

# THE VENERABLE

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EXETER

## CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>
Editorial	189
Robert Cardinal Curzon	<i>Alan Clark</i> 190
Romanesque	<i>Richard L. Stewart</i> 199
Saxons in Rome	206
October at Palazzola	<i>William Park</i> 215
Roman Obelisks	<i>Hubert J. Richards</i> 216
Nova et Vetera	227
College Diary	<i>Peter Walmsley</i> 237
Personal	260
College Notes	262
Obituary	269
Book Reviews	272

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Via Monserrato 45  
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RT. REV. JOSEPH RUDDERHAM

## EDITORIAL

The celebration of a Holy Year is an important event in the life of the Church and particularly in the life of the College. Not every generation can number a Holy Year among its seven spent in Rome. We, then, would seem to be especially fortunate, who, only three years after our return to the Eternal City, are about to enjoy a Holy Year which promises to be a memorable one. This, indeed, will be no ordinary Jubilee. Not only is it the first to be celebrated after the war, but it is the silver jubilee of Holy Years, the twenty-fifth since the year thirteen hundred, when Pope Boniface VIII happily revived the ancient custom.

In the next numbers the magazine hopes to publish accounts of the principal events and ceremonies, and by putting these happenings on record will try to impart to those unfortunately unable to come some of the spirit and atmosphere of Rome in 1950. But for the present readers must be content with the few notes to be found in *Nova et Vetera*, which we offer as a foretaste of the things to come.

# ROBERT CARDINAL CURZON

## A MEDIAEVAL SOCIALIST

Reformers are seldom born with cool and calm dispositions, and Robert Curzon is no exception. Like Stephen Langton he lived in an atmosphere of reaction and reform and a testimony to his energy and drive is to be found among the acts of the great Council of the Lateran (1215); quite a considerable portion of these are due to him. But it is difficult to capture across more than seven centuries the fierceness of the mood in Paris during the last decade of the twelfth century. The intense intellectual activity of the Schools under its own impetus had to find an outlet in action, else it was condemned to sterility. Morality was not keeping pace with the new insight into the truths of Faith, and men such as Curzon saw the latent disaster in this cleavage. It was a time in the Church's history when half-measures and mere patching could not remedy the blatant abuses in Church government. Something electric was demanded that would fire the world anew and give birth to a new hope, a new vision, and destroy the growing despair. Abuse, exploitation and fraud seemed to have become normal. Innocent III was great enough to sense the mood (he had studied in Paris) and, with a stroke of genius, to see the way ahead. No mere measures of reform had the chance of success unless he could win the clergy and the secular power. Therefore he raised the standard of the Cross: men must either renounce all and take the Cross or acknowledge their own cowardice before the public gaze. In this way the mood would change and reform measures could be introduced with some chance of success.

Curzon was educated in this atmosphere. He belonged to the same circle as Langton. He had not, it is true, the depth of his compatriot nor his sanctity. His tempestuous disposition threatened to ruin immense work and he naturally

made far more enemies. For him there was no delicate shading in the affairs of men: there was either black or white, for or against. The chroniclers who mention him disagree except as regards his undoubted integrity and intellectual gifts. But his lord and master was wise enough to see that, wild as he was at times (he resorted to fire and sword when other more ecclesiastical means became ineffective), he was a heaven-sent leader of reform, and because of that he forgave him many things. Robert was quite sure what he wanted and his motives could not be impugned: though a man with a universal cure for the evils of his day, he had that controlled cynicism which made it possible to apply his decrees to sinful mediaeval society. He understood better than most his master's plan of campaign and saw clearly how closely allied was the preaching of the Crusade with the rooting out of abuse. Like Langton he did not refrain from acting against that same master when convinced of the injustice of his orders, and like Langton he suffered disgrace—but with less of Stephen's sweetness. However, in spite of that, this disgrace was short-lived, at least with Innocent, who must have soon forgiven the outburst and left his *enfant terrible* just sufficient time to cool his heels before engaging him again. Even so Honorius III was as cruel to him as to Langton.<sup>1</sup>

Though English by birth Robert was a Continental, perhaps it would be truer to say a European. Because of this we know little of his origin. He once wrote to King John: "we are constrained by our very flesh to love you because we were born in your land" (Rymer: *Foedera*, I, p. 121), and John himself speaks of him as "our revered Father in Christ and dearest friend". There is indeed a mention of a family "Curson" at Keddleston in Derbyshire in 1230 (Brit. Mus. Harley ms. 1093, f. 83) and it is very probable that he was of noble origin: at any rate the present Lord Curzon counts him among his ancestors. He was certainly a pupil of Peter the Chanter at Paris before 1197 and in his *Summa* cites the latter on almost every page as "Magister noster". "The admiration with which Courson in his *Summa* speaks of Peter the Chanter—'immortalis recordationis magister noster Cantor' (f. 15 1 v.)—the direction of his thought and purpose, his qualities, the fidelity he shows

<sup>1</sup> The chief sources for this short appreciation of the character of Robert Cardinal Curzon are: Georges Lefèvre, *Le Traité "De Usura" de Robert de Courçon*, Lille, 1902; Charles Dickson, *Le Cardinal Robert de Courçon*, Archives d'histoire doctrinale et littéraire du Moyen Age, 1934, p. 53 sqq.; M. William Hunt, D.N.B., s.v.; Hauréau, *Notices* . . . (t. xxxi, 2e partie), t. I, pp. 167-180; Grabman, *Die Geschichte der Scholastischen Methode*, t. II, p. 493 sqq.

towards his teaching, prepares us to see his development in this reforming *milieu* with its mysticism and intransigence, grouped around Foulques de Neuilly, himself a pupil and disciple of the Chanter." (Dickson : op. cit. Curzon's name because of the uncertainty of his origin has several spellings, but now there is little doubt that "Curzon" is correct.) He seems to have resided at Paris and five bulls show him to be head of the papal delegation from 1204-06. In 1209 he is canon of that city. Probably between 1204 and 1207 he taught theology, may be even up to 1210, and besides his *Summa*, a moral treatise on the sacraments with special emphasis on Penance, he wrote some commentary on the Sentences but the Canterbury ms. of this is lost. Functions of a judge occupied most of his time and he was constantly called to settle affairs connected with the Crusade. His writings show a deep knowledge of Justinian and Roman law and he was well versed in medical science. He held strongly that doctors should take no fee for operations to dissuade them from earning a living by performing unnecessary amputations. His inspiration, though not his technique, is however scriptural and theological. His is not an original mind, nevertheless he shows acute penetration of the evils of his day and their cure. His violence did not allow him a fully objective assessment of the universal needs of his time, but he was right to see the need for violent remedies. He had the vision to see that his own violent remedy could not be applied because of the weakness of the patient, in this case, as in every, fallen man. Therefore with reluctance he offers a compromise.

What was threatening to cause a complete collapse of the Church from within? Men were living on the edge of chaos. If the theologians should prove unequal to the necessity of integrating into their own science the vast flowering of learning that was daily throwing up new shoots, then undoubtedly schism and heresy were certain to take root. If on the other hand the moral tone of the clergy were not raised six hundred per cent, then no amount of speculative effort could save the administration of the Church from tottering. It was the low standard of morality among the leaders of the Church—abbots and prelates—that drew forth from Robert his fiercest denunciations and it is a wonder that, in so brutal an age, he got away with his life. Money had succeeded payment by goods, but its quality had yet to be truly assessed. The unscrupulous were

finding that money-lending was a profitable trade, and the exploitation of the unsuccessful and the needy had reached ugly proportions. Simony had not yet been destroyed, far from it. Plurality of benefices, nepotism, fraud and greed, all these unpleasant evils were rampant among the prelates as among the princes. Unless something violent was done in the way of reform, the future held no greater prospect than the complete demoralization of the Church. The hinge of these evils might be said to be usury and reduced to its essentials this problem was concerned with the legitimacy of interest loans. Robert who in other moral questions is decidedly lenient and resourceful in his solutions, is here rigid and uncompromising. There is no such thing as a lawful interest loan! From Scripture and from an analysis of the loan contract and the injustice of some of its effects he shows it to be intrinsically evil. His favourite text is that from the Sermon on the Mount (Luke vi, 35)—“Lend, hoping for nothing thereby”. Interest then is against fraternal charity and against that genus of communism which is implied by the brotherhood of men. Therefore “we say that usury can never in any instance be allowed”.

It is here we meet his intransigence. But it is only when we see how rooted was the practice of exacting interest on money loans in society from prince to humble trader that we gasp at his temerity and fearlessness. The invective he uses would in a more modern age have landed him in a libel action. As it was he was delated to Rome. Philip Augustus complained bitterly to Innocent of Robert's prescription of loans at interest. One day it appeared that a usurer had been buried recently in a Christian grave: he promptly ordered the exhumation and the burial of the corpse far out in the country (Brit. Mus. Royal ms. 7 D I, f. 129). The French king urged that the Cardinal's mission was not against usury but the preaching of the Crusade. Innocent spoke for his delegate, declaring that the attack was indissolubly bound up with this. However, he tactfully promises Philip to urge Curzon to be more moderate. Dickson holds that his bearing, tactlessness and burning spirit were the principal causes of his unpopularity (op. cit. p. 112) and obviously this was partly true. But perhaps a deeper cause is to be found in the fact that he was attacking an evil that, if cured, would seriously lower the incomes of many comfortable people and thereby take away their opportunity of gaining positions of



power. Take the difference between the judgements of two chroniclers, one Matthew Paris who calls Robert "a man of immense learning with a great heart" (M.G.H. Scrip. t. 28 pp. 442 sq.) and the other Raoul of Coggeshall who says: "Master Robert de Courson, while behaving himself rather insolently in France, was severely called to order by letters from the Pope" (Chronicon anglicanum, edit. Stevenson, London, 1875, p. 170). One writer is detached, the other partisan. William the Breton writes even more strongly: "Robert de Courson, legate of the Apostolic See, and many with him—and even at this moment of writing continues to do so—preached publicly throughout France and enrolled in the Crusade a mass of common people—children, old men, women, drunkards, the blind, the deaf, even lepers. Consequently many of the rich refused to take the Cross, because this confusion seemed rather a hindrance to the Crusade than any help in the recovery of the Holy Land. Further, in their sermons in which they appeared rather over anxious to win the people, they defamed the clergy, telling disgraceful stories before the very people about the life of religious" (Oeuvres de Rigord et de Guillaume le Breton, Paris, 1882, t. I, p. 308).

