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## EDITORIAL

“We live to-day under a Regency”—so begins the Editorial in *THE VENERABILE* for April 1928. Little can the Editor, as he wrote those words, have dreamt that so soon history would repeat itself, that he himself would be the Regent, that not only would he govern the college but would carry it through the arduous days of an Apostolic Visitation. All these things have come to pass and the Vice-Rector surely deserves our thanks for all that he has done for the college during the past few months.

It is not for us to speak of the Rector's work in England, but Venerabile men may well be proud that the Holy Father should again have chosen the Rector of the College for such an important mission as an Apostolic Visitation. Now we welcome him on his return and offer to him the filial hope that our prayers and good wishes may in some measure have aided him in the accomplishment of his great task.

## WILLIAM LILY AND THE ENGLISH HOSPICE

ALMOST the first thing Cardinal Gasquet tells us in *A History of the Venerabile English College, Rome* is the fact that the present institution, which dates from about 1575, was not an altogether new foundation. It was the successor to the English Hospice, which had existed since 1362—itsself an outgrowth of the *Schola Anglorum*, a theological seminary which claimed as its founder King Ina of the West Saxons. I write as one who has not shared the fostering care of the Venerabile, and therefore with some not incomprehensible diffidence; but I feel safe in assuming, nevertheless, that the interest of the Venerabilini in the history of their alma mater is chiefly in her third phase, or (perhaps more properly) in the third foundation—the College begun by Cardinal Allen and Dr. Lewis. This preference, I believe, but does justice to the due order of things: of the three institutions the last has been undoubtedly of the most importance to the Church in England. It is hardly possible for anyone who has seen the *Liber Ruber* to think otherwise. But if the other two foundations have less significance historically than the College, they have nevertheless an importance which should not be underestimated. Confining our consideration to the second of these foundations, I should like to examine briefly one aspect of its history which, so far as I am aware, has not received much attention. It

may not be wholly unprofitable to consider the importance of the English Hospice for the cultural and literary life of England at the time of the Renaissance; the subject can be conveniently treated in connection with the biography of a representative English scholar of the period, William Lily, the Grammarian.

It will be recalled that the English Hospice was precisely what its name implies. In Rome during the Middle Ages the various nations maintained *hospitalia*, or hospices, to accommodate any of their citizens who happened to be there. These houses sheltered not only pilgrims and casual visitors, but likewise guests who remained for a considerable length of time—ambassadors to the Holy See; scholars, young and old; clerics attached to the papal curia—all sorts of persons, clerical or lay, whose business kept them in Rome more or less permanently.

In this respect the English Hospice was not different from the other national houses. If we examine the account books for the last half of the fifteenth century we shall find the chief classes of society represented in the registers. Turning our attention to the scholars, we may note among them, under the year 1490, the name of William Lily. If he were the only scholar there, we should not be justified in attaching any particular significance to his presence; but the circumstance that he appears at the Hospice ten years before the turn of the century as one of a group of men who later exercised an important influence on the intellectual history of England is obviously significant. Not that Lily is one of the great figures of English history. He made no stir in either national or ecclesiastical politics. There was nothing spectacular about his career—he saved neither his country from the invader nor his Church from the oppressor. He left no great works of art, literary or otherwise, to enrich the heritage of his nation. But if Lily was not a great figure, he was nevertheless an important one, and typical (in so far as any man can be typical of a number of men) of the English scholars of the Renaissance. In his own day his reputation was considerable; and down almost to our own day his name was familiar to every English

schoolboy who might be beaten, like Fuller, for “Lily’s Grammar”—although this famous text was only partly his work. He was a respected member of the band of humanists who gave a new direction to the cultural history of England in the years immediately preceding the break with Rome. He was the godson of Grocyn, and possibly his pupil. He became the friend and confidant of young Thomas More, as well as his companion in the study of Greek. He was admired by Erasmus for his knowledge of the classics and his skill as a teacher. He knew Linacre from his youth, and had the services of that great physician during his last illness. He was the intimate of Colet, and was chosen by him to be first headmaster of the school he founded at St. Paul’s.

We do not know a great deal about Lily’s life: nor are we as much interested in the details of his career as in those of men like More and Fisher and Erasmus. But a study of his life, besides its own intrinsic worth, is useful for the light it sheds upon the Christian Renaissance of which he was a leading figure. It is not my purpose here to treat of the Renaissance or of the Humanism which it produced, whatever definition one may give to the terms. But it will be to the point to recall one truth about Humanism sometimes overlooked. This truth, which has not been overlooked by the recent biography of St Thomas More, may thus be stated<sup>1</sup>: that whatever may be said of Humanism by writers careless of distinctions, among its Northern followers generally (and among more of its Southern devotees than is always recognized), it was not “a system of thought or action which is concerned with merely human interests, as against divine”. The movement meant first of all a revival of Greek and Roman culture; it meant the study of the classics. Now among the classics of Greece and of Rome you may find scepticism in philosophy and licence in morals—just as you may find them in the classics of England and Italy and France and Germany. But in the classics of Greece and of Rome you may find, as

<sup>1</sup> Notably R. W. Chambers, *Thomas More*, pp. 78–85; and Christopher Hollis, *Thomas More*, pp. 14–19; 26–30.

More and Lily and Erasmus and Pico de la Mirandula found, something else : first, a revelation in His works of the beauty which is God—here the beauty of great prose and of great poetry ; secondly, a revelation of the truth which is God, both in the facts of physical science and in the conclusions of philosophy—as Mr Hollis points out, these great Christian minds at the beginning of the sixteenth century felt that Greek wisdom was not only not hostile to Christian wisdom, but must be a help to its understanding, “ that Platonism inevitably led to Christianity and that a Christianity derived from Platonism was inevitably a deeper Christianity than one which neglected her tremendous forerunner ”.<sup>1</sup> God had given them a feeling for beauty, and intelligence enough to recognize it even when it was surrounded by ugliness ; He had given them a passion for truth, and light enough to discern it even when half hidden by error. Like Francis Thompson, the lamp Beauty led them to the Light God.

The known facts of Lily’s life may be briefly summarized. He was born at the village of Odiham, in Hampshire, not far from Basingstoke, in 1468 ; he died in 1523. He went up to Oxford, almost certainly to Magdalen, where his godfather, Grocyn, was lecturer in divinity. According to Anthony à Wood, he took “ one degree in the arts ”. His son George (who gives us most of the reliable, if vague, information that we have concerning his father) says that he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem *studio pietatis*, and that he spent some time in Rhodes *causa literarum*, learning there the “ rudiments ” of the Latin and Greek tongues.<sup>2</sup> (How an Oxford man with even one degree in the arts could have escaped without acquiring the rudiments of Latin, George does not explain ; perhaps, like Ben Jonson, he had an exalted notion of what are the rudiments of a language). At any rate, by 1490 the young scholar was in Rome : on November the 4th of that year he was admitted to membership in the Most Holy Confraternity

<sup>1</sup> Hollis, p. 17.

<sup>2</sup> *Ad Paulum Iovium Episcopum Nuceri. Virorum aliquot in Britannia, qui nostro seculo eruditione, and doctrina clari, memorabilesque fuerunt. Elogia, per Georgium Liliū Britannum exarata, printed with the Descriptio Britanniae, Scotiae, Hyberniae, et Orchardum, ex libro Pauli Iovii, episcopi Nuceri . . . .* (Venetiis, 1548), fols. 45–55.



of the Blessed Trinity and Saint Thomas of Canterbury.<sup>1</sup> In Rome, George tells us, he studied to good purpose under two of the great scholars then in the city, Pomponio Leto and Giovanni Sulpizio: "*Romae denique inter felicissima eius saeculi ingenia Sulpitium atque Pomponium docentes audiuit, excultoque admirabili felicitate ad omnia humanitatis studia ingenio, post annos aliquot in patriam reuersus, facilem suis ciuibus elegantioris disciplinae viam ostendit.* He must have impressed his teachers: Bale quotes Horman as saying that he was made poet laureate, *Sulpitio praeside*. The ceremony probably took place in the presence of the Roman Academy. He returned to England about 1495, or possibly somewhat later. Presumably he soon began to teach; this seems to be the meaning of George's elegant diction—*facilem suis ciuibus elegantioris viam ostendit*. Where he held his classes we do not know—it may have been in "a private grammar school"; it may have been at the old Cathedral grammar school attached to St Paul's. About 1501 we find him studying Greek with St Thomas More, his junior by ten years. Together the two men contended in friendly rivalry in making translations from the Greek Anthology; the results of their work were published years later (in 1518) by Froben at Basle, under the title *Progymnasmata*. Here Lily begins to take his place in the circle of brilliant men who had evoked the admiration of Erasmus on his first trip to England,<sup>2</sup> and about whom he afterwards wrote, *Sunt enim Londini quinque aut sex utraque lingua exacte docti: quales opinor ne Italia quidem ipsa impraesentiarum habet.*<sup>3</sup> This was in 1505 or 1506; a letter written by More

<sup>1</sup> The name of the society which had founded the Hospice, and which guests often joined. For Lily's date see Venerabile Collegio Inglese MS. 17, fol. 18v. At present I am preparing to edit this interesting and important manuscript.

<sup>2</sup> Writing from England to his former pupil, Robert Fisher, who was studying law in Italy, Erasmus says: "And I have met with so much kindness and so much learning, not hackneyed and trivial, but deep, exact, ancient, Latin and Greek, that I am not hankering so much after Italy, except just for the sake of seeing it. When I hear my Colet, I seem to be listening to Plato himself. In Grocyn, who does not wonder at that perfect compass of all knowledge? What is more acute, more profound, more keen than the judgement of Linacre? What did nature ever create milder, sweeter or happier than the genius of Thomas More? But why should I run through the whole list?"—Dec. 5th, 1499. (See P. S. and H. M. Allen, eds., *Opus epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami* (Oxford, 1906) I, 273-74, Ep. 118. I quote the translation of Chambers, p. 75. The "whole list" might indeed have included Lily.

<sup>3</sup> Allen, I, 415 (Ep. 185, to Servatius Rogerus). In note 13 Allen remarks, "Grocyn, Linacre, More (cf. Ep. 118) and Lily were certainly of this band; the number may perhaps be completed by Latimer and Tunstall."

about a year previously to Colet, who is in the country, mentions three of their names; the letter concludes, "Meantime, I pass my time with Grocyn, who is, as you know, in your absence the guide of my life (Colet and Grocyn are apparently More's confessors); "with Linacre, the guide of my studies" (More is apparently hard at Greek); "and with our friend Lily, my dearest friend".<sup>1</sup> About this time Lily married; all we know about his wife is that her name was Agnes, that she died a short time before her husband, that she became the mother of fifteen children, only six of whom survived their parents. One of them was Peter, who conformed to the new religion, and whose son John became the well known dramatist of Shakespeare's day; another was George, who was ordained a priest and became chaplain to Cardinal Pole, with whom he spent much time in Italy—in 1548 and 1549 he was one of the two *camerarii* at the Hospice in Rome.<sup>2</sup> George tells us that the married life of his parents had been one of peace and affection.

A few years after his marriage Lily was appointed headmaster of the school which Colet founded at St Paul's. Chosen for his character as well as his learning, he occupied this position, apparently to the satisfaction of all, until the end of his life. A feature of the curriculum was the inclusion of Greek, of which language Lily was one of the earliest teachers in Renaissance England. Death came to him from the plague, following an operation which was opposed by his old friend Linacre.

Lily's writings need not occupy us long. We know of nothing that he composed in English, except a thirteen page syntax, the *Rudimenta Grammatices*, which was published with Colet's *Aeditio*, an elementary accidence. However, in addition to the Greek epigrams, he made one translation into his mother tongue: for his friend More he turned into English a curious book called the *Libro di Sorti*, written by Lorenzo Spirito da Perugia, a minor poet who was still alive when Lily was in Italy. It is an ingenious parlour game, by means of which one tells fortunes by means of throws of the dice, but the work

<sup>1</sup> The translation and comments are from Chambers, pp. 88-9.

<sup>2</sup> The officials of the Hospice were two councillors (*camerarii*), one cleric and one lay; a warden (*custos*), and a chaplain.

is of no literary significance. A few editions of this odd composition survive to-day. One of them is dated as early as 1618, but we do not know whether this is Lily's translation or not. If it is Lily's, as it well may be, it has probably been revised since it left his hand.

The meagreness of his English writings, however, should surprise no one; English scholars of the Renaissance wrote mostly in Latin. But Lily's muse was not extraordinarily prolific in Latin, either. Besides his grammatical writings, George Lily mentions only two Latin compositions by his father, although he declares that William was *in carmine mire felix*. One of these examples of his skill is a poem of only eighteen lines, written to commemorate the occasion when Philip the Fair, on his way to Spain, was driven into Weymouth harbour by a storm on 15th January, 1506. The other composition which George thought worthy of notice is not much longer. When Charles V came to England in 1522, he was conducted in triumph to London, where he was greeted by a series of elaborate pageants. At each of the six stations where the pageants were erected, a few verses were recited proclaiming the glories of the Emperor and of King Henry. Lily composed these verses, besides an *Acclamatio* to the imperial visitor.

This is all that George Lily sets down; but there are a few other pieces extant, and there are several titles mentioned by Bale in his *Illustrium Maioris Britanniae Scriptorium Summarium* but at present not to be found. They are all largely of the same sort—the poet-laureate type of thing at which most of the Renaissance men of letters tried their hands. In the British Museum there is a badly written manuscript of five medium-sized pages, which contain most of the surviving occasional poems—four epitaphs, eight short epigrams, a eulogy of Wolsey, and an invective against John Skelton, the poet. A few other pieces in these same five pages are of doubtful origin, but may well be from Lily's pen; they are not, however, of much importance. The same may be said of two other poems buried in a Vatican manuscript, under the name "Lylius", but without further identification. No doubt he wrote other things which have been lost: Bale credits him with

*De laudibus Deiparae, familiares epistolae, orationes pueriles, et diversi generis carmina.* The *orationes pueriles* may be the verses composed in honour of Charles, and we may have all of the *diversi generis carmina* which Lily composed; but there is no trace at present of the hymn (or hymns) to the Blessed Virgin, nor of the letters. The lines against Skelton show real satirical power, and make us wish we knew the reason they were written. Lily's talents in this genre are revealed in a much longer composition, the *Antibossicon*, a curious book written partly by Lily, and partly by William Horman and Robert Aldrich, in which the three friends answer the attacks of another scholar, Robert Whittinton. The volume was issued in 1521 by Pynson, but only four complete copies of it can be traced to-day. A piece easier to lay hands on is Lily's *Monita Paedagogica*, or *Carmen ad Discipulos de Moribus*. In forty-two elegiac couplets Lily sets forth precepts for boys who wish to be his pupils. They are to rise early, go to the chapel and say their prayers, keep themselves clean, get to school on time, work diligently while there, speak when the master calls them, refrain from annoying other students, avoid lying, stealing, quarrelling, and all boisterous behaviour. The poem belongs to the type of sapiential literature popular in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance throughout Europe. It enjoyed a great vogue, with masters, if not with their charges. It was printed by Pynson with the *Antibossicon*, and in most of the many editions of "Lily's Grammar". At various times during its long history it enjoyed the honour of translation, and the supreme compliment of parody.

Lily was a grammarian in the ancient sense—an authority on literature as well as on inflections and constructions. But he has been labelled a grammarian in the modern sense—because, owing to an accident of history which might have been more unjust, a compilation of grammatical writings, partly by Lily and partly by others, became popularly known as "Lily's Grammar", although no edition extant bears his name in the title. There is a certain fitness in the popular title, however, because Lily's share in the product was larger than that of anyone else. Three treatises of his, each of which had been

published separately, went into the new book. First there was the short syntax in English already mentioned; then there was a somewhat larger syntax in Latin, which was written at Colet's particular request, and revised by Erasmus. This book, the *Libellus de Constructione Octo Partium Orationis*, was printed not only in England, where it appeared first in 1513, but all over Europe, from Venice to Cracow, until near the end of the century. One reason for its popularity—but not the only one—was the fact that it was often got out under Erasmus' name, although in a prefatory epistle which usually preceded the text the Dutch scholar clearly states the limits of his part in the work. Finally, there was a book consisting of two grammatical poems, one giving the rules for the genders of nouns, the other rules for the preterites and supines of verbs. All of this material was used in the compilation of the pretentious volume which came out about 1540, with a preface which proclaimed on the authority of Henry VIII that it and it alone was henceforth to be used by schoolmasters in England. "Lily's Grammar" had been launched upon its career, which lasted until past the middle of the nineteenth century—it was last published in 1858, under the editorship of Dr Christopher Wordsworth, brother of the poet. And during the greater part of that long history it was the "authorized" grammar; as such it formed the basis of most of the Latin teaching of England.

Such was the life, and such were the works, of the man who was at the English Hospice in the autumn of 1490—we do not know how long he remained. If he does not belong among the greatest names of the period, he at least belongs among the great; his career was distinguished, and his influence marked. To the students and alumni of the Venerabile it is of interest that one factor in his formation—perhaps even the decisive factor—was his stay at the Hospice.

Consider the fellow-lodgers he had at the house in the Via di Montserratato. The musty pages of the manuscript which record Lily's admission to the Confraternity reveal other names familiar to the student of the Renaissance in England, with some of whom Lily is to be associated for life. Lily is

registered for November the 4th; on that very day Thomas Linacre, classical scholar and physician, to whom the foundation of the College of Physicians is mainly due, also became a member. On the preceding May 3rd, William Warham, doctor of laws, is admitted—he will be known to history as the devout and learned archbishop of Canterbury, the friend and patron of Erasmus. The next year Linacre is *custos* of the Hospice; and the day which saw his election as an official saw the election as a member of Giovanni Giglis, *Serenissimi Domini Regis [Angliae] Oratoris*, later to be rewarded with the see of Worcester, enough of a poet to write at least an epithalamium for the marriage of Henry VII; in 1494 he is elected one of the *camerarii*. On January 30th, 1493, Christopher Bainbridge, the future Cardinal Archbishop of York joins the brotherhood; and on May 3rd, John Colet, the day Bainbridge is elected *camerarius*. The lay *camerarius* from 1486 until 1491 is a well known Knight of Rhodes, the *Magnificus Dominus d. Johannes Kendall, prior sancti Johannis Jerosolomitani extra muros Londoni in Smythfelde*. It will be recalled that Lily had spent some time in Rhodes; whether he met the prior of the English “nation” there or in Rome he at least turned the acquaintanceship to good advantage—in 1492 Kendall presented him to a benefice in Northamptonshire which he held until 1495.

The records are incomplete, and at best give but scanty information. But there is sufficient to enable us to form at least an idea of the intellectual milieu at the Hospice when Lily was there. I have limited myself to the three or four years during part of which he was certainly a guest. The records for preceding years and those following likewise contain the names of scholars; in 1449, for example, we find William Grey; in 1450, Andrew Holes; and in 1511 Richard Pace. But so far as the evidence at present goes, at no time in its history did the Hospice harbour so many kindred humanistic spirits as in the first years of the 1490's; men who were to make up a good half of the circle that charmed Erasmus a few years later—a circle of choice souls not the least important of whom was Lily.

VINCENT FLYNN

## ROMANESQUES

### 27.—SHOPPING

IT all started with this business of cameratas and that was years and years ago, when the rules for seminary life were drawn up (by S. Charles Borromeo wasn't it?) and it became obligatory for students to live and move in groups or cameratas. A class occupying the same corridor, sitting in the same benches, studying in the same "year", became conveniently "room companions". A *prefetto* was held responsible for the behaviour of the rest and to his final decision the rest were subject, though the programme might be decided by the vote of the majority. So in anticlerical days—and what days are not anticlerical?—were fledgling clerics defended from the enemies of their salvation.

And customs die hard. Even now these parties may be observed like huge crocodiles wriggling their cumbersome way through the streets of the city; as indeed your guide book will point out, adding a word of superior commiseration for the lot of the herded victims.

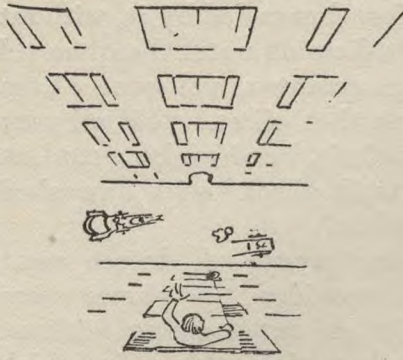
All of which is very well in its way; but it cannot have been a very long time before ordinary observation, reduced to unmistakable terms and unanswerable arguments by the well-ordered mind of the schoolman, discovered a flaw. A student is a child of one year when he learns that a thing may

be natural to a "being" and therefore demanded by it, without being a part of it at all. "Ea sunt dicunda naturalia quae vel constituunt naturam, vel eam consequuntur, vel quae ab ea necessario postulatur", or words to that effect. It is all very well to walk abroad as a student, a cleric, but how be a student without pens, ink or paper; how walk abroad with unwashed face or unshaven chin? *En difficultas!*

It was solved by the shopping party. A decree went forth that, once every fortnight, provided the names were handed in beforehand, three might go out together without any other company, and might purchase those things for which their *esse* or at least their *bene esse* cried out. There is a completeness about a party of three, as those same schoolmen were not slow to discover, a perfection both physical and moral. If for instance two of them *per nefas* should feel urged to ride in a tramcar, there would still be the third to object and inevitably to win. And yet three are mobile; they do not need to be marshalled and dragooned, to be watched and guarded, perhaps even counted after a rough passage through the traffic; nor are they so likely to set the little shopkeeper's heart beating at double time as a full camerata must inevitably have done, by crowding into his tiny shop, shutting out the daylight and all hope of communication with the outside world, while quickly dashing that other hope of untold wealth pouring into his modest till by purchasing one razor blade and solemnly filing out again. Besides all of which the needs of three people may be thought of (until one's first experience) as capable of being dealt with in one morning.

*Quis, quid, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando?* One at a time, please. *Quis, quid, cur*, you already know. *Quibus auxiliis* depends on your kind friends at home. *Quomodo?* That in Rome we should do as Rome does, at least as far as shopping goes, is a fallacy. Indeed I am not sure that *la signora* who lives anywhere above the *piano terzo* ever goes shopping at all. A man in the street below with a barrow and a bell, a female head poked out through a window far above, a basket lowered and raised again, and there you are! Only when it is decided to add *galletti* to the menu does it seem to





*la Signora.....never goes shopping at all.*

may not even lean out of the windows on to the street below, and probably they may not bring home live birds. I say probably, because didn't somebody once try it with a canary? *Sed hic est aliud rem, ut ait diabolus.*

No! shopping days for the likes of us were meant to be very harmless expeditions. Stationery, soap and perhaps a tooth-brush, a few postage stamps, tobacco, a stroll across the Pincio or Borghese gardens, and then quietly home again. So were they first imagined, I am sure, before the days of cheap and rapid transmission of parcels from one country to another and the consequent clamour for rosaries, text-books and certificates of Papal Blessings which now rises up from England to friends on the spot. Cheap printing, too, has made a difference. If you should visit the rooms of S. Aloysius or S. John Berchmans in the Collegio Romano, you would find the sum total of their libraries in a small glass case. A book or two on the Elements, some philosophy and theology texts, that is all; but every word has been written out by hand, the whole carefully bound and intended for a lifetime's reference. Nowadays all that is changed. When no ecclesiastic is worth a benefice until he is the author of a book, and when even those books worth writing may be had *sciolti* for little enough, the temptation exists and engenders the besetting sin of the otherwise blameless philosopher, the accumulation of a library.

