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Archbishop Cicognani.

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

## EDITORIAL

In the distant past of war-time Rome, our far-seeing Cardinal Protector and the *Patronus Magnificus* of the VENERABLE introduced us to Monsignor Cicognani; one of the many favours shown to us by Cardinal Gasquet, and surely not the least. For since that happy day sixteen years ago the Monsignore (effecttionately just "Chic" to us) has made our welfare his own, imbibed our traditions, and even more, succeeded in becoming one of our proudest traditions himself. He is in fact an adopted son of the College, a title which he himself proudly claimed and which was gladly accorded him by universal acclamation. His elevation therefore to the episcopate was for us an occasion of joy and congratulation. But his appointment as Apostolic Delegate to America has taken him from our midst and for some years, at least, we must console ourselves with mere memories. What memories they are! We can picture him on our *fiesta* days going from circle to circle in the common room, introducing himself to First Year, sharing the perfect democracy of our coffee and *rosolio*, censoring the Magazine Diary and laughing over every page of *Chi Lo Sa?* But happiest impressions

naturally take us to Palazzola. For a time his only relief from the heats of Rome was his week-end visit to the Villa and neither he nor we will ever forget those gatherings on the *terrazza* after breakfast of those morning walks up Monte Cavo conducted according to a pre-arranged and immutable ritual. He formed countless friendships during his days in Rome and we know that "over there" he will form countless others. Yet, as he himself told us, his spirit will ever remain with the Venerabile.

We assure him in the name of the VENERABILE ON behalf of Venerabilini past and present that he will always take a central place in that throng of memories which follow a Roman course; and those memories will always mean a prayer for the apostolic labours he has undertaken. Happily—he did not need to tell us—we know he can never forget the Venerabile—*Vigilat nec fatiscit*.

## GEORGE SPENCER

It is almost disappointing to write a sketch of the romantic figure of Earl Spencer's youngest son because he seems to have been a perfection-all-day-long man and the type hardly admits of interpretation. You can tell long beforehand exactly what they will think about any given question; they have no prejudices, not even the more fundamental ones; and in no biography can there be such simplicity and unity of presentation as in theirs. But Spencer did not begin life as a perfection-all-day long man so there at least the prospect is bright. Moreover, the real George Spencer emerges from the hands of his two biographers<sup>1</sup> as a clear-obscure at best, so there too is room for interesting work—even though he is thus condemned to emerge from my hands also as a mere clear-obscure. Poor George Spencer! Vaughan has his Snead-Cox and Newman his Ward, but there is none found to make the sainted missioner live once more in the hearts of men; and it may well be that ere long his name shall die altogether from out of the land.

Well might Lytton Strachey complain of biography in England that the most delicate of all branches in the art of writing has been relegated to the journeyman of letters!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Hon. George Spencer, youngest son of George John, Earl Spencer K.G., First Lord of the Admiralty etc. etc., was what his familiars in the ball-room and at the chase would have called a bit of a lad. But it *was* only a bit of a lad. The

<sup>1</sup> Father Pius (Devine) C.P. in 1866, and Father Urban Young C.P. in July last. Father Pius' work is now out of print, and I am deeply indebted to the Very Reverend C. Waring, the Master of St Edmund's House who very kindly lent me the House's copy.

first eight years of his life were spent in the strict atmosphere of the ancestral home at Althorp in Northamptonshire, under the guidance of a very moral governess. After he became a Catholic he wrote his autobiography, and in it he gravely discusses his morals at this tender age. His governess told him on his sixth birthday that there was a God; George believed her, and in the best Victorian fashion bids posterity acknowledge this great grace from on high—it must have been a grace because “I was not capable of understanding proof”—! He fears his pre-rational days left much to be desired: “I remember, more than once, distinctly saying my prayers with fervour; though, generally, I suppose, I paid but little attention to them. . . . Perhaps I did not knowingly offend God, but I could not be said to love God or heartily to embrace religion.” Oh Georgie!

He did not quite lose this Pleasant Sunday Afternoon way of talking till he had been ordained some years; in fact the above confession was written when he had been a priest just four. His first biographer, Father Pius, ends his chapter on this shocking business with a very moral story on Father Spencer’s words to “some of our young religious on this subject in general”, wherein it was pointed out to them that parents should be most careful in instructing their children. . . . Ah! Father Pius, how well we know your kind in England! “They are as familiar as the *cortège* of the undertaker,” sneers Strachey, “and wear the same air of slow, funereal barbarism. One is tempted to suppose of some of them, that they were composed by that functionary, as the final item of his job.”

At the age of eight, the unregenerate infant went for six years to Eton. The first four years were spent with a very pious tutor, the Rev Mr Godley, who kept him absolutely cut off from the rest of the College.

We had to pass through the playing fields crowded with cricketers [he writes] to whom a lower boy, to fag for them and stop their balls, was sure to be an important prize, whose wrath we incurred if we dared despise their call, and run on our way; whilst if we were but a few minutes late, the yet more terrible sight awaited us of Mr Godley’s angry countenance.

Mr Godley's strictness was well advised: Eton was a vicious place yet Spencer left it at the age of twelve as innocent as when he first came to it as a child of eight. Nevertheless this treatment made him, he says, "a chicken-hearted creature, what in Eton language is called a *sawney*". And his innocence was soon to be spoilt: his parents put him with another clergyman tutor who had a little school of about ten boys. These discovered his innocence and played on it so much that he fell in with them out of sheer human respect. He wept bitterly at nights at the thought of all he was exposed to, but gave up all praying for the remaining two years he was there. The very fact that he was so upset by such talk at that age shows he was nothing worse than a bit of a ninny with a slightly flabby will. Father Urban Young well points out how overdrawn is his account of his depravity at this period—how he most iniquitously stole chickens from neighbouring farmyards and so on. He left there to spend two years with another clergyman in Northamptonshire the Rev Doctor Blomfield, and under him his scruples had a long rest from all dirty-mouthed urchins.

But at the age of eighteen he went to Cambridge, and here his troubles started all over again. He never fully joined in with the rest, but in fierce fits of misery brought on by self-respect he several times resolved to, so as to be in the swim; yet somehow, something or other always happened to prevent him, and by the time his two years there were up and he had passed his M.A., he may have been irreligious but he certainly was not an open profligate like most of the set he moved in. All this time he knew that as the youngest son, he was intended to become a minister of the Establishment. He attended twenty-five divinity lectures while at Cambridge and thus, a lad of nineteen, was entitled to, and received, a certificate of fitness for ordination, any time he felt like going through the required ceremony.

His prospects now were indeed bright: the home rectory—of which his father was patron—graced, perhaps, by a suitable partner; a few years of *otium cum dignitate* and then, after some discreet, eminently respectable string-pulling by the good Earl, the episcopal lawn and a seat in the House of Peers. He was a good dancer and fencer—he had taken lessons in both; he had



only once got badly into debt; he was handsome and had a very engaging manner with men... and others; he was a dutiful Freemason and had risen four degrees in the craft;—what more could the Establishment require of a bishop-elect? Just let him travel a little now and he would, ere long, grace the gaiters as well as the best of them.

So off he went on a grand tour lasting months and months, much of which was spent in Italy where he strongly vituperated the Catholic system. He is always talking about “priests, mummery and incense,” “stupid friars” and “lazy monks”. When in Sicily he lodged chiefly in convents and was very well treated by the monks, but this scarcely evokes a single word of thanks: in one convent he and a friend actually shut the door in the face of one of the brothers because they were “bored by visits from the monks”. But, as a fact, and here we are only quoting himself, he was not sufficiently interested to be opposed to Catholicism—or any other religion either for that matter: he had been brought up against the Church and everyone else had smacks at Her, so he thought he might as well too.

But just before returning home, his conscience, never very salamander, began troubling him again. He went to see the rather dubious opera *Don Giovanni* in Paris, and from that night on, passed for ever from all these velleities (as the fine old English puts it) to manly volition.

“The last scene of it [he wrote afterwards] represents Don Giovanni, the hero of the piece, seized in the midst of his licentious career by a troop of devils and hurried down to hell. As I saw this scene I was terrified at my own state. I knew that God, who knew what was within me, would look on me as one in the same class as Don Giovanni [either holy humility or his Pleasant Sunday Afternoon tendencies cropping up again] and for once this holy fear of God’s judgement saved me, and this holy warning I was to find in an opera house at Paris.”

As a matter of fact, such a change was at least a psychological probability; he had to realize that his long holiday was over at last and orders looming imminently in view. But the clincher for the young man of twenty-one was still the play—the unreal woes of another:

And through their unreal woes and mimic pain  
Wept for myself and so was purified. . . .  
For as I sailed upon that pictured tide  
The strength and splendour of the storm was mine,  
Without the storm's red ruin.<sup>2</sup>

He was back at Althorp for the Christmas of 1820 with a gay house-party of twenty-one guests; danced the old year out with seven country dances and eight sets of quadrilles; dashed off to Vanity Fair in London to dance a few more; dined with Sir Walter Scott at Spencer House one night, listening all evening to his Scotch stories; rode, fished, boated, studied and drew at Ride during summer; hired a "dirty Jew master" to teach him Hebrew—as befitted a respectable clergyman; met, and was patronized by, Palmerston at a stag-hunt; dined with Washington Irving and remarked on his "Yankee twang, sallow complexion and nasal sounds"; and, in view of the future, began a sermon on March 12, 1821, and completed it in six months. So the time slipped by until September of the same year when he received a letter from the Bishop of Peterborough suggesting promotion to the ministry on December 22nd. George had had very serious thoughts all these gay twenty months, and promptly inquired from the Diocesan Examiner about the proximate preparation for the step. That worthy told him that he need not trouble himself: he knew from the respectability of his family that he must be already quite prepared. But George pressed for details and was told that "a verse in the Greek Testament and an Article of the Church of England returned into Latin will be amply sufficient". So he dined with the Dean and his wife, and the former gave him a genial examination—after dinner—and three days after he was a "deacon" of the Establishment.

He took up duties as assistant minister at Brington parish church while still living at Althorp, his father's country seat near by. The vicar soon retired, and his father, who was the patron of the living, promoted George to it. He at once showed

<sup>2</sup> Oscar Wilde: *Selected Poems, The Garden of Eros.*

himself a most zealous pastor, giving up cards, the theatre and dancing, and often taking no food till six in the evening. Then after a period of High Anglicanism, he became a square-toed Evangelico-Calvinist. It is now that his real strength and originality of character are seen for the first time. He lectures Bishop Blomfield on not yet being elected unto glory and tells various young ministers they will have to become of the regenerate (i.e. Calvinists) or be damned; the family rage and send Blomfield to reindoctrinate him with high views—for low views meant no mitre—but he remains firm against all family con-jurations and universal opposition from the clergy; he tramps to Northampton, often further, in search of sinners, even entering houses of ill fame, carrying a knapsack on his back, and glorying in imitating the Apostles, smiling at jeers and ridicule; and against all tradition and in the face of fierce clerical opposition administers the “sacrament” monthly instead of quarterly, preaches twice on Sunday instead of once, and even dares to hold a weekday service. His father gets more and more anxious and George more and more fervid: “O my God,” he cries, “I have testified thy truth to east and west in this horrid Babylon.”

Well, all this Calvinism was absurd enough of course, but it does show his extreme intellectual honesty and austerity of life, and these qualities soon received their reward. He preached a rabid sermon against the Papists at this time, yet of few men can the sober paradox be so true that if a man be but truly holy, he may be the most bitter of anti-Catholics but he is a red-hot Catholic too. Truly could the earnest Calvinist say with Augustine the Manichæan: *Nondum amabam, et amare amabam quaerebam quid amarem, amans amare*. Utterly opposed to all dogma, he got scruples about the Athanasian Creed and offered to resign his living, but his bishop burked the question and he had to linger unhappily on. Up to this, he had had no contact with Catholics and knew nothing of the Church, but he now came up against a priest and found to his surprise that Papists believed in Providence. From that moment, his quick, inexorably logical mind moved rapidly Romewards with characteristic impetuosity. He received anonymous letters at this time from a Lille correspondent asking for answers to the arguments of the Catholics, and in attempting to reply soon

found the arguments invincible.<sup>3</sup> His confidence was now utterly shaken and his bosom-friend, Ambrose Lisle Philipps, quickly finished off the easy conquest. Spencer's anxious wanderings were over at last, and he had found rest in the City of God.

In hac Urbe lux solennis  
Ver aeternum, pax perennis  
Et aeterna gaudia.

I have stayed thus long on Spencer's Protestant days because without this seemingly undue proportion, no true idea of the man's character could be possible. We can now come, therefore, to the second George Spencer, the burning secular and Passionist saint, touring England and the Continent in a crusade to engage prayers for the conversion of England and hurrying with apostolic haste from place to place when "there were many coming and going", and, like his Master, "he had not so much as time to eat".

He at once decided to become a priest, expecting to be ordained in a few weeks and be allowed to go back to convert his old parishioners at Brington. But his Ordinary, Bishop Walsh, smiled and counselled a short course at the English College, Rome; Earl Spencer and Bishop Bramston agreed with him, so to Rome he went in the March of 1830. On the journey out, he met in Paris Lisle Philipps and Kenelm Digby, the celebrated author of *Mores Catholici*, and thus the famous trio—the Cambridge converts—was complete. It was Digby who wrote of him afterwards in his *Ouranogaia*:

Spencer—my hand too coarse should fear to paint  
The English noble and the Christian Saint.

On the evening of his arrival in Rome he turned up at the College only to find, according to his biographers,<sup>4</sup> that he was "gate-crashing". But while he and Wiseman were explain-

<sup>3</sup> This correspondent he never found out till he was converted and studying here at the Venerable. It was a lady who had recently been converted; she was not really seeking for light at all, just using this stratagem to bring him into the Church.

<sup>4</sup> So say his two biographers, yet Spencer had a letter of introduction to Wiseman from Walsh—it is in the College Archives and I quote it further on in this article. I do not believe either of the biographers knew of the existence of this letter.

ing volubly to each other, letters arrived from Bishops Bramston and Walsh and everything was cleared up. Being a man of thirty and of some standing in the world, the new student could not be treated quite like the rest.

I have kept company principally with the rector and vice-rector (he wrote to Phillipps a week after his arrival) as I am not put on the footing of the ordinary students, being a *convictor*, that is, paying my own way, and also brought here under such peculiarity of circumstance as merits some distinction, though I desire to make that as little as possible. I do not go with the others to the public schools, but am to study under Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Errington. The rules of the house I observe, and indeed so do the rectors as the rest.

He stayed two and a half years at the College, where, according to Gasquet, his enthusiasm and devotion had a very marked effect upon the students. Unfortunately, his diary for this period is no longer extant and our knowledge of his stay here is accordingly limited. Bishop Walsh's letters to Wiseman during this time—all in the College Archives and hitherto unpublished—are full of most affectionate and laudatory references to him. The letter of introduction he gave Spencer will serve as an example.

Wolverhampton,  
Feb. 25, 1830

My dear Sir,

I recommend to your kind care & diligent cultivation the bearer of these lines the Honble G. Spencer, who is truly fervent & zealous in the cause of religion & who I trust will become a priest after God's own heart & a great blessing to the English mission. His upright heart & multiplied charities whilst he was a minister of the Church of England no doubt prepared the way for his happy conversion.

The sooner he is enabled to return to this country & labour in the vineyard, the better, as so many of his

former friends appear to be strongly attached to him & disposed to follow his good example....

I remain, My dear Sir,  
 With great esteem,  
 Your most humble servant  
 Thos. Walsh.

In Walsh's agency correspondence there are eleven references to Spencer, all of them very respectful, much after the style of the above letter, saying what numerous conversions he will make etc; phrases such as "my valued friend Mr Spencer", "I wish to be remembered to good Mr Spencer", constantly occur. But there is one letter which, in view of the fact that Spencer afterwards became a Passionist, is of very great interest. Before he took the subdiaconate in the College here, he was wondering if he had not a vocation to one of the religious orders: Walsh heard of this and wrote to Wiseman as follows:

*Inter nos*, I hope you will kindly & prudently watch over him that he may not in his enthusiastic feelings and earnest desire to become ever more and more perfect, be induced to embrace a religious life. I think he will be most useful on the Mission and that in this country there is not a more holy and charitable employment than to be engaged on the Mission in labouring to promote the good of souls. For that purpose, with all my respect for religious orders, I had rather have secular clergymen. [Then the old bogey:] Will any efforts be made do you think, to engage him to enter into the Society of Jesus?

While in the College, Spencer was twice down with lung trouble, and Fiumicino must have been considered a healthy place then instead of the *plage* of dead cows Venerabilini consider it now for he was sent there to recuperate both times.

He was ordained in the May of 1832, served as a curate for three months at Walsall, and was then sent to look after a new mission at West Bromwich, to the building of which he had contributed £2,000. Here, and at Oscott, where he was afterwards sent as spiritual director, he showed himself a most energetic

and apostolic man; he gave over all money to his bishop, constantly slept on the floor instead of in his bed, and trudged about visiting from breakfast till six in the evening without taking the slightest refreshment. He never cared a rap for public opinion; one day, as he was tramping about his parish with his pockets stuffed with wine and food for his sick and poor, he passed a boy's school and they shouted insults after him. He took no notice, so they came into the road and threw mud and stones at him. Still he took no notice, so they seized his coat and ripped it up the back. But the brother of the leading Liberal Peer of the day did not mind, and walked about like that till he returned home at six in the evening.

He lived sixteen years of this apostolic life as a secular priest, and then at last, on December 21, 1846, took a third-class ticket from Oscott to the Passionist Retreat at Aston Hall, and offered himself as a novice to his old friend Father Dominic.

But before he had taken this step, he had already begun the great work on which his fame mainly rests—his launching the crusade throughout Europe to engage prayers for the conversion of England.<sup>5</sup> It all began by his asking the Archbishop of Paris to interest himself in getting France to pray for that end. The Archbishop took up the plan warmly and introduced Spencer to a meeting of seventy or eighty clergy assembled at St Sulpice who all promised to pray for the conversion of England every Thursday. He also prevailed upon numerous religious communities, archbishops and bishops, and the General of the Lazarists, and the Provincial of the Jesuits to pray themselves and recommend the devotion to others. Arrived back in England, he urged his schemes on all the Vicars-Apostolic, visited every big town and city in the country, spoke at meetings, dinners and private gatherings of every kind, and urged his schemes on all friends and relatives and even strangers. He went across to Ireland, expecting opposition, but was warmly welcomed by the doughty Archbishop McHale of Tuam who allowed him to preach and then preached for him himself in Gaelic. Similar success met him in the Jesuit church in Dublin where the people obeyed

<sup>5</sup> There are four letters of Spencer to Wiseman in the College Archives, two of them on trivial topics but two of real interest on his conversion of England schemes.

at once his impassioned exhortations. From now on, the conversion of England was the sole object of his life and he very rarely preached on any other subject.

A little anecdote of a later period may show the direct kind of sanctity this man had who was thus initiating a vast crusade to get his country converted. He happened to say something in conversation about the discoveries of Cardinal Mai among the Bobbio manuscripts, and someone remarked that it was most disgusting vandalism for the old monks to erase one of the classical manuscripts and write some crude chronicle or other over it. "Well," replied Father Spencer, "I suppose the monks had as much respect for Virgil and Ovid as the angels have." Earlier than this, he had been equally direct with poor Wiseman. He told him it was about time he left off studying geology and Syrian manuscripts; God's glory in England required something more practical than that. These two little incidents are as luminous of the man's character as any incidents could be. He was blunt with the bluntness of the Saint; a bad business man and a colossal worker—he once wrote seventy-eight letters during two days rest from missions); simple, homely and kindly like the holy Pius X whom he so resembled in facial appearance; but above all, enthusiastic for God, even though it was an enthusiasm that was not always unto knowledge.

But to resume. In 1884, while still a secular, he was ordered a rest-cure and went to the Continent. But he characteristically made it a busman's holiday; he toured Italy, Belgium, France and Germany, interviewing prelates, getting convents to pray, speaking to seminarists, and preaching in little villages and big cities. In Brussels he enlisted the sympathies of the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Pecci, the future Pope Leo XIII. Nearly everywhere he was warmly received, but in a few places he was very coldly treated and gaily thanked God for it every time—intense thanksgiving for the unpleasant things of this earth was ever one of his outstanding characteristics.

As a Passionist, even when Provincial of the English Province and engaged in constant missions and begging tours for the Order, he worked night and day to get all to pray for the one great end. One time he preached one hundred and seventy sermons in Ireland and having met all the hierarchy assembled



at Thurles, got them to approve his schemes. He also canvassed Maynooth, All Hallows, and innumerable convents. When he had been a Passionist a couple of years, he conceived the idea of interviewing various public men and explaining his schemes to them. Among others, he boldly and successfully bearded the Bishop of London, Clarendon (Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), the terrible Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, and Lord John Russel. He went to every one of them in his Passionist habit, sandals and all—he always wore his habit in the streets, even in the Papal Aggression period, and only put it off when a Chapter of the Order forbade it, frightened, among other things, by the fact that he had been twice mobbed in the streets. He put it off very obediently but with the greatest sorrow, and took every chance that offered of wearing it afterwards, when his spirit of holy obedience permitted it. But not without amusement does one read that when he visited his sister Lady Lytton at St James' Palace in it he encountered vehement opposition from a stolid English footman who was completely bowled over by the apparition. (This sister, by the way, could only describe his sandals as "gouty shoes").

In 1851 he made another tour of the Continent to beg for the Order and secure prayers for England. Trudging about Cologne one day questing, he bumped into his brother the fourth earl. "Hullo George!" cried the astonished Protestant noble: "What are you doing here?" "Begging," replied the laconic saint and was promptly dragged off to dinner.

With his usual coolness he drew up a memorial for the King of Prussia, William IV, and requested an audience—but he did not get it: "The King of Prussia is come and gone, but no notice of me. I must be content with *Rex Regum*." Most of his bearding the great, however, was more successful. He went to the Archduchess Sophia, the mother of Francis Joseph of Austria, and got hints how to wheedle her son. "You will perhaps think the Emperor cold," she advised, "but he is not so". Father Ignatius, therefore, marched boldly along an enormous reception-room in his habit to where a silent, cold figure stood in uniform by a table heaped with numerous memorials already received. Bows were exchanged but the Emperor remained silent. Spencer, who didn't care twopence for him,

immediately began explaining his plans, and at last His Imperial Highness unbent with the remark: "I will interest myself as much as possible". On another Continental tour in 1856 he dined with Eugénie, Empress of the French, who persuaded her husband Napoleon III to grant him an audience. He did more than grant him an audience: he gave him a donation of 1,000 francs without having been asked for a sou.

One of his great schemes for the conversion of England was the sanctification of Ireland. Catholics in England laughed at him and told him it was indeed an Irish way of converting England to preach in the bogs of Connaught. But he was used to being laughed at, and did not mind that. He was specially keen to get Ireland to pray for the conversion of England because, he argued, such prayer would be prayer for the persecutor, and prayer for the persecutor was prayer of such exquisite charity that the God of charity could not but hear it.

In the last six years of his life he started another great work, the "Little Missions". This was a novel method of fusing the sanctification of Ireland and the conversion of England schemes: he had spent his life in giving missions and knew their great worth, but found the usual length of two to three weeks impracticable. So he started giving instead, half a week's intensive missionary work to each place he visited. He rose at five, gave two sermons during the day, and heard confessions all day till midnight except when saying Office or snatching a scanty meal. Those who were with him state, as a modest average, that he spent twelve hours in the confessional every day. It was a sad life, for few even among converts saw eye to eye with him in his schemes, and opposition in the high places, though on one occasion at least, severely quashed by Rome, was seldom absent. A Passionist superior once told him he was to be sanctified chiefly by being thwarted in his plans, and he seems to have been right. This opposition to him was, of course, inevitable; pious Catholics and Saints can never agree, much less so poor Catholics with a Protestant mentality, and much less so again Saints and Protestants, for high sanctity among Protestants is an exotic.

Father Ignatius had often said that he hoped God would make him poorer than anybody he knew, so poor indeed that he

would be compelled to lie down and die in a ditch. When he came to die at the age of sixty-five, after six years of the "Little Missions", he did not quite die like that but he got something fairly near it. The night before his death he concluded a "little mission" at Coatbridge, Scotland, hearing confessions till 12.15 a.m., and then made early next morning for Edinburgh. He had a long wait at a junction, so he went to see his friend Mr Monteith at Carstairs' House. There was a mile drive up to the house and he mistakenly went off on a bypath, perceived his error, and asked his way from a child, who went on. . . . A few minutes after, a manservant found the worn old priest's dead body lying on the path in the morning sun.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such, then, was the life and such the death of the great apostle of God, George Spencer; and if now, as you lay down this little study, you still do not know him as you would, I venture to lay the blame at another man's door. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*, the French well say, yet can I justly blame another for my deficiency. To raise to life a biographical corpse requires powers almost as miraculous as those required to raise to life a physical corpse; but George Spencer is a biographical corpse—his first biographer killed him just sixty-seven years ago. God give us to see the day when the dry bones shall live and the spirit breath upon this slain!

JOSEPH MULLIN

## THE "ENGLISH ROMAYNE LYFE" IN THE 17th CENTURY

(concluded)

WE now come to the section on food and clothes which commences "The food, as is fitting for scholars, is moderate but sufficient. Each meal has three courses". Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday there is also an *antipasto* as on Friday (but on this day a portion is omitted at supper owing to the abstinence).<sup>1</sup> On the "*dies vineae*" there is also "*qualche cosa di più*", and on the more solemn feasts two or three *antipasti* and *postpasti* according to the solemnity. An attempt is made to procure light wines such as those of the *Castelli* since they agree better with the students' constitutions. The bread is the best obtainable and everyone can have as much as he wants. We know that Munday had a high opinion of the diet, which he describes with evident relish. That it continued so we may infer from the Visit of 1740 or thereabouts, since the visitor cuts it down in some ways. "Let there be not the slightest difference between the table of the fathers of the Society who reside in the College and that of the students. On Thursday and Saturday one course should be added so that dinner will have the same number every day. Subtract one of the many courses on the more solemn feasts. The *merenda* provided at various times of the year must be abolished, except during the vacation at Monte Portio". That the more solemn feasts were

<sup>1</sup> The custom is still kept up in many Jesuit houses, at least in Germany, of making a semifast day of an abstinence day. The evening meal consists merely of soup, bread and cheese.

properly celebrated is proved by the number of guests invited to the patronal feast of St Thomas, since in 1649 there were 117 guests (*nobiles* 83 *plebes* 34) and in 1655 about 80, whilst the average number is over 40. The household accounts one year mention 3. doz. new knives, tarts, *ciambelle*, *pasticci*, chickens, pigeons, goats, *salami*, beef, and Bologna sausage as well as flowers, *garofani* and *noce di moscato*. In Evelyn's diary under 29. Dec. 1644, we read "We were invited by the English Jesuits to dinner, being their great feast of Thomas (a Becket) of Canterbury. We dined in their common Refectory and afterwards saw an Italian Comedy acted by their alumni before the Cardinals."

The College dress was apparently the same as nowadays, though I have found no description of it. In some accounts for 1612 there is given the result of the sale of a *soprana* and three hats from the *guardaroba*, whilst Munday mentions a "poore Jesuite, that foreseeth that neither their gownes, cassocks, dublets, breeches, hose nor shoes want mending". In the *libri degli scolari* there is frequent mention of gloves, some students even getting them every few weeks. At another period they complain that the convictors get new clothes too frequently, whilst the others are left to go about in rags.

