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MONSIGNOR KOLBE

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

EDITORIAL

MONSIGNOR REDMOND had almost become one of the far-famed Venerabile traditions. When he left us soon after the last number was published, he had been resident within our walls for eighteen years—the whole of his priestly life. The last fourteen years he devoted to the service of the College as its Vice-rector. Those who know him will also know with what efficiency, what tireless devotion, what unswerving loyalty that service was performed. The last three years were a time of peculiar difficulty. During Monsignor Hinsley's absence in Africa the Holy See left the College in the Vice-rector's hands and circumstances ruled that for a great part of the time he was left quite alone in the *salone*. Certainly for three years he was left without a proper holiday. Protectors, spiritual directors, *ripetitori* came and went; fires broke out and were extinguished; Palazzola indulged in landslides; but the hand at the helm remained firm, the solitary figure in the stern stood unperturbed and the College continued in its set course with all flags flying. Well, we must spare Monsignor Redmond's blushes, but we assure him that such devotion will not be forgotten by Venerabile men.

MONSIGNOR KOLBE.

MONSIGNOR FREDERICK KOLBE, one of our most distinguished alumni, will be celebrating the golden jubilee of his priesthood in June. Not so long ago he wrote a beautiful account of his old college, the Venerable, in *The Southern Cross*, so that we had hoped that he would have spared us some reminiscences at least for this magazine. But so far, alas, he has been too shy or too busy. Yet we have not given up hope, and it may be that this slight sketch drawn from different views may urge Monsignor Kolbe to give us something a little better from his own pen. Such a sketch, of course, would be unnecessary to a reader in South Africa; there Monsignor Kolbe, known popularly as Uncle Joe, is, as Archbishop Hinsley told us, "known and revered everywhere and by everybody." The prophecy, well meant no doubt, made to him in his youth by a phrenologist "that he would be a second Martin Luther" has hardly come true—for one more kindly considerate and firmly Catholic would be difficult to meet anywhere.

Born of Dutch parents in South Africa in 1854, his father a minister of the reformed Dutch church, Kolbe was brought up in a kind but strict puritan family. But even as a child, his sense of humour enabled him to derive enjoyment from the goody-goody books that were given to him to read on the Sabbath. At the age of nine he was sent to a school in England—where as an alert child he was open to many impressions. It was to a family in Norwich, who had him to stay with them during the holidays, that he owed much. There he began his love of literature with Shakespeare as his favourite—and what was more,

he was first moved by a "spirit of enquiry into deeper spiritual problems of life". Art—and what is more lovely than Norwich Cathedral?—and Nature—known there by the many autumn tints of a Norfolk grove—awoke in him a deep love of the Beautiful. And as he himself says, "it is an unselfish devotion to the beautiful that draws the soul nearer to Truth and Goodness." He returned to Africa at the age of fourteen, and with the earnestness of a grown man, started on his long career of teaching. At the same time he studied at the College at Cape Town, and when he took his degree at the age of twenty won the Jameson Scholarship and the Gilchrist Scholarship (the only time it was given in South Africa) which enabled him to go to the University of London. At London his puritanical faith was shaken, and his outlook was widened by the companionship of such men as Montefiore, Jacob Schurman President of Cornell, M. J. Hill, Sir Oliver Lodge and Paul Neumann the novelist. Before he had finished his course in London he had become a Catholic. The story of his conversion Monsignor Kolbe tells in his book *Up the Slopes of Mount Sion*—a delightful book in a world of sophisticated literature, which reveals the character of one who has "never in his life been without some big enthusiasm" and who "as far back as he can remember, has been a passionate lover of the beautiful, spiritual, visible and audible". When one remembers that Monsignor Kolbe has always been partly deaf and partly blind, it is not hard to see how Providence has led him to value so deeply the things that are spiritual.

Kolbe was received into the Church on June 3rd (afterwards his ordination day) and took his degree later in the year. An old desire that he had had as a child to be a preacher revived, and he offered himself to Cardinal Manning. Manning sent him to the English College at Rome. That was in the old days when Monsignor O'Callaghan was rector of the College. The number of students in the College then was small, but there were distinguished men. There were Archbishops Whiteside and McIntyre, Monsignor Prior, Canon Fitzgerald and Father Delaney, and for six months Wilfred Ward. The Gregorian had just established itself in exile in the Via del Seminario. The Pontificate of Leo XIII was beginning to make itself felt there, and Monsignor

Kolbe in his essay on the *Art of Life*, speaks of a professor whose views were anti-scholastic, who had to give up his position as a teacher of philosophy. Kolbe took his degree as a Doctor of Divinity and besides won a gold medal for an essay on Miracles. Of the stories that he tells of the Venerable of his day one tells of a student who was organist. He used to play a march at the conclusion of High Mass to the tune of *Obediah*. The Rector was a simple man, and when the matter was reported to him, he called the organist and said it was very wrong to play such a lively tune. "But what kind of tune should I play?" asked the organist. "Something soft and gentle and devotional," replied the Rector. So the organist played on the next occasion the same tune in a minor key and very softly. The Rector afterwards complimented him and said, "Now that is what I like; it was really devotional!"

Kolbe had the pleasure of meeting Cardinal Newman at the reception that was held at the College when Newman came to Rome for the Cardinal's hat. He spoke to him and thanked him for a letter that the Cardinal had sent him in reply to a difficulty raised by Kolbe when he was feeling his way towards the Church. Kolbe came to Rome in 1877, and on June 3rd of 1882 he was ordained priest and returned to South Africa for his life long work. Here fortunately we are helped by some reminiscences of the Right Reverend Monsignor O'Reilly, a fellow missionary in the Cape. Monsignor O'Reilly writes:

"In the year 1882, when the late Bishop Leonard, Vicar Apostolic of Western Cape Colony, was leaving for Rome to make his first visit *ad limina*, the late Father Meagher of Rondebosch, near Cape Town, asked his Lordship to look up a certain student at the Venerable English College named Kolbe. Father Meagher told the Bishop that this young man was a recent convert and had been one of the most brilliant students of the South African College and had won the "Jameson Exhibition", enabling him to complete his studies at the London University. The Bishop was much interested and, on arrival in England, asked Cardinal Manning for permission to approach Mr Kolbe, who was studying at Rome for the Westminster Archdiocese, with a view to getting him for the South African Mission. The Cardinal consented on

condition that there was to be no undue pressure as it was quite possible that, as all his relatives were non-Catholics, and his father an ordained Protestant Missionary, it might be undesirable for the son to be a Catholic priest in the same district.

“The Bishop interviewed Mr Kolbe at Rome and put the question whether the latter would like to be a Missioner in Cape Town. The reply was—‘Most certainly’, but that, as he was indebted to the Cardinal in many ways since his conversion, the Bishop must please not put any pressure on the Cardinal.

“The result was that Rev. Doctor Kolbe was ordained for the Western Vicariate in 1882, and actually travelled with Bishop Leonard to the Cape, where he arrived in September of that year.

“For the first couple of weeks he stayed with his parents, who were living in Cape Town, coming to the Cathedral to say Mass. But this intimacy was soon stopped by his mother, who was alarmed at the questions the younger children were putting concerning the Catholic Religion. His dear old father, however, came to the Catholic Presbytery once a week—like Nicodemus’, the visits were by night. We priests used to love to hasten to the door to admit him, but the mother was adamant—she was alarmed lest her children might ‘lose the Faith!’

“Once Doctor Kolbe came home late at night and whispered as he was admitted by a brother priest (there were no latchkeys in those days): ‘Like St Benedict I was spending the evening with my sister.’ On another occasion one of his sisters told him that his father and mother were leaving Cape Town by a certain train, so he went and saw them off. That was the last time he saw his mother until she was unconscious just before her death, as the family feared that the sight of him might excite her in her last moments. Later on, two of his sisters became Catholics and one is a nun. But they all, both he and his sisters, believed that the mother was a most holy woman.

“Doctor Kolbe had much difficulty in the discharge of his clerical duties. His first and only trip to Europe after his ordination, I believe, was to Lourdes to try and receive both sight and hearing. He consulted a specialist first, who caused him to hear his watch ticking—a thing that had not happened to him for many years—but the specialist told him that there was an in-

curable defect in the 'Eustachian tube'. He wrote to the Bishop from Lourdes saying that if our Lady would not cure him, he was determined to serve God in his deafness to the best of his ability—and right faithfully he kept that promise.

"In his work *Up the Slopes of Mount Sion* the Doctor (now Monsignor) gives an account of his conversion, calling himself 'X'. Now, here, I wish to give my own recollection, hoping that if ever he sees it he will forgive me, and correct me. In my travels as Railway Priest I was once driving in a Cape Cart along the beautiful road that runs through the Paarl. Old Mr Kolbe had been for many years a Pastor of the coloured people in the Paarl—(Paarl = Pearl is named from a mountain peak called the Paarl Rock which towers above the whole town and whose summit of granite sparkles in the sun like a gem). As we were going along the coloured driver suddenly asked me 'How is Master Fred?' 'Who is Master Fred?' I queried. 'He is the son of our Pastor and he was engaged to a young lady, but she became a Roman Catholic and so he became one too; then she became a nun, so he became a priest.' 'Rubbish' said I. 'No, Master, it is really true' replied he. Some time afterwards, in conversation with a Jesuit Father who was giving a retreat at one of our convents, I mentioned this story and expressed my disbelief. But his Reverence replied that it was really true and that I would find an account of it in an old number of the *Ave Maria* under the heading 'Notre Dame de Jouarre'. It was signed: 'A Missionary Priest', and began with a reference to a former article on 'Notre Dame de Jouarre' and a remark therein that 'miracles do not happen there now.' The writer goes on to give an experience of his own which seemed miraculous.

"He declared that he had been a non-Catholic and engaged to a young lady, also a non-Catholic. The lady had, however, a Catholic aunt living in France, who, when visiting a certain priest, mentioned that she had a non-Catholic niece in England. The Father replied 'Oh, she will be a Catholic.' The lady answered that it was not at all likely as she was engaged to a young man, son of a Protestant Minister. 'That son will also become a Catholic,' said the priest. The lady on returning to her house

found a letter from the father of her niece, saying that his daughter was unwell and was recommended to go to the south of France, and asking if a suitable place could be found for her. The aunt went back at once to the priest and asked was it not a wonderful coincidence. The priest recommended the Convent of Notre Dame de Jouarre, whose Community had charge of a Hospice.

“The young lady arrived in due course, and very shortly afterwards wrote to her fiancé that she felt much inclined to become a Catholic. The young man replied, telling her to ‘hold the fort’ till he arrived, after the examinations in the London University, where he was working for his degree. Later on he arrived ‘armed with his bible’, but arrived at Jouarre so late that he had to put off his visit till the next morning. Meanwhile he went into the Catholic Church and found the congregation at Benediction. He wondered how they could believe in such a thing as the Real Presence, but was edified with their piety. All that night he kept reading the account of the Last Supper, in the first three Gospels and the sixth chapter of St John, and before morning he felt convinced of the truth of the Real Presence. Next morning he met a priest, whom he stopped and asked if devotion to the Blessed Virgin were ‘like this: one of my sisters is dead, she was older than myself, and I owe all my religious faith to her teaching. I feel that she is in heaven, and often try to communicate with her, and ask her to keep me always true to her teaching.’ The priest answered, smilingly, that our devotion to Our Lady is like that, only very much more so! Thus it came about that before he called upon his fiancée, he was himself quite suddenly inclined towards Catholicity. He advised her to be very cautious, and not to take any step without earnest prayer to the Almighty for light. Time passed, the lady became a Catholic and the gentleman pored over books *pro* and *contra* the Catholic Church. At last, on a certain Ascension day he began a fast till Pentecost—ten days—he left out his dinner each day. Later on he found that real Catholics only left out a portion of breakfast and supper, but ate a hearty dinner. On the Feast of Pentecost he visited a priest who found him wonderfully well instructed, and did not keep him waiting long for his reception into

the Church. Next came a letter from the lady announcing that she was inclined to become a nun, but was warned that her engagement was an impediment. He replied that he was willing to fulfill his part of the contract, but that if God really called her he dared not object. Meanwhile let them both pray earnestly for light! The result was that she became a nun, and he a priest. The 'Misionary Priest' concluded his story by remarking that Jouarre, in this case at all events, worked something like a miracle. This little story will be found in the *Ave Maria* somewhere about the late 'Eighties or early 'Nineties of the past century.

"The young Doctor came back from Lourdes full of zeal and determination to devote all his work to the salvation of souls. He tried a speaking trumpet for confessions, and preached wonderful sermons Sunday after Sunday in St Mary's Cathedral, Cape Town. He and the late Rev. Doctor McCarthy, a most brilliant alumnus of the Propaganda College, used to alternate the Sunday sermons at the 11 o'clock Mass, and evening Vespers. St Mary's was crowded, and when the old Cape Parliament was in session many of the members used to attend, although nearly all non-Catholics. It was not my privilege to be present at many of their sermons, but I remember Doctor Kolbe preaching on veneration for relics, remarking that he was not ashamed to say that on visiting his native town he kissed the wall of the house in which he was born. He also said that he believed the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament must be true, because no one but God Himself could have conceived such a beautiful idea.

"He was given charge of the Children of Mary Sodality, and began a little manuscript journal, which he used to read at the weekly meetings. In it appeared the serial stories *Minnie Caldwell* and other tales which were afterwards published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Then he took up work for the Deaf and Dumb Catholic School, called the "Grimley Institute", in charge of the Dominican Sisters from Cabra in Ireland. Here he was happy, for on account of his own deafness he could specially sympathize with these defective children. He learned their sign-language very quickly and was soon able to instruct many non-Catholics who became, later on, fervent members of the true Church. Then

he used to give elementary instruction in Latin to the boys at the Marist Brothers' School, and the girls at St Mary's Convent High School. Once a boy was asked what was the meaning of the word *tantum* and answered: 'Lowly'. 'Whatever made you think that *tantum* could mean lowly?' 'Because I saw in my prayer-book *Tantum Ergo* means: Lowly bending,' was the reply. Doctor Kolbe said, 'Well, I'll give you a mark or two for that, though you are quite wrong, still I see you are trying to learn.' Then he used the occasion for a lesson on translation and construction.

"Later on he began to give Extension lectures to students, boys and girls who had to leave school on account of their parents not being able to provide further education. This led to his being asked by the Superiors of the Missions in South Africa to visit all the schools in the Cape, Natal, Free State, Transvaal and Rhodesia. He was away for several years.

"A similar thing happened in consequence of his little Journal for the Children of Mary, for the publication of *Minnie Caldwell* was followed by many splendid articles, by the publication of the *South African Catholic Magazine* which was a great success, and afterwards by the founding of our fine Catholic paper the *Southern Cross*, of which he has been always a *pars magna*. The Children's Corner which was the delight of the old Catholic Magazine is still a 'joy for ever' in the *Southern Cross*. 'Uncle Joe' is still going strong.

"Then there is his University work. He has been Examiner for years in the old Cape University.¹ He was principal of a Catholic Training School for Teachers for some years. One day a South African gentleman remarked to me as he saw Doctor Kolbe pass by: 'Ah, there is a man who should have been our Superintendent-General of Education if he had not become a Catholic priest!'

"Once a mountebank preacher visited the Cape from Mr Ken-sit's Menagerie, and went about slandering the Faith and morals of the Catholics. No one minded his vapourings until he ment-

¹ In October of 1929 his merits were recognized and he was made a Doctor of Letters of the University of Cape Town.

ioned the name of one of our Catholic Sisterhoods, whereupon all Cape Town rose up in its wrath—Catholic and non-Catholic. A great meeting was held, the Rev. Doctor McCarthy in the Chair, and Rev. Doctor Kolbe the lecturer. Those who had the good fortune to be present, could never forget that lecture, and Hammond soon left South Africa, sorry he had ever landed here. The lecture reminded us of John Henry Newman in his onslaught on Charles Kingsley.

“One remark in the course of that lecture electrified us. He said, ‘There is an idea abroad that I am different from the other Catholic Priests in Cape Town, because I was educated here, and known to all the citizens from my boyhood, but I declare before all Cape Town tonight that I cast in my lot with all of them’ and he named us all and said, ‘if they are guilty so am I!’

“The *Catholic Who's Who and Year Book* gives a few of the works published by Monsignor Kolbe but does not mention *The Art of Life*, which is a wonderful book. His latest book *Shakespeare's Way* contains much shrewd criticism, but more than anything shows one artist's appreciation of another artist's work.

“Monsignor Kolbe is 76 years old. The writer of these scrappy reminiscences, who is 78, regrets that there is no one available to write a biography fit for such a splendid Priest Missioner and all round Man as the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Frederick Charles Kolbe.”

NOTE. — For the photograph of Monsignor Kolbe especially taken for the Venerable and much information, we are indebted to the Reverend John Morris, editor of the *Southern Cross*.

NOVA ET VETERA.

PALAZZOLA

THE RECTOR sends the following note :

“ It has been stated before in the pages of the VENERABILE that the most pressing need of the College, at present, is the renovation and extension of Palazzola. A programme of work to be done has been drawn up, and, happily, a beginning has been made with the church which has been put in good repair, and, with admirable taste, restored to its former simplicity. The revealing of the beautiful stonework of the arches has been done with fine effect, and the vestibule before the main entrance which was a disfigurement, has been removed. We are well satisfied with the beginning that has been made. But the scheme must go on. It could be completed quickly if our friends came to our aid with generous gifts to this Venerable College. Otherwise progress will be slow, since there are no large funds to be drawn upon for a scheme of this kind.

“ Every Roman knows that the Villa life is a very happy part of his course in Rome, and that without a properly equipped summer residence, a national College in the Eternal City lacks something which is quite essential to its well being .

“ Palazzola is beautifully situated on Lake Albano just near the foot of Monte Cavo. During the great heats of June and July amidst the toil of preparation for examinations, our thoughts go out to the cool cloister and the green shades of this lovely spot. Those of us who spent our summers in Monte Porzio look back with grateful affection to the old house wherein we spent perhaps the happiest of our days. Later generations hold the name of

Palazzola in benediction and cherish its memory with an enthusiasm which equals that of the most fervent Monteporziano. And anyone who has spent a summer at Palazzola will know that such enthusiasm is justified. We say this in order to give point to the remark that Palazzola is well worth the money which we hope to spend on it. We have seventy-two students and four superiors. The College has extended in Rome. Last year we took seven new rooms in the Via Monserrato. When Easter week comes round and we look forward to the relief of escaping for a few days from the noise of Rome, and breathing the pure air of the Alban Hills, Palazzola offers us about fifty rooms for the accomodation of our present large family. In the long summer *villeggiatura* we are faced with the same difficulty of accomodation.

“ An appeal for funds is being prepared, and those who receive that appeal will know well that what we are asking for is not a luxury but a necessity of Roman life. We have confidence in the many friends of the Venerabile in England, not only in those who once studied in the old College in the Via Monserrato, but in all those whose devotion to the glorious English Martyrs will lead them to think gratefully of the Venerable College of St Thomas, that bit of England in the heart of the city of the Popes, within whose walls forty-four of those noble Martyrs made their preparation for the passion which they so heroically endured in their native land. The Venerabile, the national College of the English in Rome, has served the English nation well and nobly. We feel sure that the English Catholics will not be unmoved by this appeal, and will take the opportunity of making a thank-offering to their Blessed Martyrs who from their place in heaven surely look with love and gratitude on those who in any way help their old Alma Mater to continue its great work for the Church in England. They gave their all, even their life's blood, for the holy Catholic faith and for the See of Peter. By helping their old College we show our appreciation of their loving sacrifice and for the sake of the same divine Master whose Passion they longed to imitate, we can make a little sacrifice in the same generous spirit.

W.G.”

A MARTYR'S EXPENSES (2)

In the last number of the VENERABILE we gave those pages of the *Libri delli Scolari* concerned with Blessed David Lewis (*alias* Charles Baker). Fortunately he is not the only Martyr whose expenses are noted in these interesting account books for we find mention of Edward Baines (Mico) John Marsh (Wall) and Anthony Turner (Ashby). The following are the accounts of "Giovanni Martis" in *Lib. 313*. Although not every item is of special interest, for the sake of completeness we give all the debit side (*recto*).

From the credit page (*verso*) we learn that twice some money came as "a token from his sister to bee devided with his brother Will".