Beware the book fiend on a shopping day.

Very much of the success of a shopping expedition depends

be necessary for her to descend to the ground floor. Then you will see her returning home with one or perhaps two well-fattened young cockerels held in a masterly grip, their wings outspread but still, their heads bowed near to the ground, a look of almost Christian resignation on their faces, as they await the blow that will turn them into dinner. Now students

on the nice choice of people who make up the party. Once upon a time a camerata on the way home from morning schools were talking of nothing in particular, as cameratas at that time of the day usually do, when somebody suggested a Philosopher's alphabet. There were a number of ideas that do not matter but one letter leaps to the memory—S standing for shopping days and syllogisms. Could there have been two items in all the remaining list more characteristic of "Our First Year" than these? There is an affinity between them, more deeply rooted than the mere chance alliteration. *Si minor affirmans, maior vero generalis*. One from somewhere low down in the house still obliging, one a sufficiently well-disposed contemporary of the third, who is the organiser, whom we may call the major general. *He* has the shopping to do.

*Una negans esto maior vero generalis*. Very much like the previous one, except for the second component who has been dragged in unwillingly and would sooner have gone to Pamphilj. A dangerous fellow this, because he usually starts in silence and under protest, then remembers something that he may as well do since he is passing that way, and ends by absorbing the whole morning.

If both these have their imperfections, if *metus* and *dolus* have had a share in their formation, they at least have the merit of being workable arrangements; but there is another, a dreadful party! Two who particularly want to transact business in completely opposite directions have persuaded a third, again from first or second year, that it can be done. "Nil sequitur geminis e particularibus unquam". Of this party it may also be said "Priorem sequitur conclusio partem". The only one who gains anything from the expedition is the minor who purchases a collar-stud or shoe-lace from "Grandma" near the Sapienza on the way home.

Lastly there is the party made up of three people out for the ordinary necessities of civilised existence, and a little fresh air into the bargain. This is the very *Barbara* of shopping parties, as rare as it is perfect.

It is Thursday morning and five minutes to ten. At the first sound of the bell the leader is down in the ground-floor

corridor, chafing to be away. Nevertheless, even after sundry hallooings up the staircase have finally died away as the last free men wend Pam-wards, we must wait while a figure ascends the stairs, like the prophet wrapt up to Heaven in the whirlwind, and presently returns with the forgotten postal order. But they set out at last and we will follow them to the almost inevitable chemist's shop—which is not the *drogheria*. The compilers of phrase-books visualise a meeting something after this sort.

“Buon giorno, signore. In che cosa posso servirla?”

“Vediamo. Ma si, ora mi ricordo. Del sapone di barba, un vasetto di vaselina, un tubo di pasta dentifricia. Ne può fare tutto un pacco. E pago per tutto ora.”



*S'accommodino*



*“Supponay.”*

“Come vuole, signore. Buon giorno, signore. Arivederla.”

*Utinam!* Alas, the experience is very different. There is much fumbling in the ample pockets with which the tailor has learnt to provide us, for the shopping list which has hidden itself completely and eludes every effort to retrieve it. Finally, therefore, *minor affirmans*, left to his memory, says the one word, “Supponay”.

“Sisignoresaponedabarbaoppurosaponedatoiletta?”

“Si.”

The politeness and patience of our Italian hosts are seen at their very highest in such moments as these. No trace of a smile, no pitying contempt. He goes through the dumb show

of lathering and holds his nose ready for the stroke of the blade which shall denude his upper lip. *Minor affirmans* gets a glimmer of light. "Non rasoio, supponay."

*Maior generalis*, confound him, has been keeping himself to himself all this time, messing about with a weighing-machine, and doing his best to translate kili into stone and pounds. Now he butts in. "He wants to know whether you want shaving-soap or the ordinary stuff," he says, and goes back to his mental arithmetic. The rescue completed, the purchase is paid for and the next item on the list stands ready to be dealt with. So the morning passes. No space here to tell of the long

walk down the Corso to find the little place where the exchange is fifty centesimi above that of the larger banks; of the visits to the strange junk shops by the people who have hobbies to ride during the Villa; the pitfalls in plenty, some recurring every year with unfailling regularity, some worthy to be immortalised. The number of these is limited, I suppose, but the limit seems not to have been reached yet, for each generation brings back to England



.....where the exchange is 50 c.  
above that of the larger banks.....

one or two more to swell the fund of reminiscence at the Roman dinner. Who was it who went to the oculist's and asked for a "paio di bicchieri"?

The sun is now high in the heaven and we must hurry to be home in time. One of the party has almost certainly laid hold of something unwieldly and staggers through the respectable streets of the city like another Samson carrying away the gates. The second has probably failed to do what he set out to do, while *minor affirmans*, the young first year victim, his pockets now weighed down with all the things a man thinks he is going to need during the coming fortnight, has not yet mastered the peculiar



.....another Samson  
carrying away  
the gates.....



...the peculiar gait...

gait that the *sottana* and *soprana* demand between them, and as his garments hamper and hinder him in his head-long flight, his mind returns bitterly to the sackrace in his last school sports-day. The other two forge doggedly ahead. Talking has completely

ceased. Disjointed ideas come into his head and are jolted out again. "Modestiam prae se ferant et gravitatem. Collegium opportuno tempore repetant." He read that the other day in the first fervour and his new book of college rules. How hot it is! Why could they not rise to a *carrozza* or a red peril! Trams dangerously close to the pavement! No matter. On, on! A passing *carrozza* has splashed them from head to foot with mud from the *sirocco* of yesterday. No time to turn and protest. On, on! Through streets, across piazzas, deserted now as the heat drives all sane men indoors. "All the world a solemn stillness holds, save where the beetle wheels his droning flight." "Baggarozzi," shouts some casual urchin. What does that mean? he wonders. There is no time to ask. Still they forge ahead, down narrow lanes, through the thousand commingling odours which would betray the Eternal City to a man born blind. Here S. John Baptist di Rossi was parish priest, here Julius Caesar was murdered, here Giordano Bruno burnt to death. The French Embassy; S. Birgitta; at last the college door and two minutes to go. A hurried "Vidi aquam" ablution and down to reading and prayers pro Anglia. "Bang!" goes the gun over the hill. He kneels with the rest for the Angelus and the prayers that have been said day in and day out, for a hundred years. *Ut quid destruxisti maceriam eius et vindemiant omnes qui praeter grediuntur viam.* He hears the last two words and wonders whether the Martyrs too had their shopping days.

F. J. GRIMSHAW.

## THE VISITATION OF 1623

I SUPPOSE most of us have, at one time or another, attempted to picture to ourselves what manner of men were they who peopled this house three hundred years ago. And yet in spite of all our efforts, and in spite of all that has been written about this period of our history, we have to confess that the personality of these men still escapes us. It is not that we do not know enough about them or about the details of the life they led in the College—witness Gasquet's History of the College, and innumerable articles printed in these pages—but rather, I think, that these men were more simple and straight forward than we can realise. It is beyond all dispute that they were aflame to return to England to the almost inevitable betrayal and bloody death. Indeed their years in the College were nothing but a preparation for martyrdom. And yet throughout the whole of this period the College was troubled with internal strife, so troubled that Clement VIII could say, after the Visitation of 1597, that "he had more adoe with one English Colledge than he had with all the papalty".<sup>1</sup>

Similarly in England there was the long drawn out Arch-priest Controversy to distract men's minds, and this at a time when surely they needed all their energy to resist the accumulating dead-weight of the government's repressive measures. The troubles in the College did not take their origin from the

<sup>1</sup> Unless it is otherwise stated, all quotations are from the College Archives, Scritt. 25, v.

Archpriest Controversy, but it is quite clear that they were kept alive by that controversy. And so for years on end there were two parties in the College, one supporting the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and the other eager to take advantage of anything that offered even the smallest hope of having the Jesuits removed from the College and the secular clergy installed in their stead. In fact the whole trouble seems to have been caused, as all the long discussions in our Public Meetings are caused, by "a matter of principle"—which shows that the spirit of the College has not changed so much in these three hundred years.

The troubles, then, that resulted in the visitation of 1623 were due to the deep-rooted opposition between these two parties rather than to any abuse of authority or relaxation of discipline. And this seems to have been partly recognised at the time; for the chief charge brought against the *seditioni*, as they were called, was that they had "practised seditiously to make a faction in the Colledg agaynst theyr superiours". And they in their turn accused the Fathers of using the College as a recruiting ground for the Society: "the end for which the Colledg was instituted is not observed because very many have heretofore entered and yearly some do enter into religion and specially into the society, wherebye the secular clergy of England (for whose maintenance, increase and benefit (they say) the English Colledg was specially ordained) is defrauded not only of subjects but also of the best subjects, the best wits being ordinarily allured and drawn (they say) by sundrie practises into the society, and hereto they add the consideration of the oathe of the Colledg whereby (they say) the *alumni* are bound to be secular priests and therefore cannot enter into religion". But before entering more fully into the all too often preposterous charges that each party brought against the other, it would be better to deal with the events that led up to the Visitation.

We will begin, then, by letting one of the leaders of the *seditioni* give his version of the affair. This he does in a letter to Mr John Bennett, who had been the "Clergy's Agent" in Rome and who shortly before had left for England.

Worthy Sir.

As soon as you had departed from Rome, that small peace and quietnes which we enjoyed whilst you were here began to depart from us ; for within three days the fathers gave forth amongst us, that one was to be expelled the colledge the next day, but yt fell out otherwise, and seemed yt was nothing but a rumour spread by the fathers to try how all were affected yf the visit should come ; but not obtayning that which they aymed at, anon after they toke a more efficacious meanes, and uppon a small occasion locked up a priest in a chamber a close prisoner, forbidding any to speak to him and threatening to expell him the colledge, for speaking certain wordes to Fr Coffin in behalf of them that doe not approve the Jesuits dealinges. The priest appealed to his holiness ; where uppon Fr Rector denied that he ever meant to turn him out of the colledge, but gave him an other penance that he might appeal with it unto the pope.

This thing bred such tumults in the house, and the visit of our Colledge came so slowly, that we had great reason to suspect and feare lest the Jesuits should expel them who were best able to informe the visitour. Therefore we thought good to goe ourselves and desyre the haysting of the visit, and that the fathers might not know who were agaynst them three were assigned to goe to the pope, amongst the which I was one ; which thing when we asked licence of Fr Rector made him much admire ; yet after some houres consideration he graunted us leave to goe uppon Corpus Christi eve ; but we not having audience gave up our memoriall which presently was sent by his holiness to the visitour with charge to beginne the visit with us the next day. This thing did so incense the Jesuits and all theirs against us and especially against me whom they thought to be Fr Rector his and the Jesuits particular frynd<sup>1</sup> that some of them did condemn me to the bottome of all condemnation, calling us seditious, turbulent, factious, and especially the convictors did them such passion against

<sup>1</sup> Peter Fitton was the nephew of the Rector, Fr Thomas Fitzherbert.



us, that some of them said it was like the divill his spirit that was amongst us, being more seditious than the very hugonites. . . .

The Jesuits knowing of none but us three that stood against them counselled the prefects of the chambers to make a bill in the schollers names, wherein they condemned us that went to the pope as seditious, and desyred to have a remedy, thinking to exclude us the colledge before the visit; and withal meaning by the bill to see how many they had against them. . . .

But to come to an end that which we chiefly desire is that you would send the Clergyes Agent hither as soone as you can for we doubt not but yf he comes before this matter be ended to free this Colledge of all the Jesuits. . . .

Thus leaving you to the protection of Almighty God I cease 3 July 1623. Yf you write back you may direct your letters to Doctor Eaton.

Your humble frynd

Peter Fitton or Biddulphe.

Before we make any comment on this letter, we will quote another account of the same events, this time from the pen of Nathaniel Southwell, who was one of the prefects, and who entered the Society a couple of years later. His account is written in Latin, which we freely translate as follows:—

On Holy Trinity eve, June 9, Fr Longaville went to Fr Confessor [Fr Coffin] to make some complaint, and was so forward and insolent, not only with him (as many witnesses can affirm) but later with Fr Rector too, that the superiors had to separate him from his fellows for some short time in punishment. Accordingly on June 13 he was imprisoned. Now when the other students heard of this, those who were ill-disposed (*illi quibus infensior dudum fuit animus*) were indignant, and before noon the same day they sent to Fr Rector to find out if it was true that Longaville was to be expelled secretly from the College. The Rector answered that he had never thought of such a thing, but they were in no way appeased: Fr Elacher and John Falcon rushed up to

him after dinner demanding leave to go the Holy Father, while Harris and Smith also prepared to go out—in fact they had already put on their sopranas (iamque togas nigras induerant)—but their passion cooled and they changed their mind. Next day, however, they again demanded leave to go out; but the Fathers appointed two prefects to go with them, to see that they did go to the Pope or the Cardinal, and not to visit their friends, and on this they preferred to stay at home rather than to betray who their friends were. It is certain that their intention was to visit their friends, for next day, when we were celebrating Quarant' Ore, though it is the custom for all to be present at the pontifical supplication, many of them met at the door, thinking to shake off the prefects in the crowd of people gathered there and go wherever they pleased. But the Superiors appointed to each one of them two *socii* with whom he must go out; whereupon they refused to go, and never again did they attempt to see the Pope.

He goes on to say that it was the prefects' own idea, that of drawing up a testimonial in favour of the Fathers of the Society, and not a suggestion of the Fathers; and that when this testimonial was offered to each of the students, "twenty-eight signed it while fifteen refused, some in hesitation, others openly encouraging each other; and with the house thus split up into two parties, what else could result but factions, riots and such like. Whenever all came together for recreation, quarrelling was the order of the day, and it seemed certain that they would soon come to blows. So, wisely enough, the Fathers separated the Appellants and their party into a different recreation". He goes on to say that the persons outside the College who supported and encouraged the Appellants were Abbot Caietanus, of the Benedictines, an Englishman called Dominus Vainman, the Irish Franciscan Fathers, and, it was suspected with great probability, many others.

So much for Nathaniel Southwell. But we have yet another account, and an exceedingly long one, of these same events, entitled "A relation of the late tumults raysed in the

English Colledg by way of Apology for the fathers of the Society that have governed the same, with the answer to the objections made against them". This document throws new light on some of the facts already mentioned, so we will quote here the apposite parts. "A scholler having behaved himself insolently in woords towards his ghostly father and being reprehended for the same by the rector used also such speeches to him that the rector thought yt necessary to chastise him, and knowing him to be of a cholorick nature, and therefore fearing that yf he were permitted to goe then in the heat of his choller amongst the other schollers, he might with his clamours rayse some tumults (whereto he had long been noted in divers a great disposition) caused him to retyre himself into a chamber apart until his choller should be assuaged, and resolution taken concerning the punishment to be inflicted uppon him for his insolency".

A little later the author of this document says that when the *seditiosi* first asked permission to go to the Pope the Rector refused, not because he did not want them to go, but because "the tyme was inconvenieient as well for them to goe abroade as also for his holiness to give audience (yt being about midday in the heat of the year)". But that same evening he gave them permission, and though the three who went did not succeed in seeing the Pope, they had their memorial presented to him, and he sent it to Monsignore Santorio with orders to begin his visitation at the English Colledge. A few days later the Rector went to see the Visitor, to ask him to begin the visitation as soon as possible. The prefects did likewise, and so did the *seditiosi*—"having corrupted a servant of the Colledg to cary their letters and mesages to certayn externes their confederates abroade, (they) did also negotiate with the visitor by theyr means and sought to hasten his coming", for they were confident that they could satisfy him as to the justice of their case against the Fathers.

From a comparison of these three documents we can safely establish the truth of the matter. For all three accounts agree as to the principle events:—that Longaville was imprisoned for insolence to Fr Coffin; that his friends would not

accept the Rector's word that he did not mean to expel him, but appealed to the Pope for the speedy visitation of the College. (This visitation was not a result of the troubles, for all the colleges in Rome were visited during this or the following year; all that the troubles did was to get the College visited sooner than it otherwise would have been.) As to these facts, as we have said, all three documents agree; indeed the only place they differ is where Fitton attributes to the Fathers the spreading of rumours in the College "to try how all were affected if the visit should come", and also where he states that they intended to expel all those who were not of their party. This last charge, that the Jesuit superiors of the house were prepared to have recourse to such wholesale expulsion in order to save themselves from the consequences of their alleged mis-rule of the College, we may surely dismiss as preposterous. And while it is certain that many wild rumours were current among the students, there is not the slightest reason why we should suppose that it was the Fathers who started them, especially when we remember how greatly prone to rumours all colleges are.

For the sake of clarity we may digress here from the main course of our narrative, to give the names of the fifteen who refused to sign the memorial in favour of the government of the Jesuits. One document gives them as follows:—"James Ellekker, Prieste; Tho Longavill, Prieste; Tho Stapleton, Prieste; Peter Fittone; John Falkner; Tho Ferris (this man wente into England where God punished him with the falling sickness)<sup>1</sup>; Antonie Hoskins; George Alanus; Tho Dingle (this man went out of his wits the verie same yeare and no meanes being found to recover him he was sent in the madnes into England); Antonie Shelley; Will Houlding or Townley; John Langle [*i.e.*, Langley]; Peter Cortes [elsewhere his name is spelt Curtis]; Raphe Smith (this man the yeare following entered the societie, not thinking it possible, as he confessed in his Memorial to the Pope, to make satisfaction by any other

<sup>1</sup>" . . . the age was exceedingly credulous. Catholics and Protestants alike expected wonders and miraculous interventions of Providence. When something unexpected fell out to a man's advantage, it was apt to be considered a sign from heaven to confirm his whole policy or undertaking. If a misfortune befell an adversary, it proved that God had condemned him with all the objects for which he strove." C.R.S., vol. V, p. 202.

means for the fault he had committed against the fathers of the said societie than by becoming himself a member therof).” For some reason or other one name has been omitted from this list, that of Francis Harris.

Well then, a few days after the *seditioni*, the prefects and the Rector had asked the visitor, Monsignore Santorio, to hasten his coming, he made his first visit to the College. This was on June 23, just a fortnight after the outbreak of the trouble. Strangely enough, he began by enquiring into the financial state of the College, promising to look into the matter of the troubles between the Appellants and the Jesuits next time he came. But this he never did ; for though he made several visits to the College, he never once touched on the troubles ; and when the Pope, Gregory XV, died on July 8, the visitation immediately ceased. A month later, on August 6, Urban VIII was elected Pope, but still it was not till the beginning of September that the visitation began again, this time with a certain Monsignore Cesis as visitor.

Four or five days before this two things had happened which greatly dismayed the *seditioni* : one of their party made his peace with the Fathers (this would seem to be George Alanus, since he is the only one who, so far as we know, took part in the troubles and yet was not penanced for so doing), and the servant who had been bribed to act as intermediary between the *seditioni* and their friends outside the College, was discovered. On this he confessed to the Rector, and later to the visitor, all that he had done for the *seditioni*, whereby “yt was clearly proved that they had a long tyme practised to make a faction in the Colledg against their superiors”.

When Monsignore Cesis began his visitation the Rector asked him to examine everybody upon oath. But since this was beyond his powers he had to refuse. However, he interviewed everyone in private, and finally, when he had heard all that each side had to say, he made his report to the Protector, Cardinal Farnese.

This report says that the primary cause of the trouble was a certain ‘dottore Inglese’, one Weston, who had lodged in the College for three years and who used to blame to the

students the actions of the Fathers and inveigh against the severity of the rules. Bennett, too, the Agent for the Clergy, helped to foster the growing discontent—he had been expelled from the College in 1597 as a leader of the anti-Jesuit party, and was still a bitter opponent of the Society. There was also a certain Scottish gentleman called Seton who encouraged the *seditiosi*, especially after Bennett's departure from Rome, communicating with them by means of a servant whom he had bribed. As for the object of the *seditiosi*, this was clearly to get the government of the College taken from the Jesuits and given to the secular clergy. And the leaders of the party were Harris, Shelley, Falcon, Fitton, and, later, Ferris and Hoskins. These six, the report recommends, should be expelled.

(*To be continued*).

GERARD SWINBURNE

## EARLY DAYS AT PALAZZOLA

E un bon pezz' andar a Palazzola,  
E un bon pezz' andà ;  
E un bon pezz' andar a Palazzola  
Serenissima.  
Addio Gregoriana, addio Monserrà ;  
E un bon pezz' andar a Palazzola,  
Ma mio cor ci stà !

The above pseudo-Romanesco doggerel (to be sung romantically to the tune of "Tipperary" as you walk round the Lake from Albano to the Villa) may help modern denizens of the Venerabile to understand and appreciate the sentiments of a past generation, which had been wandering around like the Israelites in the desert ever since the inexorable exodus from Monte Porzio, towards the new terrestrial paradise that the genius of Cardinal Hinsley had secured for it. Porzio we abandoned in the autumn of 1917, with regrets that are possibly unintelligible to those who pay but a flying, annual visit to a village which once meant for all Venerabile men the only *incommutabile bonum* attainable in this world ! Indeed, I know of man who, on hearing the praises of Palazzola sung, quietly chants to himself : *Portio mea, Domine, dixi custodire legem tuam*. Yes, we were all sorry to leave Porzio ; but of those few who were privileged to experience the three *villegiature*, Porzio,

Montopoli and Palazzola, I think that there can be only one or two who still feel that the delights of the first named excelled those of the last. For my part, I never had a moment's doubt, and am well content to retain Monte Porzio as a happy memory, somewhat dimmed and overshadowed by the imperishable recollections of Palazzola.

When I entered the Venerabile in 1916, none of the students, as far as I am aware, had ever seen Palazzola at close quarters. They may have gazed up at it towering far above them on the days they were wont to march from Porzio over Tusculum to bathe in the Lake hard by the famous spring of Acqua Acetosa, but the place was now a *Casa di Cura*, and no longer served the college as an occasional rendezvous during the autumn gite. The late Bishop Burton used to tell us in later days of the visits paid by the men of his generation to Palazzola in the good old times when the Frati lived there and allowed the young Englishmen to eat in their refectory, to wander about the gardens, and to feast their eyes on the incomparable view; but the expulsion of the Religious had put an end to their hospitality.

