. pp. viii-340. 12/6 net.

In this volume Mr. Bereson has brought together and revised five essays previously published separately between the years 1894 and 1907. Needless to say, coming from the pen of perhaps the greatest living authority on the subject, it is a volume that no serious student of Renaissance art can afford to ignore. Not that Mr. Bereson writes primarily for the student. "Of the small number for whom art, as art, has any meaning, few are students. The rest are fanciers or pedants..." And it is amongst these that the author places himself. Strangely enough it is in the earlier essays that the pedant is the most inclined to get the upper hand, and the student at least will find him rather tiresome.

The main theory of the figure arts underlying the whole volume, eminently sane, consistent and satisfying as it is, is summarised in the final essay (p. 329): "All the arts are compounded of ideated sensations, no matter through what medium conveyed, provided they are communicated in such wise as to produce a direct effect of life-enhancement... In figure painting... the principal if not sole sources of life-enhancement are TACTILE VALUES, MOVEMENT and SPACE-COMPOSITION, by which I mean ideated sensations of contact, of texture, of weight,

of support, of energy, and of union with one's surroundings." This once granted and thoroughly understood (and Mr. Bereson takes great pains that we shall at least understand it) we can only quarrel with the author on very minor points. We must disagree for instance with the suggestion that the quality in art which makes us realise space is Decorative rather than Illustrative (p. 149), nor will it be readily believed that the contemporaries of Giotto found his paintings more than lifelike, however strong their appeal to the tactile imagination may have been. An intelligent Florentine can hardly have been so ignorant of anatomy, have "seen so naïvely", as that.

Colour, less vital to the figure arts, is treated, rather skimpily, in the essay on the Venetian painters. Written thirty-six years ago, "before I had reached even my present groping conceptions of the meaning and value of things", this essay bears the stamp of immaturity—excessive enthusiasm, blindness to faults, rash generalisations and rather tiresome philosophising, and it is a pity the author did not see fit to revise it thoroughly. Youth, now as ever, finds an irresistible attraction in the art of Venice, and nowhere is the guidance of the mature and sober critic more necessary or more generally wanting.

Mr. Bereson does not like the Catholic Church. This we can pass over, but we are surprised that he should go out of his way to make unpleasant remarks about her, and we were more astonished than pained to read that "the Jesuits always traded on human weakness, and ended by marrying sensuality to Faith." This must be at least twenty-three years old, but it was new to us.

The volume is a handsome one—the binding is charming and the illustrations, sixteen in number, are well reproduced. If we must have one last quarrel with Mr. Bereson, it is that he has not given us at least one of the many pictures which he criticises adversely at considerable length. In this way many a golden opportunity of driving home the lesson has been lost.

H. CARTER.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE EDWARD BARRETT, D.D. (1889-1892).

“He was to us the very embodiment of the Catholic Church; to him we all came quite naturally in our sorrows, troubles and joys”—a tribute simple indeed yet eloquent of the esteem and affection bestowed on the late Rev. George Barrett, parish priest of Richmond, and Venerabilino.

Born in 1869, George Barrett received his early education at St. Mary's, Blackheath; he then studied for the priesthood at St. Wilfrid's College, Cotton, and came finally to the Venerabile, to finish his theological course in the Eternal City. His contemporaries here remember him as a student energetic and determined and of a most amiable disposition. After three years in Rome he returned to England, *laureatus*, and was ordained priest at St. John's Seminary, Womersh in 1893. The Seminary, now an established and flourishing centre of Catholic learning, had only just been founded and needed a vigorous hand to guide it through its early vicissitudes. Under the rectorship of Fr. Bourne, Dr. Barrett took charge of the junior students, and with such outstanding success that in 1897 he became second rector of the College. Ill-health compelled him to resign this position after two years: Providence was indeed calling him to another field of labour where a plentiful harvest was awaiting him. After a year in charge of the little mission of Seaford, he was appointed parish priest of Richmond. Of his work there little need be said: the faith and piety of his parishioners and the excellent organisation of the parish itself are sufficient testimony to his priestly zeal and charity. And there for nearly thirty years he remained a shining example to all around him, a guide and inspiration to all within the fold: a ready friend and counsellor to all without.

Dr. Barrett died on August 1st. Cardinal Bourne, Bishop Butt and many Southwark and Westminster clergy assisted at the Requiem in his church at Richmond. He was buried at St. John's Seminary, Won-

erish, with whose early fortunes he had been so closely associated and where his memory will ever be held in grateful veneration.

Dr. Barrett was a true Roman; he was to his flock "the very embodiment of the Catholic Church". Such words inevitably recall to us that stirring speech of the Holy Father, when in praising the constancy of our English Martyrs, he extolled that love of the Holy See, that *Romanità* which is of the very essence of Catholicism.

Thus while we pray for the repose of the soul of Dr. Barrett, we pray also for more such men—to uphold our high traditions and to bring about the conversion of our country. *Requiescat in pace.*

BERNARD GRADY.

BENEFACTORIBUS HUIUS COLLEGII.

In the editorial we have touched upon the outstanding needs of the College. There are, of course, other needs that might be more easily satisfied. It would mean a great saving of both time and money if the College possessed a motor-car. And the growing number of musicians renders a new piano very desirable. So if anyone knows where there is an unwanted motor-car or a homeless piano—!