Deve Dare

A di po. genno. 1642—

11 Oct. 6 julyes for a primer60
12 Xbre 5 julyes for almes50
9 julyes for divers things90
1643. — A di 19 Febr. 5 julyes for several occasions50
A di 13 di Marzo per medaglie70
A di 20 di Luglio p. spendersi30
A di 12 7bre 1 scudo p. Monteporzio	1.—
1644 — A di p ^o marzo 164470
A di 16 marzo for several things30
A di 15 for several things40
A di 14 7bre at Monteporcio one july10
A di 18 November b. 75 for a silk conclusion75
It a di dto to Br. John for a satin conclusion for ye Cardinal Rosetti	3.05
It. dto fifteene crownes paide by ye Colledge to Marrochi for ye musik at his defension of phil- osophy	15.—
Five julyes for somethings puta gloves etc.50
August the 2 3 Julys for gloves30
August the 2 for a key and gloves etc.	
5 Julys to William Marsh50

the 9 of August four Julys for several things40
The 18 of Aug. one crowne for the Sodalyty	1.0
To William March 5 Julys for the Sodality August the twentieth50
	<hr/>
	25.10
Nota ye X of January 1646 D. 1 given to Fr. Marsh for to buy a breviary.	
	<hr/>
September the 9 five julies to William Marsh for Monte Porzio50
Septem. the 9th five julys to J. March for Monty Portio50
Novemb. the 6 five julyse to J. March for several things	.50
The third of January 1647 to William March 5 Julies for gloaves50
The 20 of Jan. 1647 one crowne for gloves etc. ..	1.—
Ffebruarie the 14 ffor smith and capenter 5 Julies	.50
Aprill the 20 ffor comodities as gloves 3 Julies ..	.30
The 7 of May for medalles 5 Julys50
The 25 of May three Julys for several things to John March30
7.7bre To William March for Monteportio 5 julyes ..	.50
The 9 of december for Mportio 5 Julys50
	<hr/>
	D. 33.70

The accounts are mixed with those of his brother (a confessor for the Faith), who became a Benedictine, whilst he himself joined the Franciscans.

As will be seen, there is considerable variation in spelling—even his name varies between Marsh and March. It is of interest to note that some sort of concert was given at his "Public Act" or defension in the College, whilst a copy of his thesis sheet was printed on satin for the Cardinal to whom it was dedicated. Brother John (Collins) was a Jesuit lay-brother who apparently was in charge of the clothing and wardrobe.

The Sodality was one founded in honour of Our Lady. In the troubles of 1620 it was alleged that favouritism was shown to its members, but this is probably only a biased view of the fact that the better a student (and hence the more acceptable to Superiors) the greater likelihood of his joining the Sodality.

There is an account of the Sodality in the *Relatio* to Cardinal Barberini in 1647:

Ogni Domenica mattina et altre feste più solenni massime della Madonna finita l'oratione [i.e. meditation] si da il segno alla Congregatione eretta in honore dell'Assunta dove tutti si radunano a sentire un esortatione, e fare altre devotioni, e morendo alcuno di loro anche fuor del Collegio in Inghilterra ò altrove se gli fanno l'esequie, come a membro di essa, et ogni Sabato sera la quaresima nella medesima Congregatione si fa un sermoncino da un scolaro teologo sopra qualche mistero della Passione con altri esercitii spirituali all'honore della Madonna Sma: essi finiscono con una disciplina con tutta la divotione di ciascuno e prima qualche oratione p. li Benefattori: molte poi e frequenti sono le Divotioni e mortificationi severe.

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM

After some eighteen months' bitter experience of us, the choir-master determined that drastic measures should be taken to provide plainsong worthy of the Venerabile. During the autumn term of last year and particularly through the Christmas period when there was so much to do, the singing had been rather disappointing. There had been difficulty in keeping the notes at the right pitch; then later our old habit of shouting triumphed afresh in spite of twelve months' systematic repression. Early, therefore, in January was formed the *schola*—a special choir of men who would be willing to devote time and effort to restoring the chant. Sixteen good men and true were without difficulty collected to leaven the whole lump. At High Mass and vespers they sing the gospel side's half of the chant and the rest of the church replies. Their first aim was to pick up and keep a true note from the organ and to restore it whenever necessary. Moreover they contemplated a correct rendering of plainsong according to Solesmes methods, particularly in the psalmody at vespers. They achieved a signal success themselves: and what is more to the point, their enthusiasm and prowess infected the rest of us. The quiet, dignified movement of the psalms on both sides of the choir was in eloquent contrast with what we had been

doing before. Then the *schola* relieved the church of more difficult passages and transformed into things of beauty what had been merely inglorious scrambles. Offertories began to be appreciated fully and even full graduals were sung later on without blunders and even without tediousness. *Divide et impera*: it is easier for a smaller number to prepare difficult pieces correctly and to sing them with cohesion. Besides, the *schola* is no mere body of the "select". It has to teach and in the most difficult way—by practical demonstration; and this means some sacrifice of the scant leisure that Roman life admits of. Needless to say an innovation—and the *schola* is one at which not long ago Venerabilini would have held up horrified hands—must expect criticism and sometimes opposition. But to have satisfied keen critics of plainsong and its use in colleges; to have been compared favourably on important points with some of the best exponents of church music in Rome; most of all, to have raised the standard of chant in the College to a reasonable, even a good, level and to have created and maintained interest in a difficult subject is more than justification for the *schola's* existence. May its success continue.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ROME.

Christian, Pagan and I set out for Rome together: the intimacy of a common cabin and a common trunk, close as it was, did little to prevent our temperamental conflict. Christian, as he told us himself, was out to see the Pope, St Peter's, the Vatican, the churches. In short (this with a meaning glance at Pagan) Eternal Rome and not the pitiful remains of an effete civilization. Pagan bridled. Effete, indeed! "And what language, pray," he said it with a dangerous calm, "what language will you hear at your University? French?" I felt compelled to step in to see fair play. "Not Latin," I remarked, for I had read certain text books, "wait until you hear a *dico non* or two; and as for the Accusative and Infinitive, it is as rare as the Ablative Absolute." He was still unsubdued, however, "Have you people no aesthetic sense? The Forum," he cried, tying a packet of dutiable goods to his braces, "Cicero's battleground where Catiline shrank into the shadows back to his paid assassins...." Here he broke into passionate rhetoric; it was all very good but we cut him short. When we passed Lake Trasimene he nearly fell out of the carriage window and even unburdened himself of a line of Horace as we skirted Soracte.

So far, undoubtedly, our Pagan had scored; but Christian whom because he talked less I judged (with perilous psychology) to think more, seemed to have something in reserve. Just as Pagan was becoming unbearable we steamed into the Termini.

Buon Giorno we had been practising on the journey: we were now waiting for our first impression, passive and plastic (it is twelve hours from Venice). What swart son of Italy's green and pleasant land (it is green on the map, I think?) would first greet us? We were—"Bag, sir?"—"Cook's" written all over

him—one down for Pagan. (You will watch Pagan's sad descent as we go along—Poor fellow! But he had no right to come. Still—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. We buried him in St. Peter's the day the Pope said Mass there). "No thank you! Oh there they are." A few beaver hats; dull, black cassocks. Pagan's sense of the romantic reared its head only to bury it again. Not romantic, ridiculous. Christian, however, was not abashed. For him those bizarre figures were something emblematic: they held the hand of England upon Rome's beating heart. But then, Christian was always something of a prig.

Perhaps his first mistake was his humility: you must blame Pagan's attitude. As we drove towards the Farnese, a meagre dome bubbled over distant roofs. "St Peter's?" asked Christian trembling—with faith or disappointment—I could not say. "No, S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini." A small thing, perhaps, but I think we were prepared for the worst. You see, a vision of Rome had danced before our eyes for years. The very effervescence of the notion was sure to leave the reality without sparkle. Why, there were even motor 'buses. Of course there were, but we had abstracted from the vulgar things. An easy abstraction from an armchair in England. The S.P.Q.R. which blazoned their sides seemed only to emphasize all we had lost (at least, so Pagan said). Christian, on the other hand, had never hoped for anything from the Senate and People of Rome. Certainly these religious people bear aesthetic shocks more calmly than your pagan.

In the days which followed Pagan visibly declined. Somehow the University did not suit him. Why waste the golden hours in this classic city revolving the problems of the Schools? What was becoming of his dreams? Why should he not be sitting in the crumbling ruins of the palaces of the purple Caesars? Surrounded by weeds of all descriptions in a stuffy hall, how could the flower of his classicism bloom? Such, Christian has since told me, were his meditations, while the Transcendency of Being should have lifted his earth-bound mind to the pinnacles of the Metaphysical Temple. But Pagan had still one day of bliss before him.

I remember, it was a warm winter afternoon, such an after-

noon (said Christian) upon which football was decidedly the suitable thing. Pagan, almost losing control, recovered quickly to supply the arguments (pointed with a quotation or two) for his Forum expedition. It was not, he said, that he really wanted Christian to go with him; he fully appreciated the *nunquam minus solus* point of view; at the same time it seemed incompatible with the camerata system. Then followed a diatribe on this "blighting nuisance" (his words, not mine: he was for ever bitter on the subject). His sentences lost in classic phraseology what they gained in enthusiasm, and I dare no more than give you the gist of his remarks. "The recognized fact," (but how much more nicely I put it) said he, "that man is a gregarious animal—like a sheep," (a bitter afterthought), "is none the less to be reconciled with his reflective nature. Mix with your fellows, by all means—when you feel inclined—but what about the unfettered human spirit?" Of course I told him that all this had been said before; that the "cam" complaint was eternal; that other colleges (I primly quoted the Rector) had even larger "cams"; and that the ideal group would be five and not four. (Here I cited Sir Thomas Browne—you remember the *quincunxes*?)

As we neared the Forum Pagan's spirits soared—until he saw the railings! Still, the columns of Saturn's temple springing to a mighty entablature, Cicero's rostrum ("so they say" put in Christian always cynical), Severus' glorious arch, clothed Pagan once more in his dream-toga. He strutted by my side along the Sacred Way, lost, I really believe, to the sad ruin of the place; forgetful of the modern hurry all about him, until Christian, in his most classical manner, called after us, "*Quo, quo, sceleristi, ruitis?*" The thrust brought Pagan to earth again, but the glory of that hour never completely left him.

It was in St Peter's that we saw the Pope. Christian declared most emphatically that this was his day of days. For my part I could not but agree, and looked at Pagan. He had fallen under too heavy a blow, but even as he expired I thought to hear him whisper, "*Non omnis moriar*" and, indeed, Christian ever afterwards seemed to look less coldly on the stones his friend had loved.

But the Pope—how small he looked borne high above that cheering crowd! (Cheering? In Church? O cold Englishman, do you know what enthusiasm is?) A tiny cynosure of fervent Faith, a banner of belief, an oracle of Truth for all the world, the dove of the Spirit almost visibly brooding over his head. Can you wonder that love sprang to a voice, that we shouted our *evviva* above them all? He said Mass for us—the first priest in all the world: at the Elevation we thrilled to the clash of the Switzers' presented arms, and on the wave of silver harmony in the dome our spirits floated... Sentimental? Perhaps: but *exultavit caro mea in Deum vivum* was no empty phrase, and David the King danced with joy before the Ark of God.

The other churches of Rome for the most part failed to stir us: their sometimes ghastly proportions and often garish decorations had a depressing effect even upon Christian; I was pleased now that Pagan had not lived to see them. Here a host of cherubim lifted itself weightily to heaven on a bank of plaster clouds, there a huge white statue waved wide gesticulating arms. Nowhere was peace, all writhing effort. Yes, I suppose the Roman style must have something to carry it upwards. Gothic will go to heaven of itself. The gaudy paintings, nevertheless, were clearly the vivid expression of faith in all they represented. The Act of Faith in this country of faith is no colourless formula. The mind's eye of this Catholic people receives not mere outlines of belief but a vivid, intimate, pulsating portrait which lives for them almost with a natural life. I shall never forget the little child with her arms around the statue of the Virgin Cecilia....

It was, I remember, in the early morning that we went to hear our first Mass in the Catacombs. Perhaps it was the circumstance of time that reconciled me to those neatly-cut steps which lead into the galleries of the rock. But, you know, they have no right to be there.

The chapel of Pope Callixtus, not an airy room; the tinkling bell, the iron candlesticks, the square stone of the altar, dripping moss on the walls, red vestments in the candle-light, a white Victim lifted from the centre of the earth. Were we indeed once more a *gens lucifuga*, shunners of the light? Rather a purchased people with the liberty which the early martyrs had given

us, and here were we to thank them. In Cecilia's chapel we thought to see her body lying in one tiny corner of the room; centuries ago we should indeed have seen it there, but now we are content with that delicately-modelled statue of the young martyr recumbent in a small cavern of the rock—*dilecta mea in foraminibus petri*.

Later, the heats came. Now what we had expected I hardly know; one thing is certain: it was the hottest June Italy had borne for some years, yet we lived through it. As the heavy days wore on we saw the sunny nature grow morose and testy, the cheerer of his fellows a gloomy recluse, our optimists presaging failures and greater heat. Until we were corrected by the experienced we made loud protests against the prevailing exam-fever, but under our scorn sat uneasiness enthroned. If the best of us, we thought within ourselves, need to work and worry, how much more we, the mediocrities? And we would steal quietly to our rooms.

And yet, life was not hopeless—there was a light beyond. Cavo was there on the horizon, smiling at us through the haze of heat, promising Elysium—after many days. And those many days passed: slowly, like the darkest night, but passed and led us to our Alban Hills. *Ubi nihil agere me delectat*—how well Flaccus knew to take a holiday! There the very calmness of the scene slakes the mind, rest is rest, and worry finds no place! And oh, the little wine-shops in the Castelli, odorous with the meats cooking on the open range: their little tunnels winding through the cold stone foundations where the wine is stored away from a jealous sun—sweetness flowing from the rock, cascades of purple wine from snowy glaciers!

Bread and cheese and wine—a *trinum perfectum*. And then to walk home through woods in the glow of Campagna sunsets, the bright lights of the hill-towns piercing the dusk-green curtain of the mountains. Racing the short twilight home we still find time to turn towards Rome twinkling in the plain—"If I forget thee may my right hand lose its cunning . . . if I make thee not the beginning of my joy." It is easy to sentimentalize from Palazzola.

ALEXANDER JONES.

A DISCOVERY AND A CORRECTION.

WE WONDER whether any of our readers remember Joannes Laurentius. He figured largely in the *VENERABILE* Vol. II p. 202, and Vol. III p. 50, owing to the late Bishop of Clifton, who when "cleaving the clear waters of the Roman Tank" could not restrain his historical curiosity from straying to the "derelict white marble lintel . . . which found its way into the garden of the Venerabile, there to adorn the vasca." This lintel bears the name "Joannes Laurentius, Scriptor Apostolicus". That did not satisfy Bishop Burton: he identified this Giovanni with a Venetian who played his small part in the days of Alexander VI; and then, evidently considering that he had done enough by disturbing the obscure sleep of the dead, his Lordship challenged us to find out the rest—where the lintel came from and how it came into the College garden. There was silence for a year while great brains worked. Then we replied with a solution certainly ingenious. Giovanni Lorenzi, we said, rented a house next to the old Hospice on the south (i.e. Piazza Farnese) side; there is an agreement, preserved in the Archives, whereby he was empowered to break down a wall and make a door on condition that this door was walled up again on the expiry of his lease. What could be more likely than that this new door connected his house with the Hospice garden, and so the lintel was left there when the door ceased to be? Although no one quarelled with this reconstruction of the past, patient research continued in the Archives. And now after a further silence of over three years, we are forced to own that both the late Bishop of Clifton and ourselves were following false scents. He identified Giovanni with the

wrong man: we did our share by entirely mislocating his house. Well, we were in good company. And in this leisurely progress towards confession there is something of the genuine bibliophil. For if your grubber must raise a cloud of dust he hankers after doing it in a gracious manner.

The first problem then regards the identity of Giovanni. Pastor (Eng. Edit. Vol. V, p. 330) certainly mentions one "Giovanni Lorenzi a distinguished Hellenist who was born in Venice in 1440 and came to Rome in 1472... Innocent VIII made him one of his secretaries in 1484". Now our Giovanni was not a Venetian but a Spaniard. We are not arguing merely from his description as "Clericus Dertusensis" but from the fact that in nearly every document where he is mentioned, he is roundly described as "Hispanus". We conclude then that our Giovanni was not the man mentioned by Pastor and Burchardt but another Scriptor Apostolicus of the same name, a tonsured Spaniard and connected with Tortosa. But over this negligible certainty we are inclined to drop a Grand Inquisitor's tear; for now we know nothing of his story and once again the man escapes our efforts to find out more than he has chosen to tell us on his tantalising lintel.

But our own part in unravelling the past was even more inglorious; our former article was strewn with solecisms. The simplest method of public confession is to comment on some of the sentences of our "solution". We wrote, "On November 17th 1508, Joannes Laurentius rented a house... Had it stood towards the present Via Montoro we might have built up a series of engaging possibilities, such as its destruction during the sack of Rome in 1527. But clearly it did not.... It must have been the first house not on the north but on the south side of the Hospice." Anyone who takes the trouble to turn up the evidence on which we based this conclusion will see that the key to the whole over-elaborate argument was the position of the Corte Savella. This, we said, faced the Hospice across the street. On the contrary, we now find it stood on the same side as the Hospice, between our present front door and a position opposite S. Maria in Monserrato, at that date the little church of S. Andrea de Nazaret. Not only are we sure of this from several ref-

crences in the *Liber Visitationis*, but there is also a map which settles the thing for ever. It is small consolation that such a know-all as Moroni also failed to plot the famous prison with any certainty. It did not matter very much to him, but the whole chain of reasoning whereby we housed Lorenzi on the south side of the Hospice is rendered worthless by this blunder over the Corte Savella: *malum ex quocumque defectu*. So that even if we were right we should not have proved it.

And we were wrong. A worse mistake than the first was our confusion of the Hospice, *res et bona*, with the Hospice itself. From this we concluded that the house of our search backed on to the old building of the English Hospice—an assumption without warrant, and now demonstrably false: because we have found out quite a good deal about the house Giovanni rented from the Hospice. An entry in *lib.* 13, f. 121 says: “Dns Johes Laurencii hispanus tenet unam domum in locationem ex opposito Ecclesiae S. Andree pro 51 ducatis.” That takes us down the Monserrato beyond the Corte Savella but always on the same side. A description of this house in the year 1630 is still more definite as to its position: “posta rencontro la Chiesa di Monserrato, Parochia di S. Giovanni in Haino, Rione della Regola”. S. Giovanni in Ayno was a small church yet farther down the Monserrato, which took over the parish of S. Andrea de Nazaret when this last was demolished to make room for the Spanish National Church. Most detailed of all is this under the year 1553: “Domus qa. ultra curiam de Sabellis a dextra parte versus Sm. Petrum ab Angulo, ex opposito Ecclesiae Scae. Mariae de Mote Sarrato.” Giovanni Lorenzi then, did live on the north side of the Hospice, and not only towards the Via Montoro but well beyond it.

We do not know where Giovanni came from: that he ever lived in the Hospice must be classed with others of our unfounded guesses. But he entered on his tenancy in 1496, succeeding a Joan Steward who sounds as if she may have been a member of the English Colony. Here he installed himself and payed his rent regularly until 1510. In 1508 as we know from the document on which we built up so many interesting hypotheses in the VENERABLE Vol. III, he rented another house next to his

own from Joannes Bardella. As the one he was inhabiting belonged not to him but to the Hospice it answers perfectly to the description of "res et bona". Here then between the two was the door he opened presumably crowned by the lintel—ἀρχὴ κακῶν—which afterwards found its way to the College garden a hundred yards or more along the Via Monserrato, there to be a stumbling block to future generations. So all the human touches we elaborated about his easy access to the Hospice and the ability of its personnel to drop in on him any time for wine and *paste* must be ruefully sacrificed in the exacting service of truth.

In 1516 Giovanni's heirs were in possession, and as he took the first house "ad vitam suam" we can only conclude that the good Scriptor Apostolicus had gone to his reward in the interval. Anyway, he lived on the spot for at least fourteen years and thence the lintel probably came. To learn all other whys and wherefores we must wait until the day when all things shall be made plain.

The history of the house itself fills uneventful columns of the *rentali* until 1526, before which date the rent has risen from Giovanni's figure of 52 ducats to 54. In 1526 the tenant was one Garzias de Gibrleon, who complained that this was exorbitant in the then state of the fabric. So the Hospice agreed to reduce his rent to 24 ducats if he would undertake the necessary repairs. The next year has no entry and this was the year of the great sack. But our history steadily refuses to become spectacular, and when we next hear of the house in 1532 Garzias is only paying 24 ducats in consideration of the expense to which he has been put in restoring the place. So perhaps the Lutheran landsknechts do come into the story: there is a gap here which they may have filled, but having learned caution we dare say no more. Garzias did not live long to enjoy the new solidity of his home and by 1535 his heir Peter Suarez de Gibrleon is paying the reduced rent. After this date we hear no more of interest, save that one tenant was evicted by force for not paying up and his place taken by a bishop, who was more likely to honour his obligations if only for reputation's sake, one Ferdinando Pandolfini, Vescovo di Troia, Puglia, who was sufficiently notable to find a place in Moroni as "chi ressa la chiesa con somma lode".

Such is the duller path traced by our latest researches.¹ It is perhaps wonderful that we can point out to within a few feet where Giovanni lived. But the man himself remains a mystery. On the one hand, constant search after the faintest trace of him leaves one devoured with curiosity to learn more. And yet he has long ceased to be an abstraction. I have a strangely clear picture of him in my mind, but wild horses shall not drag it from me. One failure after another to discover some hint of his life has bred in me a reverence for the obscurity he craves: to search further seems like a sacrilegious disturbing of his bones. And is there not something of vulgarity in the greed of modern science after all knowledge? Therefore if anything more concerning him should come to light, another hand than mine must write the story. For my part I have learned to appreciate his reserve and pray that he may now be allowed to rest in peace.