Never shall I forget those days of anxious waiting and prayer which fell to our lot during the winter of 1919-1920. We knew, of course, that the Rector was endeavouring to solve the apparently insoluble problem of finding a villa for our future use; but there did not seem to be the slightest chance of any suitable place coming into the market. How the Rector made us pray! I perspire even now when I think of those salvoes of novenas whereby we bombarded the gates of Heaven. The story of the acquisition of Palazzola has been told elsewhere; but I trust that the present and future generations of Venerabile men will never forget the debt they owe to the indefatigable efforts of *our* Rector, to the generosity of Carlo Arnaldi, and to the staying powers of some of their predecessors, who clung on so nobly to the axiom *Facienti quod in se est*. When the day of triumph did arrive and the good news was proclaimed that at long last we were the proud possessors of a new villa called Palazzola, I very nearly shouted aloud; *Molina, in modico suades me!*



Our first visit to the new property fell about in this wise. The Rector decreed that the great occasion should not be allowed to go unmarked, and decided to hold a house-warming at Palazzola, to which the Cardinal Protector, Bishop Burton, the Vice and the men whose prayers had really done the work, were invited. Naturally the hearts of all of us were elated at the thoughts of a full day's holiday out among the hills, woods and lakes ; but what excited us most was the still unanswered question of whether the new place would come up to our requirements and expectations. There was always the possibility, said the sceptics, that the Rector had bought a pig in a poke. Another unpleasant suggestion was that Palazzola might prove to be the fire under the Montopoli frying pan. However, these and suchlike gloomy forebodings soon proved vain, though the Rector did buy a pig afterwards ; in fact he bought three, and genuine razor-backs they were. Even the generous sizings they gobbled never removed the keenness of their edge. We solemnly christened them Adamo, Eva and Odoardo. During the summer of that year Eva presented us with a fine litter, to the great satisfaction of the whole establishment. The Rector also bought a mare to draw Domenico's cart to and from Albano and Rocca. This mare, in addition to possessing a skittish foal, enjoyed a venturesome spirit, which often tempted her to wander far beyond the confines of the Palazzola estate. Mere hobbling she laughed to scorn and many a time did we scour the woods in search of her and her offspring. On one occasion the Rector himself led the search party ; and well do I remember our triumphant journey home, the mare and foal leading, the Rector supporting himself on a huge *bastone*, at an urgent but respectful distance behind her, and lastly the rag-tag and bob-tail of the expedition chanting a paean of victory as they marched towards the sunset and supper. Enough, however, this digression into the fauna of Palazzola : I must return to our first visit there.

When the looked-for day arrived, four of us elected to walk the whole way, and to ensure our arrival in time for the *pranzo elegante* which we well knew awaited us, we obtained permission to set out at the unearthly hour of 2.30 a.m. ; and

I for one have never regretted that long but glorious march. The darkness and the silence were at that hour profound. Even the Synagogue, as we passed it, looked less hideous than usual, the obscurity of the night veiling or softening its blatant outlines. On we went walking easily, past the Palazzo Cenci and then along the wide Via dei Cerchi, where we beheld dimly the long narrow shed, under which *La Societa contro l'Accattonaggio* was housing its stertorous almsmen beneath the well known inscription :

DOMO CARENTIBUS  
NOCTU HOSPITANDIS.

And so we strode onwards, meeting nothing but the wine carts slowly creaking and jingling in the direction of the Porta San Sebastiano. When at last the *selci* blocks of the Via Appia Antica appeared, and the desolation of the Campagna was reached, we sat down by a ruined tomb to watch the approach of dawn. Brighter and brighter grew the eastern sky above the Sabine Hills ; and the dark grey dome above changed to pale green, then pink and lastly gold, as the fiery sun peeped over the top of that lofty hill, beneath which Horace had his farm. Near the spot where we had come to rest and jutting out from a wall, was a small iron pipe from whose exiguous nozzle a jet of Acqua Marcia poured into a marble sarcophagus. Obviously this was the place for our breakfast, and so we produced bread and Trappist chocolate and began to eat. Frankly this was the most unpalatable meal I have ever swallowed. In theory, of course, it ought to have been delightful, and, no doubt, a Keats would have enjoyed it ; but how that bread stuck ! Not even an avid pull at the Acqua Marcia could accelerate its deglutition and the sad feeling of cold water on one's stomach accentuated one's unpoetic reactions. I wonder why it is that the Romans look so frigidly on the Acqua Marcia. " Voi non dovete mai bere l'Acqua Marcia ", said the late Cardinal Bisleti one day to two of us in Pamphilj, when he disturbed us at our potations ; and, naturally, we dared not question his imperative mood. I must say, however, in defence of the Marcia that on that morning, at any rate, it tasted and felt like ordinary cold water. All that one could

do in the circumstances was to hope piously that some modern Nero had not been bathing in its source, and, in the words of Tacitus, *potus sacros corpore loto polluens*.

As we swung through Bovillae, the least classically minded of us remembered a well-worn tag from his dog-eared grammar and had the effrontary to quote it aloud, and the savants jeered at him, as up and onward the road marched unceasingly, dazzling the eyes with its glare. Then came Albano, and the sharp turn left to the Lake's volcanic rim, where the vision of Palazzola and Monte Cavo cheered our halting spirits. Round the lake we trudged, tired but expectant; and as we came under the high bastions of Palazzola, voices from above saluted the first English College students to enter their new home in the Alban Hills. Looking upwards we beheld the capped features of Bishop Burton and Canon Lee, for they had taken time by the forelock and along with the Vice-Rector were in the garden enjoying the view and, after a night's rest in the place, feeling like old inhabitants.

But how is one to describe the delight and untrammelled joy that we felt when we began to explore the unbelievable surprises of the house and gardens. Here were shower-baths, quickly put to use; there, cloisters, chapel, large public rooms, gardens, and even the caves and huge rock mentioned by Pius II. It was, however, the actual situation of the place and the stupendous view rather than the welcome, but man-made amenities, that literally took our breath away. From the garden, with its rows of tomato plants, artichokes, cabbages and neat little boxwood hedges, one's gaze turned northward and westward in a vain attempt to take in the absorbing panorama stretching out before it. The glories of that view, embracing as it does one of the most historic plains in the world, were never to pall, whether the early morning sun was lighting up the Campagna and dissolving the mists of the night, or the waters of the Tyrrhenian sea were turning into liquid gold as the blazing hour of sunset came on apace, and purple shadows began to steal forth over Bovillae and the Appian Way. No wonder then that we were content to sit relaxed and contemplative in the shade of the ilexes, until the clamorous

arrival of numerous hungry mouths brought our pleasant reverie to an end.

Of the *pranzone* and the speeches that followed I retain but the haziest recollections ; though in my mind's eye I can still see Bishop Burton standing in his place at the table and gesticulating occasionally with a large bandana ; but his sonorous periods and the rolling music of his Latin quotations elude the straining ears of memory. After eighteen years everything connected with that first visit to Palazzola is impalpable and ghostlike, even the voices of those I knew so well . . .

For some reason or other I decided to walk back to Rome, and bullied an innocent " First Year " and browbeat an old hand into accompanying me. The others preferred to take a short siesta and then descend precipitously to Acqua Acetosa for a swim ; but retribution swift and drastic was awaiting this universal spirit of presumption. The day, hitherto, had been gloriously fine and the sky clear and crystalline ; but while we walked steadily round the Lake, great clouds began to pile up over the Sabines and the Latin Vale, their thunder echoing ominously. As we approached Bovillae, the heavenly artillery opened out in earnest, and intermittent splashes on the cobbles warned us to seek shelter. This we fortunately found in a little *osteria* at the fork of the two Appian Ways just as the flood-gates were lifted. The rain was so torrential that the Padrone closed the windows of the room in which we were sitting and discussing a *fogliettina* for the good of the house. Lazily I observed his hurried activities and thought no more of them. Some minutes later I noticed that my companions were visibly turning green and gaping like fish out of water, and I was dimly aware of a feeling of nausea and a compelling desire for sleep. Wondering what was the matter, I glanced round the room stupidly and saw something that caused me to stagger to me feet, fierce apprehension urging me to prompt action. In a corner of the place, partly hidden by a table, was a large charcoal brazier in full blast, and I had been long enough in Italy to know the deadly effects of such a method of central heating when ventilation fails. With the greatest difficulty I succeeded in persuading the others that a soaking was prefer-

able to asphyxiation, and we tumbled out of the fumes of CO into the fresh air and driving rain. Under the protecting eaves of a small chapel hard by we stood, gulping and retching, until the immediate effects of our gassing had worn off; but we were too miserable and forlorn to march on again. While we were anxiously debating our future programme, a large motor lorry came slithering and splashing down the road from Albano, and its driver, a veritable *deus ex machina*, pulled up at our frantic signals, told us that his destination was Rome and bade us crawl under the tarpaulin which protected his load from the elements. This we did with thankful hearts; and so we lay ingloriously with an occasional heave to remind us of perils now past, until the rain ceased and we were able to peep out of our shelter, watch the Campagna flash by and speculate at leisure on the sad fate of those swimming in Lake Albano. Dismounting at the Porta San Giovanni, where we thanked and rewarded our brave rescuer, we bolted into a tram and rattled and bumped over the last mile home. In spite of our Odyssey we were the first to reach the Venerabile, and soon forgot, in the amusing spectacle of drowning rats aplenty struggling through the portals of the College, our own misadventures. Thus the first visit to Palazzola ended.

Of the two summers I spent at Palazzola my memories are somewhat confused, and I am inclined to mix up the proper sequence of events. Thus I well remember the digging of the swimming pool and am certain that it took place in the first summer, that of 1920; but the cases of *The Blasphemous Carabiniere*, *The Wounded Politician* and *The Four Lost Walkers* cannot be dated with any degree of accuracy. At first, on the Thursdays in August we used to picnic at Acqua Acetosa, beginners in the art of swimming making their way to the Villini end of the Lake, the proficients diving and wallowing in its unbottomed profundities at the Palazzola end. Undoubtedly the great drawback of these Lake Days was the abominable climb up to the Villa, which always occurred when the rays of the westering sun were pitilessly beating down on the climbers and this completely nullifying the effects of the bathing. I do not know who first suggested the excavation of the pool,

but the idea was adopted with enthusiasm and quickly transmuted into deeds. I must say that the fellows worked very hard, and some of them were often tempted to throw up the whole scheme ; but to their credit they clung grimly on to their self-imposed task. To my eternal shame I have to confess that I never wielded a spade or a pick in this great undertaking. Like Brer Rabbit I went about encouraging, measuring the work done and looking pre-occupied. In the end those noble-hearted labourers asked me to draw up an inscription to commemorate their unwearied toilings, so far were they from holding up my idleness to well-deserved scorn and derision.

During those early days at Palazzola we had not all the attractions that the present generation enjoys ; but our time was well occupied and very happy. In contrast to Porzio and Montopoli there was ample room within the confines of the estate to wander or sit about, if one felt disinclined to go further afield. Of the longer walks we used to take at Porzio, many were well within our compass, while if we did want a climb, there was always Monte Cavo instead of Tusculum. During the rains the large common rooms and the cloisters made us realize how much more fortunate we were than at the old villa ; and the fact that we could sit outside in the shade after dinner, an impossibility at Porzio, quickly convinced us that our lot had changed most definitely for the better. Lastly there was the *beata solitudo* of the place, a thing we had never known before ; and yet it was a solitude that had a spaciousness about it which produced in our receptive souls a genuine sense of well-being such as I, at least, have never experienced since. Unquestionably the two summers I spent at Palazzola were the happiest holidays of my life ; that is why I so gladly write about the dear place, even though my memories of it come back to me in a golden haze which makes it difficult to set them down on paper.

R. W. MEACHER

## SOME NEWMAN LETTERS<sup>1</sup>

ON February 22nd, 1846, Newman, alone at Littlemore, as he had been there alone at the beginning, said goodbye to his beloved retreat, and left to join his friends at the old College at Oscott, whither they had preceded him. That such a place redolent of the old, hereditary English Catholicism should have been his first home in the Catholic Church was surely one of the most fitting dispositions of Providence. A Catholic mission during the days of persecution, its priest, Mr. Andrew Bromwich had been condemned to death at the time of the Titus Oates plot, but had managed to escape the execution of the sentence. The house forming the old College had been the residence of the Vicars Apostolic, and after the French Revolution and the subsequent incursion of the English refugee students from the continent, it had become a school. During the following years it had been one of the storm-centres of Cisalpinism, until the holders of the doctrine lost their influence and their great opponent Dr Milner took over the College in 1808. From that year until 1838, when the new buildings were completed, it was a great home of truly Catholic Catholicism. Such was its fitness to provide a home for one who, in Wiseman's words, approached the Church in such a spirit that, "I assure you the Church has not received a convert who joined her in more docility and simplicity of faith than Newman."

<sup>1</sup> This article is based on sixteen letters written by Newman between 1846 and 1883, now in the College archives. The first fourteen were written to Mgr Talbot, the other two to Shakespere Wood, Esq., and presented to the College by his daughter, Miss Wood. Mr Wood, who was well known in the Rome of last century, was Roman correspondent for *The Times*, and a founder of the British and American Archaeological Society. As far as can be ascertained, the letters have not previously been published.

In the first of the letters in our archives dated from Littlemore, February 14th, 1846, are contained many intimate details of the move from there to Maryvale, as they had named their new home.

Littlemore.

Feb. 5th, 1846.

My Dear Talbot,

I am going to try your patience, as you kindly let me; and, as I write in a hurry, I hope I shall not be unintelligible as well as troublesome.

1. St. John and perhaps Penny propose to make their appearance at the New College on Tuesday or Wednesday.

2. The books are to arrive at the Old College on Wednesday—please to order two rooms, viz the boys' playroom (the large square room with a brick floor) and the Refectory to be carefully swept out for the purpose of receiving them. They will be unpacked all in one day, viz Thursday, as the boxes are to go back forthwith for a second load, and the books will be deposited on the floor of the two rooms, on the paper in which they are packed. St. John, Penny and Morris will superintend the operation.

3. I conclude from what Morris tells me that the workmen are out of the house, and the smell of the paint the sole remaining impediment to entering it. Will you then order at once two bottles of chloride of lime and let it be put out in open vessels in the rooms?

4. Will you order fire in five rooms—viz the Infirmary as it used to be, in the two rooms on the same floor as the Infirmary and on the other (the right hand) side of the gallery, and in the two rooms in which the books are to be unpacked, to begin next Tuesday.

5. If there are coals enough to last 10 days, well—if not will you order in a load (5 ton?) of coals.

6. Will you ascertain and send me word at once the hour of Dr. Acquaroni's Mass? as our arrangements will depend on the hour, and we shd like to know before



St John leaves us. If you wish privately to know we shd prefer it to be not later than seven; do not let us interfere with Dr A's conveniences or wishes.

I do not expect to get off till a day or so before Ash Wednesday at the earliest.

We are very much concerned to hear from Mr Spencer of Dr Wiseman's indisposition—you may think how anxious it has made us. Do let us hear something about him.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In this Newman the scholar is, in the midst of the other cares of a removal so momentous for him, and tinged with something of a sadness at the leaving of all that Littlemore has meant to him, occupied above all with the care of his beloved books, a care evidenced in the minuteness of the directions he gives. But in the completeness of the other arrangements this letter is of interest, setting out in quite a striking fashion the thoroughness with which Newman's mind grasped a question even to the minutiae, however many its complications.

The next letter, of August 11th, 1850, written from the Oratory, is of considerable interest.

My dear Talbot,

Dr Wiseman will kindly be the bearer of this. It is a most interesting and important measure of the Holy Father's, this moving him and you to Rome, and though now painful to you, which I fully believe and understand, the greater blessing will go with it to you. I shall say a Mass for you and him every first day of the month, and shall not be the only one, I am sure, who from a sense of the importance and anxiety of your position, will continue to bear you in mind.

I thank you for the great kindness of your letter from Pisa. As to my lectures, I very much doubt if they will do to translate. They are addressed solely to Puseyites about whom the good monsignori et padri of Rome are about as ignorant as Protestants are of them. They are

based upon principles and arguments of which they never heard—and will not see interest in—or may misunderstand. This is what I feel myself, which makes me say, think twice before translating. It is your kind zeal for me which makes you wish it.

As to your question, I think you can be of the greatest use to the Catholic cause in England by bringing before the Holy Father our real wants—but I should be diffident in suggesting anything without knowing I had the countenance of Dr. Wiseman. I suppose our most crying want is the want of theology. The Pope of the day sent over St Theodore, St Adrian, etc., into England. How he could do anything without interfering with the existing colleges, I don't know, but I am sure it is a point which deserves considering. At Ushaw they have theologians—whether they have at St Edmund's, Prior Park and Oscott I don't know, though Dr Weathers at St E's is a most excellent and useful man. Could he call English from Rome for the purpose? then, I suppose he would be interfering with the English College there—so there is a difficulty every way. Could Dr Grant suggest anything? But, anyhow, if you ask me, this is one of the first wants, *i.e.*, of those in which the Holy See is able to do anything. For myself, nothing would be a greater comfort to me than to know there was in England some theologian who had the express sanction of the Holy See, and whom I might consult on various difficult questions in controversy not simply in theology. I could name several in England who are quite sufficient authority on dogmatic theology, but who cannot from the nature of the case be such in polemical, as not having the distinct sanction of the Holy See—*e.g.*, in such questions as the inspiration of Scripture, how far may be conceded as to it:—again minute points about faith and reason, about the origin of ideas, etc. As you will know, our controversies in England are running to these questions; and for myself, I am frequently perplexed what I may grant and what I must not—and others write to me for information and I do not know what to

say. No theological writer, as Suarez or De Lugo, will exactly do, of course—for controversy changes its shape and bearings century by century. But perhaps I am wishing what the Holy See now does.

What the Pope will like most, I shd think, would be being made au courant with the state of things in England. If you would like to do it, I would try to send you letters on matters of the day.

Pray convey my respects to young prince Hohenlohe, if he recollects seeing me, and ask his prayers. Do not forget us at some of the great shrines of the City:—I kiss the Holy Father's feet, and am, My dear Talbot,

Most sincerely yours in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN,  
Cong. Orat.

P.S.—Must not I say Monsignor Talbot? It is safer.

The calling of Wiseman to Rome was a direct result of the impulse given to his optimistic zeal by the conversion of so many brilliant figures of the Anglican world, capite Newman, whose vigorous plans had swept the Church in England into the forefront of people's minds. The thrusting into prominence of the revived Church's dreams and schemes, after centuries of persecution and ever-increasing withdrawal from the common activities of their fellow-countrymen, was arousing to greater vehemence the already active public hostility. And naturally enough, the old priests, with their memories and traditions of persecution, began to feel alarm at the public advertisement of the Catholic claims. Their opinions reached Rome. They asked for the removal from London of Wiseman, who was unpopular with them. And so he was summoned to Rome, informed that he was to remain there for good and given the Red Hat as a reward for his past services. "Chi va piano va sano" was to be the governing rule of the English Church until more favourable times. But other influences prevailed, urging the impossibility of depriving the English Church of her only possible leader. Wiseman, who was dazzled at the possibilities he saw opening for English Catholicism, issued

the famous letter "from out of the Flaminian Gate" and the fat was in the fire.

The lectures referred to are famous and brilliantly ironical "King William Street Lectures" on "The Difficulties of Anglicans", lectures full of an exultant optimism, in which for the only time in his writings Newman is the attacker, in spite of the fact that, in his own words "I am writing them intellectually against the grain more than I ever recollect doing anything".

But the other topic, that of the need for first rate English theologians, was perhaps of all, the nearest to Newman's heart. So much so in fact, that he had long had a scheme of founding a school of divinity, for the purpose of delving into the history and origins of dogmatic theology. He even considered the possibility of Maryvale becoming the training ground of all future English divinity students. In connection with this purpose, it had been suggested that Newman and his followers might join the Dominicans, the Order of St Thomas Aquinas, and ever illustrious for its theologians. But Newman, who was greatly taken by the Jesuits, and his companions, opposed the idea. Newman's objections are stated in a letter to Dalgairns, his intimate friend and companion of the Oratory, who later joined the London house under Faber.<sup>1</sup>

Is not the Dominican Order "a great idea extinct"? "I have been thinking lately of an institution having the express object of propagating the faith (the Dominican object) and opposing heresy . . . . . But then comes the question whether this would not be a bad policy in this age. An indifferent age will admit Catholicism if it comes under the garb of utility, as making people good subject . . . . . but when you beat the pulpit cushion and rouse the "odium theologicum", you will have statesmen against you . . .". Again he says he could not join an order with "a dominant, imperious theology", his sympathies inclining rather to the gentler moral system of St Alphonsus, than to the French rigorism with which the Dominicans were associated.

<sup>1</sup> Ward. Life of Newman. Vol. 1. p. 125.

The next letter is of great interest in giving us a picture of the feelings of Catholics in face of the storm of anti-Catholic feeling aroused by Wiseman's ill-phrased pastoral, which, of course, had not been meant for the public at large, but solely for Catholics.

Oratory, Birmingham,  
Oct. 23/50.

My dear Talbot,

( . . . . . ) anyhow I had hoped soon to write to you and thank you for your interesting letter—but I am led to take up my pen at once, to put before you some anxious matters connected with the coming of the Cardinal. The whole public is up agst him, and the press, I believe, without exception of any paper. The first question that arises is should his Eminence wait awhile at Florence until the first ferment is over? I have asked a friend to write to him, and put him in full possession of the whole state of the case, yet still I think it best to write to you also. Next, ought he not to have about him, not only good canonists, but some good English constitutional lawyers, a false step would be most damaging and disastrous. We might find ourselves in a *Praemunire* and I don't know what. Then, ought he not to have some persons who know the English world well. It seems most impertinent to me th(at I w)rite to you about the Cardinal, treating him as a third person but I do it to save him and to put you au courant. I dare say all I have said or have to say has occurred to him, and that he has provided against it, but, depend on it, we shall have a hard game to play, and it does not do to leave it to chance. As you know well, besides the Cardinal himself, there is no one, I may say, in England who knows how to deal with the world, no one has lived in society so as to be a match for politicians and lawyers. Our enemies would like nothing so much as to get his Eminence into some technical difficulties, and then to ridicule us. The status of a Cardinal is perfectly ( . . . . . ) everything has to be determined—and so of the Hierarchy. It seems very presumptuous in me to say

all this, but if you can extract any one good suggestion from it, it may be worth the saying—and you must pardon what is absurd and put my letter behind the fire.