But what does Robert really mean by usury, for obviously no one would quarrel with his forthright condemnation of it if we accept the word in its usual sense? What was the contemporary practice which caused him almost to choke with choler? It was not the mere exaction of excessive interest, it was the demanding of any interest at all on the loan of capital. This was a sin against justice. Usury "is a personal sin whereby a man takes something over and above his capital or has intention of so doing". The lawyers were quick to see a loophole. Why, they replied, can I let out for hire my horse, my house, books, servants, plate and even clothes and charge a fee, while I am forbidden to do so when I lend my money? For my money is quite as necessary to me as my horse. Curzon has no patience with this argument. Let this noisy clamour of the legal profession cease and there shall be a great calm. Of course one has a right to expect one's due, so that if Gregory helps you when you are in difficulties he can demand the same help from you if he falls on bad times. But you have no right to expect anything more than the return of your capital intact. There is all the difference in the world between other loans (locatum) and a money loan (mutuum). These other loans

remain mine however long I lend them, so I have a right to charge a fee for any loss incurred and also for the use of the thing, for it always remains mine. Is this true of a money loan? "Dicitur enim mutuum quia de meo fit tuum" (Instit. L. III, t. 14). "Therefore it is the height of injustice if you charge me on something which is my own, for you have no claims on what is my own." This is the interpretation of the Roman jurists. In law the loan-contract was essentially gratuitous, although the stipulation of interest could be added to it. Basing himself on this ground Robert attacks the lawyers and treats them to a hail of scathing invective. He then adds considerations of equity. What in effect, he says, is behind the lending of money at interest? Is it not a plan to ensure that one retrieves intact one's capital when one has enjoyed its fruits? Consequently one is transferring to another the responsibility and the risks and keeping for oneself the security of possessing both the capital and the profit. In intention, if not in fact, every money-lender passes on to another his own responsibilities and risks as a property-owner. No man can ever be certain of his efforts, yet this is the common law of mankind which a money-lender deliberately short-circuits by lending at interest.

We may well question whether Curzon has correctly analysed the nature of money or the claim of a money-lender to some recompense, even if this is extrinsic to the loan. But granted the correctness of his first premise, all the rest follows logically. And what is more than gratifying is that he does pursue his thought to its logical conclusion. Even the most indirect complicity is rigorously condemned—he was surrounded by churches and charitable institutions all built with the conscience money of the usurers. "We say", he declares, "that no one may deliberately accept anything from a money-lender whose character and profession is a matter of common knowledge." But, say the querulous prelates, one is not bound to make too careful enquiries as to the precise origin of the money-lender's money. Robert is sarcastic in his reply. These same abbots and prelates are very careful when they are buying oxen or horses, or hiring a servant or an archer. They go to great length to test their prospective purchase for possible faults. Yet is there any greater fault than usury or fraud? These men are unwilling to know anything of this vice and are content to ignore it. "They are then complete fools." No

wonder he made enemies ! He spares neither prince nor prelate : no one going on the Crusade may lend at interest (but he may fleece a Saracen !), presumably to have a nice little nest-egg to return to. The more he examines particular cases the more acute does he find the problem. "What", says the bishop of the diocese, "of the widespread practice of money-lenders subscribing to the building of churches with their tainted money, putting up windows or rest-houses, erecting hermitages, hostels and leper-houses ? What should a prelate do who has it in his power to destroy these when he knows for certain they have been constructed with ill-gotten money ? And what of the fact that if he destroys them he is destroying consecrated goods, or throwing out folk who have nowhere else to live or are unable to find other means of support ?"

One can almost hear Curzon shout despairingly : "Pull them down, every one of them". If only others could see the evil as he did ! But though this is truly his mind, his reply is well-considered and because of the ryder he added to it no one may condemn him for a Utopian dreamer. Since all the evils have arisen from usury and fraud, the doctor's remedy is quite simple to prescribe—RESTITUTION. So the priest in his parish must be adamant in demanding complete restitution from his penitents even if they enjoy powerful patronage. But Robert realized that this remedy was feeble and proposes it solely because he feels in his heart that the radical cure would never be applied. He is undoubtedly a socialist however many qualifications must be added before the adjective is allowed. There are two series of measures to be applied in a general council which must be convened and at which must be present the full power of Church and State under the presidency of the Pope. The first measures would demand a general scrutiny into incomes and fortunes. Those whose claims are admitted must have returned to them everything they have lost through exploitation, fraud, usury etc. and as a salutary example everything built with tainted money must be razed to the ground. No church or religious house must escape this law and nothing shall be permitted to stand that cannot be "redeemed". When order has been thus re-established the same combination of prince and prelate would forestall the return of the evil on pain of excommunication and civil penalties by the passing of a law in the new reformed society. Every man would henceforth be bound to work either directly for God or as a layman in the

world (aut spiritualiter aut corporaliter). Under these conditions the precept of the Apostle would be observed and no one would be permitted to eat except of bread gained by his own industry :—

“ Ut unusquisque panem suum, id est sui laboris, manducaret sicut praecepit Apostolus, et ne aliqui essent curiosi aut otiosi inter nos ”.

The Marxian principle of “ From each one according to his capacity, to each one according to his needs ” might easily have found a place in the laws of the new society, while the modern “ spiv ” would have soon been languishing in gaol !

The question then comes as to whether one has any right to hope that this return to primitive conditions would be under any circumstances definitive ? Robert knows his material too well to hope for this. The organization would soon be sabotaged by the use of power. What then is to be done ? Here the reformer introduces his compromise. And in effect he says, pay one's debts or ask to be released from one's obligations through some agreement sanctioned by the Church. Without this one has no hope of salvation, and he lists nine ways in which one may indirectly share in the guilt of the usurer : “ currit autem aliquis cum fure novem modis ”. Even the abbot who lends his strong room to the usurer is guilty. He gives detailed instruction to the parish clergy as to how to act, even preparing for them a little sermon. But though he is conscientious in giving something practical the fire has gone out of his words.

In point of fact though he exposed the evil to such an extent that at least for some time it could never regain its former predominance, his solution does not seem to have won much support. On the other hand his constant work as a judge shows that he was never shelved as a useless visionary and he was entrusted with the very delicate mission of visiting the University of Paris with a view to a revision of the studies there. For this he was raised to the purple with the title of St Stephen on the Coelian Hill. There were now in the first years of the thirteenth century too many professors of theology, and Robert immediately demanded some first-rate qualifications on the part of the aspirant to the chair. He prohibited the parish clergy from going in for extensive study on the ground that it would be useless to their parishioners : let them keep to the Scriptures and study those. One should be at least thirty-five before having licence to teach. He proscribed public lecturing on

Aristotle, though not private study—he considered the time not ripe for public exposition. In fine he drew up a curriculum that lasted for centuries. All this time he was travelling up and down France, preaching the Crusade, presiding over local and provincial councils, preaching against the Albigenses, endeavouring to compose the difference between Philip and John. He was responsible for the Treaty of Angoulême where the terms were hardly advantageous to John: nevertheless he was regarded in England as a saviour for his part in drawing it up. It seems strange that such a tempestuous and wild character should be always mediating: one is tempted to feel that the chroniclers have not told us enough about him. Still, his singleness of purpose and absolute integrity would dwarf into the background his faults except in the eyes of his enemies. Whereas Innocent would seem to have misjudged Langton, he made no such mistake with Robert. Robert had a free hand for the most part and he was not slow to benefit by this. A character without his violence would not have had the reserves of energy to crowd into twenty years a mass of reforming legislation which was largely incorporated into the acts of the Lateran Council, and to stir up men to return to a standard of living not reached for centuries. His heart was in the Crusade and fortunately he died before he knew its failure.

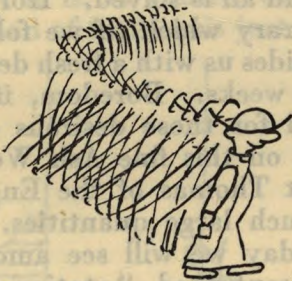
His end has a certain sadness and nobility. Honorius III kept him under his eye in the Curia for two years. Robert had to see many of his judicial decisions in France during the years of the legation disavowed by the new Pope. Feeling he was growing old he made provision for his nephews and retainers. But when the Fifth Crusade was about to set out from Genoa certain French counts asked for him as papal legate. Robert was told to go by Honorius but not as legate. The Pope cruelly sent another Cardinal, Pelagius, as legate and Robert as Preacher. They arrived at Damietta in the middle of October 1218, and all we know is that Robert died there. Jacques de Vitry, one of the Chanter's circle, writes to the Pope:—"Today our venerable Father Robert de Courçon—a man of learning and piety, of charming disposition, generous and kind having always a zeal for the things of God and desiring above all the deliverance of the Holy Land—dying peacefully went to Our Lord". It would seem that in spite of his secondary role he was in his calm and experienced old age the real head of the expedition. He died on the sixth of February, 1219.