RICHARD L. SMITH.

¹ For all the new material in this article I am indebted to the tireless research of Mr. Laurence Jones, to whom I wish to express my gratitude.

ROMANESQUES.

13. — BEGGARS.

THE NEOPHYTE first begins to be aware of beggars in the city when he sets out to "do" some of the churches. Looking greener than ever in a reach-me-down soprano and an heirloom hat, he has set out feeling very hot, and is led through the streets and alleys and across the squares by men who know the way, and are used to the clerical garb; who also wear something in the way of more intimate nether garments, different from these awful long trousers that are quickly twisted spiral-fashion by the continued brushing of the cassock. As each new objective is attained, and he fumbles with unskilled fingers at the corner of the "baby-crusher" he will notice that, squatting either just outside or just inside the door, is an old woman who is about to begin the third decade of her beads—built on a large scale for exhibition purposes. She wastes no time but, as he dodges the rebound of that most weird of door-hangings, she makes it clear that she has placed herself under the protection of many saints, while her right hand gives even the stranger in the land an understanding of what she wants. The fervour of charity, the exchange at about ninety will suggest a lira; the fulness of that poor soul's thanks will be reward enough—until he is aware of a guffaw from one of the others and realizes that he has begun already to make a fool of himself.

And woe to him if he argues about it. Giving to the poor may be lending to the Lord, and he may quote St Luke's Gospel never so eloquently, he will be told to go and read *In Tuscany*

by Carmichael and see what *he* says, or may finally be suppressed with the never failing "Look here! have you done *Morals?*" The proper stipend should have been twopence and that not more than twice in any one walk.

In Guide Books the beggars are condemned altogether. "It is



...he has begun already...

a safe rule to assume that all beggars are professional idlers and of the criminal class. The honest do not beg. Even the physically afflicted could in nearly every case, earn their living by work if they chose to do so. In order to meet the fierce competition in this over-crowded profession, many children are intent-

ionally maimed for life by their parents who are then able to live in idleness on the alms obtained by the sacrifice." (The same well known guide book spends half a page over various denominational religious services and ends with "Roman Catholic—San Silvestro.") Of course there are frauds among them as among most classes even amongst the writers of guide books, but they are not as bad as all that. And certainly they are a part of Rome. The spirit of Rome almost demands the presence of some of them and when they are at last forced from the streets, unless it be by the coming of the millenium, Rome will have changed for the worse.

In a series of engravings by a certain Giuseppe Vasi, which are large and imposing and so find their way into waiting-rooms and corridors of Catholic Institutions in England (they may still be bought at the print shop behind the Fountain of Trevi), the odd corners are filled by little figures of the beggars of Rome. Other figures there are too, elegant gentlemen and cinctured prelates wrapt in admiration of the moss-grown wonders of classical antiquity, some of them even holding out *soldi* to those others. No eloquence of man could equal the satisfying clarity of the idea which those drawings give of the professional poor. They do in real life what they do in the picture—they fill up the odd corners.

Not as in England where beggary is a vice, in Rome they have their place. In these days they must pass a test of physical unfitness but once through that, they are safe. Not cadgers of a night's lodging nor vendors of lavender or collar-studs, they beg for a living and beg openly. There *are* those who sell and those who sing; but those who sell, no matter if they do "go into liquidation" twice a week or so, would not care to be classed as beggars; and those who sing do not whine their way along the street careful of the constable's eye; they bawl their song lustily and give you your money's worth. The cream of the clan, the aristocracy of the gutter, ask for what they want and have done with it. Blind, maimed, widowed or orphaned they have each his particular spot and particular patrons so that you may even owe them their daily fee and keep on good terms by a nod and "Domani!"

Stories are told of their fabulous wealth and of nightly carousals after the day's work, yet what can be seen of their private life—if sleeping in a doorway can be called so—does not lend any colour to the suggestion. On certain days of the year it has long been the custom for the alumni of the Colleges to hear their



... the pilot of the Piazza Caterina ...

morning Mass at Sant'Ignazio, on the feasts of St Aloysius and St John Berchmans for example. It means going out at about six in the morning and is a penance, especially on a winter's day when the wind sweeps coldly up the streets and plays havoc with one's nose and finger-tips. Rome at that time is beginning to wake up. The *nettezza urbana* waggons with their attendants will be there; a priest may be seen hurrying to say his Mass at

some convent chapel; the wine-waggon is beginning to arrive after their all-night journey from the Castelli; and in a sheltered doorway, or half hidden by the shadow in the angle of a wall, under a mass of rags, lies a still-sleeping body—a beggar. Close beside him a pot of charcoal stands black and cold, and with it, an improvised mess-tin still unwashed after last night's supper. Hoarded wealth? At some chosen spot, especially at the portico of the Palazzo Massimo, one might count these figures by the half dozen. Later on they will begin to rouse themselves. Their limbs will be swathed in bandages, not all of them merely for business, crutches properly bestowed and their underclothes shaken free of some of the vermin. Then will come the dispersion to their allotted pitches as they take up their places for the day. For our part we came to know and to look for certain ones amongst them as the daily walks to and from the Via del Seminario led us past their chosen corners.

First came and first did speak the pilot of the Piazza Caterina. She was one of two women who knew the comings and goings of the Venerabile *camerate*, and the day would not have grown very old before her clamours would beseech the beneficence of the otherwise despised *bagarozzi*. The two were a limited company, unconnected seemingly with the freemasonry which was apparent amongst many of the others. The mark of their solitude was their cleanliness; they smelt of soap; their hair was neatly brought to a bun at the back of their heads; their faces shone from ablutions; their hands and their boots, their whole presence indeed, were clean. The smaller of them was blind and was passively led abroad by the other, holding her arm, or when speed was necessary, maintaining a precarious connection through the medium of an apron-string. Occasionally she would add a feeble voice to the appeals of her living eye but more often than not, she was content to leave the *réclame* alone. Nor was her confidence misplaced. Each morning as the first *camerata* turned briskly into the bottle-neck passage between our own *piazza* and the Piazza Farnese, their hats unruffled, their wings as yet unsplashed and their minds bent upon the morning's work, at once, without warning, Rosamund and her darkling protégée would rush across the open space. No pace

which the dignity of the victims allowed was of any use to evade the pounce. Then for twenty yards or so the camerata became eight and very much *extra formam*. Not even the anti-marxian syllogisms of Fr. Giamusso ever had major or minor as long-



Farnese Bill.

winded as that woman's appeal for sympathy. It poured out—and the effect of an upper jaw being pounded at such a rate by long and precarious teeth was a rattle indescribable. *Strepsit omnis murmure campus*. Their jurisdiction seemed to end somewhere on this side of the Via Giulia; should you meet them on Ponte Sisto as you might quite easily, since they lived somewhere in Trastevere, you would be suffered to pass unmolested. I cannot remember that Rosamund ever said thank-you, the effect of a coin was merely to stop the outpouring of words like a miraculous cure. One day the blind partner was missing. Rosamund appeared alone with no companion to pilot to the strategic spot, and we caught the word “disgraziata” repeated several times in the slightly more leisurely litany. Now those to whom Italian was not as familiar as to us of the second or third year, wondered what a poor blind woman could have been up to, to have things like that said about her; but we knew better. A stay of twelve months in Rome besides conferring the right to poke the common-room fire when there is one, and to receive an answer-

ing nod from the porter at the University, is fruitful in a knowledge of the finer points of the language. So we decided that the poor thing had come to grief, perhaps under the wheels of one of the new “tassiche”, and I think that in this, as in many an im-

portant decision, the conclusion was right even if the premisses were arguable. We never saw her again.

Then there was Bill who haunted the College door but was not so early afoot as the others. Of a Jewish appearance, he was, however likened to Melchisedech since no one could imagine him having had either father or mother. If there had ever been a Mrs Bill she was a virago; you could see all over his face that even in that his luck was out. He was long and thin, his right arm and hand were drawn up like a bird's claw, so that he could not wash, or shave, or wipe his nose. The same stroke had deprived him of the use of his right leg. His face was long and melancholy and unspeakably grimed; like Samson, he needed much washing to be touched. He mumbled his words and sniffed continuously. There were strange stories of his domicile—it was said that he slept in a stable—but by day, he was usually in the *piazza* and bore down upon each returning camerata as they made their way home, tired and hungry after the morning lectures and the process of annihilation which the continental breakfast seems to undergo at about eleven o'clock. He tried to conclude his business with each party quickly, and as far as possible, unnoticed by the next. Once in his hurry he let fall a tin; three hoarded *lire* rattled out across the cobbles and Bill became the butt for everybody's wit, so that he lost his temper and gave up trying to explain the presence of so much wealth. When questioned by the more zealous, he avowed himself a regular attendant at Mass on Sundays—at *mezzogiorno*—and once at least he was persuaded to come inside the chapel during Quarant'Ore. How he scratched! In the afternoon Bill was to be seen sprawling under the church wall, a chewed *to-scano* in his hand, fast asleep.

Excepting those who played musical instruments outside, for *soldi* dropped from the top windows with an accumulated force sufficient to brain them, or those who passed along singing ribald songs with no encouragement at all, the two women and Bill had for some time the monopoly of the *piazza*; but one day there appeared another. Cardinal Allen he was called, from his resemblance to a painting near the Library door. He never spoke, he scarcely seemed to beg at all at first; he sat all day on the

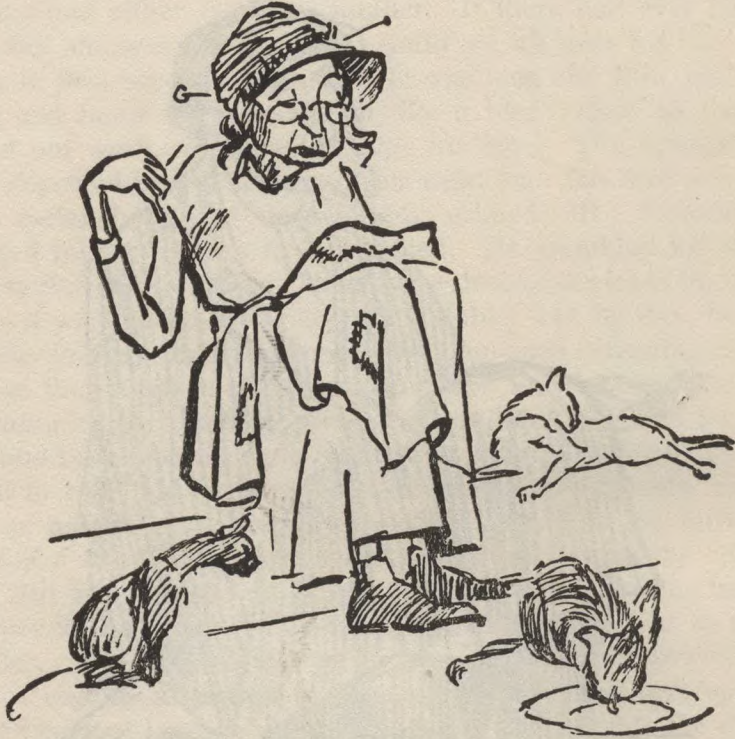
steps and snivelled; but he showed genuine gratitude when coppers were offered to him and in time could hold his more practised hand out without shyness. I think it was the likeness which gave him his name, rather than any skill of his in asking, that brought



... Cardinal Allen he was called ...

him most of his booty; but to Bill he was an intruder. There was many a scuffle in the College doorway between them. They quarrelled quite openly and one morning the old man was thrust away very rudely by his rival, who thereupon lost all sympathy and begged that day in vain. Then happened an event which

no one ever yet explained properly. We saw poor Allen, old and tottering, dragged off by the police! He was absent for weeks. Later he reappeared, aged and pallid, but still willing to accept what offerings his face might bring him and there he still was



...on the steps of Sant'Andrea...

five years ago though he has died since then: and so has poor Bill for that matter. *Cum Lazaro quondam paupere* . . .

There was a strange sight to be seen sometimes on the steps of Sant'Andrea¹—an old woman sitting and begging, who spent her time sorting out and sewing up old rags; perhaps, a tattered livery for others since no clothing left merely to the passage of time or even continued use, could have degenerated into the

¹ For the last year or two she transferred her perch to the doorstep of our Church; but she disappeared last winter. EDITOR.

motley which some of them wore. Around her were usually half a score of cats crawling about the steps and waiting for the leavings from her own scanty meal. In winter time she seemed to feel the bitter cold of the Corso Vittorio and her sacking and strange tailoring—and her cats—were drawn more closely round about her. She had not the luxury of a charcoal pot which her sister in the Campo boasted, a central heating system which, this woman found, worked better when enveloped, together with her own ample person, in her petticoats; a much more prudent way of facing those cold *Tramontana* days, though I think that it must have reduced her income. Charity is warmed more by the sight of a pinched face and a blue nose than of a rubicund lady simmering gently over a slow fire.

In the afternoon there were the musicians on Pincio—the blind mice. As the camerata slowly climbed the steps below S. Trinità dei Monti, they were warned of coming evil by the sound of a flute; it might have been a creaking gate for all the music there was in it, only the note kept changing and was occasionally helped by a grunt from a 'cello. They were usually outside the French Academy, three of them, the cellist, the flautist and the violinist, but the violinist never succeeded in making his instrument very audible. As he played he seemed to be listening and enjoying his own music, but there was no volume in it, no guts! Poor fellow, he was consumptive even then. The other two were very ordinary, and wore overcoats and bowler hats



... a central heating system ...

in all weathers; the fiddler taller than they and younger, wore a cap on his head and sometimes left his coat at home. In winter they all had mittens on their hands to keep them warm and yet leave their fingers free. There they sat, and of themselves might never have made a penny with all their playing, were it not for the work done by their guide. He was a little lively man with round face and spectacles. He would run from side to side of the road, collecting from one victim and already beckoning to the next, perhaps twenty yards away. He could look disappointed so perfectly that it was the custom to keep him in suspense; and then so grateful that few refused him in the end. He had no need of any words to be understood. Sometimes he would beat time to the music with his right hand, as his clients drew near and would look up in wrapt ecstasy at the sounds produced by his band. Then he would sidle across the way, his little tin plate held out and his finger pointing to the first of the party. "Broke?"—up went the eyebrows, "No broke?"—down in despair; then "Aw!" as the tardy trifle was at last handed over. And then away to the next batch, picking out the more likely and recognising regular patrons in a crowd no matter how dense. They were a perfect party, each necessary to the others, though the heavy share of the work fell on the fourth. At night they would pack up and stowing instruments and stools between them, they would make off arm in arm, down the steps again. We met them once at Nettuno; it was like a meeting of old friends. Broke's real name was Paolo, they came there in the season, they even wandered as far away as the Riviera, but the winter would see them back again in their old spot.

There were others besides these even on the daily round; for example, the man with one arm visible, who sat by the church of Santa Birgitta and tempted those who passed, with fortunes printed on coloured paper—a bad lot! It looked very suspiciously as though his other arm was tucked away behind somewhere, he appeared very fat and could have hidden it easily. If he did he must have had cramp pretty badly—I hope so because he drew more than one twopence from Monsignor X—who passed that way each morning.

Another fellow crawled through the Campo on hands and

knees, sans feet, roaring his misfortunes with the voice of a bos-un's mate; he looked that kind of man, too, in his jersey and coarse trouserings. "Aoo! POvero disgraziATO!" and people looking about for the origin of all the noise, saw at length this strange creature at their heels, ploughing his way down the crowded alleys formed by the market stalls. Yet another in the



The Blind Mice

same place, sat on a wooden truck and begged enough to keep his upper half alive. The Campo was a great place for odds and ends.

The time in all the year to meet beggars was Lent. No chance there of saving money on cigarettes to buy a tennis-racquet! You could perform most of the corporal works of mercy in less than two minutes outside one of the Stations. What a crowd! *Povera infelice, povero disgraziato, povera abbandonata!* Old women whose knowledge of the Calendar would shame many a tonsured clerk, appeared each day as unfailingly as Monsignor Respighi

himself, and offered thumbed *Santi* and cheap copies of the Litanies to view, or rosaries which for a couple of *soldi* would be put in motion until the donor's back was turned. Some of them would beg quietly among the crowd inside and appropriate an umbrella by way of variation. (There was need to guard one's property on those occasions; these pious souls had very sticky



“Broke?”

fingers and Bishop S— lost a *Pars Verna* once in that way. Being a good Roman, he had the sense to look for it about a week later on one of the second-hand stalls in the Campo. It was there all right, and he very wisely paid the five *lire* they asked for it, and let the matter drop.)

During the summer months, there were other faces to make

up for the absence of old friends, but it is hardly fair to drag them in on the heels of the urban aristocracy; they would not mix well, they were an inferior caste. Not even Mrs. Qualchecosa on the Rocca road was of quite the same species. She was the deliberate lady who hung around the Tufo shrine and waylaid incoming parties with "Dammi qualche cosa, pretino!" She



...by the church of Santa Birgitta...

said it in the manner of one asking to see the visitor's permit: she did not beg, she demanded a toll. The only way to upset her equilibrium was to mistake her purpose and offer a *medaglia* or a *santo*. Then she became more definite. But side by side with the true Roman mendicant, she must have failed very miserably for when not engaged in badgering her victims, she sat and talked to the villagers, and that on the very scene of her labours. The real beggar must be an outcast, at least in business hours....

Of all men Lamb has written of these poor creatures most sympathetically. His last words on the subject are worth learning by heart. "Shut not thy purse strings," he says, "against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor wretch

(outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children" in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, give, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest)



... with the voice of a bosuns's mate ...

that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things,

which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or no."

And there is something likeable about a Roman beggar even when you know him to be a fraud. He begs with a smile, he expects a response, and since he plays his part well he deserves some recognition. There is a danger in charity which is too well organised and even if you are not feeding the hungry, still giving drink to the thirsty is also amongst the works of mercy.

F. J. GRIMSHAW.

COLLEGE RECTORS

VII. — Frederick Neve (1863-1867)

(continued)

WE HAVE seen how, up to the time of Wiseman's death, Doctor Neve had made a signal success of his rectorship of the English College. He had brought up the numbers to a normal state, (by dint of taking in foreigners he had even revived the ever languishing Pio); he had so far reduced to order the somewhat irregular resources at his disposal that he was able to support these numbers, (they were nearly all alumni in those days); he had launched a scheme for rebuilding the College church and received the Pope to lay its foundation-stone; he had also entertained the Pope at Monte Porzio, as a tablet, now in the refectory at Palazzola, records. But by Wiseman's death the College had lost its best friend. Wiseman had understood the College perfectly—its difficulties and requirements, its peculiar position in Rome, its Pontifical character, its family spirit, its age-long traditions in matters of liberty and discipline. He had lived in the College and proved the worth of its system both as student and rector and had kept it under close and affectionate surveillance ever afterwards; consequently he had mistrusted meddlers and striven to keep them off. (A requiem was, of course, sung for him at the College but not by the Rector. Not once in the *Liber Hebdomadarius* is the Rector named as celebrant at high Mass or vespers: he usually assisted the *novelli* at their first high Masses, but singing was apparently not in his line: he left that to Doctor Giles.) But the remaining two years of Neve's rectorship were by no means so happy as the first. It is their story that remains to be told.

It is after the death of Wiseman that we first notice an estrangement growing up between Neve and Talbot, his Pro-Protector. Doubtless the cause of it was in the great Newman and Manning cleavage, the Scylla and Charybdis that caught most of the converts of that day. As Mr Leslie wittily writes,¹ they "brought over with them that cryptic question which heads the Anglican catechism, 'What is your name? Answer N or M.' For each was Newmanite or Manningite, far more so than the objects of their hero-worship". We may regret the fact of that cleavage now. It was certainly fostered by the enemies of the Church and magnified in gossip out of all proportion. But we cannot ignore it or leave it out of account in dealing with events of that period. Now Neve was practically the only "Newmanite" permanently resident in Rome. His Vice-rector, Drinkwater, for instance, was emphatically on the other side. Neve wrote to his bishop in March, 1865: "Morris is entirely devoted to Manning and Drinkwater writes long letters here in the same sense." It was with Drinkwater that matters first came to a head for Neve. Drinkwater was in England doing a preaching tour on behalf of the new church. He had been there since March, 1864 so he had been of little use to Neve in the College. Neve writes to Talbot in July, 1865:

Last night's post brought a letter from Stonor. He tells me he met Drinkwater at Oscott and had a talk with him about his proceedings. "He showed his papers and proposes to pay £ 50 more into the Bank this week... and hopes to finish begging in August, so as to return to Rome early in September. I shall see him again however before he leaves England to try and arrange some plan of getting in his money that has been promised but not yet paid. I do not see at present how it can be done, as he seems in a beautiful state of confusion as to who has paid, and who has not paid. Owing, I suppose, to the sharp letters he has received he is evidently working much harder than before." —so far Stonor.