One great effect of an erection of a Hierarchy and the coming of the Cardinal is that it will force us to have canonists, theologians, men of business, and men of savoir faire, but at present everything has to be organised. My only fear is, that the process of gaining experience and the necessary defences of our new position, we shall have reverses and mishaps.

I shall have a talk with Dr Ullathorne, or, as I ought to say, the Bp of Birmingham, on this matter tomorrow, and perhaps I shall have something to add to this before closing it.

I have spoken above of the Cardinal delaying his coming. At the same time I cannot help thinking the whole matter of the hierarchy should be settled before Parliament meets, *i.e.*, before the end of January next.

Don't interpret me to be an advocate of fears. Fear is the worst of counsellors. We must not retreat a foot. The Holy See has decided—but we must be very cautious. I want you to get me a good opinion on another question. I have lately had good advice from Rome that one may act as if the rule about prohibited books had not been promulgated in England. Now about my own parochial sermons. That they do good and advance people to Catholicism I don't doubt. I have personally no difficulty on the moral question. Now I have attempted a new edition corrected, *i.e.*, leaving out whatever seems uncatholic, and people won't buy it. Might I publish it (leaving out indeed any distinctly heterodox sermon, but) leaving uncorrected whatever is incidentally heterodox, and putting a notice at the beginning that I submit to the Church, and (will rescind) whatever is inconsistent with faith and morals?

Ever yours most sincerely in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Oct. 24. I have seen Dr Ullathorne to-day, and he advises some of the Cardinal's immediate friends meeting together and some one going out to him. I have written to Dr Whitty on the subject, but he says he does not know where he is. I hope all will be well, still we can't be too cautious.

Do you think you could get me an answer I could safely go on, to this question? A person of landed property has been recommended to put into a mission on his property the Rosminian Fathers. Should he be advised to do so? Of course I will keep profoundly secret your answer as coming from you or Rome.

The suggestion here put forward, that Wiseman should postpone his return until the first burst of popular bigotry, under the good old disguise of national sentiment and "John Bullism", had died down, seems not to have had any effect, for the new Cardinal was back in London on November 11th, the situation grasped firmly in his hands. His "Appeal to the English People", printed in full in the *Times* and four other papers, appeared on November 20th, and by the strength of its logic, but even more by the psychological subtlety of the arguments, in which Wiseman showed that he could sum up his countrymen perfectly in spite of his Celtic heritage, the storm died away, leaving the Church to set about the great task of putting herself under way again, after three centuries of quiescence in the attempt at conservation. On this point Newman himself felt that Wiseman's optimism in obtaining the restoration of the hierarchy had been premature, in view of the other more pressing needs. But his greatest fear in connection with the re-establishment was lest the whole affair should be wrecked through hasty or ill-considered actions, thus giving the enemies of Catholicism a chance to wreck the whole forward movement of which there were such great hopes. He wished first to equip English Catholicism with experts in every section of her life, both internal and external, to give her seminaries, well-trained priests. After this securing of the foundations he would have proceeded to that which he considered rather as a matter of external dignity than as of practical

utility. But Rome had spoken, and with his unfaltering loyalty he placed his services unreservedly at the service of the Church, adding only words of caution when they seemed necessary.

The question of his parochial sermons would seem to have been settled favourably, for the later editions appeared in the manner suggested.

The next letter is undated but seems to refer to this period.

My dear Talbot,

The excitement is greater, not less—county meetings are spreading through England, and each parish sends up its petition or utters its protest.

Something of course must be done in Parliament, which it is said the Queen wishes to summon for despatch of business sooner than usual. I don't think they can do us any harm but they will insult us, which we must bear, and like mad animals, they will think they have triumphed over us when we have the victory.

Do you think you can learn whether, if "Bishop of Birmingham" is made illegal, "Bishop of the Church in Birmingham" might be used consistently with Catholic propriety? We ought to have something ready. Don't talk about this, because our intentions ought not to get out, else they will forbid our prospective steps.

The Cardinal is firm and vigorous—the effect of his pamphlet has been enormous—the multitude who dare not confess its truth, only extol his cleverness the more. Our Bp too has shown the same bold front. Both would go to prison rather than recede. The people of this great country are such (moral) cowards, that nothing is likely so to prevail with them as firmness. They will rush forward if you retreat, but they (are) cowed and fall back if you calmly keep your gro(und). We must not budge an inch—nor will any one, I am sure.

Ever yours most sincerely in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN,  
Cong. Orat.

The date of this letter would seem to be between the end of November, by which time Wiseman's "Appeal" was widely



circulated (this is the pamphlet referred to) and before the end of January 1851, when the Parliament, which was to pass the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, was due to be summoned. From the text, and the reference to the possibility of an early Parliament, the date is probably the end of December or the beginning of January.

Newman's diagnosis of the situation was perfectly correct. The Act, making illegal the assumption by Catholics of episcopal titles in the United Kingdom, was, as Gladstone had foretold, a dead-letter as soon as it appeared. By the end of the year No-popery was dead, leaving behind in the keen wit of a man like Newman humorous memories of a very trying, and, at the beginning, possibly disastrous situation. Thoughts of the Lord Chancellor's speech at the Mansion House dinner of November 9th, when the quoting of

“ Under our feet we'll stamp thy Cardinals hat  
In spite of Pope or dignities of Church ”

had raised thunderous cheers, and of the letters, lampoons, and pasquinades which glutted the press, with the established clergy well in the van of the attack, must have brought a quietly humorous smile of triumph to one who had so clearly seen the futility of the onset, and the coming Catholic victory. The sting in the tail of the letter is perhaps a warning of what was to come in the Corn Exchange “ Lectures on the Position of Catholics ” when he at times indulged in brilliant and unrestrained burlesque of the No-popery tradition, and the distortion of history.

In the next letter Newman was very much in earnest.

Oratory, Birmingham.

Feb. 3.

My dear Talbot,

There has been a report some time that my name has been sent to Rome for one of the next Sees. We thought nothing of it till yesterday, when it appears in a leading article of the *Tablet*. I earnestly trust that nothing will be determined on till our representations are heard.

We are all of us in the greatest fright about it. Depend on it, the Oratory is not consolidated enough to do without me. The Holy Father has put me to this work, and I feel that, with St Philip's blessing, this work I could do—I have no confidence that I could do any other work, though God's grace is all in all.

I will not enter into particulars here, for my only object in writing is to arrest proceedings, if there be such. Surely we ought to be heard. Of course when a thing is done, I shall bow to it as an act of the Vicar of Christ. But till then? I will boldly say that it would be very inadvisable. My line is different—it is to oppose the infidels of the day. They are just beginning to attend to me. Everything shows this. My appointment to a See would take me off this opening field. My writing would be at an end were I a Bishop. I might publish a sermon of two, but the work of a life would be lost. For twenty years I have been working on towards a philosophical polemic, suited to these times. I want to meet the objections of infidels against the Church. I saw a letter of Montalembert's lately in which he expressed pleasure at two of my late lectures, which were on that tack. A ( . . . . . )ful battle is coming on, and my place seems to be in (it). Make me a bishop and I am involved in canon law, rubrics, and the ruling of a diocese, about which I know nothing. It is a very hazardous thing to put a man of 50 on an entirely new line. DO think of this. You cannot think how strongly I feel this. Surely my opinion on the subject is of some weight.

Will you let my feeling be known at Propaganda? Pray for me.

Ever yours sincerely in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN,  
Congr. Orat.

Whether the rumour had any backing or not is uncertain but some disclosures may be made when the Talbot Letters are fully explored. But the striking thing is Newman's complete disdain of the conventional art of false modesty, which is replaced

in him by an outstandingly sincere frankness, which yet yields immediately to Authority. Here as before we see his great desire of a firm foundation for the arising Church, with every man in his right "line", the utmost use, especially, being made of the men who are specialists. It is interesting to note that Newman in a hurry, and worried, loses a great deal of the wonderful style, which depended so much on "labor limae".

Here we enter on the most valuable portion of the letters, those dealing with the Achilli trial.

My dear Talbot,

I am entering on a most anxious matter, in which I shall have to act, I may say, for the whole Catholic body. You know the Cardinal accused in the Dublin, and then in a pamphlet, Dr Achilli of certain crimes. I have repeated what he (the Cardl) said, and he (Dr A) is going to bring an action against me; not willingly, I believe, but his friends, the Evangelical alliance force him. They wish to bring the matter to a point. In a little while I shall write to you again—at present I write to prepare you. It is a most difficult thing to do, yet a great thing if I do it. First you must get me the Holy Father's blessing. I must have all the assistance you can give me, from documents, etc. Achilli is charged with three at least sins with women at Viterbo about 1831-33—a sadly long time ago. Witnesses may be dead now, but there must be documents, police and other. However I am speaking generally (& s) shall write again to tell you what to do; now I write merely to prepare you. The evidence must be primary not secondary—this is a great difficulty. I must produce as good evidence as if I were bringing a charge of crime against an innocent man, instead of being on my defence. I have written to the Cardinal who is in the north, and has not yet answered me. Badeley tells me I have a work of extreme difficulty; but I rely on Our Blessed Lady and St Philip to carry me through. Indeed it is not my cause, but the cause of the Catholic Church. Achilli is going about like a false

spirit, telling lies, and since it is forced upon us, we must put him down, and not suffer him to triumph.

Thank you for your very consoling letter about my h(elp)ing the new University. It was more pleasant than I can say, or you may imagine, my hearing the Holy Father was pleased at the idea.

Say a Hail Mary for me sometimes at some holy place, and believe me

Ever your most sincerely in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN,  
Congr. Orat.

Oratory, Birmingham.

Sept. 1. 1851.

I will here content myself with pointing out Newman's idea that Achilli was unwilling to bring the case, deferring comment until a future article.

J. HARRISON

## NOVA ET VETERA

PALAZZOLA

THE main transformations at the Villa this year have been in the Church and the Refectory. To take the second first: more room was wanted and the scheme hitherto holding the field, was to build a semi-circular extension at the window end. Nobody seemed keen on this, but a better idea was difficult to find. Then at the end of last Villeggiatura, the Rector sprang the suggestion that by putting the panelling flush with the walls enough extra space could be provided to escape changing the shape of the Refectory at all. This inspiration was worked upon with the present happy results. The whole arrangement of the Refectory has been turned the other way round. A door leads straight from the cloister, the obvious thing to do when one comes to think of it, and the way through the billiard room is now a memory of the past. The panelling has been re-conditioned and looks very well: it used to stand as much as a yard from the wall in places, and its new position, besides giving more room, has left the two pilasters in peperino to provide a welcome break in the wood. The Superiors sit under the window, which has been vastly improved by being made smaller: a tiled floor with one line of travertine is another improvement, and so are the very dignified and solid tables. All that remains to be added is a type of equally solid and dignified chair in place



of the present rickety, common objects. Lastly, the reader's box is skied to the ceiling, where it forms an agreeable setting for the elegant gentlemen who adorn it at meal times. The whole thing, with wrought iron chandeliers, and the copy of Donatello's Madonna in its peperino niche, not to mention the old plaster crucifix, cunningly disguised as best oak, is an undoubted success, giving to the material business of eating and drinking an atmosphere of mellow geniality.

The Church presented two different problems. One was archaeological, to discover what the original building was like and restore it faithfully. This has been brilliantly done by the architect, though it was not always easy. The baroque defilers of its ancient glories had done their work so thoroughly that only the faintest traces of the original cornice remained, an inch or so where the cornice was moored in the wall of the facade. But that was enough. The windows have been re-discovered by collating the evidence from different windows. Those overlooking the cortile had their plinths intact: this gave us their width and depth, but not the height or angle of the arches. It was on the opposite side of the Church, where the building of the old *foresteria* (now the new wing) covered up the windows, that we discovered one of the original key stones in position. The happy accident that a staircase already hid it from view had made Fonseca plaster it over and not bother to remove it altogether. And so the whole reconstruction became possible. The height of the Church is realised for the first time; the little four-leafed window hidden behind Fonseca's plaster coat of arms makes the sanctuary arch both strong and delicate; the stupid pilaster in the centre of the nave—stupid, because it stopped short in the wall for no apparent reason—is proved to have been carried right to the floor, and so restored gives a magnificent new arch in the middle of the roof. Saint Clare, a very primitive fresco in the worst sense of the adjective, has made way for a sturdy peperino opening, and the other way out into the cloister had been similarly treated. Good, heavy doors with iron studs have made these entrances dignified things at last. When the branches and the flooring of the nave have been brought into line, we shall have

a Church, lofty and dignified, with a simplicity suitable for the country, and by no means common-place. If beauty lies in lines and proportions—as, of course, it does—Palazzola need not fear comparisons.

The altar was a different problem. That the old retro-choir was the original sanctuary has been clear from the start, but there remained no traces of the sort of altar that had once stood there. So there was nothing for it but to design our own. Everyone is enthusiastic about the new altar itself, a plain table of sacrifice, without gradines, and set on a strong base of peperino. Nothing could be more adequate, more dignified or more liturgical. Over the reredos opinion is more divided. Its conception was of the concentration of colour in one place behind the crucifix, to save the white and grey church from a monotony of simplicity. Architecturally the reredos fits in admirably below the single lancet window of the east wall. Also, the colouring of the panels is masterly in its sober richness—if only one could get into the right position to see it. But the tragedy of the situation at the moment is that this right position is outside the Church, looking through the last lancet window at the side of the sanctuary. And for this one has to get onto the roof of the cloister, which is not the recognised place from which to admire a church interior. I have hopes that the lighting problem may yet be solved. To finish the catalogue: the four figures in the panels are, from left to right, Blessed Ralph Sherwin, Saint Edward the Confessor, Saint John Fisher and Saint Thomas More. The figures are definitely good, and it is interesting to see how varied are peoples' tastes in their preference for this or that figure. The metal work is all bronze with a green finish, the great crucifix being particularly successful. Its ivory figure is a Spanish work of the year 1711, only seven years later than the panelling in the Refectory.

After writing this, I shall never again grumble about the adjectives in a guide book. And if it does not convey to you the slightest idea of what the Church or Refectory looks like—and do guide books ever do so?—it is all so simple: come and see for yourself.

R.L.S.



## THE AUGUSTAN EXHIBITION

It is obvious that the *Mostra Augustea della Romanita* is a success, if only for the way in which the hideous exhibition hall on the *Via Nazionale* has been transformed from its drab *ottocento* into that perfect combination of the modern and Roman classical styles, which is the key-note to the whole exhibition. The interior is a miracle of fibre-board architecture, striking lighting effects, and a host of fine exhibits arranged with perfect taste. To avoid the impossible task of transporting stone monuments, plaster casts of Roman sculpture and architectural decoration have been gathered from every corner of the old Roman Empire. They are perfect examples of the art of casting and defy the eye's most careful scrutiny, only yielding up their secret when some suspicious visitor gives them a furtive tap. Then, like the horse of Troy "*insonuere cavae, gemitumque dedere cavernae*". Walking through the various halls one feels very much like the Wandering Jew, passing from century to century through the history of Rome. All the old friends are there—Romulus and Remus, Aeneas, the Gracchi and old Mithridates of Pontus, many of them beautifully portrayed by large magnified photographs of their coins and medallions.

Julius Caesar, still rejoicing in the perpetuity of his consulate, resides in his own *aula*. A giant statue of him stands in the end of the room opposite the entrance and the wall behind bears Horace's testimony to the greatness of the *gens Julia*

" . . . micat inter omnes  
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes  
Luna minores ".

Around the room are grouped a series of exhibits portraying the military tactics and instruments of war, which Caesar himself describes so baldly in his commentaries. Large relief-maps explain at a glance a particularly tricky circumvallation executed by Caesar and carefully constructed scale models give a new meaning to "*aggerem jecerunt*"—and what a job it must have been! There are rams and tortoises in abundance,

and two full size models of the *ballista* and *catapulta*, with their great springs of twisted rope and their padded leather recoils.

Three other exhibits stand out in the memory from an innumerable array of instruments, models and inscriptions, which represent every phase of the domestic, civil and imperial life of Augustan Rome. The first is a map in glass, which by a series of successive illuminations shows in a few seconds the growth of the Roman Empire from the foundation of the city to the death of Trajan in A.D.117. Then there is a real masterpiece, a full size reconstruction of a Roman house of the period. A span of 2,000 years is bridged by the short gravel, which leads from a twentieth century bar to this. It is almost with a sense of intrusion that one steps into the spacious *atrium* and stares wide-eyed at the cloudless blue of the Roman sky showing through the *impluvium*. The *Lares et Penates*, queer little men in bronze, presided over the destinies of the household from behind their grille in one corner. The bedrooms surround the *atrium* and at the back of the house are situated the *triclinium* and a pleasant loggia looking out over a small garden. The interior walls are decorated with frescoes, a motif of fruit, flowers and mythology, whilst the whole effect is completed by the brightness of the sunlight. There is none of that cold dampness which so often graces the monochrome prints of Roman houses in our English school editions of the Latin Authors. The third outstanding exhibit is in the hall dedicated to Augustus. To the right of a dais in red and gold, on which stands a statue of the great Emperor, is a rectangular pillar of glass tiles, illuminated from the inside. It bears with great effect St. Luke's account of the birth of our Lord—"Factum est autem in diebus illis, venit edictum a Caesare Augusto . . .".

It is the centre point of this magnificent exhibition, for it commemorates the proudest boast of the Golden Age of Rome.

## ROME

So incessantly does the hammer swing and the pick shatter in preparation for the new Rome so long a-building that at no time is it possible to say just what is being done. Nevertheless, as the work goes on, we can give some estimate of how much has been accomplished: or abandoned, since Rome is not to have her underground railway after all. The reasons given are partly the cost, due mainly to the problem of pumping out the water lying below ground, and still more to the discovery of one or more of the buried Romes wherever a shaft was sunk. Likewise the plan to build an enclosing portico across the "New Approach" to St Peter's has wisely been dropped.

Elsewhere the notice is unvarying "Work in Progress". The tunnel under the Janiculum, with the curia and its memories of retreats on the right and Propaganda above, gives the impression of a gigantic tooth pulled out, so enormous is the gap already dug into the hillside.

Nearest completion is the new Corso di Rinascimento running from the Piazzale opposite to Sant' Andrea della Valle, round the Piazza Navona and on to the Tiber Bank opposite to the Palace of Justice. Already shopmen are in possession of their new premises, with the ubiquitous BAR an easy first. However the finished appearance of the new Income Tax Building, which faces Sant' Andrea seems to have caused some heartburning and the labourers are still tinkering with the adjoining buildings on the principle that if the picture won't fit the frame, possibly the frame may be made to fit the picture. The ugly fountain has disappeared completely—a wag suggests that it had been forgotten to lay on the water.

As the new Corso winds round the end of the Piazza Navona the architect has been to great pains to preserve the Piazza intact; so much so, that it is possible to look down on to the Piazza from an 18th century window, whilst a walk along a corridor brings a view of the Tiber from a window, which is part of a cataclysmic 20th century façade.

The Augusteo still looks like a pantomime queen fallen on evil days. Around it the site is cleared and heavy pile-

driving is going on. The Tiber is near, but even so, it is not clear why the ground needs such reinforcements: the buildings which may go up there ought not to be too massive. Here is to be the home of the Ara Pacis and relics, suitable to grace such a shrine, are being sought for in the museums.

On the Tiber Bank itself, almost in front of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, the offices of the *Governatorato* of the city manage to look solidly comfortable in spite of their inspiration lying in modern straightline simplicity. The mediaeval *Casa di Pilato* looks as if it will be unable to keep up the pace with its nearby opulent neighbours. On the Tiber also, in fact on the route to "Peter's and Pam", is the shell of a large elementary school with a proud Virgilian motto cut into the stone.

Everywhere work is being, or is to be, done. The main centre of activity is beyond the Baths of Caracalla, where the foundations are being laid for the World Fair of 1941. At the city end of the Archaeological Walk rises the Column of Axum, to add a touch of bizarre antiquity to the Exhibition Site, which occupies the Circus Maximus and has seen a series of homely displays in ultra-modern settings. From the Column a new road is proposed. It will go behind the Baths of Caracalla and presumably reach the Via Ostiense, after dodging the new railway station specially built for Hitler's visit.

Nothing is immune from the schemes afoot. The Scots College may have to be moved completely, whilst the Germans and the Americans are to lose considerable slices of their buildings, swallowed by new roads destined to help the growing traffic. New roads demand that the traffic they carry should be in keeping and this also is being attended to. The ancient taxis are being replaced by smart and up-to-date models, which leave none of the old doubt as to whether a taxi-ride was an elevation or a depression in the social scale; swift and silent trolley buses glide about the streets, adding a new hazard for the walker but proving themselves the ideal vehicle for Roman corners and Roman crowds, besides consuming good home-grown electricity instead of expensive foreign petrol; lastly an ingenious one-piece tram with a flexible centre has appeared on the *circolare* route, after cruising one way round for a few

days they apparently get a crick in the back and have to be sent widdershins to correct it.

Little may be completed but much has been accomplished and still more seems likely to be undertaken; indeed the architectural slogan of the city may well bid fair to become: Preservation of identity throughout change.

### THE FESTA AT MONTE PORZIO 1900

*September 1.* Vigil of St Antoninus, Patron of Monte Porzio Catone. At noon to-day the commencement of the ecclesiastical day, the bells were rung and mortars were fired out on the Belvedere. At five First Vespers were sung, and very nicely too, by the Congregation, especially by the children. The church was very well decorated by De Rossi of Frascati. Water was blessed before the function, which was heartily drunk by the people. After Vespers a procession formed, composed of the Catholic Band and the two Confraternities and followed by the Clergy with the relic of St Antoninus, and proceeded to the chapel of that saint down the hill. The people went by a shorter route. They recited the Rosary by the way. A number of boys having collected a quantity of crackers and gunpowder kept the people in a continual state of suspension by firing off bombs close to the path. In this they were only following the example of their elders and betters who are of the idea that a saint is well honoured by fireworks and balloons. When the chapel was reached the blessing with the relic was given amid an earsplitting sound of bombs, cymbals and trombones. We then reascended the hill and witnessed the inflation of a fire balloon, which went up fairly well but soon caught fire.