ALAN CLARK.

## ROMANESQUE

### 46.—STATION CHURCHES

It is early spring. The buds are furiously budding, and the blossom is thinking of blossoming—and we, what of us? We are standing in that little garden on the Aventine, leaning on the parapet whilst we talk of this and that, and watching the Tiber, swollen with melted snow, as it sweeps along below us in



- one of those long cameratas...

muddy dignity. Out of the corner of our eye we get a glimpse of one of those long cameratas, presumably from the Spanish College, but we think no more of it. After a while we decide to move on, but find the camerata still crawling past us. But what is this? There are no blue sashes, no soup-plate hats—on the contrary, the well brushed hats are of an all too familiar pattern.

What has happened to drive the Venerabile out in a crocodile? Has the Rector suddenly decided to take stern measures, to allow no student to venture forth into the dangers that lurk in the city without forty or fifty of his fellows to shield him from harm? Have the lads suddenly become nervous of militant communists?

We get a clue to the situation as we see a youthful and obviously untensored member of the mob push back his hat and reveal a faded black cross on his unwrinkled brow. It is Ash Wednesday, and the season of Station Churches has begun. Now we see that the crocodile is no true crocodile but a trick of fate, no unum per se but a mere unum per accidens, no (if you

prefer another metaphor) continuum but simply a temporary contiguum, caused not by an edict of the powers that be, but by a simultaneous exit of the whole House (or, more precisely, by as simultaneous an exit as is possible in view of the normal size of the human frame and the width of the front door). They are all going, as did their predecessors before them, to the church of Santa Sabina, where the round of Station Churches begins.

Before following them (we can catch them up easily, as most of them seem to be limping as a result of Monday's gita) let us consider what a benign Providence it was which decreed that *le Sacre Stazioni Quaresimali* should fall just at this period of the year. By the middle of February it is often hard to find a suitable route for the afternoon walk. One has done all one's regular winter walks (and perhaps even got a little bored in the course of doing them) and there is spring in the air. However, it is as yet a little too chilly to spend one's afternoon lazing and arguing in Pam, or promenading on Pincio. Of course, one can always take up bricking—but where to start? Then along comes the Lenten season, and all is solved. Holy Mother Church provides us with an itinerary which (if we follow it, a question we can discuss later) provides us with a fresh destination for our walk every day for six weeks. Boredom, if any, is relieved, and bricks are provided for those desirous of them. These then are the reasons why, on this fine Ash Wednesday afternoon, the Ven. College of St Thomas of the English has just ascended the Aventine in such large quantities. Let us follow, for if we watch them today we will see among their ranks all the qualities of the confirmed "stationer", and

all the types which come under this somewhat generic heading.

As we reach the little *piazza* the last few are disappearing through the doors of the church. One or two First Year Men, fired with a new enthusiasm, are still outside, buying copies of the Stations' book (flippantly known in some circles as Bradshaw) and wishing they had snapped up the copies



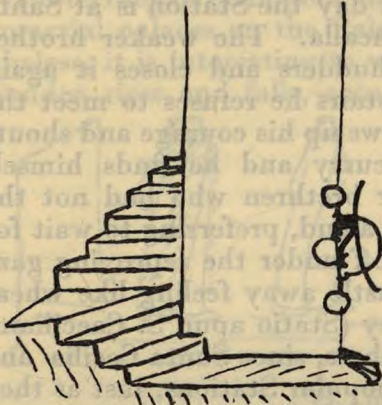
*Lashing critically at members of other  
congregation....*

which came up so monotonously at the last book auction—but then nobody told them. As we go in, carefully dodging the venerable female who sells *santini* and noting that, according to the aged piece of cloth fluttering on the doorpost, tomorrow's Station is at San Giorgio in Velabro, there comes to our nostrils the sickly sweet smell of bay leaves.

About us is every type of stationer, both Roman and Venerabilino. Some Colleges are obviously there perforce and march round in orderly cameratas; religious stand about, looking critically at members of other congregations; old ladies tell their beads in distant corners, interrupting their orisons occasionally to demand *qualche cosa* from passing clerics. Our own Venerabilini are everywhere. Some are purposely ploughing their way through the Station litanies, others peeping through the hole in the wall at St Dominic's orange tree, many among the crowds at each altar examining intently (and, we hope, reverently) each particular relic. If you listen hard you can just hear the Man Who Knows casually informing his neighbours that it is, of course, common knowledge that there is another head of St Aliquis just down the road at Santa Maria in

Cosmedin. After this devastating revelation he gives a short laugh and retires to find a First Year Man whom he can catch out on the matter of the fake pillar in the far corner. Unfortunately his "victim" has seen it before and he has to offer up his cross silently, as, with uneasy grace, he retires into the cloisters in the vague hope of finding the way up to the rooms of Pius V.

Shortly interest is focused again as a confraternity processes in, all its members covered



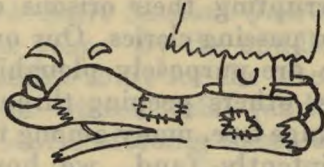
the way up to the room of Pius V

from top to toe (or at least shin) in a robe of sacking with a headdress reminiscent of the Klu Klux Klan, their varying social status only discernible by the state of their shoes and the turn-ups of their trousers. They prostrate themselves in the side aisle, and after a while the throng loses interest in them and turns to watch the Friars' Preacher as they enter to sing Compline. There is a sudden rush of feet, a flurry of "wings", and



the Venerabile is gone—not through any aversion to the Divine Office, nor because of a distaste for Dominican chant, but merely because someone has looked at his watch and found that time is getting on. A few liturgists (or rather rubricans, which is a very different thing) delay for a moment in order to watch the puppet-like bobbings of the choir as the alternate sides stand and sit during alternate psalms—then they too follow precipitately in the wake of their brethren.

That first day of Lent breeds a keenness for the Stations. Men have invested in “Bradshaws” and don’t want to waste them.



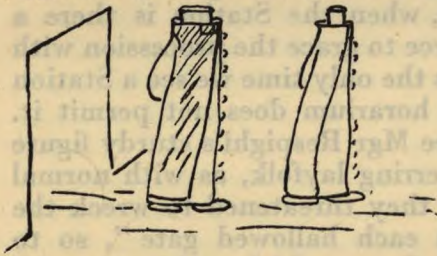
-- the state of their shoes.

They have a destination for their walk, a pious practice for the penitential season, yet after the first few days the ranks begin to thin. What has happened to the many who were so loud in their resolutions on Ash Wednesday? I fear that, even in the Venerabile, the answer is human frailty. The strength of the newly made resolution carries people on for a few days, but then comes a *dies irae*, more precisely the Tuesday after the Second Sunday of Lent. On that day the Station is at Santa Balbina, out by the Baths of Caracalla. The weaker brother takes out his map, looks at it, shudders and closes it again hurriedly. At the bottom of the stairs he refuses to meet the eye of the Confirmed Stationer, screws up his courage and shouts “Pincio”. There is a sudden scurry and he finds himself surrounded by several still weaker brethren who had not the courage to proclaim their defection aloud, preferring to wait for someone else to do so. All stroll off under the reproving gaze of the Strong Men, who in turn bustle away feeling like wheat when the chaff has gone. Next day (Statio apud S. Cacciliam) there is a re-strengthening of numbers, since Santa Cecilia and San Clemente are two of the more popular Stations, just as they are two of the more popular festas. Nevertheless the habit has been broken, and after that, should the way be long or the day damp, it takes little to persuade the weaker brethren that Pam or Pincio is as fine an object for their walk. And so it goes on till the fourth week in Lent, when, on a short afternoon, we find the Station is at San Paolo fuori le mura—and that is the real testing time. With luck you may see two cameratas doing the hectic walk—and one feels, perhaps unjustifiably, that they are urged by pride and human respect more than by anything

else. After that only a few do the remaining Stations, and of course, once Holy Week starts and we go into retreat, the Venerabile is no longer represented at the Station Churches. No one, I think, has ever heard of anyone going to the Station Churches in Easter Week, even though theoretically they are all part of the same rota.

One advantage of following the Lenten Stations is that one gets to know the older Roman Churches very well in a short time. Many of them are open only on their Station day and on their festa. Santa Anastasia is a case in point: it is only open twice a year, and Christmas Day is not the best day for bricking; so if you want to dive into the depths at Santa Anastasia the Station day is the only day. And they are interesting depths too. You go along the outside of the church, down a narrow alley past the back windows of a building where they apparently spend all their time boiling up glue, so that the whole alley is filled with a noisome stench. Finally you reach an iron staircase, like the one up to the Sforza, which plunges into the inky pit which yawns beneath the church. The guide provided seems quite unqualified and the handbooks say little of these "subterranean chambers and passages communicating with the imperial palaces on the Palatine" (Fr Chandlery S.J.); nevertheless, it is interesting to wander through their windings, with sudden rises and falls, occasional low doorways, and here and

there the tomb of one of the Cardinals of the church above. But then Roman crypts (a term almost synonymous with underground works) are always full of interest. A recent writer of Romanesques wrote about the Roof—but that is a very superficial topic when



... occasional low doorways... compared with the stability and, forgive the word, profundity of the Roman Crypt. Its variety is amazing: St Peter's (not quite off the secret list yet), San Marco (only recently re-opened), the Dodici Apostoli (with that phenomenal collection of relics, the joy of sceptic and devotee alike), Santa Cecilia, SS. Giovanni e Paolo (a bewildering place: it is easier to lose one's "cam" here than anywhere else in Rome), and San Clemente (but if you want to go down to the real depths, to

the temple of Mithras and the house of St Clement, it is no good going on the Station day). Then I have a peculiar predilection for the crypt of San Nicola in Carcere—or perhaps it is for the sacristan there, and the delightful impartiality with which he does nothing when showing you round except occasionally to touch a piece of wall and remark “Mura pagane” here or “Mura cristiane” there . . . Or if crypts depress you, have you ever tried whiling away the moments you spend in awaiting your “cam” by studying the tombstones or even the mural tablets in general. As you settle down to that tricky thesis on Grace in the evening it is comfortable to think that only a few hours ago you were in San Agostino looking at the tombs of several Augustinienses who keep on popping up as adversaries: you even see perhaps why you didn’t like Cardinal Berti’s tomb. Or if you have other adversaries to deal with, you can turn your mind to the grave of Nicholas of Cusa in San Pietro in Vincoli, to that of the Cajetans in Santa Pudenziana, to countless others. You may even end up by acquiring a more lasting interest in the memorial slabs which, so the Obit Book assures us, are littered all round the College Chapel.