Now this is a great bore that Drinkwater is taking his own way, without writing a single line to me....

The six months' experience I have had with him here convinced

¹ LESLIE: *Manning*, p. 273.

me that he would not suit me and now that he will return with a higher tone of his own importance there is less chance of an improvement. I do not want to hurt his feelings, but I am doubting within myself whether I had not better give a hint that there must be a change before he leaves England. He is evidently coming back in Dr Manning's *suite* . . . so that I shall have none of his services till after the vacation. He would have left me at the Easter of '64, but I said nothing as he was going to work for us for six months as I supposed. Now he will have been absent seventeen months, and is abusing me and my doings, it is not likely that he will be more serviceable than he was²

If this seems petulant we should remember Neve's position in a growing College with church-building in hand, and his natural dissatisfaction at having an absentee Vice-rector. Moreover, it is annoying when you hear that the man who has been collecting money for your new church seems to have no clear idea of what or where the proceeds are. The letter sums up: "In fact the thing is a mess and is likely to be so."

A month later Talbot received a letter from Drinkwater himself: 1865

Two days ago I received a letter from Dr Neve telling me of his appointments to the V-Rectorship of the two colleges, [William Giles to the Venerable and Robert Smith to the Pio] the tone of his letter was exceedingly kind; and as for myself, if I am conscious of anything perhaps it is that I feel a little relieved at being thus spared a very difficult future in the event of my having returned to be V-R to Dr Neve. Stonor a fortnight ago told me that he thought the incompatibility was increasing and recommended me strongly to resign, but according to my own principles I am glad that Dr Neve has staved off the temptation to do this³

Neve had solved his troubles about the vice-rectorship but it is obvious where the sympathies of Stonor and Talbot lay.

Meanwhile Doctor Manning with Drinkwater in his suite came to Rome. The new Archbishop had unbending views on the shaping of seminaries. Ten years before he had been thwarted in his attempt to realize these views by means of Oblate superiors

² *College Archives.*

³ *Ibid.*

at St Edmund's. And even from that time he had had his eye on the Venerable. In February, 1864, Neve had complained, not perhaps without exaggeration, to Clifford:

... There will be no peace as long as Manning is here. He is always scheming. He has schemed for me a complete change in the management of this College. He has schemed an English University in Rome, to which the Pope says that there is only one objection, that no one will come to it. Stonor is to be the head of it.⁴

We may well smile. At the very time Neve was writing the above, the Literary Society in its innocence had held a debate, the first after the Carnival recess, and the motion was that "Our College Plays are profitable and befitting". The discussion ran strong, we are told.

What so wild as words are!
I and thou
In debate as birds are —
Hawk on bough.

Even while they argued the pro's and con's, the Provost of Westminster had decided in his own mind the practical issue for the future. Four years later he was able to express his delight at "the putting down of the vulgar and mischievous acting of plays". In that four years the Provost had become Archbishop, Neve had suddenly retired and the management of the College had come into the hands of Manning and Talbot. But we anticipate.

It was on the question of Newman himself that Neve next came up against his Pro-Protector. There is no need to repeat here the hoary story of the University Question. After the *Apolo-
logia* had carried Newman to the forefront out of comparative retirement, he was led, on two separate occasions, to undertake the building of a Catholic church in Oxford and then suddenly forbidden to proceed with it. The prohibitions came from Rome: the opposition was the work mainly of Manning, Talbot and

⁴ ap. LESEIRE: *op. cit.* p. 145.

4. — *The Venerable*. Vol. V, N. 3.

Ward. But on the second occasion, in 1867, the collapse of Newman's plans caused some sensation amongst the English laity and the shock to public opinion was doubled by the appearance in the *Weekly Register* of Mr Martin's famous letter from Rome that claimed to account for the prohibition by casting doubts on Newman's orthodoxy. Manning's party were declared to have inspired the letter though this was explicitly denied. A large group of influential laymen subscribed an address of sympathy to Newman and he himself decided to make his defence at Rome through Father Ambrose St John. St John was to stay with Neve and we find the latter writing to Ullathorne the following unpublished letter: ⁵

English College, Rome, 18 April 1867

My dear Lord Bishop—I am quite surprized that we see nothing of Father St John. Letters have come for him apparently in Dr N's handwriting and yet we see nothing of him. The English papers of the 13th April fell like a bombshell on Rome. The Address to Dr Newman and the letters to the papers surprized the faction. The blame is laid upon Mr Martin the correspondent of the *Weekly Register*. I have sent to Martin to tell him that I think that he has been treated very harshly, he knows as well as I know that words more hard and cruel have been spoken than he has written. His own opinions are beside the question, but as correspondent of a paper he has shaded off rather than exaggerated what he was bound to relate of the current gossip of the Town. Now all deny that they said any[?] thing and put all the blame upon him. I have told Talbot that neither he nor another personage can escape the imputation of having suggested the remarks of the writer's article which exonerate them, as well as the allusion to Propaganda, else there is no meaning in the expression "internal evidence". But I know more—many things are written to order by the Roman correspondents of the *Tablet* and *W.R.* All remarks in the *Tablet* about the services in the English College and respecting the new Church are all ordered and are as gross exaggerations as is what is said by Protestant papers in England of Catholic doings there. I stopped my name being mentioned for a long time, I got so many letters that had no other meaning than "Who could ever

⁵ We owe our copy of this and several other letters to the spontaneous kindness of a friend who wishes to remain anonymous. He has been at pains to copy out for us these very pertinent letters—a laborious task—and we are deeply grateful.

have thought that Silly Billy could become so great a man"—and after I ceased writing to anybody, plenty of gossip is still reported to me. With respect to the correspondent of the W.R. he is I know looked upon as a friend to the cause, and was applauded here for his letter on Dr Newman's sermon last year.⁶ I repeat that Mr Martin repeated truly only much more softly the kind of talk that has been here. Every English ecclesiastic whom I have heard speak on the subject with the exception of Father Burke the Dominican who is eager to defend Dr N, have spoken in the same sense and I have begged one of Martin's friends to tell him that if he is to be stamped out of his party he ought to state what and by whom he has been informed. In fact one's idea of the honesty of public men is much shaken. Monsr. Patterson's letter does not mend the matter The Pope will be just with Dr Newman. "He must be treated with the greatest charity" were his words a few days ago. The address of the Stafford Club is ridiculed as signed by men who can know no more of Dr N than as an agreeable writer. I hope after the bishops' meeting that some one will write to say how many of their Lordships are coming. This house is at their service. Talbot says he has provided apartments for the Archbishop.

Wishing your Lordship a happy Easter, and begging your blessing, I am, your Lordship's obliged servant

Frederick Neve.

Not finding Barnabo I had a long talk with Capalti trying to show that the bottom of the whole matter is that Dr Ward is put forward as the English Theologian.

Now this was not the first time that Neve had made himself felt as a friend to Newman. On December 22nd, 1866, he had written to Ullathorne:

... Of the nature of the decision on the Oxford question I could ask nothing, as I am a suspected person on that subject. The state of feeling of some persons who have influence at Propaganda is such that I should be much surprized if you find your answer too favourable. But perhaps it may be all as your Lordship wishes

And a week later, to the same:

⁶Newman's sermon on *The Pope and the Revolution*, preached in response to a pastoral of Ullathorne's on the trials of Pius IX.

... There has been an attempt to denounce Dr Newman's sermon. But Father Modena having shown it to his English readers has decided that there is no ground for it. I tell everybody that it is simply a piece of English *vendetta*. There has been great talk about it. Talbot and Propda condemn N wholesale and Stonor is employed to talk against him. William Palmer who heard the sermon wants to translate it into Italian but not knowing as I do the underground railway asked the advice of some Jesuits and of the Civiltà Cattolica, they said it could not be done in Rome, this was a great mistake on his part, as now it is impossible. It would make you laugh to hear the silly things that are said:

"That the sermon is a running sarcasm against his Bishop" !!!

"That he is careful to show that he only asks for prayers for the Pope in obedience to orders."

"That he plainly shows that he is against the temporal Power."

"That he abuses the Romans in a brutal way."

Now we who know Dr N know that the first is impossible as being completely against the habit of his whole life. That there is not a word to prove the second and third in the face of his sermon. And as for the last it is St Bernard who speaks. William Palmer and I are very anxious that it should be published on the continent. It contains such a good account of the present state of things. Even those who were asked to condemn say it is a magnificent sermon. The Romans deserve a blow for their apathy, they do nothing, and yet despise the French and Belgians for coming to defend the Pope. History never yet saw such an instance of people who persist in calling themselves loyal, yet do not move a finger to save the crown. Our present plan is to get the sermon published in Paris, Palmer will pay the expense and write to Dr Newman. I fear only a difficulty in getting it well translated here, but we will try. The prejudice against N is strong and disgraceful it all comes from England. To save themselves trouble Propda take the word of a few people only and enquire no further. Hence a great injustice on many subjects on some I have seen it the cause of irreparable evil. I am writing on the close of our Feast which is a fatiguing affair

(It has been ^{noted} remarked that, to anyone who knew Archbishop Ullathorne, the free and easy terms on which Neve stood with him—if we may judge from these and other letters—are very remarkable: indeed they must have been cordial enough to excuse Neve a fair measure of carelessness in handwriting, punctuation and even grammar!) We see that Neve was no lackadaisical

“Newmanite”. Obviously this sort of opposition to his activities could not have been pleasing to Monsignor Talbot. When St John came in 1867 he did not actually stay at the Venerable but at the Minerva. Still he was constantly at the College and Neve worked hard to help him in his defence of Newman—so much so that Talbot, exasperated, “came to him and said, spluttering out as he does, ‘So Neve they tell me you are a Newmanite,’ upon which Neve gave him a good jobation”.⁷ Whatever a jobation was it must have been lively when administered by Frederick Neve if one may judge from the letters he has left. (Someone declared on seeing his photograph, “He looks as though he could bite.”) Anyhow, with both Talbot and St John constantly in and out of the College there was little chance of things being smoothed over and to find a tenacious opponent in the Rector he protected must have been to Talbot a distressing difficulty.

A solution was found in the accomplishing of Neve’s retirement from the rectorship. The story has been told often enough, though variously and not yet, I think, fully. Mr Leslie treats the incident rather as an amusing prank of Manning’s. Purcell at least gives all the documents that were at his disposal. We shall repeat the substance of his version and then modify it in the light of further documents.

For some months Manning and Talbot had been corresponding about the Archbishop’s scheme for improving ecclesiastical education, and Manning had written on December 18th, 1866:

What you tell me of the English College is not new to me. I am afraid all you say is true: and I see no cure but the complete remodelling of it. It is a sad thing that our noblest College should be so little appreciated. One way to improve it would be that the Pope should retain the best students for the College by a Pontifical act.⁸

A month later he wrote again:

Why not draw up a scheme for its reorganization and lay it by the Pope’s command before the English bishops in Rome next June. Would

⁷ WARD: *Newman*, II, p. 164.

⁸ *ap.* PURCELL: *Manning*, II, p. 365.

not the Sulpicians take it? And can it be used for professors and not missionaries only? I do not know a man to name for it in England. I say the Sulpicians, because they would not look for subjects; and I hardly know any other Order which would not; and some I know certainly would?'

To this Talbot replied innocently suggesting that the College should be placed under the Jesuits. He mentioned the matter also to John Morris who was within a few days of entering the Jesuit noviciate. Morris replied:

... I love the dear old Venerable with all my heart and should rejoice at anything that should increase her usefulness to England. It cannot be denied that with large elements of good in them, there is something unsatisfactory in our young clergy. The change you meditate would bring with it grave consequences. It would be very powerful for good, and of course it would meet with the most vigorous opposition and hostility. But I cannot see why that should not be useful for England which ever since the time of St Ignatius has done such excellent service for Germany. The discipline and spirit of the German College always excited my envy.

But there is one thing that you would have especially to consider and which would require readjustment at the same time that a change was made in the management of the College. I mean the choice of the students. It is an immense pity that the very best men are not chosen for Rome, and that the English Colleges do not all look to Rome for the men to fill their chief professorships, and supply them with superiors and spiritual directors. The German students are chosen by Concorso in their respective dioceses. Perhaps in England it would be better not to mind whether the places were equally filled from all the dioceses but to choose the students by Concorso from all England. The diocese that prepared its men best would get most places. It would be hard on the poor dioceses but the College would become twice as powerful towards the Conversion of England. To make this work it would be necessary to make students desire to go to Rome in spite of the wish of their own Colleges in England to keep them. Could not this be done by keeping them in Rome for some years, say three, after their Ordination? The secular clergy suffers sadly by the shortness of its course. By this plan

* *Ibid.* p. 366.

the best men would get something more adequate to the wants of the country¹⁰

Thus Canon Morris. Manning's view of the proposal was somewhat different:

...Now for the English College. I have a great *penchant* for the body you name. They have been in Rome my friends, teachers and directors. But I should see with anxiety for the secular clergy in England the change we speak of. The reaction upon us here would be unfavourable and would weaken not strengthen us. Most especially being as we are without proper seminaries. I believe that of all the bishops there is only one more friendly to that body than myself; and most would be very strong in their feelings. Moreover what is wanted is *three good rulers* like F. O'Callaghan.¹¹ The qualities needed are to be found, I believe, in England. I will gladly give any man in this diocese if there be one fit. But the real difficulty is their bad *tradition*. If there were a system like the discipline of S. Chiara introduced, the rector, even a common man would be able to work it. Now the rector is too weak to resist the tradition of liberty and laxity. The mixture of men from so many colleges will always make confusion, till a strong discipline is introduced. If the Holy Father would do this, and if need be close and reopen it like the Accademia, it might be done. The Apollinare would afford an example of discipline. We have a fatal notion that Englishmen must be treated *altogether* differently. Somewhat perhaps, but in *the main* the same discipline ought to be imposed¹²

Matters had gone so far when St John's visit of 1867 took place. Talbot decided to bring things to a head and settle the matter outright. The English bishops came to Rome for the centenary of St Peter. We do not know how many of them stayed at the College but nothing was said to them of any impending change. They went home again. Then Talbot wrote to Manning that the deed was done: Neve had resigned and O'Callaghan was appointed—"a great compliment to the Oblates of St Charles though it may cause some murmuring in England". Manning

¹⁰ *College Archives.*

¹¹ O'Callaghan was superior of S. Chiara, the Roman house of the Oblates of St. Charles.

¹² *ap. PURCELL: op. cit. p. 367.* From the same source come the other letters quoted.

was silent. A month later Talbot wrote again repeating the news and adding: "It will be for you a great distinction to have the first English ecclesiastical College." Still Manning remained silent. After another month Talbot wrote a third time:

I attribute your not having written to me to many reasons. As for the nomination of O'Callaghan I tell every one that you had nothing to do with it, which is quite true. I purposely did not write to you about it, in order that I might say so.

Then at last the reply came:

I waited to see how the change at the English College would be taken. Little has been said to me but I find that it has startled some of the bishops, as Newport, Clifton and, I think, Shrewsbury and Nottingham. But I have heard little except from those who rejoice in Father O'Callaghan's appointment. His removal is a great loss to us but we all feel that the Holy Father's will and the good of the English College ought to be above all. Dr Neve has never written to me and I have therefore made no communication to the bishops.

The bishops knew all the same and were not pleased, as Monsignor Talbot realized:

...I am told that some of the English bishops are not pleased with the way in which O'Callaghan has been named Rector of the English College. A *coup d'état* was absolutely necessary. If I had written to your Grace asking you to *interpellare* the English bishops about a fit person, they would have recommended some respectable old priest whom they want to get rid off; and if they proposed him it would be difficult to reject him, as was the case with Dr Neve, of whom Dr Clifford had become tired. If I had asked you to name one yourself, all the odium would have fallen on your shoulders whereas it has fallen on mine. More I see of O'Callaghan, more am I convinced that he is the right man in the right place. He is quite well and will take the reins of the College when the students return from Monte Porzio. Dr Neve is awfully sulky, but he really has no hardship to complain of. He has brought it all on himself.

We are repeating Purcell's story without comment but it is necessary here to refer the reader to the letters that Clifford wrote

to Talbot himself when Neve was appointed: nothing could have been more genuine than that bishop's disappointment at losing him; in fact he was at pains to provide that Neve should retain his stall in the Clifton chapter. Talbot had preserved these letters but he must have forgotten their import when he wrote the above. As for the *coup d'état*, it was very nearly a *coup de grace* to Manning's excellent ideal of keeping the bishops united in sympathy with him. They had differed on the University Question: the English College rectorship might have divided them even more. So he instructed Talbot to write him an official letter to be communicated to the bishops, explaining the change. The letter was written with great care, as a much corrected rough copy shows. It declared that the discipline of the College was poor, that Neve had several times confessed himself incompetent and at last had insisted on resigning. The letter achieved its purpose apparently and the matter dropped.

Such is the story as the world has hitherto known it. But further documents are now to hand which modify it considerably. Lack of space compels us to reserve these for the next number.

THOMAS DUGGAN.

(to be concluded)

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

THE HYPOGEUM OF THE AURELII.

LATER Imperial Rome was as full of Oriental cults as the Piraeus had been before it. The priests of Isis went in glittering procession carrying torches and golden instruments among the dark trees of that gleaming white temple behind the old Gregorian. The hot blood of the Mithras cult flowed below S. Clemente near the mysterious underground river, and the Pythagoreans went by night to that beautifully stuccoed underground basilica by the Porta Maggiore. Gnostic sects and vague eclectic Christian heresies sprang up later, borrowing the style of their ceremonies and decorations from the Christians as some of our English friends borrow the externals of the Church today.

A hypogeum of such an heretical sect has been recently found in the new Via Luigi Luzzatti. Its walls are covered with some of the best and most curious frescoes yet found in Rome. There has been a great deal of discussion already and nothing definite can be laid down about their precise signification. They seem to have been painted in the first half of the 3rd century for a sect that had mixed Eastern pagan elements with Christianity. Adam and Eve, the creation of Man, the Good Shepherd are represented. There is a very fine head of the traditional St Peter type. Some of the larger frescoes show a conqueror on horse-back entering a city in triumph, a banquet, a large forum in which a man sits among his disciples. Some have thought the teacher to be our Lord, others Job or the young philosopher mystic of

Samé, Epiphanes; but with so many likely solutions it is impossible to make any certain identification.

THE NEW PALAZZOLA FRESCOS.

Those who live at Palazzola—like Belloc's traveller in *First and Last*—rightly associate with Palazzola the pleasure of history. "For history adds to a man, giving him, as it were, a great memory of things—like a human memory, but stretched over a far longer space than that of one human life It adds also to the soil he treads, for to this it adds meaning . . ." We appreciate our gain therefore at each addition to our history of Palazzola—the more so when by such discoveries our house is linked with movements that have transformed the face of Europe.

Our latest discovery—made while the church was being re-decorated—is of three frescoes in the apse. Two of them are probably of the 16th century and each represents Our Lord rising from the tomb attended by two angels. Above the three figures in each is a basilica *umbrellone*—possibly a sign of the abbey's connection with a major Roman basilica¹ or a princely house.² The central fresco is much older however. It represents our Lady holding the Divine Child, with a saint on either side. Our Lady and the Child have very large carefully drawn aureoles. Her gown seems to be dark blue and the background was of gold. It is very difficult indeed to make out more than general lines but the saints seem to be monks wearing brown habits that fall in ample and graceful folds. Above the Madonna is a plain inverted V canopy and again, above this canopy and covering all four figures, is another canopy of similar shape, multi-coloured but plain of line. The uprights that support the canopy have little crosses upon them for decoration that remind one of the crosses round that fresco of St Francis at Subiaco. The canopies and grouping, while Roman, are yet reminiscent of the illuminated miniatures in French 13th century missals—without their crocketed pinnacles. This blending of French

¹ Santa Croce? cf. VENERABILE, Vol. II, p. 10.

² Colonna? cf. *ibid.* p. 134.

and Roman is found all through the church—Gothic arches and a Cosmatesque floor inlaid in the traditional style with red porphyry, white Luna marble and *verde antico*—a lancet window in the apse and the round-arched lintels, a shattered square pillar in the garden that has fellows in S. Maria in Cosmedin and SS. Quattro Coronati, where Magister Paulus's school worked at the beginning of the 13th century. All these complicate the problem until one remembers the constant connection of Palazzola with the Benedictines.