Next comes the recreation. After Vespers there was a walk or free time in the house till supper. Once a week, and in the long vacation twice a week, they went for the whole day to the vineyard near *San Gregorio*. In the Visitation of 1657 Cardinal Barberini makes the following rules. On arrival all visit the chapel. Then if they lay aside their "*toga superior*" they should fold it neatly and put it in a clean place. Even here each *camerata* has its bounds and is forbidden to talk with another. "It is not permitted to pluck fruit, break branches or cut the trees, nor is this allowed at home. The games should be modest and such as befit clerics, and let them be mindful of modest peace and fraternal charity. Be it known that playing for money is strictly forbidden." At dinner they have short reading—St Thomas a Kempis, Martyrology, and then talking is permitted, but in a restrained voice (*submissiori tamen voce*). In September they went out in turn to Monte Porzio, but only for about ten days each. In the accounts we find frequent

mention of "a share in a *carrozza* to Monte P.", or "for a horse to M. P." It must have been a pleasant journey on a summer day! Cardinal Howard has a regulation for these holidays also. It is enjoined upon all, after the evening recreation, to retire modestly to their rooms and not to sing or shout (*inconditos clamores edere*), much less to throw down each others beds but after half an hour lights must be extinguished and strict silence observed.

We now come to the correction of faults. After the first or second private warning the student had to read publicly in the refectory his defect and its appointed penance. There seem to be none extant for the seventeenth century, but several for the early years of the next.<sup>2</sup> For example one of the penances of a certain Henry Ford was to smoke only three pipes a day, and those in recreation times.

In asking for the visitation of 1657, the Rector gives several reasons. Some of the students are "inquieta" and secretly trying to raise a protest to be sent to the Protector because of various permissions refused e.g. to go about the city in twos; to go out for a walk in the early morning before meditation, and being allowed to talk with other *camerate* at the *Vinea*. The Rector urges that this would be extremely injurious to college discipline. Elsewhere we find mention of other complaints—e.g. new clothes, and also that the Rector treats the prefects sharply if they venture to suggest any improvement—although it is their duty to do so; nor is he very watchful as to their needs.

In a letter from Cardinal Barberini dated 1673 it appears that some have arrived at such a pitch of temerity as not only to disregard the rule about the place of recreation after supper but in contempt of this regulation they have secretly opened the garden door! It must not occur again until he shall have otherwise disposed. From the original constitutions we learn that all conversations must be in Latin, except in recreation time, when Italian is permitted. All money must be given to the procurator and may only be obtained again with the Rector's permission. To this rule we owe the "*libri degli scolari*". In the annual letter for 1585 there is mention of pilgrimages to

<sup>2</sup> Scritture vol. XXIX.

Loreto and Assisi in the autumn. "*Tres peregrinando ut mendici sine pecunia Lauretum et totidem Assisium profecti sunt, commutantes tempus recreationis in peregrinationem cum fructu bonae aedificationis, ut ex litteris aliorum intelligimus.*"

They frequently visit churches and assist in the hospitals, serving food and sweeping floors and making beds. This custom did not die out, since in the expenses of William Ellis for October 1646 we find—"for a pilgrim's habit 5 crownes; for my journey to Loreto 16 crownes." The students also complained that too many were assigned to one room, so that the lack of fresh air was detrimental to their health. Nor did they receive proper treatment when ill, and therefore begged permission to appoint an infirmarian from their own numbers. There were six or seven to each prefect, and Munday gives the same number for the rooms. All the *camerate* went out or stayed in together. In cases of a divergence of opinion the majority carried the day.

That there was a certain amount of ill health may be inferred from the fact that many returned to France. There are several applications for permission to leave Rome, and several doctor's certificates—e.g. "1637. Joannes Garnettus toto iam biennio continuis ferme capitis, pectoris, stomachi et aliarum partium doloribus laboravit nec remediis quantumvis plurimis ex praescripto Artis medici adhibitis, a dolorum contumacia liberari potuit. Quocirca ad patrium solum et nativum aerem necessario remittendum censeo idque quo citius eo securius si vitae illius corporalis consulere volumus."

Apparently a student would sometimes go to Tivoli for his health, for in 1644 Edward Needam spent some time there. He got some new clothes for the trip—a suit, shirts, nightcaps, cuffs and tassels, a hat and its band, a 'riban' and button for his 'cloake', whilst his rapier was mended. He gave a tip to all the servants, and later had a guitar sent to him. There are also several applications to the Protector for permission to return to England. William Powell writes in 1654: "I am moved by divers reasons to demande your good liking that I returne into England together with the priests that are shortly to go from this house in mission. And first for that I feel myselfe not able nor apt to goe forward in these speculative studies, knowing not how to applie myself unto them. Secondly I have wholly lost

this present yeare of logick, dewitted (?) in the beginning by the hardness and newness of this kinde of studies, and afterward despairing of the recovering the tyme lost, and overtaking my companions. Thirdly I am not fit for the high estate of the priesthood etc. Fourthly I can not endure the heates of this country without a great deale of incommodity and danger. Moreover I am an only child and I hope that I shall have sufficient to live in the world competently." In 1647 Nicolas Barker writes: "First that I find myselfe wholly unable to goe forward in these studies, being not able to apprehende them, and also to apply myselfe so seriously unto them as will be requisite for one of so small understandinge and learninge. Secondly I have wholly lost these five months of Logick, having profited nothings by reason of the hardness and difficulties I have found in this kind of studies; notwithstanding have not wanted helpe."

The superiors did not expel any student without the express permission of the Cardinal Protector. The following is an example not without interest. It is dated 1668 and applies for permission to expel Richard Weston a "turbulent student". "In the summer he has gone for a bathe and a swim in the river; he is intemperate in drink, never satisfied with the ordinary food, but is always on the look out for "*mangiamenti privati*". He has frequently been heard to swear and use bad language (*parolacce sporche e sconvenevoli al suo stato*). In the Autumn vacation he was very disorderly at Monte Portio—even hunting with others and carried an arquebus. He was very noisy at table and at night (*e a fare gridi e schiamazzi*), scandalising the *terrazzini*. When reproved, he replied with arrogance. Not long ago he threw a student on the fire grate (*la piastra del fuoco*) and frequently threatens to strike the servants. He is quite incorrigible and when preaching in the Refectory publicly insulted Fr. Minister in a part of the sermon which he hadn't shown to the Prefect of studies." In 1670 the College was especially disturbed by two:—Dickenson smokes publicly in his room to the great scandal of others (*piglia pubblicamente il fumo di tabacco*). Moreover he drinks to excess both at table and outside—when ever he can get any wine. Thomas Hernage is always fighting, once with a priest whom he struck several times and pulled



his hair. Last Monday he assaulted a student and gave him such blows as to draw blood from his nose. He was sent to his room as one excommunicated, but came to the refectory with the rest and then cut lectures and went round Rome on his own. He insists on keeping the hair at the back of his head (*zazzera*) too long and *troppo pulito* although frequently reprov- ed and compelled to cut it. He has now become so vain as to use Cyprus powder on his hair (*per polirsi più i capelli*) to the scandal of even the seculars in the schools." Permission to expel the three was granted on August 2nd. 1670.

There is not much information on the musical activities of the house; the church singing was generally done by "five frankers" since we find their wages regularly paid. On many of the big feasts High Mass was sung "*cum canonicis*". At first this would seem to refer to the Canons of St Peter's, some of whom came on the feast of St Thomas. But a document of 1585 mentioning the assistants at High Mass says "with six or eight *canonicis*, so they are called who serve in church wearing a surplice". Songs were also sung in some of the Tragi-Comedies produced at Shrovetide. Latin verses would be written to some old tune, just as we frequently turn out topical verses to a song. Two songs of the Play produced in 1614 are still preserved in the archives. The first entry in the accounts of Blessed Edward Baines, or Mico, (martyred in 1678) is "18th April 1648. One crowne for the Neapolitan singers", whilst in those of John Morley for 7th. January 1645 we have "for the viols 3 crownes". It is impossible to decide whether these would refer to concerts given in the house or no. On 27th. March 1646 William Needam paid a crowne for lute strings, whilst we have seen his brother had a guitar sent to him at Tivoli. Blessed David Lewis (Carolus Bakerus) has an entry of "three julies for the singers". There is occasionally mention of music in honour of some guest, e.g. 25th. November 1652: "many *procuratores* invited: there was music for D. Somerset." Music also was sometimes provided at a public defension, as for example in that of Blessed John Wall. A decree of one of the Visitations reads "*Musicae statis horis Alumni operam superiorum arbitrio navare non omittant.*"

The College maintained its old tradition as a Hospice for English people, and there is constant mention of people being

entertained for three or eight days according to their state. They lived in a special section of the house and sometimes even dined separately, at least in the early days. But this cannot have been a general rule, since we find it specially mentioned in some cases, and hence may infer that it is exceptional. The students were not allowed to visit these guests without permission, and even then were forbidden to talk of College affairs or of other students (Visitation 1657). In the early days at least the fear of spies was sufficient cause for such precautions, and for each student being known only under an alias.

It is claimed by one rector that many priests found it a pleasure and a privilege to say Mass in the College church owing to its cleanliness and the courtesy shewn to them. The sacristan is ordered to receive any priest "*omni cum humanitate*" (Visit. 1657) and to take care that he is properly vested, noting especially that his alb hangs equally on every side.

Cardinal Howard, who must have been a strict disciplinarian, has a regulation on the walk to and from lectures. "In the journey to and from lectures *praecepta modestia* should be strictly observed. It is forbidden to walk about outside the schools or hall during disputations or academics, nor should anyone without necessity leave them under any pretext whatsoever. In such a case they must tell the prefect, who will appoint two *socii* to accompany them home."

The University exams were in July, and apparently finished by the end of the month. In 1821<sup>3</sup> there were morning lectures only for some days before Carnival, and fifteen days holiday at Easter. From July 8th onwards there were morning lectures only (this period was known as *vacationes minores*), and on September 8th the autumn vacation started. In 1624 there was a complaint that no one was allowed to take the D.D. The superiors replied that there was no one fit to take it, as most went off to England as soon as possible.

There is a curious proclamation of the Governor of Rome dated February 24th 1672 against loungers, forbidding them to stroll about the courtyard and corridors of the Roman College.

<sup>3</sup> This may seem rather far afield, but it fits in with the few dates one meets in the *Notae*. Indeed the number of changes is very small.

Nor are they allowed to impede the students on their way to it, or to throw stones, mud eggs (even when full of water), lemons, snow even by way of a joke. Vendors (such as *Artista, Fruttarola, o Ciambellaro, Caldarostaro, Pasticciere, Ricottaro*) are forbidden to hawk their wares in the Roman College. Any infringement of this law is to be visited with severe penalties.

The Philosophers' Feast must be an early institution, since in the Visitors' Book under September 1st 1659 there is mention of thirty-nine people invited "*pro festo Metaphysicorum*", who dined at the Vinea, and there is an item in the accounts of John Porto for October 29th 1611 (?) "to pay for his share in a *festi di metafisici*". From the same source we learn that on November 30th 1645, John Morley gave a collation to his chamber fellows, and at Monte Porzio on September 4th 1619, Robert Salvin got seven chickens and seven pigeons, continuing the next day with eggs and milk. The beggars in those days seem to have been duly supported, as there is frequent notice of various sums given to a "poore man".

With further research one might discover more details of this period, yet perhaps enough has been done to make more real for us the student days of some of our College Martyrs.

F.J. SHUTT

## ROMANESQUES

### 17. — THE BOX.

THE WORD Box like Sheet *multiplici modo accipitur*. Both nouns are disarming in their seeming innocence, peaceful in a terse simplicity which arouses no suspicion. Surely no meaning they convey could have struck terror or have aroused ambition in the hearts of the polyglot throng that rivalled Babel in the halls and cortile of the old Gregorian. Possibly the *auditores universales in toto* were not disturbed by Box or Sheet or whatever names they called those disturbing factors in our lives; I never experimented by telling a Latin that he would be *nella scatola Sabato prossimo*—there is something reminiscent of a First Year in Rome or a Seventh Year away on the Mission in such plain language—so one never knew, and now I shall never know how the warm South would react to Box and its equivalents. For the frozen North it provided an additional chill to life.

The Sheet has been adequately treated; now it seems fitting that we should see how the Box has cast its influence, malign and beneficial, over the lives of many generations. Only in a city of subtle distinctions and intricate analogies could such a name acquire a dread sound. Here in England it spells the joy of Christmas presents, of a whole day passed in giving and receiving, or of packing up for the holidays. The ruling of Canon 140 forbids our taking a box at the theatre, but righteous anger may inspire the administering of a box on the ears, and the loyal generosity of parochial admirers or a modest expenditure will ensure a supply of boxes of cigarettes or chocolates. Nor are we ignorant of the colloquial synonym for the confessional,

or of the *Matches di Box* which are a manifestation of the athletic revival in Latin countries. But breathe the word Box to the average Venerabilino and the sinister effect of yet another meaning will dawn upon you. This was true a generation ago, but in the partial overthrow of tradition which all change involves, the new and spacious order of things in the Piazza Pilotta may have sapped even the foundations, moral and material, of the Box. For a short time one of the old boxes from the Via del Seminario was installed in the new Gregorian, a brief material link with a less splendid past, but now it has rejoined its fellows, banished perhaps to the halls of some diocesan seminary deemed unworthy of a place in the new scheme of learning. And for all I know Philosophers and Divines now pursue a course more troubled in many ways than of old, but free at least of the weekly nightmare of a possible appearance in the seat of learning.

In the old days there were several hubs of life; Pamphili, the Common Room and others for the social side; was not a more stern existence hinged upon the box, that Mecca of the Schoolmen, the conning-tower whence were directed the *ficta proelia* of scholastic strife? Each hall of the University gloried in its Box, that higher plane from which knowledge flowed, finding its level according to the capacity of the recipient. More academically we should speak of the Chair of this or that, but the chair was not evident (who whispered that sometimes it was a stool or at best a wicker seat that shamefacedly reposed behind a friendly bulwark). Indeed in my day, one Professor, a chivalrous *hidalgo*, graciously stood while he lectured, an heroic effort to reach distant ears.

Purists and precise academicians might speak reverently of the Chair but students would have none of it. They who sat on crowded benches knew nought of Chairs; the magisterial rostrum was the Box. As little like a box as most things that are so called, it was nevertheless thus dubbed, and none but the reckless will tamper with tradition. Pulpit it might have been called but then phantoms and fears of the years to come would have been engendered—and sufficient for the day. . . . And one may escape too close acquaintance with the Box but the pulpit is a Matterhorn to be scaled by all upon whom the firm hands of the Cardinal Vicar are laid.

There was a monumental quality about the old Box in *Aula Prima*. The double staircase (Professors had their exits and their entrances like the rest of mankind), its very roominess, there was always at least one man in the hall who had elbow room; the Madonna, *Sedes Sapientiae*, who smiled benignantly on Professors and students, all combined to give it an appearance of being welded into the eternity of Rome, but now it is gone, left behind by an all-efficient progress. It was a veritable symbol of learning, permeated by something sacred, a quasi-sacramental quality which made it almost a *locus sacer*, akin to churches and consecrated ground. Notwithstanding this we know of no blessing for Boxes in the Ritual, an omission which calls for the earnest attention of those exalted prelates whose names are to be found on the fly leaves of the Roman Missal. Yes, the Box *ut sic*, every Box *in individuo*, was hallowed by the quest for and the exposition of learning. May there not even be pious *alumni* who have acquired shavings of the Box, fragments to be venerated with but little less reverence than is accorded to the ten relics from the Vicariate?

Day by day the fascination of the Box grew, its shadow lengthened across the student's life. We of the Venerabile demanded a place near it, a right upon which Papal Commissions have delivered judgement. It was the hub of scholastic life, a criterion of seniority. The *phalanx sacra* was marshalled round it, held captive by its inherent magnetism. Men have fought for strange ideals; kingdoms have been lost and gained for the furthering of high and low ambitions, heroes have bled for their altars and hearthstones, monarchs have sought a place in the sun, but few have contended with more vigour than ourselves in urging a claim to a seat near the Box.

Yet there was little personal ambition in this striving: nor was the desire otherwise than to be near the Box. The average man passed his seven years content with such proximity as an adjacent bench afforded; he rarely sought the imperishable glory of climbing to the seats of the mighty. His pride was collegiate not personal; illogical perhaps but human. He shuddered at the thought of "being up on Saturday" but saw red at the sight of a usurping Spaniard who ventured nearer to the Box than seniority allowed.

*Per se et primario* the Box was ordained to be the vantage point from which the Professor threaded, at least, his way through tangled skeins of distinctions and difficulties. Professor and speaker must harangue from on high. Be it from pulpit or Box, from the insecure eminence of an inverted tub or the marble magnificence of the imperial rostra they who would sway the minds of their fellows must direct their words from above. Where else could a student know his Gamaliel? Few dared to penetrate the labyrinth wherein were housed the choicest intellects of Europe. And stripped of the glamour of the Box the Professor was a guardsman without his bearskin. No! it was from that pinnacle alone that a man's spirit overshadowed his disciples and cast them into his mould. Does not this thought arouse visions in all but the dullest minds? Even these may reflect upon Roman dream days. But the poet and the historian will look down the years and people the Box with the shades of the past. Authors who are now either forgotten or banished to the camp of adversaries once thundered or cajoled from those heights. Perhaps the structure is not *idem numero* in every case, but regarded at least as an undying institution, may we not see presiding there in the *Doctor Eximius*, the saintly Bellarmine and the mathematical Boscovich, the forerunner of many gita parties who climb Gennaro to scratch their names upon his cairn? In a dream, and one often dreams in lecture halls, the shades are marshalled and pass along the ages. Professors theological and philosophical, moral and metaphysical, all have thrown down the gage to sceptics and sophists in their teaching of sound doctrine. See those ghosts, hear the thrust and parry of acute intellects, the occasional sally and enlivening jest of the moralist, the fine legality of the canonist, the considered judgement of the historian, and know that Rome was never more eternal, nowhere more immutable than in the Box. The shades become more distinct with the approaching years, names not long since bandied round the Common Room but now known only through studious reference may be heard from the whispers of fancy. Liberatore, Mazella, de Mandato, de Maria, Bucceroni, each a giant in his day, all have surrendered their charge and have descended the steps for the last time. It is not for us to peer into the sorrow of such partings: does not a professor love

his Box as a priest his parish, as an Irish emigrant his homestead? It must needs be so; the dying gladiators of necessity have given their last salute and have wandered into the memory of things.

But at times the Professor played a humbler part. The mighty descended from their seats and selected their successor according to a pre-arranged plan. The Box must be filled, wherefore Professor and Beadle (so rumour ran) conspired in the finding of a candidate. For First Year at least the selection was fortuitous; the merits of unknown quantities had yet to be discovered. We have heard of pricking for sheriffs, of pocket borough elections, but we know not the system which governed the choice of the man from First Year first called upon to unravel the rulings of *Barbara Celarent*. Nor was the day, when the Box was to be illumined by a new light, chosen at random.

Saturday, that day at home sacred to half-holidays and football matches, in Rome was a time of intense agony. A *Sabatino*, the Witch's Sabbath of a scientific age, clouded the peace of the declining week and summoned men to arms in dialectic strife. A notice, small in proportion to its import, informed Dom. So and So that on the following Sabbath he must expound and defend a certain thesis or argue against it: maybe he would be relieved of the strain of a defension. Men are notoriously heedless of notices, parochial and collegiate, but none dare disregard such information. The vigilant beadle ensured his knowing his fate, and the selected *exponens* or *defendens*, often one man filling the double role, whispered to his *camerata* the dread news that he "was up on Saturday".

Congratulations, genuine and satirical, greeted him, sighs of relief from those lacking in ambition ascend to Providence; he was buoyed up by much encouragement coupled with kindly advice. The victim was unknown; to all except his own collegians, he was a mere name, and that perhaps unpronounceable; to his Professor, a potentiality to failure or success. Who in these straits did not vainly think of bribing a more brilliant comrade to assume his identity for an hour, or perhaps more effectually planned to transfer such dangerous distinction to a more willing candidate? Be that as it may, someone must occupy the Box and bear the garland of the day. The morbid terrors of the Sheet season were anticipated and magnified. During that



“Second Lent” there was at least the social feeling of common distress to strengthen a man’s spirit, all may sink or swim together. But then he walked the plank alone, soured and embittered by the revelry of his friends who were elated by the thought of exemption from such honours; not for them the dread of unanswerable subsumptions and unconvincing proofs, they had only to cheer on the champion. He who was cast for the leading part in a disputation must reckon up his prowess and decide upon the recitation of a memorised dissertation or upon a spontaneous enunciation. Would his Latin suffice for the latter, were his memory and nerve accurate and dependable enough for the former? Did he really understand his thesis? Who was the adversary prepared to rake him with a broadside of shrewd objections? Would that he had been drawn for the lesser dignity and had only to urge difficulties! That would be more endurable than the central position in the Box, that second guillotine whose steps he must climb though he lacks the blithe heroism of Sydney Carton.

The Sabbath, the Sabbath of Sabbaths, arrived. The victim paced the corridor of the Venerabile, more anxious than other penitents, his brow furrowed but not by consciousness of sin; then his hour came. How like the street noises to the rattle of the tumbrils; surely Defarge and The Vengeance are knitting below in those benches which seem so strangely distant? The kindly smile and encouraging nod of a genial Professor help him to the tottering throne from which he is bidden to hold the list and deal doughty blows to the adversaries of the Schools. He performed well or ill as the fates ordained, thereby sealing his future lot, for the failure passed into comfortable oblivion, but the success was starred for future appearances. Perhaps he enjoyed the pleasure of discomforting a too confident *arguens*: his distinctions did not accord with the carefully woven thread of argument and the pride of the Box entered into his veins as he looked down upon a vanquished foe.

There were some few possessed of a Box “complex”: they were at home therein and became prematurely professorial in their treatment of a thesis. A disputation was but a pastime; language and matter alike were taken in a stride: they gently chided an interrupting Professor and distinguished minors with

calm indifference. These were the future masters in Israel: perhaps now when their lesser brethren are evolving schemes for debt reduction or striving to settle the latest trouble among the choir, they permanently occupy the Box peering into the abyssal depths of Divine Relations. See how the fates their gifts allot!

The Box had this great virtue. It did not warp a man's mind as does the part of an *arguens*. Who has not heard the latter advancing and warmly defending the blackest heresies and the most blatant fallacies? He speaks at first with assumed sincerity but pride of place will persuade him into conviction. His "Atquis" break from his inmost heart, he feels at one with his *fontes* from Heraclitus to Hegel, he absorbs their poison into his system.

The Schools had their solemn celebrations centred upon the Box. We are not now speaking of those hilarious days when not even the enthusiastic followers of a *Cursus Liber* clattered down the main staircase. These were the Black letter days, which strangely enough in their very darkness illuminated the pages of a Gregorian calendar. No saint, emblazoned in monastic script of red and gold, is more honourably inscribed than that celestial throng who were darkly enrolled in the little "grey book", and from their blackness proclaimed the joys of free time and private study. Did not the promulgation of such days merit the costliest type of the Vatican Press? Was any quest as eager as that for the days when scholastic clamour was hushed and peripatetics belied their name? Was any regret more poignant than that which lamented the cycle of time with its consequent encroachment of Saints upon days already closed to professorial endeavour?

With such days the Box had small part. Its festas were of a sterner type. It was indeed never adorned nor "gay with ribbons" as would befit a celebration. Perhaps such symbols were manifest in the brave and heated days of Champeaux and Abelard; in our sober times the Schools were matter-of-fact in their demonstrations. On three days during the scholastic year, picked lances entered the lists and indulged in those polemical jousts so ponderously awe-inspiring that no nickname has been coined to replace the official appellation of *Menstrua*. The

name itself seems to imply a one time greater frequency, but stress of work leaves few to regret that now it is a mere *flatus vocis* so far as some months are concerned. These disputations which contained to an eminent degree all the joys and sorrows of their weekly adumbrations superseded the normal lectures of an entire Faculty, but even here the silver lining was not far to seek for the Theologians were granted a free day when the *Aula Maxima* with its Box was delivered up to the disputant Philosophers.

There we may leave the Box at the zenith of its glory, a worthy fighting ground for the *ficta proelia* of those who once sat in its shade, an Olympus which embraced the elect into the company of the Gods. It looms up sharp and clear amid the misty recollections of brave days. Its terrors are softened by final separation and by the thought of genial and priestly masters who year by year expounded the Queen of Sciences and her Handmaid, until they, each in his turn, yielded place and became mere memories, obscure maybe as those whose lot it was, never to be exalted to that point of eminence.

E.H. ATKINSON.

## SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD \*

HE stood there with his pilgrim's staff, he stared at me and shook his money-bag. . . . Out of the Ravenna marshes he rode at me, full-tilt with lance couched at the head of a goodly company, another and larger money-bag swinging and jingling from his saddle. I took to my heels and found myself in the arms of St Catherine.

It was old John Stow who started it all, the rascal. True, only the first half of the nightmare was his fault: at the same time, I should never have had it at all unless the "Annales of England" had not crossed my path. From the brown and yellow background of a page of smudged Gothic print leapt the name of Sir John Haukwod. "There was no nation of the world" says the chronicler, "but had some kind of hospitality in Rome, save only the people of England." There you have it. Sir John was touchy on one particular spot—the honour of his nation. "What! England to be left out! Never!" And so John Stow handed him down to us as a founder of the English Hospice. But between ourselves, and *piano assai*—he was really a *condottiere*. There, the truth is out.

I have yet to read the biography which begins: "The subject of this history was an unmitigated scoundrel", but it would be unfair to treat this record as only a further condescension to convention in that respect. He was a scoundrel, as most of the *condottieri* were, but he was probably a pious scoundrel, if we judge by the military piety of the day, and most certainly a

\*) Acuto or Agudo in ITALIAN—a simple corruption, since Sir John often signs himself "Johannes Haucud".

loyal one. The position of the *condottieri* was singular but not necessarily dishonest. While their master paid them, they fought for him; their term of hire expired, they fought very probably against him. It was a simple code and an accepted one. There were exceptions to this hired loyalty but Hawkwood was not one of them. Moreover, as the local chronicler rather naively says, Hawkwood and his men "did not roast their victims like the Hungarians"—not empty praise since victim-roasting seems to have been one of the pastimes of the day. If you want to see what Sir John looks like, you will find him in S. Maria del Fiore in Florence, where he sits on a fine fat horse that has a roving eye. Both horse and man are pleased with themselves; the arch of the animal's neck, the "*qui sta Romolo*" carriage of its handsome, broad-shouldered rider reveal the Captain of War. He is holding the *bastone di capitano* as if he were a baby with a rather interesting "rattle". He looks very well indeed on canvas: incisive features, no beard, a tolerant smile. It is strange to look at him there and think that, directly or indirectly, his money is probably buying spaghetti for me to-day. Thank you, Sir John, I will do my best for you.

The Peace of Bretigny in 1360 had left the English professional soldier, like many of other nations, without employment. Something was sure to happen, particularly as Edward III had left them with arrears of pay. They drifted hungrily about the continent until out of this viscous fluid there crystallized what became known as the English Company—English to some extent in its personnel, English certainly in its methods. At Pisa they found employment, and John, who could not have been older than thirty-five, was designated Captain of War for the Pisans. The curtain was up. Hawkwood had done with obscurity.

If there is any doubt about the origin of the proverb *Inglese italianizzato, diavolo incarnato* it should resolve itself now. Hawkwood's company in the pay of Pisa marched up to the walls of Florence and, having ravaged the fair country round about, finished off a successful day with a dance round the watchfires—a dance of triumph or defiance or both. There they jumped and howled on the hill of Fiesole in full view of the stout Florentine walls and of the fearful eyes of the watchers

behind them. Black figures on a black hill, capering wildly against a background of fire and reddening sky. *Diavoli incarnati*. But Sir John was in his tent, counting the takings. And while mercenaries danced, plotters crawled. Within a month, Florentine bribery left Hawkwood with only eight hundred mercenaries—all English, it seems. Corruption, the *ultima ratio* of Philip of Macedon, had cut Sir John's legs from under him, and the Florentine victory at Cascina forced Pisa to an unfavourable peace. Hawkwood had not begun well, but he had learnt his lesson.