But, in following these sepulchral side tracks, we are wandering far from our Station Churches. There’s no point in remaining in the chill air of Santa Anastasia’s crypt so let us make our way back to the College. There we are all devoted parishioners of San Lorenzo in Damaso, and so, when the Station is there a few weeks later, we turn out in force to grace the procession with our presence. Strange to say it is the only time we see a Station Procession, as, for the rest, our horarium does not permit it. There, in early days, we would see Mgr Respighi’s sturdy figure as he went in full cry after the erring layfolk, as with normal Italian (no, Roman) *insouciance*, they threatened to wreck the procession by “surging through each hallowed gate”, so to speak, at some crucial moment. One would hear his powerful voice leading the Romans in a resonant “Or’ pr’ nob’s”. He it was who was in great part responsible for the revival of interest in the Lenten Stations in Rome, and consequently until his death in 1947 his familiar form, wrapped in a large cloak above which his strong chin protruded, would be seen *en route* for each day’s Station, answering our salutations with a friendly wave. But perhaps the most pleasant sight of all was on the day of the Station (and, for that matter, the festa) at the Quattro Coronati, Mgr Respighi’s church one might say,

where he is now buried : one would see him lighting the candles and generally preparing the altar himself, and it was rather charming to see the Pope's Master of Ceremonies acting as his own sacristan.

It would be possible to write on and on for ever about the Lenten Stations. I do not know if everyone is as interested in them as we are. Certainly, except in the case of one or two of the main churches, we of the Venerabile and cameratas from the other English-speaking Colleges seem to be the only souls in sight ; but then there are about twenty-three and a quarter hours in each day when we are not there, so we are not really able to form a judgement on the subject. The Stations are one of the many things that Rome has and that nowhere else can ever hope to have : one or two other Italian cities have Lenten Stations, but in their case there is not that strength of tradition which we find in Rome, and which is really one of the principal elements in the practice. It's a great habit, and as for those weaklings who pack it up as soon as things begin to get diffi . . .

But the bell is ringing with gentle persistence and we must set out on our afternoon walk. I wonder where the Station is today . . . let me see . . . Good Lord ! it's San Paolo fuori. Far too far. Is anyone coming to Pincio ?

RICHARD L. STEWART.

1. In two articles by Dr. William I. Inge in the *British Museum Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1882, and in the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association*, Vol. II, 1884, p. 10. The *British Museum Quarterly Review* also contains many references to the *British Museum Quarterly Review* in its detailed investigation.

## SAXONS IN ROME<sup>1</sup>

In dealing with the rise and decline of the Schola Saxonum, we are faced with the problem that its own records have completely perished. The sole survival would be the small picture in S. Maria in Sassia which (so an inscription declares) was given to the church by King Ina, and was subsequently preserved from the fires which in 816 and 847 ravaged the settlement. The authenticity of even this relic of the Schola is questioned by Dr W. J. Moore in his thesis on the "Saxon Pilgrims to Rome and the Schola Saxonum" (of which we shall have more to say later). At all events, for the purposes of historical research, our sources will be such Chroniclers as Mathew Paris and Mathew of London, and the records of the Papal court and the Saxon Kingdoms (the two bodies which the Schola linked together respectively—the *Liber Pontificalis* and the *Saxon Chronicle*). The anomaly of such a study is that in those centuries whose imperfect records usually present a difficulty to the investigator, frequent and remarkable mention of the Saxons in Rome occurs in these two sources. In later centuries, however, when the acquisition of the unified Saxon kingdoms by the Norman and a stable peace might have afforded the institutions which had taken the place of the Schola Saxonum a larger scope and greater importance, it is difficult to find a single allusion.

The account of the foundation of the Schola given by Mathew Paris is that which Gasquet accepts as substantially

<sup>1</sup> cf. Two articles by Dr William J. D. Croke in the *Dublin Review*: July 1898, October 1898. Mann's *Lives of the Popes*, Vol. II, III, IV, V. The *Saxon Chronicle*, *passim*, and the appropriate volumes of the *Liber Bullarum Summorum Pontificum*. Many references to the *Liber Pontificalis* deserve detailed investigation.

correct, although he allows that the Chronicler may well have attributed to Ina all the developments which were in existence just before his own time.<sup>1</sup> According to the account of Mathew Paris<sup>2</sup> Ina founded the Schola Saxonum as a theological school, a place of burial for those English who might die in Rome, and a national church. To this end he is said to have instituted the Romescot, or Peter's Pence.

It will be sufficient here to indicate briefly how Dr Moore diverges from this theory: a convenient account is in the VENERABLE of April 1938. Dr Moore dates the foundation of the church to the pontificate of Leo IV according to the following reference in the *Liber Pontificalis*<sup>3</sup>:

"Ecclesia S. Dei Genetricis Mariae quam ipse beatissimus Pontifex a fundamentis supra Scholam Saxonum noviter construxit".

Now this notice occurs shortly after the account of the fire which in 847 greatly damaged the Borgo. The "early date" school treat this allusion as an account of the complete rebuilding of the earlier church which had been destroyed by fire—"a fundamentis noviter construxit". Dr Moore on the other hand treats the word "noviter" as "recently". He supports his contention by the fact that the chronicler of Leo's pontificate invariably uses the phrase "noviter restauravit" of reconstructions, and that in no other instance is the phrase "noviter construxit" used as a synonym of "restauravit". Dr Moore's argument seems strong, but not conclusive; however to put the foundation of the Schola into its proper perspective, we shall first endeavour to trace the development in Saxon England of pilgrimages to Rome.

St Augustine had hardly laid the foundations of the Church in England when there appear instances of journeys to Rome as to the origin of authority and orthodoxy. Thus we read in Bede's Ecclesiastical History<sup>4</sup> that the first Bishop of London, Mellitus, one of the fellow labourers of St Augustine, went to Rome to confer with Pope Boniface about the necessary affairs of the English Church. In 665, when a Primate of the English Church was to be provided, the English Kings Egbert and Oswy and the English Bishops sent Wighard, the priest

<sup>1</sup> Gasquet: *A History of the Venerable English College*, p. 8.

<sup>2</sup> *Chron. Maj.* an. 727.

<sup>3</sup> In *Vitam Leonis IV.*

<sup>4</sup> II c. xxix.

of their choice, to Rome, that he might be consecrated there.<sup>1</sup> The *Saxon Chronicle*, however, states that he died on reaching the Eternal City.<sup>2</sup>

Though the honour of being the originator of English pilgrimages to Rome is commonly given to St Wilfred, it is to the life of St Benet Biscop that we must turn if we wish to gauge the attraction Rome must have had for the Saxon Catholic. Benet begins his apostolic life with a pilgrimage to Rome (653), and after labouring for twelve years he returns to Rome in 665. He did not return to England till 669, but this time he brought with him a rich supply of books and relics. In 671 he made his third pilgrimage to Rome. When he returned in the following year to his native Northumbria, he founded the Monastery of St Peter at Monk Wearmouth. No sooner was this done, however, than he journeyed to Rome for the fourth time and returned "with the Archchanter of the Church of the Holy Apostle St Peter . . . that he might teach in his monastery the method of singing throughout the year as it was practised in St Peter's at Rome".<sup>3</sup> Yet a fifth time did Benet set off for Rome—this time to obtain relics and books for the sister monastery of Monk Wearmouth—St Paul's, Jarrow. It is hard to realize in these days of at least theoretically speedy travel what must have been the hardships of such a journey—a journey on which Alsine of Canterbury froze to death in the year 958.

But such pilgrimages were not of the kind that would bring about a stable Saxon element in Rome. It is only when we come to the time when we find people going to Rome with the intention of ending their days there that we may look for the beginnings and origins of such an element. We first read of this in the *Saxon Chronicle's* account of King Ceadwall:

"This year Ceadwall went to Rome, and received baptism at the hand of the Pope Sergius, who gave him the name of Peter; but in the course of seven nights afterwards . . . he died in his crism-cloths and was buried in the Church of St Peter".<sup>4</sup>

This is immediately followed by the account of King Ina's voluntary exile in Rome:

<sup>1</sup> Ibid.

<sup>2</sup> Anno 667.

<sup>3</sup> Bede IV, xviii.

<sup>4</sup> Anno 688.

“To him (Ceadwall) succeeded Ina in the Kingdom of Wessex, and reigned thirty-seven winters. He founded the monastery of Glastonbury, after which he went to Rome and continued there till the end of his life.”<sup>1</sup>

It is noteworthy that the account of Mathew Paris receives no confirmation whatever in this account of the *Saxon Chronicle*—there is no mention of the foundation of any institution of any sort for the Saxons in Rome. Since such a foundation would certainly have been mentioned—particularly as Mathew Paris states that Ina introduced the Romescot or Peter’s Pence to support the Schola, we must be very chary of putting any trust in his account, and confine ourselves to what we are told in the *Saxon Chronicle*, and still more, to what we find in the *Liber Pontificalis*.

