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EDITORIAL

By the death of Bishop Burton the VENERABILE has lost one of its earliest and most loyal friends. *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus?* From the first his heart was in the magazine; his eloquent scholarship, his wisdom and wit were at our service; and he who could so mordantly criticize, was ever gentle and helpful in his criticism of us. The VENERABILE's scope is peculiar to itself: its range is not that of other magazines and can be encroached upon by no other. Bishop Burton was so essentially Roman that his interests almost exactly coincided with that range, that scope. He was a constant contributor. In the circular that was sent out to elicit promises before the founding of the magazine he crossed out the words "articles and notes" and promised only "suggestions"; but before the first volume was complete he had contributed more than his due share of articles—historical reconstructions, archaeological puzzles, gita-stories and memories of student-days, verses that flowed with graceful ease in English or Latin. All this was done amid the stress of diocesan work. But his labours as Bishop of Clifton do not here concern us, nor his distinctions as Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, Domestic Prelate and Roman

Count. He put off these things when he came amongst us and was just a Venerabilino—to use the dear diminutive he himself coined for us. To Venerabile men of recent years, the thought of him is inseparable from the thought of Palazzola whither the summer sunshine drew him every other year after we went three. Once when he could not come he wrote: " I fear I shall soon begin to sigh for Palazzola, and the tank, and my seat under the cypresses at the western corner of the garden. " There, on that gusty promontory of the garden, or during the long, unhurried ceremony of the morning or evening bathe, he revelled in anecdote and put us through our paces in the ancient classics, in the writings of the Fathers, in the history of medieval and Renaissance Rome, in the geography and antiquities of the storied country that lay below, between us and the golden gleam of the Mediterranean. He would be up in the morning, sweeping the horizon with his binoculars, waiting for the rising sun to gild the statues on St. John Lateran where he had been ordained. " It should be the ambition and dream of each of our men, " he wrote, " to receive the priesthood, at least, in the Lateran and from the Pope's own Vicar! " No Palazzola *festa* was complete without a speech from him; and a concert would rouse him to sing one of his own songs, under whose spell the years slipped from him and we were all swept back to the days of the Giants. The place always seemed strange after he had left for England. *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit . . . Lux perpetua luceat ei!*

BISHOP BURTON

DANESI – ROMA

BISHOP BURTON

An Appreciation

On Tuesday last, February 10th, I was told that Bishop Burton was dead. For a few moments I hardly grasped what the news meant, and then I thought "Well, heaven is the happier for a merry soul and we are the sadder"; and the words of Francis Thompson came to my mind—and I think with all reverence will be appreciated by all that knew the Bishop's deep piety—the words he used of Blessed Thomas More: "Dear jester in the Courts of God". There was justification for using these words that had been used by the merry-hearted Martyr, for there was a likeness between the two. There were the same wit and merriment, the same deep piety and seriousness of life's work and the same intense love of the old classical Greek and Latin literature. It may seem venturesome and almost impertinent to single out that great-hearted love of God in a Bishop by one who is so far beneath him, but it was the characteristic that struck me most about him when as a boy just turned eighteen I made my first entry into the College in October 1888. The students were in retreat and as I came up the staircase I saw a serious but really distinguished face looking at me. It was a face not unlike one of the early portraits of Newman. I soon learned that it was George Crompton Burton and he had been a Schoolmaster at Ratcliffe College, and was twice my age. It was my great privilege to be placed next to him both in Chapel, the old Chapel, and to have the next room to him in the "Conspirators' Gallery". I was intensely struck by his utter motionlessness during the whole of the half-hour's meditation and the

Mass which followed. He never leaned against the bench, but knelt upright, just touching the bench with the tips of his fingers, and that for a whole hour: the only motion was when he turned over a page of the old black-letter copy of Ludolph of Saxony on the Passion. He found the "status pupillaris" with all its small vexations exceedingly irksome as he was a man of settled habits before he came to the College; but he cheerfully, as Sir Thomas More did, took them all with resignation. He wanted to do a short course when he came out in 1884, but the Rector told him he ought to do the full course, and he at once accepted it. He felt that he would be handicapped in beginning his priestly work at 38 years of age, but that was to him something to be sacrificed, so without a murmur he began his course of Logic and Elementary Mathematics at the Gregoriana with boys of 18 and less. What particularly irked him was "camerata" and having to go according to the votes of the majority to Pincio when his heart was aching to go to some "Station Church" or to study the many buildings Rome has to show, and which he with his wide classical knowledge appreciated more than the others. Yet I never heard of his doing what many of the less responsible youths did, breaking camerata. He never got over his aversion to what he called "gang". This was not to be wondered at in him as he had been in authority himself and consequently the little vagaries of superiors galled him, but he told me once when I was grumbling to him, "You must back up superiors because they are superiors and that's that." It was a hard saying. I well remember the late Bishop of Shrewsbury receiving a letter from him in March or April 1902, protesting with all the earnestness that he could against being made Bishop of Clifton. He said it "would be a grave scandal to the Church in this country".

I wonder will those who heard his singing of the *Exultet* on Holy Saturday, 1890 ever forget it. Whenever I hear it sung, I always measure it by the triumphant fervour of that singing and the measure always comes short. Or again his singing the *Pater Noster* in his first Mass on June 1st, 1890. It was evidently the reward of his long sacrifice.

His influence in the House was naturally very great—he was

not conscious of it, but the seriousness of his outlook did change things in many ways. One instance: there had grown up a custom before he went out of students wasting the last quarter of an hour of the evening study in calling on each other and idling away the time before Rosary. Burton in a sharp and clear manner gave notice that no one was to come to discuss anything but work with him, and the custom died out at once.

His knowledge of the classics was so great and so intimate that it was no uncommon practice to quote to him a line of Horace or Virgil and he would continue the quotation for many lines and if it was Horace he would finish the ode. Virgil, I think, was his great love and long quotations from the Aeneid would come from his lips as some allusion was made which took the train of thought to his favourite author. I have on my desk his *Planctus Magdalenes* published in 1880, and that, of course, is redolent of Virgil. The refrain of Magdalen which occurs eight times: "Jesu, finis adest, fac coenem in lumine tecum" I hope was his last prayer.

It was not so much in Latinity or in Greek that he influenced the House—it was too high for us weaklings—but in his knowledge of Church History, especially the medieval and Renaissance periods. Every building in Rome of any importance had its coat-of-arms of Pope or Cardinal and he used to fire us juniors with his own enthusiasm to find out whose they were, and then to consult Ciacconius' *Vitae Pontificum* to find out the dates and what deeds the Pope or Cardinal had done for the Church. It became an infectious mania to find out an earlier one than we had hitherto known. The churches, of course, with the tombs of the Cardinals he made use of in the same way to teach us some smatterings of Church History and a walk with Burton invariably meant some new interest. Our great joy was to have Burton leading the walks during the days of Carnivaltide. Then we would take a Roman road each day, one day Via Flaminia, another the Tiburtina, another the Appia and so on. Every part of the journey was made interesting to us by his unusual knowledge of how the old buildings and tombs had been used as Castles by medieval Barons and Bandits. One day near the Tor di Quinto we invaded the Tomb of the Naso's. Burton brought

away a "tibia" which he said was surely Ovid's. That bone came to an untimely end in the staircase well.

He knew all the villages on the Sabines that could be seen from Rocca Priora, and on Easter Tuesday morning he would lead a party up there and then in his jesting way he would put us through a series of questions of the names of the villages and what stirring deeds had been done there. Palestrina, Castel S. Pietro with its Pelasgic walls and the arms of the Colonna, Tivoli, Palombara in the North to Paliano in the South, and Zagarolo in the plain, where the Vulgate was re-edited. Or again after rain at M. Porzio he would lead a "grubbing" party to hunt for marbles, pottery and coins and *roba antica* of any kind in the ruined villas of Tusculum. Perhaps he was not conscious of it himself, nor were we, but it was a lasting influence on some of us, and when he left for the Mission in July 1890 he left a gap in the House that was never again filled. He was a born teacher and some of us occasionally wonder what would have been the course of the history of the House if he had succeeded to the Headship of the Beda under Monsignor Giles to which post he had been appointed when Cardinal Vaughan told him he must not go to Rome as he wanted him for Clifton whose Bishop had just died. He would, of course, have succeeded to the Rectorship of the Venerabile.

His knowledge of Italian was very extensive and he spoke it with the ease and accent of a native. One can see and hear him now, not hurrying as most of us did, but calmly continuing his sentences, choosing just the right word and perhaps emphasising a phrase with a punch of snuff. This proficiency came from his years of study at the Rosminian House at Domodossola. His power of vituperation in Italian I had no idea of until one day at Porzio when some of us "grubbers" had been kept back an hour so that others might have a siesta (and this was on our first Porzio day in 1889); Burton chafed the whole hour, and was in a very bad temper when the *orfanello* of the mature age of 70 began whining to Burton because he was "senza padre e senza madre". Burton turned round on him and delivered himself of such a torrent of abuse that would have done credit

to a Campagna muleteer. The *orfanello* wilted under it, and Burton's anger vanished.

He never took kindly to the Scholastic method. Billot's metaphysics were a trial to him and the followers of Billot he dubbed "Boeotians". He had a devastating power of ridicule in giving names which stuck. Four or five of us "juniors" who were interested in natural history became affiliated to the Selborne Society of which James Britten was then a leading light. Burton dubbed us the " Stillborn Society " and we never recovered. He felt very keenly the condemnation of the theses of Rosmini and as Father Liberatore S.J. was commonly reputed to be the prime mover in this condemnation he became less in sympathy with metaphysics which he coupled with Liberatore. One of his lines in one of the Lays of Modern Rome runs:

> The second year came, to my books I stuck,
> And I read the Liberator with amazing pluck.
> I talked in terms of which the sense was hid—
> *Componendum, dividendum* and *secundum quid:*
> *Secundum quid* was a safe remark
> And I earned the reputation of a deep-read clerk . . .

The scholastic method of arguing was very distasteful to him and I was assured at the time that his Licentiate in Theology was gained not by the keenness of his distinctions, but by the Ciceronian periods that he and old Father Valle S.J., a very accomplished Latinist, poured out to each other. Saint Augustine was his favourite author and he would quote him for his points rather than use the quillets and quodlibets and distinctions of Scholastic philosophy. He greatly loved Saint Ambrose's words, " non in dialectica complacuit Deus salvum facere populum suum ". Yet with all his predilection for discursive treatment in theology, he acquired some skill in quietening an aggressive opponent, as a German College objector found out when he was arguing "in circles" against the Immaculate Conception which Burton was defending. The objection was that there was no mention of this dogma in the works of the Fathers of the first seven centuries. Burton repeated the argument with great

distaste and simply distinguished thus: "in omnibus operibus Patrum quae supersunt, *Concedo:* quae perierunt, *Nego*"; and then there was silence for a space.

Another Schools incident which shows that he felt his age should be respected. The Beadle— "the Bumptious Beadle"— had told Tom Fenn to tell Burton to defend a thesis in circles. This was, of course, out of order as the notice had to be given in writing. On the day of the Defension, no one went up to defend, so the B.B. called out for "Burton e Collegio Anglorum". Burton answered, "*Dominus* Burton, adsum." He then went to the chair and said nothing. The thesis was "Utrum mundus creatus fuit ab initio". The B.B. got uneasy at Burton's determined silence and then said to him "forsitan mundus creatus fuit ab initio." Burton just said in a bored voice "forsitan" and no more, and the circle broke up.

His power of attraction of friends one cannot wonder at. He was always true and loyal to them; but perhaps most of all they suffered from his lampoonings and the many traps he laid for their unwary feet. In his merriment in student days there was never bitterness, but there was what I feel is best described as impishness. There was an old priest—a *scagnozzo*—who haunted the Corso end of the Condotti. He was the dirtiest and most disreputable cleric in Rome. His hat was of the days of Gregory XVI, his *fariola* (that's how we wrote it) was greenish grey and torn, his cassock dated from the days of the Temporal Power, and he always managed to have a few days growth of beard. He was a poor, sad, wan thing, dreadfully thin and Burton called him for an unknown reason "Uncle Martin". The Venerabile students have never been noted for their eagerness to salute clerics of any order below Bishops, but the whole camerata at Burton's suggestion always capped Uncle Martin. Burton's reason was: "Well, poor old fellow, nobody else caps him."

And now God has called that pious, merry and loving and lovable soul to Himself and we are poorer for his loss. His work was done and well done. To write of his life and work as a Bishop will be the task of some who knew that work more intimately than I. These are but a few random memories of

that staunch friend. His memory will live long in the Venerabile which he loved, and in the long list of Venerabile sons, few have ever been truer to her. Surely these his own words must have come back to his mind when he felt he was going to God.

Jesu, finis adest, fac coenem in lumine tecum.
Vocales pinus, et vos montana cavernis
Saxa, meae sedes, et quos dant ardua flores,
Auctorem nostri jam non laudabimus una;
En redeo in patriam, redes! O cava montis et o fons
Unde bibo, carumque solum, mea culcita, vobis
Oscula peccatrix labiis morientibus addit.
Jesu, finis adest, fac coenem in lumine tecum.

AMBROSE MORIARTY.

AN EASTER GITA IN THE ABRUZZI

IT SEEMS bathos that the most virile and adventurous of gitas should be indissolubly connected with tea. But who in his right senses would go to the Abruzzi for wine and not rather take the golden road to Fiascone? And so it was that on the Monday of Easter week we sat by the road to Subiaco listening to the primus-stove blowing like a grampus and reflecting silently over the scenes of the day and the grandeurs to come. We had started quietly, stumbling upon Olevano as we rounded the corner of a rocky mule-path at noon. Piled high on a rock and cut off from us by a deep gully it had seemed unapproachable and the olives on the further incline with their stumpy arms had seemed in that garish and unnatural light like a grotesque army sent to keep us at bay. We toiled up the steps of the narrow streets and under the archways, but not even the mules tethered in the doorways nor the hens scratching there acknowledged our advent. The fountain was deserted save where a woman sat on the edge asleep, and behind her the strings of her apron trailing in the water undulated with its monotonous splash. All had succumbed to the drowsiness of the hour and soon we too under the influence of wine and *past'asciutta* were well nigh the same.

We set out again and dusty, tired but pleasantly elated we sighted at last the gates of Subiaco and for the first time I experienced that fine thrill of achievement—the Greek sense of giving form to the formless—as we marched within the limits— τὸ πέρας, of the town and left the boundless plains—τὸ ἄπειρον, behind. We engaged rooms at the Belvedere, a pleasant, modern and quite expensive little place and though it was dusk we decided to act on our host's advice and spend a few minutes visiting the monasteries. *Pochi minuti!* The language of Dante was never meant

as a vehicle of truth to worn-out "hikers"! We toiled for twenty minutes up a steep road, attained S. Scholastica, were quickly shown round, given a rapid history of the Saint, the monastery and the Order and sent packing to the "Sacro Speco" considerably higher up. Here we were reviled by a lay-brother for coming at such an hour, with a facility of phrase that drew forth my unbounded admiration: but my companion, recently created a cleric, had his shorn crown to remember and I greatly feared he would use one of his *privilegia* or *hoc non's* about which the uninitiated hear so much. However our lay-brother retired and returned with an effusive father. A most effusive father! He took us through the upper and the lower churches down into the grotto and showed us each and every fresco by the light of a candle and even held a taper for us in the garden so that we might see the rose-trees of St. Francis. And never a detail of a story did he omit! It seemed dead of night when we finally staggered away and as our steps crunched down the avenue of breathless pines and the Anio shouted from its rocky bed below, I looked up at our hill, M. Autore, and saw Rigel blazing with its flashy green above the snow and the splendour of Orion poised above and I boasted, "Fine sir, tonight you hunt alone upon the peaks; tomorrow I will be there, and by the scales of Pisces swinging near, I'll pluck the sword from your scabbard."

At four in the morning I projected a tentative toe from the bed. It registered zero. At half-past four we arose and prepared our packs for a long strenuous day. It was then that I made the dismal discovery that the paraffin had escaped from the stove and, as liquids do, sought its own level which chanced to be my clean shirt, but luckily was already on the high road to evaporation. My companion was not so fortunate: the condensed milk had also followed this peculiar passion of liquids and found its own level—a less ambitious one—in his socks and had evidently no intention of evaporating. Well, it takes bigger things to upset a mountaineer of mettle, and by the time the sun had climbed over the horizon we had scaled the rock and were already on the Campo dell'Ossa, the beginning of our ascent.

Soon I sighted a muleteer. I said: "We will ask him the way for he will give us words of encouragement and put us wise

to the secrets of this mountain." My companion put the question, for he spoke Italian with an accent, a lilt, like the effusion of wine from a wide-mouthed flask, which is how the Italians do. He said: *Buon giorno, signore! Eccoci, due stranieri quasi sbalorditi dalla bellezza del loro seducente paese. Oh, tanto desideriamo sorpassare quella cima di là e trovarci stasera nei pressi di Avezzano degli Abruzzi! Allora potrebbe mostrarci come si va al più sicuro, cosicchè possiamo giungere stasera ad Avezzano e bervi un bicchier di buon vino alla sua salute?*

The answer was voluble but in terms of one who speaks to children or madmen, as though we had said: "Good sir, which is the way to the yellow moon?" He told us that there was snow on the mountain and that no one could pass over it. And when we told him that we had snow-shoes, pointing proudly to our *racchetti,* he grew angry and repeated that there was snow, much snow, and no one could go over. I looked at him and marvelled that a frame so hairy could hide a heart so timid. They are all the same, these men of the Abruzzi and Simbruini. Company enough for a king in the village or on the wooded slopes, but despondency itself in the face of the peaks; there is laughter in their eyes and kindliness in their hearts for the stranger who seeks their hospitality, but only helpless pity for those who attempt the heights. The roads are made for man and the roads are easy. But the roads are dreary! And so we went on rising higher and higher, stopping by the way to light the inevitable Macedonia and blow the smoke over the hills huddled below. The wind grew cold and constant, and long strips of snow lay across the path, which soon became buried altogether, and finally as we rounded the topmost zig-zag nothing but dazzling snow stretched ahead, with here and there a blighted tree. I had heard that the Simbruini were wild, but this was terrifyingly desolate. If there had been no trees at all instead of those stricken corpses, or if the contours of the summits had been rounded and gentle instead of deformed and threatening, it would have been better. But this! We now put on our snow-shoes and shuffled forth to find our way over the range to Avezzano. We made our sticky progress here and there, utterly lost and unable to conjecture which peak should be Autore. Noon

LA CAPRA MORTA, ABRUZZI

DANESI-ROMA

was creeping on and with it hunger, not to mention thirst. Two moving specks appeared upon a distant slope and I chased ahead to meet them. They were two young men carrying knotty *bastoni* and I asked them the way to Avezzano. They ignored the ridiculous question and asked in return if we were carrying revolvers. "Certainly not," I said. "What, not armed! Then heaven protect you, for beyond that ridge are the wolves — *i lupi che mangiano bambini e uomini* — we have seen them with our own eyes." "But we are English," I smiled, "and do not fear the wolves." They said, English or Italian, the wolves were carnivorous and that they would not be responsible if we went beyond that ridge. And with that they hied away. I looked at the ridge with new interest. It was cold, very cold. I felt thirstier than ever. It would be a pity to die thirsty. I looked at my companion; he was thinking. Then we looked at each other and burst out into a yell of laughter, but in the same instant as the mocking sound sped across the listening snow, we leapt at each other and said, "Be quiet, you fool—the wolves!" Vanquished? Well, yes, but then we were very hungry. A stone shelter stood near but it was foul and impossibly wet inside, so we spread our macs against the wall and began our meal. There was no paraffin in the stove and I tried to make a fire from frozen branches soaked in methylated spirits, but they would not begin to burn. The wind was strong and freezing, the sun hot and scorching; my legs were frost-bitten, my face sunburnt, the bread was stale and the oranges boiled. And was this the stern reality of those common-room stories? Many a night had I listened to those tales, epic tales of Venerabilini past and gone, of how they had ventured deeds of derring-do in the Abruzzi, sleeping out in little *capanne* in bear-infested woods, boiling eggs on the peak of the Capra Morta in defiance of the physicists' laws and subsisting for countless hours on a crust of *pizza d'olio* and snow. I had heard of all these from the lips of a pipe-smoker, been half-drowsed by the lethe of strong tobacco and pleasantly anticipant of a warm bed waiting. But now I knew the truth and the blood in my heart kindled and warmed to that great man who went to climb the Abruzzi but eventually "did" them by road in a motor-car. At last we held a "public meeting". Should

we go over the ridge, chance the wolves, finding our way and procuring food during the thirty kilometer trek to Avezzano—or back to Subiaco? The feeling of the house was obvious from the beginning, and we returned to Subiaco. At eleven that night our train steamed into Avezzano, having wandered first in true Abruzzi fashion over half the world. Thus ended my first experience of the mountains—a defeat.

Avezzano is a town utterly monstrous, artistically dead. The epicentre of the earthquake of 1915, it collapsed like a pack of cards, and from the ruins of the proud Marsi and Orsini was confected the present thing. Even the guide book abstains from praise: *oggi Avezzano è una città completam. nuova, di architettura piuttosto uniforme e scarsam. interessante e con aspetto del tutto diverso dall'antica.* A death warrant indeed! But we wanted provisions and a cheap night's lodging, hence we stayed here. At supper I asked for eggs and two were immediately brought — stone cold. "But I want them boiled," I said. "Boiled, *signorina* — surely you, a cook, know what boiled means — *si mette in acqua bollente* . . ." They were returned in a minute having been carefully dipped in boiling water. In despair I drank them: I had not heard of *uova da bere* then. *Salame* and bread should form the Abruzzite's staple meal while *en route,* nor must he flinch at a dash of garlic. And it has this particular advantage, that he will not eat it unless hungry and thus victuals are reserved for a stormy time; and that if he does eat it he will certainly not eat more than necessary and thus time is saved and energy is left unimpaired. Let him know too that it is a *grave* to cast a crust, however stale, to the wolves, but rather let his rucksack be lined with these unsavoury remnants, for in the Abruzzi life may often hang by a crumb. The wine is the famous black wine. Not comparable indeed with the nectar of Capri and Tuscany, but what a robust, ruddy, slap-on-the--back-of-the-throat drink, made to swill away a strong man's food. And no one should go to the Abruzzi without taking *scamosso.* I saw it first in Sulmona — yellow, flaccid balls in a greasy stew. I asked the man who was eating them with audible relish what so strange a dish could be and without ceremony he carved off a good-sized piece and presented it on his fork

at my mouth. I bit it, savoured it, swallowed it and ordered a platefull. It tasted like Welsh-rarebit—a dish for Lucullus himself . . .

. . . The headlights of day palpably dimmed and left the road a bumpy black. Now the Gola del Sagittario is not the most cheerful of places even by day; it is ghostly by night. For our third day had been on this road from Cocullo to Scanno and it had been one of pleasant views and ease. The tone had been set by the succulence of the dinner we cooked on the hillside beyond Anversa and it was noteworthy that not a single yoke was burst as we broke the eggs into the pan, nor had we forgotten the salt; the tea afterwards was particularly fresh and strong and as I smoked my pipe I felt the most care-free man in the world. And I was. The walk from Anversa to Scanno is one of the dearest to all who visit the Abruzzi, being entirely through the rocky gorge of Sagittarius. We entered it at the height of day and standing between the beetling crags that guarded the entrance, looked back over the grand sweep of valleys and soaring peaks. Snow and cloud were welded into a golden line on the distant ridge, "the golden bar of heaven," and when we turned to enter the gorge it looked grand and gloomy enough to be the maw of hell. We sat on all the bridges by the way and made our mirth sound above the jealous stream; sang songs of the coming of new men, and the passing of old in the old, old Venerabile, and talked of the merry lads at Palazzola. And so we idled away the time admiring the endless variety of the rocks that now opened out with pleasant little *alte piane* of green grass and trees, and now hemmed us in; the stream that at one moment would be writhing and twisting in the abyss a hundred feet below, at another on our level; and the fading sky that roofed us. And when night came on we were still marching along, the sights giving place to sounds—the fall of a pebble, the creak of a branch, and the slumberous drone of the sleepless stream below. And to those who say that you should walk the *gola* by day, I answer that we did, and to those who say, " But ah, you should feel it by night," I say," We felt it so for we did it by day and by night ". But now the lights were upon the hill above us and we proceeded merrily to the merriest

little village on earth, and that is Scanno. We inquired for the Albergo Sagittario and a *ragazzo* guided us to it. The good mood which was still upon me impelled me to give him a *lira* instead of the usual two *soldi,* whereupon he forgot to say *grazie* and buried himself in the crowd lest we should discover the mistake. Meanwhile a babel of voices was descending the stairs and we were surrounded by the women of the house laughing, greeting, welcoming, bidding one to light the stove and begging another to fire up the kitchen range, and divesting us of our impedimenta. Such a fuss, it was like a homecoming. And so we passed the night in this convivial atmosphere. In the morning at Mass we were edified by the piety of the *contadini* who crowded to Communion in the cold little church, and the women who prayed aloud together, not in trailing, high-pitched spasms as one hears in the cities, but in the sober harmony of their native tongue. And they were dressed in the costume peculiar to that *paese*—ample folds of dark green, bodice of blue with broad sleeves puckered at the shoulder and lace of white at the neck and wrists; the head-dress a turban of black with coloured ropes of silken hair behind. A dress elegant but austere, rich and dignified. We left this mountain village in the bright sun but not as we had left the other villages thinking that we should never return, for whoever goes to Scanno resolves that should his good fortune lead him to that part of the world again, he will deviate from his path by many miles to revisit so lovely and lively a spot.

The "landlubber" of your gita-party is the one who freshens with joy when told by an earnest *contadino* that he cannot possibly mistake the track. Old hands groan in spirit, mentally take stock of their provisions and prepare for a long day and late night. Cycle-gitas with their long list of punctures in foodless places, the famous jaunt to Pratica, and the man who lost his way on returning from a gita to the Hermitage, all these are pleasant ghosts to haunt a memory compared with the spectre of being lost in the Abruzzi. Yet go to the Abruzzi and you will get lost as surely as if you go to Orvieto you will drink their wine. And one reason is common to all mountainous districts, namely that a peak which in the distance stands out as clearly as a lighthouse, during the ascent is lost behind the waves of innumerable

ridges, and reappears only to present a different contour, so that it becomes impossible to distinguish it from the welter of peaks that surround it. The other reason is peculiar to the Abruzzi—that with a little risk you can go anywhere and so chop and change the route at will. In the Alps this is impossible, for the track you are following is generally the only one possible and at the actual pass sufficiently hazardous to deter you from promiscuous wanderings. Hence it is that in the Abruzzi you are more liable to run into awkward situations through choosing the wrong track as did a party of adventurers on the Bocca Mezzana or by assailing a peak direct as we did on Monte Genzana. Such ventures on the Alps would mean a quiet grave in a *crevasse;* in the Abruzzi one merely enjoys a grilling ordeal.