2. *St Antoninus*?. Were awakened about five o'clock by the pealing of the bells and reports of exploded mortars. During Mass and Meditation our devotions were disturbed by the band which paraded the streets playing selections from their stock of four pieces. The Mass advertised for nine o'clock, but it was little short of ten when we moved off into the church Fr Hughes celebrated, assisted by Mahoney and Kearney,

Burdess swang the thurible and Kavanagh Senior and I were acolytes. The rest sat in the stalls and looked on. The Mass passed off fairly. The Kyrie was solemn, Gloria florid and the Credo the usual Roman performance. They had some Roman "artistes" to help the dilettanti of the village. I did not admire them much. Mass over, we retired to the sacristy to wait till the Procession formed, when we returned to the altar, Bray being cross-bearer, and the Relic was taken down from the throne and then, off we started. In front were the two Confraternities and the two bands, then came the Cross and Acolytes, the rest of the English College with candles and lastly the Ministers. When we reached the open air, we drew up to receive the fire. A line of squibs were tied to a wall and one end was lighted. At the end was a bomb which made a fearful noise in exploding. As soon as this performance was over the band struck up and away we marched, first of all round the outer line of streets past our house (where the Rector "snapped" us) and the municipality and then round the big piazza and on to the Church. The cobbler and Don Carlo were chanting psalms in the intervals between the orchestral selections. There were several children dressed up to imitate St Antoninus, the Baptist, St Aloysius and an angel. The latter, the chubby grand-niece of the cobbler, was sailing about in the procession till ill luck brought her little head in contact with the thurible, when she seemed in great doubt as to whether she should, being an angel, not feel the blow, or whether she ought to cry like a human being. Eventually her angelic nature conquered and the tears were restrained. When we were once more on the altar the Te Deum was sung, the cobbler being one of the cantors. It was the first time I had witnessed his performance at close quarters and—well I really expected to see the bridge of his nose fly off and some of his teeth implant themselves in the opposite wall. Now came the versicle thrice repeated and taken up by the people of "Sancte Antonine, Ora pro nobis" and after, the solemn blessing with the Relic amidst the roar of squibs and musical instruments. This brought the proceedings to a close. The band played in the piazza from half past four to six and then the people adjourned to the Belvedere

for the drawing of the Lottery or Tombola. The arrangements were up in the balcony of the "Town Hall", the village scavenger presided, whilst the local bobby in the pride of his admiral's hat with blue and white plumes, strolled round pretending to preserve order. After supper and during the Visit we heard strange music proceeding from the village, so as soon as possible we went out to investigate. A member of the Roman Municipal Band had been brought out and it was he who caused the excitement. He played a cornet and conducted the band, gaining immense applause. So pleased were the people that they postponed the fireworks for three quarters of an hour. But at 8.45 we found ourselves in the Belvedere ready for the show to begin. The fireworks were a complete success. There were about ten set pieces, comprising a church and a grinder at his wheel working for dear life. Others after performing geometrical designs threw off rays or showers of golden (metal coloured) rain. The show was completed with rockets and two golden showers which covered the sky above us. When this was over we went a short walk up the Compatri road, returning in time for night prayers.

3 and 4. Spent two quiet days doing nothing in particular.

(From Bishop King's Diary)

#### AN INVITATION.

In the Second Library there is an octavo volume, a model of artistic printing and binding, published by the Oxford University Press in 1726, entitled *Urbani VIII Poemata*, and given (with a characteristic inscription) by Bishop Burton in 1922. A Latin preface reassures the nervous reader that he need not fear its latent Popery! The long poem beginning "Arva madent pluviis", in which the future pope, then Cardinal Barberini, "Laurentium Magalottum Utriusque Signaturae Referendarium Rusticatum invitat", describes our own Palazzolan region. A translation by Fr Rope of the greater part of this is here offered to our readers, in the hope of sending them to the original.

Now gentle showers of rain have washed the fields;  
The sultry heat to gentle breezes yields.  
The country calls us and the happy air.  
Here I refresh me, walking free of care,  
While happy leisure calms the burdened mind.  
If thou release from anxious care would find,  
Come, Magalotto, hither, where the mere  
Of Alba by Gandolfo glistens sheer  
With glassy waters. Though our dwelling be  
But homely, 'twill suffice for you and me,  
By frugal nature guided, where of old  
Stood Alba's crown. Not marble walls or gold  
Give blessedness, which is the dower of peace.  
Each quest, save that of virtue, finds surcease.  
The hilltop thou shalt gain by morning light  
Whence all the lake lies open to the sight,  
Ring'd round with woods which, like a player's stage,  
With lofty banks enwall their heritage,  
With holm and oak bird-haunted far and wide,  
With poplars girded on the farther side,  
And elm vine-propping. Not far hence a bend  
Sees a new shrine o'er Alba's head ascend,  
Of family Franciscan, meet for prayer;  
And full devoutly Mass is offered there,  
In holy peace. Or turn aside to find  
Through shady groves a stair-like path upwind  
'Twi'xt garden herbs and wild flowers rich of hue  
Unto the summit, whence a wondrous view  
Delights; and in a single glance you gain  
Far-reaching tilth, and town, and woodland reign.  
Next vineyards, gentle slopes and pastures come,  
And seas and mountains, and the walls of Rome,  
To feast thine eyes. On hills nearby behold  
The clustered grapes with purple sheen and gold,  
That soon shall furnish the Falernian wine,  
Ripe from the boughs Pomona's apples shine.  
Or plainward look, wide leasows under lie  
Well-grazed, wherewith the widening cornlands vie,  
To fill the barns we owe to Paul's bless'd reign.  
Beyond the wide Campagna look again  
Upon the wider level of the seas,  
The ships' white canvas bellying in the breeze,  
What time the sun to westward hastening paves  
With roads of living light the gleaming waves;  
And not less glorious in the nightly deeps  
The Milky Way vast heaven oversweeps.  
Far southward, see, the rock of Circe named



Uptowering, seagirt Pontia's Island, famed  
Abode of Christians bann'd by tyrant sway,  
Forbidding waste of rock and shrub to-day.  
Turn inland, yonder Alban mount beheld  
Blind sacrifice to Latian Jove of old  
Upon its summit. Now look northward where  
Soracte's curving ridge upclimbs in air,  
The heights Ciminian, and the mighty realm  
Of eastward mountains with their cloudy helm  
Named of the Sabines and their kin of old.  
Or if the walls of Rome thou would'st behold,  
Lo, yonder, rising from the Esquiline,  
The lofty roof o'erstands the graceful shrine  
To thee, all holy Mary, raised aloft  
By loving skill and dedicate; where oft  
The Pontiff Paul has sought thine aid in prayer.  
Beyond, majestic heavenward springs in air  
The dome supernal bearing Peter's name;  
And men unborn shall here again proclaim  
The praise of Pontiff Paul for his great share  
In all the charges and in all the care  
Herein bestowed. And while you feast your eyes  
The wain of Phoebus, at the steepest rise  
Of all the sunway, stints the precious shade.  
Yet noontide's fierceness leaves us undismay'd,  
For there's a path sequestered, doubly set  
With leafy trees, which keeps the shadows yet,  
Which we may traverse free from heat and wind;  
Until ourselves once more at home we find  
In Alba, and allow ourselves a space  
For noon's repast and rest, and then to pace  
On horseback woodwards, or on foot at ease,  
'Neath shady leaves of oak and chestnut trees,  
Or in a light wain on the paven road  
Through time-old glades to Dian's blest abode,  
The beauteous Nemi, mere of forest name,  
And waters like quick glass in moonlike frame.

Rough with brushwood is the spot  
Where stood Domitian's villa, now forgot,  
Disordered like the tyrant vile, whose days  
Vice ended. Low in level ruin lays  
Death great and little, as fire a wood destroys.  
Avaunt, vain pomp! Released from care and noise,  
Come hither, friend. If to thyself wouldst live  
So shalt thou, if thyself to God thou give.  
Alone good deeds shall follow our last end.  
Death takes the rest, and welcome. Come, my friend.

## COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th. *Friday*. " Tenants of the House,  
Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season "

This was definitely not a day for sentimental references to bygone Christmas celebrations and shrivelled holly torn from the walls of the common-room. (In any case it is all still there.) It was, on the contrary, a day in itself. All our miserable little troopings to and from the Piazza Pilotta, our scuttle over the dark cobbles to Sant' Andrea, where we found only too much time to cool our heels in its spacious sacristy before issuing forth to the misintoning of a Litany—things so prosaic were swamped utterly by the great deeds that were wrought in the common-room after supper. We said good-bye to the Cardinal and he said good-bye to us. And as usual, five minutes' talk from him made us all feel like supermen, and we ended the evening bellowing hoarse choruses and farewells in a record cloud of smoke, aided throughout by the immortal pair, who " started it all ", and borrowed, long ago, the Olympian pyjamas.

8th. *Saturday*. This morning the Westminster men were privileged to bid His Eminence Godspeed at the Termini, whilst we boorish provincials attended a rather engrossing third lecture. However I did have the satisfaction of seeing one of them slip and fall heavily on the ice of the Piazza Farnese. Pius XI by Philip Hughes has triumphantly ousted Pastor in the refectory. Frost still abounds; Italians shuffle along beneath mountains of *lanital* and even we of the Ultima Thule are busy foiling the schemes of our ardent countrymen, whose passion for fresh air does not stop at wrenching open frost-bound windows in the sacred name of Compulsory Ventilation.

9th. *Sunday*. A Christmas Cake the size of Castel Sant' Angelo made a brief appearance at the end of dinner to-day. We all watched the Rector labouring strenuously in his efforts to achieve the first cantle,

and then it was quickly sub-divided to extinction. To the Fairy God-mother of Shrewsbury, heartiest thanks. The lucky ones went to the Beda to-night, and enjoyed the usual homely and entertaining evening. Others went to a concert at the Adriano (*già Augusteo*). Fr Shutt very kindly provided extra wine at supper.

10th. *Monday*. "If the weather is foul we stay at home and read the papers". Speak for yourself, Mr Elliot. The thaw has come and sundry plumbers in paper hats are to be observed muttering in odd corners over the burst pipes. Fr Shutt left us to-day. A happy reminder of the Cardinal's well-being came to-night by the B.B.C., which announced his enthusiastic reception at Victoria station by loyal thousands that had braved the bitterest weather.

11th. *Thursday*. The plumbers are still muttering and, for the matter of that, the pipes are still burst.

12th. *Wednesday*. A full day, to us uneventful but, no doubt, recorded in the Book of Life.

13th. *Thursday*. The Campagna at dawn, wide and ghostly, dim shapes slowly walking, black turning into grey; the tang of morning air, the feel of damp earth under foot again, young hazel branches jerking across one's face; the sway of wine carts heading citywards, the clatter of donkey's hooves, and a tardy sun gilding for us the country-side . . . in other words a Gita to-day. And how we enjoyed it! The Tivoli Trippers dined well; the Soracte Scramblers scrambled well (and took it in turns to quote Horace); Monte Cavo was ascended by a particularly intrepid party, time and again they paused dismayed, and then plunged on again when the radiator cooled; finally, the voice of the frying-pan was heard again at a stark and snow-bound Palazzola.

14th. *Friday*. Stiff joints, heavy eyelids, a lethean day—but no remorse. Three skilled craftsmen are doing something with a roll of sheet lead and a cauldron of pitch on the Balcony. They have been at it all day; the most important part of their duties seems to be the maintenance of a smoky fire beneath their cauldron. One cannot help thinking that the whole melancholy business could be handled far more efficiently by a couple of the Balilla.

15th. *Saturday*. "It is a common error on the part of those who visit Italy to believe that the skies are always blue and the breezes always balmy". We agree, a very common error, Herr Baedeker.

16th. *Sunday*. Day of Recollection. Mgr Heard gave the morning conference. On this day of silence and redress our new choir master made his first appearance in church (as choir master).

17th. *Monday*. Mr Grey of the Embassy came to supper and afterwards was our guest in the common-room, when patriotic expectations were amply fulfilled at a showing of the Coronation Film. It was preceded by a short "feature" of London Life, in which those hailing from the Great Wen were uproariously acclaimed in a variety of characters.

These films came through the kind offices of Mr Osborne, who was himself unfortunately unable to be present owing to the sad death of Mr Thynne, Secretary to the Legation.

18th. *Tuesday*. The ancient problem of the reading-lamp in the Martyr's Chapel has been met with a bold and formidable solution. This time we have been treated to an enormous gallows-shaped standard lamp with powerful bulb and flagrant yellow shade; this week's reader is already looking bronzed and oriental. We fear that this may be a final solution; the only other expedient being a Bible in Braille—surely an extreme measure.

19th. *Wednesday*. Disputations at the University. Many a man retired to rest with a stiff neck after a strenuous three hours watching the syllogisms as they sped to and fro between the contestants, a cannonade bewildering to most—excluding the professors and, of course, ourselves.

20th. *Thursday*. A talk from Mr Chick in the evening carried us to Persia, where we were regaled with stories of its strange history, culture and religion. An erudite proposer of the vote of thanks, who in a well-prepared peroration aptly quoted Omar Khayyam, was completely floored by the speaker who retorted that he was "a very minor Persian poet".

21st. *Friday*. Did goe to ye Universitie in ye morning, & againe in ye afternoon. Putte on mine olde hairie hatte & mine olde weather-beaten wings. But Lorde! we did make a brave sight as we speeded over ye Piazza Pilotta.

22nd. *Saturday*. The Rector of the Gregorian celebrated his *onomastico*, and we a Dies Non.

23rd. *Sunday*. We celebrated to-day the Golden Jubilee of the Consecration of the Church, which occurred last Monday. The Rector sang High Mass. To dinner came Revv Birley and Leahy. In the afternoon Solemn Benediction and Te Deum. After supper the Marx Brothers made a bold première in the common-room, but their antics came to an untimely end with an explosion in the machinery, which spread a deplorable smell about the upper corridors.

24th. *Monday*. To dinner Sir Henry Lunn, Mr Osborne and Mr Stonor. In the evening, after an agonising half hour of waiting for a spare part, the Marx Brothers continued their "Night at the Opera" but with diminished hilarity; the explosion of the previous evening had obviously disturbed them.

25th. *Tuesday*. The Vice-Rector's new wireless attracts a motley crowd of widely different tastes; the result is a world tour every evening, averaging two groans per station with a minute's oscillation in the interim. We haven't yet had the wireless and the cinema at the same time but there seem to be possibilities in the idea.

26th. *Wednesday*. The Piazza del Collegio Romano is being excavated yet again—its new year dig, we suppose. Is it pure love of the *labor palae* that inspires these sporadic attacks—or merely a whim of the Ministry of Public Destruction? 49

27th. *Thursday*. A most interesting Literary Society meeting in the evening. The Vice-Rector defended a thesis on the nature and origins of Jazz. The proofs were cogent, well illustrated *ex pianoforte et gramphonio*, the adversaries few and soon disposed of.

28th. *Friday*. Rosary and Sermon before supper is quite a common phenomenon nowadays; fortunately nobody takes up a collection. 50

29th. *Saturday*. Auspices unfavourable—so would the ancient augur have spoken to-day. Third Year Philosophy faced a Biology examination in the morning—a disastrous explosion took place in a munitions factory at Segni in the afternoon—a violent thunderstorm tabooed a good wireless programme in the evening. (Add 10 to the date, divide by 3, and you get 13, which explains it.) 57

30th. *Sunday*. This morning's preacher bade us sanctify our shaving. Here, it seems, is an unexplored field for the apostolate—loose groups ready formed, a keen militant edge, the beard of indifference and all that.

FEBRUARY. 1st. *Tuesday*. A camerata this morning passing down the Via dell' Impero, was startled to see some troops disinterestedly waving a stiff leg to the beat of a low drum. This was the preview of the Passo Romano, the Latin version of the goose-step, said to have been used by Caesar's legions, perhaps on this same via. 52  
53

2nd. *Wednesday*. *The Purification*. The Rector with Messrs Foley and Wells presented the candle to the Holy Father. A dull, cheerless afternoon saw the Theologians show a certain physical superiority over their more intellectual opponents, the Philosophers, in a keen soccer match. 2—1 was the professional result. An impromptu concert after supper provided one of the most entertaining evenings we can remember, due to its glorious spontaneity and originality. It was something new and topical, giving scope both to the audience and players—vino and biscotti ably co-operating. A third-year philosopher in voluble Latin denounced equestrian intrusion into his hallowed faculty; while three of top year won rounds of applause by a versatile item, combining song, dance and satire, and made bold revelation of nocturnal carousals in the salone.

3rd. *Thursday*. A party visited the Irish College with a view to being beaten at handball. They were.

4th. *Friday*. We were re-acquainted to-day with H. V. Morton now in "In the Steps of St Paul", and chewed our omelettes in the atmosphere of the mysterious East, of hookahs in Syria and camels in Transjordan. A new gramophone now graces the quondam billiard-room, bereft (alas) of its ancient table. The advantage of a gramophone is that it can cater for all tastes; neither are the plebians compelled 54

to endure for long the interminable 7th, nor the highbrows the jingle that comprises "Le Jazz Hot". We have them all in rapid succession—a token of our admirable breadth of mind.

5th. *Saturday*. The Rector's appointment as Apostolic Visitor to the seminaries of England gave rise to much speculative conversation to-night. How many seminaries will survive comparison with the ideals we have set for the Rector's edification?

6th. *Sunday*. Another Day of Recollection. How quickly they come round! The silence at breakfast this morning is mournful; it must penance those wits who have thought of a joke overnight. Mgr Moss gave us pearls of wisdom in the morning conference. Our handball heroes, blissfully presumptive, again invaded the Irish College, this time accompanied by a retinue of supporters. After their defeat they were royally entertained by the victors.

7th. *Monday*. Captain Legge, who was attached to the Papal Delegation to the Coronation last May, came to supper and afterwards addressed the Literary Society on Communist Activity in England.

8th. *Tuesday*. Dr Calnan on his way to Malta called in for just long enough to regale us with English cigarettes.

10th. *Thursday*. The glow of the Cardinal's glory still warms us. To-day we enjoy a gita in his honour, and, no doubt, his health was drunk in many a remote castello, or, perchance, on the open road by those who dined "sub divo". Rain threatened, but graced the occasion by holding off until evening, when it poured plentifully, covering all trace of our incursions.

11th. *Friday*. To dinner Captain Legge and Mr Bowron.

12th. *Saturday*. The anniversary of the Pope's Coronation. Those who had tickets went to see him as he passed into the Sistine. To dinner Frs Ellis and Renard, S.J.

13th. *Sunday*. Mr Molloy, who has been ill for some time, retired to Monte Mario. An original address was given to the Literary Society after supper by Major Plowden on "Outposts of Empire."

14th. *Monday*. The peaceful somnolence of our Monday morning passage to the University was disturbed to-day by the sight of a fire-engine outside its grim walls, and wisps of smoke from the cellars curling through the ventilators in the steps. For a moment we credited the Gregorian with a flare for the romantic—a course in fire-drill, or A.R.P. instruction, as a practical supplement to the licentiate. But we saw no professors in gas-masks, and the real facts were soon made clear. A fuse below had started a subterranean fire, which was quickly quelled by a squad of Roman *pompieri*. We arrived after the curtain had rung down on a very promising scene; despite an aroma of smoke in the Aulæ and an absence of electric light and bells, "business as usual" was declared, and lectures proceeded as they have done for 400 years.

Mr Daley, having acquired a cracked tibia on the football field, was to-day transported to the Blue Nuns.

15th. *Tuesday*. Candles on the Professors' desks and the servants ringing handbells give the P.U.G. quite an atmosphere of the Collegio Romano, but in the afternoon this rare human touch was removed and all was restored to its efficient modernity. 6

16th. *Wednesday*. Rain—or *tempo Inglese* as facetious tradesmen are wont to declare. Rain and the University—every age must remember it. Damp wings and your hat returning to its pristine animal state; your shapeless broly shared by a critical neighbour, and the appeal of the gloomy but dry interior of the Brazilians' 'bus, as it splashes past you. Not even the hopeful eye of the diarist can glean consolation from such a scene. 62

17th. *Thursday*. The Vice-Rector led a party out of Rome and the rain to find fine weather and six inches of snow at Palazzola.

18th. *Friday*. George, *detto Palatino*, the Palazzola beggar has sent a pathetic postcard to the Rector declaring that "sono gia quattro giorni che sto sotto la neve," and asking him to do something about thawing him out. 63

19th. *Saturday*. Dr. Calnan returned to us from Malta, having first refuelled with English cigarettes. He was again unloaded by our hardy stevedores. 64

20th. *Sunday*. Count van Cutsem was our guest at dinner.

21st. *Monday*. The eve of the Rector's departure as Apostolic Visitor to Malta. We drank his health over an extra bicchiere, and the Vice-Rector, on behalf of all wished him success on his privileged mission, and promised our constant prayers. Then, amidst acclamations, the Rector rose to take his leave, and we felt with him for the arduous work with which the Holy Father has entrusted him. A hilarious evening in the common-room fittingly ended the day: Dr. Calnan sang *Alcalá*, and prevailed upon the Rector to sing *The Old Shako* for old time's sake, which he did and we all joined in the chorus, coming in at the wrong time and all but bringing the plaster off the ceiling as in the old days. The session broke up with a great many farewells and auguri at 9.45. It required a stout heart to realise that the Rector was only going to Malta and would be back in a fortnight. 65

22nd. *Tuesday*. Those who had no lectures went to the station to see the Rector off, accompanied by his faithful Sancho Panza, Rev A. R. Birley. Au revoir to Dr Calnan, who left us to-day. 66

23rd. *Wednesday*. Sun and a cloudless sky for the first day of the Regency. 67

24th. *Thursday*. The Scots match at Fortitude. By dint of faultless combination and four goals the Scots triumphed in a very interesting game. Our last victory seems very remote—almost pre-war. In the evening Mgr the Regent addressed the house in his official capacity.

25th. *Friday*. *Examina Semestriana* notes our pompous *Kalendarium* (priced 1 lira). 1st and 2nd Years Theology made havoc of the Church's History, and on

26th, *Saturday*, the junior philosophers opened their career by a bold attack on *Chimia*—the Greg's latest distraction. And you still have to buy the paper—like kissing the rope that hangs you.

27th. *Sunday*. Semestrian celebrations (not an excerpt from our esteemed *Kalendarium*). A film—"Mr Deeds Goes to Town"—the sad story of a sentimental tuba player. There were tears, 'tis said, in our bassoonist's eyes. A cartoon "Topolino nel Far West" gained an encore.

28th. *Monday*. Shrove Gita. The snowy slopes become increasingly popular, and the ski-ing enthusiasts try to promote their sport by film; we enjoy their tumbles and their smiles—but remember it is not a "talkie" and we may be deceived. In rivalry come rumours of celestial pancakes and bathing at Anzio. A certain man led a walking party to Bracciano; at 1.30 p.m., they were told by a carabine that they were nearing Civita Vecchia; and there was only one wrong turning to take. The Lenten spirit is already abroad, it seems, gripping our gitanti; but even the mendicant friars carried bread with them. However, be comforted—to-morrow is Martedì Grasso.

MARCH 1st. *Shrove Tuesday*. In the evening a concert with the usual éclat, aided by the "carpe diem" attitude that one develops (too late alas!) on the eve of abstinence and ashes.