It is in the latter source that we first find an allusion to the Schola Saxonum. In describing the reception accorded to Leo III and Charlemagne by the Romans in the year 800, the writer says :

“All the Romans . . . received their Pastor . . . (an enumeration follows of the various ranks of Roman society who were present) . . . not less than all the ‘scholae’ of the foreigners, Franks, Frisons, Saxons and Lombards”—“Cuncte scole peregrinorum, videlicet Francorum, Frisonorum, Saxonum, atque Longobardorum”.<sup>2</sup>

At that time the Schola Saxonum must have been a well-established body, since it is numbered with the powerful nations of the Franks and the Lombards. Now there is a previous Papal pronouncement which seems to recognize the existence of an organized body of Saxons in Rome. This is a bull of John VII in which the Pope states that he had assembled all the prominent English ecclesiastics dwelling near the Vatican Basilica, that he had persuaded them to doff their former dress, and—secundum morem Romanorum—to adopt the *vestis talaris*. The Pope then exhorts the clergy in England to follow the example of their brethren in Rome. Now John VII could hardly have urged the Saxon clergy in England to change on example unless the ecclesiastics living in Rome were both numerous and influential.

The whole nature of foreign travel at that time gives a strong *a priori* probability that the love of pilgrimages to Rome

<sup>1</sup> Ibid—also 728, the year Ina actually went to Rome.

<sup>2</sup> In *Vitam Leonis III* (795-816).



which we have seen existed among the Saxons would soon bring about the co-ordination of those of their fellow-countrymen there. Foreigners were held in contempt by the Romans; their customs, language and common feeling, while creating a severance between them and the other members of the city, would naturally have urged them to the practice of living in one neighbourhood.

Might not this colony have been purely ecclesiastical, with no other end in view than the pursuit of study? Its situation, however, makes this improbable. Such a body of churchmen would almost certainly have taken up its residence in the vicinity of the Lateran Patriarchatum, which was furnished with well-known schools of long standing. On the other hand, the principal points of attraction for pilgrims would be the Vatican and the Ostian Basilicas, with their "trophies", the tombs of the Apostles. The Vatican Basilica was situated about two miles outside the inhabited city, and was, it appears, not provided with any of the things—food, shelter and so on, that the pilgrims would be sure to need. Now, since we know that these Saxon churchmen lived in a region of Rome whither only pilgrims would make their way, we have a very strong *prima facie* argument for their having been placed there (by legal or pontifical authority) expressly for the care of their fellow-countrymen who might visit the Holy City. From what we have seen above, it would appear that they were residents, that they were well known and influential enough to be held up as an example to the whole of ecclesiastical England, and that their constitutions had made them of sufficient standing to take part as an organized body in the Papal reception.

By whose authority was such a corporation founded? We know that the Popes of that age dispensed food and clothing to the poor of Rome, and doubtless needy pilgrims were able to take advantage of this. As early as Sabinianus, the successor of Gregory the Great, we are told that the Pope relieved the distress caused by the great famine. Similarly it is said of Pope Sisinnius (707-708) "*peregrinis compassionem exhibuit*". There is, however, no mention of the foundation of hospices until the pontificate of Stephen III (768-772), of whom the *Liber Pontificalis* says:

"Outside the walls of the City of Rome, besides the basilica of Blessed Peter the Apostle, he set up two hospices, upon which he conferred many gifts, and affiliated them in

permanent connection with the venerable deaconries existing there without the walls, namely to the deaconry of the Holy Mother of God, and the deaconry of the Blessed Sylvester . . . He also restored four hospices, situated from of old in the City of Rome. These had remained without support for a considerably long period. In them he ordered every useful matter for each department, making arrangements within and without, and bestowing many gifts."

That these hospices were not merely almshouses for the local poor is clear from the name given to them—*xenodochia*, and it seems clear that the Schola of the Saxons was at least an imitation, if not an offshoot, of one of these. The concrete contemporary data allow of, but do not point to, the foundation of King Ina; on the contrary, the whole stream of evidence tends to the conclusion that the stream of Saxon pilgrims caused provision to be made for them according to the custom of the period. Most probably, the need was met by joint action on the part of the Popes and Saxon England. The suggestion would come from the former and would be met by the latter with the foundation of an ecclesiastical body such as John VII was able to mention to the English as early as 707. All the evidence points to an earlier foundation.

One of the frequent causes of confusion in the discussion of this question is the meaning we are to attribute to the word *schola*. Mathew Paris apparently considered it meant a theological school; we have, however, seen that there is absolutely no contemporary evidence to support his account. Yet there are two distinct elements in the formation of the Saxon colony at Rome which deserve careful discrimination. On the one hand, the word means a definite body with a definite task—that of caring for the Saxon pilgrims to the Eternal City. This—to use an English expression—would have its own charter of incorporation, with definite rights, privileges and obligations. Its members would at least be semi-permanent residents in Rome and would represent their native land at any great function.<sup>1</sup> But the advent of pilgrims to Rome who had no intention of returning to England would be bound to create a permanent Saxon quarter there. This would be distinct from the hospice, and its inhabitants would not necessarily be members of the corporation in charge of it; the quarter, never-

<sup>1</sup> As they did in the year 800: v. *supra*.

theless, would as a whole be called the *Schola Saxonum*.<sup>1</sup> Thus, the *Liber Pontificalis* gives an account of the fire which completely devastated the Saxon quarter in the pontificate of Paschal I (817-824):

“Owing to diabolic craft, through the slothfulness of certain members of the English race, their entire place of residence, which in their language is called *Burg*, was consumed by flames of fire bursting forth so that not even the vestiges of their former inhabitations could be found . . .”. (The account then relates how the prayers of the Pontiff stopped the flames from destroying the Vatican Basilica and how he provided for the needy strangers.)

The *Saxon Chronicle* mentions this event, and alludes to the Saxon quarter in Rome as the “Schola” (*Engel-cynnes scolu*).

As we have already seen, a similar outbreak of fire occurred in the pontificate of Leo IV, and it is this fire which Raphael depicts in the Stanze. A further reference to the Schola as to a national quarter comes in the annals of the same Pope on the occasion of the blessing of the walls enclosing the Leonine City. One gate is named “Posterula”, since it looks towards the Schola Saxonum, and that is the name for gate in their language.<sup>2</sup>

This is not the place to chronicle all the contacts that Saxon England must have had with the Schola. We have already spoken of the visits, the permanent visits of the Kings Ceadwall and Ina *ad limina Apostolorum*, and the temporary stay in the Eternal City of such men as Wilfred and Benet Biscop. Time and time again the *Saxon Chronicle* alludes to the visit of bishops and clergy to Rome, and Bede tells us<sup>3</sup> that the same thing was done about the same time by many of the English nation, noble and ignoble, laity and clergy, men and women.

In his article in the *Dublin Review*, Dr Croke suggests—and his suggestion would seem to be fully justified—that this summary of the Saxon pilgrimages to Rome, by being juxtaposed to that account of Ina’s pilgrimage, resulted in the attribution of its foundation to that monarch. Though it is quite likely that the arrival of King Ina gave a new impetus to the life of the Schola, we have only the late and uncertain testimony of

<sup>1</sup> There is a certain amount of ambiguity in the use of the term in the first chapter of Gasquet.

<sup>2</sup> *Lib. Pont.*, in *Vit. Leonis IV.*

<sup>3</sup> *Bk iv c. vii.*

Mathew Paris to support such a view, while the contemporary records, whose trustworthiness is readily acknowledged, all point to two conclusions. First, that the flow of Saxon pilgrims to Rome lead to a need which was satisfied by the creation of a body of ecclesiastics of some standing, known as the Schola Saxonum. Obviously, the size and influence of this society would evolve gradually. We are unable to give a definite date to its formation, but from the evidence we have adduced, it would seem that such a body existed at the beginning of the eighth century, in the pontificate of John VII, at a time when the practice of visiting the shrines of the Apostles had already begun in England. Our second conclusion is that the Schola Saxonum in a wider sense—a Saxon colony in Rome—would spontaneously arise by the permanent settlement of Saxons in Rome in the neighbourhood of St Peter's. It would seem that this was of noteworthy size by the beginning of the ninth century, as is seen by the reference we have made to the pontificates of Paschal I and Leo IV.

The conclusions we have reached about the value of Mathew Paris's account make us ready to question his statement that Ina founded the church of S. Maria in Sassia. Dr Moore's argument has a good deal of weight, but it would not seem to exclude the foundation (even if not by Ina) of some church in the Schola—perhaps a chapel in the hospice. The fact that there were many ecclesiastics there makes this at least highly probable. But it may well be, as Dr Moore says, that the first church of a permanent nature was built by Leo IV. Certainly, no record of the destruction of any such church is contained in the account of the fire given by the *Liber Pontificalis*.