The first mention we have of Palazzola after Roman times tells us that it was inhabited by the Benedictines in 1023. In 1190 John, the Benedictine Abbot of S. Saba, gave Palazzola to a newly founded order for the yearly tribute of two pounds of wax. John had previously employed the Cosmati on his church of S. Saba—one wonders if they had done any work at Palazzola as well. In 1237 Gregory IX, then at Viterbo, approved of the joining of Palazzola with the monastery of Tre Fontane. The Abbot of Tre Fontane was to be superior of both monasteries and his monks were able to come to Palazzola for the *villeggiatura*. A document of this period—which calls Palazzola a Cistercian monastery—shows that Palazzola was very prosperous. It had houses, land, vineyards and oliveyards, chestnut woods and grazing ground about and in Velletri, Rocca di Papa, Marino, Palestrina, Ardea, Albano and Rocca Priora. Such resources were likely to coincide with the rebuilding of the place. The money necessary was there and the architects were there—architects that solve our problem of the mixture of Gothic and Cosmatesque. French Cistercian builders had come to Tre Fontane about 1200. They probably worked with the Cosmati or Paulus school as at Fossanuova and from this would come the blending of the two styles. The Roman-Gothic picture was in all probability done by the architects of the church—the Cistercians. It is a pleasant thing to have found another connection with the Golden Age of the Order Innocent III praised so highly—the builders of Kirkstall, Fountains and Tintern.

THE SECOND NEMI GALLEY.

Some English papers gave an account of a landslide that had buried the second of the Imperial galleys and drew a harrowing picture of the final ruin of the once beautiful Nemi Lake. Perhaps it was a cunningly disseminated rumour meant to replenish the failing supply of visitors. Certainly it brought four visitors from Palazzola to gloat over the Nemesis that had overtaken the misguided ones who had changed the *Speculum Dianae* into a mud flat.

The second galley was quite safe however. It was half out of its oozy bed and feeling stronger than it has done for centuries by reason of the copious supplies of tar, turpentine and linseed oil that have been poured on to its decidedly shivered timbers. The bronze casing of the starboard rudder has been found (it had a rudder on each side of the stern) some bronze pillars and a part of the taffrail ornamented with a double Hermas head. The main interest is in the construction of the ship itself. It was of a size very much greater than anything produced during the post-Roman times until the Armada. The hull is tremendously strong, being reinforced with masonry. The outside is covered with a thick casing of lead which was fixed on with huge bronze nails and had a layer of perfumed cloth between it and the woodwork to make a water-tight jointing. The strength of the ship was necessary to sustain the great weight of bronze and marble it had to carry—some 1000 tons. (There was less fear of foundering for Caligula than there was for Domitian when he sailed on Lake Albano. The Younger Pliny tells us how he started at every splash of the oars—so great was his fear—and how he finally had his boat towed so that he would not hear the oars strike the water.)

Two anchors were found—perfect as anchors go—one of iron and wood, the other of wood, 12 feet long, with an adjustable leaden weight. It was as late as 1550 before a similar type of anchor was re-invented and used in the British Navy. One device for moving heavy objects was fitted with ball-bearings, and a high-speed lathe had been used to turn a part of the great water valve!

WILFRID KELLY.

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th. *Wednesday*. The pricks of holly putting up the decorations are not worse, surely, than the pangs of taking down that lovely greenery. For it is nothing if not a symbol, signifying youthful jollity. Ah me, I shuddered to hear the mirthless laughter, as camerata after camerata formed itself near the front door, and "with cat-like tread" crept to the University. Our sympathy was with the man who brought the balloon into the common-room after supper: he meant well. But it was a hollow mockery, for we have finished with pranks for a while, and have settled down to talk and smoke in circles smugly respectable. We took our traditional part in the function at S. Andrea della Valle this evening, and by special arrangement (which included a lively practice) sang the Litany in the rich Roman style. "Irlandesi, eh?" asked the delighted bishop, as he blessed us in the sacristy afterwards.

8th. *Thursday*. A list sent round the refectory discovered thirty-two who wanted to play Rugger. But unfortunately we are always at the mercy of the *Guardiano* who decided that the pitch was unfit for play.

10th. *Saturday*. Generations of Pam-trudgers will remember the waste land near the Trattoria Garibaldi and the steps that lead to the gate of the Corsini gardens. They may be surprised to learn that that, too, has fallen to the schemes of the committee that will have Rome more beautiful. Barbed wire now surrounds the playground of the *ragazzi*, and gardeners are busy sowing grass and planting trees. They have their work cut out, however, to keep pace with little Munzi and his friends who obviously look on the whole thing as a joke, and don't mind tearing a bit of small clothes on any barbed wire.

11th. *Sunday*. The after tea stillness of the common room is broken these days only by an occasional sermon class. But passers by this evening were surprised and shocked by unusual sounds

" all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor."

Enquiry revealed that the Southwark students with their co-diocesans from the Beda were being entertained with wine, *toscani* and speeches

by Monsignor Banfi, their Vicar General. To supper, Father Cuthbert O.S.F.C., who addressed the Literary Society afterwards. He has forgiven us, evidently, the occasion when we asked him if he had ever been to Assisi!

12th. *Monday*. The first, and as it proved, the only day on which it was quite cold and black enough for snow. Yet in deference to the "docetur" it managed to hold off.

13th. *Tuesday*. Breakfast without bread makes breakfast an empty ceremony, at the most a mere *jentaculum*. But we held on this morning till something arrived. The obvious enjoyment of Giuseppe as he wandered about with breadless baskets made us suspect that the baker wasn't the only one in the conspiracy.

14th. *Wednesday*. A philosophy menstrea this morning at which our hard worked Fifth Member, Mr Grady, attacked some poor unfortunate in the box. The University—more power to it—has clung to the old tradition of giving the theologians a holiday, so that this afternoon the non-menstruans arranged a game of soccer in Pam. A good game too, for veteran theologians and confirmed walkers had filled up the list gallantly. The senior student was in high spirits, which meant that one of the players, after a head to head collision with him, had to leave the field in a taxi.

18th. *Sunday*. The Cardinal Protector came and gave us a talk on spiritual matters this morning, and stayed afterwards to dinner, at which Bishop Pearson and Dom Placid Turner were our guests. After coffee in the common-room, his Lordship gave solemn Benediction. The film magnates provided a *Luce* and a Charlie Chaplin film in the evening. The *Luce* brought tears to the eyes of Southerners and Northerners as they gazed on Windsor and the Thames, and a rainy procession in Manchester. The Chaplin film was old, very old.

21st. *Wednesday*. Some of the superiors had a day's gita to the Lago di Vico. News leaked out later that the *Ripetitore* nearly brought them back very late. But a car saved them.

24th. *Saturday*. Congratulations to First Year Theology, who, with the exception of the three newcomers already clerks in Minor Orders, received the Tonsure from Cardinal Pompilj in his private chapel at the Vicariate. The ceremony took place in the afternoon, and the Cardinal chatted with the new clerks afterwards, and dismissed them with a "bravi giovani!" The College provided the *assistenza* for Benediction at Santa Maria Riparatrice this evening.

25th. *Sunday*. Today saw the inauguration of the important new school of Plain Chant. Warblers in the house have been selected for special training by the choir master; they will take the lead in church and will, we hope, prove an inspiration to those who for long years have grunted or dozed over the black notes of their Libers. The *Scuola* it is to be called,—"Nightingales" was ruled out. Long may it prosper!

26th. *Monday*. Mr Leahy of second year had the distinction of being the first man not in the dotage of the D.D. year to read an *Invito Sacro* in the refectory. We listened intensely critical. But he acquitted himself well.

28th. *Wednesday*. Bishop Pearson did us the honour of coming to dinner, and incidentally proving our Wednesday spaghetti.

29th. *Thursday*. The Lancaster students were given the day off to take their Bishop to see the Villa. But they were satisfied with the "panorama magnifica di Palazzola e Monte Cavo" provided from the balcony of Moroni's at Castel Gandolfo. A heavenly day, with the sky as blue as a thrush's egg. There was no resisting it, and many were drawn out for long walks. Two parties did the best part of the Appian that lies between the Porta S. Sebastiano and Boville. But it's quick going in an afternoon, and the Appian ought to be taken leisurely. It was Horace, wasn't it, that said "Minus est gravis Appia tardis"? Anyway, some were late for tea.

31st. *Saturday*. Upheavals at the University in the way of a novel *menstrua* for theologians, or rather for some of the theologians; for to their disgust first and second years found that they were the only ones who were expected to attend. The scoffs of the others were ill-timed and uncharitable. The show began at nine o'clock (this we found out in the Piazza Pilotta at eight-thirty), and there was a surprise interval of ten minutes at half-time. Chocolates were not on sale, but at the beginning Father Lazzarini handed us a bit of his mind, from which we gathered that in spite of trifling alterations a *menstrua*, in the deeper sense of the word, is to remain unaltered.

FEBRUARY 1st. *Sunday*. To dinner Monsignor Heard and Father Smith.

2nd. *Monday*. Candlemas. Dazzling trappings for the Lady altar, which had first appeared last December 8th, showed up again today. The Rector sang High Mass for the feast, and the *pranzone* was surprisingly delicious, the coffee stimulating and the *rosolio* of the conventional kind, this time a pretty pink colour, suggesting a distillation of shrimps' whiskers.

3rd. *Tuesday*. No less than four have decided that Roman life is tough in February, and is better seen from the level of their pillows in the Infirmary. There, anyway, they have numberless little luxuries at their disposal, and of course the kindly attention of the Infirmarians. Two very welcome guests arrived today, the Rector of the English College, Valladolid, and his Lordship the Army Bishop. It is a great pleasure to see Bishop Keatinge looking so well.

4th. *Wednesday*. All due respect to the College at Valladolid, but they must be seriously handicapped there by the skimpy headgear that it is their misfortune to wear. The Venerable beaver, large even in

Rome, stands out with titanic significance now that one of our guests glides in and out of the house covered with his tiny Spanish hat.

8th. *Sunday*. I should have noted before that the *Scuola* of Plain Chant has been doing well, and has succeeded in improving the general singing in the house. And this is not the refined judgement of a specialist only, but the opinion of the community. Prosit the warblers! It is worth the discomfort caused to an occasional "crow" who finds himself perched in the middle of the wrong bench, and has to stand up every now and again, and open his mouth with the throistles, but dare not sing. Canon Vaughan came to dinner.

9th. *Monday*. We said those new rooms on the slums were too far away. This morning a first year man had a nasty fall in his room, "on the mat," as he said. It seems that he had been running and was just marking time there to keep in form for the run back.

10th. *Tuesday*. News arrived today of the death of our most distinguished alumnus and friend Bishop Burton. We have tried to pay tribute in the last number of the VENERABLE to one who deserved so well of his Alma Mater. May he rest in peace.

11th. *Wednesday*. Rome is celebrating a new holiday today, in honour of the Lateran treaty. It is to take the place, I believe, of the *fiesta* on the 20th of September. And about time too! Many of us took the opportunity of hearing Mass at the Catacombs. We walked out through a frost-covered campagna, which looked strangely beautiful at dawn. Breakfast was a hearty but chilling affair, taken quickly to keep warm; and one man forgot the butter, and one forgot the bread. But the chief drawback was the long cheerless refectory which was so bleak this morning. Gone are the monks, and that snug little room where the brother used to ask genially "Caffè o cioccolato?" and invariably bring *cioccolato*.

12th. *Thursday*. The Holy Father passed in procession to the Sistine chapel where he said Mass for the ninth anniversary of his coronation. First year had their first opportunity of seeing him. And of course they all took it.

13th. *Friday*. Treacherous weather lured us out to lectures, and soaked us to the skin on the way back. Can you remember the saw-dust at the front door, the shining umbrellas on the "Beda" corridor, and the peculiar smell of slowly drying cassocks and wings? The first gita-list for Shrove Monday went up yesterday. It was eyed suspiciously, and not really appreciated at its worth until a few dull suggestions were pinned up today.

14th. *Saturday*. Never has the notice board in the common room looked so full and important. No fewer than *eighteen* gita-lists invite people to come to every possible place that can be reached in a day from Rome. Such a form must the nightmares of Hare have taken years

ago. But he didn't have to be back in the Monserrato for supper. That is always the snag for your planner of gitas.

15th. *Sunday*. The Senior Student's birthday: a matter of surprise to the young that one so old can still celebrate such a thing. But the *pranzone* was a bigger surprise. It proved later to have been sported by Bishop Keatinge. Monsignor Heard, Lord Howard and Count van Cutsem were the guests. Twenty-one of us went to see the play given by the old boys of the Salesians at their house in the Via Marsala. "Britannico" it was called, and very enjoyable too. The dialogue was snappy, though the Italian left some of us guessing, I'm afraid. In the evening a cowboy and Indian film which went down very well.

16th. *Monday*. Gita day. It's grand to be away with the dawn and to step out into the fresh wind of the hills miles from Rome. One party went to Monte Gennaro, and found a little snow on the top to cool their knees. Montopoli was visited by historians. Genazzano by the devout (the Senior Student said Mass at the shrine). Anagni and even Ostia (in February!) were favoured. One party (with whom went the *ripetitore*) struck out as far as Alatri in the Hernicans: they chartered the village taxi to help them part of the way home. Another large and adventurous band set out to "discover" the lake of Martignano (yes, the little one next to Bracciano); very pretty too, and the stretch of country between the lake and Soracte was magnificent but a little too deserted at 10 a.m. for a man who has not yet breakfasted. Hare's largest inn between Rome and Siena was at Sette Vene all right, but it's popularity has passed evidently with the old coaching days, for they found only an old woman in the stables who could give them anything to eat before dinner at Campagnano. There the arrival of seminarians was hailed with joy, and Mr Heenan held a public catechism class in the *piazza*. An amusing tale from the Genazzano party told of some bewildered German priests they had met, who had tried to visit the shrine. But their unfamiliar trousers and frock coats had aroused suspicions in the inhabitants and they had been driven away with sticks and stones, and cries of "Protestanti!"; a timely "frat" had saved them from worse harm.

17th. *Shrove Tuesday* and pancakes. Perhaps Mr Pearson could tell more about the venerable looking visitor who chose Carnival day for calling on him, and asking some very awkward questions in Church History? It says a lot for the success of the hoax that the hoaxed ones thought all along how like Mr Heenan this dear old gentleman was, and nevertheless suspected nothing. Very fittingly Bishop Keatinge sang the solemn Requiem for the late Bishop of Clifton, for they were both students here in the days of Bishop O'Callaghan. Monsignori Henson and Moss were in choir. The theologians chose this evening to give their concert. Of course seventh year tried to stir us with a soulful chorus that repeated something about old age. But we're used to that now. The Interlude

turned out to be a naughty skit on those in authority at Valladolid. The sketch by W.W. Jacobs was quietly amusing.

1. Quartet . *Ode to Alma Mater* . . . Messrs Park, Flynn, Cunningham & Wilkinson.
2. 'Cello Solo Mr Wake.
3. Interlude Messrs Dwyer & Pritchard
4. Seventh Year Song The Seventh Year
5. Song - *Good Night and Good Morning* . . . Mr McKenna.
6. Sketch:

MASTER MARINERS

by W.W. Jacobs.

Characters:

<i>Capt. Benjamin Bradd</i>	Mr L. Jones.
<i>George Smith (mate)</i>	Mr Kelly.
<i>Capt. Zingall</i>	Mr Lennon.
<i>Bill</i>	Mr Weldon.
<i>Joe</i>	Mr Cunningham.
<i>Cook (Slushy)</i>	Mr T.B. Pearson.
<i>Mrs Bradd</i>	Mr Flynn.

Scene: On board the *Elizabeth Hopkins*.

Five days interval between Parts 1 and 2.

18th. *Wednesday*. Down to earth with ashes. Nearly all the English speaking section of Rome was at S. Sabina this afternoon for the first station. The old lady who has the monopoly of beads and *santi* outside the station churches did a roaring trade with her station books. But there were loud voiced rivals today trying to sell atrocious coloured prints.

19th. *Thursday*. "Doesn't the Tiber ever get any higher than that?" first year have asked repeatedly. Thank goodness today they can see for themselves that it does, and I, for one, needn't spin any more yarns about "flowing through the hole". We began a new book in the refectory: *The Life of Bishop Hedley*. It sounds quite conventional so far, but anyway is a little easier than Belloc's *History of England* for a man who is just back from three lectures.

20th. *Friday*. Demonstrations of enthusiasm in the city in honour of General Balbo's successful flight to South America, and in consequence the walls of buildings pasted with the usual ugly tri-colour placards of exhortation to the *Romani*. But the language is always delicious, and often delays a camerata hurrying to school. Another small bout of 'flu in

the house has started off some victims on a course of starvation. *Poveretti*.

22nd. *Sunday*. Bishop Pearson and Mr Ellison to dinner. The Bishop visited the infirmary afterwards, and comforted his stricken students. We were very sorry to say goodbye to Monsignor Henson, who has been our guest. We always miss one who shares regularly life with us in the common-room.

24th. *Tuesday*. Bishop Keatinge who has left us for a while came to supper tonight with Count van Cutsem.

25th. *Wednesday*. A grand demonstration at breakfast to honour the birthday of the second year theologian who had just come of age. There were no speeches. At dinner time we began short excerpts from Father Chandlery's *Pilgrim Walks in Rome*. His description of the station church of the day is read out after the reading from Scripture. Public reading of the book seems to stress the number of changes that have taken place in Rome, even since the day of Father Chandlery.

26th. *Thursday*. At S. Prassede a solemn Requiem was sung for Cardinal Merry del Val. We provided the *assistenza*, and the Spanish College sang. The Abbot of S. Prassede preached the panegyric. The Cardinal's brother the Marquess Merry del Val was present at the Mass. Canon Boylan's *Commentary on the Psalms* has replaced the Scriptures in the reading that we have in chapel before supper.

27th. *Friday*. Father Peter Paul Mackey was seen making his station today. His weakness does not let him get to them all now, but he has set us the wonderful example of never missing them for fifty years.

28th. *Saturday*. An uneventful day for most of us, but certainly not for Father Welsby. As he was leaving the College this evening after confessions, and crossing the Lungotevere, he was knocked down by a bicycle that darted out from behind a tram. He was badly cut, and narrowly missed being very seriously injured indeed. We were told at first that he was in hospital, but were relieved to meet him later in the week, not "in hospital", but himself visiting others there, though swathed in bandages.

MARCH 1st. *Sunday* and a March wind and so later a little downfall of snow in Pam.

2nd. *Monday*. Bishop Keatinge came back to stay at the College. On the way to school we saw wine-carts with their hoods snow-covered.

4th. *Wednesday*. Those going out to third lectures this morning were surprised to meet everybody returning from the "Greg", and still more surprised when 'tecs and *carabinieri* bowed politely to let them through the mob into S. Ignazio. Here was gathered a great crowd for the funeral of the Princess Buoncompagni. The Princess, of course, had belonged to the family that is connected with Gregory XIII, the munificent founder of the Roman College, so that the Gregorian authorities thought

it fitting that the University should do its share in making the funeral as solemn as possible. Trees in barrels had been brought into the nave of the church, and from the piers of the transepts hung the tapestries of Gregory XIII. The University choir sang the Requiem. I was told that royalty and Mussolini were present, and the great crowd of officious officials for a long way round S. Ignazio pointed to something of the sort. Bishop Keatinge, we are sorry to learn, is unwell, and has gone up to the Blue Nuns' for a time.

5th. *Thursday*. Giuseppe coming round with extra wine at dinner was the first indication we had that something interesting was about to happen. Then at the end of dinner, the Rector asked us to toast the name of Doctor Humphrey Wilson who had just accepted the position of Vice-Rector. So *ad multos annos!* A good Rugged match took place this afternoon between theologians and philosophers, which the philosophers just won by a few points.

6th. *Friday*. Another *menstrua* for theologians at the University; this time the Latin race shouldered a large share of the work, and we sat listening. A quick and brilliant reply from Father Zapelena in defence of a harassed defendant, evoked a tremendous round of clapping.

7th. *Saturday*. Feast of St Thomas Aquinas. Father Welsby, in spite of his battered condition, bravely rallied round, and was here at 10 o'clock as usual.

8th. *Sunday*. To dinner Monsignors Cicognani and Heard, and the Marquess Merry del Val. I don't know if it is worth recording that the philosophers were beaten again in Pam, this time at rounders. Let's hope they will be able to do something at cricket.

11th. *Wednesday*. I think it was today that sliding roof at the Gregorian slid, and sunlight poured into the cortile on to innumerable tonsured heads. We don't walk round anti-clockwise as in no. 120, Via del Seminario, but just up and down. If you want variety you go and look at the book-shop, hunt up the "profs" in their lairs, or get chased out of the vast library.

12th. *Thursday*. St. Gregory. We sang the Mass at S. Gregorio, and the Abbot (not of Farfa, as someone said) preached. The choir rendered part of the Mass in plain chant, and part in something highly decorated, calculated to appease old-fashioned tastes. There were parts sung in solo by the senior student that were not unlike passages in Gilbert and Sullivan opera, with which perhaps he is more familiar. An excellent dinner with coffee and *rosolio*, which still left us fit enough to play Rugged. To supper Lord Howard who had come to address the Literary Society. It was particularly pleasant to be able to welcome Lord Howard to a College for which one of his family, the Dominican Cardinal Howard, had done so much.

13th. *Friday*. The cultivated patches on the way to Pam are coming

on apace. And in Pam there are signs of spring other than the throaty croakings of the frogs in the lake.

15th. *Sunday*. The *Scuola* sang the gradual in plain chant with great success. The new *Oscotian* aroused interest in the common room; it is not too late perhaps for the VENERABLE to offer its congratulations.