We were crossing from Scanno to Sulmona when these things happened to us. The crossing was over M. Genzana, bleak and stony and more then seven thousand feet high. We began by taking the wrong track, and followed it up by failing to recognise our peak. We judged it then by the map and points of the compass and discovered that we were walking in exactly the opposite direction. "Let us head straight as the crow flies," I said. But the crow does not have to drop down valleys of a thousand feet of painful rock and slippery declivities and we did; whereupon we abandoned the crow's drastic method and resumed a mule-like tread. For two more hours we sedulously followed the path in its erratic wanderings up and down the hillside and arrived at last at a desolate-looking little village, Frattura, half an hour's walk from Scanno. And we had left Scanno three and a half hours ago. Our next mistake was to ascend to the peak direct, scorning all zigzags and circumgyrations. When we began the ascent the sky was blue; when we finished, duncoloured. My recollection of the climb is a battered one. An impression is left by every mountain as though of personality; the lines of its face, the tone of its roar or silence, and the feel of its friendliness, hatred, or indifference. Of those that I know, the Ortler with its massive head and deep-toned avalanches seemed majestic; the Adamello, intensely beautiful with the silent sheen of blue-green glaciers leaves an impression of the sinister; and this mountain, bald and steep and slippery in a howling sky was cruel and treacherous. I remember being particularly dismayed

at losing sight of my companion behind a ridge. For a moment I almost lost my nerve; the awful desolation of it, clinging to the slippery face of this barren peak, poised above the world and not even daring to sit down lest I should go hurtling to the rocks below. I was leaning against its stony face, utterly exhausted, when my companion reappeared from below, and we promised ourselves the last of the wine when we reached the snow. At last we did reach it and I stumbled into it and sat down thankfully; mere wet was a trifle after those sliding stones. I donned my snowshoes while my companion ploughed ahead without them, and soon I saw him on the skyline. He was shouting. I paused. "What?" I repeated, "another ridge, we're done. All right." And I sat down plumb in the snow and didn't care a straw. When a great calamity comes you fail to realise it but dwell on the little points of petty annoyance, humour and the like, so then I felt that the winds could whistle and the rocks could slide, but there I was staying to freeze to death, and I was just growing sentimental over it when I heard another shout. "What?" "Sulmona? Saved? Right." And bidding farewell to death I fled up the slope like a chamois. There, on the top, I realised how we had nearly been trapped, for coming up slightly to the left of the peak a knoll of stones cut off the view down the valley and opened instead on to a watershed that went off deeper into the range; so that had we not had the good luck to walk along the top we should undoubtedly have been lost and suffered badly. As it was, Sulmona lay in the vast *conca* thousands of feet below us, and its lights were a sure guide for us all the way. Without delay we started, falling rather than walking down the snow which covered the first four thousand feet, and finally arrived at Sulmona, hungry, tired, but elated. That night we quaffed great draughts of wine to the epic grandeur of that day, and though my companion has climbed the rocky Cirelli pass in the Dolomites, higher far than M. Genzana, and I have since with a most intrepid mountaineer crossed the icy Maracaro Pass on the Adamello, which towers above them both, "quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi", still, we both agree that our most arduous and hard-won victory was on the smallest peak, Genzana degli Abruzzi.

Sulmona cannot complain of mean surroundings, encircled by such giants as Genzana, the groups Morrone and Majella. Nor is the town unworthy of it. Its churches are of the Renaissance period at its best and the façade of the palace of the Annunziata is worthy of the best to be seen in Venice. It is all fifteenth and sixteenth century work. Ovid was born here.—"Sulmo mihi patria est, gelidis uberrimus undis." Of greater credit to the little town are Innocent VII whose birthplace it is, and St. Celestine whose hermitage is perched on a rock of the Morrone range high above the town. Below is the Badia Morronese and we decided to make a little gita to it in the afternoon. The walk was pleasant and we arrived at the huge doors—strong enough for a prison, thought I—and rang the bell of the little door which opened into it. A slide opened behind a grating and two eyeballs rolled round at us evidently taking stock of our disreputable appearance, and then the door swung open. We stepped into the hallowed precincts and to our surprise found ourselves confronted not by monks but warders, and extremely suspicious ones too. However we disarmed them with a smile and produced the ever potent passport which was promptly carried off to the governor. After about a quarter of an hour they were returned with permission to go and visit the church in company with a warder. This official treated us with every respect, but never turned his back on us; had he done so it would have been a courtesy to hit him on the head to save his disappointment. In the carved stalls, the gilded organ and the chapel of the Caldora relaxed the tongue of our taciturn guide for a while and then we were ushered out safely and on the return home we made tea for the last time and enjoyed a last sunset on the hills. "Tomorrow to fresh woods..." Rome and its stifling air, its dust and ever dinning klaxons—but after all, Rome.

BERNARD PEARSON.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

O. MARUCCHI

"Sono i miei tre cani di caccia," De Rossi laughingly remarked one day as he sat over the tomb of Jacinthus. He spoke of three young men carrying on the excavations before him. He, the "Prince of Christian archaeologists", was already paralysed and soon to die in the Pope's great villa at Castel Gandolfo. He could no longer take part himself in the work that had made his name famous. His hopes for the continuance of that work in Rome were centred largely on these three before him—Armellini, Stevenson and Marucchi. Armellini and Stevenson did much but died comparatively young. Marucchi carried on the tradition of his master with extraordinary devotion and success.

His whole life was consecrated to the study of the Catacombs, the home of the martyrs and of the early Church. His activity and capacity for work were amazing. Among other things he was co-founder and "Magister" of the Collegium Cultorum Martyrum, editor of the *Nuovo Bollettino* and of the *Rivista di Archeologia Cristiana,* Director of the Lateran Museum, of the Christian and Egyptian sections in the Vatican, member of European and President of Roman learned societies and professor of Christian Archaeology at the University of Rome. With all this he had the rare faculty of carrying his learning lightly. He could fill others with that splendid enthusiasm for the Early Church and its martyrs which animated and directed all his work.

One of his most famous discoveries was the Gallery of the Graffiti at S. Sebastiano. He took such delight in studying the

pilgrims' invocations of SS. Peter and Paul there that Duchesne dubbed it " Marucchi's Gallery ". He excavated the Catacombs of SS. Pietro e Marcellino and of SS. Felice e Adaucto. Continuing De Rossi's work he came upon the original tombs of SS. Nereus and Achilleus in the Catacomb of Domitilla and claimed to have found evidence in the Catacomb of S. Priscilla on the Via Salaria which clearly proved it to be the place where St. Peter first preached in Rome.

For fifty years he lived in and for the Catacombs. Fully aware of the apologetic value of his work he made much of his knowledge easily accessible. One of his last works was that excellent little book *The Evidence of the Catacombs* and a three-volume re-edition of his *Elementi di Archeologia Cristiana.*

Single in aim, full of a very real love of the Church and of Rome he died on January 21st of this year, fully meriting the words of Pius XI, "*...molto benemerito della religione e della scienza*".

ILLUSTRAZIONE VATICANA

The new *Illustrazione Vaticana* occasionally contains splendidly illustrated articles of archaeological and artistic interest. The first number has articles by Marucchi on *La Nascita di Cristo negli antichi monumenti cristiani;* by Lo Storico: *I fasti del pontificato nella Sala Regia.* C. Cecchelli has a rapid sketch of the history of the buildings that have gathered round St. Peter's tomb, and B. Biagetti writes on *Il Natale del Redentore in alcuni piccoli dipinti della Pinacoteca Vaticana.*

EXCAVATION AND RECONSTRUCTION

A scene-painter is a valuable assistant for the Roman archaeological architect. The architect takes any Imperial ruin, large or small, and builds a dream edifice upon it (generally large). The artist paints the dream edifice in rich and glowing colours. They show the picture to powerful friends, speak reverently of

the glory that was Rome and agree that the reconstruction of such an Imperial edifice is highly desirable. All are pleased, save perhaps the people who live on the site and those who do not regard large open spaces as necessarily more beautiful than narrow streets—who may also prefer the old *palazzi* that led up to Ara Coeli to the present petrol pump and hoardings that occupy their site. Still, the scene painter ought to be a happy man. No doubt he will find plenty of scope for his theatrical art in idealistic paintings of the two new grandiose schemes of excavation and reconstruction that the *Governatorato* of Rome is at present considering.

The object of the first scheme is to sweep away the gardens and houses between the Basilica of Constantine in the Forum and the Colosseum. There is a pious hope that further ruins will be discovered while this plan is being carried out. The object of the second scheme is to restore as far as possible the original appearance of the Augusteo, the ancient Mausoleum of Augustus and of thirteen emperors and "great ones". Strabo describes the tomb as it was in his day and as Vergil saw it (*Aeneid* VI, 73), " a huge circular tumulus, crowned with evergreens, surmounted by a bronze statue of Augustus and retained by a lofty base of white stone." It stood near the great Ustrinium, the Imperial funeral pyre, and within a "Paradisum" of parks and gardens. We hear of it next as a Colonna castle, destroyed in 1167. From that time onwards it had an extraordinarily adventurous history. Rienzi's horribly mutilated body was burnt there. The Orsini fortified the place again. The hanging gardens that Soderini built within its walls gave it a mildly Babylonic air. Its ancient statues and marble were burnt for medieval lime and Renaissance builders' merchants stripped it of its travertine. Then Vivaldi, a sporting Marchese, had it for a bull-ring in the seventeen hundreds. Later it became the Circo e Teatro Umberto Primo and was finally clothed with the motley of forge and foundry that it wears today. Renaissance architects and archaeologists ever since have busied themselves with sketching the remains and exploring what they could.

No modern archaeologist however knew the secret of the central chamber—the heart of the Mausoleum and the last rest-

ing-place of the Emperors. One has only to say the preceding few words slowly and with sufficient unction to realise how provocative this must have been for the Roman archaeologists. The way into the central chamber was blocked with huge masses of débris, but two years of hard work brought their reward: the central chamber was at last reached! The finds were what are generally known as *frammenti diversi.* Two could be qualified by the adjective *bellissimi,* but the place had been stripped as cleanly as any Nemi galley long before our modern excavators arrived upon the scene. They did however find sepulchral inscriptions of Marcellus and Octavia, of Germanicus; the base of a statue of Nerva, a fragment of that of Vespasian; hands and feet of statues, fragments of beautifully sculptured heads. All this was valuable in so far as it supports the description that the author of the *Mirabilia* gives of the Mausoleum's magnificence. However the main object of the excavation was achieved. The central portion was thoroughly explored and the secret of the Emperors' tomb is a secret no longer.

Scientific curiosity was satisfied but other passions had been aroused. Certain Municipal hearts were filled with a desire not only to restore so great a relic of Imperial times but also to knock everything down around it that could not claim any Imperial connections. They considered too the possibility of surrounding it with a little forest of the sort that springs up in the small hours preceding a public festival. Their aim in short is to see it finally "completamente isolato e circondato di nuovo da quei boschetti che Augusto concesse al suo buon popolo di Roma."

A reconstruction on the lines of Cordingly and Richmond's magnificent plans would be an excellent thing in some respects. But one cannot help connecting this threat of "complete isolation" with the new laws now being rushed through Parliament. These will provide for a great railway station outside the Porta del Popolo and for the driving of two great arterial roads parallel with the Corso. This plan we are told will involve "much knocking down". It will indeed.

W. KELLY.

THE ENGLISH COLLEGE AND THE UNIVERSITY

(*concluded*)

An Italian writer of the seventeenth century in that flowery style, inwrought with classic reference, so well beloved, compares the Roman College to the mighty horse of Troy; for out of it have come men celebrated in every walk of life, "nella toga, nelle armi e nelle arti". Though we have confined ourselves to its clerical worthies we have seen some of its glories during the first two centuries of its existence; we now enter on its period of calamity; and finally we are led on to its wonderful renascence in the troublous times of the 19th century.

At 9 p.m. of the 15th of August 1773 the momentous brief of Clement XIV suppressing the Jesuits was affixed to the doors of the Roman College. All Jesuits were forbidden to teach and in future they were to assume the habit of the secular priest; thus clothed they were to leave the Roman College. The following day, the 17th, saw a strange sight; the main hall was filled with gesticulating vendors of old clothes, all rending its chaste academic stillness with their stridency as they offered their bargains to the unfortunate professors. Crowds, we are told, besieged the Roman College with their goods, and as the diarist sadly remarks: "Domus Dei effecta est domus negotiationis." We strongly suspect that the much maligned Ghetto was well represented in this mad rush to make an honest *bajoccho* for we read that those who sold asked fabulous prices and that their *calliditas* was well rewarded.

A Cardinalitial Commission took over the College, and

through their zealous energy the schools were reopened in the following November, the various chairs being filled by eminent secular priests assisted by five of the ex-Jesuit teachers. The various national colleges which had until then frequented the schools of the Roman College seem to have dispersed, the majority however taking lectures at the Propaganda. Perhaps the few remaining students of the Venerabile continued to attend lectures under the seculars; but certainly somewhat later they sought their education nearer home at the Collegio Bandinelli. This was a pious institution in the Via Sicilia, founded by a retired Florentine baker, and the education of its alumni was placed in the hands of the Misericordia Brothers. It could house very few students but as the English College at this time boasted only ten students it was quite adequate for their needs.

The last notice we possess of our relations with the Roman College at this unsettled period is of a more intimate nature than usual. Two of the students, now it seems more refractory than ever, had run away and were so far successful as to reach Cività Vecchia. There they were captured, and on their return they figured prominently in an interesting domestic ceremony, the whipping master of the Roman College being the other protagonist.

It is sometimes thought that when the Roman College was opened under the guidance of the Roman secular clergy in November 1773, it entered on a period of depression and that the standard of scholarship was sadly lowered. This is quite an erroneous judgment. The best masters were engaged and the schools maintained in a "lustro cospicuo". Several praiseworthy innovations were made such as the foundation of a chair of Liturgy in 1779, quickly followed by that of Hebrew in 1781; and in 1789 was begun the building of the Astronomical Observatory, later under the able direction of Padre Secchi, S.J., to become so famous. But more dolorous times were at hand; in 1798 the French entered Rome, the professors took the oath of allegiance to the civil constitution (being amply repayed for this act of treachery by being made to enter the civic guard) and the schools were once more closed. When the Republic fell a brief respite was given during which the Pope again opened the schools, but

it was not for very long. In 1810 the French again entered Rome, ruthlessly drove the professors into exile and set up creatures of their own to preach pestilential doctrines from the various *cattedre* in the Roman College.

A brighter period ensued, and from 1814 to 1824, although it was still in the hands of the Seculars, a bright page was written in the annals of the Roman College. In this brief period of ten years it gave to the Church among many other illustrious prelates, ten cardinals, not the least eminent of whom was our own Cardinal Wiseman; and one of its alumni was afterwards raised to the Church's altars, Blessed Gaspar del Bufalo.

The history of the newly restored English College now begins to loom large in our survey. On the 18th of December 1818, the first six students, all from Ushaw, arrived at the "restored inheritance" in the Via Monserrato, and were joined the following day by four from St. Edmund's. These formed the brilliant nucleus of the resurrected college. On Christmas Eve Dr. Gradwell presented six of them fittingly clothed in the old and hallowed costume of the English College to the Holy Father who in his gentle fatherliness exhorted them to learning and piety and said: "I hope you will do honour both to Rome and to your own country."

Doubtless that first Christmas was a trying time to the young exiles, but as early as January 8th they had nerved themselves to the task before them with zest. Gradwell writing of this period says, "This last year they were taught at home because they arrived at Rome too late to begin the scholastic year [at the Collegio Romano]. They were good earnest students all on fire to do honour to their country and their college." Two professors from the Collegio Gregoriano taught them, Fornari lecturing on Logic in Latin and Mazzini discoursing of Mathematics in Italian. Later in March they began their Italian studies, and with charming naïveté the next item in the diary records: "L'alunno Albery cominciò a sputar sangue." What zealous students they proved to be is well seen in the fact that but a year later Wiseman gave the sermon before the Pope on St. Stephen's Day in Italian and earned great praise.

In 1819 we again find Gradwell writing to England that, "The

masters are well satisfied with the progress of the scholars and expect they will make excellent defensions in September", and we can almost see his expansive smile of content as he describes them as "amanti dello studio"; great praise from an exacting Rector. His satisfaction at the splendid progress and conduct of his students combined with the good state of health is evident on every page of his letters, and he is clamorous for more like them in his demands for "stout, robust and well-educated alumni". Rome certainly was a pleasant retreat for him at this time for we read again, "I am in very good health but reduced in bulk by the heat of the weather and constant application. All the students are well." He is not disappointed in his hopes for good results when the trial of ecclesiastical strength arrives:

> They had their public defensions in Philosophy at home. Cardinal Consalvi (the Cardinal Protector), two or three prelates, and about twenty of the first professors and scholars in Rome attended. They (the students) distinguished themselves and all the strangers were not only satisfied but surprised at their progress. [1]

This was the end of a brilliant first year. With gladdened hearts on September 29th they left the sweltering heat of the city for the cooler joys of Monte Porzio.

Having enjoyed but a brief week's holiday they returned and on November 8th began to frequent the schools of the Collegio Romano. All went well for some considerable time since the novelty of their new life made things run more smoothly. Silence is often the sign of deep content and days passed over lightly by the diarist convey a message all their own. The next item we find noted brings much needed confirmation to our dimly-fading belief in a cherished tradition: "No schools today on account of the first fall of snow",—a hundred years' tradition is one not lightly to be passed over. Soon however the many trifling rules and regulations became irksome to them. The rigid rule of camerate chafed them extremely. The indefinable sense of *malaise* which one associates with scirocco had evidently possessed them in the

[1] GRADWELL: *Relazioni*, in the College Archives.

dog-days of the year for we find them reproved for their manner of walking to schools. They retaliate with a complaint against having to go to schools at all; they are described as "poco contenti" with the slowness of progress in the schools. Quiet was restored however and in August came the great event of the year, the *Concorso*—in which the students at the Collegio Romano competed in a paper on some theological subject. The results were beyond expectation. Henry Gillow carried off the *medaglia straordinaria* and G. Kavanagh secured two medals. We wonder if this is a record—the files have given up to us as yet no such meritorious performance. The reputation of the English College was being firmly established.

The discontent at the irksomeness of the camerata system came to a climax in the following year. The students objected to the time they wasted at the University owing to the slowness of the teaching system. Complaints were made of the conduct of the students at the Roman College, which Gradwell describes thus:

> If the lads speak not to others at the Roman College they are considered as proud and having a vile national spirit. If they speak they are making improper acquaintances. What then are they to do? There is then no advantage for learning Italian. [2]

These were their most potent reasons for demanding tuition at home exclusively. Gradwell seems to support them fervently in a long memorial he drew up for Cardinal Consalvi the Protector. He prefaces his remarks by a fine burst of candour: "I am neither a visionary theorist nor a rash reformer;" and continues, defending the students with a glowing testimony to their work: "Most of them have more need of the bridle than the spur." He deprecates the University system altogether, denying in sweeping phrases the advantages which any of them can show —"some of them are found too scholastic and minute; all of them too limited and slow. The system is wrong—too much school and too little study". Speaking of the students under his care he laments the lost opportunities in no measured terms:

[2] GRADWELL: *Relazioni*, in the College Archives.

The education of the students is rendered lamentably deficient, being limited to one half of what they ought to learn, and without the restrictions I complain of, they would be capable of learning. During the four years of their theological career they are limited to a part of the Dictates of Dogmatic and Scholastic with a small tincture of moral divinity, exclusive of the Holy Scriptures, Ecclesiastical History, the Principles of Canon Law, and all those studies which are specially requisite in an English Missioner. Their best energies lie dormant.[3]

After these scathing words he concludes with an eloquence born of real living enthusiasm for the good of the College: " It is my wish and ambition to see this College flourish—that our brightest youth may resort to it eagerly, stay with comfort and depart with gratitude and affection." He heaps up indictments against the Roman College, blaming its severity for the illness which was now raising its ugly head in the College, and which was causing him great worry. But it was all in vain. The case was decided against him and the students continued to go, " unwillingly to school." We in our after knowledge warmly approve this decision, for are we not all in utmost accord with the statement then made, that " most of the advantages of a Roman training would have been lost had they ceased to attend the public lectures "?

At home they seem to have had half-year examinations for we read that in 1821 Padre Bighi, then Morals professor at the Roman College, " came for a repetition ". The inherent flair for study later prompted the students to ask leave of absence from a Concorso in order that, " they may have more time to give to study ". These efforts were not crowned with that success which perhaps, considering the loftiness of motive, they merited, for only Nicolas Wiseman secured release as he was suffering from a fever brought on "dal troppo studio".

It seems worth while here to mention the health. Early on it seems to have been good, but later we find Dr. Gradwell complaining not once but many times, and we must confess that the indiscretion of the students in not curbing sufficiently their undoubted zeal for knowledge was often a main cause. One student

[3] GRADWELL: *Relazioni*, in the College Archives.

died in 1820, in the great heat of the summer. Gradwell remarks "he was of delicate constitution and for the examinations had, unknown to the superiors, exceeded the bounds of moderate study." Several were invalided home and we find special mention made of three who, "were unable to continue their labours in the schools from growing more nervous and feeble with a disposition to low spirits". Would they could see our low spirits and nervous debility as we "gaily tread the measure" dodging the 'buses on our way to schools. Study also claimed a victim of mental derangement, but the last entry is not debited to its account: "one from imprudent bathing had the *miserere* once." The first bad phase however soon passed and in 1827 we find Gradwell, all his harrassing cares cheerfully banished, writing of the students—"their actual number is twenty seven and not an invalid among them."

It is interesting at this period to find a brief account of the life they led.

> On all schooldays the students walk to the schools at the University twice a day, except for about six weeks in the heat of summer when they do not go in the afternoons. They have an hour and a half for walking before sunset. The students have eight or nine hours a day for study excluding one and a half for devotions. The schools continue till the 7th of September. After that period we go into the country till the end of October.[4]

We are filled with admiration at the fine stamina of these pioneers who so well bore the burden of the day and the heats throughout the terrible months of July and August, and quite humbly we wonder if we perchance are a weakling generation of semi-militant Catholicity. In Rome they spent Thursdays quite often at the pleasant villa of Magliana, recuperating spent energies in the vineyard or among the cornfields. But how did they usually spend their hours of leisure? "Tell it not in Gath," we whisper to a sport-loving generation, the passionate love of the "brick" seems to have entered into their soul.

[4] GRADWELL: *Relazioni*, in the College Archives.

The exercise in Rome is very gentle but regular. No playing at ball or other violent exercises, except in winter and that sparingly. Walking, which I insist on every day and visiting some antiquity or church or other object of attraction form their principal exercise and amusement. In July and August before the examinations, most of the students grow paler and thinner.[5]

Later the health improves and he assigns its causes—

... a judicious distribution of their hours of study, devotion and recreation—cheerfulness arising equally from the nature and object of their studies and from the tendency of their very recreations which lead them daily to see some of the curiosities of Rome.[6]

The régime is Spartan but if a tree is known by its fruits, we find there can be nothing but praise for those early years of the restoration; the prize-lists bear ample witness to the successful scholarship of our students. We are struck however by the unduly prominent position given to Mathematics in their course and although this subject is there described as "Mathematics that become Poetry—the epic of great numbers", we are humbly at a loss why this subject was stressed so much to the detriment, it seems to us, of Philosophy proper. The zeal of our students carried off many prizes and was prolific in names adorned with *proxime accessit,* or graced with a high-sounding *laudatus amplissimis verbis.* A letter written by Wiseman in 1819 shows the devotion to study which must then have reigned in the College. " I have gone tolerably far in Mathematics and I have not neglected Chemistry. One branch of our studies which we shall ere long begin is Hebrew which I am anxious to learn. " It must be borne in mind that Wiseman was not the one outstanding genius amongst many inferiors, an opinion which seems current in many circles—other names appear quite as often as Wiseman's in the prize-list. Perhaps the highest peak in scholastic success was reached in 1824 by Wiseman's brilliant defension in S. Ignazio when he took the Public Act in Theology in the presence of

[5] GRADWELL: *Relazioni,* in the College Archives.
[6] GRADWELL: *Relazioni,* in the College Archives.

a reverend and scholarly assembly. The story is too well known to be repeated here. But we must remember that the performance of Dr. Errington at the Apollinare three years later was no whit less meritorious and brilliant. Wiseman's made a greater stir in Rome only because he was first in the field from a hitherto unknown quantity in the shape of a new college entering the scholastic lists. These fine displays of mental calibre on the part of our students won for the college a reputation which was carried on through the years.

In the year 1824 the Roman College was handed back to the Jesuits, and our students following the Seminario Romano to the Apollinare severed the scholastic connection between the Venerabile and the Collegio Romano for a period of over thirty years.

The next event of any great importance in the college life which further heightened the scholarly reputation so hardly won for the College in the past few years was the appointment in 1827 of Wiseman, then Vice-rector, to be co-operator in the chair of Hebrew and Syro-Chaldaic languages at the Archiginnasio of the Sapienza. In the following year Gradwell was consecrated Bishop of Lydda in the College Chapel, and thus ended his term of office as Rector. Here is his last note concerning the College he had so ably ruled, showing how well he deserved the name of "The Man of Providence" as regards the Venerabile.

> Every year the College has risen in reputation. By the propriety of their conduct, their zeal for their studies, and their brilliant successes in the public schools, the students have not only gained the applause of all Rome, but have even excited the admiration of the Pope.[7]

On December 6th 1828, Wiseman was made Rector and with another brilliant student occupying the post of Vice-rector the College still went from strength to strength. Wisely he made no change in the general routine, preferring to adhere closely to the régime so successfully stabilised by his predecessor. Gradwell still keeps a fatherly eye *a longinquo* on the College and

[7] GRADWELL: *Relazioni*, in the College Archives.

admires with satisfaction and content that the students are "studying proper things in a proper manner." The vexed question of going to the public schools crops up once more but Gradwell has completely veered round and is instant in his eagerly proffered advice to Wiseman to continue the system which has borne such great fruit for the College.

He observes the results of the College and while praising Baggs for his success in the Doctorate ("his successes at the Sapienza were many and had won him great distinction") he voices his disappointment with the results of the Philosophers from whom he expected more and "he hopes they will figure more (in the prizelists) next year." He also expresses surprise at one of the students "who is still drivelling in Philosophy." His solicitude extends even to the health of the students, a legacy of worry from his own perturbed days at the College, and diagnoses as the cause of the so much dreaded nervous excitability the "too strong coffee" they seemed to enjoy under Wiseman's regime—"two great cups of coffee as strong as yours is a strong dose for delicate nerves."