We find Hawkwood in 1367 commanding the Visconti armies, winning military fame under the Milanese banner but at the expense of his loyalty to the temporal claims of the Pope. Defeated by the Papal forces at Arezzo, Sir John seems to have been taken prisoner, but a year later we find him on his horse again under commission from Bernabò Visconti fighting for the Perugini against the Pope. The D'Este League, in the person of the Emperor Charles IV, was furious. Hawkwood and his band were sufficiently well-known, it appears. The Emperor writes to Galeazzo Visconti bitterly complaining that there should have pitted itself against the Church *nephandum illam Sathane congregationem societatis Anglicae, cuius capitaneus Iohannes de Acuto dicitur*. To Bernabò Galeazzo's brother he sends a letter demanding Hawkwood's recall. He must never have met Bernabò. There was nothing left for Urban V but to watch from the walls of Viterbo the vineyards of the Patrimonio going up in flames, and to hope that Hawkwood might blaze with them. Fortunately for Church property, Bernabò recalled his commander to deal with the Florentines. Cascina, the same little village on the left bank of the Arno which had seen the rout of Hawkwood's company in 1364, looked on while three years later the crafty Captain lured the Florentines into ambush by one of his favourite sham-retreats. He took two thousand prisoners. It was the end of December: he fired the country round to warm himself.

In the life of a *condottiere* a *volte-face* is never surprising, but I had hoped that Sir John was rather different. And yet, there he is, in front of the besieged town of Asti, striking his tents and deserting with all his men, deserting the Visconti while

in his employment! Oh, Sir John! But listen, he wants to explain. "In fatto d'armi secondo il consiglio de scrivans. I was the captain-general; I saw the opportunity; I was not allowed to take it. Theorists? Bah!". Bernabò reduced his pay. Sir John went one better and joined the Pope.

"Dilecto filio nobili viro Iohanni Acuti, militi capitaneo gentis Anglicanorum existentium in Lombardia ad servicia nostra et Romane ecclesie, salutem etc.—Litteram tuam propriam nuper benigne accepimus in qua repetebas ea quae... nobis duxeras intimanda; ad quam quidem litteram... respondimus seriose et taliter quod, ut speramus, debebis esse contentus. Tuam igitur nobilitatem rogamus... ut semper habeas eiusdem ecclesie amorem et favorem." Heavens! And Sir John was expecting his wages! The words dropped from the pen of Gregory XI like so many white and yellow coins, but Hawkwood scratched his head. Would it be enough to read this letter to his mercenaries? He thought not. And later: "nunc Camera nostra premitur supra modum, ad praesens tibi nullo modo possumus complacere". Arrears of pay were accumulating, but Hawkwood held on to the Papal cause with his eye on a fat estate or two. His soldiers helped themselves where they could. Finally the Papal legate admitted insolvency, and the English Company was let loose on Italy. Employed they were dangerous to enemies, unemployed they were dangerous to everybody. The news that once more Hawkwood was given his head sent Florentine men-at-arms rushing to the passes of the Apennines, and ambassadors flocked to his camp. Florence, Pisa, Siena, Arezzo, Lucca paid him two million florins to be off. Florence, with her wary eye well open, granted Sir John in addition a personal annuity of twelve hundred florins. Gregory, with no gold to dangle before his eyes, showed him the Cross. St Catherine of Siena too, aware with a saint's perspective of the damage the mercenaries were doing to the Papal cause, wrote to Sir John: "O dearest and sweetest brother in Christ Jesus, it would be a great thing if you could turn your attention a little towards yourself, and consider what troubles and fatigues you have endured in the service and pay of the devil. Now my soul desires that you should take the pay and the cross of Christ crucified, together with all your followers and companions, so that you

may be a company of Christ to go against the infidel dogs who spurn our holy place where our first great truth reposed and endured death and pains for us." Poor Sir John! He must have been touched by the letter, indeed they say that he even promised to leave for the Holy Land. But perhaps it was rather hard on him to insist on the service and pay of the devil, he had certainly not taken the pay of the Pope. Very mercenary, and very human, he stayed in Italy.

If there are two blots on the Hawkwood escutcheon they are Faenza and Cesena. Become wise from hard experience, Sir John, once more enlisted in the Church's service, insisted on payment in advance. The lordship of Bagnacavallo and Cotignola (both near Ravenna) swelled his title if not his pocket, and his name lives still in the not imposing Strada Aguto at Bagnacavallo. And now it is either Sir John's reputation for discipline or his character that must be sacrificed. Yet perhaps neither, for we must remember that a band of mercenaries, choosing its own captain, could never submit to the control which obtains in a regular army. Still, Hawkwood must lose something of one or the other in this Faenza business. The Bishop of Tarragona with the title of Count of Romagna was the governor of Faenza. Fearing an imitation of the Bolognese rebellion, he called in Hawkwood. The mercenaries, happy as sandboys, careered through the streets yelling "Viva la Chiesa", and with that cheerful inconsequence proper to an excited mob, were shouting "Muoia la Chiesa! Viva messer Giovanni Aguto!" within the hour. The sack of the city which followed was human, the slaughter and rapine devilish. Cesena was the same story, but less blame attaches to Hawkwood and his men than to the Breton auxiliaries quartered there by Cardinal Robert of Geneva—"a devil in the shape of a man" according to St Catherine. Hawkwood refused the "sangu e sangue" order of the Cardinal, urging milder methods, and with a "respite finem" to the prelate flung himself into the work of sacking. His men satisfied, and the Bretons left to their bloody business, he bitterly renounced the service of the Pope and accepted the post of captain-general of the opposing league headed by Florence and the Visconti. The Florentines were delighted. Hercules, it seems, was a poor comparison for such a demigod:



Hercole arse il feroce serpente. . . .  
 L'anglico serpentel s'è mosso ad arme  
 Con molte teste raddoppiando sempre  
 E tu con dolci tempore  
 Senza alcun fuoco a te l'ai si rivolto  
 Che sotto il tuo vexillo s'è raccolto.

at least so the Florentine poet said. Oh, Hawkwood was no small beer in Italy in those days.

His honeymoon with Donnina, the natural daughter of Bernabò Visconti, he spent in Cremona preparing to defend his Romagna possession. Marriage seems to have sobered him, and poor Donnina must have begun to think of quiet days. And they were quiet days for a year or so. But next year, something was wrong with John, he was restless, he smelt a plot. John was an old dog (he must have been about fifty-four years old) but he had not lost his keenness for the chase. Moreover, there was money in it, and John could never understand the "We are already quite comfortable" argument. There was a plot against the government of his beloved Florence, and to his beloved he sent—a price-list, something like this:

To full particulars plus names . . . 50,000 florins.

To full particulars minus names . . . 20,000 florins.

His beloved chose "full particulars minus names", and insisting on a reduction for taking a quantity, paid to the Hawkwood household 12,000 florins. A new hat for Donnina.

It would be unfair to Sir John were we to omit at least a mention of Castagnaro. At this time he was permanent commander-in-chief of Florentine forces. His popularity in Florence was enormous. Behind an *arpeggio* of the smaller ones boomed the great bell of Florence, banners flew, mothers ran to the windows, babies screamed in unrocked cradles, the whole town was in an enthusiastic roar as Giovanni Aguto rode into Florence to receive the baton at the Signoria. Strangely enough Castagnaro was won, not for Florence, but for Padua. The truth is, that Hawkwood could scarcely sit still, except on a horse, for more than an hour. His restless disposition secured for him from Florence liberty to seek employment elsewhere while the Republic was not at war. Padua was at war with Verona. An

old war dog like Sir John could not see a perfectly good fight wasted. He joined Padua. Francesco the young son of the Lord of Padua (why did he not wait for Hawkwood's wise old head in council?) had rashly marched southward over the Adige into Veronese territory. Antonio della Scala of Verona, being no fool, marched down the Adige and cut off Francesco's communications. How Sir John must have sworn when he saw the situation! His stomach was empty, too, the commissariat being disorganized: still, the thing had to be carried through. Very skilfully he conducted the long and difficult retreat to Castelbaldo on the Adige. It was too dangerous to cross the river, the Veronese army was strongly positioned on the Castelbaldo side. What will he do? We can guess; it is an old manoeuvre of his. He feigns an attack, the Veronese are enticed from their position, Hawkwood launches his cavalry on the reserve and flanks with his men-at arms, English archers from the rear darken the sky with singing arrows. The victory was decisive. By the son of an Essex tanner the last of the Scaligers was driven into exile.

In 1385 the lord of Milan, Bernabò Visconti had been treacherously seized and killed by his amiable nephew Gian Galeazzo, the most remarkable of the Visconti. Very soon Padua and Verona were in Gian's possession, and Lombardy lay open to his armies. Florence was scared. In 1390 she recalled her Captain of War, then at Gaeta. Of course the Milanese got wind of the recall and blocked the way from Gaeta to Florence. This sort of thing Hawkwood rather enjoyed. He openly demanded safe-conducts to Florence by all the well-known routes and then very carefully avoided them, rapidly marched across the desolate Tuscan Maremma, reached Florence early in May, and in June defeated the Visconti near Bologna. It was in the same campaign that Sir John rose to such generalship as had probably not been seen in Italy since the days of Fabius. He was faced with a military problem of the first order—a retreat across three rivers with a hostile army pressing on his rear. By a delay of cooperation on the part of the other Florentine general, Hawkwood had found himself trapped between the rivers Oglio and Adda within a quarter of an hour's walk of nearly the whole Visconti force. Dal Verme, the Visconti general, was

jubilant; his confidence shouts in a despatch of his to Gian Galeazzo: "Mandatemi a dire come voi volete che li acconci". On four successive days Dal Verme offered battle, on four successive days Sir John refused it. And then on the fifth day, Dal Verme sat back to await events. As he was sitting back, Hawkwood made a sharp and vigorous attack which disposed of some two thousand of the Visconti men and cleared the way to the Oglio, the only possible line of retreat.

A sense of humour is a useful thing and sees further than pomposity (the two things are well contrasted). Dal Verme must have been insufferable: Sir John told him a joke that he had often told before, and he failed to see it. His way clear to the Oglio, but still with the difficulty of the three rivers to be met, Hawkwood sent a blood-stained gauntlet to the Visconti general with an offer of battle for the following day. Dal Verme, the blockhead, accepted and waited eagerly expectant for the dawn. Throughout the night the Florentine banners flapped over the tree-tops and sleepy trumpet-calls sounded from the Hawkwood camp, but John was not there. John was on the other side of the Oglio and his men with him. The few trumpeters who had stayed behind to tie the banners to the trees and to practise their scales during the night would contrive to look after themselves. How eventually he crossed the Mincio and the Adige is a mystery and an epic. The march to the Mincio was a series of running fights, but once on the other side, Sir John could afford to pitch his camp and sleep. He was wakened in the night by the rushing of waters. His tent was awash, the camp was flooded, and a panic was working up. As a seasoned old sea-captain faced with shipwreck he cast out fear with a quick, stern command. He mounted his cavalry, every horseman taking up a foot-soldier behind, and the greater part of the Florentine army found rest and safety on the other side of the Adige.

We will leave him here sighing with relief, watching the last horse scramble up the bank with a dripping infantryman clinging to its tail. Why should we follow a soldier to the grave of his impotent old age?

## MONTOPOLI

### AND THE VENERABILE (J. SCARR)

IT was at Montopoli in Sabina that the Venerabile had its *villeggiatura* in the year 1918. The house we occupied stood four or five hundred yards away from and somewhat lower than the village. It had been built for *frati*—friars Minor I think, with a church, of course, attached—and had suffered the fate usual to such places in Italy. After confiscation, it had come into the hands of a Foreign Missionary Society who were now anxious to dispose of it.

Porzio had been sold by the end of 1917, and one of the many tasks to be undertaken by the new Rector, Monsignor Hinsley, was that of finding a substitute where English lads might rest from work and heat. Many an advertisement was read, many a villa visited before he managed to secure, at least for trial, the house at Montopoli.

No one knew Sabina, no one of the College had heard before the name of Montopoli. A large map of the country around Rome was bought to give light in the darkness. A novelty was provided in the way of a preliminary experiment at the house at Whitsuntide, when the College, numbering 18 including 3 priests due for England at the end of the year spent a day and a night there. The house, the neighbourhood, its prospects, were subjects of debate thenceforward.

The house had attached to it a church which like most friary churches stood alongside the road, the road down to the Tiber valley. It stood about a quarter of a mile from the village, a little lower down the side of the hill, on a sort of small plateau of its own. In front stretched a triangular piece of green 40 yards long, a mission cross near its apex.

The church was rather plain with two or three chapels on

each side of the nave which had an apsidal termination providing a choir for the *frati*. An effective partition between the latter and the body of the church was supplied by a big plaster altar screen, with gaudily decorated pillars and trumpeting angels, containing a small picture of the Madonna and Bambino. On either side of the screen over the two curtained entrances into the choir, were plaster statues of St Francis and St Anthony.

The house adjoining the church on its north side had evidently been repaired, replastered and overhauled since its monastic days but still remained plain. It was a square two storied building erected around a *cortile* which contained a well. On the ground floor was a reception room, a small refectory and kitchen, store rooms and a workshop. There were enough rooms upstairs for us all, clean and fairly comfortable, all with a good outlook. There were three small *terrazze*. The house, generally, as far as accommodation was concerned, was an improvement on Porzio.

Of the village and its folk we knew very little. The main road passed the village without passing through it and we usually followed the example of the road. The Rector for two or three weeks acted as supply for the *Parroco* whilst he visited his native Sicily and during that time we provided the *assistenza* for High Mass on a Sunday or two. A case of lemons from Sicily was our reward. To the villagers we remained strangers. Their occupations were much the same as those of the people of any other Central Italy village, though the rearing of pigs was a source of income on a far wider scale than anything we had seen near Porzio. Every family seemed to have one beast at least, bought about January to be fattened and sold at the end of the year. Possibly the nature of part of the hillside in which it was easy to cut out a cave for a sty gives a reason for the widespread care of such animals. On each afternoon walk, if we went near the village, we were sure to pass a small procession of men, women and children carrying their daily rations to the pigs. A mild sensation was provided one night, for those of us whose rooms looked towards the village, in the form of a fire. A woman, less wise than the others in keeping her pigs in a hut of cane and straw, was served by some enemies of hers with roast pork in Charles Lamb's Chinese fashion.

For morning or afternoon walks we were far from being as well off as at Porzio. The sides of the hills above us were bare, lacking the trees of Tusculum with their suggestion and provision of colour and coolness; the roads, poorly shaded, tempted few to walk; the few neighbouring villages had little to attract us. Poggio Mirteto, the chief *paese* of the district and the seat of a bishopric had no charms for us even though Hare's *vettura* driver called it "*Il Parigi della Sabina*". A surprising note of Hare's about Poggio is worth quoting:—"Strange to say", he writes of the year 1874, "the population of this considerable though out of the way place is chiefly Protestant and there is a Protestant church there", and he says the people attributed the change of religion to the lives of the priests. We however, saw no signs of Protestantism during our stay in the neighbourhood. Possibly there was need for careful supervision of the diocese, for the new bishop who had been brought from the north a short time before our arrival had a reputation for strictness.

The countryside, as has been said, was hardly suitable for our type of *villeggiatura*. What saved the situation and was a godsend to us was the Farfa, the stream which gives the abbey its name. Turning its course about a mile from the abbey and being joined by another stream, the Farfa flows through the valley below the house in the direction of the Tiber, here over a stony bed as fast as seven or eight miles an hour, there losing some of its strength and speed in deep pools; in one part narrow and deep and swift between steep and wooded banks, in another spread widely out over a shingly bed. About a mile from the Tiber the stream having cut a tunnel through the solid rock rushes roaring over rocks and boulders, whilst overhead, what is the main road south, passes as over a natural bridge in security. The spot is called Ponte Sfondato.

The problem of September *gite* was a difficult one. None of the villages within reasonable distance provided sufficient attraction to be a goal for a day's excursion, nor could any of them, as a matter of fact, have provided a meal for even so small a party as was ours. Ambitious plans were proposed and discussed. It was finally decided that private parties could be formed to arrange for outings of their own. The old knapsacks

of the short *gite* of Porzio days were brought once again into use to carry new burdens of complete supplies of food and drink. For one group the problem of objectives for outings of this sort was an easy one. There were several places, in the neighbourhood, of *gita* distance, which the brickhunters fraternity, those interested in antiquities, were anxious to visit. Monsignor Mann of the Beda had suggested when he heard of the place of our *villeggiatura* that those interested might be of some assistance to Doctor Ashby, well known to more than one generation of Venerabile men. To him some time before had been entrusted the work of producing a map of Italy showing the roads, *villae* etc as they existed at the end of the Empire. The task, as is evident, was a big one. Some parts of the country being popular resorts, like the *Castelli* region, were well known; others were rather off the beaten track. Venerabile men might now be of help in the Montopoli district. So it was arranged. Doctor Ashby supplied a map with Roman roads, genuine or suspected, marked on it, the sites or ruins of *villae* and so on, together with notes taken from the writings of former explorers, most of them published a hundred or more years previously. The Venerabile school of Archaeology was to verify, correct and supplement these findings. The work most certainly gave a new interest, for the few concerned, to afternoon walks and longer outings; and though it consisted of little more in its results than the verification of other people's notes—nothing that was not already known was noticed—Doctor Ashby was good enough to say that it was of value to him.

We stayed at Montopoli till November 15th. The reason for the prolonged *villeggiatura* was an outbreak in Rome of Spanish 'Flu of a violent type. We heard ghastly stories of numerous deaths and cartloads of corpses. No one ever troubled to find out later if they were true. At any rate none of the schools were opening on the usual date and the Rector for safety kept us at the Villa. We grew tired, however, of the Villa and of the uncertainty, and longed for Rome. At last we returned to the College to find the Sisters installed in the kitchen and the beginnings of changes.

## LEAVES FROM A MONTOPOLI DIARY (R. MEAGHER)

To our great joy and satisfaction the Rector announced that he had secured a *villeggiatura* for us at last. It is at a place called Montopoli in Sabina, and the nearest station is Poggio Mirteto on the Rome-Orte line. This great news lifts a great load off our minds, so we can give thesis-sheets our undivided attention, when they are published. Rector says that the new villa is only a hired one; he got it from some Italian Foreign Mission Society.

Today I heard the Boss say that he is making a few alterations at the new villa chiefly of a sanitary nature. He reports very favourably on it, and informs us that there is a neat little swimming pool in the garden, which should prove a perfect godsend "*quo tempore maximi calores esse solent*". Wish this war was over, and then everything in the garden would be lovely. Our numbers will be very small during the Villa, *pochi sì, ma sceltissimi!*

Tomorrow we leave Rome for Montopoli, *o gioia!* The heat here bad at present. Was up till two last night with my feet in a basin of water, *ma pazienza!* We are to take the rabbits with us, the hens<sup>1</sup> etc. going out by camion. Grim and I have been making boxes in which to carry the *conigli*. Domenico is very interested in our attempts to add to our meat ration, but so far those attempts have been a complete failure. My result came today, but I don't feel any wiser even though I am "*laureatus in philosophia*". Grim got through all right as well, and so our year has a 100% success. I was glad when I heard that Munzi had succumbed to an attack of 'flu, for the *bidello* said he was certain to be on my board. It's an ill wind. . . .

Hurrah! what a relief to be able to breathe without sweating. It is gorgeous up here at this villa. Soracte lies away to the west and looks quite small. We left Rome after dinner and Grim and I took charge of the rabbits, the Bim helping us and young John. Afraid the rabbits found the train journey very trying as the heat was appalling. Poor things were nearly suffocated

<sup>1</sup> The rabbits and hens were intended to supplement the College dietary which in the last year of the war was very thin.



in their boxes, so we had to take the lids off. The little ones sweated profusely, and I never knew till then that rabbits perspired. By the end of the *villeggiatura* I should be an expert at rabbitry; I have certainly learnt a deal already at the cost of a few lives. Generals learn the same way—judging by the casualty lists. Good news to-day from France. Can it mean the beginning of the end, or are we in for years of it still?

Was too sleepy last night to say anything about the new villa. I definitely prefer it at the moment to Porzio, though time and experience may alter my feelings. We have a fine church with a “frats” choir behind the high altar, and meditation in the stalls was delightfully easy there this morning. There are cloisters, a good refectory, common room upstairs, a sort of *piano nobile* where Bishop Stanley is to stay. Grim and I are in rooms next to one another, looking N.N.E., and overlooking the rabbit run. From the windows there are magnificent views of the Tiber valley, the Sabines, the Farfa valley, and S.S.W. at sunset one can discern the *cupola di San Pietro!* I am glad we are not out of sight of that. The swimming tank is small, but a great comfort was swimming last evening “*au claire de la lune*”. You have to take care when in the tank not to stub your toes against the end of the lightning conductor. Nobby did so, and hurt himself very much though he didn’t worry about it. Learnt a new word today, viz *campare*—to live, get along. Camillo the *custode* used it. He is a fat fellow and is obviously puzzled by the freaks he now has in his charge. He cooks well but is a pronounced optimist, because he has stipulated with the Boss that we shall not eat the grapes on his pergola which covers most of the paths in the garden, that we shall not enter the kitchen garden on the slope of the hill-side and that we shall behave like “*orfanelli*” visiting the Villa Umberto! Already Grim and I have designs on a magnificent peach tree growing in the aforesaid kitchen garden. It is late so off to bed.

More about the villa. It is a quadrangular building, with cloisters in the midst, and stands about a quarter of a mile from the village of Montopoli. The gardens are large but not very shady except in the western corner where there is an arbour and a little shrine of Our Lady. This shelter is an improvement



The Chapel, Montopoli.

on Porzio, though I am beginning to think that Montopoli is actually much hotter than Porzio, and the walks round about are not very tempting. We certainly miss the Castagne at Porzio. The rooms are good and airy, I think, better furnished than those at Porzio; certainly they are cleaner. Immediately on the left of the entrance to the garden is the *vasca* for swimming which I have already mentioned. The garden is well cultivated and if one keeps a weather eye on Camillo, one can usually manage a *pomodoro* for breakfast. The local bread is poor, rough stuff, but I suppose one must blame the war for that. It is a relief to be rid of oil lamps in the rooms though some still think that Montopoli would be a better place if we had them. I do not. By now there are two camps among us, one definitely for Porzio, the other equally attached to Montopoli. I think that Montopoli has certain indisputable advantages over Porzio, but would I like to come out here every year in *villeggiatura*?

We finally fixed up the rabbitry and the "hennery" today. The bunnies are flourishing and the black doe has presented us with some youngsters. Every morning Grim and I take a large basket into Camillo's garden and, with a sickle, reap enough *verdura* for the rabbits' breakfast, and then we casually make our way back to the house via the peach tree which is simply groaning under its fruity burden. Grim or myself on arriving at the tree carefully stumble, fall against the tree giving it a good shake, and return through Camillo's barbed-wire entanglements with the contraband. Cam has not caught us yet, but Bim says he is suspicious. Murray is feeding the hens on lizards and they flourish on the diet. Ellis and young John help in capturing this elusive grub. Am working at the "Agamemnon" again, using a copy belonging to the "Giles" of sacred memory. Rector informs us that Bishop Stanley accompanied by the faithful Luigi is coming next week. I am glad because he gets the *Times* sent out to him and here there is a dearth of news about the war.

The rabbits kept me awake part of the night by slamming their backlegs against the floors of their hatches. They do this when annoyed or frightened. I think there was a dog around last night: anyhow I threw my hair-brush out at a slinking figure which I could just discern, and Grim, also awake and on

the *qui vive*, let drive with a shoe. After that there was peace. The village of Montopoli is a poor hole, not to be compared with Porzio and it stinks. The church is a drab one; the *parroco* being away at the front, a Siciliano is acting as *locum tenens*, and he obviously does not like the Sabine barbarians. I don't blame him for they look tough customers. Some of us went with the Rector today down into the Farfa valley in search of boskage but didn't find much. The river itself is very swift, shallow and icy cold. No use for bathing, but Nobby and Murray started a sort of shooting-the-rapids game which is thrilling enough. You lie down on your back in the stream placing your hands beneath you, and then you go careering along with the fast current, the hands protecting your person from too rough contact with the boulders. I tried it twice, but *mai più*, for my paws were badly scratched. A question exercising us much is how we are going to celebrate the equivalent of Tusculum days. There seems to be no place suitable for a picnic. The outlook is gloomy.

Half a mile down the road to Poggio Mirteto station, which is a mile away from Poggio itself, there is a large farm kept by a wealthy *signore*, Enrico Aloisi. His married daughter keeps rabbits for the table, and I have been with Grim to see the beasts. We have arranged to swap the Belgian for three Angoras, if the hare meets with the lady's approval. It is a fine animal but has a bad cough, contracted during a sudden *temporale* in Rome, when it was nearly drowned. It was preserved most valiantly by myself at the price of a thorough soaking which got me exempted from attending Monaco's lecture. Again it's an ill wind. . . .

Good news today. Some of the fellows have discovered a large deep pool or backwater by the Farfa, and close to some pines. Rector says we are to celebrate our Tusculum days there, and gorge on the spaghetti of Sor Domenico. By George the local wine is muck. Sampled today, *per carità!* The *vino* in the ref is very good but it doesn't hale from the Sabines. Spent the afternoon reading *Ben Hur* at a spot near the village which is quite pleasant and has a splendid view of the Farfa valley, the abbey, Fara in Sabina, and the lofty Sabines merging into the Apennines. There are certainly fine hills at the back of

us, but they are rough and bare, not like the wooded Albans. Fishing has started in the Farfa, and Nobby, the Bim, Ellis and Donnelly have been making rods with the aid of Camillo. We are far from civilization here and no mistake. Doctor Ashby commissioned Joe and self before we left Rome to search for traces of Roman roads, as the British school is trying to make a map of the Roman roads of Italy, and for Ashby our coming here was a heaven-sent opportunity. Hence, as to-day was our first "Tusculum" day, Thursday, we set off after a smoke in the garden and tramped around, finding the absence of shade very irksome. We discovered a little village called Bocchignano, very dirty and very poor. The *parroco* was quite decent, but the walk was not. The hills reflect the heat of the sun too much, and the roads are very bad—*mie povere scarpe*. No sign so far of any Roman road. The spot selected for dinner was quite shady and comfortable, and the swimming pool, though small, is really exhilarating. Tom Ball and Murray made us laugh with their fancy diving. The dinner *al fresco* was good, and almost up to standard, in spite of the *carestia*. Dom's spaghetti was as usual beyond praise, but there was no *dolce*. You simply can't get sugar these days. We slept on pillows made of bracken, and were aroused from siesta by Dom going round the camp playing on a brass *casseruole* and mimicking Giuseppe's matutinal "Benedic Johnson".<sup>2</sup> A curious incident happened during tea: Murray threw his bracken pillow on the fire and out popped an adder. *Figuratevi* the confusion! Grim got it, however, with a fine crack from his stick, but poor Murray looked a bit pale about the gills for a time. He must have been sleeping with his head pressing on the varmint. Naturally we made a holocaust of our pillows and swore never to use Farfa bracken for that purpose again.

Visited Poggio today, and the cathedral, *sit venia verbo*. What a hole! Two *beneficiati* were singing Vespers at one another and a dog when we entered. The Boss says the Bishop is a really good man, but we haven't seen him yet. There

<sup>2</sup> Giuseppe used to call us in the mornings in Rome at 5.30 by banging on the door and shouting something which was meant to be "Benedicamus Domino" but which sounded like "Benedic Johnson".

is a fairly good *albergo* in Poggio but no shops. It can't compare with Frascati or Rocca. How we miss Auntie's! Scarr and self discussed on way back the prospects of September *gite* and we can't see any chance of going anywhere, as there is nowhere to go. Rieti is too far off. This war is paralysing everything, though I prefer slogging along stony roads to dodging Jerry bullets and whizz-bangs. On Stanley, on! He is coming soon. I wonder how he will like it?