17th. *Monday*. A wealth of shamrock on manly chests did honour to St Patrick at the College. Two "Greg" professors, as well, lectured wearing the green. At St Patrick's Father Silvester O.S.F.C. preached a stirring sermon. The concert in the evening went down very well. The advantage of a home-made sketch is that you can weave your plot around characters already well known to you. This was the programme:

1. Song *The Kerry Dances* Mr Cunningham
2. Quartet *The Ashgrove* Messrs Halsall, Dwyer,
Grady and Wilkinson.
3. A Tragedy *On the Banks of Allen Water*
Choir Messrs McNeill,
McKenna, Johnston
and Luke.
Conductor Mr Tomei
Miller's Daughter Mr Ford
Henry Ford Mr Roberts
Undertakers Messrs Marsh, T.B. Pe-
arson and Spicer.
4. Solo *Kelly of Killan* Mr Hennessy.
5. Duet *The Elves Duet* Messrs McCarthy and
Flynn.
6. The Committee presents:

SPOOKS An absurdity.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------|----------------|
| <i>Tommy Baffy</i> | | Mr Duggan. |
| <i>Augusta Baffy</i> | | Mr Tickle. |
| <i>Bertha Baffy</i> | | Mr Carey. |
| <i>Mr Baffy</i> | | Mr Beevers. |
| <i>An American</i> | | Mr McGee. |
| <i>Mrs Baffy</i> | | Mr Walsh. |
| <i>Mr H. Hork (a burglar)</i> | | Mr Hawkins. |
| <i>Ghost</i> | | W. Shakespeare |

Scene: The parlour of the Baffy home, Croydon, one winter's night.

18th. *Wednesday*. A warm day, and spring has come to stay. The little stall *Cocco mio* at the end of the Ponte Sisto, confidant of a hot summer, has started its ice-cream season already. Another little stall

at the top of the Pam steps has made a more permanent resting-place for itself. Your hot and puffing camerata is greeted now on the top step with a polite "Gelati, reverendi?" Some of the younger superiors stepped out to Rocca Massima, and reported an enjoyable day, though a mistake in their plans somewhere cost them their lunch. A paper read to the Literary Society by Mr Shutt kept us out of bed till a very late hour, but we didn't notice how late it was getting, enthralled as we were by amusing reconstructions of the past history of the College. A passing reference to the "Beda" chapel, called forth a plea from Bishop Keatinge that we should give the chapel its proper title.

19th. *Thursday*. St. Joseph's. The sacristans, those busy bees, had made St Joseph's altar gay with hangings and flowers. There was even a relic exposed on his altar, but of one of the martyrs, I think. The Rector sang High Mass, and the usual good things followed, finishing up with solemn Benediction. Even so we struggled out and played a lively game of football.

21st. *Saturday*. Once again those sacristans have been at it. Amazing energy! They have hunted up purple hangings from their hiding-places, and seemed to have found sufficient this year to cover nearly every picture and statue in the house for Passiontide. When the step-ladder was brought into the common-room, we began to wonder where they would stop. Would old St George in the refectory have a canopy suspended from the ceiling to hide him? And the false mosaics in the church, they are simply asking to be covered?

22nd. *Sunday*. Tea was early to enable us to get to the Gregorian by five o' clock in time for the celebration there in honour of the Council of Ephesus. A choir of three hundred voices sang selections from Perosi, Palestrina and Viadana. Father Willaert, the Rector, spoke a few words of introduction, and then Father Garagnani served up the *chef d'oeuvre* in the form of a lecture entitled: *The Apologetic Value of the Council of Ephesus*. In the evening Father Considine gave a lecture at the College, on foreign missions in the British Empire. Father Considine, who is an American, was generous in the tributes he paid to the "mother of the free".

23rd. *Monday*. A sudden display of lively spirits in the common room this evening was successful in unseating even the most venerable of us.

25th. *Wednesday*. The Annunciation. The *fiesta* was kept *con slancio*.

28th. *Saturday*. An unevenful day for most of us, but certainly portance and determination in the faces of the *laureandi* we can put down to the sheets that came out today. Moralists to their surprise were treated to an hour of Father Lazzarini this morning instead of Father Vermeersch; and they learnt that the regrettable habit of clapping, that has crept into the University, must stop. (Of course if you want a thing stopped, you tell the moralists). Up in the Physics Hall at the Gregorian

a new lantern screen has appeared. Bordered with black it is not unlike a huge obituary card. But it is better any way than the flimsy affair that used to hang in the old Greg. Does anyone remember the time it collapsed narrowly missing making a biological specimen of Father Fabrini? Bishop Keatinge left us to return to England. But we hope he will stay with us again next year. At the public meeting Mr Halsall wound up his year of office, and Mr Campbell, modestly blushing, accepted the position of Senior Student.

29th. *Palm Sunday*. The retreat began this evening under the auspices of Father McEnniry, C.S.S.R.

APRIL 1st. *Wednesday*. The man who wished Giuseppe a happy feast this morning deserved what he got when Joe answered laconically "Dopo tre giorni d'esercizi!" Father Charlier arrived yesterday to stay with us. His reception was a quiet one, as of course we were all in retreat. During the last few days the garden came into its own as usual. And the rain on Monday was good for the bulbs that I notice some one has been planting promiscuously. Some are doing well, but most seem to be growing downwards. But still they are growing. The man who lives on the balcony, and has been busy raking and planting and watering, has yet to learn that the elusive Ceres, however whimsical her own choice of place of a "runaway", will not be dictated to by a puny human.

2nd. *Maundy Thursday*. Tenebrae at S. Anselmo attracts more people each year. The walk round the Seven Churches is becoming less of a country ramble. Even the road between S. Sebastiano and St Paul's is fast becoming thronged with factories and villas.

4th. *Holy Saturday*. Second Year Theology, all but one who was in the infirmary, received the last two minor orders at the Lateran from the Vice-Gerent.

5th. *Easter Sunday*. When you discover petals of roses artistically arranged round your plate at dinner time, you can guess that you are in for something nice. And we were not disappointed. Monsignor Heard, Father Welsby and Mr Ogilvie Forbes were among the guests for it was a very especial banquet to do honour to Monsignor Redmond before he left for England. At the end of dinner the Rector proposed his health telling us at the same time that the Holy Father had been pleased to make Monsignor Redmond a Domestic Prelate. This news was received with great enthusiasm, and we drank his health with a hearty *Ad Multos Annos*. Calls for a reply were answered by a promise of a speech in the common room, on our own ground as it were. And sure enough at coffee Monsignor Redmond made an interesting and lengthy speech. He told us how surprised he was at this honour that had been conferred on him; just the day before he had purchased a large

black *ferraiuolo*, which must now give place to something more brilliant of course. In his reminiscences of the fourteen years that he had spent in the College as Vice-rector, and the four years previously to that as a student at the Beda when it was housed here, Monsignor Redmond recalled how he was probably the only one who had enjoyed a Venerabile *villeggiatura* in four different places: at Monte Porzio, Montopoli, Palazzola, and once alone by himself in the College, when all the students went home, and the late Rector went in search of the band of forty who were to swell the numbers the following year. It was of interest, too, that when he was made Vice-rector he remembered telling the news of his appointment to two who were present now in the common room, Monsignor Godfrey and Father Charlier. He ended by wishing well to the College which it had been his happiness to serve for so long. Mr Ogilvie Forbes expressed our feelings well for us in a few words, and gave the lead to *He's a jolly good fellow!* which nearly lifted the tiles off the roof. In the evening a stupid film about the Don Cossacks which will cost me a lira, I suppose.

6th. *Monday*. A new scheme for the re-division of the parishes of Rome has changed our allegiance from S. Caterina della Rota to S. Lorenzo in Damaso. In future S. Caterina will only be a chapel of ease, but the old *parroco* of S. Caterina will still be in charge of both. It was because of this that the *flocchi* procession took place today. As many as possible stayed back for the procession before taking a late tram for Palazzola and "the things that slope to the sunny side of life". Gita parties to the Abruzzi making their way down the Monserrato, slunk guiltily past their cotta'd brethren. Monsignor Redmond left for England today with the good wishes of all. To the villa came Monsignor Cicognani and Doctor Charlier. During dinner the senior student (new to office, and as yet keen and alert) noticed that the tablet on the wall of the refectory recalled the foundation of Palazzola as the English villa exactly eleven years ago to the day. Accordingly he approached the Rector and suggested that something should be done about it.

7th. *Tuesday*. It always seems such a pity to crush down the beautiful flowers on the Sforza just to play cricket and golf. Orders for a hamper to be packed for the people that were to go up Cavo with Monsignor Cicognani considerably augmented the size of the party.

8th. *Wednesday*. A glorious day for the gita. Most went on the traditional hike to Tusculum, kissed the cross (which needs a new lightning-conductor, by the way) and dined at Porzio. But there were some that went to see if lake Doganella had any water in it in the spring, and came back by Velletri. They were with the *ripetitore* so it is hardly necessary to mention that they had to return by car.

9th. *Thursday*. A No-Bell Day, which as usual remains a scandal to those who would define a thing by its descriptive term. The Rector had not forgotten the senior student's reminder on Monday, and gallantly

sported coffee and *rosolio* after dinner. At cricket in the afternoon it was Doctor Charlier's XI against Doctor Ibbett's. Mr Ogilvie Forbes came to see us at tea time.

11th. *Saturday*. Back to Rome in time for dinner. The man who had spent the week at the Blue Nuns' looked disgracefully pale beside the ruddy rest; but his turn to smile will come when he takes his week's holiday while we are back at the "Greg". Those who had been away on long *gite* were all back by supper time. The mountain climbers as brown as the panelling in the refectory; those who had reclined in pensions at Siena and Sorrento languid and refined. Up in the common-room afterwards, the tale was spun. The laurels went to the man who had been sea-sick on Vesuvius. Major Vaughan came to tea.

12th. *Sunday*. The College has been in the hands of the painters since we have been away. The rooms for the new Vice-rector have been made splendid with distemper, and the refectory has had a coat too. The pictures had all been put back hurriedly so that startled faces peered out of their frames at the unwonted positions assigned to them.

We tried out the new (which is really the old) arrangement of *Prosit* and *Deo gratias* during dinner. The *prosit* is to be an exclamation of delight when the bell sounds for no long reading. The *Deo gratias* will fittingly close the Roman Martyrology. It sounds simple, but the confusion today shows that we must be simpler. Coffee and *rosolio* after dinner came as a surprise to everyone. In the afternoon we were up at S. Pancrazio and on the heights of Pam, which, beautiful as they are, seem uninspiring after the Gran Sasso.

13th. *Monday*. Back to the Piazza Pilotta to meet all the old favourites, and compare notes with "spekker" friends.

14th. *Tuesday*. A mischievous wind, which blew leaves and laundry in eddies round the Piazza of S. Caterina della Rota. To dinner came Father O'Shea S. J. He unconsciously aroused a certain amount of excitement amongst the ignorant people who thought that it was the new Vice-rector that had arrived.

15th. *Wednesday*. The mosaic floor in the church is soon going to be repaired, we learn. And the sooner the better, for it will save a repetition of the scene of this morning, when the Secretary hastening in to meditation measured his length on the floor beside the holy water stoup. *Prosit* the man who fell asleep in the tribune after supper, and woke up again after night prayers.

16th. *Thursday*. The pictures in the refectory have found their old places again, and are looking smugly contented through their oils. Unheard of zeal on the part of the football committee was responsible for a game of soccer this afternoon. And this after Easter too! Doctor Charlier played to show us what a week at Palazzola had done for him.

17th. *Friday*. The Doctorate year are becoming intolerable. One asked me this morning with affected surprise, why I was showing an

interest in the rain at 7.40 a.m. A little bit of early schools would do him good. Doctor Charlier left for England after dinner. Bishop Dunn and Father Gryce came today to stay at the College. It was nice to see his Lordship up in the common-room again after supper. This was the beginning of the Nottingham invasion of the Venerabile.

19th. *Sunday*. For last night or early this morning, the Vice-rector, Doctor Humphrey Wilson, arrived with Father Farmer in his *cortège*. A deputation of superiors met them at the station, but did not release them to us till dinner time. Over the *rosolio* in the common room the Rector proposed a toast of welcome to the Vice-rector, and asked us to include in the toast Messrs Jones and Halsall who were celebrating the anniversary of their priesthood. The Vice-rector replied, making his first speech in the common room since he addressed the house from the chair as senior student. It was wet after vespers, so the *ripetitore* considerably brought his magnificent new gramophone up to the common-room, and entertained us with records that sounded twice as well on the new instrument.

20th. *Monday*. As Domenico says it is still "tempo inglese". Doctor Early was seen by a few making a shy visit to the College. To supper came the Archbishop of Malta. "Of the vulgar little mouse: concerning their manners", says one, Topsell, "they are evil, apt to steal, insidious and deceitful". Add to that that your Roman mouse is greedy and daring, and you will not blame us for sighing for someone to rid us of this pest. But it must be a cat, not a piper: perish the thought, we have enough of the latter struggling through their Three Months' Tutors.

21st. *Tuesday*. Rome's Birthday, and as organised jubilation made the ways difficult to pass, the University did not lecture.

22nd. *Wednesday*. St Joseph's day and the last day of the novena which we had been making for the Rector's intention: the welfare of the Venerabile. Doctor Early came and said Mass at St Joseph's altar. The Vice-rector sang High Mass. At dinner Monsignors Clapperton, Duchemin and Forbes. Monsignor Forbes, who is staying at the Scots College, may be remembered as the Mr Forbes of Scots Match fame, many years ago.

23rd. St George's Day, and a *Thursday*. As St Gregory's day fell on a Thursday this year it is pleasing to think that we are missing no schools to celebrate our English feasts. Roses at a lira each were bought by many. The Rector sang the High Mass, and it was good to notice the bright red of the cassocks of three Germans who were present. Someone got going on the refectory between Mass and dinner, and when we trooped in we found it wearing a Christmas garb of greenery and oranges. Over the top table were draped the Union Jack and the Papal Flag, and on the centre table was a large vase of red roses (which we found out afterwards were made of silk). Our guests were Monsignor Barton Brown, Dom Philip Langdon, Mr Bewley and Mr Ogilvie Forbes. They all came up to coffee and *rosolio* with us afterwards. The concert in

the evening was very enjoyable. Father Farmer sang *Land of Hope and Glory* by special request, and at one time it looked as though the Vice-rector was going to treat us to *Jones of the Lancers*. The first item was a revival of the scene of those delightful policeman in the last opera.

1. An item *Policemen from "The Pirates of Penzance"*.
2. Song *Trade Winds* Mr Park.
3. Instrumental Trio Messrs Carey, Wake
and Ellison.
4. Song *Out Come Mother and Me* Mr Spicer
5. Song *Hunting Song* Messrs Dwyer and
McKenna.
6. Solo *Thy Sentinel am I* Mr Cunningham.
7. Sketch:

THE PRINCESS AND THE WOODCUTTER.

(One Act Comedy by A.A. Milne).

<i>The King</i>	Mr Wilkinson.
<i>The Queen</i>	Mr Park.
<i>The Princess</i>	Mr Redmond.
<i>The Woodcutter</i>	Mr Luke.
<i>The Blue Prince</i>	Mr V. Marsh.
<i>The Red Prince</i>	Mr Sweeney.
<i>The Scarlet Prince</i>	Mr Purdy.

Scene: Forest Glade outside Woodcutter's Hut.

24th. *Friday*. More accurate details of the Gregorian celebrations of the canonization of St Robert Bellarmine will be found in the University notes. The ceremony of the transferring of the casket containing the body to the high altar of S. Ignazio was most impressive. The University faculty were there in those striking new *ferraiuoli* that have appeared this year and then there were the bishops in their white mitres. This morning there was general Communion at S. Ignazio for the philosophers. In Pam in the evening so many turned up for cricket practice that we were able to play a game with eleven a side. This must be repeated. Bishop Doubleday has arrived at the College.

25th. *Saturday*. Cardinal Marchetti gave general Communion to all the theologians at S. Ignazio. In the church, lives of St Robert were distributed; handsome volumes they are too, with many illustrations, one showing the procession taking the casket from the Gesù a few years ago with Father Munzi a central figure. Another cricket match in Pam. In the Via Giulia we noticed the Spanish Republican flag hanging outside their national hospice; and from the title on the academy on Montorio, the R has been hammered off to show that it is Reale no longer. The

appearance of the Holy Father at Propaganda this morning for the opening of the new college was a great surprise to everybody. The Pope seemed to enjoy his visit very much, and gave the Propaganda students opportunities of talking with him on their roof garden, and taking snaps of him. A Chinaman had the honour of having his room visited. The Nottingham students went in a fleet of cars to Orvieto.

26th. *Sunday*. At 9.30 Cardinal Belmonte sang Mass at S. Ignazio. All Colleges were present with cottas and birrettas, and Gregorian plain chant was sung. The white choir extended three-quarters way down the great nave. Father Leiber preached the sermon. Early in the morning the Rector with a few students went to sing Mass at Tor di Quinto, where Mother St Clare has just completed twenty-nine years as Mother General. Canon Van Meenan came to dinner and supper. A new novena has been started to the English Martyrs of the College, and we recite a litany of those beatified, after the rosary.

27th. *Monday*. A *menstrua* for the sole benefit of third year theology. With light hearts we tripped up to Pam, and played a cricket match: second year *versus* first year theology. The visitors have settled down as guests of the house, with the privileges of the family, so that we have long reading again in the refectory. Pastor had an incident today about a Pope forbidding the clergy "to perambulate the streets of Rome alone".

28th. *Tuesday* Bishop Dunn and Father Gryce left us today. The Vicariate has ordered public prayers for the Cardinal Vicar who is lying seriously ill at the Blue Nuns'.

29th. *Wednesday*. A cat has been bought for the college—a poor specimen if you may judge by first appearances; and it is said that the mice have frightened her out of the refectory. After breakfast we discovered that a photograph of the Rector had been placed over the piano. We thank him for the gift.

30th. *Thursday*. Mr Halsall sang Mass at the Catacombs for the annual celebration there for the conversion of England. The Mass was sung at St Cecilia's altar. We were delayed some time by a mistake about the vestments. But some were lent to us eventually by the *frati* at S. Sebastiano—and very beautiful vestments too. Bishop Doubleday and Canon Van Meenan were present at the Mass.

MAY 1st. *Friday*. We returned home after second schools this morning and dined at 11 *a.m.*, and then made our way to the Vatican for an audience. This was the first time the College had a general audience since the beginning of 1928. The Holy Father addressed us from his throne: he spoke for about ten minutes on the spirit of martyrdom saying that perhaps a moral martyrdom was of equal value to a physical martyrdom in the sight of God. Then blessing us and even adding a special blessing for the sick man in the infirmary, he wished us a happy feast for the English Martyrs on May 4th. A present to the College stood

on a table in the audience room—a beautiful copy of the painting of the English Martyrs on the new altar in St James', Spanish Place. This gift from the Holy Father now hangs in the corridor opposite the common room, in a prominent position. After the audience Felici took a group photograph in the Cortile S. Damaso.

3rd. *Sunday*. To dinner Father Johnson of Newcastle and Father Taylor of Salford.

4th. *Monday*. A wonderful day for the feast of the English Martyrs which we are keeping with great solemnity this year. The Bishop of Brentwood sang High Mass, and at the side altar (would it were more fitting and worthy of the College martyrs) many visitors and friends came and said Mass. Benediction followed coffee and *rosolio*, and then we went to Pam to play a great cricket match: philosophers *v.* theologians. The philosophers went in first and were being thoroughly shaken when the game was called to a halt by the groundsman. We were spoiling the hay, he said, and on being questioned further he announced that we would not be able to resume the game till next month! And as his attitude was an "I'm not arguing with you, I'm telling you!" one, there was nothing to do but to pack up stumps and declare the match a draw. So that's finished cricket for the summer. *Per carità!*

6th. *Wednesday*. Cardinal Pompili died last night at the Blue Nuns'. R.I.P. His last illness was a very painful one, and we learn that for many years he had suffered much, but had carried on resolutely with his work.

7th. *Thursday*. The body of Cardinal Pompili was exposed in the Lateran seminary. Great crowds of people, and especially the poor, paid tribute to their Vicar.

8th. *Friday*. No schools today that everybody might go to St John Lateran for the funeral of Cardinal Pompili. The basilica was so full that it was very difficult to follow the Mass. Father Mostyn to dinner.

9th. *Saturday*. Third schools at the Gregorian this morning were given off, that people might go to the Council of Ephesus celebrations at the Dodici Apostoli. But early schools were added on this afternoon to preserve the balance.

10th. *Sunday*. A great procession took place this afternoon from St Mary Major when the picture of our Lady painted by St Luke was carried in triumph to St John Lateran. Six white chargers, clothed with white velvet trappings, drew the flower-decked chariot containing the picture. Cardinal Cerretti walked immediately behind the chariot. Before the procession started our Master of Ceremonies succeeded in dragging a terror-stricken lady from the wheels of the Cardinal's car—and thereby became a popular hero.