We find little mention henceforward of the scholastic successes of the Venerabile during their sojourn at the Apollinare—occasionally some outstanding performance such as that of Baggs or later of Grant merits a brief notice. The English College tends more and more to become an intellectual centre, for Wiseman had already become a celebrity in the world of letters and many were the distinguished guests who visited the College. This was in direct contrast with the "hortus conclusus" atmosphere of Gradwell's day and not unnatural suspicion was aroused in distant England, where rumours from Rome seemed always to become strangely magnified. A better family spirit seems to have sprung up in the College during these years for the Rector was assiduous in proffering his able help to the students in their studies and lectured to them frequently on many interesting topics. Dr. Errington too endeavoured to foster and stimulate enthusiastic study in the College; his domain however lay chiefly in Philosophy and Hebrew in which subjects he was *ripetitore*. The internal societies such as the literary and debating clubs

were given renewed vigour and the intellectual life of the Venerabile was on a high plane.

In 1831 the ever recurring trouble concerning the schools broke out once more and perhaps the words referring to the Hon.George Spencer (later the saintly Passionist, Fr. Ignatius Spencer, then a student in the College) may serve to indicate the general trend of opinion—"he still cannot perceive the great utility of studying a regular course of Theology." The petitions of the students were turned down as they had been ten years earlier and the ever watchful Gradwell writes to Wiseman, "I for one on many accounts will never consent to your students abandoning the Roman public schools to have private schools at home."

The next reference to the Roman College is a most unexpected one and occurs in the year 1837, whilst the students of the Venerabile still frequented the lectures at the Apollinare. We find Bishop Briggs writing in anxious and perturbed haste to Doctor Wiseman for information concerning the rumour that the College was being used as a cholera hospital. Strange as it may seem it was undoubtedly true. In this dark year when the virulent plague of cholera had once more devastated Rome, the College was placed at the disposition of the authorities as a supernumerary convalescent hospital. The clergy with unremitting zeal once more spent themselves in acts of superhuman devotion. Thirty-six priests from the Roman College took up the direction of the English College, and it is pleasant to observe that not one of them fell a victim to the ravages of the dread disease. The students however were not allowed to assist in these works of charity but were despatched to Porzio, where nothing loth they occupied themselves in watching over the health of the beloved village, whitewashing stricken houses and opening a medical board for dispensing medicines to the poor inhabitants. The old building in the Monserrato has played many parts, hospice, prison, barracks, and lastly hospital. How little mindful of its great past are we in these days when we screw up the scholastic face at untoward sounds from an unsilenced exhaust that breaks the pleasant tranquillity of the Monserrato, and when we sigh for a more modern building far removed from the turmoil of the city.

As we have mentioned before, Leo XII, whom the Roman

College rightly considers as a second founder, in 1824 gave back the institute to the Jesuits. Schools were to be as before the suppression with the addition of a chair of Sacred Eloquence and one of Physics and Chemistry. All the old privileges, such as that of conferring doctorates, were restored and on the afternoon of November 2nd the Pope himself, " con suprema degnazione " and accompanied by the Swiss Guard amid " una numerosa corona " of cardinals and prelates, assisted personally at the inauguration. He was welcomed by the Rector, Fr. Taparelli, still a young man of thirty—whose versatile genius had given the symphonium to the musical world while his acute and penetrating essays on the Natural Right deservedly won for him the title of the father of modern sociology. He it was who later after great opposition brought back the studies to the Angelic Doctor. He was surrounded by a brilliant though extremely young staff of professors, and the college began its third century of life with great intellectual splendour. But the antagonistic spirit of the times did not leave the devoted Jesuits long in peace. In 1848 alarming anti-Jesuit disturbances revolted Rome. Every night riotous bands thronged the piazza in front of the Collegio Romano, throwing stones, and things reached a climax when the civic guard had to be brought out to disperse the rioters. As the trouble continued, the Jesuits had once more to leave, many of the scholastics and professors finding a safe harbour of refuge in England. The Roman College was once more handed over to Seculars, and our students for a brief period continued their studies there. Many of the students we are told were instigated to take arms to the schools and there disturb the lectures. The French entered Rome in the following year and once more troops were quartered in the halls of the Collegio Romano. The Jesuits returned in 1850 and re-opened schools the very day after their arrival. The next few years proved more interesting for us, for in 1855 through the efforts of Fr. Morris, then Vice-rector, our students definitely left the Apollinare to frequent the schools of the Roman College, and without a break they have continued to study under the aegis of Jesuit masters until this day.

It was chiefly through Fr. Morris's influence with the Rector and the

Cardinal Protector, Cardinal Ferretti, that the English College students were transferred from the course of the Roman Seminary of S. Apollinare to that of the Collegio Romano. That in so advising Fr. Morris merited well of the Church in England, will not, I think, be disputed by those who are able to form an impartial judgment of the state of studies in Rome between the years 1850 and 1856.[8]

New chairs had been founded about this time and great names figure on the list of professors. Perrone, *il più insigne maestro del suo tempo,* was then Rector and Dogmatic Theology was taught by Passaglia and Schrader, the latter a great theologian although Barry describes him as " the most pedantic and unprofitable professor it was ever my fortune to endure. " Franzelin, the acknowledged prince of theologians at a later date, together with Patrizi was then teaching Sacred Scripture. " To a multitude of priests the Roman College meant Ballerini " who at that time carried on the grand tradition of " master of quips " in the chair of Moral Theology. Tongiorgi and Secchi were the antesignani among the Philosophers, closely followed at a later period by Palmieri and Liberatore. Secchi in astronomy brought world fame to the University, rendering it by his brilliant studies one of the most active and important centres of the world. We cannot pass over here the testimony given in 1858 by an English M.P. and still treasured faithfully by the Roman College:

> The teaching system of the Roman College is superior to that of any college or university in the whole of the United Kingdom, not excepting even Oxford and Cambridge.[9]

But perhaps the weighty, well-chosen words of Monsignor Barry better describe the Roman College:

> It would be hard to find a parallel to this Jesuit Institution anywhere else in Europe. It offered so far as I understood a free education in all branches of learning, sacred and secular. Its professors were the choicest which the Society could appoint.[10]

[8] J.H. POLLEN, S.J.: *The Life and Letters of Father John Morris,* S.J., p. 79.
[9] *L'Università Gregoriana del Collegio Romano: nel Primo Secolo dalla Restituzione.*
[10] WILLIAM BARRY: *Memories and Opinions,* p. 69.

There is ample notice of the various scholastic tourneys held by the Collegio Romano in the succeeding years but no mention can we trace of the part our students took in these grand events. Many brilliant displays were given in S. Ignazio, now in honour of the beatification of an alumnus, John Baptist de Rossi or Jean Berchmans, now in 1867 for the St. Peter centenary when there were present fourteen cardinals and one hundred and thirty prelates. The crowning glory came, however, when at the public disputation in honour of the Definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception a huge colourful assembly of over a hundred bishops was present.

We searched long for some mention of our students and at last were rewarded in our historical forage when a prize-list belonging to that period fell into our hands. Eagerly we scanned the pages for a familiar name. We find the English College first represented in those who have taken the Baccalaureate of Theology in 1856. Our finger runs down the list and with a pleasant surprise we find William Giles of the Collegio Pio, and but two names later the first Venerabile name—William Johnson. Although our students during this first year of their new course were evidently finding their feet we discover a goodly sprinkling of English College men among the *laudati* and *qui proxime accesserunt.* Morals and Hebrew seem to have captured their imaginations for in these two subjects they show great prominence. We eagerly sought out the prize-winners and we had not long to seek: speedy success came to the College in the following year, 1857. For the Dogma prize of that year we find *pro primo loco pares,* an English College man, Eugenius Buquet, in the distinguished company of Seraphinus (later Cardinal) Vanutelli. But we are not satisfied with this tossing of the coin. When did we win our first medal outright not trusting to the deft flip of the prefectorial fingers? We turn to Moral Theology and our joy is full. Out of five prize-winners, four are classed *e Collegio Anglorum,* two English College men tied for the prize. We secure the Hebrew prize, and so in our second year at the Roman College, a brilliant initiation has secured for us a great reputation.

In 1870 the city fell into the hands of the Piedmontese, on October 12th Bersaglieri occupied the schools of the Roman Col-

lege; the magnificent old building which it was hoped would " look Time's leaguer down " under the Jesuits, had passed from their possession for ever. The escutcheon of the Holy Name and the *stemma* of Gregory XIII over its portals were hammered to pieces, in their place was substituted "Reale Liceo Ginnasio, Q.E.Visconti, " and temporarily (i.e. for the next sixty years) the scholastic apparatus was transferred to the Palazzo Borromeo. Strong protests were sent to the government by the Rectors of the various national colleges, protesting that the Collegio Romano was not Italian but possessed sacred international rights—" e un secolare e veramente cattolico publico insegnamento, unico del suo genere nel mondo, gloria di Roma e certamente anche dell'Italia; " but it belonged to the Catholic World and the Catholic World had need of it. All was in vain. The College, seized by this arrant act of Piedmontese brigandage, was turned into government schools "ore accorse a quanto si dice una gran turba di pueri Hebraeorum ".

As we pass it daily we note its sleepy air and unkempt appearance: the glory is departed and a lifelessness hangs about it. Occasionally on *feste* a callow youth in panoply of black, nursing a flintlock of some bygone age, stands at the portal. " Sic transit gloria mundi, " we murmur. Life has passed it by, has passed on, through the unprepossessing palace in the Via del Seminario to the " immense and glorious work of fine intelligence " in the spacious buildings of the Piazza della Pilotta. Throughout the ages, still as in the past, the glory that is Rome's, her sons from nations the world over shall be manifested to the peoples. " Hinc sacerdotii unitas exoritur, hinc toto mundo una fides refulget. "

JOHN SLATER.

ROMANESQUES

12. — CONCERTS

WORDS are conventions, as we agreed with our logic professor years ago: but even the convention by which *Blitri* is made to mean the meaningless cannot be so arbitrary as the convention by which *Concert* is made to mean one of those wine and biscuit affairs at the Venerabile. It is ludicrously inadequate for an institution of transcendental embrace. The Londoner in search of entertainment must choose among Covent Garden, the Coliseum, Queen's Hall, the Tivoli or the Zoo; but the imperfectly Roneo-d programme of a Roman concert will serve up the pick of the fare from all five. It is only another proof that the Roman alone is Catholic! And if all the world's a stage, what superlative can do justice to those few privileged planks which become *the boards* in the common-room from Christmas to the Epiphany and shake under the paces of legs destined, maybe, for another type of buskin?

Bill our Bass.

When have *Carmen* or *Faust* or *The Ring* brought down the house as did *Dov'è Lei?* Its run was phenomenal, and every performance saw it redressed and embellished. Redressing reminds me that my catalogue of the Londoner's pleasure haunts is grossly deficient. Did not the Metropolis raise a special theatre to house Gilbert and Sullivan? Yet the whole *ratio essendi* of

the Savoy is only one item in the Christmas concerts! Vaudeville suggests a sheaf of memories from the naïveté of the amateur conjurer who asked us to lend him things to the wireless interlude when the too human instrument reached Glasgow before the announcer; from the childrens' action song rendered by six foot in socks to the well drilled buzzers of the *Toy Drum Major:* Jack Hilton never bought the services of such *virtuosi.* The singer of comic songs is a brave soul and he deserves to succeed. At the Venerabile he usually does, unless the breed be now extinct. It won through by variety. There was the honest bellower—Bill our Bass, 'e 'urt 'is face,—the subtler comedian who leant on a chair to get the barking nonchalance of Jones of the Lancers, or the tumultuous speed that caught our gravity unawares with the interminable tragedies of Ballyhooly. The more seriously minded were catered for by the Orpheus in its heyday—perhaps we shall read of a welcome resurrection—by the God Thor, carols of an earlier England, *Rolling down to Rio* and *The Walrus and the Carpenter.* Many heroes have sung serious solos, Purcell, Bridges, Elgar, Vaughan Williams to a munching, supping, puffing audience. There was always a faint air of cabaret to head off the soulful, and yet instrumentalists with the courage of their convictions plucked hearty applause with their strings and even the veteran piano has been known to colour gratefully when a Grieg duet raised rapture to a storm. After all, the musician was well treated. And for him who loves the silent mime of pictures, the Burglars came with cat-like tread—another classic—King Charles died speechlessly and gallants fenced with never a clash of steel. It is only in these days of

The subtler comedian.

Mickey Mouse that America has discovered the delights of musical crambo. But the Zoo? you ask. There was a horse once that rolled its eyes and neighed and capered till it slipped gracefully into the auditorium. There was a blue baboon, too—I raise my glass to its interpreter: could public spirit be tested further? Here in one crowded programme, then, were all the joys of Thespis, everything that could appeal to eye and ear. And then the crowning glory—the Sketch. From the humblest beginnings, this dramatic culmination has developed into a thing of intricate construction, perhaps lacking something of the unsophisticated revelry of its predecessors, but becoming the perfection of satiric buffoonery, a not unkindly mirror held up before our eyes. The sketch should have a Romanesque to itself and I will not poach on another man's preserves. But enough is here to prove the inadequacy of the word *Concert* for such Protean entertainment: Athens, the Globe, Hollywood, all in one, while the sounds of Rome rose soothingly beyond the Cortile.

...the soulful...

Such are the ingredients of a Roman concert. But it must not be imagined that they lose in individuality what they gain in variety. Else it had been a poor exchange. Tradition and reforming youth have decreed eight concerts in the year. The opening is a domestic festivity, when on St. Catherine's the First Year makes its bow in the *Canzone del Primo Anno*—a happy augury of the part it is willing to play in oiling the wheels of social existence. Clad in still spotless wings and shining beavers, they sing

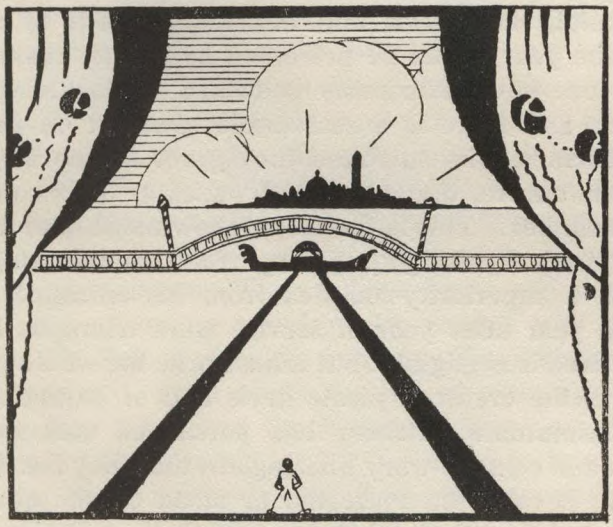
> Avete vos, videte nos,
> Fatemini in veritate
> Quod intra muros nunquam hos
> Vidistis antea viros —
> Tam doctos, tam egregios,
> Tanta virtute praeditos
> Tantaque pietate.

Even the *camerata* is become a thrill, and their yellow-leafed brethren taste again the spice of their own initiation. There are some who have held that when a Philosopher has faced the House across the electricians' twin spot-lights he is a fully-fledged member of the body politic. The tradition of kissing the Cross may not die so easily. The musical items of St. Catherine's are invaluable training—but only training—for the neophyte: generally the words are put into his mouth for him by an experienced and hard-bitten producer; he meets the tune for the first time when he is bidden sing it; and if he have parlour tricks and ideas of his own, they are accepted or rejected on standards as yet unknown to him. This is his noviciate. But when he takes his first vows on Tusculum a whole winter is past, he has drunk copiously at the fount of tradition and he can now judge the spirit of the House for himself. So the First Year in this first concert do what they are allowed to do, and their seniors sit and judge with mellow benevolence, while a small group of the professionally interested make cryptic notes upon their programmes against the planning of the Christmas season. Then, when the inexperienced have filled their noble rôle, they are at liberty to join the audience and to be introduced to their first sketch, which their elders in philosophy present for their delectation and education.

Avete vos.

St. Catherine's is a simple affair without the adventitious aid of proscenium and scenery. The characters must make entry or exit by the unromantic door of everyday use; if a dramatic curtain be needed, the producer must see to it that one of the actors be by the familiar switch to plunge the room in darkness at the right moment. What problems has this not

set the play-wright? There was once a stage empty but for a corpse; to let him rise and walk out were a confession of defeat. And so while all eyes were intent upon the central figure, a hand stole round the door to do the needful, and it was an excusable oversight on the part of the producer that the hinges whined. How could a character enter from the opposite side, an all too impenetrably material body in this case? Stage hands walked



The forma exemplaris.

in at the beginning with a screen behind which crept the actor, and when he later strode across the stage, the audience gaped in wonderment. There is something of the simple pleasure of charades about these contrivings.

But Christmas brings more ambitious schemes. Just before the age-old decoration of the common-room, Heath-Robinson carpenters toil up the main staircase followed by beadles bearing

planks and trestles. Despite their decrepit appearance the skeleton of the stage is up in an afternoon, and then committee men pounce upon it with draperies, to realise the *forma exemplaris* that has issued from days of intensive contemplation. Black, yellow and red are their materials, cunning lights and shields and woven patterns. Shell-green curtains form the scenery as well, and by the time the Christmas Night Concert is ten minutes late in starting, the seamsters and electricians declare the stage complete.

This is the setting for more elaborate programmes before a cosmopolitan audience. Besides the usual items, vocal and instrumental, those trios and interludes which at any other time of the year would be presented by simply cassocked performers, are now luxuriously bedecked by the Master of the Wardrobe and there is a seasonable *abandon* on the part of the electricians, who surround the figures on the stage with a mysterious aurora, that pales and waxes at their coaxing of a square, teak box. This is the magic showmanship of a Cochran. And the physical raising up of the performer on the stage endows him with a superiority-complex from his entrance. Oh that stage! In year after year of service what triumphs has it not seen! Its area is negligible: but it has borne the whole population of Venice, the crews of pirate keels and of battleships of the line. Consummate witchery has persuaded subsuming Philosophers and censure-wary Theologians that they beheld lagoons stretching beyond the Piazzetta, or stood on the quarter-deck and stared at the illimitable horizon of the sea. Indeed, to enter the Christmas common-room under its vault of evergreens and the warm cozening of its coloured lamps is to leave at the door those cold weighings of evidence and credibility that sear the work-a-day mind, and to set foot in a fairyland where anything may be true. *Credo quia impossibile.* But another has written of this spell in Lamb-like sympathy, and I must to my last. So, before an audience bemused with brotherliness, English, Irish, Scot, American and anything that may come from the Gregorian, St. Alfonso and the Procure, the web of make-believe is woven, and the diminutive stage swells from a North Country Cottage to the splendour of a Court scene, or leads us out-of-doors through

the entrance-gate of Pamphili to the trackless jungles of Central Africa. It is a question of a palm here or a medieval arm-chair there. But dare I turn Philistine to tell you how it is done?

Christmas Night, St. John, St. Thomas of Canterbury, New Year's Night, and the Epiphany, each has its separate programme, each its separate quota of guests. The first night is a family gathering, the guests such only by reason of sleeping outside the College, for morally they are on its roll. And the character of the concert reflects this milieu: it is intimate, it makes family jokes, it is sly and personal and topical unblushingly. But with St. John's the alien influx starts, and with this concert begins the gamble for the hard worked committee: in such a vast season, one entertainment must halt a little lamely and which shall it be? Much depends on the audience, which has strange moods and is liable to unaccountable lapses of satiety. From year to year the weakest concert differs and none can prophesy. But over the New Year's jollity hangs a definite cloud: tomorrow means a gray dawn and the old pilgrimage to haunts of learning. Sometimes this depresses, sometimes it rouses to an uncritical frenzy of appreciation. The producer prays and slaves on with set jaw and glistening temples. He cannot tell: nobody can tell. And the Moloch of public opinion will not hear of dropping a single concert. Then comes the lull of work again, and between the New Year and the Epiphany there are Remer and Billot to whet the appetite for further make-believe, so that the last concert of the session is sure of success, especially when—as in recent years—it means a Gilbert and Sullivan, a night of tunefulness and laughter, of colour and dance and the piquant mating of cynicism with whimsy. After that, *God Save the King* has an acid finality. As one beats against the *tramontana* on one's way to next morning's early schools, the creaking carpenters are busy again and the stage is coming down faster than it went up. Its illusions are revealed as scraps of faded paper, as lengths of grimy curtains, as common bulbs in dusty shades: its mime is mockery and the world tastes sour. There is no need of retreat-father to point the moral, and the student listening to an aggressively fresh professor is a wiser man for his Christmastide of fooling.

This is not the end of the concert calendar. In the bleak stretch of Lent there are two, sometimes three oases. St. Patrick, St. George and the Angelic Doctor. The simpler conventions of St. Catherine's have returned; the mummers stand on a level with their audience, exits and entries are again made through

A promising beginning belied

the prosaic door; what scenic effects are attempted must be prepared behind screens stolen from the infirmary. But the House is ripe for pantomime and applauds the setting whatever its economy of means. There are thinkers who hold this the higher art; who declare the illusions of these starkly-housed sketches the better for the difficulties over which they triumph. They can

maintain this unchallenged. But the stage is of Christmas, and I cannot believe that even they would have it otherwise.

St. Patrick's junketings are akin the world over. There can be no need to pin down the atmosphere of a concert which gives us Ireland whether lyrical or inconsequential. Everyone knows it better than words can describe it. And at the end there is Ireland patriotic to stir the heart and set the shamrock dancing. St. George's is less definite, less consciously something. Not that there is any dearth of songs about England, her lanes and fields and roses—without fail her roses. But when all this has been said, the tongue-tied Englishman feels he has but scratched the surface; he lacks the native symbolism of the Irishman to whom formulas mean so much more. So St. George's is a quieter carousal, but a delicious break for all that. There are spent roses on many cassocks and the books lie closed upstairs on one's desk. All's right with the world. And finally the Theologians' concert, sometimes on their patronal feast, sometimes at Carnival—finally, not in the order of time but as the epilogue to the overture of St. Catherine's. Then fresh, round-faced youth had introduced itself to a joyous House, optimistically sizing up the rising generation. Now *avete vos* is become *valete vos. Tempus fugit, fugiamus anno functi septimo.* So sings a small group of sallow, gaunt men who have borne the heat of six summers and found therein a fullness of living beyond the hopes of their first year; men who have allowed Rome to coil itself about their hearts and now see the knot slipping that binds them to the Venerabile and the Holy City. The hearts shall stay behind when their bodies walk the slushy streets of England. It is a painful divorce they face as they stand there and sing for the last time, and the audience feels it too. The laughter that greets their jests is a trifle too loud. After this, preoccupation with a formidable thesis sheet will absorb the opportunities for morbid self-pity, and it is providential so. But tonight the Nestors of Public Meetings announce that their part is played, the promise they made seven years ago on St. Catherine's fulfilled. They review those years, they reminisce in rhyme, perhaps sing an admonitory word in praise of tradition and so they make their final bow. It is all a conscious parting of the ways—and men

lean back in their chairs with a muttered "We shall miss them!" Just so much standing on the hill to look back. And then we plunge down to night prayers, and it is finished. We never glance over our shoulders again until the cheer has died in the cortile and we are alone in the train heading north with Rome slipping away in the darkness behind.

There is one other concert in the year when we celebrate the Rector's *compleanno* at Palazzola. But this stands in a class by itself: it is not the work of the whole House, nor is it set off against a background of steady intellectual pressure. It belongs to a different world of open spaces and trees and a star-lit sky; it is held out of doors in an Arabian Night cortile—not in that smoky heart of the College, the common-room, with the more formal Roman cortile a dripping reservoir outside. Therefore I leave it to others to speak of this unique festival and come to my peroration.

The subject is not exhausted. One might tell of the *claquerie* bribed to cheer the opening items till they have worked audience and actors into a pitch of mutual stimulus that leaves nothing to be desired in the pace of proceedings. There is the inevitable encore—but an early *Chi lo sa?* has pictured this so much more succinctly. One might again dilate on the visitors, on the multitudinous ways of meeting them, greeting them, entertaining them. There is a mass of psychological study in the reactions of folk to the entertainment provided; there is the puzzle of how Americans understood our stage Scotch and Cockney, of how a Gregorian Professor seized a joke about Woolworth's, of how a prelate of the Congregations survived a reproduction of the Vicariate's average morning routine. Programmes in themselves are virgin soil for the empirical psychologist; what sort of item to begin with; the necessity of a rousing chorus to exercise the audience's lungs and put them in good conceit with themselves and the fare to follow; the need of pendulum swingings between grave and gay, between song and instrument, between music and speech. Otherwise you will find a promising beginning belied as the concert develops—the audience will flag and the actors follow suit. There will be no jocularity behind the scenes but thin-lipped acquiescence in long silences, un-Christian

resignation over perfunctory claps. The bounce will go, the concert crawl, the items swell into an appalling vista of tense discomforts. There is risk always, and no one grows so experienced as to be sure of his *recipe*. But these are the lot of every theatrical manager; if his Venerabile counter-part have no box-office receipts to tell their tale, he can gather it from the tactful silence of his supporters, from the vivid relief of any victim whose turn is over, from the despairing speed with which the comedian parts from his jokes. This is a sombre subject, and luckily it is not typical of Roman concerts, where the wine passes round, the air fills with smoke, where the hum of conversation between the turns is redolent of chuckles, of living in the present, of the verve of good-fellowship and the unexpected talents of the men we thought we knew. *Quam bonum et quam iucundum habitare fratres in unum.*

And this in a sentence is the justification of these concerts—if they need any *apologia* at all. This is the reward of all the time and thought and energy spent on their production. They are a quickening of every virtue that is more placidly exercised in the ordinary round of the common-room, of the evening's walk, of the afternoon in Pam. There is unselfishness in spate, reckless sacrifice of pride and recreation. Not a man in the House escapes his share, no one may refuse an uncongenial part. Mice are discovered to have tongues and wit; ingenuity is exercised at every corner; time, brains, physical effort, purse—everything is at the service of the House. Is there anything like it elsewhere? It is not a case of the few gifted ones enjoying themselves and incidentally providing entertainment for the rest. No—it is everybody, everywhere, all the time and any time. And that, it seems to me, is not such a bad description of the spirit of the English College in all it undertakes, in all it teaches.

RICHARD L. SMITH.

COLLEGE RECTORS

VII. — Frederick Neve (1863-1867)

" WHO was Frederick Neve? " The question is not unreasonable. Yet Neve's name will be found in most historical works that deal with the Church in England in the last century. Ward's *Newman,* Purcell's *Manning,* Leslie's *Manning,* Butler's *Ullathorne,* all touch upon the story of Frederick Neve—at least upon the saddest part of that story. Not that Neve played a prominent, active part in the greater drama. He was Rector of the Venerabile—enough to arouse interest in us; but, strangely, he was never in the limelight until he made his exit from the stage. Neve's retirement from the rectorship of the Venerabile in 1867 was a *cause célèbre,* if only a nine days' wonder. It was the result of a risky *tour de force* in Manning's early tactics towards the bishops, and the bishops pressed the advantage offered as long as it served their purpose; but Manning won in the end. It seems hard that Neve should only be remembered as the Rector of the Venerabile whom Manning found unsatisfactory and replaced with an Oblate: harder still that only Manning's side of the story should have survived. It will be one of the aims of this article to show Neve's standpoint too. For the rest, there are few of our rectors who have a more interesting story: and though he has, like Cornthwaite, left comparatively little trace of himself in our Archives, in both cases I have thought it right that, in a series entitled " College Rectors ", the story of the rector should be the story of the College under his rule.