Have not written for some days. The Bishop (Stanley) is here and the *Times*, and Luigi. Splendid news from the front in France, and even on the Italian front things are moving. A bleary old *contadino* with a poxy *somaro* shouted out at us "*Ev-vivano gli alleati*" as we were clambering down into the Farfa valley today. The Bishop is delighted with Montopoli. He is very sociable, and is, I think, renewing his youth. He never fails to come out and sit with us under the pergola after breakfast. Grim asked him once if he would care for a swim, but his answer was too piquant even for this diary. Murray's hens provide a couple of eggs for His Lordship's breakfast each day, and he does not worry in the least about the diet of lizards to which the hens are subjected. The rabbits, however, have not found favour in his sight, but when the slaughtering begins, and a pie appears on the table, perhaps he will not be so fastidious. It is an unforgettable sight to see him in white shirt, *mutande* and purple stockings patrolling the darkened corridors during siesta time.

Too many of the young rabbits are dying so we have been down to the *signora* at the farm for advice. She has taken the Belgian hare. The menu for the rabbits, our authority informs us, is *verdura* in the morning and bread or bran at night. Positively no damp food at all *prima di coricarsi*. Hope this will work. Five of us are off on a long walk and climb tomorrow, so to bed at once.

Too weary last night to write a word, so must put two days in one. The walk was a most successful one, and we rather congratulated ourselves on it. It was hard going all the time and the final stages up the reverse slopes of Monte Pizzuto (about 5,000 feet) were exhausting; but what a view we had when we surmounted the *cima*! To the west lay Etruria with Soracte



**The House, Montopoli**



**The Garden**

looking like a mole hill below us; to the north and east the mighty Apennines, Rieti and Terni, and the smoke of the locomotives in Orte railway station. To the south Monte Genaro and the faint outline of the Alban hills. Could not remain on the summit, however, as it was too cold, so dropped down again a hundred feet or so and ate our eggs and bread in a spot sheltered from the wind. There are not so many fountains round here as in the Alban hills, more's the pity, and walking is hard in consequence; neither, *fatendum est*, can you liquor up, when fatigued, with the same ease as round Porzio. Father Tomassini came to-day and is to stay during the whole of our *vacanze*. I fancy he is keeping an eye on the property, as he is the *economista* of the Italian Missionary Society to which Montopoli belongs. He is a small, wizened man with a beard, and has been in China for many years. So far he has not interfered.

Got up early this morning and went out on the *terrazza* on the roof and said "Iam lucis orto sidere" as the sun came above the Sabines. I could see enormous distances at that early hour before the heat mist arose. Sometimes in the early mornings the Tiber valley is a sea of white fog, but this soon dissipates with the appearance of the sun. News from France and Palestine is simply wonderful: it is the answer to the Pope's request for Masses to end the war. The end does really seem nearer than when we first came out here. Some of the rabbits will soon be ready for the pot, and there are now practically no deaths. Excellent grapes have now appeared in Camillo's garden, and Grim and I are quite convinced they are good to eat! The grapes in the ordinary garden are not much, being ginger grapes, and rather tasteless. Not much temptation there.

Have not written for weeks. In fact we are now in the first week in November. Why? Because the Gregorian cannot open as yet owing to this 'flu epidemic called by the Italian newspapers "La Spagnuola". From what we can gather here it seems to be a real plague. The daily mortality in Rome is terrific, and funerals are taking place at night. The *vice-gerente* of the *parroco* has panicked and done a bunk, and the Bishop has asked the Rector to take over the parish church in Montopoli until he can provide for it. Reports from neighbouring villages say that the 'flu is taking a heavy toll. Doctors and priests are dying.



All this may be exaggerated, because Montopoli has not suffered much so far, and we ourselves have escaped completely, thank God. I don't know when the Greg will open and there is to be no Retreat—another case of an ill wind! The nights are distinctly colder, and this morning there was snow on Pizzuto, though the *sol genialis* soon wiped it up. Have just finished Garrigou-Lagrange's *De Revelatione*—very good indeed. We had an awful thunderstorm a few weeks ago, and a *fulmine* struck one of the brick pillars of the *pergola* outside my room. *Diamine*, but what a crack that was! Grim came into my room for company, and I was glad he did so. We both thought the rabbits would be drowned in the tropical downpour which lasted for two hours. We certainly never expected to find the old buck alive, because we let him loose to-night in the run when all the does and families had been housed. As soon as dawn came we both looked anxiously out of my window, and there he was, high and dry, *sano e salvo*, on top of the hutches and protected from the downpour by the projecting eaves. How the dickens he ever got there I do not know. Luckily most of the *vendemmia* was over or else. . . .

This morning a funny incident occurred in the ref. We were like the queen in her parlour, eating bread and honey and drinking *caffè-latte*, when in rushed two total strangers—a tall man with a voice like Stentor and a little fellow. The tall bloke roared out "I Tedeschi hanno accettato i quattordici punti di Wilson!" Heard and the rest of us simply gaped and stared at this noisy apparition, then Tom Ball broke the frozen silence by saying "Vero?" It was comical to see the two harbingers collapse under our British phlegm. With a faint "Evvivano gli alleati" they slunk from view and left us wondering whether the two visitants were overwhelmed by our lack of response. I suppose we ought to have jumped for joy, hugged one another and them, and offered them a drink. Anyway the news has been confirmed and there is talk of an armistice. After many weeks of exploration, Scarr and I have discovered no Roman roads save the Via Salaria which has never been lost. I enjoyed that gita immensely though we walked far afield, dead east, until we struck the Salaria which we found in superb condition. What a magnificent piece of engineering was that part of the

road which we examined, calverts still intact, and the *selci* blocks varied by massive hexagons of "plum-pudding" stone. Straight through a desolate valley it made its way, symbolical of Roman perseverance and endurance. The first rabbits to be slaughtered met their fate stoically about the end of August. Murray and Grim did the deed, my heart failing me at the critical moment, for I had grown fond of the beasts. In skinning and eviscerating them Murray cut off the end of his index finger on his right hand and his blood commingled most symbolically with rabbit gore. He is as hard as nails and went on with his task with no fear of blood-poisoning. We soaked the carcasses all night in running water, and then, with Camillo's assistance, produced the first rabbit pie. It was a great success, and even the most critical pronounced the flesh to be better than chicken. Bishop Stanley forgot all his contempt for the poor *conigli* and actually had a third helping. To Grim and myself the appetites of our fellows gave great satisfaction and we felt justified. One day, at the beginning of September, the Rector and I went to Farfa Abbey, where we found some French students in residence under Dom Pio O.S.B., a delightful old veteran of Monte Rotondo and Mentana. He did us the honours of the house and told us much of the glories of the old abbey, once the most renowned in Europe, and now almost forsaken and in ruins. It was sad to think of the days gone by.

Events are moving fast. Diaz has arranged an armistice with the Austrians, Bulgaria has collapsed, and Allenby has wiped out the Turk in Palestine. There is much excitement abroad and even here in little Montopoli men are talking of victory. We *inglesi* are very popular at the moment. Monsignor Prior has come out for a few days. Tomorrow some of us are going to walk to Aspra in Sabina. The *terrazza* is too cold at night now and so is the garden.

What a day! We set out early after breakfast, carrying a few *pagnotte* for Aspra. We could see it most of the time but it never seemed to come nearer. When we did arrive we found it deserted. Everyone was in *campagna*, and we couldn't get anything to eat because we had no food tickets. Fortunately, we came across a man who spoke to us in broken English, took us to his home and gave us black coffee, though he had no food.

Everybody was desperately poor. Our host proved startlingly interesting. He claimed to be English and a native of Southport. Naturally we suspected him but I soon proved his story to be genuine because his knowledge of Southport was very detailed and exact. During our long conversation his English steadily improved, and when we bade him farewell he was speaking fluently and correctly. It was strange hearing him ask for the English equivalent of *sottomarino*, *velivolo*, and other war words, as he had never heard of them. He was a photographer and had lived in that God-forsaken spot for 25 years, having married a *contadina*. We parted very affectionately and he shed bitter tears—but after being paid for some of his photos failed to send them. Padre Tomassini is a quaint old bird, and sometimes goes *alla caccia* in the garden. He blows sparrows to smithereens with a single-barrelled old blunderbuss. Making his own cartridges he puts plenty of powder into them, and that gun does kick. I had a shot with it the other day, but the recoil knocked off my specs and bruised my jaw. I had no further interest in the fate of the target. Ellis, his server, says that the old man is very devout at Mass and after the consecration says quite audibly: “Ci sono ventimila angeli qui”, though I don’t know how he guesses the right number.

Diaries are a nuisance but I am trying to keep this one going because of the events that are happening all over the world. The “Spagnuola” is very bad indeed now but we are quite free. Grim has been ill but is better. The Rector departed for Rome to-day and does not intend to return to Montopoli. Bishop Stanley has also gone. At present we have Monsignor Prior and the Vice as *Superiori*, the former *honoris causa*. I do hope the Boss keeps clear of this plague. There are going to be great changes in Rome at the Venerabile. Some nuns who have been driven out of Padua by Austrian bombs, are going to take charge of the kitchen, ref, and *biancheria*, and certain changes are being made in order to house them in a wing of the Beda. The morgue<sup>3</sup> is to be their work-room, and a sort of

<sup>3</sup> The “Morgue” was the Beda breakfast room, now Nuns’ work-room at the south end of the garden. So-called because we could see “corpses” eating their breakfast from the garden.

*clausura* is to be made between the kitchen and the ref. I wonder how the experiment will turn out. The rest of the exiled nuns are staying in our old house at Porzio for the present. I will be glad to get back to Rome as this life is growing very monotonous, and we do not know when it will end. Last Sunday in the parish church at the second Mass the Rector let fly at some *giovinotti* who were misbehaving. In high dudgeon, they followed him into the sacristy after Mass was over and demanded an apology from him for "the public insult inflicted upon them". Poor creatures! what a jolt they got! The "Owner" was fine and told them just what he thought of them in fluent and pointed Italian. My, he was angry! The young lads of the village were utterly cowed, and ended by apologising themselves and by declaring a firm purpose of amendment. The old sacristan was delighted.

More talk of an armistice in France: in Italy the war seems to be over, but it is hard to estimate what is really happening. Monsignor Prior is the best informed amongst us, but even he is puzzled. Is it peace, or just a breathing space? What a strange coincidence! I had just finished my diary when I was startled to hear sounds of cheering from the village. I rushed along to the common room and found an excited gathering there. The noise of the cheering grew louder, and strains of barbaric music began to make themselves heard. The noise increased and we discovered that the whole of Montopoli was approaching the villa *cum facibus accensis*. We ran to the front windows of the rooms formerly inhabited by Bishop Stanley and were saluted with wild cheers and yells by the Montopoliani<sup>4</sup> as we threw open the *persiane*. It was a grand sight. The whole of the *piazzetta* in front of the house was thronged by a cheering mob. Some loud voiced chorus was singing a paean, the burden of which was "Siamo a Trieste per terra e per mar: facciamo grande festa in queste bell'età!" So Trieste has fallen to Italy, *nemmeno male!* After ten minutes of singing and shouting the mob began to disperse with cries of "Evviva l'Inghilterra" to which we replied with "Evviva l'Italia" and "Evviva la grande

<sup>4</sup> This is the plural used by the people of Montopoli, though I think it ought to be Montopolitani.

vittoria italiana degli Italiani in Italia". This last slogan went down very well. As a matter of fact I had borrowed it from a news-vendor who was howling it down the Monserrà one winter evening last year. One fellow in the mob shouted to us that the *Tedeschi* were definitely going to sign an armistice at eleven a.m. tomorrow with the allied forces in France. Then the Vice came and chivvied us off to bed. *O gioia!* I hope the news is not going to turn out a dud like so many of its brethren.

*Sanguè di Giove and corpo di Bacco!* What a day this 11th November has been! After breakfast three of us rushed out to meet the *diligenza* which comes up from Poggio with letters and news, and we met it half way down the hill. The old driver was almost speechless with excitement and confirmed last night's report, showing us a copy of the *Messaggero* and pointing to the huge headlines with a trembling, dirty finger. Yes, it was all there! Armistice is to be signed at 11 a.m. to-day. When we returned to the Villa, the Vice decreed a "no-bell" day, but sternly forbade any demonstrations until we were certain that the armistice was a *fait accompli*, though how we could find that out neither he or anyone could say. So we sat in the garden smoking and excitedly chatting. Eleven came and went but no sign. We felt like the besieged in Lucknow waiting for the "Pipes of Havelock" to sound. About 11.25 Patsy or someone suddenly shouted "Listen!" and hearken we did with both ears. Faintly, at first and then more distinctly as the sounds passed from *paese* to *paese* around we caught the sound of bells, and we knew! With yells we rushed to our bell and tugged at it cheering ourselves hoarse. Murray, not to be beaten, seized a hammer, and climbed up to the little bell turret over the chapel and commenced playing "arias" on the bell there with his hammer. By this time all the bells in Sabina were ringing, and the war was over. In the afternoon the Vice informed the *Sindaco* that our chapel would be thrown open at 7.30 for a *Te Deum* and Benediction in thanksgiving for the end of hostilities. Monsignor Prior gave Solemn Benediction. The *Te Deum* was its usual raucous success, but oh the stench! Really it was awful, and after the function was over the Vice went round the church splashing Jeye's Fluid very liberally everywhere. When we came in for after-supper visit, conditions were slightly ameliorat-

ed, but hardly supportable. The Great Unwashed, how we understood the significance of the phrase! The Vice says that the "Spagnuola" is decreasing, and if it goes on *rallentandosi* we will soon be returning to Rome. *Speriamo*.

I am going to finish this diary. It is too much trouble, and there is nothing to report now that the war is over and the *villeggiatura* too monotonous to bear description. It is much colder in the morning, the snow remaining on Pizzuto all day. Got a letter from Gibraltar this morning to say that Bill was picked up by a destroyer though all his possessions including portable altar, chalice etc are "in the ditch". Thank God for the good news, I was anxious. I must confess I have enjoyed Montopoli, in spite of its obvious drawbacks, but I would not care to come back again, as all its possibilities are exhausted *quant'a me*. Please God we will get home to England next year, and then may our noble Rector find us a villa somewhere in sight of the *Cupola di San Pietro* and, if possible, in the Monti Albani. *Faxit Deus*. November 14th, 1918.

## AQUAE SALIENTES

PALAZZOLA'S life blood! It does not seem too fanciful a title for those streams with which Monte Cavo in motherly fashion feeds Palazzola. For when they fail, the parched tennis-court is laughterless; groans re-echo through the air, of weary mortals who must carry buckets of the precious liquid to be sparsely distributed on wicket or tee. Symbolically, a lifeless fountain stands gaunt and still, which with sufficient water would be a thing to brighten the lowest of spirits. But to see how vital a thing in Villa life is plain water you must go down to the tank and see it splashing and sparkling in the bright sunlight, reflection of the gay spirits of its grateful worshippers.

And yet if the Villa lives by its water, we must confess that of late its breath was coming in fitful gasps. The Mother-mountain—*Moel Fammau* as the Welshmen have christened one of their peaks—had abandoned us and was feeding other and alien children with their hundreds of greedy *bocche*. Towards the end of the 1932 *villeggiatura* the springs seemed to have dried up. Hollow-eyed cows, tongues lolling out of their drooping heads, were furiously driven away by the fanatical custodians of the few hoarded drops, meant to lay the dust on the tennis-court. Not even the fairy wand of Father Silva Tarouca (who admittedly plies a pretty hazel twig) could effect the miracle.

Still we held out then, and, back in Rome, our dreams of Palazzola did not become hydrous nightmares.

But one day in May out at the Villa, the Rector was led by a doleful Luigi to our main supply. The sight of such a feeble trickle staggering apologetically towards the well sent the Rector back to Rome with a heart of lead. When some

weeks had rolled by without any improvement he decided to take the plunge—in his own telling phrase—and opened up conversations with the municipality of Rocca di Papa.

Followed endless meetings which moved from *Salone* to *Computisteria* and back again. Often were voices raised and fists banged on tables so that the very decanters shook and the Rector's right reverend guests thought the quaint old custom of "rough house" was being revived in high ecclesiastical circles. After several of these discussions the affair was judged concluded, and the Rector, throwing the Vice-rector to the wolves, set out for England.

But little heed had been paid to the great destinies of Rocca di Papa during these meetings, and when the Prefect of the Province was approached he showed some hesitation in sanctioning the deal. Once more conversations were held between the Vice-rector, the Prefect (and suite) and the Mayor of Rocca (and suite). The Prefect thought that such a scheme would hinder the inevitable development of Rocca on the North side. Finally the Prefect conjured up the provincial Engineer and told him to study the water plans as well as he could, and with *massima benevolenza* towards the College, to submit his report.

Within four weeks the sanction of the Provincial authorities was obtained and the contract was signed at Rocca, the ceremony lasting three and a half hours.

About the last day of June news arrived that the pipes had yet to be made. Bitter and sarcastic were the remarks passed on the standard of plumbing in Twentieth Century Italy. Not long afterwards, however, news came that the sound of the approaching pipes had been heard at Terni, and that they were advancing on the capital. It was then that we fled to the hills.

At Palazzola we found a few feet of water in the tank, and that, to judge by the look of it, of pea-soup consistency. Heavy curses and anathemas, the direst of threats were heaped on such ones as should waste a drop of water. Divers methods of saving were thought out. "Why not grow beards?" asked the blue-chins—"Why wash at all?" amended others. It was a happy situation for the wags: proposals were made to fill the tank with wine, or conversely to sacrifice the water in the extra red.



After so many set-backs and disappointments we were prepared to wait for almost any length of time. But one day it was reported with dramatic suddenness that workmen had been seen in the woods. Next morning a narrow trench had begun to cleave the green surface of the Sforza by the side of the De Cupis wall.

From now on the thing took on the aspect of a race—a steeplechase if you like across the Sforza, through the tennis-court to the *cunicolo* near the top of the steps. We watched breathlessly the seemingly breakneck rate at which these admirable workmen burrowed down through soil and rock. In the rear the light-hearted plumber pursued them relentlessly with his pipes—English ones they were, and each in its narrow bed for ever laid.

The workmen had by this time entered into the spirit of the thing. They were more excited even than we were as the great day approached. On Thursday afternoon August 10th came a hail from the top end of the Sforza “*Studenti, Acqua!*” and there was a general rush to the spot. Very soon the *studenti* were splashing about on the Sforza itself with real live water, quoting Pindar to each other and generally mafficking in such utter berserk as to make Bacchus himself turn green with envy and become teetotal.

According to an Italian saying you can always be sure of water *tra le due Madonne*—that is between August 15th and September 8th. We went one better and on August 11 the Rector, surrounded by an eager group of students, waited for the first water to enter the tank. As it did so the Rector blessed it: I should say exorcised it, for next minute a jet of black water spurted out like a dispossessed demon, and left the stream clear and crystal except for a haunting flavour—a mere *souppçon* of petrol and lead piping.

How tenderly we watched that little streamlet pouring into the tank! We stared fixedly at the level of the water as if we could see it rising nearer and nearer the swimming level; we tried to be the first in the morning to announce “Another step higher”. There were times when we stole down in the moonlight to exult in the music of the bubbling water. Weeks of dry and weary waiting on our part and of herculean labour

on others' were justified by that small stream. How precious it was!

It came as a rude shock to find that the pipes had been actually leaking in the woods. This was not all. The original force, which was far more than our just allowance, had not been maintained and the water was coming in spurts. To our fevered brains it almost seemed as though the manager of the Rocca water-works was unwilling to give us more than our share, and that it was only at intervals, when his back was turned, that the more soft-hearted turncock let the water through with a rush.

As a consequence of all this, the process of filling the *vasca* became palpably slower and the Vice-rector issued a ukase forbidding bathing for another full day. This chafed our impatient spirits but the sparks of rebellion were quenched completely when the order was relaxed and we plunged in that evening. It was scarcely a plunge for there were only a few feet of water: moreover our exuberant caperings knocked up all the whitewash from the bottom which combined with the oil and lead piping flavour before-mentioned. But we, of course, forgot all this in our joy.

Our Lady of the Snows I think it was who saw to it that the Rector had the exact sum ready to pay for such a big enterprise. There is more to be done. During the next Roman session the whole system will be renewed and reservoirs built to hold the accumulated supplies. With such provision of water Palazzola, already of bewitching beauty, ought to rival the Papal gardens at Gandolfo across the lake.

W. MURRAY

## THE PILGRIM'S BOOK FROM YE YEAR 1733

THE ENGLISH HOSPICE has entertained a variety of guests in its time: poets such as Milton and Crashaw, government informers such as the infamous James Young, soldiers such as Sir Thomas Arundel the "Valiant" who captured with his own hands Mahomet's standard at the battle of Gran, and Sir Thomas Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Many such names occur in the first Pilgrim Book,<sup>1</sup> an accurate register of all those who were entertained at the College during the first eighty years of its existence. And interspersed with them are other travellers of every rank and condition, many of them confessors for the Faith who had been exiled from England on account of their religion.

The Second Pilgrim Book gives the record of those received by the College from 1733 to 1771. It is not so exact as the previous register and the diarist admits the carelessness with which the entries had been made. Its interest lies rather in the piquant style of the guestmaster's narrative; it shows the Hospice, two centuries after its incorporation with the College, still the acknowledged centre of English national life in Rome. This book is the last of the diaries of the guestmaster in the possession of the College: it has never been published before and the part we now reproduce is all in one hand.

1733

April ye 17th, which was friday, came from the *Convertiti*, where he had been 5 weeks wanting 2 days, Silvester Martin,

<sup>1</sup> Foley, Records, Vol. VI.

born at Newyork in America of English parents, but Protestants. He was 35 years of age, and a seafaring man by profession. He suffered shipwrack by Genua, where finding an opportunity to put ye good designs he had for 4 years in execution, he came directly to Rome and was reconciled without any difficulty; for his wife who was a Catholick, had not been wanting in this point. He din'd here, and at night was lodg'd according to custom (by giving him a billet) at ye white cross.<sup>2</sup>

18th. The same went away towards Leghorn, after he had taken his last night's intended supper, with a design to get into ye Spanish sea service. We gave him no charity, because he had, he said, enough till he should get into business, viz about 4 Guineas. I was very well satisfied with him & believe he's a good & sincere convert.

May ye 21st. Came from the *Convertiti* Jonathan Forward & John Stafford 2 pretty young men. Ye first was about 20 & a half, the other a year younger. They had been there 6 weeks wanting 2 days, Fr Stuart having kept them 8 days more than their due, that is, after they had been sufficiently instructed, abjur'd their heresy, confess'd & communicat'd, receiv'd Confirmation etc. for there is no limit'd time. They had moreover three Chequins & a half given them by the superiours of the *Convertiti*, whereas 15 *Paolo's* are the common. Both Londoners & styled themselves Gentlemen in their petition to his Majesty.

23rd. Both went to ye seaven churches: & having made a petition to our Gracious Sovereign James ye 3d,<sup>3</sup> received 5 Chequins; and were very kindly wished a good iourney home to England by his Majesty. They also got 4 *Paolo's* at ye Propaganda Fide, & I believe something more at Sir Thomas Deerhams, & our Cardinal Protector's, after they went from hence.

24th. Being compleat they went from ye Colledge, that is after they had stayed four days; but remained in Rome till thursday. They seemed to be young men of good dispositions, & will, I hope, be proof against friends or interest. Coming

<sup>2</sup> The White Cross was a house in the Piazza Farnese, where pilgrims were lodged when there was no room for them in the Hospice.

<sup>3</sup> James Stuart was at this time residing in the Palazzo Puti-Papazurri, on the North side of the Piazza Piloſa.

indeed here was a young trick, & seemed to be partly for a ramble, & curiosity but if that's all, they may be easily excused.

27th. Came a Pilgrim John Ronan of Glostershire from England with testimonials from the Pope's Legat at Brussels. He was 29 years of age. He brought with him his wife, an Irishwoman of 23, & a little girl of two & a half. They were all three entertain'd (ye wife being an Irishwoman, there was no obligation to receive her, or ye other because a child) out of charity, the husband carrying the victuals & wine to their lodgings (t'was the white cross).

29th. They both confessed & communicated at S Peter's, and went all about Rome to visit the churches for devotion.

30th. They visited the 7 churches. I got him a pair of old shoes & procured him from Mr Stuart an English spiritual book. He also gave him in charity 6 *Julios*.

June 1st. Departed the said John Ronan with his wife and child after they had taken a breakfast. He had 16 *Julios* procured him from the Fathers alone: wou'd have fared pretty well from the Schollars if it had not been forbidden by the Rev. Fr Rector as well for then, as the future. As for their character they seemed to be very honest, well meaning people, & seemed to come for no other end than their Devotions.

3rd. Came from Leghorn John Shaftoe a young man about twenty. His father was, he said, Captain of that company (horse I think) where my present Lord Derwentwater was Lieutenant viz at that unfortunate business of Preston, & was afterwards for that affair shot. He had played the fool with himself, he confessed by running away from his uncle Squire Hern, and going to sea, for no other end but to avoid that terrible and frightfull bugbear School. As for his Religion he was a stiff Protestant. But going to my Lord Derwentwaters, he was by his zeal & good humour prevail'd upon to go to the *Convertiti*: accordingly after he had taken three meals here, & had 2 nights lodging he went. I must not here omit that the noble Peer at the first meeting gave him 5 *Julios*, which was, he said, all he had about him, telling him that before he should want, he wou'd even sell the cloaths upon his back, provided he knew for certain his story to be true.

30th. About this time came a poor Irishman from England, from whence he had run away for debt. We gave him two meals. He was a Catholick; and had got a very smooth tongue.

July the 15th. Towards this time went out of the *Convertiti* John Shaftoe. He did not come to our Colledge, but was provided with a house & (Lodging) I wou'd say Victuals, by my Lord Derwentwater's charity, telling him to stay there till he had an answer from England, and if he was what he pretended, he wou'd provide very handsomely for him. T'was also about this time that Henry Clark watch-maker came with a little boy of 10 years of age, who had to a great degree the King's Evil. His first design was only to enquire how he might get his little boy touched by his Majesty. But this was not the only effect; for by God's Divine Providence his soul was illuminated, and instead of his corporeal sight, which he had lost in Spain by a flash of lightning, he received, I hope, one far more estimable. His little child was also cured of his distemper.

20th. Came, if I am not mistaken: for I have lost the *schedula* in which I marked it, a little shoe-maker from the Island of Jersey ('tis situate betwixt Normandy & Small Britan) in quality of Pilgrim. He was converted at Coln, & brought his testimonials from thence. I have found the paper now, & am just a week out of my count. His name was Isaac Neveu, and had 40 years of age, born of Parents both Calvinists. He was treated as a Pilgrim for 8 days, because born in the English Dominions. Accordingly the

31st. Ditto he communicated at S. Peter's.

August the 3d. I procured from R.F. Rector a *testone* to buy necessary tolls with. & the

4th being compleat he went away, having got, as he said, a place to work in. But it was all, I fancy, a lie; for after that I never saw little Dapper make his appearance, whereas he had promis'd to come the following Sunday, & give an account of his settlement. He seemed indeed to be very devout, & very often I have seen him upon his knees, rapt up as it were in extasie, but I am afraid t'was fiction & dissimulation. He took particular care of his little Paunch, & wou'd express in his broken English his great satisfaction he took in our meat &

drink by saying "is very good this Vine: me like this your Sallade: me no got such good Vittales in all my journey". And when I told him we cou'd entertain him no longer, he seemed to be very sorry for the news, and wou'd needs have for the finishing stroke his great Calabass (so I think they call it in Lancashire) filled full with wine, because, Forsooth, "that Vine be very good mixit with waterre to trink when me labour in te shoe mak". He had a shirt & pair of breeches given him by the Colledge. I lent a Thomas of Kempis in French, which he made bold to keep, I suppose because "every tink was very cood".