11th. *Monday*. Mice still go galloping round the panelling in the refectory, with no respect for Pastor in the box, nor the cat under the table.

12th. *Tuesday*. Today the bombshell was fired at the Greg. At peace

with the world we walked up to the board and found that next Friday and the Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday of Whit-week would be *docetur* days! "Pen will not wield into words what we feel". The English pilgrims who are in Rome for the occasion of the anniversary of *Rerum Novarum* visited the College today.

14th. Ascension Day. The Rector sang Mass. To dinner came Archbishops Palica and Downey, Monsignor Heard, Canon Van Meenan and Father Adamson. At an audience in the evening for the English pilgrims, the Rector translated the Holy Father's words. Special mention of the College was made by his Holiness.

15th. *Friday*. The pope said Mass in St Peter's this morning, and in the afternoon addressed all the pilgrims gathered in Rome to celebrate the anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's great Encyclical. The Holy Father spoke in Italian, French and German. Most of us were prevented from going to the audience by schools, but we heard the end of his speech on the wireless.

17th. *Sunday*. As we passed the Corsini gardens today we noticed that something was to do. Crowds were pouring into the gardens, and here and there an old man with his veteran's red shirt was eyed with envy by the children. We were told that some new statues to the offspring of Garibaldi were being unveiled. The brass band when it had finished its main work there, moved along to the square outside the Carmelites at S. Pancrazio and from Pam the music sounded dreamily pleasant. As we came down, the remnants of the feast in the form of bushes and gilded chairs were being carted away—and a hot, dusty but happy crowd was besieging the ice-cream stalls.

18th. *Monday*. The rumour—evidently set on foot by Hebrew students—that Father Parenti was seriously ill, fortunately proved quite false. Cherries in the refectory convince you that summer is here.

19th. *Tuesday*. Fear of a general strike at the Gregorian has conceded us next Thursday: but Saturday and Tuesday will be lecture days. We hear that this change has been granted as a result of requests from certain parts of Rome for more lectures. So somebody's happy. A heavy shower neatly timed for six o' clock brought out a rare display of winter and ancient cassocks at supper time.

20th. *Wednesday*. We learnt the sad news of the death of Dr Ashby.

21st. *Thursday*. An alarm was given this evening which Rumour, always a busy dame in the College, exaggerated and twisted until we thought that all Europe was in arms, and we would presently be interned. Of course it was false, but I must say that a simultaneous appearance of armed troops in the Piazza Farnese with the excited cries of "Guerra!" from newspaper vendors, did not at once convey the idea that a certain Mr N. Guerra had won a bicycle championship at Perugia.

22nd. *Friday*. A rectorial conference in the old chapel brought long disused benches into use, with disastrous results.

23rd. *Saturday*. We started another novena for the Rector's intention: this time in honour of St Philip and the College Martyrs.

24th. *Whitsunday*. Led by eager Liverpoolians we flocked to the Cancellaria, there to see Doctor Downey's talkie on the new Liverpool Cathedral. The audience was a distinguished one, and it seemed to show great interest in it all, and what is more, it politely waited for the collection afterwards.

25th. *Monday*. A grizzling day, if there is such an adjective to describe the heat of the day we chose for *gite*. In Rome the temperature jumped up to 90° in the shade. But it was cool in Lake Albano, temperate at the villa, and quite fresh at the sea once you had got across the sands which toasted your feet. Enthusiastic archaeologists who had visited Ostia Antica at Shrovetide, went once again today—but they took in Ostia Mare as well. Later, by the way, (there is no connection) Ostia Mare was put out of bounds by the Cardinal Vicar. At the villa we were able to have a look at the church which is in process of being stripped of much of its plaster and painted. It is hard to judge it yet—but the grey stone which has been uncovered looks delightful.

26th. *Tuesday*. The strain of carrying a sunburnt and tired body to four schools leaves even the best intentioned of diarists speechless. Add to that, that tradition was set at nought by the Chiesa Nuova which did not ask us to provide the *assistenza* for the feast of St Philip today.

27th. *Wednesday*. To dinner Monsignor O'Brien of Liverpool and Mr MacDuff the founder of the League of Mary.

28th. *Thursday*. Things feel uncomfortable at present in Rome with the present trouble of the Holy Father's. Today some buildings near S. Gioacchino were looted, and consequently the troops are in the Prati.

29th. *Friday*. The University has not been destroyed, as some English papers would have it, but seven *carabinieri* are guarding it. They look importantly mysterious.

30th. *Saturday*. Congratulations to Messrs Campbell, Tootell, Fay, Slater, Wilkinson and McGee who received the sub-diaconate at the Lateran from the new Vicar, his Eminence Cardinal Marchetti. Monsignor Moss, who has not been to see us for ages, came to dinner today. A bizarre arrangement of the candles at Benediction puzzled most people, and only one guessed that the weekly sacristan, with an eye for propriety, had meant them to look like M.R.

31st. *Trinity Sunday*. The Vice-rector sang High Mass, and we kept the house feast quietly *en famille*.

JUNE 1st. The new gramophone is very popular on the balcony this year. Perhaps it is partly that the fuller tone allows us Philistines to carry on a conversation without being a nuisance.

4th. *Thursday*. Corpus Christi. No processions are to be allowed this year on account of the trouble, so that we did not go to the Villa

Lante. The Rector left for England today, where he is going to rouse up people to the needs of the Venerabile.

9th. *Tuesday*. While the Roman Association held its meeting in London, and discussed high matters of finance and tradition, we held a public meeting in the common-room and talked a lot about a tennis court at Palazzola.

10th. *Wednesday*. The *Osservatore* published the telegram of sympathy which the Roman Association had sent to the Holy Father.

11th. *Thursday*. Eggs and chocolate in the refectory this morning paved the way for the written Hebrew, Greek and Philosophy exams.

12th. *Friday*. Feast of the Sacred Heart. The sub-deacons who had been in retreat at Whitsun took their *gita* today.

13th. *Saturday*. Public Act in Theology, and a written exam (conducted and arranged by Father Fausti) for the Christian Archaeologists.

14th. *Sunday*. In spite of the fact that we can provide no procession this year, the nuns at Tor di Quinto asked us out to Benediction this evening, so that we should not miss the tea. The Vice-rector gave Benediction and Mr McGee went on sub-deacon for the first time. Doctor Park who had been away for a week, slipped into the College before leaving for England, and aroused envy in us all by his healthy appearance.

15th. *Monday*. The man who fell in the tank after breakfast is not to be pitied this hot weather.

19th. *Friday*. It is drawing near the end of the University year, so, lest we become too giddy, the Father Prefect showed himself rather warlike. In the refectory Cardinal Marchetti's first *Invito Sacro* was read. It was quite short and to the point, and the quotation from Father Faber was of interest to us.

20th. *Saturday*. After the University sermon today Father Ruwet announced three times that the Cardinal Vicar would be saying Mass in S. Ignazio at the time published. Things are looking up to be sure. At the Greg. the cases of beer bottles (which look a little out of place in the present halls of dignity and refinement) denote that the magisterial exams will be taking place soon.

21st. *Sunday*. St Aloysius' Day. We went for the general Communion given by Cardinal Marchetti at S. Ignazio, and sang the *Te Deum* to wind up the scholastic year with great fervour. The *Mox quisque* has gone for good unfortunately.

22nd. *Monday*. A sulking scirocco blew in the first exams.

23rd. *Tuesday*. You must have peace in your room when you are running through a thesis—and tho' peace has been likened to "a wild wood-dove" she is certainly not a College pigeon. An ingenious "scare-pigeon" made of an umbrella skeleton and bits of paper does work outside Mr Kelly's room. But we hear that his neighbours would prefer the pigeons.

24th. *Wednesday*. Mr Halsall left us today.

25th. *Thursday*. Father Bricarelli died at 3 o' clock this morning. R.I.P. Messrs Heenan and Hawkins left for England—the latter taking his oath dressed as the Vanheems young man, to the admiration of the faculty. The Salesian building near the station has a great new statue of the Sacred Heart which welcomes the visitor and blesses the departing. From the steps on the Pam walk it can be seen flashing a golden ray across the city.

26th. *Friday*. The collection box in the form of a model of the new Liverpool Cathedral is a large rival for an humble tobacco tin for subscriptions for flowers.

28th. *Sunday*. Messrs Campbell and Tootell who have been in retreat in the house since Thursday were ordained deacons at S. Maria sopra Minerva. In the evening they left for the retreat house in the Borgo S. Spirito there to make their retreat for the priesthood.

29th. *Monday*. SS. Peter and Paul. A telegram wishing us a happy feast arrived from the Rector. In the tremendous crowd at St Peter's, we saw Father Peter Paul who spoke to us for a few moments. To dinner and coffee came the Vice-rector of the Scots College, Dom Philip Langdon and Mr Ogilvie Forbes. The last of the philosophers left for England.

30th. *Tuesday*. A little thunder and rain, and the pleasant smell of damp dust.

JULY 1st. *Wednesday*. Postcards from the Englanders have started to arrive. Today we heard from Lugano, Corsica and Lucerne. All the writers sounded as though writing a postcard were a novelty to them.

3rd. *Friday*. The man who started off home this morning looked as though he were Crippen with a life-preserver in his pocket, instead of a meek clerk with a *summa cum laude* to his credit.

4th. *Saturday*. Mr Shutt flew away.

7th. *Tuesday*. Mr Wake, the last of the old brigade, made his unemotional departure.

8th. *Wednesday*. The nasturtiums grown by Domenico in the garden as a border to the beds are doing well and have begun to flower and give a little brightness to the grass and gravel. The tortoise does his bit to help them, by chewing the leaves for breakfast.

9th. *Thursday*. Messrs Campbell and Tootell were ordained priests at the S. Dodici Apostoli this morning by the Cardinal Vicar. Mr Tootell's brother Father Henry Tootell, assisted his brother at the ordination, and came to dinner afterwards for the toasting of the new priests. Monsignor Heard and Moss and Father Welsby were present too. Telegrams of congratulation arrived from the Rector, from the Roman Colony at Upholland, from a pilgrimage of Romans at Lourdes (Doctors Goodear, O'Leary, Jones, Shutt, Lyons) and from other single Romans scattered round England.

13th. *Monday*. Tomorrow we reach the journey's end, so it is fitting

that we should give examination results here before the passing of the old year. Out of 136 examinations 127 were successful, in other words, 93 %. 21 passed *cum laude* and one *summa cum laude*; 5 out of 6 took the D.D. successfully and 6 out of 10 became *laureati* in Philosophy.

14th. *Tuesday*. To Palazzola to start life again, and in Rome the death, without regrets, of another year.

“ Hot and weary in June, it must perish soon,
It is working too hard: it will break: but *here*
Is the dawn of the year!”

GUY PRITCHARD.



MONSIGNOR REDMOND
TAKEN BY SURPRISE AT PALAZZOLA

PERSONAL

Our last number appeared just too early to be able to congratulate MONSIGNOR REDMOND on his being appointed Domestic Prelate to the Holy Father—a fitting recognition of all his work for the Venerable. We offer congratulations now and fervent *auguri* to him for his new labours as Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Liverpool. Our readers will be glad to have this intimate portrait of him, just as we knew him.

Ad multos annos to CANON W.J. KELLY (1879-1881) whose golden jubilee in the priesthood occurs ~~this year~~. There is quite a crop of silver jubilees due about this time too. Our best wishes go to the Rev. J. HOGAN (1899-1906) and the Revv. C.E. EAGLE, H.O'B. ENGLAND, J. JARVIS and E. TOWERS—all of the same year (1900-1907). We fear that our congratulations will not reach all, for the simple reason that only two of them read the magazine! But our wishes are no less sincere. /1934!

The Revv. L. CHARLIER (1910-1917), B. FARMER (1919-1924), and R. EARLEY (1920-1927) paid us very welcome visits this year. We hope they enjoyed coming back as much as we enjoyed their company in the common-room.

It is a great pleasure to know that the Rev. H. ATKINSON, an ex-Editor of the VENERABLE, is now a parish priest. We wish him many happy years at The Sacred Heart, Carlton, Nottingham.

The return of the Rev. A. IBBETT to England means a great loss to us all. His year's Agency should stand him in good stead for his future work at Winchester as assistant to Monsignor King.

Ad multos annos in vinea Domini to the priests who tore themselves from us this year. Mr HALSALL, the *feu* senior student, has not flown very far afield. He is to pursue protracted studies in Canon Law and will, we hear, reside at the Beda. *Arrivederci!* Mr WAKE, who drew such tender wailings from his 'cello at many a concert is to bend a longer bow, it is said, as prefect at Mark Cross. Mr JONES, our ever obliging

encyclopaedia and fount of all quaint lore, is assistant priest at Gravelly Hill, Birmingham. Mr HEENAN bore his laurels fresh upon him (and tied by some imp of mischief inextricably to his *valigia*) off to New York but he has returned safe and sound to the vineyard. Mr HAWKINS, says our own correspondent, is declared by his parishioners in Bermondsey to be "very nice to speak to". Mr SHUTT has forsaken the common-room piano (where he so often tried to incite warlike passions) and is to read classics at Cambridge. "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!" They were to a man staunch contributors to the VENERABLE: one of them an intrepid Secretary, two others deep delvers into archaeology and archives, the rest overflowing in both prose and verse. *Redeant, some day, gaudentes!*

"It is nice to be back in England again for good, after thirty years' foreign service" wrote Mother MARY ST CLARE of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary to us recently. When we remember that twenty-nine of those years have been passed as Mother General of a religious congregation, we must congratulate Mother St Clare on her fine achievement, and regret that ill-health has led to her resignation. Mother St Clare has long been a firm friend of the College, and the hospitality at the convent at the Tor di Quinto, the annual procession with the delicious "English tea", the numerous gifts that have found their way to the refectory or the common-room of the Venerable, are only some of the tokens of her thoughtfulness and love for "this old home of the martyrs". While we wish her happiness in her retirement at Ipswich we assure her that we shall miss her and that gracious way of hers that always made a visit to the Tor di Quinto a happiness.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

We invite those of our readers who write books to send us copies for review in the Magazine.

We wish to record the gratitude of the staff to Monsignor Redmond who has presented them with a handsome typewriter and in many other ways helped them considerably.

As most of the staff spent the *villeggiatura* in England, Mr G. Nesbitt, the Fifth Member Apparent, has accelerated his appearance and lent a useful hand. So we stand at present:

Editor: T. DUGGAN.

Secretary: R.P. REDMOND.

Sub-editor: G. PRITCHARD.

Under-secretary: J. JOHNSTON.

Fifth Member: B. GRADY.

Without Portfolio: G. NESBITT.

EXCHANGES

We beg to 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*, *Baeda*, *The Trident*.

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

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

... A select band of the present Vice-rector's contemporaries met at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, on April 14th to hear him sing his swan song. The gates were crashed by most of the junior professors of Upholland who had apparently downed gowns for the day; unless they were enjoying one of those numerous and mysterious holidays which doubtless diffuse a ray of sunshine into the otherwise hard lot of the

junior professor. The company bristled with ex-senior students—two of whom, Revs. A. Bentley and H. Wilson, had passed through the extreme arduous of a year and a half's service. True to tradition there were after dinner speeches, extolling the powers of the new *Vice-rettore* and wishing him God-speed. And of course a neat reply from the victim. As a sign of our appreciation of the honour conferred upon him, Rev. Wilson was not allowed to pay for his dinner. A dangerous precedent—something like the stealthy creep of an abuse. Music was provided by a well known pianist and we sang what we remembered of the old songs—but alas *we are beginning to forget*.

Shortly afterwards the writer of these notes met *the Vice*, Monsignor Redmond. There were four of us, so we went in "Cam" to a café and drank coffee. He paid. *H Vice è morto, evviva il Vice!*

J.G.

THE UNIVERSITY

The magnificence of the *Nuova Sede* has attracted numerous and distinguished visitors during the past year. Pilgrims have been unwilling to pass by what, both for its historic traditions and the great beauty of its buildings, may be worthily numbered among the monuments of the city.

On Septuagesima Sunday Cardinal Marchetti Selvaggiani consecrated the altar in the handsome new chapel, which replaces for us that of San Macuto at the Palazzo Borromeo. Over the altar has been placed a copy of the Madonna of S. Maria Maggiore; a copy which St Francis Borgia presented to the University, and which has been much venerated by the numerous Saints and Beati among the alumni since. The chapel is dedicated to St Mary, Seat of Wisdom and St Robert Bellarmine.

On February 8th a solemn commemoration of the Ven. Contardo Ferrini, the decree of whose heroic virtue had been read that morning before the Holy Father, was held in the *Aula Massima*. Five Cardinals were present and after the eloquent address of Cardinal Pacelli, Father Rector and Father Dezza S.J., cousin of the Ven. Ferrini, spoke of the virtues of the new Venerable.

The first cycle of the University's Ephesus celebrations comprised three lectures, given on February 26, March 8th, and March 22nd, Fathers Hocedez, Silva Tarouca and Garagnani respectively. Several Cardinals attended the dissertations and the audience at the final lecture numbered about 2,500!

The magnificence and devotion of the triduum in the church of Sant'Ignazio in honour of the newly canonized St Robert Bellarmine will not easily be forgotten. The most impressive feature was probably the translation of the casket containing the scarlet-clad remains of the great hero of the *Controversies*. Some of our students were among those privileged to carry the Saint's body from its wonted resting place to the high altar. We also formed the *assistenza* at the Pontifical High Mass on the second day. The whole of the University attended the pontifical Mass of the Cardinal Dean, on Sunday, the 26th of April; the Cardinal was assisted by over a hundred ministers in sacred vestments, the representatives of the different national colleges and religious communities of the City. Cardinal Pacelli with his accustomed surpassing eloquence preached a magnificent panegyric of the Saint in the evening. The triduum brought three very welcome holidays but the pleasure we derived from those three days was presently almost completely eclipsed by a rather drastic cutting down of the normal holidays round Whitsuntide, by way of compensation!

Just as the examinations were settling down on us, we heard the sad news of Father Bricarelli's death. We assisted at his dirge and solemn requiem Mass at Sant'Ignazio on the second of July. An appreciation of Father Bricarelli will be found elsewhere in these pages. R.I.P.

Menstruae have been somewhat brightened by the introduction of a quarter of an hour's interval, which divides the morning disputations into two sessions.

Father Hoenen, the professor of Cosmology, was invited by the Scientific Society of Holland to address its annual meeting, which took place at the Hague, on May 31st. He discoursed on the revival of Thomistic Philosophy, indicating the reason of its decadence in the 17th century, and the surest method of its restoration, *viz.*, a profound study of its principles accompanied by an accurate analysis of the character and worth of modern science.

The students of the University assisted at the solemn requiem in Sant'Ignazio of Professor Marucchi, a former alumnus, who died on January 21st, with truly Christian piety. Monsignor Respighi, a great friend of the deceased, was the celebrant.

The examination for the licentiate of Theology has been somewhat modified by the substitution of three distinct examinations, at separate tables, for the accustomed inquisition of the board of three. Archaeology has been thought worthy of an examination proper to itself, so that Ecclesiastical History is becoming still more prominent in the curriculum. Father Silva Tarouca lectured each morning until March 1st, principally

on the first seven general Councils and the heresies connected with them. Father Leiber lectured, from March 1st, on that period of the Church's History from the French Revolution down to, and inclusive of, the Vatican Council. The constant appeal to the "fontes" themselves, and the remarks on the bibliography bearing on all the big historical movements, train one to approach the study of Church History in a more scholarly and discerning fashion. This is perhaps the greatest benefit of the course.

Little is known, as yet, concerning the changes which the recent Apostolic Constitution, *Deus Scientiarum Dominus*, will make in our university life. It would seem, however, that the old system of conferring degrees will be in force for one year more. Afterwards the new system will come into operation. How many of us it will affect and in what way cannot yet be foreseen.

T.P. MARSH.

THE LIBRARY

To most of us, whose knowledge of the contents of our Library was extremely vague, a recent article on this subject came as a sort of revelation, somewhat humiliating perhaps but nevertheless pleasant. We had been eager and proud to point out to visitors what an excellent collection of books we possessed; but we were just as eager to avoid any further comment that might involve a practical demonstration, which we felt ourselves unable to give. Now we need no longer confine ourselves to mere generalisations; we can consult, or at least decide not to consult books, which formerly we knew only under the formality of "some rare books in the Library". For this enlightenment we are indebted to Mr L. Jones, the last librarian, who left us in June for England. His interest in the Library, however, was not merely that of the treasure-hunter. Along with Dr Reinthaler he worked hard in rearranging and cataloguing the whole Library, and through him we acquired the much needed new bins and cases that are now in the second room. He also compiled a catalogue of the Palazzola library for the use of his successors; a task which has rendered the selection of books for Palazzola an easy matter. In wishing Mr. Jones, then, every success in his new work we are forced to regret the loss of a very capable and energetic librarian.