Frederick Neve was born on August 28th, 1806, in Buckinghamshire and after Eton and Oxford took orders and filled an

FREDERICK NEVE

DANESI – ROMA

incumbency in the Anglican Establishment. He was one of the converts of '45 and received confirmation on November 27th of that year at the hands of Dr. Brown, titular Bishop of Apollonia and Vicar Apostolic of the Welsh District. Twelve months later he entered the Venerabile as a student for the Western District. He journeyed out with another convert bound for the Venerabile, John Morris. Morris afterwards wrote a thrilling account of this journey to Rome by diligence and carriage before the days of railways and *trains-de-luxe,* and it gives us our first picture of Neve: [1]

> Dr. English [Ferdinand, the vice-rector] and I joined the rest of our party in Paris. I knew none of them before, but I was happy to have had the chance of making such friends. One was bound to the English College like myself, Frederick Neve, afterwards its Rector, and ultimately Provost of Clifton. He had been a country Rector before his conversion and he was considerably the senior of all of us... [In Italy they made it their business to stop at the village of Monte San Savino, to visit an Ecstatica.] The accomodation in the village was of the poorest. Dr. Neve, I remember, slept on a table, and the ceiling of the room in which I slept was so thick with flies that I got up in the dark for fear they might awake whilst I was still in the room.

Neve did a short course of two years. His student days do not particularly concern us and indeed there is little recorded of them. He was, of course, the oldest man in the College and had borne ten years more of the wear and tear of life than his Rector, Dr. Grant. Grant had spent all his life in the seclusion of a seminary: Neve had run the gauntlet of the Oxford movement and occupied a cure of souls in the Establishment. *The Minutes of the Literary Society* show that he took a lively part in the debates and he filled the post of secretary for a time. It is eloquent in parts and shows traces of two qualities that seem to have been his through life—a despondent perplexity as to what line he ought to take in the circumstances and a somewhat too insistent depreciation of himself. He was ordained at

[1] J.H. POLLEN, S.J.: *The Life and Letters of Father John Morris, S.J.* Chap. iii.

His secretarial address is preserved in their Literary Magazine

the Lateran by the Cardinal Vicar on March 18th, 1848, and returned to the Western District in May. Evidently he was a man of some moment in the West Country. At the foundation of the hierarchy he was made a canon of Clifton and later Vicar-General. Thus were spent the first fifteen years of his priestly life.

Meanwhile at the Venerabile things were changing. Grant had given place to Cornthwaite in the rectorship and under his rule the Pio had taken up its residence there [2] —not without loss to the English College " in both men and money ". English had succeeded Cornthwaite and although English was a brilliant student and utterly devoted to the College, there is no disguising the fact that under him began a real decline. To take only the point of numbers: under Cornthwaite there were as many as forty-eight in the combined colleges: when English died only six years later they had dwindled to twenty-four. Facts like this speak for themselves. Of course English had claimed to be a reformer who aimed at quality not quantity. With his concentration on studies he had reaped the benefit of Cornthwaite's big move from the Apollinare back to the Collegio Romano. He had also spent a good deal of money on refurnishing the house and improving the food. He had relaxed the discipline and been remarkably popular. In everything he had been hand-in-glove with Monsignor Talbot whose influence in the College was at its height for he had become Delegate Pro-Protector in 1861. [3] This ensured them a fairly free hand in the College at the Roman end: but at the English end they were not so secure. The Rector had been appointed without the knowledge of the bishops and they never came to trust him. The habit of sending men to Rome was dying in consequence: it was not fully revived till fifty years later. " What did Wiseman say in 1863? " There is a long, anxious letter of his [4] that has been much quoted; it shows how clearly he foresaw all this; and time has ratified Wiseman's counsel:

[2] VENERABILE, Vol. IV, p. 370 seq.
[3] Not, as Abbot Butler suggests, "early in 1867 ". (*Ullathorne*, II, p. 132).
[4] GASQUET: *A History of the Ven. English College, Rome*, p. 252 seq.

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, but seldom build up.

Dr. English died in Torquay on July 18th, 1863. His last thoughts were for the College and after he had received the Sacraments he wrote a poignant letter to Talbot commending both colleges to his care.[5] This is all described by his vice-rector, Canon Drinkwater, in a letter to Talbot dated from Torquay, July 23rd:

I have just arrived and found that poor dear Dr. English died on Saturday night. The telegram I sent arrived before his death and he was much consoled by the Holy Father's blessing. After he was anointed he wrote a letter to you and after that said he had nothing more to do but that I must be sent for. He took a hearty supper at 8 p.m. on Saturday evening and died at half-past 10 that night... By the Will I find that I am left executor and everything has been left to Miss English with secret directions to me telling me how to act with her in the settlement of affairs.[6]

This remarkable method of transferring the College funds was presumably a necessity at the time arising from the difficulties about trusts and the law of *mortmain*. It detained Drinkwater in England, for he wrote a week later:

...the sole cause of my delay in England is the business connected with Dr. English's Will. Mr. Alban English, an Attorney, says that it is absolutely necessary for me to prove the Will in person and to have the monies, invested in Dr. English's name and left nominally to Miss English, tranferred to me as sole Executor. I have asked Mr. English how long all this will take and he says it is impossible to say but that he will help me to expedite matters. The invested College money will now have to stand in my name until I can transfer it to the new Rector or to any one else whom you may choose. I shall immediately make a Will leaving everything, as Dr. English has done to his sister, leaving for the present the Rev. Edward Powell [one of the students, of whom more later] as

[5] VENERABILE, Vol. V, p. 36.

[6] Unless otherwise noted, the extracts from letters are from those in the College Archives.

Executor with secret instructions and statements for him like poor dear Dr. English has left for me. This I trust you will approve of as prudent and necessary under the circumstances.

A vice-rector's "lot is not a happy one": Drinkwater was kept busy with the lawyers in England till the end of August. Meanwhile the College was being ruled by Talbot's understudy, Edmund Stonor, whose career in Rome had begun two years before at the Pio,—soon deserted for the amenities of the Nobile. The only event recorded of the interregnum is a dirge and Requiem for the deceased Rector with Stonor as celebrant. Towards the end of his stay in England, Drinkwater again wrote, "in great haste", to Talbot:

...I am rejoiced at your visit to the College and at your satisfaction in Stonor government... By this time you will have received the names the bishops have proposed for Rector. One of their Lordships told me that Dr. Crookall was the first name of the three. I hope you will not think it indelicate of me to beg you to procure some information about Dr. Crookall before his appointment. I have heard quite sufficient to alarm me: he is a clever man and a man that has many good points but as an Ecclesiastic he is but little celebrated: he is considered by Canon Windeyre, the priest of Torquay who was under him at Old Hall, to be a *jovial*, agreeable companion if he is not too *boisterous* and *noisy* and very indolent as far as business matters are concerned. Windeyre of his own accord says that Dr. Crookall would hand over the College to the Branchinis with great ease and delight. The Bishop who was kind enough to tell me that Dr. Crookall was likely to be appointed answered in the affirmative when I asked if he were not a rowy and rather rough kind of man. I saw Patterson last night having to preach at Moorfields. I asked him to write and tell you what he knew or had heard of Dr. Crookall but he was leaving for the Catholic Congress in Belgium and said he had not time. I am saying Mass every day for the College asking Almighty God to guide all those who counsel, recommend, and finally the Holy Father who shall appoint the future Rector of the College for whose welfare I am naturally so anxious...

Evidently there were to be no mistakes about this nomination! The deceased rector from his death-bed had written to exclude one candidate as well as any possible nomination of Cardinal

Wiseman's: the Vice-rector was pulling wires to prevent any blunder on the part of the bishops. But does elimination ensure that the best man will be left behind? The *terna* sent up by the bishops to the Pro-Protector is preserved: it is in Morris's handwriting but the page with the signature (presumably Wiseman's) has been torn away. They had to write Italian well who had dealings with Rome in those days:

Monsignore mio carissimo,

I vescovi nostri dovettero pochi giorni fa, cioè alli 4 corr. adunarsi nel Collegio di Oscott per proporre alla S. Congregazione di Propaganda Fide un soggetto da nominarsi dalla S. S. all'ufficio di rettore del Collegio di Lisbona; secondo le istruzioni ricevute da quella S. C. Giusto a quel momento mi giunse la vostra lettera in cui mi pregavate di suggerirvi alcune persone dal cui numero la S. S. potesse scegliere uno per rettore di codesto Collegio Inglese. I prelati si occuparono seriamente di una commissione così importante a loro affidata. Prendendo in considerazione le qualità necessarie per il governo di quel Collegio come anche quelle da desiderarsi in un procuratore, o come dicesi, agente dei vescovi medesimi, carica che per tanti anni non è mai stata disgiunta, come prima lo era, da quel rettorato. I vescovi dopo lunga deliberazione, nella quale passarono sott'occhio i più degni sacerdoti allievi di quel Collegio restrinsero la loro preferenza ai tre qui indicati soggetti:

1. R.do Canonico Giovanni Crookall.
2. R.do Canonico Giovanni Bamber.
3. R.do Canonico Friderico Neve.

Il primo si fece grandissimo onore nelle scuole di Roma, essendo dotato di un vero ingegno e di una soda pietà. Alla fine degli studî conseguì la laurea teologica con generale applauso. Dopo il suo ritorno esercitò le funzioni di professore di filosofia e di vice-rettore del Collegio di S. Edmondo: fu nominato canonico della diocesi di Southwark al primo impianto di quel capitolo: e finalmente fu trasferito alla presidenza della scuola che può dirsi diocesana di Woolhampton. Sotto la sua direzione questo istituto ha preso un grande sviluppo ed ha acquistato un giusto credito. Il Crookall gode meritamente fra i suoi colleghi una giusta riputazione come uomo discreto, dotto e di vera pietà. Perciò i vescovi tutti lo misero nel primo posto tra quelli di cui discussero le qualifiche.

Il secondo e parimente canonico di Southwark anzi penitenziere, ma per concorso. Nel collegio di S. Tommaso si mostrò studioso, di buon ingegno e virtuoso. Come sacerdote in Inghilterra egli è edificante e ze-

lante; ed in qualche suo scritto si è mostrato sano e dotto teologo.

Il terzo canonico e Vicario Generale della diocesi di Clifton convertito in età matura alla fede Cattolica, volle andare a Roma ed entrò nel Collegio Inglese nel 1846, ed ivi si mostrò dolcissimo, ed esattissimo nell'operanza delle regole e della disciplina collegiale. Dopo il ritorno in Inghilterra voi sapete quanto sia mostrato vero Cattolico ed ecclesiastico ...

In the end, Frederick Neve whose name came third was appointed by the Holy See. Three letters from Bishop Clifford to Talbot record the event admirably:

August 26th, 1863 ... The appointment of Neve to the rectorship of the English College is, I think, a very good one for the College, though it is a severe blow to this poor diocese. Neve does not know Italian which is his chief drawback, nor has he ever been accustomed to scholastic Latin, his ecclesiastical learning though not extensive is quite up to par. But the great thing is that he is a man of sound common sense, a holy man and possessed of a thorough ecclesiastical spirit. He moreover knows by experience the wants of the English mission and its dangers to young priests. These are immense advantages especially as Dr. English has done so much of the rough work of bringing the College into better order and introducing a good spirit amongst 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 either with the Cardinal or with any of the Bishops and therefore he will, I trust, enjoy their confidence. He is apt to be rather desponding at times but it is more in words than in deed, as his virtue and good sense teach him how to get the better of it. He is greatly astonished at his nomination; but he will take to it in earnest as God's will and the wish of the Holy Father. He will be an immense loss to me. I scarcely know where to look for a man to fill his place.

October 10th. ... The loss of Mr. Neve is a great pull upon me. But I willingly make the sacrifice for the Venerabile as I know how important it is to have the right man there, and I think you will like Neve very much after he has been there a short time. He told me of a correspondence he has had with you lately. I advised him not to trouble himself about it, as half-an-hour's conversation with you, when he gets to Rome, will do more to settle all questions about the government of the College than any conceivable amount of correspondence. At present Neve knows nothing about either the individuals, the discipline or the funds of the College,

and it is important that he should not commit himself to any party. When he has seen you and heard what are your wishes and those of the Holy Father about the College and when he has seen a little of men and things with his own eyes, I don't think there will be much difficulty in his seeing what course to pursue.

October 20th. ....Canon Neve left us this morning and he will be in Rome almost as soon as this letter. Many tears have been shed in Clifton yesterday and this morning and he carries with him the good will of all for a more unselfish and devoted man it would be hard to find...

Such was Neve at the time of his appointment in the judgment of the English bishops and in particular of his own Ordinary. A former rector of the Venerabile, Dr. Cornthwaite, then Bishop of Beverley, wrote to Talbot as follows:

The new Rector I do not know personally [7] but I am told he is a most fit person for the post. I am most happy that such is the case, for you may be well assured that I love the old Venerabile too well not to have her interest at heart.

From such fair report and glowing prospect it must have seemed that a new golden age was about to open for the English College. Here was a College renewed by recent reform; a powerful friend in Monsignor Talbot; a Rector at last supported by authority both at home and in Rome; of tried virtue, of mature years, of missionary experience, "sound common sense", "thorough ecclesiastical spirit"; than whom "a more unselfish and devoted man it would be hard to find". In fact Neve himself, with all his bent towards despondency and self-effacement, must have journeyed to Rome in high hope and courage.

What of the men he was going to rule? No evidence comes down to us of any change for the better in the spirit of the men that can be put down to Dr. English's efforts to reform them. No Johnson of that day has left us his diary wherein we might live the past over again in their company and see how they had improved since Johnson's day. Johnson and his race were a likeable crowd—humanly peccable but not crying for reform as

[7] Cornthwaite left for England just before Neve arrived in 1846. Hence it was a mistake to state (Vol. IV, p. 356) that they were here together.

far as one can see. Probably the reformed spirit merely meant that a fillip had been given to University studies. For the rest, they were Venerabilini and a good deal more like ourselves than we can probably realize. They must have been interested in the thought of an *old* Rector. He was a man of fifty-seven when he was appointed: hitherto the average age of rectors had been little over thirty. By contrast, the average age of English College men was lower than had been usual: in Cornthwaite's time, ten years before, it had been twenty-three. Men were sent out younger: and as soon as they reached the age of twenty-four they were transferred to the Pio. This had naturally a bad effect on the general tone of the House by removing the natural senior element and making the early years of the course seem but a purgatorial passage to fuller emancipation in the Pio. The Venerabile cannot support a House of Lords. It must have been a burden, too, for the Rector to have his attention and allegiance divided between two colleges. Not that the two colleges were incompatible or even rivals. But in practical life it was bound to work out that the Pio's gain was the Venerabile's loss.

Neve arrived in Rome for the beginning of the new scholastic year. When the Literary Society reopened its proceedings on November 8th we read that regret was formally expressed at Dr. English's death and then Boulaye proposed:

> ...that the Secretary [Powell, mentioned above and to appear yet again in this story] be commissioned to convey to the Very Rev. Canon Neve, formerly an active member of this Society, the hearty congratulations of its present members upon his return and recent appointment to the Rectorship; and likewise, to express our hope that he will, at least occasionally, favour us with his presence at our meetings.

As a matter of fact the new Rector did not take advantage of this invitation till three weeks later when, at a debate that "The Law of Primogeniture is beneficial in its results"

> ...the Chairman in opening the proceedings congratulated the meeting on the presence of the Very Rev. Canon Neve, our respected Rector, who this evening visited the Society for the first time since his arrival. The House found it an honour and a pleasure to find amongst them once again

one who in former days had been a zealous friend and member of, and had now returned an honour to, the Society.

The debate then began and each side maintained its point with vigour and perseverance.

The Very Rev. Canon Neve, after thanking the Chairman for his kind welcome, expressed the gratification which he experienced in finding himself again in the Society, and noticed with unreserved satisfaction that it seemed to be in a far more efficient state than it was in his time and a much higher proportion rose to speak . . .

Thus quietly Neve's rectorship of four years began. It divides itself naturally into two equal parts and the dividing line is, significantly, the death of Cardinal Wiseman in 1865. The first two years were years of success and progress. All the fair promise above noted seemed to be fulfilling itself. The numbers increased from twenty-four to forty-four—the new men being fairly divided between the two colleges. Drinkwater had been retained as Vice-rector: Stonor had returned to his *carriera:* Talbot was kept busy at the Vatican and Propaganda by the strenuously conflicting churchmen in England. The Rector was left to do his work in his own way and he seems to have made a success of it. A new superior was "requisitioned" to act as Vice-rector of the Pio and *ripetitore* of the English College—one who was to remain a superior in the College for forty-eight uninterrupted years and to earn from all those generations an affection that grew into a tradition. His name was William Giles; and it must be admitted that he was a Pio man! So the Minutes for the meeting on November 15th, 1863, hold the first record of Dr. Giles in the history of the College and it is cheering that even in those days the spelling of *ripetitore* was a scandal to the weak:

. . . Dr. Giles who had never been a member of the Society but who had been appointed resident repettetore, was invited to attend the meetings whenever he could do so conveniently.

Neve was also acting as agent for the English bishops and, in spite of the fact that Talbot was at headquarters, he must have had a good deal of agency work to do. Things were never quiet

fifty years (died 1913) if you consider a ripetitore a "superior"

in England during those years. The Errington case was over but there were many hirsute questions brought up at that time—the Westminster war of succession, the College Question, the University Question and all the many troubles that crowded upon the wearied head of Cardinal Newman—all this had its work for Neve, and in the biographies that treat of these matters Neve's name and letters *en passant* appear. Unfortunately he has not left in the Archives, as some other rectors did, the letters he received. One thing is certain, however,—that Neve was a supporter of Newman and what was then called "the old Catholic party": and this is a point that has some bearing upon his later fortunes.

The affairs of the College were in such a flourishing state under the new Rector that Talbot opened up a scheme he had in mind for some time—the rebuilding of the Church of St. Thomas of the English, the English national church in Rome. This was to be the great work of his life and he set about collecting funds with the energy and singlemindedness that characterized all he did. For whatever is said about Monsignor Talbot—and enough has been said already, most of it justly, and there is little likelihood of his ever being reinstated now—whatever is said, this is certain: that he devoted himself unswervingly to any cause he had at heart and spared no pains in working for it. Appeals were made all over Europe, but mainly, of course, in England. Led by Wiseman and later by Manning, the whole hierarchy pushed the appeal. The name of the Holy Father gave them sanction: besides, none of them wished to be on the wrong side of Monsignor Talbot. There are great piles of letters still preserved, replies from the people he was begging from, and they show a record of immense activity. He paid visits to England and went on tours through the country—speaking at public meetings and paying innumerable visits to possible (and impossible) benefactors. It was not cheering work. The letters tell their own tale—refusals and deprecations from all sides: the times were bad (as they have always been), the Catholics of England had so many claims upon them nearer home, the wealthier folk did not always agree with that sort of thing. Of course there were the exceptions, rays of sunshine, such as when a really substantial

sum was presented by a wealthy man or when the post brought "a few postage stamps from a Catholic labourer" as several touching little notes read, hidden in a pile of coronetted refusals. But the rebuilding of the church needs a story all to itself. It concerns us here only in so far as it touches the Rector. Neve had his due share of work behind the scenes, though usually he is only accredited with having signed the appeal. It says much for the success of his first two years of rectorship that he was able not only to bolster up the failing fortunes of the College but actually had the courage to join in the grandiose scheme of building a College Church. Pius IX came to lay the foundation-stone and "the Rector of the Venerabile read an eloquent address to him."[8] It is enough for us to have noticed that the building was going on during those years and to imagine the effect upon College life from the consequent demolition and reconstruction.

The sun of prosperity must have been at its zenith when the the Roman Association was founded on January 4th, 1865,

> ... to foster a love for Alma Mater; to keep up old College friendships; and to assist our bishops in carrying out the often-expressed desire of the Holy Father, viz.: to send to the College of St. Thomas in Rome such students from our English Colleges as shall be fully competent to avail themselves of the great advantages offered by the Theological School in the Eternal City.

But that is a story that has already been touched upon. There is no sign that Neve had anything to do with the founding of the Association. Still, it must have cheered his rectorial heart to know that he had behind him in England an organized body of clergy, bent on doing what they could to help the College. It must have given him courage as much as all his success hitherto. The young association evidently sent a draft of its prospectus to Talbot for approval, for we find the following letter, dated from Birkenhead, November 27, 1865:

> My dear Monsignore,—I beg to acknowledge most kindly the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst and I hasten to inform you that as soon as

[8] GASQUET: *op. cit.*, p. 262.

I can get the alterations made in the list of Patrons of the Association of St. Thomas de Urbe I will forward you an emended copy. I will not wait for the assembling of the committee but will make the alterations on my own responsibility because I consider your instruction as the *expressed wish of His Holiness.* The alteration will be thus: Protector—The Right Rev. the Hon. Monsignore Talbot, Delegate Protector of the English College. Patrons—The Most Rev. Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, as in the list. I think such an alteration will meet your views and give satisfaction to everyone anxious for the welfare of the Association. You are perfectly right in your surmise that the error arose entirely from an oversight in drawing up the list. His late Eminence Cardinal Wiseman had taken the Association under his protection and was exceedingly desirous that it should be carried out, but before it was well put into form it pleased Almighty God to take him to a better life and we consequently lost his advice and assistance in drawing up our plan. And may I add, entre nous, that at first our good Bishops with exception of Dr. Clifford looked upon us with suspicion and appeared somewhat dubious about the goodness of our intentions. I am happy to say now that they all are desirous that we may succeed in our endeavours to improve by our Association the means of acquiring a good ecclesiastical education for the inmates of our Colleges. We also had the jealousies of the different Colleges to contend with—in this also we have triumphed for the object of our Association is to give a fillip to the elementary studies in these very Colleges. With these difficulties to contend with and also the labour of making a hundred Englishmen think alike on one given subject, you must excuse us for having through inadvertence violated the rule of etiquette which you have kindly pointed out to me. I trust then as soon as you receive the altered list of the Patrons of the Association you will lay the whole before His Holiness and beg Him to help our humble endeavour to strengthen the chain of love which has ever bound his beloved English children to the Chair of Peter.

This was from Canon Chapman. The proprieties of how to deal with a Delegate Pro-Protector having been restored, Monsignor Talbot was placated and the Pope wrote them a blessing in his own hand: " Benedicat vos Deus et ipse mittat operarios in messem suam secundum cor suum. " Alas, " the first corporate act of the Association was, on Feb. 27th, to sing a requiem for Cardinal Wiseman who had just died. "

(to be continued)

THOMAS DUGGAN.

NOVA ET VETERA

A MARTYR'S EXPENSES

In the earlier days of our College history, most of the students were "Papal Scholars"; so called because supported by the College revenues. Some few, however, were able to pay for themselves; they were styled "convictores" and unlike the Scholars did not take the College oath. For a long period there are special account books for the *convictores,* and many of the items give an interesting insight into the College life of the seventeenth century.

Of the twenty-two College martyrs recently beatified, it seems that Blessed Robert Morton was a convictor for at least three months; he is named in the account book as having paid for three months' *vitto.* Of Blessed John Wall (*alias* Marsh) it is recorded in the *Liber Ruber,* "statuit esse convictor si a Patre impetrare potest expensas, interim recipitur ut alumnus". But apparently he was disappointed, for within a year he has taken the College oath. The accounts of Blessed David Lewis (*alias* Charles Baker) are given in Books D and E, and cover his whole course from 1638 to 1645. Book D gives the credit side and Book E the debit. We are inclined to think that most of the entries are in his own hand. The writing greatly resembles that of his autograph "Replies" dated 1638. These "Replies" are answers to questions customarily put to every new man who arrived at the Venerabile. Moreover the writing on the debit side of these books varies from page to page and corresponds to the students' signatures appended when a statement of accounts is made. From the credit side it appears that David Lewis's fees were for the most part paid by Fr. Charles Brown—the same Fr. Brown presumably

who had been a student at the Venerabile from 1610 to 1613, and who as a Jesuit worked in Wales till his death in 1647. Also on the credit side are entered several stipends for Masses which David Lewis said for College intentions. The first book finishes with the year 1641.

Book D. (*Lib.* 311).
Dare.

CAROLO BAKERO.

One July and a half to ye barber[1]	.15
Twelve Julyes for a Primer, Beads etc.	1.20
ffor a locker and a key three Julyes	.30
ffor a poor man two Julyes	.20
ffor the singers 3 Julyes	.30
for the cavallo twenty five Julyes	2.50
for an iron rodd and curtaine three Julyes and seaven Bayocks	.37
for almes two Julyes	.20
Three Julyes for tokens	.30
for a Grammar three Julyes	.30
for a collation one Julye	.10
1 July for a picture	.10
for almes 2 Julyes	.20
3 Julyes taken at Montepo.	.30
ffor a cap 2 Julyes	.20
ffor the abbreviation of Bar.[2] 8 Julyes	.80
ffor going to the grotts[3] one Julye	.10
ffor a collation two Julyes	.20
At Tivoli 2 Julyes	.20
Almes one Julye	.10
1 July taken at Montepo.	.10
15 Bayocks for a collation	.15

[1] There are ten Bayocks (b=baiocchi) to a Julye and ten Julyes to a scudo (d) or crown.

It is strange that the account should be in Julyes ("giulio" was a coin struck by Julius II) and no mention of "Pauls" (a later coin of Paul III).

[2] An epitome of Baronius' History as appears from an entry elsewhere when it cost only six Julyes.

[3] Elsewhere called "Sacred Grotts". Probably the "Sacre Grotte Vaticane" or crypt of St. Peter's, unless it be the catacombs of S. Pancrazio which the students used to frequent (cfr. Munday: *English Romayne Life*).

45 b. p. la tiratura del scudo di 150 conclus.[4] ..	.45
3 Julyes to the Campanaro	.30
3 crownes for ye printer of his conclus.on for conclus.on that is paper printing and freggin a borse[5]	3.
Monteportio one July	.10
e per il vitto di tre anni finiti alli 6 di Nov. 1641	300.
	312.22

Book E. (*Lib.* 313).
Deve Dare.

CAROLO BAKER CONV.