1. Rolling down to Rio (*German*) . . . . . Orpheus
2. Interlude

#### FRENCH AS SHE IS LEARNT

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <i>M. Duhamel</i> . . . . .                     | Mr Wells                                    |
| <i>Mme. Duhamel</i> . . . . .                   | Mr Hannon                                   |
| <i>Claude Dubois</i> . . . . .                  | Mr. A. Storey                               |
| <i>Maid</i> . . . . .                           | Mr Jones                                    |
| 3. Song . . . . . <i>Alcalá</i> . . . . .       | Mr Roberts                                  |
| 4. Quartet . . . . . <i>Dr Foster</i> . . . . . | Messrs Hannon,<br>Gibb, Iggeden,<br>Buckley |
| 5. Item . . . . . <i>The Battle of Hastings</i> | Mr Pledger                                  |
| 6. Sketch                                       |   |

#### THE MAN IN THE BOWLER HAT

- |                                |            |
|--------------------------------|------------|
| <i>John</i> . . . . .          | Mr Brown   |
| <i>Mary</i> . . . . .          | Mr Storey  |
| <i>Hero</i> . . . . .          | Mr Grasar  |
| <i>Heroine</i> . . . . .       | Mr Cashman |
| <i>Chief Villain</i> . . . . . | Mr Jackson |
| <i>Bad Man</i> . . . . .       | Mr Coonan  |



2nd. *Ash Wednesday.* We plunged into Lent morbidly cheerful, having made a pious resolution overnight (one only, according to the best spiritual advice). We faced the penitential ash, and, with a certain ascetical pride, recalled our dusty origin. In the afternoon to Santa Sabina to renew old acquaintances, and bestow an eleemosina and so gain easier admission. Mgr Respighi was there in full bloom, marshalling the more wayward and senile devotees, his stentorian tones ordering the free composition of many old attenders.

3rd. *Thursday.* 7th Year faced their written exam to-day. They look odd in their ferraiuolas, unsettled—as though they were always going to the dentist's. In the evening Dr da Silva of the Rota addressed the Literary Society on India. The sumptuous hospitality of the Indian Rajahs seems to be shared by the Maltese, according to the letter which the Rector has sent to us describing his reception in Malta.

4th. *Friday.* Summer time table begins at the University, and, for many, a slight decrease in the number of lectures. 69

5th. *Saturday.* Disputations. But First and Third Year Theology were not invited to attend. They bore the blow patiently. Messrs McNamara and Roche argued in their respective faculties.

6th. *Sunday.* Another Day of Recollection—so sudden, in fact, that one man only realised it when his cheery breakfast manner was met by looks of furrowed contemplation. Fr Murray, S.J., who takes Fr Leeming's place in representing Britain at the Gregorian, gave the conference, and stayed to dinner with Fr Renard, S.J., and Dom Bernard McElligott, O.S.B. An excited camerata returned from the Appia to-night with reports of having seen a snake—of plastic dimensions, it seems, if you ask each member separately. The Pamites were not interested, but merely wondered how they could afford the time to stroll in the Appia—and the cynics asked if they knew what the snake thought.

7th. *Monday.* The Feast of St Thomas Aquinas. A telegram from the Rector wishing us "buona festa". Most Romans have perceived the economic value of terse latinity in the sending of telegrams. Perhaps the postal authorities may some day bar the use of dead languages. In the afternoon we played the Americans at soccer on their ground near Propaganda. Their variegated dress reflected the play, but after settling down the Americans scored two masterly goals, and the final result was 2—2. Mr Daley has returned from the Blue Nuns, and may be seen betimes on his crutches on the first floor, his former cyclonic speed now reduced to a pitiful minimum.

8th. *Tuesday.* One of our young men on attaining to his majority to-day presented the members of his year (class of 1936) with ample and evil-looking cigars, thereby creating an Edwardian and somewhat miasmatic atmosphere in the Common-room which not even pure Trinciato 70

could neutralise. The mysterious delvings in the Piazza Sant' Andrea continue apace, and to-day as a belated camerata swept past, an explosion occurred underground. The solitary casualty seemed merely an object of commiseration to the bystanders, until a Venerabilino put him into a taxi and sent him to the hospital.

9th. *Wednesday*. Thesis sheets appear for the Licentiate years and the Senior Student gives a silent cheer and retires to our great sorrow. It now falls to Mr Wells to shoulder his burden. The Function at the Tor di Specchi was performed by Cardinal Boetto with the usual splendour. A nature lover amongst us, who finds solace in the company of animal life, today purchased two goldfish—as he bought them in the Campo we are still waiting for the gold to come off. Fr Rosadini began to lecture again after his serious illness.

10th. *Thursday*. A public meeting begins and, we hardly need add, is adjourned.

12th. *Saturday*. Feast of St Gregory. A new and fearful schola at San Gregorio, having had their photograph taken in the cortile before Mass, alarmed us by their dynamic polyphony, prolonging their items until one thought that the conductor had lost the last page of the score and had begun at the beginning again. The traditionalists had their chilly dip before dinner, which brought as guests Mr Pyke from England and Mr Leahy from the palatial halls of the Teutonicum.

13th. *Sunday*. We were very sorry to hear of the death of Fr Rope's niece for whom we had been praying some days. R.I.P.

14th. *Monday*. A keen tramontana freshed to briskness in the morning; making it difficult to navigate a billowing cassock and preserve clerical decorum. However, in the evening it brought a most welcome visitor, Mr Arnold Lunn, who delayed his departure to address us on "Something Spanish". During supper he was called to the 'phone several times, but, to our great relief, reappeared each time, and we enjoyed the company of his chatty eloquence and wit for over an hour.

15th. *Tuesday*. Mr H. V. Morton is still combing the earth in a rather fruitless search for St. Paul. To-day he is investigating the Naples-Rome train, and only found Italian business men carrying "flat calf-skin dispatch cases", an extravagant way of saying Greg. bag.

17th. *Thursday*. St Patrick's saw many festooned with pleasing sprays of shamrock—Irish and pseudo-Irish and hybrid nondescripts. One, who had no claim to the green, sported a healthy sprig on the grounds of being a Catholic. So we are now looking forward to his wearing a wheel on St. Catherine's. A concert in the evening to crown the festa fittingly.

1. Octet . . . *The Skye Boat Song* . Messrs Gibb, Brown,  
MacNamara, Hannon,  
Hanlon, O'Leary,  
Iggleden, McKenna

## 2. Interlude

## WHAT A GAMBLE

- |                    |                                     |   |
|--------------------|-------------------------------------|---|
|                    | <i>Man</i> . . . . .                | Mr Holland                                  |
|                    | <i>Woman</i> . . . . .              | Mr Hills                                    |
|                    | <i>Jenner</i> . . . . .             | Mr Regan                                    |
|                    | <i>Doctor</i> . . . . .             | Mr Coonan                                   |
| 3. Item . .        | <i>A Canonistic Causerie</i> . . .  | Messrs McNeill,<br>Ronchetti,<br>Buckley    |
| 4. Violin Solo . . | <i>Tarentelle (Sainton)</i> . . .   | Mr Ekbery<br>Accompanied by the Vice-Rector |
| 5. Solo . .        | <i>The Snowy-breasted Pearl</i> . . | Mr Gibb                                     |
|                    | <i>A Dream (Schumann)</i>           |   |
| 6. Sketch          |                                     |   |

## " ERRORS AND OMISSIONS EXCEPTED "

- |  |             |
|--|-------------|
| <i>James Smith</i> . . . . .               | Mr Curran   |
| <i>Mary Smith (his second wife)</i> . . .  | Mr Walker   |
| <i>Jane Mackintosh (her mother)</i> . . .  | Mr Pledger  |
| <i>Charles Crosby</i> . . . . .            | Mr McKenna  |
| <i>Henry Stone (a Solicitor)</i> . . . . . | Mr Ashworth |

18th. *Friday.* To-night in the common-room the names of next year's Senior Student and his mate were announced: Messrs Martindale and Coonan are the honoured pair and we wish them every success. Their blushes were mercifully hidden by a complete failure of the electric light.

19th. *Saturday.* Feast of St. Joseph. To dinner Revv Birley and Venables. The *bigne di San Giuseppe* appeared in encouraging profusion, and were not neglected; nor were the free cigarettes kindly provided by the Rector. Indeed it would be a moot point which disappeared the more quickly. In the evening Mr Carroll-Abbing left on a visit to Venice, connected with the cause of Pope Pius X.

20th. *Sunday.* We heard to-day of the death of one of the college barbers. R.I.P. An Adriano permission in the evening for the music-lovers. And, after supper, at which Messrs Adamo and Walsh from the Beda were guests, one of the most uproarious entertainments that we remember—a conjuring show by Mr. Adamo. Our laughter must have alarmed our long-suffering neighbours in the cortile—perhaps penetrated to remoter haunts; for the volume increased with each trick; as he swallowed cigarettes, reproduced playing cards, and once even burnt a 100 lire note—well no . . . but you thought he . . . and so you . . . anyhow, the Vice and Mr Adamo both looked perturbed. We were "done" and "done again"; even our most Efficient Baxters always on the alert to detect a flaw, to perceive a secret slide of the hand or betraying gesture, were beaten at their own game; but they were "not vexed", and recognised a master. Indeed we were a good audience, Mr Adamo said—a rather doubtful compliment if you work

it out ; but he consoled us by promise of another show next year. And we shall keep him to his word.

21st. *Monday*. We walked to and from the Greg. with two who were rich in long, complicated explanations of last night's miracles, explanations which would surprise even Mr. Adamo. But they were strangely gullible last night. The public meeting which began on the 10th and which had almost turned into a tradition, was put out of its misery to-day. At supper an extra bicchiere in honour of the Rector, who ordained that a telegram from him in future would entitle us to coffee and rosolio. But we suspect that they will be judiciously timed.

22nd. *Tuesday*. There was time after lectures to bid the Rector god-speed at the Termini. Mr Roberts is honoured with the post of secretary. As the train moved off we roused the porters from their perpetual coma by *Le triplici acclamazioni Inglesi*—as the Osservatore is pleased to describe them.

23rd. *Wednesday*. Mr H. V. Morton, having arrived in Rome and dined in a Roman *trattoria*, can go no further in search of his saint, and leaves us here, it seems, unkindly, after so promising a trip. But to-day we boarded the *Terra Nova* with Captain Scott to traverse the *Worst Journey in the World*. Already we have shaken hands with some of the crew.

24th. *Thursday*. A party went to the Villa, duce Vice ; and the stay-at-homes visited the Russicum, where an exhibition of Communist Propaganda is being held. The number of periodicals infected is amazing ; one would almost now suspect *Sint Unum* of subversive intentions.

25th. *Friday*. History was made at Fortitudo to-day when we beat the Americans at soccer amidst delirious applause from a generation that had come to believe that we should never win anything again. 5—2 was the score.

26th. *Saturday*. At a critical moment early this morning we broke an ageing shoe-lace and, almost simultaneously, a Lenten resolution. Looking back we feel quite proud of this inviolate period.

27th. *Laetare Sunday*—a Lenten oasis. At Vespers the serried ranks of heads were inclined to stray from the plainsong and regard with concern the incendiary efforts of the first year man lighting the candles for Benediction. Though he did not succeed in lighting the candles he managed to light pretty well everything else within reach. In the evening a thrilling film and cartoons ; and a sort of posthumous gift of free cigarettes from the Rector to enhance the entertainment.

28th. *Monday*. Remote preparation for Hitler's visit is already beginning in true Roman style—large scale destruction and construction, wide-spread road excavation and fresh coats of plaster for any number of buildings, which apparently have an obscure importance of their own : going to the University or the Station is like taking a walk in Madrid or Shanghai.

29th. *Tuesday*. On some pretext or other troops were marching and counter marching about the city all day ; perhaps to gain practice in front line tactics, most of the streets being little more than part of a trench system. Hundreds of officers were gathered in the Piazza Pilotta this afternoon, looking nearly as intimidating in the mass as the raven multitude who pushed their way through them.

30th. *Wednesday*. To dinner Frs Bolland, Martindale, Keane, Geddes and Biesley, S.J. They are in Rome for the General Congregation of the Order. A parade of our *mutilati* may be seen nowadays if one is wary. Mr. Daley on the left carries a pair of walking-sticks and one passenger-leg ; the centre is well filled by the Head Electrician on crutches. He took a purler on the stairs the other day, causing extensive damage ; Mr T. Harrison, his head swathed in a turban, chaperones them both and, we suppose, quotes Lincoln's Gettysburg to them at intervals.

31st. *Thursday*. The Vice-Rector took a party to the Villa ; he goes fairly frequently these days, no doubt to induce the workmen to get a move on in the church, which is being restored. The powers that be have decided to give Rome new street lamps, trumpet shaped objects, and the old wire cages are all being removed. To-night Fr Martindale spoke to the Literary Society, in his inimitable style, on the Apostleship of the Sea : an hour packed with phrases worth remembering—wise, or witty, or both.

APRIL 1st. *Friday*. Of course balloons appeared in the refectory at breakfast, and elsewhere, but somehow they weren't welcomed, although as some *Chi Lo Sa?* myrmidon pointed out, nobody was really vexed.

2nd. *Saturday*. The day Signor Felici marks with deep black in his calendar : photographs were taken at the University of all the intellectual giants united in an attempt to take their Licentiates. The smiles are seraphic, but the results horrific.

3rd. *Sunday*. The popularity of the Penguin book in the refectory about penguins has led to the appearance of two of these birds trans-fixed to the notice board. On each's shirt front is a neat little appeal begging all to read and mark the approaching appearance of *Chi Lo Sa?* and of course everybody did read it but it remains to be seen whether they will do anything about it.

5th. *Tuesday*. Rome still goes on with the task of imperializing itself for the impending visit. The latest effort is a dummy storey of lath and plaster erected on top of a block of offices in the Via Nazionale, in order to raise it to the level of the rest of the street.

6th. *Wednesday*. Three of First Year are keeping fit by frolicking about in the swimming bath during the afternoon zero hour. Does this violate every canon in the Code ?

7th. *Thursday*. Cricket in Pamphilj—but for our Italian brethren the weather is just perfect for football.

8th. *Friday*. Smiles around the notice-board at the Gregorian show that Wednesday in Easter week is to be free. Our musical nursery, the Monserra', still flourishes, and produces a post-prandial cacophony that must cheer the soul of every orchestral pundit. Violins wail in listless emulation; a jeremiad from a lone bassoon fills with melancholy the furthest recesses; and mandolines engage in playful banter the airs of our childhood. Other instruments baffle description.

9th. *Saturday*. The new list of offices appeared. "The change-over will take place at the traditional times," which means immediately for the more unpleasant jobs. Mr Carroll-Abbing returned from Venice.

10th. *Sunday*. To dinner Fr Murray, S.J., and Mr Ascomb, who is working in the Archives. After a long walk in the afternoon we were engulfed in the silence of retreat at seven. Fr Coffey, S.J., is the retreat Father.

13th. *Wednesday*. End of retreat as the goldfish, no doubt, joyfully note. Even Egbert seems to resent the close scrutiny to which he is subjected once a year and that at Easter . . . Frs Smyth and Fitzsimmons, two Upholland priests studying Catholic Action at Lille, arrived to stay for a few days and learn something of C.A. in Italy. They are also to inspect the action in the Cappelar<sup>5</sup> on Holy Saturday.

14th. *Maundy Thursday*. Ceremonies and the Seven Churches. A party went to the Vatican in the afternoon to join in the watching at the Pauline Chapel.

15th. *Good Friday*. The Gesù and the Benedictine Abbey of San Girolamo are still the most popular resorts for Tenebrae.

16th. *Holy Saturday*. Ordinations at the Lateran. Prosit to Mr Buckley, ordained deacon; to 2nd Year Theology who received the second minor orders; and to Messrs Gannon and Hiscoe, who were tonsured. We welcome to-day the first appearance of a new contemporary, *Roman Echoes*, the magazine of the American College.

17th. *Easter Sunday*. A glorious Easter morning for the canonization of three *Beati*: Giovanni Leonardi, who once acted for the Pope as arbitrator in a dispute between the Venerabile and the German Collège, Andrew Bobola, S.J., and Salvatore da Horta, O.F.M. Besides an immense number of Polish pilgrims in national costume, there were present some 2,000 Italian Catholic Action girls; dressed in white, they made a striking picture, and the Pope turned towards them with obvious delight as he was carried down the nave. Never, perhaps, has the Basilica been so crowded; a number of those with tickets had to remain outside and even our expert gate-crashers had to use all their wiles and bravado to reach places to which they had a genuine right. However we did hear of a man who succeeded in bringing in eleven people on a ticket for a function three years ago. The more easy-going returned to the college to follow the service over the wireless and then, after an early lunch, sallied out again to the Piazza for the blessing *Urbi et Orbi*.

Here the crowd was greater even than last year and besides covering the Piazza, stretched away down the great cleared space where the *spina* used to stand. In the afternoon the lucky *gitanti* took their departure, finding the trains gloriously empty, owing to the crowds who stayed in Rome for the illumination of St Peter's in the evening.

18th. *Monday*. A pleasant air of emptiness and quiet in the house. Easier access to the newspapers; a purer atmosphere in the common-room, and exceptionally good visibility. A day gita to begin the holiday, a longer evening and *veglia* at six; in all, an *otium cum dignitate* which we thoroughly enjoyed.

19th. *Tuesday*. Indifferent weather in no way affected our Paschal freedom, and a film in the evening, presented by the Vice-Rector, passed a very pleasant two hours. Dr R. Delaney arrived on a short visit.

20th. *Wednesday*. Another gita day. A late Easter drew two parties to Fregene; but a keen tramontana sweeping the coast called for Spartan courage in those who ventured to bathe. Ostia Antica was excavated, and another triad went far afield to spend the day in some forgotten Shangri-la. *Auguri* to Dr T. B. Pearson who passed through the college on his way to the Gran Sasso. He has in tow an enthusiastic band of neophytes from his boys' club.

21st. *Thursday*. The return of the *gitanti* and . . . but you know the rest.

22nd. *Friday*. *Lusisti satis!* our dusty tomes seemed to whisper as we packed them hurriedly and sped to the Gregorian in the cold. A thunderstorm in the afternoon we felt was seasonable, clearing the air and marking the end of a chapter which, in retrospect, is a sore distraction.

23rd. *Saturday*. But the rubrics have ousted St George from his appointed day.

24th. *Low Sunday*. The day when we manifest our parochial pride in the *fiocchi* procession, respecting the leaders of our parish and frowning at the frivolity of the *ragazzini*. This year nature was unkind, for the rain came down in earnest when we reached the Piazza Farnese, and forced even the doughty Don Baroncelli to signal the retreat. At rosary the Vice-Rector announced the sad news that Mr Lescher's father, whom we had come to know so well at the ordinations last Christmas, had died suddenly. R.I.P.

25th. *Monday*. Although Easter is well past, Rome still teems with visitors. The postcard vendors of "All Rome for one bob" have a great market, and the Eternal City is bartered hourly. Our Apostolic Visitation is to take place soon, during the Rector's absence after all.

26th. *Tuesday*. *Feast of St George*. To a very good *pranzone* Mgr Heard, Clapperton and Moss, Fr Telford, Sir James Hartigan, Messrs Torr and Sullivan. After supper we enjoyed a splendid film "100 men and a girl".

27th. *Thursday*. A glorious April morning, the air alive with the new-won freshness of early summer, clamouring for us to come and enjoy its rich awakening and to leave book and pen behind—just for a morning. And we did. Rome was drenched in torrents of sunlight, spilling over church and bell-tower, over roof and gable in careless profusion, as we passed by—glum Trastevere, the Baths of Caracalla, and San Callisto, which was our destination. Mr Foley sang High Mass in the dimness of the catacombs for the conversion of England; and we returned, refreshed and exhilarated, after a glorious morning. A miniature scout jamboree in Pamphilj in the afternoon attracted a few enthusiasts where, we hear, the nations combined to provide a motley entertainment, strongly savouring of French romanticism.

29th. *Friday*. A short public meeting to discuss matters of importance.

30th. *Saturday*. The last menstrua of the year, at which Mr Pledger read an erudite paper on a certain Marcus Aurelius.

MAY 1st. *Sunday*. *Ritiro Mensile* or Day of Recollection. The Italian version seems less formidable. Mgr Heard gave the morning Conference. At High Mass we noticed in the remoter pews a number of youthful English faces staring at us with disturbing persistency so that one felt to see if one had one's Roman collar on. They were the scions of Dr Pearson's Boys' Club (sounds like Dr Barnado's Homes) now returned from the Gran Sasso and looking bronzed and content, though strangely bewildered by our clerical appearance. They spent the afternoon playing vigorous soccer and cricket in Pamphilj. Mr Molloy descended from Monte Mario for dinner and supper, and presided at the organ during Benediction to our great content.

2nd. *Monday*. A historic notice appeared at the Gregorian this morning; because of Hitler's visit the university will be closed completely from the 3rd to the 9th inclusive—no student may go in but very urgent business may be left with the porter at the side door. At supper the Vice-Rector asked us to avoid the goings-on and crowds as much as possible during the next few days.

3rd. *Tuesday*. The whole of Rome is beflagged and decorated; traffic is disorganised and buses come rocketing out of the most unlikely little back streets. The die-hards played cricket this afternoon. After supper the servants departed en masse in their black shirts to see the fun. From the new tower at the end of the Monserrato Corridor it was possible to see the glare of the illuminations along the Via dei Trionfi and the Via dell' Impero. The Victor Emmanuel monument looked unreal and ghostly under a pink glow, its lines picked out by small flickering lights and searchlights making a great fan behind it. Meanwhile the Apostolic Visitor keeps us on tenter-hooks as to the date of his arrival.

4th. *Wednesday*. We noted that it was a very wet day.



5th. *Thursday*. Feast of the English Martyrs (by special indult). The annual vice-rector's dinner brought as guests Mgr Moss, Mgri Fitzgerald and Babcock from the American College, and Fr Sheridan of the Scots'. In the evening the concert postponed from St George's day, and Seventh Year made a belated last appearance. We were again pleased to have Mr Molloy with us to-night, especially when he showed that his illness had in no way interfered with his piano playing.