We may conclude with an investigation of the last assertion that Mathew Paris makes—that Ina, for the upkeep of the Schola Saxonum instituted the Romescot, or Peter's Pence. Dr Moore, recalling the fact that the first official mention of the exaction of Romescot comes in the reign of Edward the Elder, questions the possibility of a king's instituting a tax after his resignation. It seems that the later chroniclers confused grants of individual kings with a fixed yearly toll. Thus we are told of the visit of King Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred the Great that, remaining in Rome a whole year with his son, he gave many rich presents to the Pope—crowns, images, other ornaments all of gold, public largesse in the church of St Peter, gold to all the clergy and nobles, and small silver to the people. In

his will he also made provision for his money to be carried to Rome to supply lights in the churches of St Peter and St Paul.<sup>1</sup> Nevertheless, it seems probable that such individual offerings (for which presumably a special tax would be levied) gave rise to the ultimate yearly offering of Romescot or Romefeoh under Edward. The interesting discovery in 1883<sup>2</sup> in the house of the Vestal Virgins of many Saxon coins ranging from Alfred to Edmund seems to support this contention.

It would be interesting to outline the further life of the Schola, its decay, and the building of the Hospital of S. Spirito in Sassia on its site, but such an account would overstep the limit of this article. For those, however, whose main interest lies in stressing the connection between the Schola Saxonum and the Hospice in the Via Monserrato, a few words may be said in conclusion. The Crusades of the eleventh and twelfth centuries diverted men's minds from Rome to the Holy Land, and the number of pilgrims decreased, with the result that the fortunes of the Schola fell away in proportion. At last, in 1204, King John gave to Innocent III the revenues of the church of St Wintel as a "simple and perpetual alms for the upkeep of the poor in the hospital the Pope had erected on the site of the Schola Saxonum".<sup>3</sup> The way in which the charter treats the extinction of the Schola as a *fait accompli* shows that some arrangement must have been reached previously between the Popes and the Kings of England about the revenues and privileges of the once powerful institution. At first sight, then, there would appear to be a clean break of over one hundred years before we hear of "John Shepherd and Alice his wife". There is however one link, though little known and rather tenuous. In the pontificate of Honorius III (1216-17) mention is made of a body of English priests serving the church of St Pantaleo, which stands in what is now the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. The church is certainly older than Honorius III, as it is mentioned in a catalogue he wrote in 1192, before becoming Pope.<sup>4</sup> The English were still in possession of the church in 1243, as an inscription of that date on one of its bells refers to a "D. Presbyter Anglus".<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Asser : in *Vitam Alfredi*.

<sup>2</sup> Mann : *Lives of the Popes*, Vol. II, p. 318.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Bullae Inn. III*, ann. 1204.

<sup>4</sup> Apud Fonseca *De Bas. S. Laur.* in *Damaso*, Fani 1745, p. 252. Cf. Armellini *Le Chiese di Roma*, p. 378.

<sup>5</sup> Panciroli : *I tesori nascoti dell'alma Città di Roma*. Rome MDC, p. 647.

There can be no doubt that this establishment was of some importance in the interval between the extinction of the Schola Saxonum, and the foundation of the medieval hospice. That there was a body of English priests in charge of it suggests that it was regarded to some extent at least as a national institution. But how long did it survive? The fact which seems to militate against its having lasted till the second half of the fourteenth century is that the Jubilee of 1350 found the English pilgrims without a national hospice. In such matters we are reduced to mere conjecture which, however entertaining, is of no historical value. The bell of S. Pantaleone, however, seems to merit at least some regard from those who are so eager to trace their precarious pedigree back to the Schola Saxonum.

## OCTOBER AT PALAZZOLA

Pale cyclamen and the cavernous green ;  
 Gandolfo scrawled in black across the sea ;  
 Dripping rock clothed in new-sprung filigree ;  
 The earth and air rechiselled, granite keen :  
 Too soon this twilight second spring will swell  
 The tide of dormant purpose—in its stream  
 Flotsam of cypress and box-fragrant dream,  
 The drugs of noon and fox-glove sentinel.  
 That distant dome that broods above the haze,  
 Soul of the wider Rome, Decora Lux,  
 Prevails ; and draws our hill-distracted gaze  
 To harsher lampshade green, wan-printed books,  
 Blanket breath of cobbled streets—All too soon  
 The last “ Salve ”, the lantern and the moon.

WILLIAM PARK.

There can be no doubt that this establishment was of some importance in the interval between the extinction of the Schola Cantorum and the foundation of the medieval hospital. That there was a body of English priests in charge of it suggests that it was regarded to some extent at least as a national institution. But how long did it survive? The fact which seems to militate against its having lasted till the second half of the fourteenth century is that the Jubilee of 1350 found the English pilgrims without a national hospital. In such matters we are reduced to mere conjecture. The fall of the Schola Cantorum seems to merit at least some regard from those who are so eager to trace their genealogical pedigree back to the Schola Cantorum.

## ROMAN OBELISKS

“ This monument as some suppose  
 Was looked on in old days by Moses  
 It passed in time to Greeks and Turks  
 And was stuck up here by the Board of Works.”

I was standing in the Piazza S. Giovanni, and looking up, as everybody does at that amazing rock which is the Lateran obelisk, before passing in to hear Tenebrae. “ Do you know”, said Mr Baedeker, whom I had brought along with me, “ Do you know ”, he said, “ that this obelisk belonged to Thutmosis III? ”, and I suspected by the way he said it that he thought rather more of Thutmosis than he did of Cleopatra, for whose Needle the little epitaph I had recited was first composed. “ But surely ”, I replied, “ you don’t think Cleopatra’s Needle really belonged to Cleopatra? It was also cut by Thutmosis the . . . ” I tailed off, and blushed awkwardly. Of course he didn’t. He knew just as much about London, or about any city for that matter, as he did about Rome. There was an awkward pause, and it was not until I had stopped blushing that I dared look him in the eyes again. “ Do you know ”, he went on, “ that this is the largest entire obelisk in the world and that it weighs 455 tons? ” “ I believe ”, I said diffidently, “ that there is one in Aswan which weighs well over a thousand tons. ” “ Yes ”, he said, “ but it was never finished. ” Not, mind you, that this diversion into avoirdupois impressed me very much. When I am confronted with a weight of more than a hundred-weight I begin to lose count, and to ask the weight of anything greater seems to me about as pointless as the ponderings of the American who stood before Preteborough Cathedral and

wondered how much it weighed. But I got in the last word. "Do you know", I said, "that this obelisk has a misspelling on the middle column of the west side?" He cocked an eyebrow, and suggested we should pass on in to Tenebrae.

These obelisks are truly amazing. And what is still more amazing is that the Roman emperors should have gone to the trouble of dragging these granite colossi thousands of miles to set them up in their capital; for there are thirteen of them poking their noses out of the ground in Rome. But did I say emperors? Why, even Mussolini had to bring one home from the Cushite temple of Axum to show that he had conquered Abyssinia; and not content with that, he had one made for himself, put his name on it, and set it up in his Forum. Then Rome has always been interested in things Egyptian. Caius Cestius built a 120 feet pyramid for himself outside the Porta S. Paolo before anyone thought of bringing an obelisk to Rome; and Hadrian later on borrowed the same idea to build his own tomb chamber at the end of that long corridor deep in the heart of Castel S. Angelo, where he had his sarcophagus placed in such a position that at noon a beam of sunshine passing through a small hole above would illuminate its porphyry lid. Even *morra*, that most Roman of pastimes, has a pedigree which stretches back to Egypt, as you may see if you look in the tombs at Beni Hassan, where the figures on the wall are still playing it, and keeping count with their left hand too, after 4,000 years. The Roman soldiers brought the game back to Rome, where they called it "Micare digitis"—"flashing the fingers", and when you wanted to call someone trustworthy, you said that you could play *morra* with him in the dark—"dignus est quicum in tenebris mices". But we digress.

When Cleopatra's Needle was being erected in London at the end of the last century, a certain Professor Thomas Donaldson hopefully told the Royal Institute of British Architects that "there cannot be any doubt that our countrymen, as they pass by our obelisk, will have their curiosity excited by the sight of hieroglyphs which may have been seen and read by the Jews at the time of Moses, or when our Saviour was taken by his parents to Egypt as a place of refuge from Herod's rage". He was perhaps rather too optimistic, for the few decades it has spent in London have eaten away more of its surface than the centuries that went before, and now you cannot even see the hieroglyphs, let alone have your curiosity excited by them.



Now in Rome the weather has been more kind to them, and even if you cannot read them, even if you do not admire their symmetry and the delicacy with which they have been carved, there is at least opportunity for curiosity, for they are still as clear as on the day they were cut.

Some remarkable ideas have been expressed down the centuries about their meaning. Pliny pretended, as usual, that he was quite *au fait* with them, and said that they interpreted the operations of Nature according to the philosophy of the Egyptians. St Cyril of Alexandria was rather more non-committal, and merely said that they touched on scientific matters. The Middle Ages believed, to a man, that they contained all the wisdom of Egypt, and the poet who composed the bombastic inscription for the little obelisk in front of S. Maria sopra Minerva had much the same idea when he asked the passerby who sees this obelisk, inscribed with Egypt's wisdom and supported by an elephant, to learn that wisdom must be based on a solid foundation. But perhaps he was thinking of the number of heretics who had been burnt in the same piazza. Or perhaps he merely had his tongue in his cheek. In the seventeenth century, the Jesuit Athanasius Kircher, who otherwise did an immense amount of work in reviving an interest in Egyptian and Coptic, let his imagination run riot when he came to read the name of the Pharaoh Hophra on the same obelisk, translating it: "The benefits of the divine Ra are to be procured by sacred raising of the hands in prayer, and by means of the chain of the Genii, in order that the benefits of the Nile may be obtained". Mind you, you can see how he arrived at that, for Hophra's name is written with the sun disc Ra (written first but pronounced last), a couple of arms, a hank of twisted rope, and a heart shaped rather like a two handled water pot; but if you don't mortify the imagination when you are dealing with hieroglyphs, you will get about as far as the taxi driver who, seeing me glance up at the same obelisk as we whisked by, confided to me that it was a signpost from an Egyptian zoo.