A dì p.o Gennaio 1642 three hundred crowns for his 3 years diett end the 6 of November 1641 as in D page 93	300.
The twelve crowns b. 22 for diverse expenses as there 93	12.22
30 July for a collation one Julie	.10
13 Sept 6 Julyes for a coach to Monte Portio	.60
20 Xbre scudi cento pagati al Coll.o per suo vitto p. tutto il presente anno	100.
1643 dì 12 di 7bre p. Monteportio	.40
1644 A dì 8 Gennaio p. il vitto sino al principio di 8bre 1643	77.
A dì 8 Aprile one July for almes	.10
1645 A dì 27 Giugno a clasp set to a book	2 ½
for beades etc. a July	.10
A dì 10 detto d. 1.75 for a diurnal etc.	1.75
A dì Aprile d. 3.50 for a breviary	3.50
	495.82

[4] Cfr. the accounts of Simon Wilson " a dì 2 7bre (i.e. September) 6.20 cioè 6.5 per la stampa dello scudo piccolo di S. Tommaso in raso e 6.15 per la stampa di 50 conclusioni di logica più di quelli che gli diede il Collo. Dico dello scudetto. " The *scudo* is propably of some Cardinal or eminent person to whom the student dedicated his Public Act—the arms were engraved at the head of the theses, generally in the centre of some symbolic scene. Several of these engravings have been preserved and bound roughly in book form *(foglio 3)* though the theses are cut off and may only be seen in some of the binding slips. The engravings occupied about a third of the sheet (about the size of a newspaper), then came a laudatory dedication, then the heading—" Conclusiones Theologicae (or " Philosophicae ") with the theses and finally the date: v.g. " disputabuntur publice in Collegio Anglicano a Thoma Perisio eiusdem collegii alumno, anno 1621 mense—die—hora—. "

One is dedicated to Cardinal Robert Bellarmine by John Cripsius a nephew of the martyr, **F. Garnet.**

[5] " Freggin a borse ". These words are rather difficult to read. Perhaps the decorating of a purse, or covering for a presentation copy of his " conclusions ".

The accounts of David Lewis are by no means the most interesting or varied; yet they leave room for speculation. Was the "locker and key" to secure his valuables, for his room door, or to replace damaged College property? Who were the singers and who the Campanaro or bell-ringer? Was the grammar he bought a Hebrew grammar? And the curtain, was it a bed-curtain or simply a mosquito net? And why is there no pension paid for the last two years? From the item on printing his "conclusions" we may safely infer that he was chosen for one of the College Public Acts, and that probably in the whole of philosophy, since the entry immediately precedes one for three years pension. It is a great pity that we have no confirmation of this: the *Notae circa Exercitia Scholastica* (*lib.* 320) only start in 1642 and even then do not give a complete record.

COLLEGE EXTENSION

Thanks to the foresight of the Vice-rector, the top floor of the College premises now extends along the Via di Monserrato as far as the corner, where the Via di Montoro turns off to the right. Early in the summer a small part of the flats was vacated, and while we were at the villa, the wall at the end of the Bl. Thomas More corridor was knocked down, and seven small new rooms were added to the "slums", all on the street side. The corridor now seems of interminable length, and the dwellers at the far end must find the distance a ticklish obstacle in the punctuality race. The furniture there is distinctly good, and compares very favourably with the rather awkward chairs and tables common to that part of the house; moreover cupboards in the walls replace the large *armadio*. There was some little difficulty with the heating, as the *riscaldamento centrale,* already weak at its extremities, could not be made to extend any farther. The Rector, however, remembering the days when he had to sit shivering in his room, decided to install electrical heating; so that now each room is fitted with a small electric radiator. Luxury? Yes, but there is a main-switch in the Vice-rector's room to

enable him to turn it on and off at will. The occupants of the new rooms piously hope that the Vice-rector, too, will be frequently touched by memories of chilly student days.

THE HOSPICE CHURCH

A former writer in this magazine telling of the old church of the Hospice (cfr. VENERABILE, Vol III, p. 32) mentions a second consecration of the church in September 1501. "But," he says, ,' the reason why does not appear." Happily the Archives of the College have cleared up this little mystery. In *Liber* 246 a report of the College architect, written during a visitation held in 1630, reads: "In 1445 by bull of Pope Eugenius the Fourth permission was obtained to consecrate the chapel and the burying place contained in it. But the chapel proving to be inconvenient, it was re-constructed and bettered, and a cellar added below, all at the instance of Robert Shirborne, then ambassador in Rome of Henry the Seventh of England. The chapel was consecrated in honour of the most Holy Trinity and St Thomas Martyr on the 27th of September 1501." (" si ottenne da Papa Eugenio IV per la bolla dell'anno 1445 licenzia di far consegrare la cappella propria con cimitero in essa. Ma non riuscendo la ditta cappella comoda fu poi ridotta in forma megliore con la cantina sotto l'anno 1497 per opera del Ecc.mo Sig. Roberto Shirborno Ambasciatore all'hora del Re Arigo settimo de Inghilterra in Roma, et consegrata in honore della Santissima Trinità e Santo Tomasso Martire a dì 27 di Settembre 1541 ").

In *Liber* 17 contemporary testimony confirms the truth of this: "Let it be noted that in the year 1497 the church of the hospice of the Holy Trinity and St Thomas Martyr was re-constructed and improved, and a cellar or wine-store added: this was made possible by the efforts of Don Robert Shirborne, at that time ambassador in Rome of his Majesty the King of England. For the re-construction of the church one thousand ducats *in carlenis,* according to agreement, were paid to Master Leo de Roucha of the city of Coma in Lombardy". (" Notandum quod ano dni 1497 eccia hospitalis ste trinitatis et thome martiris transformata

est in meliore forma una cum cantina seu cella vinaria studio et igenio dni roberti shyrbon tuc tempis serenissi regis Anglie oratoris in urbe reducta fuit. pro qua qdez eccia de novo reformanda soluti fuernt hoc ano magistro leoni de roucha de coma civite in lombardia secundu pacta et coventa ducati in carlenis mille ").

A note of the re-consecration gives the date as September 26th 1501. The consecrating prelate was Bishop of Sargona, a Corsican see then occupied (we learn from Moroni) by Fr. Lorenzo, a Dominican.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY

Last November the solemn *Instauratio Studiorum* was followed by a ceremony that generations of Venerabilini had sighed for—the *Benedictio Novae Sedis.* Thus we bade farewell to the Palazzo Borromeo, with its stifling lecture-halls and narrow stairs and moved to the comparative luxury of the Piazza della Pilotta. For three years our hopes had risen with the walls of the new University and we were not disappointed. All who have had experience of the old building are agreed that the present one is a grand improvement.

The general impression received is that the building is spacious and well planned, the fittings of polished wood and bronze lending an air of simple dignity. To begin with, instead of one inadequate entrance from a narrow street, there are now three wide doors opening into a piazza. These make it possible to enter or leave the University quickly and easily—a great advantage indeed. There is plenty of room in the piazza for all the colleges to sort themselves out; our chosen place for forming camerata is beneath the Madonna at one corner. Through the entrance-hall and corresponding to the cortile in the Palazzo Borromeo is a large atrium with a sliding glass roof. It has a pavement of marble and is bounded by pillars of polished granite, supporting a broad gallery. Premiation is held in this main hall so that gold medallists have to walk up the middle along a rich red carpet to the clicking of a battery of cameras. On the

right of the entrance-hall is the *portineria* which is said to contain apparatus whereby the porter can tell at a glance the exact whereabouts of the "Fathers" at a given moment. A clever device undoubtedly! Napoleon is still the protecting genius of the *portineria* but there are several lesser Napoleons now, smartly uniformed and with P.U.G. inscribed in gold letters on their caps. From the entrance-hall two staircases rise, one right and one left. These cope with the traffic quite adequately and the gory struggles of that mass of humanity which fought its way down the steps of the old Gregorian are now things of the past, stories to be narrated to First Year as typical of the Spartan days of old. There are twenty-two lecture halls of which two, Aula Maxima and the corresponding hall on the floor above are semicircular and can take about six hundred and fifty people with ease. In Aula Maxima there is also a little gallery which can hold a further hundred but it has not been used yet. Is it for an emergency crowd or is it for the laity at disputations? The seats are reasonably comfortable and in front of each is a small desk, too small for the man who sticks his elbows out when he writes but quite comfortable for the normal individual or for the non-writer. The lighting is excellent in all the halls; and there are plenty of windows too, and as these do not face noisy streets we may hope that they will be opened in the summer. Central heating has not been forgotten, and of course there are still the electric bells. Hat-stands there are in plenty so that there is now no excuse for the practical joker who would leave his hat on the bust of Liberatore.

The library, apparently vast and delightfully modern in its arrangements, is not yet finished, so we cannot judge it. There are other rooms, too, bare and dismal in appearance which, Rumour says, are specially reserved for examinations. About these we reserve our judgment till after July.

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY

Last April the writer of the article on the College Library called attention to the copy of *Fabiola* which it possesses. It was presented to the Monte Porzio Library by Cardinal Wiseman,

and contains some verses dedicated to "the English students" written in the Cardinal's own hand. "This book used to be in the small library at Porzio, from which by 1890 it had disappeared, how or when no one knew. But sometime in the early nineties, '92 or '93 I think, the late Andrew O'Loughlin, then a budding theologian, picked it up by chance in the Campo, bought it for a few soldi and handed it over to the library. Which shows that there may still be perils and chances awaiting the library's treasures". Dr. B. V. Miller sent us this interesting note; may he forgive us for this late acknowledgement.

From Fr. John O'Connor comes a reminder of yet another autograph note in one of Newman's works in the possession of the College. This note, written in Newman's neat hand, appears at the beginning of *An Essay on the Miracles of the Early Ages* published in 1843. "Hunc librum," it reads, "Ecclesiae judici supplex commendo, si quid autem in eo minus Catholice dictum fuerit, indictum velim. J.H.N."

Dr Cartmell rightly claims notice of three valuable books. The first a Sarum Missal printed at Paris in 1555 for use in Catholic England during Mary's reign. The second a first edition of Stephen Gardiner's treatise on the Eucharist, published in black letter at London, 1546. It is worth mentioning that we have also a work on the Seven Sacraments written by Thomas Watson, Bishop of Lincoln. This was printed at London in February 1558. Is this a first edition too? The third is Robert Person's work on the succession. This book, written anonymously, caused a tremendous stir. It was treason in England to possess a copy of it, for the author made the Infanta of Spain to be the appropriate heir to Elizabeth. Our copy printed in 1594 is probably the same one that was proposed for reading in the refectory. The reader, a young theologian named Jasper Lobb, flatly refused to read the obnoxious book. Jasper had to continue his studies at Douay in 1597!

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 18th. *Friday.* Belauded, *probati* or deferred till October—what matters it now that we are here at last? The Exam Dragon for the present is laid low and forgotten: long may he remain so! To the Vice-rector our grateful thanks are due for the rapidity with which our shattered tank has been repaired. The mass of fallen rock reaching nearly to the water's edge is picturesquely rugged, but the midday sun glares fiercely from it. Here is the chance for one of our handy men (whose name is legion) to erect a shelter for us. Let them look to it. So with tank all ready for use and the New Rector expected very soon, we are ready for a perfect Villa.

19th. *Saturday.* After those stuffy mornings in Rome it is delightful to see the altar-cloth waving in the breeze and the blue square of sky through the open chapel window. The weather is cool for July and a stiff evening breeze gives quite an Octoberish touch to tanking. Our plum trees are laden with unripe fruit—dare we suggest any connection with the sudden departure to bed of one who was old enough to know better?

20th. *Sunday.* A dinner in official welcome to Canon Hall, our new Spiritual Director. Over coffee and *rosolio* in the garden the Vice-rector proposed the Canon's health and informed us of his rapid promotion to the dignity of Monsignore. Monsignor Hall while admitting the pleasure it gave him to be a member of the Papal Household begged us to continue calling him simple "Father": and this we are glad to do, for "Monsignor Canon" is a little too magnificent within the family. Father Hall plunged into all the occupations of Villa life and was soon to be seen clipping hedges, playing tennis, frying potatoes and of course taking his nightly hand at bridge. Long life to him amongst us!

21st. *Monday.* The last examinees went into Rome and returned glowing with success. The rest of us have already exchanged the text-book for the scythe, rake or roller and the Sforza daily becomes more shipshape. Even that jungle of a tennis-court is being well dealt with: huge fires of Sforza bracken are lit on it to burn the weeds while the Committee, instead of breaking their backs weed-gathering, which is what we elected them for, stand around with blackened faces and watch the fire do their work.

22nd. *Tuesday.* The ravaged lakeside, stripped of its woods and scarr-

ed by the charcoal burners, is a piteous sight. However that worries the average golf-fiend little and in compensation you can now look right down to the water's edge as you smoke your after-breakfast cigarette. Quite fine also is the unexpected view, as you come round the Albano path, of the naked cliffs over which the Villa stands. But those perplexing little paths down to the Cliff and the Hermitage are robbed of their mystery and exposed to the prying sun, and who visits them now?

23rd. *Wednesday.* A vice-rectorial notice informed us that those *bêtes noires* of golf-committees, pergola builders and other labourers, the Cows of Carnevali, have lost their rights upon the Sforza. " They have no legal claim ", so if the wretched kine appear again we shall be ready for them with sticks and stones and joyful hearts. There also appeared today an illuminated *orario,* encased in a golden frame and written in gorgeously decorated characters in place of the old scrap of paper. But the time-table on both is the same, so what avails it to gild the cage?

24th. *Thursday.* Today there should have been a Sforza gita but by breakfast-time a half-gale was blowing and white horses were scudding across the lake. Nevertheless three " iron men " made their way across the Latin Vale to Rocca Priora, hidden in a wrack of misty cloud, and found on their return that the Sforza had been abandoned for the refectory. But alas, it was a refectory dinner.

25th. *Friday.* The gale had died down so that Father Hall was able to conduct the first bathing party down to the lake. Someone claims to have discovered a way of getting down in ten minutes. It takes longer to get up. Yesterday's heavy wind has strewn the ground with fruit, which proved a windfall for some people to judge by the luscious smell of cooking that rose from the estate.

27th. *Sunday.* The first ball was struck off the first tee, though not very far, by the Senior Student: and the Tennis committee likewise rested from their labours and opened a dusty court to the members. So Villa life is in full swing now. And the days slip by so pleasantly and smoothly that there is little indeed to chronicle. In the morning perhaps a round of golf and a tank; in the afternoon the same maybe, or else a pleasant deck-chair lounge, or a walk through the dark cool woods all dappled with yellow sunlight; the evening tank to remove the dust of the day and then the blood-red sunset watched through the blue haze of a meditative cigarette. And at night for those who can escape the tyranny of the gramophone there is always a game of bridge or the rowdy and more popular pontoon: and the garden too is cool and quiet, where the evening breezes ruffle your hair and from the wall you can see the twinkling lights of Rome across the Campagna and the moonlight shining on the Alban lake and glistening out upon the distant sea.

29th. *Tuesday.* After much rolling and watering of the pitch and the cunning transference of sods, a cricket match was played today, with very uneven sides. Golfers are discovering the truth of that philosophic

maxim that nothing, not even cows, is wholly bad. With their banishment the unchewed grass is growing thick and luxuriant and the fairway is becoming a rest-cure resort for lost balls. Those well up in such things suggest sheep as a remedy.

31st. *Thursday.* Opera practices are already under way and there were bursts of as yet unharmonious sound from the cortile this morning. The actors (whisper it not abroad!) were regaled with lemonade. This was the first of the Sforza gitas and passed off without mishap. Wisdom in a little should be a man's motto at dinner on these days, and then the deck-chair siesta, though pestered with stinging beasts, is not as bad as people say. The morning at any rate, except for the songsters, is free for a good long walk, a possibility not so frequent as *a priori* one might think, and even Velletri is within reach before lunch. And what better than to top the Velletri pass of a morning and behold the Campagna stretching out beneath you to the sea and the blue Volscians looming out of the mist? and then think that you must climb back again in the heat of the August sun!

AUGUST 3rd. *Sunday.* Another cricket match. One enthusiast actually put off his departure on a gita in order to play and disappointed those who hoped to have the laugh over him by scoring heavily. In the evening a film-show in one arm of the *chiostro,* where we were rather cramped for laughing space.

4th. *Monday.* News came through that the Rector is actually arriving in Rome this evening, *train de luxe.* The superiors hurried off to Rome to greet him and so we were left alone on the Vigil of the new régime.

5th. *Tuesday.* Our Lady of the Snows, the Villa *festa,* and so an apt occasion for the coming of our new Rector. We were ordered to be ready for him at the front door about eleven o'clock and were there prompt at the proper time with our hair neatly brushed and in a state of great excitement. The scouts at last reported a car approaching and of course Giobbe's lorry lurched round the corner of the De Cupis road to receive the enthusiasm of our first cheers. So we were more wary when a second car eventually appeared and not till the Vice-rector's head was seen out of the window did we break out into greeting. As Pierleone drew up before the church the Angelus bell nearly cracked its old sides with valiant ringing and then Dr. Godfrey stepped out to face several cameras and an enthusiastic welcome. Without more ado he opened his rectorship by giving Benediction in the chapel, and we straightway adjourned to dinner: and in such manner did a new chapter in the history of this College open. After dinner there was coffee and *rosolio* in the garden. The Vice-Rector in a short speech introduced our new Rector to us and we drank his health *ad multos annos.* Dr. Godfrey replied by aptly quoting the words of tomorrow's gospel, *Bonum est nos hic*

esse and as an old Venerabilino himself, expressed his pleasure at being amongst us once again. He hoped we would get on well together: and to that we said Amen. The Senior Student then welcomed him in the name of the House in a few well-chosen words, and with these official greetings the ice was broken.

6th. *Wednesday.* We spent the day sizing up our new Rector, and presumably (for I am no thought reader) he returned the compliment.

7th. *Thursday.* The second Sforza gita which, to our great pleasure, the Rector attended. We are showing ourselves to him openly enough in holiday garb—and we hope he takes no scandal or offence.

8th. *Friday.* The Senior Student was seen leaving the premises before meditation between two Trinitarians and we gave him up for lost. But he turned up again after breakfast and explained that he had been to say Mass at an orphanage in Rocca. In the evening the Rector paid a visit to the Cappuccini, with whom in one way or another we acquired several ties this Villa.

9th. *Saturday.* Work, in the pleasant guise of haymaking, was resumed on the landscape garden above the Sforza steps and several walls and paths of the later Stone Age were by degrees unearthed from under the débris of a winter. Now that the cows have gone our architects have some chance of attracting the rational animal.

10th. *Sunday.* Were ever men so afflicted by brute beasts as we? Our Pegasus who daily pulls the *biga* to Albano has been taking his Sabbath rest on the sixth green, which is only a green *per modum fictionis* for it is of hard earth, and has dug his hooves deep into it. As our score mounted up on this green we observed the progress of a cricket match, in which the better players after scoring all the runs commenced to monopolize the bowling. The men who stand fielding cheerfully all day in the hot sun for a " duck " are surely the kind who go to heaven when they die.

11th. *Monday.* The Rector has changed our Pastor for Hare's *Days Near Rome* for reading in the refectory—and we are to have Italian reading at night.

12th. *Tuesday.* Tennis has ceased for lack of rain. Everyone will rejoice to learn that the water-supply at the top of the steps has irrevocably dried up—so no more pumping to the tennis-court. Golf is ceasing for lack of balls to put into the woods, but cricket still holds its own.

13th. *Wednesday.* A cloudy day: but the Sforza gita, transferred from tomorrow, which is marked *ieiunium cum abstinentia* in the *ordo,* was quite successful.

14th. *Thursday.* A storm last night with plenty of lightning and buckets of rain but fortunately little thunder. At about 2 a.m. we had to get up to close our windows and then turned in again, considering sleepily (but not for long) what good it was doing our tennis-court and hard tee. It freshened the air anyway and so gave us an appetite . .

15th. *Friday.* The Assumption. Congratulations to Messrs. Wake and Hawkins who were ordained today in Southwark Cathedral.—We knew the *Roccheggiani* despised plainsong and today we were able to tell everybody how we had told everybody so last year. The fact must be recorded—we were turned down for the traditional function at the parish church at Rocca. In our pride we expected the invitation to come right up to the last moment, but no—we celebrated the feast with a Low Mass at 9 o' clock at home while the *Roccheggiani* went their own way free from foreign restraint. There was a *pranzone* of course and coffee and *rosolio* with no speeches, so we were back to tradition again by dinner time. A tennis tournament commenced but we ceased to take interest after the first round.

16th. *Saturday.* There are activities in the air which remind us of tomorrow's celebrations. It is cold and windy—the kind of weather for real pirates but not for our sort. Monsignor Cicognani was " ordered out " to Palazzola for the morrow. Although he had only just arrived in Rome from Czechoslovakia he threw his toothbrush and breviaries into a bag and came. *Evviva!*

17th. *Sunday.* We were not invited to participate in the Tufo functions either. However the usual races were held and old friends will be pleased to hear that la Signora Anti came in first in some race or other (donkey I think). But the great celebrations today were our own, for we had chosen this as the most convenient date for unfolding our operatic powers before the Rector. The limit of servile work must have been reached on this Sunday and coloured lights and decorations of greenery charmed the monastic cortile as a fiery sun cast its "amber and saffron hues" (cfr. Hare, *passim*) over the surrounding Campagna that evening. Soon after seven o'clock our guests, the Rector of the Scots' College and Dr. McCormack and Fr. Stevens of Ushaw were ushered into our worst places, coldly dignified withal, consisting of basket chairs (with tables for refreshments) behind the pillars of the *chiostro.* We had already been nestling for some time, warmly undignified in our deck-chairs in the gutter of the cortile, when the accompanist struck the first chords of the overture to the *Pirates of Penzance.* But excitement kept the tongues of the audience wagging and we forgot to clap him for an excellent piece of playing. The opening chorus too was allowed to pass unappreciated, for we are eager then for the story to begin or else picking people out from under the paint and fine clothes and beards. And what clothes they were! The finest tan Wellington boots, gaily coloured sashes and wickedly shaped daggers, used with effect on Frederick, made them a realistic crowd of ruffians and our indefatigable dressmakers must have taken enormous pains to turn them out so worthy of their acting and singing. Frederick who looked nowhere near one-and-twenty, sang like a lark until later with Mabel in " He loves me, he is gone " he swelled to the note of a nightingale. Mabel touched her high notes very truly and

sweetly and sang a lot of trilly ones, all unaccompanied, so that we confess we suspected she was making the tune up on the word " Ma-a-abel "—as has been known with the *Ite missa est.* The Major-General's family were as fine a group of girls as our cortile has ever witnessed, the plump and podgy and the lean and weedy all dressed in fine taste and most amusing: and Lytton himself could not have been welcomed with more universal applause than greeted the entry of the Major General, behind the scenes the ferocious and hard-working producer of the Opera. We have seen *The Pirates* several times, but this was the first time we had ever laughed at the " orphan " joke.

During the interval there was a light supper on the terrace, where pirates, maidens and audience mingled together in hungry fellowship and the Pirate King, as was only just, got the lion's share. Then came " the bobbies ". O for a Muse of fire that could describe these bobbies, for they had to be seen to be believed. Not for their voices surely were they chosen, but one for his feet, another for his nose, another for his adaptability to a gossamer walrus moustache and yet another for mere stomach. But when with aching sides we yelled for a third encore they were exhausted and could do no more. Many a deck-chair will never recover from the strain it suffered during this scene.

As a smooth undercurrent to the ebb and flow of mirth upon the stage there was excellent Malvasia and biscuits: and all the time our eyes were dazzled and delighted by the kaleidoscopic effects produced by those wizards, the electricians. Coloured night-lights twinkled and Chinese lanterns swayed in the breeze till it was past ten o' clock and Mabel was presented with a bouquet and someone else with a cabbage, *God save the King* was sung and we trooped off to the common-room. Here the Rector complimented everyone and said how pleased he was: Monsignor Cicognani too was forced to speak and dwelt upon the words *Generatio rectorum benedicetur.* And so to Prayers and Bed, for all good things must come to an end, though they leave a pleasant memory of laughter and melody behind.

RECTORI DILECTISSIMO
MUNERA DIU EXPECTATO INEUNTI
ALUMNI VEN. COLLEGII ANGLORUM DE URBE
PALATIOLIS RUSTICANTES
LAETI OBFERUNT

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE
or,
The Slave of Duty,
by W.S. Gilbert & Arthur Sullivan.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Major-General Stanley	Mr. Park.
The Pirate King	Mr. Carey.
Samuel (his lieutenant)	Mr. McKenna.
Frederick (the Pirate Apprentice)	Mr. Beevers.
Sergeant of Police	Mr. Duggan.
Pirates	Messrs. Wilkinson, Rickaby, Luke & Leahy.
Police	Messrs. Tootell, Tomei, Johnston, Luke & Leahy.
Mabel	Mr. McCarthy.
Edith	Mr. Campbell.
Kate	Mr. Grady.
Isabel	Mr. Purdy.
Dorothy	Mr. Nesbitt.
Ruth (Pirate-maid-of-all-work)	Mr. Dwyer.

ACT I: A Rocky seashore on the coast of Cornwall.
ACT II: A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight.

Accompanist: Mr. Ellison. *Dresses:* Mr. Tickle.
Stage Effects: Messrs. Fay, Restieaux & Fee.

18th. *Monday.* After a welcome half-hour's sleep—a rare luxury—we felt no ill effects from yesterday's dissipation. The Company were decked out again to be photographed, and what is more, filmed. So the pandemoniac police are preserved for evermore.

19th. *Tuesday.* A no-bell day for the Theology *v.* Philosophy cricket match. We never doubted who would win. A scoring-board (this is no village cricket that we play) kept the Philosophers in touch with our rising score and spurred them on to vain though valiant efforts. At one time a smart bit of Theological fielding swept the bails off at both ends with batsmen hanging helpless in the middle—but neither was given out!

20th. *Wednesday.* The *Osservatore Romano* informs us that: "La Santità di N. S. ha ricevuto in privata udienza: gli Ill.mi e Rev. mi Monsignori ecc ... R.P. Godfrey, Rettore del *Venerabile Collegio,* con Mons. Hall ...". Does this mean that we are being recognised at last in high quarters by our title of honour, "The Venerabile"?

21st. *Thursday.* Ducks have appeared upon the lake and the face of our fiery naturalist, screwed up over the telescope, has brightened considerably in consequence. Another Sforza gita today: one party did Monte Porzio and back before lunch. These are mighty men, not of old but of our own day!

22nd. *Friday.* In the reading of *La Vita e le Lettere del Padre Faber* at supper tonight we noticed, without emotion, that we had reached *lettera sesta allo stesso* (Stockton-on-Tees).

23rd. *Saturday.* Someone coming from the common-room after supper was heard shouting at the top of his voice to a boon companion, " Coming for a drink? " Simple indeed and salutary are the pleasures of the budding clergy, for there is only water here to inspire such a phrase.