CONCERT  
IN HONOUR OF ST GEORGE  
AND THE ENGLISH MARTYRS

1. Coppelia Ballet  
(*Delibes*) Mazurka and Valse . . . The Orchestra  
Military Symphony (*Haydn*) Minuet and Trio
2. Duet . . . O Mistress Mine . . . Messrs Grasar and  
Curran
3. Violin Solo *Zigeunerweisen* (*Gipsy Airs*) Mr Ekbery
4. Solo . . . A Jovial Monk Am I . . . Mr McKenna
5. Item
6. Seventh Year Song      *Chorus*  
Eheu! labuntur anni  
Aetasque aurea.  
Nos praesules Britanni  
Vocant et vineae  
Ut Angli sic Romani  
Geminatam animam  
Habemus nos veterani  
Geminatam patriam.
8. Sketch

THE PLUMBERS

Miss Violet Drake . . . . .	Mr P. Clark
Martha (her maid) . . . . .	Mr Wyche
Saunders (the plumber) . . . . .	Mr Auchinleck
His Mate . . . . .	Mr Franklin

GOD SAVE THE KING

6th. *Friday*. "Eva's name reversing" sang we at Benediction to-night; and we perceived the cross-word experts nod professionally as their well-trained brains spontaneously solved this hymnal anagram.

7th. *Saturday*. His Grace the Archbishop-bishop of Southwark arrived, accompanied by Fr Mason, who though a Venerabilino of the remote past is as well acquainted as any of us with the Rome of to-day.

8th. *Sunday*. *Caffé* and *rosolio* in honour of our distinguished visitor. We welcome also Mgr Barton Brown, staunchest of Romans, who came by air, "accomplishing the journey in eight and a half hours" notes one of our Catholic papers with a discriminating eye for achievement.

9th. *Monday.* Au revoir to Rev. A. R. Birley, who visited us to-day before leaving for England. In the evening Abbot Etcheverrey arrived to open the Apostolic Visitation. The Brief was read in the common-room and the Visitor gave a short address. Afterwards he gave Benediction at May devotions, and after supper showed his immediate interest in our life by attending a meeting of the Grant Debating Society.

10th. *Tuesday.* With the end of the political celebrations the Gregorian flings wide its doors again, and was already humming with industrious efficiency when we arrived. The *Deposito Libri* does a brisk trade nowadays from dawn till sunset; the books are very well printed and can now be bought bound for a small extra charge. We are expecting it to declare a dividend soon. Mgr Barton Brown has presented some handsome gilt candlesticks for the altar of the Martyrs' chapel.

11th. *Wednesday.* The Pope's name-day brought us an extra *bicchiera* of surprising *debolezza*.

12th. *Thursday.* The Apostolic Visitor interviewed each of us to-day, *seniores priores*. It was a perfect afternoon for the cricket match between Theologians and Philosophers; but we who lay prone in the shade felt the happier to-day for our inability to wield a bat or trundle a ball, and from our pavilion beneath the trees watched the slow march of the game in pure enjoyment. The Theologians won with wickets to spare. In the evening we attended First Vespers of St Robert Bellarmine in the cool spaciousness of Sant' Ignazio.

13th. *Friday.* Feast of St Robert Bellarmine. We were privileged to have a full share in the High Mass at Sant' Ignazio; the Vice-Rector acted as deacon, and we supplied the *assistenza*. The Senior Student announced the sad fact that the public purse is empty—perhaps Geneva will supply with a loan. To supper His Lordship the Bishop of Manila.

14th. *Saturday.* Mgr Barton Brown retires to the Blue Nuns for a few days; the common-room most of all awaits his return. The Southwark students had an audience with Archbishop Amigo and a group of pilgrims at Castel Gandolfo.

15th. *Sunday.* Fr Mason sang High Mass and received a hearty *prosit* at the end, the first for how long . . . ? In the evening a nautical film that plunged us into the vague depths of the last century. *Auguri* to the man who lost his bearings completely and asked His Grace if steamships had been invented when he was born—and to the archiepiscopal reply, "No, and I knew the martyrs personally".

16th. *Monday.* "The Sheet" appeared, cold and clean. This augurs the beginning of the end; and a business meeting of the Grant Debating Society made us feel that all, except the sheet, was finished.

17th. *Tuesday.* The reading in the refectory is good all round nowadays, though the *Liber Regum Tertius* is apt to fall below the standard set by Challoner and the Obit Book.

18th. *Wednesday*. To dinner Mgr Duchemin and Clapperton. Some people had a tentative swim this morning and then hung up their costumes for at least another fortnight. 7

19th. *Wednesday*. A rainy afternoon to prevent our cricket fixture with the Beda. So we attacked the sheet from all sides, and made a considerable advance.

20th. *Friday*. "Raniero has the Ikoflex in the portineria" says a notice on the board. A first year man expressed the hope that he would soon get better. Actually it is an *occasione* camera that Salmoiraghi's seem unable to dispose of elsewhere. 8

21st. *Saturday*. A huge circle in the common-room welcomed Mgr Barton Brown back from the Blue Nuns. 9

22nd. *Sunday*. The Apostolic Visitor came to High Mass to admire our handling of the *quilisma*. We were glad to see Rinaldo back amongst the servant-staff after his period in hospital for an operation.

23rd. *Monday*. Two handsome wooden reliquaries have appeared on either side of the altar in the Martyrs' chapel. Mr Lindsay, sub-editor of the *Tablet*, came to supper. 10

24th. *Tuesday*. *Caffé* and *rosolio* from the largesse of Fr Mason; and we showed our appreciation and delight at the company of our guests by three lusty cheers after supper—after the bell, in fact. So His Grace thanked us for breaking the rule in his honour: and we felt proud that he perceived our peccadillo to be so rare as to be honourable. 11

25th. *Wednesday*. Archbishop Amigo and Fr Mason left us to-day. We shall indeed miss their cheering company. This evening First Vespers of St. Philip in the Chiesa Nuova. The *ragazzini* manipulated the copes very skilfully and only one of the tiniest found himself engulfed by a too expert sweep round the stool. 12

26th. *Thursday*. *The Ascension*, which this year clashes with the Feast of St Philip Neri. Mgr Barton Brown sang the High Mass in the College, after which quite a number hurried round for the function at the Chiesa Nuova, with the result that they were all late for the *pranzone*. In the evening almost the whole College joined in the glorious Roman *fiesta*, and made sure of the laudable new tradition of giving three cheers for the Cardinal as he drives away.

27th. *Friday*. "Oh Mr—Yo-di-yo-di-yo . . ." Happy the man whose name is one of those staid unpronounceables now that these lampoons are on the lips of every scurrilous rhymester. 13

28th. *Saturday*. The Vice-Rector's birthday, celebrated this year in Rome, but a splendid day for all that. In the morning it was a novel sensation to come stumbling home from the Gregorian with the prospect of a monster dinner and festive day. At coffee and *liquori* the ban on speech-making was as heartily defied as ever, with a telegram from the Rector to complete the round of congratulation. A considerably em- 14

bellished tea carried on the good work, which was topped off by strawberries and cream at supper and a showing of Charlie Chaplin's masterpiece "Modern Times". And so we passed the last oasis in the desert of the sheet period.

29th. *Sunday*. We rose at six a.m., which means extra sleep in Rome.

15 30th. *Monday*. Mr Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, on his way back from the Eucharistic Congress at Budapesth, came to supper with his son Cuthbert and afterwards gave us a most inspiring and eloquent talk—a fitting end to a very successful season of the Literary Society.

16 31st. *Tuesday*. The Venerable has been twice honoured this week in the elevation of two of her sons to the episcopate. Mgr King has been made auxiliary to the Bishop of Portsmouth, and Mgr Griffin auxiliary to the Archbishop of Birmingham. To both we sent our congratulations immediately.

17 JUNE 1st. *Wednesday*. Our junior servant whose conversation, though generally plain and laconic, can sometimes show a flair for the illustrative, today surpassed himself when he dubbed beetroot "verdura rossa". But apparently the Collepardese pundits, though themselves inclined to solecism, will not brook it in the junior and neither honesty nor guile can induce him to repeat it.

2nd. *Thursday*. The cricket classic at Pamphilj—the Beda and ourselves in a very homely game—village cricket indeed, nor was there wanting the element of conviviality or wine, for the ancient altar served a purpose not wholly desecrate and many a libation was poured there in the spirit of revered antiquity. We won the day—youth will be served, as always, but the Beda were not wanting in talent and played a very good game. To supper Bishop Bouter of Nellore, who afterwards addressed us on missionary work in India, and thanked us for our subscription of £15 10s. 0d., with which he will build a church and its spire, dedicated to the English Martyrs.

18 3rd. *Friday*. Third Year Philosophy, having consumed their boiled eggs with chattering teeth, took their courage in one hand and their stick of chocolate in the other and hied them to the university for their written exam *ad licentiam*. Fortified by such Aristotelian nutriments, how could they do other than brilliantly? Business meeting of the Literary Society after dinner.

19 4th. *Saturday*. As there is a gita on Monday and as nearly everyone is going to Fregene, the college and the shops are humming with the arrangements of the various committees of supply.

5th. *Whit Sunday*. We migrated to the comparative coolness of the Martyrs' chapel for meditation and the community Mass.

6th. *Whit Monday*. There were some who did not go to Fregene, but they were few and unknown. A huge 'bus carried the real men to

a real holiday, for the day was glorious. The sea was perfect for bathing, the sand hot and tempting; of course, we all dined *al fresco*, and our fare was rich enough to grace the daintiest cuisine. We returned pleasantly tired, sun-tanned but not burned to the point for real discomfort. Indeed no Fregene gita could have been more successful than this, despite your asseverations to the contrary, Reverend Father.

7th. *Tuesday*. An extra half hour in bed to ponder yesterday's glory and admire the ceiling. We counted the days to the exams and compiled a drastic scheme which may just get us through the sheet in time.

8th. *Wednesday*. At six o'clock in the cool of a beautiful evening some of us joined in one of the most devotional functions that we have ever witnessed. It was the procession that escorted the body of St Andrew Bobola to the station, a memorable procession in which all the nations took part, and along with the crowds that packed the streets, showed a reverence that was singularly impressive and significant. It was a veritable triumph and the Poles above all must have felt proud of their saint. Traffic was stopped; the streets were lined by carabinieri, and the procession was well-ordered throughout. Beginning at the Gesù, it passed along the Via dell' Impero and up the Via Cavour, past St Mary Major's, and finally to the Termini where the enthusiasm reached its climax, as the people bade farewell to the Saint and eagerly sought to touch the coffin before it left for Poland. 20

10th. *Friday*. The Worst Journey in the World is almost over; we have left sastrugi and crevasses behind and almost reluctantly are returning to civilisation. In this weather it gives a relish to one's dinner to listen to the recital of a constant battle with the forces of extreme cold. 21

11th. *Saturday*. *Prosint* to the new sub-deacons, who seem already to have an unusual mastery over the mysteries of the breviary. 22

12th. *Sunday*. To dinner Fr Campbell, a Canadian priest who has been delving in the Archives. During Benediction the Martyrs' picture narrowly missed going up in flames, owing to some quite justifiable bending of the candles.

13th. *Monday*. A thunderstorm in the early morning broke the heat wave, and the rain was pleasantly cool and rain-washed this evening. 23

15th. *Wednesday*. Lloyd George is reminiscing for us in his War Memories as we eat these days. The sudden coolness has even brought some zimarras from their summer hiding and the swimming bath is almost deserted. 24

15th. *Thursday*. *Feast of Corpus Christi*. To-day was all that could be desired for processions, though not even our most fanatical liturgists or plain-chanters were heard to complain that our own celebrations were limited to a second Low Mass in the cool and restful Martyrs' chapel. Having taken this measure of the heat we rushed off to the Little Sisters of the Poor, where we sang and carried candles and bowed

graciously to the oldest inhabitant. Another party joined in the short function at Santa Caterina, where a senile oligarchy, whose rubrics none could gainsay, noisily presided in confraternity albs. To dinner Mgr. Babcock, Frs Murray and Renard and Mr Mathews. As to-day is also the 80th birthday of the King of Sweden, the nuns at St. Bridget's had a Thanksgiving Benediction for the Swedish colony, at which we supplied the *assistenza*. Some imprudent soul added the note "All welcome—tea afterwards". The way in which the sisters made welcome the resulting influx of savage ecclesiastical hordes, none of whom seemed to have had a square meal for months, was a model of cloistral tact.

17th. *Friday*. The subdeacons spent the day at the villa. Lovers of *THE* view will be interested to know that the great airship shed at Ciampino has been taken down and the material rebuilt into a row of three much smaller hangars, which are practically invisible in the landscape. A notice at the Gregorian reminds all those who are seeking for degrees that they must attend all lectures; the pill being gilt by a companion announcement that afternoon lectures will cease on the 21st.

18th. *Saturday*. The Vice-Rector led the priests to Castel Gandolfo for their farewell audience with the Holy Father. Where do ants go in the winter? In summer they come to Rome and divide their forces between the English College and Pamphilj. We can resign ourselves to ants in the corridor, ants in the wall, ants on the sanctuary gathering up oil from a cracked lamp; but when we have to spend ten minutes trying to find a square yard of Pamphilj free from these little pests, before we can tee ourselves up and reminisce or philosophise—we feel that a complaint should be lodged somewhere. As we watched their futile scamperings, whenever we had with malicious and black-hearted glee upset their path, we felt most wholeheartedly with St. Francis in his dislike. As for the proverbial sluggard, what better argument for slugging than the uselessness of all this energy?

19th. *Sunday*. As we returned from Pamphilj to-day we found appearing at various windows, flags, table-cloths and those indefinable garments of which every Roman family seems to command an inexhaustible supply and which apparently have no other purpose than to appear at windows on festive occasions—usually religious. Feeling that our appearance could hardly have produced such markedly devotional demonstrations, for after all we go to Pam almost daily in the Roman year, we were not surprised shortly to be involved in a great throng of people praying, selling candles, chatting and buying balloons and paper hats, listening to the Fascist band and getting in everyone's way. It was apparently a *fiesta* in honour of St. Anthony and, as we passed a nearby *trattoria*, and saw the phenomenal crowd at work around its door, we lit upon yet another reason why these Roman festas are so popular.

20th. *Monday*. At dinner a courageous choirmaster invited volunteers who wished to learn parts of *O Roma Felix* for the novena to SS

Peter and Paul, which begins to-night. The response was an assembly of those impossible people, who consider themselves baritones *in petto* or tenors *in potentia*. But such was the genius of the conductor that in a surprisingly short time we were carolling in a way that would have made members of the *schola* blush had any of them been present—but so plebeian an assembly held few attractions for that august body. To supper Fr Sheridan, the Scots' Vice, who is leaving to take up another appointment.

21st. *Tuesday*. A notice asks for an estimate of the number of people likely to attend the procession at Tor di Quinto next Sunday—roughly 80, we suppose. The recent offer of Messrs Sheed and Ward to supply 12 expensive books for 10s. has made many of us count our money carefully and work out how much that gita is going to cost; or alternatively make one bold plunge and wait till September before we commence fruitless repinings and doubt about this sudden lust for literature. In the afternoon we were ousted from the one antless spot in Pamphilj by a beaming sister; it was just over the fence by the arch and apparently encroached on the property of the new orphanage established there.

22nd. *Wednesday*. The clockman must have finished his novena for the clock, which has been out of action for just that length of time. It now strikes again—88 times during siesta to be exact. Its silence has been a boon during these hot and sleepless nights, and there is a movement to make this relief permanent. To-night we sang *Ad multos annos* for Mr Henshaw, the first of the *emeriti* to be discharged.

23rd. *Thursday*. When the Vice-Rector made a rather belated appearance at dinner he found that two of 7th Year had already been invited to the high table by the solitary superior. Apparently well pleased with this change of rôles, the Vice sat with the students—it is even said that he bowed to the Superior in the approved fashion.

24th. *Friday*. A party went to the villa to harangue the workmen. The *impresà* is actually nearing completion.

25th. *Saturday*. An extra bicchiere to celebrate Dr McNeill's birthday.

26th. *Sunday*. The Vice-Rector gave a sort of tenants' dinner to Mgrì Niccolo and Mazzoni. The latter has taken Archbishop Palica's old flat in No 46. In the afternoon the procession at Tor di Quinto could attract only a meagre attendance from the college. Many excuses were pleaded but the nuns had made great preparations and their disappointment was manifest. *Ad multos annos* in the evening for Mr Mullin and Benediction at 9.30 brought an appallingly hot day to a close.

27th. *Monday*. The last day of lectures. *Plausus prohibentur hac in universitate*—the warning is almost unnecessary so exhausted were we. There remain a last three days of grace before the massacre begins.

28th. *Tuesday*. A notice appears to say that after the 4th of July anyone who has finished his exams may go out to the villa, if he gives 48 hours' notice of his intention so to do.

29th. *Wednesday*. *Feast of Ss Peter and Paul*. To dinner a trio from the curia, Frs Maher, Killeen and O'Neill, S.J. The heat is intense but it does not dismay the crowds surging to St Peter's. The great piazza is thronged all day, and the queue waiting to kiss St. Peter's toe requires the attention of eight stalwart papal carabines. After Benediction we doffed our cottas and felt that yet another shackle which bound us to this scorching city had been severed.

30th. *Thursday*. Mr Osborne came to dinner and the O.N.D. were also invited to the superior's table.

JULY 1st. *Friday*. Exams begin with a flourish of trumpets. Two of Third Year Philosophy were tried in the first session and made a quick getaway this evening.

3rd. *Sunday*. Weighing-in for the villa began to-night, in order that the villa advance party should not be missed in the statistics. *Prosint* to Messrs Wells and Duggan, who have survived a stern battle with the Casa mosquitoes and so receive the diaconate to-day.

4th. *Monday*. An advance party of 8 men makes good its escape this morning. It is cooler to-day but they are much to be envied. Rumours fly about of a conference of the professors of the Gregorian to deal with the problem of lectures—a suggestion being that there should be four lectures in the morning and every afternoon free. The pessimist merely sees in this an attempt to get four lectures into the morning to make room for an extra one in the afternoon.

5th. *Tuesday*. An outbreak of fever at the French College has thrown the examination lists into complete chaos. Second Year Philosophy have lost hope of being examined this month and are thinking of beginning the sheet all over again.

6th. *Wednesday*. We welcomed Dr Duggan to-night, who has arrived fresh from the salubrious climes of Salford. Without hesitation he consented to be weighed and was not found wanting. Those who have finished their exams have gone to the villa, but a studious solid body remains incarcerated.

7th. *Thursday*. And here we come to an end, having finished our course, that began in the cold of January and ends in the heat of a real Roman July. But there is no need to soliloquise. Indeed there is no time. However, we do feel a certain reluctance to lay down the pen, for that here on the threshold of the Promised Land we are bidden to cease our work, and let another take over, where we should like to begin. To-morrow we shall arrive at Palazzola, and shall revel in the freedom and idleness we have longed for; and how better to enhance the joy and relish it the more than to write about it, and chronicle the glorious



eventlessness of everything! Halcyon days ahead, with nought to disturb us, save the lazy choice between cricket and handball, or handball and nothing; and the joy of knowing that whatever you choose will be the best, for you shall enjoy it to the full. But to-morrow we shall have achieved our goal; our diary will be at an end. And when, like Catullus, *desiderato acquiescens lecto*, we shall thank the kind fate that brought us here and sing with the carefree shepherd—*Deus nobis haec otia fecit*.

J. CURRAN AND H. LAVERY.

PERSONAL

As it has been and is the first place we offer our loyal and respectful greetings to the Hon. Father's representative in the college, the Right Reverend Monsignor Laboratory, O.S.B. formerly Abbot General of the Cistercian Congregation of Persepolis of the Province of Quebec at Montreal. The Montreal Station began on May the 15th and will continue.

It is with great pride that we offer our sincere congratulations to their Lordships the Right Reverend Bishops of Otago and Aotearoa, King (1898-1904), now Auxiliary to the Bishop of Wellington, who has always been a staunch friend of the college and of the University, which he has made as the very valuable gift of his Roman Chair, which should be equal to the classic works of Johnson and Bishop Butler, and will remain a rich store to be worked by the editor in the future. Mr. Collins (1921-1925) is the best of the best was appointed to be related to the episcopate and was a student here when the things of today were being established. Although Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Wellington, Mr. Collins is the former Administrator of that part of the province of good work known as Father Hudson's House; never mind we have returned of a gift from him in the new future. In our new building at another stage.

To his aid in our great joy having finished his inspection of the college in England the Rector returned from his travels in Palestine on July the 25th.

The Physical Department continues here as far recorded only two new parish priests this year: Rev. Joseph Howe, B.D. (1922-1925) from the Lady's Woodport is now in charge at St. Chad's (Leeds); Rev. William Sewell, B.D. (1922-1925) was from Barrow in St. Patrick's, Cornwall Road, Waterloo.

## PERSONAL

As is but right and proper, in the first place we offer our loyal and respectful greetings to the Holy Father's representative in the college, the Right Reverend Dom Maurus Etcheverrey, O.S.B., formerly Abbot General of the Cassinese Congregation of Benedictines of the Primitive Observance at Subiaco. The Apostolic Visitation began on May the 9th and still continues.

It is with great pride that we offer our sincere congratulations to their Lordships, the Right Reverend Bishops of Opus and Abya. Mgr King (1899-1904), now Auxiliary to the Bishop of Portsmouth, has always been a staunch friend of the college and of THE VENERABLE, whilst recently he made us the very valuable gift of his Roman Diary, which already ranks equal to the classic works of Johnson and Bishop Burton, and will remain a rich mine to be worked by the editors of the future. Mgr Griffin (1921-1925) is the first of the post-war generations to be raised to the episcopate, and was a student here when the things of to-day were being established. Although Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Birmingham, Mgr Griffin is to remain Administrator to that vast ramification of good works known as Father Hudson's Homes: nevertheless we hear rumours of a visit from him in the near future. To our new Bishops *ad multos annos*.

To his and to our great joy, having finished his inspection of the colleges in England, the Rector returned from his travels to Palazzola on July the 28th.

The Clerical Appointments columns have so far revealed only two new parish priests this year: Rev. Joseph Howe, D.D. (1922-1929), from Our Lady's, Stockport, is now in charge at St Chad's, Cheadle; Rev. William Sewell, D.D. (1922-1929) goes from Barnes to St Patrick's, Cornwall Road, Waterloo.



BISHOP GRIFFIN



BISHOP KING

It is with regret that we record the promotion of our good *parroco* Don Emilio Baroncelli, to the new and important parish of San Francesco Saverio on the outskirts of the city. His place at San Lorenzo in Damaso is taken by Mgr Giulio Ciricioni.

A hearty *prosit* in anticipation to the members of the year 1907-1914, Mgr Hugh Cogan, Canon Iles, Drs Campion and Bird, and Fr Edmondson, who celebrate the silver jubilee of their ordination on November the 1st, and Fr Bernard Coleman on November the 30th; and in retrospect to Mgr Redmond (1913-1917) who kept his in the summer.