27th. Came from the *Convertiti* the above mentioned Henry Clark watch-maker, where he got 15 *Julios*, had also the charity of 2 Chequins from his Majesty, 15 *Julios* from the Prince & Duke, one Chequin from Sir Thomas Deerham, 2 *Julios* from his Eminency Cardinal Davia Protectour of England, 3 from R.F. Rectour, & about 2 crowns from other people. Whether, or when he Communicated, and other particulars I cannot Specifie because I had got very little to do about him, F. Minister taking that trouble upon himself. He stayed here 4 days compleat. and

September ye 8th. He & John Shaftoe went together in a boat for Leghorn. This young man was very well Cloathed by my Lord Derwentwater, & had sufficiently to carry him to England. His design was to bring back letters of his being ye person he pretended: for the three months he stay'd in Rome ther had been no answers to letters of that concern, & my Lord promis'd to do what lay in his power for him if he cou'd bring good proofs thereof.

12th. Dined here one Israel Christian, I have mistaken 'twas supped, born in the Isle of man. He came from Ancona, where was the Consul his Interpreter. Had also lodging.

13th. Returned back again Silvester Martin with a young Scots man, who had been newly converted at Naples by F Coniers. These Sailers are a strange sort of men. They can't get a little money in their pockets but immediately they must ramble about the country, spend in a week or two what they have worked hard for a whole year; & so by consequence live in

beggary till they get aboard ship again. I cou'd almost have sworn that Silvester (he was here April ye 17th) wou'd not have played these tricks. But he's a Sailer, & that's enough. They had their dinners, & at night wine bread and cheese together with little Israel whom they had picked up. No lodging. I shou'd have mentioned in the beginning of this month viz ye 4th an Irishman who came from Ancona & had a dinner. Israel Christian told me that he got into my Lord Derwentwater's service. Likewise another Irish-man by trade a silk-waver (the first was a Sailer) who had two dinners & two nights lodgings, seeming to be great in necessity.

October the 8th. Came an Irish-man & wife. Had both a dinner & so dismiss'd.

9th. Another Irish-man came here his sole design was to be touched by his Majesty for the King's Evil. He brought letters from Mr Hervey to some of the little Ones, and others from their Parents together with a few Penknif's; in consideration of which one gave him a *testone*. He had his supper but paid himself for Lodging.

10th. The same went to Albano,<sup>4</sup> where he had the happiness to be touched by his Majesty; and moreover had 5 Chequins given him in charity by Mr Meas his procuring. He stayed there about a week, then came to Rome, but not to our Colledge till the

23rd. When he brought with him another call'd Wheeler, a silkdier, who had been here 2nd September 1732, as is there marked. They had both their breakfast after which they went to the 7 churches, the foresaid Wheeler showing him the way. They likewise supp'd here, but paid for their Lodging.

24th. The same Irish-man got his supper here.

26th. Which was Munday he came here again, & brought the Wheeler with him. They both had their dinner after which the first went for Leghorn, in order to take ship there for London. He seemed to be a very honest man—I say seemed; for travellers, especially Irish-men, are very capable of playing the fool with

<sup>4</sup> Besides his Palazzo in the City, James had also a Villa in Albano—the Villa baronale dei Savelli, on the site of the present Palazzo Municipale near the tram station.



young people, and making them believe strange things. They have dealt so with me more than once. But bought wit, they say, is the best: and one may know how to manage his affairs in this world the better, when he has seen by his experience how full it is of misery, shifts, and Cheats. This office has given me insight enough to be heartily tired of it, and before 8 months are over, I hope to be quite surfit'd with it. God grant it.

31st. Came for the last time Israel Christian, who was of September the 12th. He brought with him an Irish-man who had din'd here a quarter of a century ago. They had both their breakfast, and Israel 2 *Julios* from R. F. Rector. He had been in the *Convertiti* about 5 weeks, and this (as he said) because he never had abiur'd publicly his Heresy.

November the 30th. Came here a poor ship-wracked man, born at Brussels, but married to an Englishwoman. He had his dinner and a pair of Stockings. He was extraordinarily thankful, and seemed to be a very well meaning man.

December the 7th. A poor Irish-man came here, and had a pair of old shoes. the

11th. He had a dinner.

12th. Two came here one an Englishman, the other Irishman. They both had their dinners and the Englim a pair of old stockings.

13th. Returned the poor Irishman of the 7th, and had another dinner.

14th. Came here two Englishmen one called William Grant of Lincolnshire, Chirurgian to a ship, who pretended to have been converted at Messina, the other Thomas Bridges, of Herefordshire, a Carpenter, who had been cast away. They had their dinners here.

20th. The Carpenter din'd here.

21st. The Chirurgion and the Irishman of the 7th din'd.

23d. Din'd here again the Chirurgion.

28th. Came here for the last time the Irishman of the 7th, and another of the 12th (one wou'd be apt to think that our Colledge was Irish both by the numbers which come here, and the charities we give them) we gave them both dinners.

1734

Jan. the 2d The Chirurgeon came here about his Petition: but I had got the sense not to meddle with it. He has got now with Mrs Glanvil, but is very much dissatisfied, and complains of his hard fortune and sufferings. He had his breakfast, and then he went, I believe, to our Cardinal Protector's.

January the 26th Came a young boy from Civita Vecchia where he had been ship wracked 4 days before. He said he wou'd be a laick, and so I sent him to the *Convertiti*.

February the 18th A deserter out of the Spanish troops in Tuscany born of English Parents in Lisbon came here together with the Wheeler. He was a tall young man of 22 years. They both din'd here and both gave the same description of Thomas Bridges the Carpenter both as to his Person and Manners: viz he was a Scandalous, tricking Rascal. I had indeed heard before grievous complaints from the Doctor, how he had us'd him, and the life he lead; but finding out that he himself had not compli'd with his Pennance, and seeing him grumble, and lament his miserable case in a desperate sort of manner every day, I cou'd not but suspend iudgement.

March the 1st The Doctor din'd here to the best of my knowledge. He never had anything from our Colledge, as I know of after. What he has hitherto receiv'd, was not distribut'd according to his merits: for besides not making his story agree very well about himself, his settlement here or in Spain, or any place for what I see beside England, he has turn'd things topsy-turvy in Mrs Glanvil's house; as in some measure might be gathered from Mrs Glanvil's Nephew, who being a young man of 17, and always living in the country, was not, I fancy, capable of so much closeness and cunning as to impose so easily upon the Colledge. After the Doctor then

April the 14th Came for instruction the young man I just made mention of, tho in reality I neither was capable of preparing him for Confession and Communion, nor if I was, cou'd I at those times spare so many leisure hours. I referr'd him then to Mr Stuart, but for all that he went away without doing anything to the purpose, being heartily tired he said, with his Aunt's odd Economy, and old womanish temper.

*(Here ends the diary written in the first hand.)*

# NOVA ET VETERA

## THE MARTYRS ASSOCIATION

It began in this way. Great work is being done in the College at present to make our Martyrs of the Venerabile better known. There is a deal of patient research being made in the effort to collect all available information about the men who lived here and went forth from these walls to die for Christ, his Vicar and his Church.

“Per Noi” said the Holy Father, at the audience given to past and present students last May, “il Collegio Inglese è Inghilterra a Roma” and then he repeated the same words impressively, “Si, Inghilterra a Roma”. Pondering over these words afterwards, the idea came that it would be a great thing for England if we could get English people to join with us at our midday prayers for the conversion of our beloved country. We must carry on the work of the Martyrs, and through them and with them, strive to bring back to England the treasure which she has lost. To pray for England with England in Rome is surely a grand way to do this. To turn one’s mind daily to Rome and the Vicar of Christ, to pray in union with those who are, in a sense, the fellow-students of the men who shed their blood for Christ, to join with this body of young men from England who kneel near the tombs of the Blessed Peter and Paul, and on the very spot where our Martyrs prepared for their great sacrifice—this must be a most powerful means to lead our country back to the Chair of Peter.

The Martyrs Association will enable our people to do this. Every day at twelve o’clock we are on our knees in the old home of the Martyrs saying the beautiful prayers composed by a former

Rector, Cardinal Wiseman, for the conversion of England. They are long and it would be highly impracticable to ask people to say them all. What we suggest is this. Every day at midday, or thereabouts, the Associates should turn their thoughts to Rome and say a "Gloria Patri" followed by the prayer "Blessed English Martyrs pray for us".

The Holy Year is a unique opportunity to begin a movement of this kind and the idea is proving very acceptable. Thousands of English people and others are now praying with us daily for the conversion of England. The names and addresses of the Associates are duly recorded, and a copy of the picture before which the Martyrs prayed, will be sent to each in course of time. Their names are kept in the Martyrs book in the sacristy of our Church of St Thomas of Canterbury, and they have a share in all our Masses and prayers.

Every group of pilgrims visiting the College is reminded that it has come to a hallowed spot, to the old home of men who gave their all for God's Church, to England in Rome, to the Venerable College which has written such glorious pages in the history of the Catholic Church in England.

The Martyrs Association begun this Holy Year will enable thousands of people to give daily a prayerful glance to the Etenal City and help on the work of this venerable house.

W. GODFREY

### THE SECOND MEETING OF THE ROMAN ASSOCIATION AT ROME MAY 4th to MAY 8th 1933

Someone has blundered. The presence of your hoary and devoted contributor, dear Editor, was entirely due to the timely exhortations of an old Beda man. Sure enough we were told in 1922 that the OO. BB. trip would be the Jubilee, 1925, and that it ought to be a quinquennial, decennial event. What is the elegant Nordic for an event which comes off every eleventh year? These are *praenotanda* for the full-dress debate at which I do not intend to be present.

I need hardly remark it was beautiful weather, and plenty of room in the 'bus. Very dignified had been the Solemn Mass of the English Martyrs. We noted how the boys had given up

roaring, even in the *Decora Lux*, though that was still slightly thunderstricken. *Item*, that the softening or damping out of the voice—an excellent thing in music—was more honoured in the breach than the observance, despite the excellent lead given by the *Schola*.

The Rector and the Vice, and the *Ripetitore* may be interested to know that their arrangements for our comfort left nothing, no, nothing to be desired. Even round the fire at night we were offered hot grog, but the blood of the Martyrs was up, and we chose hot wine. The party consisted of the following: Monsignori Godfrey, Heard, Hall, Moss, Canon Burke, Fathers Wright, O'Connor, Cotton, Hickey, Foley, Cogan, Wood, Boulton, Scarr, Ellis, Masterson, Hemphill, Atkinson, Dudley, Smith, Park.

The less contemplative, as usual the majority, had no sooner got to Palazzola than they began devising how soonest to get away. But Pure Reason asserted itself with those of finer clay, and the sunset from the garden crowned a restful glorious afternoon. *Idem dic* concerning Friday.

Saturday was the hottest day, and still, we were unanimous for Nemi, having heard that the wine at De Sanctis—you all know the rest. One who came home in solitary splendour and twenty minutes of first-class driving, found the Bishop of Southwark, Canon Sprankling, and Father Welsby, having tea in the Villa. They left without seeing the party, concealing their satisfaction at meeting the party who pens this.

On Sunday it spat as we left the Villa, and then it rained. Last of all it poured, but the 'bus was well to time and we were not discommoded until well out of the hills, when we had to make from the dripping roof in places. But rain was over before Cecilia Metella was passed, and the meeting of the Association would have been quite dry had there not been two fingers of *marsala* to aid inspiration. The audience on Monday was the neatest and prettiest and cosiest of many remembered by the present writer. Pius XI gave the watch-word to all well-wishers of the Venerabile, that this is a corner of Rome which must be for ever England. Can anyone trained in Logic fail to draw all the deductions: to realise the implications? The Rector is living up to it all, and none of us must fail him.

J. O'C

## FURTHER IMPRESSIONS

After nearly four months, immersed in parochial work, it is a little difficult to recall and to give expression to the happy memories and associations which the visit to the Venerabile revived.

It was a happy omen that the Rector, Monsignor Godfrey, had been chosen President for the year, for it was he who suggested that the Roman Association should hold its next Meeting in Rome. The Notice of an adjourned Meeting was much enhanced by the intimation in the April number of the Venerabile Magazine of the hospitable reception awaiting the Members by the Rector, with a programme including High Mass at the College, three days at Palazzola, a re-union and dinner within the walls of the *Alma Mater*, and an Audience with the Holy Father.

The Annual Association Meeting took place in London on Tuesday April 25th. The following morning at 10 a.m. the first batch, consisting of Father O'Connor, Doctor Cotton, Doctor Boulton (the Secretary) together with the writer, left Victoria station for Rome direct. Incidentally we noted that passing over the frontier into Italy appeared to bring back *la lingua Fiorentina nella bocca Romana*—at least it was so in the case of our genial Secretary. The respect shown towards the clergy on the trains, at the stations, in the streets of Rome, was significant of the changed spirit of the times.

The official visit commenced with the High Mass in the College Chapel at 9.30 a.m. on May 4th the Feast of the English Martyrs. A fine up-to-date organ had replaced the bundle of tricks which had served the purpose in the past. The volume of voices in the singing of the Plain Chant was good to hear. One remembered the Lectern, associated with anecdotes, amusing and otherwise, in front of which the select choir used to perform under the baton of Doctor Giles and later Doctor Prior.

Not the least enjoyable part of these re-unions is the gathering and meeting of old friends in the corridor after Mass.

Strictly to time the motor-bus started for the Alban Hills. We missed the rousing cheer from the Students which had speeded our departure in 1922. Nor was there the old-timed "Merrily

we roll along" from the departing contingent. The drive was most enjoyable, and recalled pleasant memories as familiar scenes came into view. The Vice-rector, Doctor Smith, had gone before to prepare the place, so that, on arrival at Palazzola, our luggage was taken and we were shown our rooms.

The rival claims for Porzio and Palazzola as a Country Villa might prove an interesting subject for debate between veterans and moderns. There is little doubt on the result. The voting would be in favour of the latter. The surrounding scenery, the beauty of the lake, the grounds, the general atmosphere of Palazzola, the restfulness and charm of the place—all, taken together, undoubtedly overbalance advantages Porzio might claim. Unfortunately the excellent swimming-bath the students had made was not, at the time, in a fit state to be used. The present students are much to be envied. What should we not have given for a cool plunge in August at Monte Porzio!

In the afternoon the first duty was to ascend Monte Cavo, there to enjoy from the top the magnificent view of the Campagna and the lakes. Welcome supper awaited our return, during which bygone days and persons were discussed and anecdotes recalled.

In easy chairs around a wood fire in the massive fireplace, with mulled wine and smokes, a very pleasant evening was spent. Father O'Connor was in his best form, and the audience were content to listen to his witticisms and humorous outpourings. If some of the stories were as tall as the proverbial fisherman's catch, no one felt called upon to protest.

The Rector's suggestion for a gita to Nemi on Saturday met with unanimous approval. After breakfast three men with Doctor Park ventured down to the lake for a bathe before proceeding on their journey. The rest accompanied the Rector by road. It was at a spot about half a mile from the village that a short cut was taken, Monsignor continuing by road. After a good half hour's walking it seemed unkind to remind the leader of the party of the example of G.K. Chesterton's heroes who went to Birmingham *via* Beachy Head. Realisation came when the path emerged into the main road traversed by the party an hour previously. We retraced our steps in silence! It was with relief that the voices of the bathing contingent were heard.

Joining up with them we were soon at Nemi. The dinner at Nemi was reminiscent of many similar gatherings of Venerabilini in the past. It was characteristic of the occasion that the *padrone*, who remembered Doctor Giles, should present wine at the close.

The view of the lake from the *albergo* is no longer what it was. While the recovery of the Galleys of Caligula is a matter of congratulation from the archaeological point of view, it is cause for regret that it should have necessitated the draining of the lake, and thus spoilt one of the beauty spots of Italy.

The walk back was pleasant and tea awaited us at Palazzola. A cosy fire, mulled wine and cigars, brought to an end a delightful day. The following morning, mid drizzly rain, we left Palazzola for Rome, returning by the Via Appia and the "Quo Vadis".

The Adjourned Meeting of the Association was held at the Venerabile on Sunday May 7th. The Re-union dinner followed in the College refectory. Speeches were made by the Rector, Bishop Amigo, Father O'Connor and Doctor Boulton. Musical honours were accorded the toast of the Pope, the Association and the Visitors. It was good to hear *Ad Multos Annos* sung by over a hundred voices. All were photographed afterwards in the *cortile*.

The audience with the Holy Father took place at 6 p.m. on Monday May 8th. As Pius XI smilingly entered the Throne-room, he looked younger than his years. His allocution was homely and intimate, blessing the work of the Association and commenting favourably on the re-union of past and present students of the Venerabile. He appeared to enjoy *O Roma Felix* sung in harmony by the gathering. At the request of Monsignor Godfrey, the Holy Father empowered Parish Priests to impart the Papal Blessing to their parishioners on their return to England—with the permission from their respective Bishops.

The Concert held in the common room proved a great success. Accounts in the Diary Notes of the Magazine of Concerts held periodically had led us to expect an advancement on the old days. It was therefore no surprise to find an excellent programme arranged. Father O'Connor, Monsignor Hall and Doctor Boulton championed the cause of the veterans.



Outside the official visit there were very pleasant evenings spent with the Students in the common room after supper.

Appreciation and thanks are due to Monsignor Godfrey for his hospitality and kindness both in Rome and at Palazzola. His genial smile was reminiscent of Doctor Prior. A word of thanks also to Doctor Smith and Doctor Park both of whom did their utmost for the comfort and care of the Visitors.

It is clear that the interests, traditions and customs of the Venerable are in very good hands. We were loath to bid them all *Arrivederci*.

T. HICKEY

### PALAZZOLA CHURCH

“The beauty of the king’s daughter is within”. It was thus we had to excuse the unsightly exterior of the Villa church, after its interior had been restored to its pristine Gothic comeliness. There is no longer any need for the apology; for the exterior also now has been restored. Within and without, the Villa church is once more a simple yet beautiful specimen of Italian Gothic.

To get the details it may be best to follow the lines of the workmen. First we knocked down the old *coro* of the Franciscans, that ugly box-like erection over the portico; also its appendage inside the church, the garish wooden tribune. We removed the plaster from the façade of the church, and razed the two rather squat side-towers.

Then the peperino (alternating with white marble after the manner of Orvieto) was replaced. The old *rasone* that had lain in fragments under the portico was repieced and put into place and filled with cathedral glass, having a gold cross in the centre. Two lancet windows, discovered underneath the rose-window when the plaster was being removed, were restored and filled with glass (duly “sporchatod”). A sloping roof of Italian tiles was put over the portico. At the two ends of the portico, two fine pillars similar to those in front, were discovered encased in the brick-and-plaster wall. The one on the left was completely isolated, that on the right had to be left only partly show-



The New Facade, Palazzola.

ing, the wall encasing it forming one side of the *portone* which leads into the cortile. The coats of arms, one of the King of Portugal, one of Cardinal Fonseca and one of the Franciscan Order, were removed from the front of the old *coro* to over "Luigi's door", (now a misnomer for the *portone* of St Edward's Cortile).

Later it is hoped to rebuild the tower in its correct position at the east end of the church, over the old Nuns' chapel (now the sacristy).

### ST JOSEPH'S PICTURE

In most points strictly conventional, the new picture of St Joseph in the College Church attracts attention, and from many approval, by representing St Joseph not as a sexagenarian but as a man in his prime of life. Remembering that he was a cousin of the Child's Mother, the artist has given him a face very like the traditional face of Our Lord. Clad in the customary purple and brown garments, he rests one hand on the Child who stands directly in front with His hands outstretched. The Child is shown here as a boy of ten or twelve years. But most people who have seen the group, admiring St Joseph, quarrel with the somewhat effeminate features of the Boy.

St Joseph and Our Lord are represented standing on a marble dais. Behind them hangs a simple piece of tapestry, green against a faintly rose-coloured sky. On each side, show the heads of lily flowers.

The picture is very much more in keeping with our Church, than the poor little oleograph which it replaces. It entirely fills the space above the altar, and is boldly mounted in a large gold frame. And though the grouping and the details (apart from the youth of St Joseph) are firmly traditional, there is the originality of execution which gives a value to the picture that a mere copy could never have.

### AN EPISODE OF THE PINCIAN HILL

Father O'Connor sent us this, one of the Lays of Modern Rome which entitled their author, Bishop Burton, to call himself

the Local Bard. It goes to the Judge's Song in "Trial by Jury", and records an episode which, Father O'Connor tells us, "really happened". "Yea moreover" he goes on, "when I had sung the thing at least five times I gave all I had one evening (it wasn't much), to the identical Hoary Tramp, so well-upholstered was the old fraud."

I'll sing you a song which won't be long  
 Unless my memory boggles,  
 Of a hoary tramp with a great green gamp  
 And an elegant pair of goggles.  
 Says the tramp to me: For a moderate fee  
 I'll sing you a Paternoster:  
 Says I to the tramp: You damn'd old scamp  
 I'll commit you for an imposter.

At eve next day, as I went my way  
 Absorbed in contemplation,  
 He hove in sight on the Pincian height  
 Requesting a small donation.  
 I shook the tramp, he shook his gamp  
 And we closed in combat gory,  
 To the visible glee of a band of three  
 Or four fat Monsignori. \*

The great green gamp was soon my prize  
 And fell on the flanks of the sinner,  
 While the Monsignori downed their eyes  
 And heavily bet on the winner.  
 At length the civic guard apprised  
 Put both of us asunder,  
 And the hoary tramp apologised  
 And said it was all a blunder.

Ye hoary tramps who sport green gamps  
 And goggles on either optic,  
 In the public parks do not meddle with clerks  
 Be they Dutch or French or Coptic:

If you're ever so rash as to beg their cash,  
Pray think it not peculiar  
 If some fine day, you are shown the way  
 To a room in the Via Giulia.

\* Themselves also celebrated in the song: "Cock-a-doodle-doo.

### NEWMAN AND THE VENERABLE

After the recent welter of panegyrics, memories, new facts and rubbish which the Oxford Movement occasioned and in which Newman, of course, bulked very large, perhaps it will interest Venerabilini if we seize an obvious topical peg and hang on it a little note about the great leader's connections with the College. These connections were decidedly slight, of course, but slight or large, they have never yet been grubbed up and strung together, and therefore merit a passing note at least from one of Nova et Vetera's anonymous scribes.

Well, Newman visited Rome only four times in his life, the first time as a Roman-collared, heterodox layman, the second as a glowing convert to study at Propaganda, the third as a saddened Oratorian urging the separation of the London and Birmingham Oratories, and the fourth as a gratified old man come to receive the Cardinal's Hat that was a pledge of holy orthodoxy suspected and denied in the high places for long sad years. On his first visit in 1833, which lasted about two months, he must have come to the College—Wiseman writes of "the day of Newman and Froude's visit to me". Speaking afterwards of the great change which took place in his own outlook from the time of this visit, Wiseman wrote "Never for an instant did I doubt that a new era had commenced in England. . . . to this grand object I devoted myself. . . . the favourite studies of former years were abandoned for the pursuit of this aim alone." Which shows, first, that Newman must have visited the College, (where else can you visit the Rector of the Venerabile but at 45, Via di Monserrato?) and second, that that visit marked a turning point in Wiseman's career. The gist of the conversation they had is clear from a

letter of Froude's: "We got introduced to him to find out whether they (the Catholic Church) would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences, and we found, to our dismay, that not one step could be gained without swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole."

That is all we have been able to discover about Newman's first visit to the College. One can picture much, no doubt, with real faithfulness, how he would come in to the *portineria* with that quick nervous shuffle of his and downcast head, and inquire reservedly in very bad Italian for "Monsignore Wiseman"; sniff proselytism from our effervescent Spanish-Celt and be all *morgue anglaise* accordingly; listen with scrupulous care to his arguments, be impressed by his kind manner, and then go back to his hotel and write—as he did—"Oh that Rome was not Rome! But I seem to see as clear as day that union with her is impossible." But fancies are not facts and it does seem a pity that we know so little of that great day when Oxford's distant seer and Rome's holy prince first set foot in our College. Reverent minds steeped in Newman lore and Newman worship can weave loving fancies, perhaps, but is there no tradition which filtered down as far, say, as the Venerabilini of thirty to fifty years ago? If such there be, let them sit down and write quickly.

The second time he was in Rome was in 1846 when he came to study at Propaganda for the priesthood, just after his conversion. He stayed there about fifteen months in all, yet we have not up to the present, found any record of a visit to the College during this period. He must surely have come to dinner once at least, quite likely oftener, in spite of all his dislike of dining out. This would be under Grant's rectorship. But at any rate, there is a record of a visit to Monte Porzio. Pius IX was visiting Newman at Santa Croce, and Wiseman, who was on a visit from England, happened to be there at the same time, so it was arranged on the spot that Newman should go to Porzio with Wiseman and thus have a chance of discussing his Oratorian plans with him. But this arrangement fell through for Wiseman was suddenly rushed off to England on a semi-diplomatic mission. Newman went out instead on October 6th with Grant and Bowles, on which occasion, it is interesting to note, Grant told him the new hierarchy for England was "determined

and known". Thus much we have from Newman's diary, but more at present we do not know.

Newman's third visit to Rome was in 1856, nine years later, to urge on Propaganda the separation of the London and Birmingham Oratories. Here, unlike the other three visits, we have nothing to work on: further paragraphs on the point would be literally *voces, et praeterea nihil*. Newman deliberately kept the whole affair quiet because he was very anxious it should not be published; perhaps for that very reason he steered clear of dinner at the Venerabile.

His last visit to the Venerabile was in 1879, when he was just on 80, to receive the Cardinal's Hat. Here we come at last to a well documented account of a visit to the College—Ward in his life gives a full page to it. After he had received the Hat and made his beautiful "Biglietto Speech", numerous addresses and presentations followed, the first of which took place at the English College. The story of this presentation is fairly well known, mainly, no doubt, owing to the popularity of Ward's life, but perhaps our readers will be glad to have it retold here all the same. Bishop Cowgill was present on the occasion but writes very regretfully that though "we students" were very much agog about it all, he has nothing to add to Ward's account (which, by the way, he considers "a very faithful account indeed"). The Cardinal arrived at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, May 14, accompanied by the Holy Father's Master of Ceremonies, all in proper form, with two carriages. They were met at the door by Doctor O'Callaghan (Rector), Doctor Giles (Vice-rector) and Monsignor Stonor, and conducted to the Library (Ward calls it "a large upper chamber"). Here a large number of ladies and gentlemen were already gathered, and at the further end the presents were exposed—a complete set of vestments, a cloth-of-silver cope and a jewelled mitre, a *Canon Missae*, a silver-gilt bugia, a pectoral cross and chain, and a richly illuminated address. Each vestment was embroidered with His Eminence's coat-of-arms in proper heraldic colours, with the motto "Cor ad cor loquitur." His Eminence having taken his seat, Lady Herbert of Lea read the following address:

"From the English, Irish, Scotch and American residents in Rome. My Lord Cardinal,—We, your devoted English, Scotch,

Irish, and American children at present residing in Rome, earnestly wishing to testify our deep and affectionate veneration for your Eminence's person and character, together with our hearty joy at your elevation to the Sacred Purple, venture to lay this humble offering at your feet. We feel that in making you a Cardinal the Holy Father has not only given public testimony of his appreciation of your great merits and of the value of your admirable writings in defence of God and His Church, but has also conferred the greatest possible honour on all English speaking Catholics who have long looked up to you as their spiritual father and their guide in the paths of holiness. We hope your Eminence will excuse the shortness and simplicity of this Address, which is but the expression of the feeling contained in your Eminence's motto "Heart speaking to Heart", for your Eminence has long since won the hearts of all. That God may greatly prolong the years which have been so devoted to His service in the cause of truth is the earnest prayer of your Eminence's faithful and loving children."