25th. *Monday.* A *pranzone,* to which our guests were his Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow and his secretary, with Fr. Stevens and the Vice-rector of the Scots' College. They came, we believe, on foot from the Scots' Villa at Marino: no mean feat for the veterans of the party under such a sun. But the Archbishop, nothing daunted, set off again, with two of us to accompany him, immediately after coffee and *rosolio* to walk back. It was thus that we " suppressed " with honour that great Villa feast, Archbishop Hinsley's birthday, and he may be sure that none of us forgot him today. The new Rector's birthday, it has leaked out, is just a month off: we shall not forget this either!

28th. *Thursday.* That premature burst of rain before the first Madonna availed us nothing, and it is hotter now than ever. Today saw the last of the Sforza gitas and we *evviva*'d *il cuoco, con slancio.* Now we are ready for the free gita, mother of all enterprise.

29th. *Friday.* Fr.Keeler S.J. and two scholastics paid us a surprise visit about tea-time. We wonder did they ever catch the tram they had to sprint for round the lake? Today our Pegasus must have fed on oats, for he broke from the hands of the two invalids who had driven the *biga* into Rocca and tried, while they were not looking, to trample down a motor-car. He succeeded in inflicting injuries on the mud-guard. But the invalids kept a cool head while the irate owner danced with rage and expostulated to the heavens and the carabines. Eventually, getting no satisfaction from the cool-headed ones (one of whom was a moralist), he drove up to the Villa and is now sueing the Rector, vainly, for 200 *l.* damages.

30th. *Saturday.* The owner of the damaged car drove past the Rector today and raised his hat. The omen is considered propitious.

31st. *Sunday.* A hilarious film, *Io e la Scimmia* was screened tonight *sub divo.* While a pale moon and a fire in the woods down the lakeside lit up the darkness, we wrapped our zimarras tightly round us, sucked our chocolate and laughed loud and long.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Monday.* A meeting of sponsors was called to settle the fate of the new men, though as yet they are but the shadows of a name.

2nd. *Tuesday.* Twenty of us set out for S. Pastore, mostly on foot. The Rector and Father Hall however, along with two lame ducks, went by car: via Monte Porzio, for it was the feast of S. Antonino. So after years of exile the Rector came once again to " dear old Monte Porzio " and its vineyards smiled down on him as the car sped along the white road and up the hill towards that narrow street which still has so snake-

like a fascination for the men of yore. They all attended High Mass in the gorgeously decorated *parrochia* and the Rector then renewed acquaintance with Don Luigi the *parroco* and Don Carlo the curate who must have been the friend of many generations of Porzio men. Unhappily they could not stay for the procession and so bade goodbye to venerable Porzio where indeed the odour of us still seems to linger in the air. The car soon made up for lost time and had reached S. Pastore before the sentry with the binoculars realised whom the gorgeous Lancia contained. There was a great feast ready for us and the Rector replied in a pentecostal speech to the German toast. A *teatro* afterwards and a game of football, mercifully short.

4th. *Thursday.* After a day of rest to recover from the indiscretions of our German visit, we were ready to welcome and entertain the Scots. The cricket match, once our sixth wicket had settled down to it and we had plucked our hearts up out of our boots, was pleasant though a little slow and ended in a draw.

8th. *Monday.* Long-gita parties are now upon the road and from the Tyrol with its dark German fir woods and dark German brew down to the white hot roads and vine-clad hills of Umbria, we are scattering adventurous over the face of Italy: some even, greatly daring a night at sea, across to wild Corsica, isle of cigarettes and cheese: or the clay hills of Southern Tuscany, cracked and baking under the Tuscan sun: or pilgrimaging piously, dusty and cassock-clad to Loreto's holy shrine. But apart from this flux of departing and returning parties, full of new and stranger yarns, ordinary Villa life rolls on undisturbed with golf and with building walls, with sermons too and, alas, with the shadow of Hebrew and of Morals already beginning to lower in the distance. The sky is sulphurous and stormy, the air charged with electricity, but the storm refuses to break and so we pant exhaustedly in the heavy air.

10th. *Wednesday.* Our return visit to the Scots in their brand new Villa at Marino. A brightly Italian exterior greeted us and, what was more to the point, a refreshing tank, small but with the blessing of running water. Their tennis-courts are the acme of perfection and they have a charming cortile, well adapted for coffee and liqueurs. *Insomma,* a very magnificent place: you feel you would have to mind your p's and q's and muddy boots in it. After dinner we harmonised with our hosts in selections from the operas and returned home in the evening exceeding merry.

11th. *Thursday.* This time we had no day of rest to recuperate between visits but made ready almost before the Marino wine was well out of our heads to entertain the Americans and show them the curiosities of English home life. At the concert given in the compressed atmosphere of the Villa common-room the "gang" of later notoriety made its first appearance and even attempted to come back for an encore. They were hissed off and the Rector gave us a song instead. The visitors then

tried their hands at a little cricket, in a curious but effective style. One of their bowlers succeeded in whacking the diarist in the eye, which shows they are on the right lines at any rate.

13th. *Saturday.* We feasted in honour of Father Hall's sixtieth birthday. The Rector proposed the Canon's health over coffee and *rosolio* and the Vice-rector, despite his protest against all this speechifying, seconded the toast.

14th. *Sunday.* A seven-a-side cricket match closed the season. There were no spectators, so it was a homely little encounter, robbed of cricket's dread formality.

16th. *Tuesday.* The Germans arrived in force, "a thin red line of heroes" marching all the way. We unstuck their parched throats with a little wine and the luxury of a cigarette and then dragged them off, despite a heavy shower, to the tank. Here a pair of Teutonic spectacles was unfortunately dropped to the bottom, and though one of ours gallantly dived in again and again till his lungs were nigh bursting, nothing could be seen in the greeny slime and there the spectacles lie to this day to bear witness to the truth of my tale. Dinner was a pleasant meal, spiced by sparkling talk in many tongues: and afterwards we managed to scrape together another concert, even rising to an Italian sketch. Our visitors had then to leave after a little tea, amidst a grand chorus of "Hip hip hurrah's" and deep "Hoch hoch's".

17th. *Wednesday.* An Ember Day. We envied Father Hall his threescore years. One straying gita sheep failed to reach the fold tonight and had to put up with the Cappuccini. He is a keen golfer and so the strangeness of the Albano path perplexed him in the dark.

18th. *Thursday.* Most of us passed the day at S. Caterina. The walk was warm but a pleasant drink awaited us on arrival. One late party unhappily got into a girls' orphanage by mistake and were beaten off by two fierce nuns. Blasting was going on apace for the Americans' huge new tank and we were rather startled when a flying boulder whizzed past our ear as we were strolling peacefully through the grounds. But life is like that in the Middle West. After dinner a very good concert in which we were introduced to "shadowgraphs", and an amusing Sherlock Holmes sketch. Then of course came a game of Ball at which our lads, for beginners, did very creditably. One of our hefty sons indeed was a perfect marvel: the Americans would have liked to buy him for the team, only there would have been the cost of upkeep!

19th. *Friday.* Only one party has succeeded in reaching Oberammergau. These plutocrats came back today, one of them sporting Tyrolese pants, ditto hat and braces of a gorgeous green. Truly the possession of money is the root of much evil.

20th. *Saturday.* A tremendous thunderstorm last night. We were awakened by large drops of water splashing on our face—but what matter? Better a sodden pillow here than a palace of dry rooms in Rome.

And now the rains have freshened everything deliciously, the turning point of the Villa has come. The faded Sforza is young and green again, the dusty woodland paths are black and springy and a joy to walk upon, clusters of cyclamen and bright crocuses peep from under the dead leaves (and later adorned the *antipasti*). The air is so clean and fresh that you feel fit for mighty things. In fact a man holed out in one today. *C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas le golf!*

21st. *Sunday.* The contract with Carnevali's cows has been renewed (though not his wood rights), so the beasts will be back here any day. In fact there are traces already of their being secretly herded in at night. So two stout labourers are erecting a fence, complete with stile *à l'anglaise,* across the path that leads to the golf-house and in this way Earwigs' Nest, the Rockery and those other refuges for the weary will be preserved from desecration. It is an effective fence, as the Master-labourer discovered when he tried to bring a wheelbarrow up to the Sforza.

22nd. *Monday.* Football season opened. Several Old Contemptibles, of course, turned out to please the energetic and it was not long—*experto crede*—before the Old Contemptibles were wishing they had never been born.

23rd. *Tuesday.* A crystal-clear morning, and on the slopes of the north-western hills and along the sea-coast all sorts of unexpected little places sprang into view. The ungeographical of course boldly attached names to them all and asserted loudly that they were what they could not be. So arose dissension. But was that dim white line that could be seen from the top of Cavo really far-off Corsica or only imagination?

24th. *Wednesday.* International visits have been perversely falling on our gita day so that this, so late, is the first free gita the House has had. It seems to have had a strange effect on one man who insists that he saw a large yellow cat come in during the night through the window of his tower-room. And everyone knows there is no room for the smallest of yellow cats on the window-sill of that room.

25th. *Thursday.* The Rector's birthday, celebrated magnificently with ices. Coffee and *rosolio* afterwards in an atmosphere of universal good-will, evidently unchilled by ice—with speeches by the Vice-rector and Father Hall, loud cheering and singing on our part and a reply by the Rector. Rosary was deferred to a gratefully late hour and we then turned in to a high and excellent tea. The producers gave us the Opera again—by this alone judge ye its excellence—and once again it was musical, magnificent, uproarious, receptive not of criticism but of unstinted admiration only. During the interval the Rector let fall some informative tit-bits, and amongst other things we learnt that Monsignor Cicognani's silver jubilee had passed unhonoured two days before. The cat was out of the bag before Monsignor Cicognani could strangle it and so he had to speak. He rose happily to the occasion and asked to be admitted as a real Venerabilino, not by birth, for that is not so,

nor merely extrinsically *in honore* but truly, *propter amorem!* And with a flourish of piratical swords we saluted him as one of us. We also learnt, to our surprise and pleasure, that the so lately lamented Dr. Ibbett was coming back to us as Roman agent to the Bishops.

26th. *Friday.* Another game of football. Some of the old veterans turned out again, spontaneously this time, so captured are they by this form of amusement, and even succeeded in scoring two goals. Honour to the brave! Hard on the first news of his appointment came Dr. Ibbett, and who could be more welcome? He arrived by car just on the Ave—

28th. *Sunday.*—and today we drank his health in the refectory.

30th. *Tuesday.* The golf-house roof was burnt to ashes by a high-leaping chestnut fire. It made a lovely blaze.

OCTOBER 1st. *Wednesday.* An enterprising generation seeks new sites to cook its gita grub. Who amongst past heroes has ever fried his onions on the "well-wooded" (O lying notice!) top of Colle Jano, or could even find the way to Monte Pardo, the *pineta* of Ariccia?

2nd. *Thursday.* The golf-house roof has been rapidly and roughly repaired and in spite of Tuesday's disaster the chestnut offensive has opened in earnest. But a rival party has set up this year which despises your blackened, half-roasted variety and eats its chestnuts boiled, with salt, under the open sky. But alas, these crackling fires that blaze up as the darkness draws in and the dew begins to fall, are they not a warning that the Villa is running to a close?

3rd. *Friday.* The superiors were all in Rome today, so the top boys undertook to entertain Father Welsby (and themselves) at the centre table.

4th. *Saturday.* To make up for our Rocca jilting the Cappuccini have invited us round to take part in their *festa* of St. Francis. That important man the M.C. set off first with a business-like bag, accompanied by the jeers of the *fainéants* on the wall. Then the Rector came jolting round in the *biga* and we followed in skirmishing order. Our select choir sang Perosi (advertised as *musica sceltissima* or was it *celestissima?*), fireworks banged joyfully, our little acolytes juggled amazingly with their collapsible candles and the whole ceremony passed off without a hitch. The Rector then stayed behind *per un po' di penitenza* and the Orpheus oiled their throats with good Marsala. We, the mob, trudged home thirsty.

5th. *Sunday.* A *pranzonetto* to celebrate Monsignor Cicognani's jubilee, *in cuius amorem* we drank a glass of red. After dinner he produced some little bottles of *Tintura Imperiale,* a green liquid which turned white when mixed with water, burned with a blue flame and caught the throat with astonishing violence. There was to have been a film too but the Venerable Board of Film Censors rejected it as impossibly dull; so we ate the chocolate instead.

8th. *Wednesday.* The third, and already the last, of the free gitas.

Only one bears mention—the *gita-de-luxe* in a high-powered car to Anzio. One badly twisted leg was brought back in it and put to bed.

9th. *Thursday.* Undisturbed by mockery two men have been at work on that patch of waste ground overlooking the Sforza wall, levelling, sawing, hammering. Inquirers were told it was going to be a Pergola and would they mind getting out of the way? It is nearly finished now and we humbly eat our mocking words. The Pergola!—a spacious residence, strongly built in a delightful situation overlooking the lake, fitted with bigger and better seats than any other of our home-made Homes from home and one day to be garlanded with clustering vine. Yet the old golf-house with all its faults has strong attractions still when the firelight flickers warmly of an evening on zimarra-clad figures crouching round, nor will it yield yet awhile to any younger rivals.

12th. *Sunday.* A crowd of trippers unloaded before our gates from three charabancs, several taxis and a *Regie Poste* van which held a uniformed brass band. We were serenaded, but did not feel romantic about it. During the film tonight the Rector announced the Scholarship results and then the operators gave us the reels in inverse order. It would seem about time they handed over to younger men!

13th. *Monday.* St. Edward's Day. The altar was tastefully decorated with flowers, and Monsignor Cicognani said Mass during meditation for the College intention. Outside blue lightning stabbed the air, peals of thunder crashed around and the rain lashed down with surprising violence. The lights gave up the struggle altogether (and were not seen again till they popped on playfully during rosary in the middle of the afternoon), so we breakfasted by candlelight. Dinner was a festive meal though it took an unconscionable time: our guests were Bishop Dobson, Monsignor Cicognani and Frs. Hofler, Avery and Patterson. By this time it had cleared up sufficiently to allow of coffee in the garden and angry cries were set up for *Chi Lo Sa?* It appeared, late but better than ever. In the evening a highly successful concert: everything went with a rousing swing from *I'm the most miserable man on earth* to the hero who fell off his chair during the sketch but hastened to assure us that " 'twas only a scratch ".

16th. *Thursday.* The last day at Palazzola—the weather is glorious and all things call to us to stay.

17th. *Friday.* We returned to Rome.

Most of us, wearied of Albano, caught the Marino trains: a couple of *camerate* walked, of course, so by steam or by staff we were all back in Rome in time for spiritual reading, and the click of the lockers after the Conversion prayers was the final nail driven into our coffin. But changing rooms passes the time: begrimed, perspiring men run to and fro with drawers, which they empty in heaps upon the floor and then stare at with growing dismay. Smoking after tea breaks us in gently, but that loudly clanging bell bursts rudely on our after-supper recreation.

18th. *Saturday.* Throughout the day panting trains disgorged their freight of survivals and new arrivals, to be met by helpful if not always disinterested friends. " Peter's and Pam " is the order of the day: but what are the ilexes or even the famous Pines of Pamphili to men whose hearts are in the chestnut woods of Palazzola? But we must not repine—English cigarettes are to be had for the asking anyway. The lights all went out this evening, just to show the new men our little ways. Their names, by the way, are: - Messrs.J. Dawson (Southwark), M. Elcock (Shrewsbury), G. Pearson (Brentwood), W. Ford (Birmingham), E. Doyle (Shrewsbury), G. Sweeney (Nottingham), J. Abbing (Salford), F. Simmons (Clifton), J. Spicer (Plymouth), J. Malone (Liverpool), J. McDonald (Hexham & Newcastle), L. McReavy (Nottingham), F. Rogers (Menevia), G. Roberts (Northampton). These all hope to do a full seven (or is it to be nine?) years course. There are also three new theologians: Messrs. M. Grace (Liverpool), A. Jones (Liverpool) and R. Foster (Birmingham). We now number seventy-two disciples and several superiors, and to accomodate them all, seven new rooms have been added to the old " Slums " corridor. There are also some new chairs in the common-room, made for smallish men.

20th. *Monday.* The new men were dragged off to buy the necessary alarm-clock, umbrella and *cartoleria,* and to marvel at the fluency of second-year Italian. They are beginning to feel a little less lost and have already picked up the inner meaning of such words as " beak " and " bag ". In the evening the Rector introduced himself to us in a comprehensive talk, so now *siamo intesi.*

21st. *Tuesday.* Retreat began under the aegis of Fr. Browne, O. P.

26th. *Sunday.* Retreat ended: nor was it long before we rediscovered the truth of that eternal but annoying truth that old habits die hard. Mr. Shutt was ordained priest at the German College by Archbishop Palica—our hearty congratulations. Second Year Theology, whose names are too numerous to mention, so let us *prosit* them *en bloc,* received First Minor Orders, and welcomed gladly the hot coffee prepared by a beneficent providence against their return. In the evening a lengthy but devotional ceremony, ending with the kissing of hands.

27th. *Monday. Primitiae missarum.* The new priests dined on the middle table and we gave them *ad multos annos* in the refectory. Our guests to dinner were Monsignori Cicognani and Heard, Fr. Browne O.P. and Mr. Shutt.

28th. *Tuesday.* Today, let future generations note the date, is the anniversary of the Rector's ordination, celebrated properly with solid material honours. In the evening the Rector gave Solemn Benediction.

29th. *Wednesday.* Surmise as to what will happen at the New Seat causes a mild flutter, but we are not deeply excited. Schools are beginning later this year, while we have never come back to Rome so early: so between the two we have nearly a fortnight hanging on our hands.

We manage to pass the time in various ways: visiting galleries, if a man be so inclined, playing ping-pong, which has come into its own on the neglected billiard-table, and celebrating twenty-first birthdays—a surprising number of people must have been born towards the end of 1909. As for football, full numbers fought for a game five days in succession. The game was relieved this afternoon by an admiring peasant stalking across the field to present a bouquet of flowers to the goalie.

30th. *Thursday.* It is a nipping and an eager air, and the first snows can be seen already on the north-eastern hills. It would seem, falsely *de facto,* to bode a bitter winter and colds are already rife.

31st. *Friday.* A large party accompanied Mr. Halsall for Mass in the Catacombs. Changes of administration continue there with revolutionary rapidity: the short-lived nuns with their paraffin lamps and gorgeous vestments have now given place to Salesians.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Saturday.* All Saints. Dr. Godfrey was installed as Rector of the College. Prompt on 11.30 came the Cardinal Protector and was escorted with due solemnity to the Church, where the *Veni Creator* was sung and the Brief of Appointment, a bald and simple document, read out. His Eminence then addressed a few words to the Rector and the students, reminding us both of our respective duties, and in conclusion announced the appointment of Dr. Godfrey as Domestic Prelate. This Brief of Appointment was also read out. Hereupon the gun boomed and the Cardinal recited the Angelus with us in English. Solemn Benediction closed the ceremony: and so to dinner, where the Rector appeared glorious in purple stock and cincture new. Our guests were H.E. Cardinal Lépicier and his secretary; Monsignori Cicognani and Heard, Fr. Welsby S.J., Mr. George Ogilvie-Forbes, British *chargé d'affaires* at the Vatican; and the Cardinal's trainbearer and chauffeur, O.S.M. After dinner his Eminence graciously presented us with his *opera omnia*—a little library of red-bound English and Latin works, and in the common-room speeches flowed fast and furious from all parties in spite of Monsignor Heard's attempt to "stop the rot". Mr. Ogilvie-Forbes is a new visitor to the College and one whom we would be glad to welcome amongst us oftener.

2nd. *Sunday.* A film *sonoro, Bulldog Drummond,* but without the *sonoro.*

3rd. *Monday.* All Souls. We commence to buckle on our harness, rising in the small hours, refectory reading of a weighty sort and curtailed recreation. To compensate, however, they are giving us some excellent red wine at meals.

6th. *Thursday.* The Red Mass of inauguration in S. Ignazio, sung by the Latin Patriarch of Alexandria. *Posti riservati* were fixed this year for each College instead of the old free and easy system when first comers took the lowest places, only to be hustled forward by bustling authority. After Mass we proceeded College by College devoutly across

the Corso for the solemn opening of the new buildings. It rained, hard. In Piazza della Pilotta we stood soaking in two tumultuous files while Cardinals, Rectors and other great ones passed up through the midst and in by the *porta carrozzabile:* then we too surged into the magnificent Central Hall. Gone at any rate are the base externals of the "Old Greg": here marble pillars soar up to the gallery, uniformed officials float around with P.U.G. upon their livery, and trumpets issued in the "O Roma" with unGregorian fanfaronade. Cardinal Bisleti, as representative of the Holy Father, read an address in Latin and then proceeded to bless all the halls. But this was a longish ceremony in which the audience had little share, so as dinner-time drew nigh we began to drift away, glad all the same to have been present at this historic opening.

7th. *Friday. Instauratur annus scholasticus,* once more in the Central Hall before Cardinal Bisleti, and amidst the incessant puff of magnesium flares. This is the modern equivalent of Premiation Day; and we were hoping for some announcement about the new long-time doctorate course, but nothing seems to be yet decided. To the distress of his numerous friends, Fr. Silva-Tarouca owing to indisposition *(raucitudinem gutturis),* was unable to read in person the paper he had prepared for us. Degrees were then solemnly conferred: the *summa cum laude* doctors were clothed in the four-cornered biretta, a ring was put upon their fingers and their virtue was rewarded by a public kiss. At the lucky dip our own fortune seems to be turning: Mr. Redmond was drawn for a gold medal, and photographed while singing. After dinner coffee and *rosolio* to drink the health of the new doctors.

9th. *Sunday.* To dinner Monsignor McShane, Count Cutmenstahl and Mr. Bowring.

10th. *Monday. Singuli professores scholis suis praefantur,* which means early schools again. It was a nasty shock to discover about 8.20 that the *brevis lectio* had been honourably buried with the Old Greg and professors, unless their own good will dissuaded them, were to carry on for the full time. Fr. Vermeersch jumped at the opportunity. But things are different, one must admit, in these clean, large-windowed halls: by comparison we are now beginning to realise the full horror of the Bad Old Days, of which terrible will be the tales we shall tell to younger men.

11th. *Tuesday.* A prolix public meeting occupied the next three days. The constitutions of the College were not changed.

14th. *Friday. Blasé* ancients, bored with many years of University routine, find the changing order stimulating. Even the road to schools has all the charm of novelty: Cuccagna bottle-neck and spacious Navona see us now no longer, all roads still meet at S. Eustachio but not on us, the postcard men outside the Pantheon wait in vain to greet us. Vicariate, Questura and Corso are our landmarks now, so the ramblings of archaeologists and the musings of Romanesque writers are already out-of-date.

16th. *Sunday.* Buster Keaton once again in *Si perde la pazienza.*

18th. *Tuesday.* The October number of THE VENERABILE (glance kindly at the date, oh patient reader!) appeared after supper, and in spite of a meeting of the Socialists, was well received.

19th. *Wednesday.* To dinner the Archbishop-Bishop of Malta and his secretary.

22nd. *Saturday.* Those servants should really be made to ring the meditation bell in time. We were forced to retire to bed with a sprained ankle as a result of this omission. The infirmary, that once dismal "Black Hole", is now blooming like flowers in spring. The walls have been distempered, brightly if patchily, by a handy student, blue curtains soften the outer glare from tired eyes, and an electric fire gives it a warm and cosy look, reminding a man of home and buttered toast—till a concert practice begins next door. Your food is carried up in a shining tower of Babel with complicated joints, to keep it warm: time was when you were lucky if a meal came up at all, and then there would be no fork or spoon!

23rd. *Sunday.* The high-souled and they of well-lined purses went to the Augusteo to hear Yehudi Menuhin, the boy violinist who used to enchant us on the gramophone. The philistines pammed. To supper Fr. Cordovani O.P., prefect of studies at the Angelico, who addressed the Literary Society in Italian.

25th. *Tuesday.* St. Catherine's. To dinner, to the dismay of embarrassed new men, came the Archbishop of Birmingham, with Frs. O'Reilly, and Griffin. Dinner was over rather late and by the time we had settled down to coffee and *rosolio* there was little time left for first year victims. Six of them were put rapidly through their paces and then they were bundled out to Hebrew by a cruel world. The Rector then welcomed his Grace of Birmingham on his first visit to us: and Fr. O'Reilly, who twenty-five years ago made his *début* in this room, took up the tale, boldly asking his Grace to stay with us while he was in Rome and not neglect the Venerabile, once our only hospice here and always ready to welcome such guests as he. Archbishop Williams was thus forced to reply, though he had hoped the Venerabile was one of those pleasant places where one was spared an after-dinner speech. His remarks on the importance of history, quoting Mr. Belloc, were most stimulating. First Year turned up again, hebrewless, before the smoking session closed. In the evening we gave body to the *festa* across the road and then, after an early supper, turned in to see what First Year could give us in the concert line. We were pleasantly surprised at their versatility and congratulate everyone concerned on an excellent concert.

1.	. . . .	*First Year Song*	
2.	Piano Solo	*Beethoven, Op. 49, No. 2* . . .	Mr. Abbing.
3.	Song . .	*Serenade (Romberg)*	Mr. Doyle.

4. Interlude . *The Villagers' Play before the Duke from "A Midsummer Night's Dream".*

Prologue	Mr. McDonald.
Pyramus	Mr. Roberts.
Thisbe	Mr. Ford.
Lion	Mr. Dawson.
Wall	Mr. G. Pearson.
Moon	Mr. Simmons.

5. Duet . . . . *Larboard Watch* . Messrs. Doyle & Malone.
6. An Oration . . . . . Messrs. Elcock & McReavy.
7. Quartette . . . . . Messrs. Pearson, Doyle, Spicer & Malone.
8. Ensemble . . . *Stein Song.*
9. Sketch:

A FRIGHTFUL FROST.

Characters:

Mr. Watmuff (attached to the past)	Mr. McCurdy.
Ferdinand Swift, his nephew (attached to fortune hunting)	Mr. Grady.
Walter Litherland (attached to Emily)	Mr. Leahy.
Mrs. Watmuff (attached to the memory of her parents)	Mr. Beevers.
Emily, her daughter (attached to Walter)	Mr. Nesbitt.

Scene: Mrs. Watmuff's Parlour.

26th. *Wednesday.* St. John Berchman's and a holiday. Most of us went to S. Ignazio for Mass, the lazy ones suffering for it by a hungry half-hour's wait for breakfast. The team, probables and possibles, are getting into trim already for that Scotch match.

27th. *Thursday.* The book-auction is being held early this year in spite of a distressing shortage of the necessary. It began today, produced nothing worth buying and continued—

29th. *Saturday.*—for a very long time. A spurious German student came into the common-room after supper *per trovare prezisamente quanti cattolizi ci zono in Inghilterra.* Shamefully he was allowed to escape untouched.

30th. *Sunday.* To supper Mr. Ogilvie-Forbes and Mr. Montgomery of

the Berlin Embassy. Mr. Forbes gave us an enthralling talk on Mexico and the persecution, undisturbed by any " clangorous bell "—indeed we could have listened gladly for much longer.