Not that the reading of these obelisks is very exciting, any more than the reading of other commemorative inscriptions is. Take the Lateran obelisk for example. It merely records that Thutmosis III (who was the first world conqueror known to history, and led his victorious troops beyond the Euphrates as far back as the fifteenth century B.C.) set up the obelisk in

front of the temple of Amon-Ra in Karnak. The rest of the writing is mere window-dressing, and rings the changes on the five titles each Pharaoh assumed when he came to the throne. His son, Thutmosis IV, seems to have been rather lazier, and was content to write his name and achievements in the side columns. Much more exciting is the subsequent history of the obelisk. It apparently took the eye of Augustus when he was fighting his battles in Egypt, and he determined to bring it back to Rome as a trophy and material witness of his victories. But the size and weight of it were too much for him, and he had to be satisfied with the smaller ones now in the Piazza del Popolo and the Piazza di Montecitorio. Constantine the Great was also attracted by it, and he thought it would look well in Constantinople. He actually did root it up, and had it rowed over 600 miles down the Nile to Alexandria; but the colossus beat him too, for he died before he could ship it to his capital. His son took it over, built an enormous raft which needed 300 men to row it, and brought it to Rome *via Ostia* and up the Tiber. When its sister obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, was being moved to London in 1877, she was encased in a steel cylinder, given a deck, keel and rudder, and provided with her own crew. Three weeks out she hit a storm, and began to pitch with such violence that the tug which was pulling her set her adrift with all her crew still aboard. Five sailors from the tug offered to go out to the obelisk ship, and were drowned in the attempt. Its crew were eventually saved and Cleopatra's Needle abandoned. The ship which later found her still intact and towed her into Vigo received £2000 reward. An M.P. went out at last and tugged her home behind his yacht. . . Constantine had his obelisk rowed up the Tiber to within three miles of Rome. Here they landed it and dragged it in a cradle up the Ostian road, through the Porta S. Paolo and along the Circular' Esterna route to the Circus Maximus, where it was set up on the spina, the low wall dividing the arena into two. It fell down in the course of time, broke into three pieces, and had buried itself twenty feet under the ground when it was discovered again in 1587 by the great obelisk-raiser, Sixtus V, who found an obelisk and re-erected it in each of the five years of his pontificate, witnessed no doubt by many of the College Martyrs in Rome at the time. Fittingly enough he ordered it to be placed outside the Lateran, where Constantine was believed to have been baptized.

The task of erecting these monoliths must have been immense, not to mention dangerous. The Egyptians, they say, did it by building a big ramp of sand over the pedestal, hauling up the obelisk on a sledge, and then gradually withdrawing the sand. Even so it must have been a dangerous operation and Pliny has a *ben trovato* of how Ramses employed 120,000 men to erect one nearly twice as high as the one at the Lateran, and tied his own son to the top to make sure that the men went about the work carefully. There is a vague contemporary description of the raising of the Lateran obelisk in the Circus Maximus: hundreds of vast beams were dug in on end "in a most dangerous manner", and long thick ropes were networked between them to make a sort of gigantic spider's web. Into this web the obelisk was hoisted, and then revolved by many thousands of men (on its end or on its side?) until it was in position. The obelisk in the Villa Celimontana, brought here from the Capitol where it used to stand before the Ara Coeli when that was still a temple of Isis, cost the architect who was directing operations his hand, which he was resting on the pedestal when the 150 odd tons dropped into place. Since they could not move the obelisk again, they had to saw the architect off at the wrist, and any guide who knows his stuff will still point out the bones.

The erection of the Vatican obelisk in 1585 is better documented. Whose it was and where it stood in Egypt we do not know: there is no writing on it. Caligula had it brought to Rome, again on an immense craft, into whose holds he poured 30,000 bushels of lentils as ballast. Perhaps it was the first floating dock, for at Ostia he sunk the ship (Pliny, our source, says nothing more about the lentils) to form the foundation for the three moles he was building for his new harbour there. The obelisk he transported to the Vatican hill, there to adorn the spina of the Circus he had just had built for private chariot racing, quite near the present sacristy of St Peter's. A marble slab outside the Teutonicum marks the spot. If the tradition is true which tells us that St Peter was executed "inter duas metas" of this Circus, then it was here, at the foot of this obelisk that he died. The mediaeval church of S. Stefano de Agulia, "of the Needle", later destroyed to make way for the new sacristy, took its name from the same obelisk. There it remained undisturbed for a century and a half, and it was not until Michelangelo's dome was rising above the new basilica that Sixtus V decided to move it to grace the piazza in

front. A council of 500 architects, engineers and mathematicians was called to discuss the task. It is said that Michelangelo himself had been asked to move it earlier, but had refused the immense undertaking. After all the obelisk weighed 331 tons. Hundreds of designs of engines for lifting, transporting and erecting the obelisk were submitted, and judging from a contemporary print they certainly lacked no ingenuity. One looks like a car-jack. Domenico Fontana's design was judged the most practical, but the Commission of Cardinals hesitated to trust him with the undertaking, since they thought that at forty-two he was too young and inexperienced. However, when he brought in a wooden model and lifted a little lead obelisk before their eyes, they were converted, and he went to work—but with two older architects to keep their eye on him.

A pit 15 feet deep and 30 feet wide was dug in the clayey ground of the piazza, and strengthened with twenty-five oak stakes. There they placed the foundation stone and two dozen bronze commemorative medals, and built the pedestal. A wooden causeway was built from here to where the obelisk stood, and was reinforced with hundreds of stout props to hold the weight later on. A wooden tower was constructed round the obelisk itself, and the dangerous operation could commence. A huge crowd collected to see it, and the Pope himself came down from his palace on the Quirinal to see how the enterprise would go. Before dawn all 800 of the workmen heard Mass in St Peter's, and before they went to their posts each was pathetically enough provided with a helmet. By means of levers and pulleys on top of the wooden tower the obelisk was raised three feet from the ground and gradually lowered onto the causeway. It is said that the earth trembled at the immense weight. The relief that nothing gave way was so great that mortars were fired off in the piazza, cannons thundered from the Castel S. Angelo, and bells rang throughout the city. Fontana himself was carried in triumph round the piazza, and to the sound of trumpets, drums and general rejoicing, the obelisk was dragged along its 250 yards of rollers to the new pedestal. Here another wooden tower had been erected, and over it, pulleys which played out the rope to forty winches. The next part of the task was much more dangerous, and Fontana obtained permission from the Pope to forbid under pain of death a word to be spoken by any of the spectators, for fear that any noise would distract the workmen. Work began

again at dawn, after everyone present had knelt down to offer up a prayer for success. A trumpet gave the signal to start, and as the great rock was slowly raised on end the silence was broken only by the creaking of the ropes as workmen and horses strained at the winches. It was when the obelisk was almost upright that the famous event occurred. Some say it was an English sailor, others an Italian from Bordighera on the Riviera. Some say that the ropes were beginning to smoke and were in danger of breaking from the friction, others that they had been stretched to their full capacity when the obelisk still had another few inches to go. However, Englishman or Italian, friction or shortness, the man knew his ropes and shouted out for water—"Acqua alle funi". The ropes stopped smoking or, alternatively, contracted that extra inch, the obelisk settled into position, and the situation was saved. It was 11 p.m.; the work had taken a full day. They say that the sailor was not put to death; on the contrary he was rewarded with the privilege of flying the Papal flag on his ship, and with the exclusive right of selling palms to the Apostolic palaces. Since St Peter's still gets its palms from Bordighera, it seems that the Italian sailor wins the day. Fontana charged the Pope 38,000 scudi, and Sixtus expressed his surprise in his inscription on the base: "incredib. sumptu".

The obelisk had had a huge bronze ball on top which is still kept on show in the Capitol Museum. It was generally believed to contain the ashes of Cæsar but Fontana had another explanation: the deposit inside was nothing other than dust, let in by the holes in the ball, which had been used by passing soldiers as a target. It is hard to say which story is taller. Anyway, he took the ball off and substituted for it a cross, to which the fine inscription on the base refers: "Ecce crux Domini Fugite partes adversae Vicit Leo De tribu Juda". When the piazza was paved with stone, sixteen white circles of marble were inserted showing the points of the compass, for the obelisk made an ideal pointer (?) for that huge sundial. And when finally Bernini was commissioned to finish the piazza, he did so with his eye on the obelisk, for the dimensions of his colonnade and his fountains set it in perfect relief. There it still stands, proclaiming the victory of the Cross, and wagging a silent finger at Paul V for spoiling the effect of Michelangelo's dome and for writing his name right across the front of the basilica when he had only built the façade.

701 The obelisk in front of the Pantheon wags a similar finger at M. Agrippa L. F. Cos., for although he built the original Pantheon, the building which now stands behind his portico was built by Hadrian a hundred years later. The obelisk is only eighteen feet high, and along with the other small ones of the Minerva, the Esedra, the Celimontana, and the two now in Urbino and in the Boboli Gardens in Florence, it had stood, when brought to Rome in the first century, at one of the entrances of the Iseum, that vast temple of Isis, which, together with the temple of Minerva from which S. Maria sopra Minerva took its name, occupied the whole block between S. Ignazio, the Pantheon, and the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. There it may have cast its shadow on the statue of the Nile now in the Vatican. Like most other obelisks it had a chequered history. Sixtus V dug it up from the ruins of the Iseum and set it up before the little church of S. Macuto, which is now incorporated in the Collegio Romano. There it was known, by a slurring of the name at which the Romans are particularly adept (look at the word "Navona"!) as the Guglia di Mammaute, the Needle of Mahomet, even though it vied with the Vatican obelisk in its being thought to contain, in the bronze ball then on its summit, the ashes of Cæsar. It was not moved to the Pantheon until 1711, so that it never saw the ass's ears going up; but it must still smile when it recalls the time the Italians of the Argentine presented the material to pave the piazza in wood so that a sacred silence might reign round the tomb of their kings: is there any other piazza in Rome where the hooters make more noise? It looked a little out of the perpendicular last time I saw it, and the Board of Works (if they have such an institution in Rome) ought to have a look at it. After all, it was built first for Ramses II, and after standing well over three thousand years it must be feeling the strain.