Father Pope, who was present, writes that the address was "feeling and (better still) short—read admirably by Lady Herbert—and the Father's reply short, and very touching. He looked very noble in Cardinal's attire—and we sent to the Vatican for his *gentiluomo* in the picturesque medieval dress—with sword—and the Father's biretta on his knees.... But the Father is fearfully weak and tired." What the "short and touching" reply was, nobody seems to say, but it should not be very hard to find out.

These details of Newman's visits, scanty as they are, constitute all we know at present of his connections with the Venerable. Did he never write to the College or work for it or express his views on it? Possibly our own archives contain interesting information which patient digging would reveal. May archivists and Venerable pundits in general be duly stung into efficacious action!



## COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th. *Saturday*. Last night we went to bed in the merry city of Titipu and stayed there all this morning. Father Vermeersch found us a very unappreciative audience, but what would you? We didn't get the necessary cold douche till we entered our common room, stripped of all its gay trappings. A distraction came our way in the evening when we assisted an *eminentissimo vescovo* at our Benediction in S. Andrea della Valle.

8th. *Sunday*. Our nautical student took a liberty boat to sing High Mass for the Little Sisters on this their *fiesta*. Father Hickey, O.S.A., who gave us a retreat some time ago, and Mr F.F. Urquhart of Baliol, dined with us. This evening the Rector gave us most welcome news—a gita next Thursday.

9th. *Monday*. Doctor Jones, accompanied by the Vice-rector, left for England this morning. There was a real wrench in saying good-bye to our guest, a model Venerabilino. He has charmed everyone by his spirit of camaraderie and if when saying *arrivederla* we omitted to add *presto*, we say it now with emphasis.

10th. *Tuesday*. The appearance of a well-known bowler hat and a no less notorious face underneath it proclaimed the opening of the book-auction. Bidding was rather slow but comment was brisk. One of our number, alas, departed for the milder fare of the nuns at Frascati. Still, our loss is their gain. We confidently expect the good Sisters to be expert at "putting one past point" in a week or two.

11th. *Wednesday*. The auction did its best to maintain popularity, but found gita-preparations rather strong opposition. Father McKenna, of Westminster, came to be our guest for a few days.

12th. *Thursday*. The Rector must have felt a cold shudder down his spine when the final strokes of six o'clock echoed through an almost empty church till he bethought him that by that hour most of his boys were speeding, in high, low or nondescript gear, to all parts of the Campagna. The freshness of the air seemed to upset the Palazzola party, for they distinctly said they saw a Yak careering through the streets in the early morning gloom. This, however, was outdone by the Monte Porzians, who after casually mentioning that the *vino* there was cheaper, calmly stated that they had seen the carcasses of dead horses. Many were attracted by the new electric railway which runs between the Porta

del Popolo and Viterbo. It is easily the best accommodation for the money, in the district. Some of the *gitanti* found the motion of the train a trifle disconcerting but this was amply repaid by an invigorating walk past Soracte or the Lago di Vico in the keen January air. Civita Castellana is one of the most inviting halts along this route even if Hare says the inns are "humble but bearable". There is the handsome 12th century Duomo to admire with its beautiful *portico*, the work of Lorenzo Cosmati and his son Giacomo; and the stout little fortress of Papa Giulio II buttresses the outer walls of the *paese*. Here it was that the infamous condottiere Gasparoni, with many of his gang, spent the latter part of his life. Snow was clearly visible on many even of the lower mountains, and a renowned mountaineer on the Vico-Viterbo walk was delighted to find himself in his native element—he had to trudge through a couple of inches of slush. We cannot close the day's account without mentioning that this time the Repeater, who went to Rocca Priora, did not come back *in automobile*. Our Spiritual Guide was at supper on our return.

14th. *Saturday*. There was a surprised pause during the good work which usually goes on in this venerable house at meal-times, when the reader uttered the words "Lector ad Completorium". We are very grateful for this innovation, having long speculated what we could do with an extended Sunday afternoon. We assure the Rector that familiarity will not breed contempt.

15th. *Sunday*. The Holy Year was solemnly proclaimed in St Peter's, and after the function our Cardinal Protector came with his secretary to wish us *Buon Anno* and to give us a little talk on the coming celebrations and the wonderful opportunity of gaining indulgences. He stayed to dinner with us. We played the North Americans at soccer in the afternoon and the game resulted in a draw I-I. While not denying our cousins the honours of a well-fought contest, we must protest that striped pyjamas in the halfback line, a tea cosy in the centre and a jockey cap on the left wing were a shade *de trop*.

16th. *Monday*. Theologians' Menstrua. Mr Lennon argued.

17th. *Tuesday*. Aula V was the seat of the Philosophers' Menstrua. The rearranged calendar bore the ominous words—*docetur in aliis facultatibus*, so bang goes another tradition dating back to the horrors of the Palazzo Borromeo. To add to our woes the new Pam porter has begun to take himself seriously and this evening issued his ultimatum that unless we came in one *camerata*—shades of the Venerabile!—we would be refused *ingresso*. We stake our all on the Senior Student's well known lubricating qualities to ease the princely bearings.

18th. *Wednesday*. Father McKenna slipped away today and we had long reading with the second volume of Broderick's Bellarmine. We don't know whether the author would be quite satisfied with our reader's exegesis of some of his text. Did the learned Jesuit actually write that the Cardinals "divested themselves of their rockets"?

19th. *Thursday*. We hear that progress is now being made with

the beautifying of S. Maria ad Nives. The plans betoken a handsome transformation of the Palazzola façade. Where once the brutal emblems of anticlericalism reigned, a neat little pent-roof is to supersede. Those who used to seek their solace in the Trattoria Albergo may even now find welcome shelter but refreshments are kept elsewhere. One of the towers is to fall and the other is to be raised somewhat. A fine rose-window which has lain neglected in the *portico* for many years is now to be restored to its former pride of place. But the thorniest problem is replacing the passage-way which will disappear in the intended destruction of the old *coro*. Many have been the suggestions, even to that of a subterranean corridor, *favente ipso Rectore*. Frankly here we pause. Despite your Venerabilino's facility in going to earth on occasion, despite his shunning of the light, we doubt whether those bright young things who have led their cocoon existence on the Slums for eight long months would be content to prove their Palazzola pinions, for the first time, through dim-lit yawning caverns. Moreover we have observed with alarm that the aged, halt and maim are addicted to the Extreme Left. Finally, as in even the best regulated communities, *for tasse sunt quidam, dico, fortasse*—well you know them—always the cow's tail.

20th. *Friday*. We took part in the Octave of Prayer at S. Paolo alla Regola, which this year is being offered up particularly for the conversion of England. A demure young man who was trying to distribute Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More leaflets among the congregation was rather taken aback at the poor response his efforts evoked, and it was only after explaining with the help of the *sacristano* that there was no *obolo* that trade began to brighten. Thereafter little more was seen of him.

21st. *Saturday*. Father Sweeney of Skipton came to dinner.

22nd. *Sunday*. La Spagnuola, as some people call her, much as they speak of Madame la Guillotine, has commenced to stalk through the House, making no distinction of high or low. Even one who had endured the 12° of the Jungfrau was compelled to yield to the *tempo variabile* of influenza, and now lies in the infirmary with half a dozen similar unfortunates whose only distraction is the sound of others pressing hard on their heels to fill up the few vacancies. This did not deter Archbishop Palica from gracing our midday board, we are glad to say. And, in sooth, we aren't as badly off as some, the Scots have half their number down.

23rd. *Monday*. Rumours of a rugger match with our friends in the Irish College has caused an amazing transformation. Men whom we thought to be trimming their sails for a comfortable passage through the insensate wares of adipose tissue to the harbour of a receptive middle-aged armchair, have on a sudden been galvanized into action. Fragments of conversation percolate. "No, no *vino*, nothing worse for putting it on."

25th. *Wednesday*. People coming home from lectures at ten o'clock

this morning rubbed their eyes when they reached the Piazza Farnese. Out of the *palazzo* issued a wonderful *pompa*. Coaches, horses and men resplendent in gay trappings, all the glory of old-world splendour, mettlesome steeds and gorgeous outriders, dignified grooms and *valets de chambre*. And, lastly, just a peep at the *pezzo grosso*, the new French Ambassador presenting his credentials at the Quirinal, uniformed and gleaming with orders.

26th. *Thursday*. The house was restored to its full complement this afternoon when the Rector swooped down on S. Carlo, Frascati, and wrested from the nuns their prey. The same great logician was at fault in trying to deduce a nexus of *post* and *propter* when a certain young man, blue with cold, asked for two *ferraiolas* this morning.

27th. *Friday*. We have always advocated the milder gymnastics for those in the autumn of youth. One such, who paid no heed to warnings, yesterday threw himself and was thrown about violently. Breakfast found his place empty. Sympathetic enquirers after his health learnt that he thought he had 'flu. Was it really the Infirmarian who persuaded him that all he needed was a good deal of embrocation? Some of us assisted the Rector at Benediction this evening for the English Sisters in Piazza di Spagna.

28th. *Saturday*. Second Year Philosophers performed at the first of these new entertainments (Supplementary Courses) which the Gregorian has invented to make a student's life more eventful.

29th. *Sunday*. Father Gorman, O.S.A., dined with us. Mr Kirkpatrick, His Majesty's *Chargé d'affaires* at the Vatican, gave the Literary Society a most entertaining evening on "The Secret Service". We found his questionnaire extremely interesting but we would like to know what he thought about ours. One man is still wondering whether the lecturer could explain the mysterious disappearance of a certain Mr Ross in Paris.

30th. *Monday*. The man who read the Scripture this evening found himself in the disconcerting light of a new arc which shines with its fellow from the top of each of the pillars at the senior end of the stalls. We compliment the electricians on a very effective illumination of the Martyrs' Picture.

FEBRUARY 2nd. *Thursday*. The Rector, accompanied by two students, presented His Holiness with the College candle and as usual received *una grande benedizione* for the House. A surprise concert this evening.

1. Song . . . . *The Queen was in the Parlour* . . . Mr Leahy
2. Duet . . . . *The Merry Month of May* . . . Messrs Park  
& Cunningham
3. Interlude

"THE DEAR DEPARTED"

## Characters:

<i>A Power-that-be</i>	. . . . .	Mr T. B. Pearson
<i>A German Beak</i>	. . . . .	Mr Purdy
<i>An English Beak</i>	. . . . .	Mr Henshaw
<i>An American Beak</i>	. . . . .	Mr Stanley
<i>A Scholastic</i>	. . . . .	Mr Rickaby
<i>The Dear Departed</i>		
4. Song	. . . . . <i>The New and Better</i>	Mr Gallagher
5. Violin Solo	. . . . . <i>Serenata di Toselli</i>	Mr Ekbery
6. Sketch		

## "A SISTER TO ASSIST 'ER"

## Characters:

<i>Mrs Millie May (a monthly nurse)</i>	. . . . .	Mr Jackson
<i>Mrs McMull (her landlady)</i>	. . . . .	Mr Cunningham

*Scene: A sitting-room*

3rd. *Friday*. A new system of marking has been introduced at the University. The time honoured "Aeg.", truly the last of all straws at which *periclitantes* clutch, now hatches the positive web-footed species. Modern students of the Gregorian tonic solfa can range from *Summa cum Laude* (followed by *Magna ditto*) to the simple unqualified "Prob", beyond which there is the *alto mare*. Second Year Philosophy sounded all the upper chords when they received their Special Discipline results after supper.

4th. *Saturday*. *Ubi pecunia ibi penuria*. The Eternal City is proverbial for its beggars. A writer in the VENERABILE October 1931 has given a sketch of the picturesque figures which dog the footsteps of the Roman clerk. What more natural than that the huge new building in Piazza della Pilotta, the latest home of that gregarious mob, the Bags of Rome, should become the objective in many a foray. They lie in wait for us in unsuspecting doorways and then pounce out with wails of "fame, fame", and only after clearing the last pair of deformed arms on the University steps can we breathe safely. When we are leaving, the same often happens in the reverse order, as one of our priests can well tell. He was accosted by a youth of indubitable Semitic strain with the usual cant and placing a hand in his opulent pocket handed over fifty cents, at the same time taking three pairs of laces from the youngster's left hand. Conscious of his liberality he strolled on a yard or two extolling to his fellow the virtue of Charity when suddenly he became aware of his beneficiary bawling down his ear "Costano dieci soldi al paio". And they had to.

5th. *Sunday*. To dinner Father Lennon, O.M.I. Now that we have ceased to be merely comic, the *incaricati* provided us with another mystery film, *Il Mistero dell'Alfiere Nero*.

7th. *Tuesday*. The *Deus Scientiarum Dominus*, which has probably provoked more discussion than any papal pronouncement since *Rerum Novarum*, has had its little repercussions at "No 45". One of its effects will be to give us our own skeletons in the cupboard—the ghosts, though by no means immaterial forms, of present 7th Year who next session will be our 8th Year. Long have we striven, long has the Rector striven to determine the future rarified atmosphere of these strange beings. Few have been the results of our excogitations. We may summarise them thus far. They are to be known as the O.N.D. (Opera Nazionale Dopolavoro), and they are to have a pen of their own if such can be wrested from the Flattites. We are authorised, however, to state that this will not be known as the *Casa dei Mutilati*.

8th. *Wednesday*. What the Monthly Guide, under the heading Foklore calls "*Mercato caratteristico in Campo dei Fiori*".

9th. *Thursday*. The Rector livened up this evening's recreation by submitting to the vulgar gaze the plans for the latest Villa improvements.

10th. *Friday*. Simultaneously with the news that the Government intend to re-impose an entrance-fee to the Palatine came the result of a Pam v. Forum debate. Christian archaeologists will rejoice at the handsome victory of the first-named.

11th. *Saturday*. In addition to the ever-present Father Welsby, our guests at dinner were Doctor Halsall and Father Grant.

12th. *Sunday*. The noble pile which rose a short time ago behind the apse of St Peter's and which was originally intended to be the new Vatican Seminary but by the exigencies of the Lateran Treaty became the Vatican Governor's palace, is from time to time the scene of a musical feast given by the Palatine Band. One could hardly imagine a more entrancing stand than that offered by the spacious, well-trimmed lawns which grace the terraces fronting the *palazzo*. Such must have been the thoughts of a *manipolo* of ours which attended the levee this morning though one of them came away with a very mean opinion of Prince Serafini's privet hedges. He was cornering one of these in the approved style of a "cam" doing Peter's-Monserra in 17 minutes when he collided with a very able-bodied *cittadina* and was shot over the hedge into the Cross Keys—nicely worked on the lawn. This evening the Rector officiated at Benediction at S. Girolamo and Father Leeming, S.J., entertained the Literary Society by plunging it into the limpid depths of St Thomas, *speciatim* in Ia IIae, Q 38, a 5.

13th. *Monday*. No mention, we fear, has yet been made in the Diary of the latest from South America. Our friends the Pious Latins have bid farewell to the old-fashioned *soprana* and now appear in cloaks "as round as gooth a bell," not so swell as those of their northerly neighbours but worn with infinitely more elegance and *apacherie*.

14th. *Tuesday*. Panic reigned in the theological section of the refectory when the reader, a mere youth to boot, mentioned Aquila with a strong flex on the second syllable.

16th. *Thursday*. Rumour has it that that man of whim, the Repeater,

has taken shares in the *Officina pro Foliis Nicotianis Conficiendis*, a.v. the *Trinciato Commune* Factory. This seems to be confirmed by the fact that he is now trying to undermine the College constitutions by providing free of charge tins of this noxious fungoid.

18th. *Saturday*. You can't keep some people down, and this is true of no one more than of the unconscious wit. Today two of them collided. One, a film-fan, said his favourite actor was *Rerum Novarum*, and the other quoting him called the aforementioned celebrity *Quadragesimo Anno—factum historicum!*

19th. *Sunday*. The ministers entered for High Mass this morning vested in a new set of purple, tastefully decorated with the *stemma* of Pope Gregory XIII, founder of the College. Dinner was noteworthy for the appearance, the first ever, we believe, of our zealous *parroco*, Canon Baroncelli. The Literary Society provided us with another trip to Mexico, this time under the able guidance of Mr O'Hea, the Banana King.

20th. *Monday*. Activity in the Giles drain and high jinks on the surface of the tank warned (or should have) the beadles of their duty of representing their respective years at the University this morning. We got away with the option. The latest *Chiamata all'Armi* has relieved us of two of our servants, so at supper we watched the antics of the tyros attempting to keep the wolves from the door.

21st. *Tuesday*. Another fine day for the ducks. 3rd Year Philosophy blazed across this evening's sky with a spate of *suffragia optima*. Examinations are at a discount nowadays. Sharking has gone quite out of fashion.

22nd. *Wednesday*. Came the Theologians' turn. 2nd and 3rd Years today proved their skill in the written exams. Biblical Greek was the leap and jumpers are now put through their paces by a Spaniard called Errandonea, who has supplanted the affable and vivacious Rosadini.

23rd. *Thursday*. Addicts of the handling-code are on the increase in the house at present. As in previous years, they wouldn't have been able to raise their heads above ground had it not been for an influx of that part of the body politic which is now restricted to mild rough-house. These men moved by the all-in spirit have given themselves over to Rucker, and the result was a game this afternoon between them and the Irish College. As was to be expected they were beaten, albeit narrowly; and this despite their skilful tactics. For it must be explained that the ground was under water save for a string of islets between the goals. Most of the game took place on the archipelago and our men proved themselves adepts at heaving their opponents into the water and then camouflaging themselves the colour of the ground. Thus several strong swimmers reached the Irish "25", and it was only a lynx-eyed back noticing a moving island which he promptly sat on that prevented our winning the game. As it was, a Gael perceived an opening between our captain's legs and diving through it over the line won the match.

24th. *Friday*. The 3rd Year Philosophers showed us a few more of the Northern Lights today with another brilliant display of *magnas*.

25th. *Saturday*. With holidays so few and far between, we are glad of this respite from lectures despite our love for our professors. Of course it would be absurd to talk of "downing tools". If anyone were to ask "When is a busman not a bag?" the answer would be the succinct Italian—*Mai!* Peeping into the portineria we noticed the *Ripeitore's* skis and guessed that he was going to Tagliacozzo this Fall.

26th. *Sunday*. We were glad to see an old friend in Father Sylvester, O.S.F.C., on the Rector's right at dinner. In the evening Charlie Chaplin helped us into the Carnival spirit with his much talked-of film "City Lights".

27th. *Monday*, and as usual a gita-day. The Venerabile was represented in the Campagna by a far-flung half wheel the spokes of which led to Bracciano, Civita Castellana, Pellechia, Gennaro, Tivoli, Porzio, Palazzola and Nemi. The climbers had a great day in the snow and must have brightened the colour scheme of the Sabines: their costumes varied from the Old Bill Trench outfit to the Vanheems' Young Man. The Alban woods were magnificent in their, to us, novel winter coat. The tall trees stood out gaunt and bare against the sky and the saddleback between Cavo and Faette resembled an outsize in vignettes. The Trattoria De Sanctis had its hospitable doors thrown wide open, though one only at a time could climb the crazy stairs. Eyes right and we find the picture of the Consular Tomb and closely linked to it Camillo himself. Dinner left nothing to be desired and when we reached the *senza complimento* stage the two veterans of the party began to groan and to sigh and to say that they did not think that it were possible that they should come there again, whereat the Good Man made merry and laughed loud and long saying in the Italian tongue "Ma sì, io stesso li ho visti tornare monsignori e vescovi". The Villa continues to emerge from its swaddling bands and already we can descry the incipient lines of its pristine giottesque beauty. In the Billiard Room the Jolly Miller or the Yak, as you will, was laying out a tea which made Mrs Beeton look like an Elementary Primer. How those fellows ever reached home...!

MARCH 1st. *Wednesday*. Tonsures and foreheads bore the impression of the cinerary *memento*. The Rector performed the opening ceremony of the *Quadragesima*. Stational fervour, this being the first day, was at white heat, and many *camerate* took the pleasant *salita* on the Aventine. The old malodorous "Lovers' Lane" has been transformed by the *Servizio Giardineria* into a sylvan retreat, and the via S. Sabina is now reached through a small park which shows off to great advantage the apse of the Dominican church. The lately isolated temples of Fortune and Vesta, the gardens fronting the Gregory XIII fountain and S. Maria in Cosmedin come now as a relief to the eye, jaded by the sight of unending rows of flats, and form an oasis in the mad swirl of hurly-burly traffic which rages round that area. Monsignor Heard shared our first *magro* dinner.

3rd. *Friday*. The opening of the second semester of the University,



and, *mutatis mutandis*, the second phase of the Spaniards who must occupy most of the professorial chairs in the Gregorian. That diehard Father Vermeersch has been substituted by one Lopez. We found the Superiors' table at dinner augmented by that evergreen Doctor O'Reilly of Birmingham.

4th. *Saturday*. One result of the recent Visitation is that our tabernacle doors have to be more securely fastened. In consequence, we had the Community Mass on the Sacred Heart altar this morning whilst the *Signor Orefice* took the measurements for a proper socket lock.

5th. *Sunday*. The Rector looked quite dwarfed by his guests at dinner today. The first thing one thought of was the two great Egyptian statues which flank the Sala Rotonda as you enter the Vatican Galleries. The Nile and Tigris proved to be two American Jesuits, the recently returned Father Keeler and a newcomer Father McNamee.

6th. *Monday*. Theologians' *Menstrua*. 1st and 2nd Year provided the gate for these joustings, interesting for the appearance of the Reverend Cletus Benjamin, the first North American to argue in the Gregorian. We began the Public Meeting somewhat earlier this year than usual because of the revised scheme of second half lectures. 7th Year, taking the new licentiate, have only one lecture *per diem*, and that at 3 o'clock or thereabouts, all the remainder of the year. So *ferraiuolas* have fluttered earlier than usual, and there has had to be a transfer of oil stock. The new Senior Student to fill the chair found enough business to carry him on till —

7th. *Tuesday*, the Feast of St Thomas Aquinas, when among other things the old bogey of Indoor Games arose. This time it was the billiard-balls at the Villa which were causing the trouble by wearing thin! We had almost decided to buy a new set when the protagonist of this department told us of the sad disillusionment of a "prof" at Upholland who had tried to buy a composition set. Doctor O'Reilly, with Father Grant, was again our guest at dinner and even penetrated (*à son insu*) into the *Gran Consiglio*. The Theologians provided an excellent concert in the evening.

1. . . . .	<i>Seventh Year Song</i>	
2. Violin Solo . . . . .	<i>La Précieuse</i> . . . . .	Mr Wilcock
3. Song . . . . .	<i>Down the Vale</i> . . . . .	Mr Pritchard
4. Interlude . . . . .		Seventh Year
5. Song . . . . .	<i>Melody in F</i> . . . . .	Mr McNeill
6. Song . . . . .		Mr Park
7. Sketch		

"THE CURE"

Characters:

<i>Mary</i> . . . . .	Mr McCurdy
<i>John</i> . . . . .	Mr Pritchard
<i>Mrs Parrott</i> . . . . .	Mr Rickaby
<i>Mr Parrott</i> . . . . .	Mr Leahy

*Scene:* A sitting-room

8th. *Wednesday*. We were delighted to hear today of the appointment of Sir Robert Clive as His Britannic Majesty's representative to the Holy See.

9th. *Thursday*. A *drappello* of students accompanied the Rector to Palazzola today to view the progress made thus far with the Church transformation. One tower had already been knocked down and the other in its isolation assumed the proportions of a fair sized *campanile*. The rose window gives an incredible grace and dignity to the façade and the discovery by Professore A. Terenzio of the Belle Arti, of two more Ionic pillars will make the *portico* very presentable. Dinner was rather marred by Madre Letizia's underestimating our spaghetti capacity. The afternoon was devoted to proving the impracticability of the much discussed Underground Passage, beneath the Church. We raised the first stone in the middle of the nave and drew a blank. The cavity had been filled with rubble. The next behind the sanctuary looked more promising. The lid off revealed a dark, dank hole of uncertain depth. All were curious but not anxious to investigate, so they made their scapegoat a mild inoffensive student standing by. Slipping a rope under his armpits they thrust him through the gap. He grounded surprisingly quickly and with the aid of a stump of candle took his bearings. His first glance down almost made him leap out with horror. A great grinning skull was lying before him and his legs straddled the shattered *vertebrae* of its late owner. The hole was a small closed chamber about 7 feet by 5 containing two coffins which apparently had been violated and robbed. The first skeleton lay practically undisturbed, but the bones of another were found scattered round the tomb. The Rector ordered a *De Profundis* for the souls of the unknown, and after another of the party had with difficulty negotiated the *bocca* and sated his morbidity, we all but uprooted the paving of the *portico* in an endeavour to discover the old "frats" cemetery. We were drawn off at sunset, the good friars having cleverly concealed their tracks by several false scents.

10th. *Friday*. One of the first copies of the circular letter for the College appeal was on show in the common room after supper. As it was published under the magazine hatchment we were the most paltry of sycophants to laud ourselves. The Student body averred that it would bring great fruit.

11th. *Saturday*. The *rara avis in terris nostris* is Monsignor Moss, the Extraordinary Confessor. He preceded by one meal the Vice-rector who returned from England this evening looking much better for his holiday.

12th. *Sunday*. Feast of S. Gregorio. A fine morning brought quite a large crowd to the Coelian for High Mass though we saw the *schola* driving at least three away before the gospel. This function is being shorn of much of its pristine glory. The celebrant was a mere Canon of the Lateran, and we missed both the thundering abbot and his fiery eloquence. The *pranzone* was honoured by the presence of the Cardinal

Vicar and Father Considine, but lately returned from his missionary tour in the Far East. In the evening the whole College assisted his Eminence at Benediction at Tor de' Specchi where Cardinal Pacelli preached.

13th. *Monday*. His Holiness the Pope held a Secret Consistory today and one item of news transpired which at once desolated us, because each of us would lose a personal friend, and yet rejoiced us, because of the recognition of a great man's merits. This was the tidings that Monsignor Cicognani, *Venerabilino propter honorem et amorem*, had been appointed Apostolic Delegate at Washington.

15th. *Wednesday*. The Lenten spirit is rampant. It has passed from Students to Superiors. Not content with providing omelette for dinner and supper, the latter now have their tea served in a set of the old familiar yellow-green hue, the same being promptly dubbed accordingly the "Omelette Set".

16th. *Thursday*. Scots' Match. Apparently we decided that one victory in ten years was all we could stand. Our men flattered to deceive. After leading by a goal they allowed their opponents to score three. *Prosit* the victors.

17th. *Friday*. Drab cassocks were brightened with splashes, large or small, of green in honour of Ireland's Apostle. The concert was very enjoyable and the committee produced an excellent sketch.

1. Orchestra . . . . . *The Caliph of Bagdad*
2. Duet . . . . . *The Moon hath raised her lamp* . . . Messrs Lynch  
& Weldon
3. Interlude

#### "THE STOIC"

Characters;

<i>Duke of Bunstead</i>	. . . . .	Mr Mullin
<i>Duchess of Bunstead</i>	. . . . .	Mr Lescher
<i>Beadle</i>	. . . . .	Mr Smith
<i>Lady Lucy</i>	. . . . .	Mr Wilkins

*Scene*: Room in Bunstead Towers

4. Part Song . . . *Mother Hubbard*
5. Piano Solo . . . *Two Waltzes - A. Jensen*. . . . . Mr Ellison
6. Sketch

#### "POOR OLD DAD"

Characters:

<i>George Hopkins</i>	. . . . .	Mr McNeill
<i>Henry Hopkins</i>	} his sons	. . . . . Mr Hodkinson
<i>Robert Hopkins</i>		

*Scene*: Back Parlour of a small general shop

18th. *Saturday*. The gloom of the evening visit was relieved by a glow of light round St Joseph's altar which showed a group of men struggling to erect the new picture. First impressions cannot be trusted in such light, so we will content ourselves with mentioning that Fathers Welsby and O'Connor P.S.M. dined with us,—and reserve judgement until—

19th. *Sunday*, —when we critically examined the painting. Day-light revealed the genuine colours of the standing figures of St Joseph and the Child Jesus. The general impression is that the former is well done but the latter is rather too modern especially about the face. The wide gold border at each side also caused a great deal of discussion. Whatever may be said of it it must be acknowledged a dignified acquisition to our church and we shall look forward to the erection of its counterpart on the Martyrs' Altar opposite.