DECEMBER 1st. *Monday.* The obsolete tramlines—how long is it since we first marvelled at the great green 'buses as something new and monstrous?—are being removed at last and the whole of our part of the Corso Vittorio is up at one fell swoop. Oh shades of Bond Street and the Strand!

2nd. *Tuesday.* Community singing is coming back with a vengeance. However it is a gauge of our good spirits, so the tumultuous medley of cross choruses gladdens our hearts though it split our ears.

4th. *Thursday.* It is getting unpleasantly cold, and no heating yet. Is this a return to pre-*riscaldamento* days? We willingly take our hats off to the giants of those days but desire no closer acquaintance!

5th. *Friday.* The belated heating came on. Snow is brooding over the city but will not fall. It was a cold, damp, miserable day and our souls revolted at the slushy tramp to afternoon schools: even a handsome roomy hall does not take all the sting from the Gregorian fangs. But we are proving our worth there: another medal came today for the late Mr. Morson, *cum laude* in the doctorate of philosophy. Congratulations! We can now look any nation, Latin, Slav or Teuton in the face.

7th. *Sunday.* To dinner Monsignori Heard and Payne, Count Riccardi-Cubitt and Mr. Bowring. Afternoon functions are so long at present that they have to be divided and we go out immediately after Vespers. Indeed even with short Benediction there is little time on this day of rest—a bare half-hour in Pamphili. So the lazy go no further than certain logs beyond the Quattro Venti there to listen to the distant roar of Lazio *v.* Austria and get slimy green marks on their wings. A film tonight, featuring a Yankee at the Court of *re Artù.*

8th. *Monday.* The Immaculate Conception. Someone has adorned Our Lady's statue with light blue hangings, covering that tapestry at the back which a nebulous tradition states was used at Edward VII's Coronation. A laudable idea these hangings, if not the most beautiful of blues.—Coffee and *rosolio.*

10th. *Wednesday.* The orange-trees in the garden have been *tutti quanti'd,* with disastrous effect.

13th. *Saturday.* Christmas is coming near. Under its placid surface the House is throbbing with fierce and well-directed energy. Very important Committees, whom our Supreme Vote has placed in power, sit apart in corners of the common-room and consider their fellows with judicial eye. Brains are excogitating napoleonic schemes to brighten up the common-room and tickle the fancy of a *blasé* House: brawn, less honoured but more noisy, is at work putting the schemes into execution, and you are never sure when one or the other will not pop on you to

play the heroine or hammer nails. Practices are beginning to depopulate the common-room, but since everyone is doing something, it is an ever different residue that remains to keep up social life with scandal, argument and song.

15th. *Monday.* There is an iron balcony, unused at present, over the rostrum in Aula I. Today some kindly workmen, realising things were dull, came in and started doing things. The professor had to surrender unconditionally.

16th. *Tuesday.* Optional schools, for the first time this year.

17th. *Wednesday.* The Government sees to it that there is no unemployment in this country. Men were to be seen today sitting on *pomi d'oro* tins and plucking grass from between the cobblestones with iron hooks!

18th. *Thursday.* Nearly all the superiors went to Palazzola with Mr. Sneider. Rumour talks glibly of restoration and Extension schemes.

20th. *Saturday.* Christmas is coming nearer. Rich purple Quarant'Ore hangings half-conceal the sham curtain behind the High Altar: and during recreation a hairy man appeared to play Walrus to the old carpenter and set up the stage. The Navona stalls are in full swing and were it not for the *vestis talaris* one might spend a profitable half-hour at the shooting ranges.

22nd. *Monday.* Quarant'Ore commenced today. The pile of Christmas letters already needs two men to carry them and the stage becomes a sea of struggling figures who curse horribly when the expected cheque turns out to be a Xmas card. O if the dear ones in England but knew how eagerly poor exiles longed for a real letter, they would spare us their Xmas cards and calendars!

23rd. *Tuesday. Exeunt* our good professors once again, and a Merry Christmas to them. This is Holly eve: Authority forbears to interfere and the ends of the earth rest on the organizers who run to and fro, collarless and with heated face, perspiring, despairing, expostulating. Self-appointed overseers stalk about all night and cry with irritating righteousness, " Hullo, not doing any work yet? "—but of these we will not speak. The real workers are those who with naked hands grapple with holly and entangled twine, or the men who " do the pictures ", though theirs is easier work, consisting mainly in standing with head on one side to admire the effect. Electricians stand ruminating with judicial air and meditatively tap the ash from their cigarettes: their job comes later when they can shout orders to their fellows perched precariously aloft on shaky ladders. Down below sacristans and crib-builders labour unseen of men: and of course there is the man who sits as " anchor " to the chain-making. He too is doing his bit.

24th. *Wednesday.* Christmas Eve. The holly fell short last night and only by frantic reorganization were the main chains slung up. Much remains to be done. Quarant'Ore functions finished this morning, so we

did our Christmas shopping in the afternoon drizzle. The 5.30 quasi-supper has been transformed, for better or for worse according to individual liking, into a high tea by the simple substitution of tea for wine. No ghost stories or other secular celebrations disturbed the quiet of the Vigil hours, but people were still hanging off ladders till a late hour and the draping of the stage, seemingly a herculean task, was finished only just in time. Then Matins, and the joyous consummation of Midnight Mass, caught up and fittingly rounded off by Lauds *ex imo pectore*. Away with well-modulated chant on this happy morn! We sang with all our lungs and marched out with *Deo Gratias* still ringing in our ears.

Hot wine and *auguri* all round—a man needs to be cheerful to reply smilingly to the twentieth "Merry Xmas". The fire was burning brightly in the common-room, and we nearly put the postman in it for not bringing us our midnight post. A pestilential fellow who always lets us down! *Chi Lo Sa?* gathered a merry circle round, though one faction would have none of it and said it took the heart out of their songs. Gradually we dropped off to bed: a few remaining till the leaping flames had sunk to dying embers and the dead cold of dawn was striking into their bones, but we saw them not and so cannot write of what they said or did.

25th. *Thursday.* Christmas Day. Heavy-eyed, with burnt tongues and rasping throats we sit round in an untidy common-room after breakfast. The sixth High Mass within five days was attended as devoutly as tired nature would permit: but spiritual reading after was a strain. We brightened up however on finding the refectory decorated (not by the Sisters) with holly and ornamental tangerines: and as good a Christmas dinner was laid before us as this southern clime can offer. By the time we had got up to coffee and *rosolio* tongues were unloosening and we were awake again. The wet dismal weather, true Roman Christmas, made us all the readier for the light and warmth of the concert, first of an excellent series, and, true to type, of a domestic sort.

1.	Carol . . . *Myn Lyking*	Orpheus.
2.	Song . . . *Break o' Day*	Mr. Flynn.
3.	Song . . . *Son of mine*	The Rector.
4.	Interlude	Messrs. McKenna & Luke.
5.	Solo . . . *There was a lover and his lass*	Mr. Park.
6.	Duet . . . *Bees*	Messrs. Flynn & McCarthy.
7.	Song and Chorus:	Mr. McKenna & Messrs. Weldon, Hennessy, Johnston & Luke.
8.	The Committee presents:	

THE CHURCH AND THE WORKER

Characters:

Monsignor Allgood	Mr. Heenan.
Thomas (his secretary)	Mr. Rea.
Rev. W.Astor (a clericus vagus)	Mr. Halsall.
Sister Susie S.O.S.	Mr. Purdy.
Master Henry Wilberforce Muggins (aspirant to Orders)	Mr. Rickaby.
Rev. Major Snappy D.S.O.	Mr. Foster.

Snapdragon appeared after supper blazing merrily, despite the sad fate of the rum prepared for it: and Father Xmas closed the day with presents, sometimes cruelly apt.

26th. *Friday.* Boxing Day and the Scotch Match. We had hoped the Scotties would meet their Flodden at last, but it proved another Bannockburn. Defeated but undismayed we solaced ourselves at home with Charlie Chaplin.

27th. *Saturday.* St. John's Day. The sketch this evening was a great success; acting and production alike were excellent, the fruit of much hard work.

1.	Solo . .	*Watchman*	Mr. Cunningham.
2.	Recitation .	. . . . .	Mr. Pritchard.
3.	Song . .	*The Walrus and the Carpenter*	Messrs. Beevers, McCarthy, Halsall & Cunningham.
4.	Duet . .	*Dear Liza*	Messrs. Grady & Leahy.

5. The committee presents:

THE FARMER'S WIFE

(adapted from the play by Eden Philpotts).

Characters:

Churdles Ash	Mr. McNeill.
Araminta Dench	Mr. Wilkinson.
Miss Thirza Tapper	Mr. Johnston.
Samuel Sweetland	Mr. Roberts.

George Coaker	Mr. Pritchard.
Petronell Sweetland	Mr. B.Pearson.
Louisa Windeatt	Mr. Redmond.
Mrs. Coaker	Mr. Fleming.
Teddy	Mr. J.Malone.
Valiant Dunnybrig	Mr. McCurdy.
Henry Coaker	Mr. Dwyer.
Mary Hern	Mr. Dawson.

ACT I: The living room, Applegarth Farm.
ACT II: Miss Thirza Tapper's Villa Residence.

28th. *Sunday.* First Vespers of St. Thomas, and the cope-clad cantors made their usual hit. In place of the stop-gap Whist Drive ' the Committee " arranged an impromptu concert this evening. Considering it was wine-and-biscuitless and at least quasi-impromptu it was an undoubted success: in particular we congratulate those tuneless souls who got up and soloed for the common mirth. But is this really what Christmas concerts were like in olden time?

Monsignor Banfi, Vicar-General of the Southwark diocese, arrived tonight and is staying with us.

29th. *Monday.* St. Thomas's. To dinner, Monsignori Cicognani, Heard, Burke, Clapperton, Duchemin and Banfi, Fr. Philip Langdon O.S.B., Fr. Croft-Fraser, Count Van Cutsem and Mr. Ogilvie-Forbes. Coffee and *rosolio* afterwards of course, followed by Solemn Benediction. There is little time left us for recovery on these days before we are summoned in again to tea and concert and entertaining our guests. We can only hope our Scottish, Beda and Gregorian friends (for Frs. Keeler and Nearney S. J. were here tonight) enjoyed the concert as much as we did ourselves.

1. Song . . .	*"Tavvystock Goozey Vair"* . .	Mr. Spicer.
2. Solo . . .	*Nymphs and Shepherds come away*	Father Hall.

3. The committee presents:

THE DISTANT RELATIVE
by W.W. Jacobs.

Characters:

Mr. George Spriggs (a bricklayer) . . .	Mr. Slater.
Mrs. Spriggs (his wife)	Mr. Doyle.
Ethel Spriggs (their daughter) . . .	Mr. McDonald.
Mr. Augustus Price (Mrs. Spriggs' brother)	Mr. Weldon.
Mr. Alfred Potter (engaged to Ethel) . .	Mr. Grace.

Scene: Mr. Spriggs' living-room.

4. Violin Solo . . . . *Selected* . . . Mr. Heenan & Mr. Park.

5. The committee presents:

THE CRIMSON COCONUT
by Ian Hay.

Characters:

Jack Pincher (a detective)	Mr. McReavy.
Robert (a waiter)	Mr. Campbell.
Mr. Jabstick	Mr. A. Jones.
Nancy Jabstick (his daughter)	Mr. Elcock.
Nitro Gliserinski (an anarchist)	Mr. Tomei.
Madame Gliserinski	Mr. T. Pearson.

Scene: Spaghetti's Restaurant, Soho.

30th. *Tuesday.* A large contingent were invited to the American College at the penitential hour of 2.30, but all agreed the show was well worth it. To the annoyance of the stay-at-homes they got back in time to secure seats for the film, *Scaramouche.* Nor did even this end the day's amusements: an incomprehensible majority, for no one would shoulder the blame afterwards, voted for the performance of a two-reel " comic " after supper. Laughter was of the bitter sort.

31st. *Wednesday.* At the fair tonight several enterprising new stalls were opened: shooting ranges (no money returned for " bulls ") and a photographic cabinet where you were flashlighted in a gondola with S. Giorgio Maggiore silhouetted in the background. When the photographs were printed S. Giorgio looked suspiciously like a piece of cardboard pinned on to a linen sheet. Old favourites at the Fair, like the Refreshment Stall, have not lost their attraction, nor the primitive pastime of throwing things at living heads: and the Telegraph Office kept up an unceasing flow of anonymous scurrility. Strange how even the baldest of jokes seems funny when handed to you by a boy in red! Another new idea was the " Treasure Trove ", which kept half the common-room occupied after supper scraping in the soil for a too-carefully hidden five-*lire* bit. *Auld Lang Syne* was sung and the Old Year breathed his last painlessly and almost unnoticed.

1931

JANUARY 1st. *Thursday.* Turkey and plum pudding again. To dinner Monsignor Moss and Fr. Hayes, the Advent preacher at S. Silvestro. Coffee and *rosolio.* The electricians prepared their spotlights for tonight, but

misjudged the frailty of our wiring and plunged us all in utter darkness during the concert. We subsisted admirably for a while on pure sound.

1.	Solo & Chorus	*Chorus of Hebrew Slaves* . .	Messrs. Carey, Dwyer, Flynn, Nesbitt, Spicer & T. Marsh.
2.	Song . .	*Fate's Discourtesy* . . .	Mr. Foster.
3.	Duet . .	*The Dicky Bird and the Owl*	Messrs. Beevers & McCarthy.
4.	Interlude .	*Dialogue of 1731* . . .	Messrs. Hawkins & Sweeney.
5.	Solo . . .	*La donna è mobile* . . .	Mr. Beevers.

6. The committee presents:

MR. WITHERSPOON'S WILL

(a Musical Comedy in Two Acts)

Characters:

Mr. Augustus Witherspoon	Mr. McKenna.
The Archbishop of Canterbury . . .	Mr. Park.
General Smooth (of the Salvation Army) .	Mr. Tootell.
Salvation Army Girls	Mr. T. Marsh, Mr. Spicer.
Cardinal Chrysler	Mr. Wake.
Nurse Wolliver	Mr. Duggan.
Nurse Bolliver	Mr. Hennessy.
Betty (a housemaid)	Mr. Ford.
Eustace (a butler)	Mr. Cunningham.
Cook	Mr. Lynch.
Gardener	Mr. Cashman.
Solicitor	Mr. Jones.

ACT I: Dining room of Mr. Witherspoon's house.

ACT II: Same, five days later.

2nd. *Friday.* Schools.

4th. *Sunday.* Half the College went round to the Beda for tea and were kindly welcomed. The Beda have put up a stage and in spite of the unfortunate sickness of a leading *artiste* were able to give us an entertainment.

5th. *Monday.* Fr. Considine of the Fides Service to dinner and supper. The *salone* has been a hive of industry ever since he came.

6th. *Tuesday. La Befana.* After a sleepless night, due to the blowing of many trumpets, we awoke to the last of the Christmas holidays. The

Opera was performed again and once again was unspoiled enjoyment the whole way through: a little more compressed on the stage than in the charming Villa setting, but the acting more intensified and the singing peerless. After such an apex of achievement anything else would seem an anticlimax, so perhaps it is as well that tomorrow the stage comes down and early schools bring us back with a bump to earth.

But of earthy and scholastic things we shall not write and here hand over our wearied pen to other chroniclers.

R. P. Redmond.

PERSONAL

Soon after our return to Rome there took place in the College Church the formal installation of the Rt. Rev. MONSIGNOR GODFREY (1910-1917) as Rector of the Venerabile. In the familiar life at Palazzola we had already come to regard him as a rector with the true interests of the Venerabile at heart: and the weekly gita, (that day when Authority appears under the formality of a dusty tramper in the Campagna), had revealed him as our personal friend and welcome companion. The official ceremony of installation was however an occasion for rejoicing of a different sort, partly because it signified the end of a wearisome and anxious period of uncertainty, partly because it was the occasion of the Rector's elevation to the rank of Domestic Prelate. We assure him of our filial loyalty and affection and congratulate him heartily on the honour he has received.

We congratulate his Lordship, the BISHOP OF LEEDS (1877-1883) on the honours granted him in celebration of his silver jubilee. Among the many tokens of affection and esteem none can have caused him more joy than those of the Holy Father himself who has made him Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, Domestic Prelate and Count of the Papal Court.

Our circle of Roman friends has lately received a welcome increase in the appointment of Mr. G. OGILVIE-FORBES as *Chargé d'Affaires* of the British Legation to the Vatican. We were gratified to notice that his acquaintance with the Venerabile began at an early date after his arrival. From the very first moment of his entry into the common-room he was " at home " and we, on our part, have been entertained and thrilled by his varied experiences in Mexico. May we frequently have the honour of giving him a hearty welcome.

We note with satisfaction that the Rev. BERNARD GRIMLEY, D.D., Ph.D, (1915-1922) is preaching the Lenten Sermons at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York.

Our cordial congratulations are due to the Rev. E. SWEENEY (1899-1906) of the Portsmouth Diocese, who has celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination.

As we go to press the news is published that our new Vice-rector is the Rev. HUMPHREY WILSON (1919-1926). He is sure of a warm welcome when he arrives and will doubtless find that he remembers some of the patriarchs who are what is called " well up in the House ". We shall, of course, do our best to take the place of the parishioners of St. Hugh's, Lincoln in his affections. Meanwhile we congratulate the Rector on his deliverance from a pressing anxiety (for Venerabile men in England are not easily spared); and we congratulate the College on its Vice-rector.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

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.

EXCHANGES

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

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

PALAZZOLA

A complete survey of the Villa is at present being made by our architect, and, before long, we hope to have a detailed statement of the cost of a thorough renovation of the building and the erection of additional rooms. With the number of students seventy-two it is clear that the present accommodation at the Villa is insufficient for our needs, and we may say that the work to be done at Palazzola is at present the most pressing need of the Venerabile and one with which the Rector has been concerned from the very beginning of his office.

It is not improbable that some time in the near future the Holy Father may drive over from his Villa at Castel Gandolfo to honour the College with a visit. We hope that, if such happiness should be given us, the Sovereign Pontiff would be welcomed to a Villa in every way worthy of our national College in the Eternal City. The internal resources of the College are at present unable to meet the need of which we speak, but we are confident that the friends of the Venerabile will see to it that the necessary funds are forthcoming. An appeal must be made before long.

Meanwhile benefactors reading these lines may feel inspired to honour the memory of our glorious martyrs by giving generously of their substance for the welfare of their College, the Alma Mater of so many of the sons of England who gave their life's blood for the Catholic faith and the Holy See. We suggest that a more suitable thank-offering for the beatification of our Venerabile Martyrs could not be made than by bestowing a gift on this Venerable College of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The Blessed martyrs will see to it that such generosity is rewarded a hundredfold.

W. G.

The mosaic pavement of the College Church has been wearing badly for some years. And once mosaic begins to decay the disease soon develops into a gallop: the whole fabric is reduced to a heap of crumbling gravel. Such a disaster can yet be forestalled in our Church if prompt action be taken; the pavement can still be saved. But the cost of repairs would be something like £ 50 and there is no fund to meet such an emergency. As readers have often declared they have no other means of learning what the needs of the College are, we have no hesitation in declaring them occasionally in THE VENERABILE.

UNIVERSITY NOTES

We have at last succeeded in escaping from the dark halls of the Palazzo Borromeo into the purer heights of Piazza della Pilotta where the Gregorian has finally taken up its new residence. Looking back after a few months experience of our more congenial surroundings we are beginning to wonder how we ever endured the last few years under the old conditions. But we console ourselves with the realisation that we have lived through it to see the transition—*haec olim meminisse iuvabit*—it will no doubt! The old *palazzo* has been handed over to the use of the Jesuit Scholastics so that now like ourselves they have to brave the elements in order to attend lectures. The Professors however have all migrated and are housed *diu noctuque* in the new building. The gradual exodus from the Via del Seminario began after Christmas 1929, the Holy Father's year of Jubilee, when First Year Philosophy left us to try out one of the recently finished halls. Others followed them as the year and work grew apace, so that the real heat of summer found but a few of the more conservative kind still clinging on to the bitter end. The July examinations were held at the old seat, while the October session, we hear, took place in the more sumptuous quarters of the Pilotta.

Perhaps the most important event for the University during the last academic year was the solemn audience bestowed upon us by the Holy Father in June, which took place in the Cortile of San Damaso.

Various representatives of the different faculties were selected to read dissertations before his Holiness and the College was honoured in the person of Mr. Wroe who represented the Philosophical Faculty. The subject of his dissertation was: *Idea unionis socialis totius generis humani in opere Taparelli—"Saggio teoretico di diritto naturale"*. Mr. Wroe was afterwards presented with a medal from the Holy Father. We should have had yet another representative from the College as a student was selected to represent the Moral Faculty but at the eleventh hour the authorities decided that Moral Theology could not be fitted in. A dissertation on our Martyrs however was delivered by a student of the German College. The title *Num martyrium martyrum Anglorum sit argumentum pro divina institutione primatus Romani Pontificis* filled us with legitimate pride.

Returning to more recent events we noticed various changes in the procedure which usually accompanies the inauguration of schools. November 6th saw the *Sacrum sollemne de Spiritu Sancto ad studia instauranda* at S. Ignazio, followed by a procession, in the rain, to Piazza della Pilotta, where our indefatigable Prefect of Studies lined us up to receive Cardinal Bisleti who formally opened the new Gregorian. The following morning the distribution of prizes took place in the central hall of the new buildings. Fortune smiled on us even more benevolently than last year for Mr. Redmond managed to secure the gold medal for the Baccalaureate of Theology, and the silver medal for the Doctorate of Philosophy came to us again this year through Mr. Morson. There were nine other "chances" in the College for the *cum laude* silver medals. Special mention is due to Mr. Butterfield who, besides a *cum laude* in the Doctorate of Divinity, drew for both the prizes offered in the Academy of Moral Theology against a single rival—a Spaniard in each case. Fortune however failed us, and so did words for the moment, when the Spaniards carried off both prizes in triumph.

Soon after the reopening of schools we learnt of the appointment of Fr. Willaert S. J. as the new Rector of the Gregorian in place of Fr. Gianfranceschi who has gone to look after the Pope's new wireless station. Fr. Gianfranceschi however still continues his science lectures at the University and turns up in an S. C. V. car every morning. Among new professors this year we have to welcome Fr. Restrepo Jaramillo, nephew of the better known professor of Canon Law who brightens third schools for Second Year Theology every morning, Fr. Restrepo is reading the tractatus *De Revelatione* in succession to Fr. Tromp, who is now taking the magisterial course but intends coming back to First Year Theology after Easter for Inspiration. Another professor of Church History to assist Fr. Silva-Tarouca came last year in the person of Fr. Leiber, a fellow worker of the late Ludwig von Pastor. Fr. Leiber has taken over the modern side and deals with historical questions up to our own times. Fourth and Second Year Theology meet together twice

a day this year for dogma and study *De Sacramentis* under Frs. Filograssi and Nearney, and Second Year Theology also regret the introduction of a new course of Oriental Theology under Fr. Hanssens in place of Fr. de Groot's weekly lecture on the History of Dogma. In Philosophy Fr. Keeler has now taken over the full course of History—previously he had concentrated on the modern side.

A welcome change crept into the first Theology *menstrua* of the year. Instead of the usual 8.30 start we did not begin till 9 o' clock and finished at 11, with a ten-minutes interval at half time, *ratione recreationis*. Only First and Second Year Theology attended this *menstrua* for our new *aulae maximae* are not meant to accomodate more than 600. Mr. Redmond argued. At the Philosophy *menstrua* Mr. Grady argued, while Theologians enjoyed themselves, for the customary *scholae vacant* has to our surprise, become traditional even though its *finis* has ceased in the new building.

Meanwhile work still continues on these new buildings as parts are not yet finished and workmen with varied instruments and noises do their best to drown the professorial voice.

M. McKenna.

SPORTS

1. Cricket

The cricket season of 1930 probably holds the record for the number who turned out to practice: and in particular the younger generation are to be congratulated. The old order of things has changed and the gathering of deck-chairs on the ring is a thing of the past. The fact however that there was a game nearly every week probably explains this and from a cricketer's point of view at least makes up for the defect. Through the industry of a certain handy man and his assistants we now boast a scoreboard.

In the Theologians *v.* Philosophers game the experiment of a two days' match was tried. The Philosophers went in first and made 76 of which W. Purdy contributed 32. Theology replied with 109, P. McGee and W. Kelly putting on 59 for the sixth wicket. In their second venture the Philosophers collapsed badly before accurate bowling and keen fielding and were dismissed for 22. Thus the Theologians triumphed by an innings and 11 runs.

A very strong side took the field against the Scots' College. The Venerabile batted first but the early batsmen were unable to cope with the new ball and the good length of the Scots' bowlers. Three wickets fell for no runs and half the side were out for 9. P. McGee was then joined by R. McCurdy and together they completely mastered the bowling and added 52 runs for the sixth wicket. The College declared at 69 for six, McGee claiming 38 not out. The visitors made 38 for seven wickets

in the time remaining for play, and so a very enjoyable game ended in a draw. The fielding on both sides was excellent.

It is regrettable that every captain of cricket must include in his notes an appeal for tackle. But it would be decidedly unfair to one's successor not to make known to all old friends the deplorable state of the cricket gear at Palazzola. Old pads and gloves refuse to give service for all time, and, not to mention the normal wear and tear of bats and balls, one of the mats has given notice that it will not be with us for many seasons more. The Public Purse subsidised us to some extent but cricket gear is really beyond its reach. Suffice it to say that for the Scots' game we borrowed wicket-keepers' gloves and batting-gloves from our guests. We are very grateful to the Rev. E. Ellis for his handsome gift and to Mr. Weldon who has presented us with a bat and a pair of pads.

In conclusion a word of appreciation to the generous band who whether as volunteer players, umpires, makers of scoreboard, water-carriers or companions of the march to Albano and in a thousand other ways helped to make the season a success.

T. LYNCH, *Captain.*

2. Association

The annual transformation of the Sforza took place on the morning of September 23rd; in the afternoon our football season began. We are able to chronicle five good games during the *villeggiatura* and for this our thanks are partly due to several who had, perhaps too early, classed themselves as *alquanto passati.*

On our return to Rome we found ourselves with a full free week before the cares of University life were to come upon us. Let us put forward our modest claim to having set up a new record: we had five consecutive games of football in one week. And more—but let not this be taken as a complaint—we suffered from an unusual *embarras de richesse.* In fact we had to relinquish the glib persuasiveness which is the hall-mark of committee-men and adopt a little brusquerie in our manner, for we were faced regularly with over thirty names from which to choose. Even on the fifth day we could still count a gallant twenty-two although a morning at the Catacombs had taken its toll of not a few. Enthusiasm has kept at the same height throughout the season, which is very encouraging.