This year we have again been blessed with many guests: Rev. G. Telford stayed in the college during the General Council of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. His Grace the Archbishop-Bishop of Southwark honoured us with a visit and brought with him Fr P. H. Mason (1889-1894), who found himself so much at home as to shed many a tear that, despite a record of 35 visits to Rome, this was the first time he had stayed in the college. Mgr Barton Brown was as welcome as ever when, like a true homing pigeon, he flew to us from England. Dr T. B. Pearson (1928-1934) spent as much time in the college as he could spare from his duties as cicerone to a horde of youthful Blackpudlians. At Easter Revv Fitzsimons and Smyth came from Lille and Dr R. Delaney (1921-1928) from Darlington. To the Villa came Dr T. Duggan (1926-1933), Dr T. Holland from the Colegio Ingles, Valladolid; Rev A. Atkins (1921-1928), who brought with him from Liverpool Rev E. Murphy; Rev R. Foster, L.S.S. (1930-1934), who came with Rev J. Coyne and two students from Oscott. As we go to press Revv G. Dwyer (1926-1934) and W. Purdy (1928-1935) are in our midst.

We congratulate James Walsh, Esq., Ph.D., Editor of *The Catholic Times*, on his appointment as a Supernumerary Privy Chamberlain "of the Sword and Cape" to his Holiness the Pope.

Rev J. P. Carroll-Abbing (1930-1938) is now secretary to Cardinal Pizzardo at the Central Bureau for Catholic Action.

Rev A. R. Birley (1935-1937), whose health compelled him to leave Rome during the year, has accepted an appointment as Professor of History at St Benedict's Priory, Ealing.

In July as goodly a Seventh Year as any was fledged, of whom Mr Gallagher alone has so far received a definite appointment, as assistant priest at Our Lady and St Patrick's, Teignmouth. Of the rest Messrs Ekbery, Grasar and Mitchell will return for further studies, whilst Messrs Foley, Mullin, Henshaw, Jackson and Lescher are not yet in regular employment but, according to report, are by no means finding the time hang heavy on their hands.

THE EDITOR WELCOMES ANY INFORMATION THAT MAY BE SENT TO HIM  
FOR THIS COLUMN.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

“What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?”—we sincerely hope so but, at the same time, it is sad to record that there is now a twelfth ex-Editor of *THE VENERABLE*. Mr Swinburne has served on the staff through two and a half volumes and has made a name for himself with his articles on the archives and the history of the college. During his vigorous editorship he produced three excellent numbers and, since he laid its foundations, to him is due much of whatever there may be of credit in that which we now offer to our readers.

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Firth	Secretary : Mr Hanlon
Sub-editor : Mr Pledger	Under-secretary : Mr Brown
Without Portfolio : Mr Lavery	

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*The Beda Review, The Cottonian, The Douai Magazine, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Millhillian, The Oscotian, The Prior Park Magazine, The Ratcliffian, Roman Echoes, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Womersh Magazine.*

We thank Messrs Chester for *The Chesterian* and gifts of music, and the Catholic Association for *The Scrip*.

We have received the following from a correspondent :—

On Monday, August 1st, a Lourdes Roman Dinner was held in the Hotel d'Espagne, Lourdes. It was organised by the Rev R. Earley and attended by the Roman members of the Birmingham, Nottingham, Salford and Canon Monk's Pilgrimages : Revv L. W. Jones, R. H.

Nicholson, J. Park, V. Whiteman, E. Ellis, R. Earley, B. Whiteside, J. Masterson, and H. Wilson. The guest of honour was Canon Manion, Headmaster of Cotton, whilst the present generation was represented by Messrs Dawson and O'Connell. Full justice was done to the festive board, Alma Mater duly toasted, and the wish expressed that the present occasion should become an annual function.

## UNIVERSITY NOTES

This year the examinations went very slowly at first both on account of the shortage of Professors and a sudden outbreak of fever at the French College, which held up all advance for three days. The result was that an unusually large number were still hard at their theses when we arrived at Palazzola. The examinations finished on July 19th and the results were exceptionally good, the standard being very high.

The new programme came into force this year and proved most satisfactory. Morning schools now last from 8.30 to 11.30, with 50 minute lectures and a break of 10 minutes between. However, a general meeting of the Professors was held at the end of the year to discuss whether the customary four lectures of the day could not be given in one fell swoop before dinner, so that every afternoon should be free. As no satisfactory conclusion could be reached the matter was held over for at least another year. It is probable that to relieve the congestion of the programme the cyclic system of combining two years for lectures will come into force again for Dogma. Morals, Scripture and History have been so taught for many years now.

A chair of Family Science was erected last November with Professors from three faculties taking the necessary lectures. There is also a scheme on foot to unite all the students of the University under the Parish Priests of Rome and the Society of St Vincent de Paul to help the poor of the city. The first general meeting will be held at the beginning of next year.

Since the death of Cardinal Bisleti, the Holy Father himself has been Grand Chancellor of the University and is represented at all functions by Monsignor Ruffini.

In January Fr Iriarte came from the province of Castile and in March Fr John Murray from England, each to lecture on the History of Philosophy in place of Fr Keeler but by a last minute change Fr Murray took the Text of Aristotle. The other new Professors are Fr Fröbes, who has replaced Fr Gaetani for Experimental Psychology; Fr Muñoz, who lectured on Cosmology with Fr Hoenen, and Fr Gomez-Hellin for "De Novissimis". Fr John MacMahon came from New York as Librarian in place of Fr Frodl, who has now taken complete charge of the printing press. Fr Creijghton of the Missiological has left Rome on account of ill-health, whilst Frs Abelé, De Aldama and Balam have returned to their provinces.

During the summer Fr Boyer read a paper at the International Congress of Philosophy held in Paris, his subject being "Le *Cogito dans St Augustin*", and Fr Siwek followed him on "Le problème de la valeur". At Lima the Doctorate in Philosophy *honoris causa* was conferred on Fr Laburu, at the conclusion of his series of lectures to the Catholic University. On the 20th of September, 1937, Fr Güenechea celebrated the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Society. Frs Filograssi and Arnou were absent for several weeks owing to the General Congregation.

The following books have been published at the University this year :

Carolus Boyer : *Tractatus de Gratia Divina.*

Sebastianus Tromp : *De Revelatione* Editio IV.

P. PEDRICK

## LITERARY SOCIETY

As the Literary Society plays so large a part in our social life, the duty of the president is no light one, and requires of him a sustained vigilance throughout the season. Persuasiveness, too, must be part of his equipment, and perhaps to this and to his untiring energy we can attribute the singular success of the season. Certainly he must have waylaid most of the distinguished visitors to Rome, and we can boast quite a few great "names" who honoured us with a talk.

The season was very successfully launched by an illuminating talk on the "New Deal" by Mr Christopher Hollis, whose knowledge of the subject is professional. And, of course, Archbishop Downey, who was our guest at the beginning of the year, did not elude us, and we enjoyed both the substance and manner of his paper on Psycho-analysis—a subject on which His Grace is well qualified to speak.

Mr Arnold Lunn very graciously delayed his stay in Rome to oblige us with some intimate facts about the Spanish War. His ability as a speaker is well known, and he treated of a subject on which we all feel sincerely, and to which he has devoted much of his time. Fr Martindale, S.J., was booked as soon as we heard of his presence in Rome, and his talk on the Apostleship of the Sea was both instructive and inspiring. Mr C. Rendell, C.M.G., and Sir James Hartigan are well remembered; and a talk by Mr Joseph Scott, K.C.S.G., American delegate to the Eucharistic Congress, revealed a great personality and zeal, which impressed us deeply.

There were two speakers from the House, and their papers ranked well with those of our distinguished guests. Mr O'Connell's analysis of the Battle of Jutland and his extensive knowledge of the British Navy combined to provide one of the most enthralling papers for many years; while the Vice-Rector's inquiry into the nature of Modern Jazz



regaled us for an evening, and was enhanced by selections from piano and gramophone—an original and highly entertaining way of illustration.

The papers totalled 14 in all, which seems to be a very suitable number, for the season is a long one. Certainly this year was an achievement for the society, and Mr Lescher is to be congratulated on the success which is due to him.

Next year the President is to be Mr Duggan, and the Secretary Mr Roche.

G. AUCHINLECH

## THE GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

When we say that we had six meetings during the past season and, far from being ashamed of our remissness, are rather pleased with this number, some Demosthenes of the past may be even more convinced if it were possible that things are not what they were in his day. But we have now to share the week with many other societies and activities innumerable—all of them obstacles to a peaceful evening of high discussion. Thus it has happened that on more than one occasion a debate has been prepared and has had to wait for a considerable time for two suitable and consecutive free nights. That this, and no lack of support in the house, is the real reason for the fewness of debates is evident from the attendance, which has been high, and the enthusiasm and number of the speakers.

Our first two debates, that *the Parliamentary System, as exemplified by the Mother of Parliaments at Westminster, is outworn* and that *Pageantry fulfils no useful purpose and should be abolished*, showed an average attendance of 33 for the first night and 26 for the second. The real triumph of the season was the debate that *Utopia is not an ideal to be aimed for*. Thirty-five came for the first night and 34 for the second; we might well have continued for a third night and finally the voting required the chairman's casting vote as a decider.

Then came the night when even the solemn Grant Debating Society becomes purposely festive—the impromptu debate, which has now become an annual fixture. The six or seven subjects were debated with a remarkable fluency, if with a certain lack of appositeness.

Although the aim of the officers was so to word motions that a monotonous quibbling over terminology should be reduced to a minimum, they failed badly over the question whether *invention, which has not necessity for its mother, is evil*. The bandying and twisting of the words *invention* and *necessity* was rivalled only by the squirming of the Secretary as he vainly tried to set down some coherent account of the course of the argument.

We ended the year in the august company of the Apostolic Visitor, who was accompanied by Fr Mason. These distinguished visitors learnt

that in the opinion of the Society, at least for that night, *the advantages of the Monitorial System outweigh the disadvantages.*

It is inevitable that certain speakers should be on their feet regularly and, provided that they do not block the way for more bashful and possibly not less accomplished members, this is an advantage for it ensures that every debate will be warmed up by a competent person before being handed over to those who need the fire of enthusiastic conviction or contradicted principles before they deliver a real Philippic. And during the present year, at any rate, the regular orators were followed by an ever increasing number of occasional speakers. One custom we would deprecate—the habit that some extraordinary beings have contracted of appearing on the second evening only, in order to experience the thrill of voting!

We wish our successors as pleasant and successful a season as we have just concluded and know full well that, under the guidance of Messrs Auchinlech and Holland, the Society will provide excellent fare for our mental digestions during the coming year.

J. PLEDGER

## THE WISEMAN SOCIETY

Although the Society remains much the same as it was in the first few years of its existence, yet in many respects it has undergone some slight changes. The days when a small band of enthusiasts used to foregather in the privacy of the music room to ventilate some question have now passed, and instead often as many as thirty or forty attend our meetings—a good indication of the valuable work the Society is doing in the House.

During last year six papers were read, one at Palazzola and five in Rome. Most of them reached a very high standard; indeed the Vice-Rector's paper on "Gilbert and Sullivan Opera" and Fr H. E. G. Rope's on "Chesteron" were, in the opinion of many, two of the best papers that we have been privileged to hear. If we may venture a small criticism of this year's session, it is to the effect that interest has been centreing too much around the paper, and that not enough is being paid to the discussion. This may be due to the excellence of the papers, or to the fact that some of them are very positive and leave little room for controversy.

The papers were as follows:—

At Palazzola:

"An Introduction to the Poetry of Francis Thompson," by Mr Cassidy. An attempt to show what Thompson considered to be the real nature of poetry and the functions of a true poet, and then to demonstrate that Thompson actually put these principles into practice in his own work. The discussion centred round the differences between Hopkins and Thompson. There were two schools of thought on the subject, and, as is usual on such occasions, the bell found us *in medias res.*

In Rome :

"Gilbert and Sullivan Opera," by the Vice-Rector. This paper attracted most of the house, and for that reason the meeting was held in the billiard room. It took two nights in reading and was illustrated by numerous selections from the operas. Most of the paper was taken up with an analysis of the technique of Sullivan's music, and was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by all of the large audience present.

"G. K. Chesterton—Distributist and Champion of Justice," by Fr H. E. G. Rope, M.A. The Society was very fortunate in hearing an interpretation of Chesterton from one of his closest disciples and friends. Chesterton's great humility and his wide charity, his topsyturvy humour and above all his sincerity and love of social justice were all dealt with in a most scholarly and appreciative way. The paper was illustrated by many quotations both in prose and verse from Chesterton's works and ended with a most thought-provoking comparison between Chesterton and St Thomas More.

Several interesting points came up for discussion—particularly the fact that one of the greatest tragedies of Chesterton's life was that, although a great lover of children, he was himself childless.

"William Blake" by Mr Curran. A very provoking paper on the prophetic works of Blake, which strongly defended the poet from the charge of insanity. The discussion was very lively and although the central thesis was vigorously attacked, it was very ably defended and its truth more than vindicated.

"Culture and the Consequences of Original Sin," by Mr J. Harrison. An analysis of the influence of Christianity on the art and culture of all times, showing that even in pagan times the best art was due to the influence of the *anima naturaliter christiana*.

"The Path from Rome," by Mr Hulme. An interesting paper on the debt of England to Rome, maintaining that England in her culture was more Roman than Anglo-Saxon. The discussion left the Society very divided.

M. CASSIDY

## ORCHESTRA NOTES

The fortunes of the Orchestra have fluctuated considerably during the past year. Various circumstances led to the loss of our conductor, pianist and several of our string players, while our mentor for the previous year, Mr Pitt, was forced by ill-health to relinquish his command into other, less competent hands. But the co-operation and good will of our musicians enabled us to continue in being, so that by the end of the year we were once more quite strongly established.

We have returned to Haydn as the staple food of the Orchestra, and based our practices last year on the "Military", "93rd", and "London" symphonies, taking, as lighter material, the Coppelia Ballet

Music. At the St George's concert we performed (on the whole quite creditably) the Mazurka and Valse from the *Coppelia*, and the Minuet and Trio from the "Military". For next year we have in hand a suite from the Dramatic Music of Purcell. This is intended to be, if possible, the beginning of a return, or perhaps even a first approach to the contrapuntal period and especially to the great English composers of the period. We have also in mind such composers as Scarlatti and Corelli, as being more suited to the particular balance of our orchestra.

We have also embarked on a policy of, at concerts, mixing the types of fare provided, so that there will be one item from one of the great masters and one of a lighter nature, as it is becoming more and more essential to avoid over-heaviness in the concert material, as the musical items become more and more elaborate.

As regards the actual playing, there has been a considerable improvement this year in all branches, especially in the wind instruments. Unfortunately the orchestra has suffered a severe lack, chiefly of violins, but also of bass strings, with a consequent lack of balance which could only be remedied by holding the other units of the orchestra in severe restraint. This defect will be remedied during the coming year by the introduction of two or three more violins, another 'cello and, a thing long-needed and long striven for, a double-bass. This instrument was acquired last year from a member of the Teatro Adriano orchestra, and is a handsome instrument (in so far as that is possible for a double-bass) of good, sonorous tone. It is in competent hands and, judging from ungrateful remarks passed, is beginning to make its presence felt. The *début* will probably take place at Christmas, when we hope to play in two concerts in an effort to give the House a larger chance of appreciating our talents. For this welcome addition to our forces we are largely indebted to the generosity of the Rector and of Dr Calnan, to whom we take this chance of renewing our sincere thanks.

And finally a word of thanks and farewell to a valiant and loyal member of the Orchestra through many seasons, Fr F. Gallagher who is now on the Mission; as also thanks to Mr Grasar who nobly came to our rescue last year at the piano. And our good wishes for a speedy recovery to Mr Molloy, who made himself indispensable to the musical matters of the College, and who is now in England recuperating from illness.

J. HARRISON

## CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

A return to an old tradition, to the method of the study circle, was attempted in the past year. It was attended by only partial success for we were too ambitious. To try to run three study circles in these days of Catholic Action and increased lectures was to attempt too much. One circle was discontinued, one small circle collapsed because of the

illness of three members, but the third was sufficiently successful to encourage us to try again in the coming year. Under the guidance of Mr Hulme 16 members studied the elements of economics and much serious work was done. The experience gained will stand us in good stead in the years to come.

Much more encouraging was the great success of the general meetings of the Guild. The attendance was splendid and a gratifying indication of the growth of interest in social questions in the House in general. For Fr Rope's paper on *Distributism* so many wished to attend that we were forced to take over the common-room for the evening. Mr Ekbery for the paper on *Usury and the Ethics of Interest* had an audience of 50. Other papers were given on *Fascism* by Mr Cotter, *Arms and Armament Firms* by Mr Curran, *The Encyclical "Divini Redemptoris"* by Mr Wells, and on *Money* by Mr Hulme. Attendances were always good and at discussion time so acrimonious were disputes that disorder was frequently feared. The Guild has now passed out of the doldrums; and with past experience to guide us a vigorous and successful year surely lies before us.

Finally no report would be complete without expressing our thanks to those benefactors who, by their generous response to our appeal, made possible the purchase of twelve most useful books for our library.

L. WELLS

### C.A.P.A.C.

Many Venerable men are already quite familiar with the activities of the cryptogrammatical "CAPAC", though perhaps few of them have been able to decipher the meaning behind those mystic letters. The answer to the riddle is Catholic Action Pre-Assistants Circle—an admittedly unwieldy title but the only which one really expresses our chief aim—to prepare for our part as Ecclesiastical Assistants to Catholic Action. CAPAC was started about two and a half years ago by a small but noble group anxious to introduce the study of Catholic Action into the college. We owe them our very warm thanks for a venture which has proved its worth in spite of a certain element of opposition. Plans have been slightly modified, especially in the case of our earlier bureaucratic tendencies, but the main work, the study of Catholic Action from the point of view of the priest, continues to flourish. Four or five papers are written each year on an annual plan. These are duplicated on a *Gestetner*, distributed in the house, and afterwards discussed and criticised at a general meeting. There are evident drawbacks to our work, the main one being our necessary lack of practical experience of life on the mission. Thus CAPAC has always tried to base its practical side on information received from the many priests, who have been good enough to show their interest by asking for our papers and helping us with their advice and criticisms. For this reason part of each paper contains a number

of suggestions to be accepted, rejected or revised as the particular case demands.

An excellent library has been collected, thanks to the generosity of our members and friends in England, which contains nearly everything worth reading on C.A. in English, French and Italian, besides the whole collection of C.T.S. pamphlets.

Through CAPAC the Venerabile is becoming imbued with the spirit of Catholic Action, and we are looking forward to the time when we can join more immediately in the great work of Catholic Action in England —“*ut instauremus omnia in Christo*”.

T. MCKENNA

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: THE AMERICAN GAMES

It was a pleasure, towards the end of the football season, to renew the intermittent fixture with the North American College. The first game was played on their “campus” on the Janiculum. Our easy superiority, especially in mid-field, and a goal lead caused our players to slacken their efforts and almost cost us the match. Our opponents were best served by a very fast centre-forward and several really vigorous defenders. It was indeed speed alone which, in spite of the efforts of our second string goalie, was responsible for their obtaining two quick goals. This naturally caused consternation and an immediate rally on the part of our team: it was interesting to see whether it had come too late; partly because of the small ground, which cramped the efforts of our forwards, and partly because the forwards themselves were not able to adapt their tactics to the conditions of play. With a few minutes to go we scored following a corner and had to be content with a draw. Even though we were much more practised footballers than the Americans we deserved no better result; we were poor in front of the goal and failed to realise that the game we were playing was the wrong one for the circumstances.

This game was so much enjoyed and the enthusiasm of the Americans so great that a return match was played, giving us a chance to enjoy Fortitudo on a perfect day. The large pitch and the hard ground were in our favour and made the game an exhibition rather than a test of fortune. However we had one rather bad period when, after building up the handsome lead of 3—0, we had two goals scored against us as, by play that was good, fast and open, their centre-forward outran the defence. Then our team, which had been changed somewhat for the game, re-asserted itself and finished with a score of 5—2, giving the impression that it might well have been even more. During this match it was a pleasure to see our inside forwards playing such a keen, open game. It was also good to win for a change and this should give the team renewed confidence for matches next year.

J. GANNON

## OUR BOOK SHELF

*Priest and Penitent.* By John Carmel Heenan, D.D. (Sheed & Ward.)  
pp. 194. 7s. 6d.

It is always a pleasure to welcome the appearance of a book written by a former student of the College, but particularly so when the book in question deals with the priest's pastoral life—since this is the *raison d'être* of our College. Dr Heenan takes us with him into both sides of the confessional and there introduces us not only to the Priest but also, in a most illuminating way, to ourselves. The book is therefore something of a revelation for, of all people, we find ourselves the most difficult to understand. We are shown our motives and forced to examine them. We are told clearly how to make our confessions less difficult both for ourselves and for the priest. "The purpose of these pages is to make the practice of confession more attractive". No one who has read this book will deny that the author's purpose has been achieved.

Let us not expect to find in this book only a series of "don'ts" and practical hints. Dr Heenan drives home his points with such an abundance of solid doctrine and apt illustrations that we are forced to draw our own conclusions—only to find that they coincide with his. He gives us, in an attractive and easily assimilated form, the dogma and history of the Sacrament of Penance, locating it accurately in its doctrinal context and marking out for us the place it should hold in our lives. More than this, he shows us exactly what our confession means to the priest himself and what his reactions may be. In brief, we are told of the two sides of the confessional, what only a Penitent, who is also a Priest, would tell us.

The book will appeal to many categories of people; priests, future priests, converts and other. It will be useful to all, if only to serve as an examination of conscience on their "*devoir d'état*". We wish the author abundant fruits of his labour in hoping that his book may fall into the hands of many thousands of readers.

J. C. BUCKLEY

## OBITUARY

THE VERY REV JOSEPH COLEMAN, D.D., V.F.

On February 3rd the Very Rev Joseph Coleman, after a long period of ill-health, died at Stalybridge. He was born at Crewe and commenced his studies for the priesthood at Cotton College. From there he went to Oscott in 1900, whence two years later he came to the Venerable. He was a diligent student and had a considerable fund of quiet ability which rendered him successful in the examinations for the degrees of both Philosophy and Theology. In 1908 he returned to England to work in the Shrewsbury diocese, where he laboured fruitfully for thirty years, displaying in every enterprise the same earnestness and zeal which had marked his student days, combining withal much geniality. His deep devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was at the core of all the life and activity of this true son of the Venerable. R.I.P.

JOHN PORTER.



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(Edited in London for the World)

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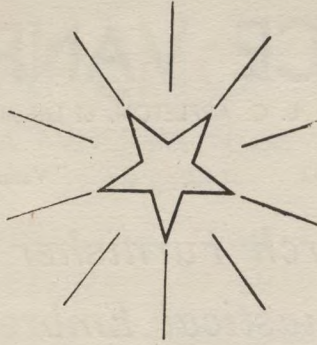
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