20th. *Monday*. We celebrated the transferred feast of St Joseph. Monsignor Hall sang High Mass and we had our dinner *en famille* with the usual coffee and *rosolio*.

21st. *Tuesday*. The Literary Society held a session to hear Mr Teeling of the Overseas League. We admired very much the excellent work which the Social Service Movement is doing for the unemployed.

22nd. *Wednesday*. The Rector left for Fiesole where the Blue Nuns seem to cater both for body and soul.

24th. *Friday*. The reader polished off Broderick's Bellarmine. The second volume has proved much more interesting despite (because of?) 2nd Year Philosophy.

26th. *Laetare Sunday*. We took advantage of this respite from our Lenten rigours to indulge the electricians in a film "The Cohens and Kellys, Aviators" —they did not reach great heights.

27th. *Monday*. We were surprised and dismayed to find a notice on the board asking prayers for his Eminence of Westminster. Father Ronald Knox's "Essays in Satire" have succeeded in the refectory pulpit. The author's delicious irony gives a piquancy to the whole meal.

28th. *Tuesday*. The Jesuits once more triumphant. Father Daly S.J. with "A Cheerful Ascetic and Other Essays" made his bow in the box. The College now has a stational church all to itself and with our *assistenza* at San Lorenzo in Damaso, our *parrocchia* looked quite imposing this evening.

29th. *Wednesday*. Exit the Jesuit and enter R.L. Stevenson with, his essays. Given a few more years we might easily work through the Vice-rector's entire library. The Rector's return put an end to the Battle of the Books. Mr Fox of Fribourg, our first Easter guest, arrived.

30th. *Thursday*, was dignified by a visit from Cardinal Villeneuve, Archbishop of Quebec, accompanied by his secretary. We toasted the *eminentissimo porporato* in the refectory and he replied with a very able speech. The afternoon saw a stern struggle between the Theologians and Philosophers on the soccer field. Age and Sagacity again emerged victorious though by the narrow margin of 2-1.

APRIL 1st. *Saturday*. An enormous crowd gathered inside and

outside St Peter's for the opening of the Holy Door. This time the "Bags' Pen" was between the Chair Altar and the Papal Altar so the early birds had a good view of the Veneration of the Relics of the Passion. We recognised more enterprising friends in all kinds of unexpected places, but the palm goes to the "gate-crashers" who solemnly escorted strange bishops in the procession. A cold luncheon on the "catch as catch can" principle proved successful, and a warm recompense was served in the evening.

2nd. *Sunday*. Messrs J. Locke and Forster Stern partook of our *déjeuner* and the Literary Society provided its members with a sparkling meeting per Mr T. Duggan who read a paper entitled "A Question of Authorship." Obit Book prices remained firm despite the attempt to undermine their stability. The book has now received fresh impetus and cannot but excite all genuine historians.

3rd. *Monday*. The van of the first English Holy Year pilgrims showed up to-night on the top table. Doctor E.J. Kelly flanked the Rector and—

4th. *Tuesday*—the body of the pilgrimage inspected our antiques and learnt a lot of useful historic lore from the Vice-rector.

5th. *Wednesday*. Uphollanders were on their best behaviour as Doctor Flynn of Chorley, Father Formby and Doctor Halsall (without Father Grant) passed through the serried ranks this evening. For brevity's sake we may say that Doctor Halsall danced frequent and welcome attention on his uncle during his sojourn in the College.

6th. *Thursday*. The Holy Hour was given in St Peter's *coram Pontifice*. Three cardinals preached successively and the Relics of the Passion were venerated, the whole amid the greatest devotion. The Holy Father received a tremendous acclamation as he was carried down the basilica and so moved was he by the insistent cheers that he stopped and turned the *Sedia Gestatoria* to give a special blessing to the multitude. After that the noise almost made the angels drop the holy-water stoups.

7th. *Friday*, was memorable for a quiet little function which the secular clergy of Rome had all to itself. This was the Pope's first Jubilee Visit. The evening recreation, we rejoice to say, was entirely ruined by the arrival of the VENERABLE April number. Nothing floated through the hazy atmosphere save a few caustic criticisms and the sudden yelp of the Diarist's victims.

8th. *Saturday*. "The ways of mice and men..." Came the news that the University had reprieved us until the Saturday of Easter week. With that scepticism born of oft-frustrated hopes we took it calmly, cynically, expecting every moment to be dashed from the heights. In the event, however, it turned out to be true and we flung up our hats for Palazzola and the Easter gita.

9th. *Sunday*. The beautiful weather which has been a feature of the first week of the Holy Year has never been so attractive as on this Sunday in Pamphilj. We would fain have lingered but Father Bullen

C.S.S.R. compelled us to take large gulping supplies enough to last us through his retreat until—

12th. *Wednesday*, when we recovered our powers of free speech. Then began the usual round of Holy Week functions. *Tenebrae* sung by the Germans at the Gesù, by the Benedictines at Sant'Anselmo; the Seven Churches and Jubilee Visits, all had their respective patrons.

13th. *Thursday*. *Prosit* all concerned with the decoration and adapting of the Martyrs' Chapel as the *Sepolcro* this year. Glad are we indeed that the days of worming 75 men comfortably into the aisle of the Lady Altar are over. The M.C. who succeeded in making order out of that confusion has yet to be seen. Now we have a dignified procession and a most commodious chapel to absorb us all. The new benches, which can be converted into choir stalls or made to face the Altar, had their first stern test and came out of it triumphantly.

14th. *Good Friday*. Monsignor Hall said the Mass of the Presanctified and the Rector led the Stations of the Cross.

15th. *Saturday*. Congratulations 2nd Year Theology, who with the exception of Mr Purdy, Doorkeeper and Reader, received the last two Minor Orders at the hands of Cardinal Marchetti Selvaggiani in the Lateran. At home, the Repeater substituted for the Vice-rector, *improvvisamente ammalato*.

16th. *Easter Sunday*. After 63 years, Rome again witnessed the magnificent pageantry and deep religious solemnity of a Papal High Mass and the renewal of the annual Easter blessing from the central *loggia*. The great carillon flung itself into the air in transports of joy, and the deep-tongued boom rolled over the piazza, thronged with a crowd 200,000 strong, out over the city, into the Campagna and reverberated in the encircling Sabines, Albans and Hernicans. The cold lunch served again, though some *gilanti* hardly had time to swallow it before they were off for trains. The Villa party began to get its traps ready despite sabotaging efforts on the part of the *Madre* for which a Soviet tribunal would have decreed instant death.

17th. *Monday*. Hurrah! the Albans again, land of poetry, as Horace remarked

Sic fautor veterum. . . .

Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

These few days at Easter stand out oasis-like in a Roman course. They are a foretaste of a promised land, our inspiration through the dark days to come. May they never, never be abolished. The official announcement of an Easter holiday had to come too late to allow of our advance guard being sent out to prepare the Villa. So on our arrival we set to with a will. Bedding had to be aired and rooms set in order. In the old wing this was a herculean task. The floor was thick with plaster, and dust from the builders and all furniture was stacked together in a chaotic pile in the corridor under the rock. On the garden side the roof is being repaired and the rooms are uninhabitable in consequence.

18th. *Tuesday*. On the lake-side the wood-cutters have been doing their worst. Under Albano the woods have been ruined for a long stretch. Instead of the velvety effect of green foliage there now remains a scarred mass of stunted trees, bare yellow paths and smoking charcoal heaps.

19th. *Wednesday*. Gitas to Tusculum, Monte Porzio, Velletri and Grottaferrata—The weather was lovely and many plunged for an *al fresco*. The cave below the Villa is ideal for this kind of gita. It offers adventure (try the straight way down, carrying two bottles of wine and a rucksack), beauty, privacy, bathing, a gentle or strenuous walk as you like, shelter from the elements and the companionship of other jolly cave-men.

20th. *Thursday*. The weather broke badly last evening, and one of our number reported a harrowing night. He was disturbed at 1 a.m. by a splash of water on his face: rising promptly he discovered that rain was pouring in fast through the ceiling and that his property was already afloat. He had unwittingly taken a room from which the roof had been removed leaving only a flimsy structure of lathes as protection. He collected his goods and retreated in good order to bivouack elsewhere. Dr Charlier arrived today.

21st. *Friday*. Rain! We had a sing-song round a sizzling log fire and in the afternoon returned to Rome. To supper Dr Heenan.

22nd. *Saturday*. *Vae victis!* We bent unwilling steps towards the Pilotta this morning, the pistol at our heads. Oh for the perfumed woods of the Vale, the glistening slopes of the Sasso, the dancing wavelets of Sorrento! Oh ghastly bathos—a musty, dusty, stuffy lecture hall and the discord of klaxons without. Dined with us Fathers Hickey O.S.A. and Welsby S.J.

23rd. *Sunday*. The consecration at Santa Susanna of the new Delegate to the United States, Monsignor Cicognani. The College was there in force though naturally we had to yield pride of place to the students of the "del Nord". However the new Archbishop payed us the immense compliment of visiting us immediately after his audience with the Holy Father. One of those touches that "make the whole world kin".

24th. *Monday*. St George's. The Rector sang the High Mass and the *pranzone* found a distinguished gathering round the Superiors' table; Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Archbishop Mooney, Monsignor Heard, Sir Robert Clive, Minister to the Holy See, and Mr Kirkpatrick. Doctor Heenan kindly provided us with cigarettes at coffee and *rosolio*. We were sorry his Eminence had to leave early. His Grace made a speech and the new Minister also made his *début*. Before going to bed we had an hour or so in the wild and woolly west with Gary Cooper in a film entitled "Nevada".

25th. *Tuesday*. To dinner Mr Brand.

26th. *Wednesday*. A cheer near the door apprised the more obscure denizens of the common room of the arrival of the Reverend A. Atkins from Old Swan at evening recreation.

27th. *Thursday*. Official College celebration of Monsignor Cicognani's reception of the plenitude of the priesthood. "Some people seem made for the purple," was the general comment when we saw him walk down the refectory in all his glory. We always knew that his charming, unassuming good-fellowship had endeared him to the hearts of all Venerabilini who had met him. But the cheering which greeted every sentence of the Rector's speech of congratulation and the fervour of our *ad multos annos* showed that his new Grace is as he himself always wished to be, a *Venerabilino propter honorem et propter amorem*. His reply was characteristic, modest, witty and betraying an altogether new facility in our by no means easy tongue. Evidently the Delegate is taking his job seriously. He was deeply grateful not only to us but to all the past students he had known for all the happy days together; he recalled with pleasure his friends among the Hierarchy both living and dead, and he promised us his prayers and constant affection no matter what breadth of land and ocean might lie between us. We have never been so *commosso* as this for a long, long time and we really believe that it was only Doctor Flynn's cigarettes which helped us to dissimulate so well. Our other guests were all intimates of the Archbishop, Monsignor Moss, Doctor Atkins and our *pensionnaires*. The concert transferred from St George's rounded off the revels. *Prosit* the producers!

1. Song . . . *When you go down the drain Wilf* . . . Mr Jones
2. Song . . . *Mate o' Mine* . . . . . Dr Charlier
3. Interlude . . . *Nothing but the Truth* . . . . . Messrs Purdy  
Dwyer & Pritchard
4. Song . . . . . Dr Heenan
5. Sketch

### "COX AND BOX"

Characters:

*Cox* . . . . *A Journeyman Hatter* . . . . Mr Cunningham  
*Box* . . . . *A Journeyman Printer* . . . . Mr Park  
*Bouncer* . . . *A Lodging-house Keeper* . . . . Mr Roberts

*Scene*: Room in Bouncer's House

28th. *Friday*. A dome hove in sight today. Not St Peter's but Father Boulton's, the Secretary and harbinger of the Roman Association whose meeting is being held *in situ* this year under the Presidency of the Rector. Doctors Cogan and Scarr were also sighted at No 45 this evening.

29th. *Saturday*. Father O'Connor (of G.K. fame) visited the College this evening with Doctor Cotton.

30th. *Sunday*. The first of this year's beatifications—Mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier of the Good Shepherd Nuns. We log the presence of Father Speakman of Liverpool at dinner.



MAY 1st. *Monday*. To supper Father Atkins and Mr Breen of Liverpool.

2nd. *Tuesday*. Stark tragedy! Discovery today of no relics on the Martyrs' Altar and utter confusion of the canonico-moral student who has been repeating daily "quorum reliquiae hic sunt". To dinner a Scotchman, Monsignor Forbes.

3rd. *Wednesday*. Solemnity of St Joseph. We seized this respite from daily toil to sing the annual High Mass at the Catacombs. Those of San Callisto were not available so we arranged for Santa Domitilla. The usual band of unselfish *exploratores* set out to see that everything was in apple-pie order and the main body arrived at 9 a.m. This underground basilica lends itself admirably to our ceremony. Liturgical fiends were sated—Gothic vestments, archaic cottas, Chi-Rho candlesticks and ambones—what more could they want? And the birds trilled outside so that at times one couldn't distinguish the *Schola*. The Deacon received his note for the *Ite* from a crow perched just overhead. *Arrivederci* Doctor Heenan and before long! If he thinks we can be fobbed off with any old song, he's barking up the wrong tree.

4th. *Thursday*. English Martyrs. The soul was greatly uplifted by the gaily caparisoned church and the *rappresentanza* of the Roman Association which was present must have felt that our feast was no empty one. The Rector sang the *Messa Solenne* and afterwards there was an intermingling of Past and Present in the common room until the former had to prepare for their departure to Palazzola where they are spending two days as guests of the College. The *Padre Spirituale* is the sacristan and Domenico, supported by Luigi and spouse, is in charge of the cuisine. A large red C.I.T. *torpedone* bore away the Past to continue the feast at Palazzola and left the Present to their *Cugini Praga* and the office of assisting at Solemn Benediction. This brought an end at 4 p.m. to our share of the *festa*.

5th. *Friday*. We record a distinct loss to the common room in the departure of Doctor Charlier, whose good fellowship has endeared him to all modern Venerabilini—*Vale et Havete*. Those tossing on uneasy beds said that His Lordship of Southwark and his aide-de-camp, Monsignor Sprankling, arrived under cover of darkness.

6th. *Saturday*. The morning light showed them up in their true colours. The Vice-rector was here to greet them and on the

7th. *Sunday*, a stack of bags in the *portineria* indicated that they had met the Rector and associates *ex Palatiolis reduces*. They have been most fortunate with the weather; it broke just as they returned this morning. All were bursting with praise of our Villa and if the last diarist counted one Porzio convert we count 13. For their names see the official report on page 308. All were present at the Association Dinner and in addition Bishop Amigo, Monsignor Sprankling, Monsignor Heard, Monsignor Moss and Reverend E. Hemphill. At coffee the Rector officially welcomed the Association to Alma Mater, and Father O'Connor, President for the coming year, replied in a characteristically witty speech in which he

mortally offended the Bishop of Southwark who immediately rose to defend himself against the charge of being a guest of the English College, Rome. We apologise for Father O'Connor's unfortunate *faux pas* but we ask His Lordship have we ever refused him the freedom of the Venerabile, home of Venerabilini? Emphatically, no!

8th. *Monday*. Past and Present assembled in the *Sala del Conci-storo* for the Papal audience at 6.30 p.m. The *Osservatore* reporter, concealed himself "unobtrusively" in the damask hangings at about 6.50 and the Holy Father entered shortly after. Altogether we had twenty minutes discourse during which the Roman Association, especially those present, heard quite a lot of nice things about themselves. We sang a verse of *O Roma Felix* and the audience closed with the "commission" not merely "permission" to all the priests in attendance to impart the papal blessing.

9th. *Tuesday*. The latest of our gags is that the Pope has created two cardinals in *imbottito*.

10th. *Wednesday*. Doctor Hickey supped with us and

11th. *Thursday*, Father Wright dined

13th. *Saturday*. Our Spiritual Father stole away this morning in the wee sma' hours, and his place at dinner was taken by Father Foley and Major Vaughan. We listened in to the *Italia-Inghilterra* soccer match.

14th. *Sunday*. Monsignor Duchemin brought to dinner one well known to readers of this magazine in the person of Father H.E.G. Rope, M.A. At supper Doctor Cotton and Father John O'Connor, who enlightened the Literary Society on "Paul Claudel and the Satin Slipper". This evening we took a last farewell of Archbishop Cicognani. He was standing at the foot of the stairs as we came down to supper. We kissed his ring (our own gift to him) and then cheered him off. *Redeat exultans!*

15th. *Monday*. Father Deery, English Provincial of the Redemptorists, and Father Baker tried our *risotto* today.

16th. *Tuesday*. Bishop McNulty paid us a flying visit. He is out on a short pilgrimage but with his usual devotion contrived to fit the Venerabile into his itinerary somehow.

17th. *Wednesday*. It seems to be a firm principle in Rome that all shops, with the possible exception of *Zingone* (*veste tutta Roma*), the *Rinascete* and the *Casa dei Bambini*, should every year suffer at least one strange sea change. If conversation flags on the way to morning lectures cast your eye to left or right and you are sure to find that overnight a *Macelleria* has changed into a *Forno* or a *Profumeria* into an *Osteria*. We thought that they'd run through the whole gamut with that *locale* next door to the *Messaggero* kiosk in the Piazza Farnese but we reckoned without Old Nick. Guess what they've turned into now—a *Bomboniera*. And to add insult to injury they've christened it the "Chierico". There it stands seared into the skyline in great blue letters. It was torture enough before, passing the *Bersaglieri caserma* at 11a.m. just when the first aroma of the hotch-potch was coming through; now we have to do the last hundred yards into the *Monserà* through an

overpowering odour of fresh *bombe*. Zero hour indeed for the *chierici Inglesi!*

18th. *Thursday*. The motto of his Lordship of Southwark is *Age pro viribus* which, he says, they translate at Mark Cross as "Do your best for the men". Well, be that as it may, he's certainly doing his best both for men and women on his diocesan pilgrimage which arrived yesterday. He doesn't believe in any half measures and is doing the Jubilee visits with them in person.

20th. *Saturday*. Today he said Mass for them at the altar of St Gregory in St Peter's, and to make it a Southwark week-end on

21st. *Sunday*, a reception of the pilgrims was held in the College, followed by Benediction, a talk from the Rector on the lately formed Martyr's Association, and high tea in the refectory. Then the students took them to St Peter's to see the Pope enter for the Beatification Benediction and much to the surprise and gratification of his Lordship he found that his pilgrims were almost rubbing shoulders with him on the Altar of the Chair. We saw one Switzer let half the pilgrimage into reserved seats under the influence of a certain young man's persuasive eloquence. Our guests at dinner today were Lord Treowen, Judge Noble and a Servite Father. At supper were Fathers Green and Bibby and Mr Brand.

22nd. *Monday*. Noticing a crowd round the board at the Greg before morning schools we had elbowed our way through and were finishing a prayer for the soul of the South American when we were disturbed by a voice behind us in a rich Kerry brogue, "Ah, now an' who's that dead again?". The Revv. Vaughan, Delaney and Burney dined on Olympus.

23rd. *Tuesday*. A brochure was handed round today in the cold clear type of the *Tipografia Gregoriana*—the Sheet. If its pages go on increasing they will soon have to publish it in two volumes.

25th. *Thursday*. This morning the Holy Father paid his first official visit to the Lateran Basilica. We set out early thinking we might get a glimpse of the Pope as he arrived at the Lateran. Sure enough as we got to the Cancellaria we saw a fleet of Vatican cars speeding past and in the last one was his Holiness. A great crowd had assembled at the Lateran, where access was free to everybody. The Pope was carried in the Sedia Gestatoria and surrounded by the usual procession of Carabines, Swiss and Noble Guards. He wore no mitre but carried the Ikon of Our Lady and the relic of the True Cross. Cardinal Sincero sang the Mass and in accordance with an ancient tradition a Capranica student from fourth year theology preached. (Will there ever be a *cappella papale* in S. Stefano, we wonder, when the Venerabile will have its turn?) The blessing from the central *loggia* looked even more impressive than that in St Peter's; the Pope's voice was clearly heard through the amplifiers by the huge crowd that stretched as far as Santa Croce. Afterwards we went round to the Lateran Palace gate to see the departure of his Holiness. The King of Spain came first and was greeted

by enthusiastic cheering. Once again a Vatican car appeared and the crowd sank on their knees and then thronged the car to find that it was Cardinal Rossi in his white Carmelite habit. But finally came the Holy Father himself leaning forward slightly and smiling radiantly as he blessed the people. As an anti-climax to this momentous morning we saw the Noble Guard still in their splendid uniforms packed like sardines into a charabanc and looking very much like a local fire brigade: in the rear came the Switzers in mufti carrying their dress in brown paper parcels. This evening we assisted at First Vespers of St Philip Neri in the Chiesa Nuova.

26th. *Friday.* We supplied for High Mass in the Chiesa Nuova: in the evening we assisted at Second Vespers and Benediction. A surprise *pranzone* sprung by Monsignor Sprankling in honour of his Lordship's birthday. We are never averse to celebrations of this kind but today's gave us special pleasure in being able to concentrate all our good wishes on one who is a firm friend of the Venerabile and all Venerabilini. Why, we have come to look on his annual visit as one of the events of the year! When January came round and no Bishop of Southwark appeared we thought that we were going to be disappointed, but lo and behold! His Lordship has this special proof of his affection for us, the keeping of his *compleanno* in the English College. The Rector voiced the heartfelt congratulations of the House and, after the *Ad Multos Annos*, Monsignor Sprankling was prevailed upon to pay a splendid public tribute to the Bishop. The *ospite d'onore* was roared to his feet and in his usual happy blend of raillery and earnestness thanked us for our felicitations and repeated, as he has so often done, the infinite joy it gives him to come to Rome and stay amongst us.

28th. *Sunday.* Breakfast was over in double quick time and at eight o'clock a *Castelli* tram, with the College aboard, was tossing down the Appia like a ship in a rough sea, bound for Albano. The *raison d'être* of this peculiar progress, which isn't our usual dominical way of carrying on, is to be found in a happy event which took place in the Vice-rector's family some... well some years ago. This birthday is royally kept at Palazzola, and was honoured on this occasion by the presence of the Bishop of Southwark, Monsignori Sprankling and Moss, and Doctors J. Kelly and Halsall. The day turned out splendid and the sight of the lakeside in all its glory of light and shade seemed like a foretaste of the Elysian months to come when we would be free to scramble up and down those woods. Coffee and *rosolio* on the terrace followed the good things in the refectory and the Rector giving the Vice our *auguri*, we toasted him in *Strega*. We yarned then of bygone days in and around the Villa until high tea-time brought our pleasant outing to an end.

30th. *Tuesday.* His Lordship and Monsignor Sprankling have had their fair share of the limelight and today they gratefully withdrew taking with them the Rector.

31st. *Wednesday.* We just had time to doff hats to Bishop Myers as we emerged for afternoon schools. He was paying us his first visit

since his consecration. People have seen him charging round the city like a purple comet—part of the colour scheme of the Grail perhaps!

JUNE 1st. *Thursday*. A party returning from the Villa by car with the Vice-rector were almost involved in a smash. The car preceding them ran into a cyclist coming out of one of the lanes opening on to the Appia Nuova. The Vice immediately gave conditional absolution and we heard later that the *disgraziato* had died in hospital.

2nd. *Friday*. We thought at first that the vanguard of Bolshevism had arrived but it was only Doctor Howe enveloped in a huge French *ferraiuola* and hat of a century or two ago. The *Osservatore Romano* published an appeal this evening from the Cardinal Vicar for the *clero indigeno*. If he means the indigent clergy we are in the orchestra stalls.

3rd. *Saturday*. Those who are going to be *licenziati* or something like that, did the written part of their duty. And to dinner we had Doctor Howe and Father Welsby S.J., who in the evening began the retreat for our potential subdeacons at the *Casa*.

4th. *Whit Sunday*. The High Mass was early to allow us to attend the canonisation of Blessed André Fournet. The *pranzone* and coffee and *rosolio* were a strictly family affair.

5th. *Monday*. A few stragglers spent the day at Bracciano, Vico and the lakeside but practically the whole College went to Fregene where we had the freedom of the city. We took possession of a row of bathing huts and made ourselves perfectly at home. One could hardly imagine a more equable spot. Each party was penned off by a neat little railing and after the *οί πολλοί* had changed for a swim the gita-runners (much akin to the rum-dittos) set their stoves singing merrily and before long the ozone was tinged with a violent odour of *pomodoro* and spring onions. Most were content with the ordinary fare but we happened across that chef again with his *entrées* and *hors d'oeuvres*. We think we took away all we could conveniently after a day at the seaside; some had a lot more sun than was good for them. You could pick them out on the homeward train, standing in isolated spots where no one was likely to touch them. A pat on the back made an enemy for life. And they haven't started peeling yet!

6th. *Tuesday*. An inexplicable telegram from the Rector "Have no fear, all well". We suspected a practical joke but the wire seemed no fake. Had the good man gone into partnership with Duggie Never Owes? Who would explain the mystery?

7th. *Wednesday*. More mystery. We discovered another telegram on the board in more or less the same strain as that of yesterday. What could the Rector be up to? We thought it was some publicity stunt so we lay doggo and waited. Mr Lennon left for his native Barrow tonight. We hope to see him fit and well next October.

8th. *Thursday*. The dawn of all. The Vice-rector received a letter today solving the telegram puzzle. The Rector had certainly got into the headlines, he was even on the front page of the big dailies, either

rolling down the steps of the Legate's dais at Liverpool or being ignominiously carried off on a stretcher. It appeared incredible at first but it was true enough; a man who had weathered ten Roman summers had been sun-stricken at Liverpool. Well we'll say that must have been some heat.

9th. *Friday*. Negotiations are afoot to augment our supply of water at the Villa. This year we hear the natural resources on which we depend have almost failed. The tank is empty and the *cunicolo* is a mere trickle. The various committees which have been elected for Palazzola are overjoyed at the prospect of taps on the Sforza, taps on the tennis-court and streams gushing into the *vascone*. Meantime the Vice with our neighbour De Cupis is doing yeoman service with the various sittings of hydrones.

10th. *Saturday*. *Prosit* 3rd Year Theology who received the subdiaconate from the Cardinal Vicar in St John Lateran this morning. And sympathies Mr Malone (Sen.) who was taken to the Blue Nuns' and, successfully, we are glad to say, operated on this evening.

11th. *Trinity Sunday*. We had a view of the Senior Student in his dalmatic and heard his plaintive note in the epistle for the first time. Some of us went to Propaganda after tea to see the Chinese pilgrimage following the relics of St Hyacinth round the College grounds. The blessing was given at the Holy Father's own request on a site opposite his study windows where he showed himself for a moment or two.

12th. *Monday*. The new Major Orders went off for their *gita* to somewhere snug, where they could fit in Matins and Lauds before coming home.

13th. *Tuesday*. Any stranger coming in to breakfast would think he'd strayed into a farmyard or a zoo. Such a bedlam of noises we have nowadays. Cocks crow, horses whinny, gorillas roar, cats miaow; these sobriquets are going a bit too far. The Repeater left tonight, not quite sure of his destination but inclined to think it was England.

14th. *Wednesday*. A good deal of pen pushing by the laurel aspirants.

15th. *Thursday*. To dinner Father Fitzpatrick. The Holy Father carried the Blessed Sacrament round the colonnade of St Peter's in the evening—a most impressive function. Eight of us took a turn at the canopy during the *corteo*.

16th. *Friday*. Mother Clare sent a congratulatory wire to the dear students—the Shrewsbury contingent—as distinct from the students—that's us; Mr Fee came in for special commendation on his extraordinary success in History.