The work of cataloguing is now almost finished. The catalogue of the third room has been thoroughly revised and now includes a convenient form of reference to the valuable but unwieldy collections of mediæval documents that we possess. Dr Reinthaler has made a complete list of our rarer books and a cross index of the biographical section. We

must here thank Monsignor Henson for the information he gave us, during his stay, on several of Father Persons's works that were incorrectly catalogued. These mistakes have since been rectified.

As the Library fund has once more gone to meet the expenses of cataloguing, very little money could be spent on new books. Several however were bought; among them were the last two volumes of the English translation of Pastor, and Dieckmann's *De Ecclesia*. Next year we hope to be able to record a substantial increase in the number of new books. We have many friends to thank for gifts made to the Library during the past year. His Eminence Cardinal Lépicier presented us with a new and complete edition of his Latin and English works, thereby taking his place with the Cardinal Protectors of the past, who since the days of Cardinal Moroni's protectorship have constantly enriched the Library. Father Rope in answer to our appeal very generously sent us the second and third volumes of Mr. Belloc's *History of England*; while an anonymous benefactor quickly satisfied our impatience for a copy of Abbot Butler's *The Vatican Council*. Monsignor Redmond, Monsignor Bernascone, Father Welsby S.J., Father Connolly O.S.B., the Marchesa Ciccolini and the Editor of the *VENERABILE*¹, also came forward with welcome gift. And finally we are very grateful to Monsignor Moriarty for a presentation copy of Bishop Burton's *Planctus Magdalenae*. It has a place in the Library next to the Latin poems of Leo XIII, the pontiff whom the bishop so deeply admired, and not far from Virgil. It is a company, I think, of which Bishop Burton would have warmly approved.

It is of modern books that the Library stands most in need. Belloc and Chesterton, for instance are very badly represented—particularly Belloc. Apart from his *History of England* and the short study of the French Revolution, we have none of his more important historical works, such as *Danton*, *Robespierre*, *Marie Antoinette*, *James I*, *Richelieu*, *Wolsey*. There is a large gap too which should contain Chesterton's *Collected Poems*, *The Everlasting Man*, *The Resurrection of Rome*, to name but a few. No need to add Archbishop Goodier's *Life of Our Lord* and Christopher Hollis's *St Ignatius*. But no doubt these will all come in time. The Library is worth developing.

WILFRID LENNON, *Librarian*.

¹ Books sent for review are afterwards presented to the Library. EDITOR.

SOCIETIES

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

We record with pleasure a very successful session of the Society under the presidency of Mr L. Jones with Mr Lennon as secretary. The papers were bright and interesting and four out of the fourteen were given by members of the house.

The session was opened by Fr Keeler S.J., an old friend and a personage well known to the philosophers; he gave a delightful sketch of his "Four Months in Vienna". Starting from the political life of Vienna, he worked his way down in amusing and interesting anecdotes to the university life there and the methods of the various professors. He stressed the need for an intellectual apostolate in the English speaking world whereby the educated masses might be brought into contact with Catholic thought and Catholic culture.

Monsignor Dandria paid a very welcome visit to his Alma Mater and sketched out for us the sources of all the present trouble in Malta. It was good to hear from a peculiarly well qualified eye-witness the true account of all that has happened recently. Mr Ogilvie Forbes, *chargé d'affaires* at the British Legation to the Holy See was on diplomatic business in Mexico during the Calles régime. So his memories of Mexico are vivid and full of interest. There is no need to say that he made them intensely entertaining, too, in the narration. Lord Howard of Penrith has had a most varied and successful diplomatic career ending with a long period as Ambassador to Washington. We expected much from his paper on "America" and we were not disappointed. We were taken somewhat further afield by Father Considine of the Fides Service who, with the help of lantern-slides, lectured on the "British Empire, the Church's Largest Mission Field". We ranged swiftly from hemisphere to hemisphere, realising how vast is the scope for missionary effort in the British Empire.

When we read the title of Major Hay's paper we were not prepared

for the masterly defence which we heard when Major Hay laid before us the results of a long period of research into documents, concerning the character of James II, hitherto unpublished. Nor were we adequately prepared for the wonderful grandeur of the scenery, when Father Garde O.P., in an interesting paper on "The Desert of the Exodus", took us, by means of lantern slides, on a journey from Egypt to Mt. Sinai, following as nearly as possible the route which the Jews took in the Exodus. Father Cuthbert O.S.F.C. also addressed us on "Some Aspects of the Counter Reformation"; Father Cordovani on "Il Problema Religioso in Italia, sotto l'Aspetto Scientifico e Pratico", and Dr. Seldon P. Delaney on "The State of Religion in America". It is with special satisfaction that we record the four papers given by our own members. Mr V. Marsh spoke on "Blessed Thomas Hemerford" one of our martyrs, Mr Hawkins on "The Metaphysics of Wonderland", Mr Shutt on "English Romyne Lyfe in the Seventeenth Century", Mr Kelly on "The Papacy and Peace in 1914", and they all met with such success and appreciation from the house that we trust they will prove a sufficient stimulus for further endeavour from our members in the coming session. At a business meeting on Friday March 27th Mr Dwyer was elected President and Mr McKenna Secretary.

GODFREY MALONE.

THE GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY.

The prosperity of the society is ever increasing. Its popularity during the past session was apparent from the unfailing regularity with which members were attracted on debate night, whilst no one who witnessed the keenness with which the debates were carried on could doubt the youthful vigour of the society. An average attendance of twenty-five was kept up, due in great extent to the constant support of a good number of new members, who have proved that the fault of bashfulness is not unconquerable. There were eight debates, including one night devoted to impromptu discussion, when the confusion of some members on being asked to prove that gramophones are a menace to society and the ingenuity of others in dealing with equally startling subjects were most entertaining. The subjects of the other debates were as varied as they were popular. Never did the world wait with such breathless expectancy as on the night when it was decided that England's outlook is not catastrophic. After due consideration the society can also assure priests

that it is a help rather than a hindrance to be *au fait* with the sporting world.

There is also matter for congratulation in the manner of speaking adopted by the members of the society. The majority of the speakers succeeded in steering a middle course between that staidness which gives too academical a tone to the speech and that lightness which is akin to frivolity.

Before closing this review of the past session we have pleasure in offering our thanks and congratulations to Messrs Wake and Jones. They have both been zealous supporters of the society during the whole of their sojourn at the Venerable, and both hold their place among those officers who have brought the society to its present position of affluence, so that a pleasant and a comparatively easy task lies before those newly elected to office this year. These fortunate individuals were President Mr G. Pritchard and Secretary,

G. NESBITT.

THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

This has been an outstandingly successful year in the history of the Club, and the full credit of it is due to the unflagging zeal and lively interest of each member. We met fifteen times in Rome, which might be said to be almost weekly during the non-vacation time of our year. We read and discussed the Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, and had four instructive papers dealing with the more salient points of Pope Leo's teaching. These were read by Messrs Halsall, Jones, Duggan and Wroe. Not only was the number of meetings splendid but the attendance at them was wonderfully good. We began the year with seventeen active members and only on one occasion did the number of those present fall below that figure. At the readings of the papers we had several interested visitors (non-members) so that one evening we reached an attendance of twenty-one, nearly one third of the House. It seems fitting to place on record the Club's well deserved gratitude to two of its members who left for the mission this year, Messrs Halsall and Jones. For six years they were keen and zealous members: may their example be followed. One of the most pleasing features of the last session was the fine support we had from the younger philosophers, who provided the great majority of our members.

At a business meeting on June 2nd. Mr Tootell read his report, received a vote of thanks and was re-elected to office.

F. TOOTELL, *Secretary.*

THE WISEMAN SOCIETY.

The Wiseman Society has lost a friend in the late Bishop of Clifton, who, when he was at the villa two years ago, attended a meeting and gave us every encouragement. He seemed to take a lively interest in the discussion, which is intended to follow each paper, and for which the society primarily exists. Mr Lennon the secretary for the past year arranged five very successful meetings, at which the following papers were read:

Mr T.B. Pearson: *Thoughts on Prose Style*. A plea for the study of the living reality of speech.

Mr Pritchard: *Melancholy's Way in English Poetry*. An exposition of Cardinal Newman's statement that Poetry is the refuge of those noble minded men who have not the Catholic Church to flee to and repose upon.

Mr Hawkins: *The Cosmology of the Timaeus and the Cosmology of Today*. A lively philosophic paper, bristling with criticisms and suggestions.

Mr Lennon: *The Poetry of Earth*. An appreciation of the great Nature poetry of the Romantic revival.

Mr Neary: *Baroque Art*. The interesting theory that Baroque is the expression of the counter-reformation.

Mr Hawkins, the founder of the society, and Mr Shutt, who has regularly attended all the meetings, leave us for the mission this year, and take with them our sincere thanks for all that they have done to make the society worthy of its patron, Cardinal Wiseman.

G. PRITCHARD.

OUR BOOK SHELF.

Greek Cities in Italy and Sicily, by DAVID RANDALL-MACIVER. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. Demy 8vo. pp. ix-226, with 22 plates and 5 maps. 15/- net.

This book collects into a single handy volume most of what is interesting or useful about the history and present-day remains of the Greek colonies in Italy and Sicily. It will be a boon to the scholarly traveller, for it gives short and practical instructions for reaching the various sites and advises the archaeologist where he may enjoy good scenery as well—for example, the journey along the Ionian coast from Croton to Sybaris and especially the journey which the author recommends down the coast of Italy to Sicily—"scarcely a journey in Europe which is so beautiful and so full of historic interest at every moment". And, very honestly, the author warns us where poor scenery will have to be endured, as at Croton itself, now a bustling centre of factories, offices and workshops. It is a book then for the student, and for the traveller who still retains "a love of classical literature and a feeling for the romance of Greek history". It does not pretend to be an exhaustive work, but only supplements Lenormant's classic, *La Grande Grèce*, in Southern Italy; and Freeman's *History of Sicily* in Sicily. For, in the last thirty years, since these books were written, much has been discovered, and many of the views of historians have been changed.

Dr. MacIver's aim has been to explain to the student and to the traveller who has more than a passing interest in what he sees, the reason and significance of these ruins of ancient cities—most commonly temples, and sometimes walls and tombs. His method has been to interweave the historical and archaeological data so as to achieve a unified picture of ancient life in those places. He has tried to relieve history of its dryness and archaeology of its deadness. With this aim in view he does not hesitate, for example, to give a brief account of the Eleatic school which flourished at Hyele or Yele (called by Plato Elea, and nowadays Velia), or again to give a synopsis of the Pythagorean philosophy, whose master

came to Croton and taught there. When he deals with Syracuse, the chief city in Sicily and most interesting of all the Greek colonies in the West, he abandons the synthetic method, and devotes two separate chapters to the history of Syracuse, and two to the topography and chronology of its buildings. These are all interdependent, nevertheless, and the latter two cannot be fully appreciated (any more than the ruins themselves) without reading the foregoing history.

These two chapters on "the great burg of the rich Ephyraeans by the water of Sysimeleia" will be as entertaining to the layman as they will be useful and enlightening to the scholar. For Dr MacIver persists in leaving the dry facts to the text books in giving us a picture of the everyday life of the people—their religion, social intercourse, commerce and wars. In doing this, he has introduced some excellent character sketches of the great figures of Syracusan history: Gelon the King Arthur of Syracusan legend; Dion the philosopher-prince who introduced Plato to his brother-in-law, Dionysius I; Timoleon the Liberator who was sent from the mother city Corinth to free Syracuse from her enemies and from internal strife, restored the city to the height of prosperity, became the people's idol and then retired romantically into private life; and finally Hieron II, that staunch friend of Rome in the second Punic War, the man under whose rule Syracuse reached and enjoyed her golden age. In these sketches and throughout the book, the historical parallels he draws are always well chosen and illuminating. It is particularly for this happy knack of reconstructing scenes and times that the book as a history is to be recommended.

The special archaeological merits of the book are that it collects together all the modern discoveries and excavations in the Greek cities of Southern Italy and Sicily, right up to the present day, indicating the relative value of these discoveries and showing where the fruit of them is garnered: in the local museums and various archaeological publications. The clarity with which the author unravels occasional archaeological puzzles (as for example at Locri) makes it easy both for student and traveller to value what remains there are. His inferences, too, are convincing; often inspired, as he acknowledges, by the celebrated Italian archaeologist, Orsi. A special purpose of the author has been to explain the connection between the topography of the sites and the historical accounts given by Diodorus, Cicero, Thucydides and other ancient writers.

Briefly, the general effect the book leaves on the reader is three-fold. It prompts in him a desire to go and visit the sites of those ancient cities which are so often situated in delightful scenery—"places . . . romantic and picturesque in their setting; it is sometimes quite difficult to

realize that the Greeks were not thinking of landscape beauty when they planned their cities". Secondly it gives with the help of excellent photographs and maps a vivid picture of the ruins themselves and a clear sketch of their topography, particularly valuable to a reader who has not visited the sites. And, lastly, what we enjoyed the book most for, it gives a vivid picture of Greek life in these colonies, showing the characters of the people in their daily occupations. And the reader will soon find that Dr. MacIver has a quiet humour of his own that flits through his ruins like a will o' the wisp, flashing out of the most unexpected corners. He has little patience, we fear, with the Church when he mentions her treatment of pagan antiquities: after all we have preserved a few! And the comparison of Pythia's methods with that of "the collector of Peter's Pence" is too silly to call for comment. But these are very incidental blemishes. It is superfluous to add in conclusion that the Clarendon Press has reproduced splendidly the plans and photographs, placed them in the most convenient positions and given a worthy format to Dr. MacIver's book.

E. A. NEARY.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM KIRKHAM. (1869-1873).

On Thursday, February 15th, died Father William Kirkham at the extreme old age of 83. He had been living retired for some years owing to ill-health and failing eye-sight. With his death is severed one of the last of our connections with the stirring events of 1870, for he was present when the Decree of the Papal Infallibility was acclaimed by the thousands gathered in St. Peter's, and he was also an eye-witness of those terrible events which ended in the fall of the Temporal Power of the Pope.

He was born at Lancaster in 1848 and came to the college in 1869 undertaking the journey from England in the company of his uncle Dr Cornthwaite, Bishop of Beverley, and one time Rector of the Venerable. When he arrived at the College he was painfully surprised by the request of the Rector that he hand over his money to him to be doled out to him week by week. He had already received the Tonsure in England, and commenced Theology at the Roman College; but he did not complete his course here, for after receiving the Subdiaconate in 1873 he was compelled, for reasons of health, to return to England in the same year. He was ordained priest in England for the diocese of Beverley, and later, when this was divided, passed over to the diocese of Middlesbrough.

We are much indebted to Father Kirkham for the gift of the greater part of the diary he kept while in Rome, which has already figured in a former number of the VENERABLE.¹ We had hoped from a suggestion of Father Kirkham's, to receive the rest of the diary, but he died before the fulfilment of this wish. The diary is invaluable not only as an eye-witness's narrative of the events of those days, but as a record of the way in which those events affected our College. Father Kirkham was a keen old Roman and imbued with that deep loyalty towards the Pope which is the hall-mark of all Venerabilini. From his diary we can see that he had little liking for the people of Rome during his stay here,

¹ cf. VENERABLE, Vol. III, p. 321. + Vol. IV, 67.

on account of their fickleness towards the Pope and their lack of sympathy for him, and he was deeply affected by the misfortunes of Pio Nono. He was privileged to be one of the canopy-bearers for the Pope in the Corpus Christi procession of 1870, a heavy task for him in the broiling sun, but one which he deemed a great honour. He also records how disgusted the students were, (there were only ten of them), when they returned home from lectures one day to find that the Pope had been to visit Dr Grant, then lying ill at the College, and had departed again while the students had been kept in darkness as to the visit. So we pray that this staunch old Roman may receive the reward of a life spent in the service of the Church and characterized by his deep devotion to its Visible Head on earth. May he rest in peace.

GERARD NESBITT.

CARLO BRICARELLI, S.J.

The Gregorian University sustained a great loss by the death of Father Bricarelli on June 25th. We who knew him towards the close of his thirty years' work in Rome often wondered at the spirit within his delicate frame which enabled him to lecture so patiently and so well at the advanced age of seventy-four. His was a nature content to expend itself in the service of God without thought of self or the praises of men. The last time we saw him was in Sant'Ignazio on the feast of S. Luigi, fulfilling one of the duties of his apostolate amongst the youth of the Catholic Institutions whom he loved so well, hearing their confessions. This was a labour of love to him, and his devotion and zeal for the spiritual interest of these young men had entirely won their hearts to him. But though this was the work nearest to his priestly heart and the one which will make his memory most loved, it is not the work by which he will be most widely remembered amongst men. It is by his frequent contributions to the *Civiltà Cattolica* and his own books that he is best known. For there he displayed such a depth of erudition, such a profound judgement of men and times, that he must be accounted among the most learned writers of his day on sacred art and astronomy. Carlo Bricarelli was born at Turin in 1857, and took a course of engineering and then of higher mathematics at the University of Turin. He graduated with remarkable success and attracted much attention. But his career in the world soon came to an end. At the age of twenty-two he entered the Jesuit noviciate at Chieri, near Turin. There he was put under the direction of P. Francesco Pellico, brother of the author of *Le Mie Prigioni*. On the completion of his philosophy course Bricarelli was sent to teach physical science and mathematics at the Jesuit college for young Italians

at Monaco. However his continued ill-health compelled his superiors to send him to the kindlier climate of the Tyrol where he studied philosophy and theology at the University of Innsbruck. He came finally to Rome to the Gregorian University where he was ordained priest on March 31st of 1888. After eleven years spent teaching in various parts of Italy he came to Rome to stay in 1899. Here he gradually wore down his naturally delicate constitution by the great mass of his labours which involved him in a great deal of hostile criticism and personal vindictiveness from the enemies of the Church. All this was a great sorrow to a man of his sensitive nature. His attitude throughout provides us with the keynote to his whole life: to spend himself in the service of his Divine Master, to face all trials uncomplainingly, secure in the knowledge that he had done his duty, no matter how the world might judge him. We met him only once a week during the last year of philosophy for a lecture on Sacred Art; but we learned to admire his fine spirit, his unerring taste, his wide learning that was cloaked by a most unassuming manner. With our sympathy for his brethren and spiritual sons in Rome we join our prayers for the repose of his soul.

JAMES REA.

MOTHER MARY SALOME.

The College has lost a sincere friend in Mother MARY SALOME of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who died on July 25th of this year. Mother Salome was for some time the superior of the Institute's house in Rome, and in recent years had been indefatigable in furthering the cause of the foundress, Mary Ward. In the pages of this Magazine, Mother Salome has told of the connection between the English College and Mary Ward, showing how the College helped her during her lonely stay in Rome, and gave burial in the College church to her young sister. We offer our sympathy to the Institute. May she rest in peace, and may the cause that she fostered be blessed.

THOMAS ASHBY, D. Litt., M.A.

Many generations of Venerabilini have known Dr Ashby. The recollection is a pleasant fragment in the mental mosaic which is the legacy of a Roman course. In a way it was strange that a layman, who was unmistakably of the Church of England, should have had such an intimate association with an ecclesiastical college in the centre of Papal Power. Yet so natural and easy was his relation to all that there was never anything to explain away in his familiar presence, nor anything strained in his charming companionship.

It is one of the mysteries of Divine Providence that one of such open

and sincere character should spend a lifetime in the Eternal City, should know and love Roman life so intimately, and should never be drawn to the Faith that is the source of the gentle culture of Rome. For it was not only the Rome of Greeks and Latins that he loved, but the Eternal Rome which is Christian.

Death has removed his kindly personality and Father Time has closed another volume. For Dr Ashby belonged to a period that is no more—not that he was out of date: nothing is out of date in Rome—but he was not of the Rome that we have known in the efficiency and progress of these later years. He belonged rather to the time when the homely Roman appreciated the presence of the *Signore Inglese*, who was an essential part of the society of the City. In the Rome of the Popes there was nothing of the forcefulness of nationality. The Mother of the West would welcome any man of Art or Letters or reckon him her citizen if he succumbed to her subtle charm. Of course he was not a true *Romano*, but he was something more than a *forestiere*. The Crawfords of the Villa Neroni, Thorwaldsen and Overbeck at the Accademia of San Luca, the Barretts at Florence were adopted children of that Italy which was something more real if less tangible than the power of modern Europe. Dr Ashby always helped one to visualize Rome restricted to the Seven Hills, without trams or 'buses, with nothing between the Wall of Aurelian and the Campagna.

Yet Ashby of the British school was always emphatically English: his Italian never pretended to be anything else and his Latin was that of the Public School of two generations ago; no one will forget the quaint delight of his quotations: "Corruptio optimi pessima" etc.

His passion was the study of the dusty fragments of the past; yet he was refreshingly youthful to the last, and therefore could make the crumbling relics live again.

The first year men of 1931 will not know Ashby; but to many the recollection of his genial personality will be a life memory. Others will miss his wide erudition which was always generously placed at our service, but we of the Venerabile will mostly miss his genuine courtesy, his kindness without condescension and his patience with the most ignorant and importunate questioner. His many natural virtues will have their reward; *requiescat in pace, cuius memoria in benedictione est.*

G. S. F.