As regards the Scots' Match. Well, this year we had hopes ... It was played on the Madonna del Riposo ground on the 28th of December. Since it had rained all the morning we were somewhat prepared for the quagmire which awaited us. We had many distinguished visitors and as usual the grand-stand was filled with every sort of cleric, and a Pathé Baby even put in an appearance though the weather was ill-suited for it.

The Venerabile was represented as follows:

Lennon; Carey, Kelly; Nesbitt, Weldon, McGee; Johnston, Slater, Jones.A., Wilkinson, Campbell.

We lost the toss and at about 3 p.m. the game began. For the first twenty-five minutes we attacked but weak finishing and a brilliant display by the Scots' goalkeeper prevented us from scoring. After this the Scots seemed to find themselves and became dangerous. A high centre from the Scots' right wing was not cleared well and their inside-left headed the ball into the net. In the next fifteen minutes they scored twice and thus half-time came with the score 3—0 against us.

On the resumption of play the Scots scored a fourth goal almost immediately. Lusty encouragement from our supporters seemed to have its effect for we fought back courageously. Some fast play down the centre led to Wilkinson receiving a pass from the right wing and he promptly scored with a fast ground shot in the corner. The football at this period was extremely fast and the game fairly even. The Scots retaliated and added another goal, 5—1. It was now our turn and working back Johnston sent in a good centre from the right; it was met by Campbell, who had run into the centre, and sent into the net. The last ten minutes were keenly fought in a fast descending dusk but no addition was made to the score:

Scots' College 5, Venerabile 2.

It was a well-fought match and we heartily congratulate the Scots on yet another victory. Our thanks are due to Mr. Horspool of the Beda College for the able manner in which he refereed the match. As for the Pathé Baby, the light was really too bad for it so we cannot blame it for recording a goalless draw!

Rain has greatly interfered with our matches in Pamphili; we are rarely allowed to play if there has been any rain and so we continue to sigh for a ground of our own.

We wish to thank Dr. Masterson and Dr. Gowland for helping us by their generous gifts of a ball and money and we assure them of our sincere gratitude.

J. SLATER, *Captain.*

3. Rugby

At last Rugby seems to have gained a firm hold on the sporting side of the House. Although officially recognised two years ago, its position was, to say the least of it, decidedly precarious, as is shown by the fact that last year we played no Rugby at all. A large infiltration of Rugby players among the new men however helped considerably to re-establish the game on a sound basis. This year the Public meeting followed the precedent of two years ago and voted us a set season: Rugger to be played

alternately with Soccer after Christmas. Unfortunately the weather has only permitted us two games up to the time of going to press but both were extremely satisfactory and very well supported. For perhaps the first time in history we had over the required number. The standard of play was not of course perfect but it is pleasing to see that the three-quarters have the right idea of going straight for the line, although they are inclined to take their passes standing instead of on the move. The forwards pack well in the formal scrums but the play in the loose is inclined to be too individual as yet. There is not the slightest doubt however that with more consistent practice we could play a really first class game for the material is present in abundance. We must hope therefore that in future years, while in no way desiring to usurp the position which Soccer holds in the traditions of the House, we may be able to secure a few more games of Rugby and thus eliminate any possibility of the game losing its present hold in the College.

G. TICKLE, *Captain.*

4. Golf

My first duty is the pleasant one of thanking good friends in England who kindly presented us with golf clubs. Provost Hayward of the Nottingham diocese gave two bags with a good assortment of clubs. The difficulty was how to get them out to Rome before the *villeggiatura,* but here the Rev. Miles O'Reilly kindly came to the rescue, brought the goods to Rome and delivered them at the College. Since he was only paying a rapid visit to the Eternal City we are very grateful to him for his kindness. The Rev. E. Ellis, also of the Nottingham diocese, likewise sent a bag of clubs: we thank him too and the man who brought them out to us.

This year we reverted to the old system of electing a committee of three instead of five. The following were appointed:

Secretary: Mr. Campbell. Groundsman: Mr. Carey.
Clubman: Mr. Cashman.

After one week's hard work on the course we were able to begin on July 27th. The Senior Student, Mr. Halsall, opened the course for us. Spectators were not very numerous.

One or two minor changes were made in the course. We tried to build some real driving tees: the result might not have been so bad if people had not hit the tee instead of the ball quite so often. The fourth hole we considered too easy and so we moved the tee further down the hill. Players have now to negotiate two clumps of trees: if a good shot you do it in three, if a bad one anything up to ten. Bogey this year was 35, four for each hole except the sixth which is a short mashy shot on to that hard green known as the "Dancing Floor". The lowest scores attained were 33 and 34, the highest were 72, 71 and 69.

I cannot conclude without handing down for the encouragement of posterity the two best strokes of the season. On the sixth green Mr. Ellison holed out in one. The ball was hit off from the tee in orthodox fashion, bounded off a large tree on to the green and so rolled down the hole. We offer our congratulations. Mr. McCarthy holed out on the eighth from over thirty yards. We are not sure of the exact flight of the ball but those who know our course will realise that it was a great feat.

J. CAMPBELL, *Secretary.*

5. Tennis

In the course of a *villeggiatura* which from the point of view of games was singularly successful, tennis was by no means backward. A new campaign in the War with the Weeds, quickly and satisfactorily concluded, enabled us to start level with our friends the Golfers. Chief credit for this is due to the Great Brain—not ours—which conceived the idea of burning on the court the dry, brittle ferns provided in such abundance by the lethal weapons of the Golf Committee. This scheme, evolved and augmented by lesser brain-waves, was responsible for the speedy conversion of the Garden of Eden which had greeted our arrival into something resembling a playing-surface. Our thanks are due to those massive intellects no less than to the stout yeomen who did the fetching and carrying.

The pump failed us again but more magnificent work by our robust brethren in bringing up supplies from Luigi's new reservoir enabled us to keep going for some time and several good games were enjoyed. A providential storm towards the end of August allowed us to start a tournament (doubles) which produced some very interesting play, culminating in a splendid match for the final between Messrs. Campbell and Tickle and Messrs. Shutt and McKenna. This event attracted a large number of deck-chair critics who, we believe, greatly enjoyed a keen game, resulting in a narrow victory for Messrs. Campbell and Tickle.

Great keenness was shown throughout the season and an improvement in the general standard of play was indicated by fewer climbs over Comm. de Cupis' wall. We were pleased to welcome a distinguished new member in Fr. Hall, our Spiritual Director, who having joined the club with a generous subscription, proceeded to show emphatically that the course of years has deprived his " tennis arm " of little of its cunning.

Notwithstanding the more expeditious treatment of the vegetation this year it is evident that the laying down of a permanent surface is now practically essential to the preservation of the court. The members of the club have discussed the merits of concrete, *en-tout-cas,* ash and every known surface with an airy disregard of expense; but they are still awaiting the appearance of the benefactor who will help these hopes to materialize.

W. H. PURDY, *Secretary.*

OUR BOOK SHELF

The Mystery of Faith — An Outline, by MAURICE DE LA TAILLE, S.J.; translated from the French by J. B. SCHIMPF, S.J. Sheed and Ward, London. Demy 8vo. 37 pp. 2/6 net.

THIS is not a controversial book, but an expository work on the Mass showing the author's now well known presentation of the Holy Sacrifice, in an English summary. As he says (p. 32), it shows "how the Eucharist, sacrifice and sacrament, in the abundance of its richness, sums up all that the Cross offered to God, and procured for men". When it is remembered that the Latin work of the author, *Mysterium Fidei,* is a substantial volume of nearly seven hundred pages it will be realized that this English outline is nothing more than is claimed for it, "a rough model"—a "mere sketch". However, this should not be understood to mean carelessness in construction, or faultiness in phrasing,—a work of blurred outline. On the contrary, careful thought and precision blend with balance and broadness of outlook in every paragraph. Beginning with man's first duty to God, the author goes on to show what sacrifice means, and leads us on to Christ's Sacrifice of Redemption. And there we enter the very heart of the problem,—the Supper, Calvary, the Mass—how these three are related. Practical issues are not lost sight of, such as how the various participants of the Mass share its fruits,—or how the Eucharist dominates all the other sacraments, focussing them all as it were, to one centre, showing thus in a new way that "it is the Mass that matters". For the beautiful printing of the book a special word of praise is due. In the text, all scholastic terms,—except in the rarest cases,—are successfully avoided. We could have wished for another title for the book, indicating Mass, or Sacrifice, and leaving the present title as a sub-title. Many of the faithful would be attracted by a book on the "Mass", who would not be interested in the "Mystery of Faith".

Small in compass this work is full of thought-provoking matter. There is no padding. Though not written as a meditation-book, every page and almost every paragraph provides ample food for the devout mind. A

careful study of its contents is eminently calculated to deepen devotion to the Holy Sacrifice among those who assist at Mass daily,—ecclesiastical students, religious of both sexes, and the laity. Indeed it is to the Laity that the work is dedicated, by a happy inspiration, for when the whole Church offers the Holy Sacrifice, it is the masses that matter.

Mgr. JAMES REDMOND.

The Mystery of the Faith and Human Opinion: Contrasted and Defined, by MAURICE DE LA TAILLE, S.J. Sheed and Ward, London. Demy 8vo. xii-432 pp. 15|-net.

THIS work is a collection of essays, by the well known Roman Theologian, collected and in part translated by the Very Rev. J.B. Schimpf, S.J. The smaller book, already noticed, forms the preliminary essay in this second and larger work. And here we may repeat what has already been said about the title of the book, and about the excellent printing. To which we might add a suggestion that the study of the subject matter would be facilitated for the reader by a different order of the essays. This would not involve a recasting of them; a fly-leaf, or book-mark giving the table of contents in the logical order would suffice.

The book is divided into two parts; the first part, after giving the *Outline of The Mystery of Faith,* is mainly devoted to the question of Mass Offerings. The second part deals with Oblation and Immolation; the Supper, Calvary, the Mass, besides other points bearing, directly or indirectly, on the main thesis. They have been written as occasion demanded, in Latin, French or English, to meet criticisms in all parts of the world,—America, Australia, and Europe,—England contributing its quota, with Ireland and Italy, Belgium and France.

It will be seen then that the author has made no small stir in the ecclesiastical world. The placid stream of theological " Cursus and Manuals " has been rudely disturbed,—and we are back in the days when " Syllogisms hurtled in the air "—and controversy has keyed up the debate to a high pitch. But the author's courtesy in his replies is unfailing. True he answers with spirit, (we are glad to see) when the attack asks for it. And what Catholic Professor in a Pontifical University would fail to do so when attempts are made to put him out of court by hinting at theological censures? Even Mrs Battle who went all out for the " rigour of the game " would not, we think, be so hard on her opponent. Father de la Taille himself is careful not to abandon the rôle of Theologian for that of Grand Inquisitor. And his rejoinders have a poetic justice about

them. A Canadian theologian thinks his theory on Mass stipends novel; another Canadian theologian is adduced to show it is the old traditional view (pp. 190-191). An English Bishop (Bishop Burton, R.I.P.) does him the honour of referring to his thesis in a Pastoral Letter, but demurring to some of his views. In a courteous explanation the author calls to mind a pronouncement of the English Hierarchy;—which too he tenders " as a special mark of my respect for the hierarchy of a land to which I feel bound by many old and sacred associations " (pp. 383-8). A Belgian priest disturbed at what he thinks a novel view (though he calls it something stronger), harks back to his childhood days, when he learned his catechism from the Village Curé. Father de la Taille delves into diocesan conferences of the period to find him a suitable reply (pp. 193-4). Finally, an English religious led others to believe that a condemnation of his doctrine was imminent according to " an eminent personality of the Roman Curia ". " There is not a word of truth in it " is the answer written in English by the same eminent personality to the author (p. 194). And that, let us hope, is that.

Of necessity the author's work here is devoted in great measure to answering critics, and resolving difficulties. But it would be erroneous to infer that his views have met with more opponents than supporters in theological circles. The contrary is the case. It is sufficiently remarkable in itself that his great work should have been something of a " best seller "; more remarkable still is it that it should have received such immediate support and such wide approval. For a novel theory in theology is traditionally eyed askance; and Father de la Taille himself admits that he is disturbing current theories,—but only to restore the true tradition.

This is the case in the important section on Mass Offerings. Even an opponent (p. 189) allows that the author's theory " is calculated to exalt the character of Mass stipends in the estimation of the faithful ". A Christian wishing to sacrifice to God, presents to the priest (the only one set apart for this) the wherewithal,—in kind or in cash equivalent,—to offer it; at once the Christian has the right to have his offering to God remitted to the Divine Majesty; correlatively the priest is strictly bound to sacrifice to God. This done, he takes for himself what remains of the offering after the Liturgical celebration (p. 170). The priest is endowed *by God,* with the appurtenances of the Sanctuary. Simony is excluded; strict justice secured.

The core of the theory, however, deals with the great Sacrifice of Redemption, commenced in the Cenacle, and consummated on Calvary. According to this theory, the *Introibo* was in the Upper Room, on Calvary

came the *Consummatum est.* And daily in the Mass the same Eternal Victim is offered anew, though in a manner unbloody, the Introit recited and the *Missa est* proclaimed.

There are many interesting points to which attention might be drawn, if space allowed,—the author's high regard for Manning as a theologian (p. 273); an effective answer to the "magic" theory of the Sacraments of Bishop Barnes; the introduction of Henry VIII into this gallery of theologians on the Mass! This last point is well worthy of development in connection with the Martyrs of the Mass under Henry's daughter, Elizabeth.

But outstanding and overwhelming all, is the great concept of Sacrifice, binding creature to Creator, from Abel, Abraham and Melchisedech, to the great Sacrifice wherein all were summed up in the Divine Priest-Victim on the altar of the Cross, the Lamb of God once slain, but a victim for evermore to be offered by the priests till the last mass-bell shall mingle its sounds with the trumpet blast of the Angels.

This is an illuminating work written by a masterly hand, and will, we feel sure, for many readers prove to be an introduction to that original work of the author, *Mysterium Fidei,* which has been declared by M. Lepin in his great work on the Mass, (p. 675) as without doubt the most brilliant synthesis on sacrifice which modern theology has produced.

Mgr. JAMES REDMOND.

Gerard Manley Hopkins, by G. F. LAHEY S.J. Crown 8vo. Oxford University Press: Humphrey Milford, London. pp. 172. 7/6 net.

Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins, edited by ROBERT BRIDGES, second edition with Additional poems and introduction by CHARLES WILLIAMS. Crown 8vo. Oxford University Press: Humphrey Milford, London. pp. xvi, 159. 7/6 net.

The sensational in history easily attracts attention and slowly dies. And this is true also of the history of literature. When in '62 Dante Gabriel Rossetti, grief-stricken and remorseful, laid the manuscript of his poems in the grave of his young wife, he was forgiven by the literary public. Forgiven, because eight years later he recovered the poems and published them. But the incident was not forgotten. Similarly, when in '68 a young Oxford poet made a burnt offering of his poetry before giving himself to the Society of Jesus, the outrage was long remembered; even though eight years later he had begun again to write, and to write such verse that made ashes indeed of his juvenile verse. But to make matters worse another crime, of a like kind, has been connected with Gerard

Manley Hopkins. He it was whose remark to Coventry Patmore, " That's telling secrets ", apparently induced that poet to throw the manuscript of *Sponsa Dei* into the fire, and *Sponsa Dei* had been " the work of ten years' continual meditations ". A heavy responsibility! But Father Hopkins died in the 'eighties, and his somewhat ashy history would seem to be dying too. And now, suddenly, the living flame of his poetry has broken out again; and the story of that re-kindling is interesting, bound up as it is with the story of the poet himself, which Father Lahey in our own day has appreciatively written.

One of an artistic family, Gerard Manley Hopkins, born at Stratford in Essex in 1844, showed rare talent even as a boy for painting, music and poetry. From his school at Highgate he won a scholarship which admitted him to Balliol in '63. There, at Oxford, he came into close contact with leaders in serious thought, the celebrated Jowett, Riddell and Pusey. He attended the lectures of Walter Pater, and made his first " confession " to the lovable Henry Parry Liddon. A slight acquaintance with the young poet Digby Dolben made a great impression on him, but before all there were two undergraduates who meant much to him —William Addis, who became a Catholic with Gerard, and Robert Bridges, who treasured his poetry. His life at Oxford was one of religious insecurity. He changed Liddon for Pusey as a confessor. He was scrupulous. He penanced himself. Witness this note for Lent '66: " No pudding on Sundays. No tea ... Meat only once a day. No verses in Passion week or on Fridays ... ". And he wrote much introspective poetry. *Heaven-Haven* is a survival of this period:

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

And then in his third year of residence he was given the Faith. He wrote and introduced himself to Newman at Birmingham, who received him into the Church there. Father Lahey gives an interesting quotation from a letter of Newman, who is encouraging him to finish his course at Oxford: " ... your first duty is to make a good class. Show your friends at home that your becoming a Catholic has not unsettled you in the

plain duty that lies before you". Gerard took a first class in Greats in the following spring, and then went to teach at the Oratory. The following spring he became a Jesuit. Newman congratulated him thus: " I am both surprised and glad at your news ... I think it is the very thing for you. You are quite out in thinking that when I offered you a ' home ' here, I dreamed of your having a vocation for us. This I clearly saw you had not, from the moment you came to us. Don't call the Jesuit discipline hard: it will bring you to heaven. "

An episode in his new life as a scholastic is his enthusiasm for Duns Scotus. The sonnet on Oxford beginning:

> Towery city and branchy between towers;
> Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmed, lark-charmed, rook-racked,
> river-rounded:

is dedicated to the Oxford of that Franciscan,

> ...this air I gather and I release
> He lived on; these weeds and waters, these walls are what
> He haunted who of all men most sways my spirits to peace;
> Of realty the rarest-veined unraveller; a not
> Rivalled insight, be rival Italy or Greece;
> Who fired France for Mary without spot.

The story of his Jesuit life is not very full. He was preacher at Farm Street, at Oxford, and at Liverpool. He taught classics at Roehampton and Stonyhurst. And when he died, he held the Chair of Greek at the Royal University, Dublin. He was not a great success as a preacher. He was too scrupulous to be an examiner, torturing himself about the reward of an odd mark or so. Yet he was a useful teacher, for he was original in all that he wrote and said. But what impressed his friends most was the strong priestly spirit which sanctified him, and his loyalty to the Society of Jesus.

This Life by Father Lahey is well planned, and exhibits the rare quality of quiet restraint. Quotations are generously given, some of which from the letters of Newman and Coventry Patmore have more than an intrinsic interest. For the benefit of those interested in English prosody, Father Lahey has included a chapter, strictly technical and helpful, on the craftsmanship of Father Hopkins. At times the language of the biographer is quaintly ponderous, and the barrel of praise too loaded. But the latter fault is more noticeable when he writes of the poetry of this poet. And

who would not excuse him? For, to say it mildly, Gerard Hopkins is not a minor poet. And, fortunately for us, Robert Bridges realised this on their first acquaintance.

The late Poet Laureate's collection of Father Hopkins' poetry goes back to the 'sixties. A few early poems survived the holocaust. They are written in conventional metre and have a charm and style similar to the early work of Keats, little more. But the phoenix-rising in '76 reveals a mature poet with astonishing agility of mind, a passionate intensity, expressing himself in a medium of metre and rhythm hitherto unexploited. It began with *The Wreck of the Deutschland*,—written at a word from his superior on the occasion of the loss of that vessel. " The labour spent on this great metrical experiment," writes Bridges, " must have served to establish the poet's prosody and perhaps his diction: therefore the poem stands logically as well as chronologically in the front of his book, like a great dragon folded in the gate to forbid all entrance, and confident in his strength from past success. This editor advises the reader to circumvent him and attack him in the rear; for he was himself shamefully worsted in a brave frontal attack . . . ". This masterpiece was refused by the editor of the *Month;* indeed little of Father Hopkins poetry was published in his lifetime. What was written was sent to Robert Bridges, who returned them with his criticisms, and again received them, treasured them, released an occasional poem to an anthology to prepare the way, and at last published them in 1918. This second edition of 1930 is the last work of the Poet Laureate before his own death, and it is a delicate testimony to a life-long fidelity to the works of his friend. The preface and notes show a sensitive appreciation, and are really helpful. Many would wish the notes more full. Here and there, there is a tinge of unCatholic prejudice, but it is little against so great a devotion to the poet-priest's wishes and thoughts.

And Gerard Hopkins' poetry itself? Is it worth while? Or has Robert Bridges been paying tribute only to cherished memories? There will always be two points that must tell against Hopkins. His obscurity and his oddity. As he himself said, " No doubt my poetry errs on the side of oddness. I hope in time to have a more balanced and Miltonic style. But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and design in painting, so design, pattern, or what I am in the habit of calling *inscape* is what I above all aim at in poetry. Now it is the virtue of design, pattern or inscape to be distinctive and it is the vice of distinctiveness to become queer. This vice I cannot have escaped." And again later: " Indeed when, on somebody returning me the *Eurydice* I opened and read some lines . . . it struck me aghast with a kind of raw nakedness and unmitigated violence I was unprepared for: but take breath and read it with the

ears, as I always wish to be read, and my verse becomes all right." His oddness shows itself sometimes in his rhymes, but he was aware of this too: "Some of my rhymes I regret, but they are past changing, grubs in amber: there are only a few of these; others are unassailable; some others again there are which malignity may munch at but the Muses love." His obscurity rises from his frequent omission of the relative pronoun, his use of tmesis, and the coining of new words. But his diction, though far-fetched, is, as Johnson remarked of the conceits of the Metaphysicals, often worth the carriage. He did not, however, always realise how obscure he could be. He wrote: "I laughed outright and often, but very sardonically, to think you and the Canon could not construe my last sonnet: that he had to write to you (Bridges) for a crib. It is plain I must go no further on this road: if you and he cannot understand me who will?" And for a poem he had "written to order" for a Jesuit celebration, he says lightly: "The sonnet (I say it snorting) aims at being intelligible." But once past these two obstacles, if indeed the oddities have not fascinated, there lies a mastery in technique and a vitality that arrests.

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;

is the beginning of a triumphant sonnet. And another:

Glory be to God for dappled things —
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
. . . . . .
All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

A sonnet to spring (not odd here!) begins

Nothing is so beautiful as spring —

and ends unconventionally:

. . . Have, get, before it cloy,
Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,
Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

A sonnet of a more personal type is one of a few dating from the end of his life:

> My own heart let me more have pity on: let
> Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,
> Charitable; not live this tormented mind
> With this tormented mind tormenting yet.
> . . . . . .
> Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise
> You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile
> Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size
> At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile
> 's not wrung, see you; unforeseen times rather—as skies
> Betweenpie mountains—lights a lovely mile.

But his power and the peculiarities of his style are best shown perhaps by a sonnet, which he called *The Windhover:*

> I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
> dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Fal-
> con in his riding
> Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and
> striding
> High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
> In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,
> As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the
> hurl and gliding
> Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
> Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the
> thing!
> Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
> Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a
> billion
> Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!
> No wonder of it: shèer plòd makes plough down
> sillion
> Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
> Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

In '79 he wrote to Bridges to say that this was the best thing he had ever written, and for this reason he dedicated it "to Christ our Lord".

It is impertinence to pass a hasty judgment on these sonnets. They require long meditation. True, the little book of Gerard Hopkins' poetry, sonnets nearly all, is slender enough. But never since the exciting days that followed the publishing of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, when behind locked doors that new and daring poet was read with bated breath, never has so small a book contained so brave a challenge. Read Father Hopkins' poetry! He defies you to lay him down with no second reading. Whatever your excuse, if you leave him you are languid or you are a coward. But if you meet him fairly, he will vanquish you. And his victory will raise you to God's stars.

GUY PRITCHARD.

OBITUARY

On Monday, December 15th, died the Rt. Rev. Monsignor WILLIAM BARRY D.D. (1868-1873) an old and very distinguished student of the Venerabile. To rare intellectual gifts he united an overmastering love of knowledge, thus becoming one of the most brilliant scholars and talented authors of his generation.

His stay at the Venerabile is of peculiar interest, extending as it does over that fluctuating period of struggle and defeat which ended with the fall of the Temporal Power of the Pope. In *Memories and Opinions* he describes the publishing of the Decree of Papal Infallibility when " the Council met for its concluding act in the crowded Basilica, whilst lightning flashed about the dome and thunder pealed overhead. The Bishops shouted ' Placet ' and St. Peter's rang like an answering choir ". Of the fatal 20th of September 1870, he says, " In the clear air of that next morning as the bells rang out five o'clock we saw from our College Tower the smoke of the cannonade ... We heard afar off the thunder of the captains and the shouting, as through the shattered walls of Porta Pia streamed in a mixed array of soldiers, refugees and camp-followers ". On a nature like his, keenly alive to the gravity of these epoch-making events, such years must have left a lasting and vivid impression.

He studied Theology at the Roman College under Franzelin, Palmieri and Ballerini. Years later in the *Dublin Review* he recalls, " attending lectures and getting headaches in the ill ventilated rooms which were soon to be seized from us by the Piedmontese. " He took his degree, was ordained and returned to England in 1873. After a brief period as vice-rector and professor of philosophy at Olton Seminary he became professor of theology at Oscott College. From here he passed to Dorchester, a little mission in Oxfordshire, where he spent the best years of his life fulfilling what he himself called his " literary Apostolate. " During this time he published his finest works: *The New Antigone, The Two Standards, Arden Massiter,* and *The Dayspring;* and Dorchester became a centre for many of the most eminent literary people of his day. In 1908 he went to St. Peter's, Leamington, where he continued his labours till his retirement, twenty years later.

To the Roman of today, Monsignor Barry's life is a link with the old order of things before the Pope was exiled to live a prisoner in the Vatican. Monsignor Barry was the last Venerabilino to assist in bearing the papal canopy round the Piazza of St. Peter's. And sixty years later we have been accorded a like privilege. He saw the white flag waving high over St. Peter's dome: and have not we seen the white and gold wave side by side with the Italian colours from every *palazzo* in Rome? He was present when the Jesuit escutcheon over the great door of the Roman College was hammered to pieces by the soldiers: we have witnessed the triumphant opening of the new University in the Piazza della Pilotta.

For some unknown reason Monsignor Barry took neither part nor interest in the social life of the Venerabile. Yet he was deeply imbued with a love of Rome – "the older Rome, not yet modernised, when the main thoroughfares were paved with cobblestones, the Tiber was not embanked and the street lighting was largely dependent on the lamps before the Madonna burning at every street corner". And Monte Porzio found a warm place in his heart,—"We ancient men of the Venerabile could never think our holiday so pleasant as when resting near the Greek theatre or walking over to Monte Algido with Livy for our guide".

Monsignor Barry's life might aptly be described as one of high aspirations which have been fulfilled. For sixty years he worked with tireless energy to promote the cause of the Church in England so that Pius XI in making him Protonotary Apostolic styled him a "defender of the Faith". May he receive the reward he so richly deserves. R.I.P.

BERNARD GRADY.