18th. *Sunday*. We assisted the nuns at Tor di Quinto for their annual procession and Benediction. This is one of our most popular *assistenze*. The good Sisters are firm believers in the theory that one can only feel truly holy on a full stomach, or in the words of the hymn "We can sing tho' full we be".

19th. *Monday*. His Holiness received in audience this year's priests introduced by the Vice-rector.

20th. *Tuesday*. We put paid to this year of lectures. Actually they have finished ten days before schedule and the breather will be very acceptable to those who are taking examinations.

21st. *Wednesday*. Mr Park left us looking like Petrolini on tour. Apparently we should have sent several of our number to the Via XX Settembre for a triduum tonight but the first the M.C. knew of it was a frantic telephone call and a tearful nun's voice asking why Monsignore should be kept waiting.

22nd. *Thursday*. Messrs Pritchard and Flynn were ordained deacons in S. Ignazio this morning and the rest of their year underwent a liturgical exam at the Pilotta.

23rd. *Friday*. A sad blow—we learnt that there was no prospect of a tank at the Villa for at least a couple of weeks. The operations on the new water supply from Rocca are held up for want of pipes.

24th. *Saturday*. *In partenza per Inghilterra* Messrs Cashman, Restieaux and Kelly. The last named, however, is to return to carry on with Martyrs' research work. Came the glad news that Doctor Barre has been appointed Bishops' Agent. And thanks to Father Formby for free cigarettes.

25th. *Sunday*. We completed our round of procession by a visit to the Sacred Heart Sisters at the Villa Lante, well known for its enthusiastic bell-ringers and the *slancio* of the *Ostia Divina*.

26th. *Monday*. The old cat was purring like a small dynamo this morning and affectionately licking two small balls of fur that snuggled up against her. The newcomers are much handsomer than Ma and we might well make an exchange.

27th. *Tuesday*. Today we heard the annual bogey going around that this year the exams are going to be easier.

28th. *Wednesday*. Came another set-back in the water supply. With infinite regret we heard that the doctor had refused Doctor Barre permission to come out as agent. This as the Vice put it, is another blow in a black week.

29th. *Thursday*. We had as guests Fathers Leeming S.J., Pears and Hannigan.

30th. *Friday*. As many as possible went to see the Holy Father make his Jubilee Visit at St Paul's outside the Walls.

JULY 2nd. *Sunday*. *Prosit* Mr Pritchard who was ordained this morning in S. Ignazio. To dinner Monsignori Heard and Moss and Fathers Kyne, Slindon and Burns.

3rd. *Monday*. *Primitiae Missarum* and *pranzone* in honour of the *neomysta*. We drank his health and sang *Ad Multos Annos* and were reinforced by Mr Pritchard sen., Father Welsby S.J., Father Parker of Felixstowe and Father Raphael, English Confessor in St Peter's. The Kissing of Hands took place after the afternoon Benediction.

5th. *Wednesday*. The *viaggianti* are moving off slowly. The philosophers are held up by an exam in History of Philosophy and the theologians are practically all at the end of first series. The efficient Pam

porter has affixed to a tree near the gate a list of the *permessi* which have expired. Somebody said ours was among them as he pointed to *Pia Casa del Rifugio*.

6th. *Thursday*. The notice board has been empty for days except for a dozen or so drawing pins which the ingenious now construct into all kinds of topical shapes. One morning as you reach the second floor you see a plough, next a duck or a horse *et ita porro*.

7th. *Friday*. Our cricket captain got Hobbes in his exam.

9th. *Sunday*. Doctor Halsall to dinner.

10th. *Monday*. Ah! at last. The vanguard, the lucky few who have finished, left for Palazzola to prepare for the rest of us. Departure had been fixed for the 7th but this water shortage has delayed us and even now we face a tankless month and an uncertain weekly *biancheria*. But Rome, after a mild three months, has become an oven in the last ten days.

12th. *Wednesday*. An end to the sweltering nights and heigh-ho for the woody sides of Monte Cavo, the cool of Sancta Maria ad Nives. The Albano tram is bearing us out of the place to another three months of Sforza and lake and terrace and all the magic of another Villa.

J. JOHNSTON



## PERSONAL

More than a year ago his Grace the ARCHBISHOP of SARDIS (1890-1894) sent us the cheering news that he would soon return from Africa to revisit the Venerabile. We are still waiting patiently. When he does come he will find us an almost entirely new generation but he will soon realise that the old *genius loci* still presides. We assure him that we are all ready to welcome him in triumph, to play the host and to be entertained by him (for we know he will have much to tell us) and to show him that we are as wide-awake and energetic as even the giants of his own day.

After his Eminence CARDINAL VILLENEUVE, Archbishop of Quebec had been created a cardinal he showed us a special mark of his favour by visiting the College. He made a fine speech proving what an influence the British Empire could be in the conversion of the world. For an archbishop of the Dominions, he said, the most intimate connection with England was through Rome so that the English College in Rome claimed his particular friendship. We thank him for his kindness and interest in the College and wish him many successful years of labour in his diocese.

The ASSOCIATION MEETING in Rome was certainly a success if we may judge from the kind letters many of the members have sent us. "Our visit to Rome renewed the spirit of youth" said one veteran "We could live again the care-free life of *villeggiatura*, revisit all the old haunts and *cogitare dies antiquos*." It was this enthusiastic spirit of the maiores that helped to carry the visit through so happily for them and for us. We sincerely trust that the three days they spent at Palazzola proved so inadequate that they will feel bound to come again for a longer period.

His Lordship the BISHOP of SOUTHWARK and Monsignor SPRANKLING timed their visit very happily this year and shared in our celebrations for the reunion of Past and Present. Indeed we have come to know them so well now that there could hardly have been two more welcome—alas we were almost trapped into that word so opprobrious to his Lordship—anyway, friends, to share in a festa of Venerabilini.

Monsignor HALL (1893-1896) who was for three years our Spiritual Director has now returned to Westminster to take charge of St Peter and St Edward's, Palace Street. The loss is a very real one for us. During his stay here he had placed himself with unreserved devotion at our disposal so that we soon found in him a true spiritual father, an able director and sympathetic friend. We are sorry we cannot show how

grateful we are in person but we know we shall be fulfilling his own wishes when we promise to pray that his work on the mission may be abundantly successful.

The announcement that Doctor Barre (1914-1921) had been appointed the new agent in Rome had already appeared on the notice-board and been duly applauded when we heard that his medical adviser had forbidden him to come. The news was a great disappointment to us and we deeply sympathise with him for we know his own disappointment is as real as ours.

Monsignor TINDALL (1908-1912) is such a well-known friend of ours that we must apologise very deeply for not mentioning the honour conferred on him last year, but we congratulate him very heartily now. We were delighted to see him at Palazzola again for an afternoon this year, when a troop of scout-pilgrims under his direction invaded our blessed solitude. They came too late in the day to issue cricket and swimming challenges as they did three years ago but we compromised with a vocal contest and had a jolly little camp-fire contest instead.

Our congratulations to Canon JAMES MAHONEY of Deptford who has been appointed a canon of Southwark.

The following also claim our congratulations on their appointments:—Rev. J. McNALLY (1910-1916) who has become parish priest of Liscard, Rev. E. ELLIS (1916-1923) parish priest of Hadfield, Rev. J.O. MORGAN (1910-1917) who is now professor of Scripture at Oscott.

Mr VALENTINE ELWES (1922-1925) was ordained priest at Billing on August 6th. His First Mass was said in Westminster Cathedral at which a few Venerabilini assisted, and Dr Heenan composed the choir; but he gave us the pleasure and honour of giving his first Benediction at Palazzola. *Ad multos annos!*

The following have been our guests at Palazzola this year:—Monsignor CAMERON and his friend Father RUSHER, Monsignor BARTON BROWN, (1906-1909), Revv. R. MEAGHER (1915-1922) MACMILLAN (1922-1929) ELWES (1922-1925) SHORT (1913-1920) SEASTON (1923-1924) SEWELL (1922-1929) HAWKINS (1924-1931) CAREY (1925-1932) WALSHÉ (1913-1920).

We have sung a farewell toast to another seventh year although the sorrow of parting has been to some extent mitigated since five of them will return to the College this year, Mr KELLY to work on the archives and Messrs LYNCH, REA, REDMOND, and DWYER to take the new doctorate examination. Of the rest Mr DUGGAN (late Senior Student and Editor of the VENERABLE) is now teaching classics at St Bede's, Mr CASHMAN is assisting his co-Venerabilino Dr CROWLEY at Buckley, Mr PARK is temporarily appointed to St Thomas's, Waterloo, and Mr TOMEI is acting the double role of assistant secretary to the Bishop of Southwark and of curate at Walworth. Mr. Restieaux is at Nottingham Cathedral and Mr LENNON who had to leave early owing to ill-health is teaching classics at Upholland. To all of them we send our heartiest good-wishes for long life and happiness in their priestly work.

# COLLEGE NOTES

## THE VENERABILE

In this number we have omitted all explicit mention of the Holy Year. Momentous events succeed one another so rapidly that we have postponed all attempt at a comprehensive article till our next issue.

Yet another illustrious Editor has bowed to the passage of time. For over four years Mr Pritchard has worked devotedly for the VENERABILE, and the last three numbers produced under his editorship are in themselves eloquent proof of his talents and energy.

With him retires also Mr Johnston, the Secretary. He has piloted the Magazine through a most difficult passage having to contend with an adverse exchange. But by his earnest plausibility he has soothed bank-managers, calmed advertisers and speeded up printers. We warmly thank both these retiring officials: we know that their efforts are well appreciated by all VENERABILE readers

The staff now consists of the following: -

Editor: Mr Grady

Secretary: Mr Nesbitt

Sub-editor: Mr Mullin

Under-secretary: Mr Foley

Fifth Member: Mr Swinburne

## EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following exchanges: *Baeda, The Douai Magazine, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Oscotian, Pax, The Prior Park Magazine, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Trident, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Womersley Magazine.*

We gratefully received the *Pantonian*, and *The Chesterian* with copies of music from Messrs Chester.

## UNIVERSITY NOTES

On November 4th Premiation again inaugurated the Scholastic year. His Eminence Cardinal Bisleti was installed as *Magnus Cancellarius* of the University, a new office according to Art. 14 of the recent encyclical on studies. Another addition to the usual ceremony was the erection of two new faculties, Church History and Missiology. The Rector com-

memorated the deaths of Father Billot and Father Ogetti, names familiar to all *alumni* of the University. The inaugural address by Father Tromp, *De nativitate Ecclesiae e Corde Jesu in Cruce* received more than usual applause, due partly to the magnificent manner of the Professor. This year the North American College left Propaganda for the Gregorian which is so much more convenient for them, and thus the number of students reached the grand total of 1830.

Since the Constitutions of *Deus Scientiarum Dominus* began to operate, it may be as well for the sake of clearness to recall the principal changes. The licentiate takes the place of the old doctorate and is awarded at the end of 4th year in Theology and 3rd in Philosophy; for the new doctorates an extra year is required. Nor is it any longer possible to obtain degrees simultaneously in different faculties and consequently there is no bachelorship for the course of Canon Law in 2nd year Theology. A special feature of the year was the huge crop of extra courses and extra examinations; some time before the licentiate it is necessary to take two special courses and a practical exercise, the first consists of a series of lectures concluded by an examination, the second of research work on a particular subject under the guidance of a professor. Again many subjects which used to obtain a thesis in a corner of the sheet are now graced by separate and special examinations. Lessons, too, are given in the principal European languages, but these fortunately are not compulsory. As a result of all this, examinations are now being held continuously from the end of the first *semester*.

This year saw the abolition of the "aegre", the hope and solace of so many past generations. A new system of marking was introduced; 10 marks now obtain a *summa cum laude*, 9 a *magna cum laude*, 8 a *cum laude*, 7 a *bene*, 6 a *probatus*, and below that means a return in October. Then the year was lengthened by the abolition of certain holidays and by the postponement of examinations until the beginning of July. The University was ordered to re-open on Easter Wednesday and we were dismayed by the prospect of no Easter *villeggiatura*, but this year by a happy combination of events the University was not re-opened until Easter Saturday.

There were several re-appointments on the Professorial Staff. Father Lopez, an old student of the Spanish College, shared half the year with Father Vermeersch in Moral Theology. Father R. Restrepo left the canonists of 1st and 2nd year Theology to Father Lo Grasso. Father Errandonea succeeded Father Rosadini in Biblical Greek. Father Arnou passed into Theology to lecture on the Trinity. Father Nerney left on account of his health before the end of the year and will not rejoin the staff. In Philosophy there were three new professors, Father Bulla for Metaphysics, Father Guenechea for Ethics, and Father Bernabé for Natural Theology. This year, the first under the new constitutions, was in many respects only experimental: no doubt there are further and, we hope, more pleasing changes to come.

## THE LIBRARY

Last year Palazzola Library was moved to the big room overlooking the Cortile near the *pericolo di morte*. Shelves were built against all the walls and a double bin down the centre, while the space between the door and the window was left free for tables and chairs. The installing and arranging of the books took several weeks and was Mr Lennon's swan song as librarian: they are carefully classified in bins neatly labelled with mica-covered inscriptions, a work typical of his efficiency and keenness as librarian. He had many willing helpers but particularly Messrs Redmond and Sweeney. The new room is a vast improvement on the old, being more compact and better ordered. All the sections are of course deplorably out of date—even the Vermeersch is a stylograph copy—and the spiritual reading is glutted with the unpalatable, badly printed lucubrations on the Saints of a century ago.

In Rome, after being at a standstill for years, we have at last been able to use the library fund for its proper object of buying new books. Suggestions were asked for and the number that poured in showed how much the need was felt. Over fifty new books have been bought—Dieckmann, Lagrange, De Smedt in Theology; Hugon's Philosophy; and Modern History of Philosophy was represented by the already well thumbed copies of Seth and Sorley. The Cambridge Modern History has been started by the purchase of Volume I, and the last volumes of Pastor have been bought. The library has become a member of the Book-a-Month Club and Touring Club Italiano. But the crying need was the Spiritual Reading Section though all we could afford for that was Goodier's "Life of Our Lord". If anybody has on his shelves unwanted volumes of Martindale or Goodier or other modern spiritual works we would gladly find room for them.

The next thing to be done is the lighting. The present system is inefficient and uneconomic and needs a thorough revision which we are hoping to carry out during the *villeggiatura*. In these days of *exercitationes practicae* and compulsory "free" courses the library is used much more than in the old days when students rarely browsed beyond the text book, so that good lighting has become essential.

One feature of the Holy Year is the constant stream of pilgrims who pass through the library to see the valuable hospice records and the early books used by the Martyrs. This has re-awakened our interest in treasures which had almost been forgotten and we hope that the general digging for gems will bring to light more details of our collection. Already for instance, the research work on the Martyrs by Mr Kelly has revealed Bridgewater's *Concertatio Ecclesiae Anglicanae* which a few years ago was stated to be non-existent in our library.

We gratefully acknowledge Archbishop Cicognani's gift of several volumes of the Oriental Code, a valuable addition to our collection of Canon Law.

T.B. PEARSON

# SOCIETIES

## LITERARY SOCIETY

The season 1932 can well be called a successful one for the Literary Society. The number of meetings rose to eleven from the very low figure of nine for the previous year. Three of the papers were contributed by the House: rather a low proportion in a year when we ourselves might have supplied the deficiency caused by lack of visitors to Rome. There was, nevertheless, every sign of the Society's still being the most popular in the House. Interest and attention never flagged at the meetings. Questions were sometimes slow in forthcoming, attributable rather to hesitancy than to disinterestedness. Mr Park was the President for the year, Mr McReavy, the Secretary.

Archbishop Mar Ivanios opened the season with an account of his life and conversion. He showed no restraint, but gave us his full confidence. It was very gratifying thus to receive personally, and not through the columns of the Press, the story of one who caused no small attention during his sojourn in Europe.

Monsignor Hallett gave a lecture with slides on the two great English martyrs Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More. The minutes record (the present Secretary was absent) that the "whole lecture indeed, was vivid, and rich in the detail which adds interest and does not fatigue".

A lively and original paper was provided by Bishop Moriarty on English Names (their origin and history). Original because we learnt many new things about those names which are so often on our lips; lively because we found the meaning and derivation of our names were often very amusing.

From Mr Lyons, of ours, an account and discussion of the momentous conclave of 1903 when Pope Pius X was elected.

"Secret Service Work during War-time" was the title of a highly entertaining paper given by Mr Kirkpatrick, the new Catholic *Chargé d'affaires* of the British Legation to the Holy See. He revealed some ingenious methods for obtaining information about enemy forces, positions, supplies etc. Mr Kirkpatrick's modesty skilfully veiled over his own activities in this work. Hence one might have expected him to be spared being asked how he got into touch with the smugglers. But he wasn't!

The Secretary's announcement for a paper from Father Leeming S.J. of the Gregorian, headed "Utrum dolor et tristitia mitigentur per balnea? Ia Hae, q 38, a 5" gave us some qualms which were increased when the visitor began by mentioning this as a likely 'new-doctorate' thesis. He quickly proceeded however with a clever parody of the rather laborious methods of critical scholars, and then dexterously steered the subject round to a consideration of the essential cheerfulness of Christianity. After the paper there was an excellent discussion on the relation between sanctity and cheerfulness.

After baths and the problem of the last piece of soap, we were quite prepared for bananas when we heard that Mr O'Hea was going to address us, for Mr O'Hea had planted and grown bananas in Mexico and was just then out in Rome trying to persuade the *Duce* that more bananas made better Fascists. His talk on "Mexico" however, proved to be a serious account of the recent sad history of Mexico spiced with many personal experiences.

The humorous side of pilgrimaging to Rome in the Middle Ages formed the subject of another paper from the House, this time given by Mr Neary.

A novel address was provided by Mr Teeling, of the British and Overseas League. He has studied unemployment—in the raw—in England, Canada, the U.S.A. and Italy, and had some striking things to say about it. His ideas on the subject are mainly those of the "Social Service" movement, as promoted by Mr S.G.B. Mais Mr Teeling was also interested in promoting the prestige of England in foreign countries, and urged us to do our share in this good work.

Father Considine (of the Fides Service) took us, in ten chapters, from "Rome to Rome through Asia and Africa". In thus re-living the lately completed journey of the lecturer, we paid a call on his Grace Archbishop Hinsley, in his airy house by the sea.

Mr Duggan wound up the season and made his last bow to the society with "A Question of Authorship". This was supposed to be an article in the *VENERABLE* for 1988 establishing the authorship (the 'Gasqueicity' in fact) of the College Obit Book. In reality it was a clever skit on Bible-criticism methods, delightfully introducing topical references (*à la* "Chi Lo Sa?"). The new President elected for the following year was Mr Wroe, the new Secretary,

E.A. NEARY

## GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

There were seven meetings of the Society during last session, of which five were continued upon a second night, indication enough of the lively interest taken by the members in the debates. This, in great measure, was due to the popularity of the subjects chosen at the cost of much head beating by the late officials of the Society. Why, the very question of any comparison between an afternoon spent in Pam-

philj and one spent in the Forum was enough to set the teeth of some of us chattering with rage; and anyone who had felt the pangs of thirst on a dusty Umbrian road on a September afternoon was absolutely convinced of the sense of a motion for keeping the public houses open all day in England. Nor did the destinies of England fail to receive due consideration, for we decided that "Back to the land" is a sound economic policy; but we were forced to admit, albeit with regret, that Bolshevism is making greater strides in England than Catholicism.

Some measure of credit for the good attendance at every debate, apart from the obvious popularity of the subjects, is attributable to the aforementioned retiring officials, for no corner of the common room was too dark to escape their vigilant eye, nor any laggard hesitant proof against the persuasive quality of their invitation to attend the meeting.

At the customary business meeting which concluded the session Mr Tickle was elected to fill the chair of President for the coming session with Mr Ford as Secretary.

W.G. FORD, Secretary.

### WISEMAN SOCIETY

Again only three papers were read this year, though the numbers that attended each paper were higher than ever. However the small number of papers so alarmed the members of the society that in the business meeting it was agreed that independently of those given by members of the Literary Society we should aim at having five sessions during the Roman season and if possible as many at Palazzola.

Mr Dawson read us a paper on "Culture" in which he showed himself a fervent disciple of his namesake Christopher. The writer called in question the real benefit to mankind of Renaissance Culture and showed very profoundly the inevitability of a new Culture with the passing of Capitalism and the growing need that Catholics should be in the forefront. The discussion was keen and all felt that they were grappling with a real and urgent problem which had a very practical bearing.

The next paper by Mr Abbing was on "Modern Painting" in which he clarified our ideas on the misty terminology of Futurism, Cubism and the other Modern Movements and left nothing to chance by producing illustrations of his own to demonstrate his ideas. Of course we fell to wrangling about the Idea of Beauty but at any rate thrashed out of it what the modern aim is and what is solidly good in the modern movements when divested of their extravagances.

The last paper was on "Journalism" by Mr Mullin. Few of us saw eye to eye with him in his practical applications, though his theory was watertight. We certainly had a good discussion and reviewed thoroughly our Catholic journalism, trying to hook the reader's journalistic wiles on the barbs of scholastic syllogisms. Of this year—*ad maiora!*

T.B. PEARSON



## CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

The Guild had another successful year. The active membership rose from 28 to 39, though the attendance at meetings was not quite up to the standard of some previous sessions. The season was mostly devoted to the reading of papers by individual members, not on subjects selected according to a fixed plan but on topics of practical present-day interest chosen by the writers of the papers themselves. The papal encyclical *Caritate Christi Compulsi* was also read and discussed.

It was decided at the general business meeting held on July 7th that during the ensuing year a series of papers be prepared on the basis of Fallon's *Principes d'Economie Sociale*.

The following members contributed papers during the past session.

Mr T. Duggan: *The Skeleton in the Cupboard* (Education).

Mr G. Rickaby: *The Wage Problem*.

Mr D. Leahy: *Quadragesimo Anno and the Economics of Value and Price*.

Mr G. Malone: *Private Property*.

Mr H. McNeill: *A Very Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*.

Mr J.P. Wroe: *The Psychological Instability of Capitalism. The Marxian Standpoint*.

J.P. WROE, Secretary

## THE ORCHESTRA

We brought the Roman season to a close this year, only when the summer heat and the proximity of the examinations had made it almost impossible to carry on.

The season had been a success and witnessed a marked improvement of the Orchestra. We had returned from the summer *villeggiatura* at Palazzola with six new members fully installed in the Orchestra, and the arrival of the new men from England increased our numbers by the addition of a first violin and a 'cello. This brought our numbers up to thirteen: conductor, pianoforte, 3 first violins, 3 second violins, 2 violas, 2 'cellos and a flute.

During the year we continued to work at the two symphonies obtained during the previous year, *The Clock*, (Haydn) and *The Jupiter* (Mozart). In addition to these we also obtained two overtures: *The Calif of Bagdad* (Boieldieu), and *The Barber of Seville* (Rossini). We also made an attempt at the overture to the *Mikado*, which however was not altogether successful.

Towards the end of the year we lost our director Mr Lynch who felt himself compelled to retire on account of the stress of work. We would like to thank him for the amount of work he has done. Our thanks are also due to Mr Park to whom we are indebted for the music of *The Barber of Seville*.

G. EKBERY

## OUR BOOK SHELF

*The Golden Book of Italian Poetry*, Chosen and edited by Lauro de Bosis, with a Foreword by Professor G.M. Trevelyan, O.M.; Oxford University Press (Milford), 10/6 net.

Italian poetry is for most of us decidedly an acquired taste. Even those who are at home with the classical poets and respond immediately to Italian pictorial art, find it at first very hard to enter into communion with even the most approved of Italy's singers. It is not that their language is difficult: it is rather the form in which their thoughts are cast that stands between us—the peculiar poetic convention of the Italians. The rigidity of metrical forms, their iambic monotony, the classically limited subject-matter, the endemic rage of conceitism, the excessive frequency of lines ending with *amore* and *cuore*, the sonneteer's polite affectation of melancholy, above all (in the older poets) the incredible deification of *das Ewig-Weibliche*: these things tend to weary and cloy spirits bred in a breezier air, and cause them to lose patience with almost any Italian poet after a very few pages. Perhaps an exception should be made for the *Divina Commedia* on account of the plenary inspiration of that world-poem, transcending the categories of a national literature—but what if the newcomer to Dante should begin with the *Rime*! (The latest poets indeed have thrown off the convention, but they present us with greater difficulties of metre and sense.)

And yet, not to have unlocked the treasures of Italian poetry would be to miss some of the finest poetic experiences—to be found there and nowhere else. It needs but a short initiation to discover these treasures and to perceive the actual beating of the oft-mentioned *cuore* beneath the surface conceits. The initiation can best be made by a well selected anthology—above all, by a selection which does not confine itself to lyric poetry and reaches out well before Dante and after Manzoni. It is in the lyrics of the classical period that the convention is most obtrusive, and a lyric anthology within the usual limits is almost bound to consist mainly of the glorifications of Laura, Galatea, and so forth. On the other hand, the longer works, notably the *Divina Commedia*, are rich in true lyric experiences, more readily shared by those whose *cor* is *gentil* but whole.

A very interesting anthology of the kind desired—and beautifully printed and dressed—has been published by the Oxford University Press. It extends from St Francis to d'Annunzio, includes copious selections

from the great narrative poems, and specimens of not a few interesting oddities such as Cecco Angiolieri and Campanella. The selections from Dante are particularly happy—though of course no two persons could conceivably agree as to the best possible choice. In general, any anthology must be found wanting if you criticize it from an absolute standpoint. Conversely, any anthology is chiefly interesting as a piece of self-revelation on the part of the compiler. This is particularly so in the present instance. Lauro de Bosis was not only exceptionally qualified for his task as a mediator between Italian and English culture—being the son of the poet Adolfo de Bosis, the translator of Shelley, and an Anglo-American mother, and himself a poet and translator deeply versed in Greek and English literature besides that of Italy—but he was also a highly interesting and romantic personality. Most of us will remember the mystery of his death at the age of thirty—somewhere between sea and sky, no one knows where or how—after his daring leaflet-raid over Rome on October 3rd, 1931. The manner of his disappearance seems to have been worked up to and consciously anticipated in his life and writings—as if he had himself framed his short, brilliant career and tragic exit as a poetic drama in one act. Indeed, if we were to adopt the fashionable psychological classification of people by ‘complexes’, we should say that de Bosis was dominated by an Icarus-complex. The air had a strange and potent fascination for him, as the sea has had for other poets, and he seems to have had a constant presentiment of his own Icarian end, almost glorying in it. Significantly, his poetic masterpiece, a philosophic idealization of the conquest of the air, is entitled *Icaro*; and the same preoccupation is discernible in his anthology. The two poems he selects from Sannazaro and Tansillo respectively deal with the Icarus-myth; he give us Monti’s ode to Montgolfier; and one of the passages chosen from Dante is the curious version of Ulysses’s end (*Inf.* xxiv) —how the aged hero, ever athirst for the new and unknown, “turns his back on the morning” and with his veteran companions sails out beyond the Pillars of Hercules, far into the western sea, to perish beyond the ken of man—*infin che il mar fu sopra noi rinchiuso*.

We need not concern ourselves with de Bosis’s politics, and we merely register our objection to the ‘emancipated’ remarks about the Counter-Reformation which mar the admirable little *Sketch of Italian Literature* prefaced to the *Golden Book*. At least he spent himself for an ideal, and was no armchair professor of poetry. One of his own poems, dated 1925, is given in Prof. Trevelyan’s Foreword. It ends with the lines:

Cosa t’importa se a soffrir sei tu?

Trionfa altrove un’altra gioventù.

Perhaps the strange story of this child of our age will open for us some fresh insight into the spirit and ideals and the beauty—the *vaghezza*—of Italian poetry. It can hardly fail to give a new thread of interest to the reading of those works of Italian poets which he judged most worthy to survive and to be liked by us.

B. WRIGHTON

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