Ramses II set up more obelisks than any other Pharaoh because he celebrated more jubilees (a custom which would appeal to every true Roman), and a jubilee was not felt to have been well celebrated unless an obelisk or two were erected. That is perhaps why the Romans set up his highest obelisk (78½ feet) in the Piazza del Popolo, to act as the starting post of the mad horse race on that festa of festas of old Rome, the Carnevale. It was also the starting place of another game, which however, I suspect, stopped rather abruptly when motor cars were invented. You had yourself blindfolded and then, with

your back to the obelisk, you tried to steer a straight line for the Corso. They say that invariably you landed up in the Babuino or in the Ripetta. What is perhaps more surprising is that you ever managed to miss hitting one of the twin churches. The obelisk had stood in Egypt before the temple of the sun god Ra at Heliopolis. The latin inscription on its base tells of its re-dedication to the Sun of Justice, born under the very Emperor who had brought the obelisk to Rome: "Ante sacram Illius aedem Augustior Laetiorq. surgo Cuius ex utero Virginali Aug. imperante Sol iustitiae Exortus est". However, Ramses will be happy to know that the Roman sun-worshippers still recline on its pedestal, and that it still dwarfs everything else around by comparison. Its only possible rivals were the huge poplar trees which grew near and which gave S. Maria del Popolo its name. But they were already cut down in 1099 to lay low the ghost of Nero which was said to live among them and scare the people at night with its hoarse croaking. The more rationalistic say that it was a crow, but they do not know a good story when they hear one.

The other obelisk which Augustus brought to Rome is only six feet smaller, and since it also came from Heliopolis it may well have been the companion of the other outside the Sun-temple, although it was set up 700 years later by Psameticus II the Pharaoh who was reigning when Nabuchodonosor sacked Jerusalem. Augustus set it up in the large open space north of the present Parliament, there to act as the gnomon or needle of a sundial which was to be the town-clock. He laid out an extensive pavement of marble, and inlaid strips of gilt metal to indicate midday at various seasons of the year. A bronze ball which is still in position was placed on top of the obelisk. Curiously enough nobody thought that it contained the ashes of Caesar: its purpose was less romantic—to mark clearly the end of the shadow. Augustus said that he got the idea from the shadow thrown by a man's head. In Pliny's day, however, something had slipped, and the clock began telling the wrong time; so they went back to the earlier more dependable though perhaps vaguer practice of shouting out the hours in a loud voice from the platform of the Comitium in the Forum. One imagines that heredity has something to do with the modern Italian's hazy idea of how long *dieci minuti* is. The obelisk was discovered again, buried deep, in 1748, and moved to the other side of the Palazzo where it now stands, in the Piazza di Montecitorio.

In death as in life the memory of Augustus was kept green by obelisks, and two twin uninscribed obelisks were put up outside his mausoleum. Sixtus V found one near the church of S. Rocco, as he recorded on the base, and set it up behind St Mary Major's with a more than usually happy inscription: "Christi Dei In aeternum viventis Cunabula Laetissime colo Qui mortui Sepulchro Augusti Tristis Serviebam". The other, found at the same time, was not moved until 200 years later, by Pius VI, and he set it up on the Quirinal between the two famous statues of Castor and Pollux. It was when he was setting it up that he changed the statues from an original position of facing their horses and checking them as they rear, to their present position beside the horses and pulling them back, an aesthetic blunder, so they say, which Pasquino, that forerunner of *Chi Lo Sa?* who used to exchange regular animated conversation with the old man holding the barrel-fountain on the way to the "Greg", greeted with rather heavy humour, changing "Opus Phidiae" to "Opus Perfidiae Pii Sexti".

Three of Rome's obelisks are fakes. One was cut in Egypt by order of Domitian, but was brought to Rome immediately to be set up in front of the Iseum. The hieroglyphs were carved in Rome, but in a style which is quite distinct from the others and which includes some most unusual signs. You can read the names of Vespasian, Titus and Domitian, but you cannot call it Egyptian, any more than you could write your name ἰάκ ρόβινσον and call it Greek. However it enjoys now perhaps the best site in Rome, for after spending some time on the spina of the Circus of Maxentius down on the Via Appia past the Catacombs, it was brought to Rome's largest piazza, the Navona, where the master himself, Bernini, executed an architectural conjuring trick to support its entire weight on the void between the mass of rockwork and grottoes which forms one of his finest fountains. Innocent X, who built the Palazzo Pamphili, and S. Agnese in the same square, wrote on the base of the obelisk that he had set it up "amnibus subterlabentibus" so that it should provide "Spatiantibus amoenitatem Sitientibus potum Meditantibus escam", and he could not have put it better.

Hadrian also had one cut in Egypt, and inscribed in Rome with even more impossible hieroglyphs, to be set up on the grave of his court favourite, Antinous, near the Porta Maggiore. Heliogabalus, the Roman emperor who was discovered by



Gilbert to rhyme with "parabolous", moved it to the Circus Varianus near S. Croce, but nobody seemed to like it very much, for it was moved to the Barberini palace, then to the Vatican, where it lay in the Giardino della Pigna for fifty years. Pius VII eventually set it up on the Pincio where it still stands, rather hidden by the trees around it.

The early history of the obelisk now outside the Trinità dei Monti is a mystery. Its hieroglyphs are in part an imitation of the ones on the Popolo obelisk, but are so poor and unartistic that they were obviously cut when their meaning had been forgotten. It was found behind the church of St Patrick, and must have adorned some part of the huge gardens of Sallust, which occupied the huge space between the Pincian Wall, the Piazza Barberini, and the Via Venti Settembre.

The word "obelisk" was given to these monoliths by the Greeks, who, finding something about which they could not start an argument, covered it as usual with an air of ridicule, and called it a small spit. The Egyptians called it "techn", and wrote it quite simply, by drawing an obelisk; and in spite of the Greek wits a case might be made for proving that it was from here that they got their own word τέχνη and we our word "technique". For no age, not even the modern one with all its electrically driven machinery, has ever equalled the technique with which the Egyptians, with their wooden and bronze tools worked on stone. Five thousand years ago already they were making cuttings in the rock which need our precision instruments to detect their errors—1 in 16,000. Their obelisks are masterpieces of proportion, and the exquisite craftsmanship of the hieroglyphs cut into them is as evident today as it was when the Lord of the Two Lands first inspected it from his burnished chariot. Perhaps it was this technique more than anything else which prompted the Roman emperors to bring to Rome the thirteen which now adorn the city. And if anyone thinks that thirteen is an unlucky number, he will be relieved to know that there is another one somewhere under S. Luigi, and perhaps several more elsewhere, waiting for someone to dig them up. After all, they found the one now by the station under the apse of S. Maria Sopra Minerva only sixty-six years ago.

HUBERT J. RICHARDS.

## NOVA ET VETERA

### VITA NOSTRA

Many pre-war students must have felt that the life of the Gregorian University was painfully cramped and lacking in so many features which could have helped to make the Roman student's life not only richer at the time but more useful for his work ahead. The cosmopolitan character of the *auditores* must have appeared as a challenge to more than the garrulous disciples of Cardinal Mezzofanti and even the most uninterested must have occasionally wondered whether the "Greg" was not capable of being something more than a place where people merely attended lectures. In the post-war atmosphere it became clear that, what before might have been considered a useful extra, had now become an absolute necessity. To rub shoulders daily with members of the Church from the four corners of the world and yet to carry on as if they did not exist, seemed not only unimaginative but to be defying Providence. The splendid isolation in which the various Colleges lived seemed incredible at a time when statesmen were founding a Parliament of Europe and the international character of the Church was becoming each day more clearly of paramount importance.

Ideas such as these then crystallized themselves in 1947, and, under the inspiration of a Hungarian student from the German College, lead to the foundation among some of the students at the University of what came to be known as the *Vita Nostra* movement. The aim was to provide some sort of structure at the Gregorian within which personal friendships might develop and opportunities be provided for all who wanted to meet together under circumstances more favourable than those of a ten-minutes' break between lectures. Proposals for a

University Common Room having been declared at least temporarily impracticable, circles on various subjects were arranged, not as ends in themselves but as providing just such opportunities for exchanging views and improving understanding. Several of them flourished, notably those on "Preaching", "The Priest Today" and of course "The J.O.C.". The latter, which was the largest of all, met each Thursday morning under the leadership of an ex-J.O.C. chaplain studying at the Belgian College and even succeeded in arranging a highly successful day visit to the Pirelli rubber factory at Tivoli to study working conditions there.

Sport, too, was thought to offer good opportunities for friendly meetings and so tournaments at soccer, volley-ball and basket-ball were organized. Despite unbelievable difficulties in arranging dates suitable to the sides taking part, Capranicans, Scots, Carmelites, Scalabriniani, Germans, the Beda and ourselves, during 1947-8, embarked on a regular series of games at the end of which we were pleased to find ourselves at the head of the *Classifica*. The games unfortunately did not always have the desired effect of improving relations between the various teams and so that, in the following year (1948-9), when difficulties arose about the provision of fields for the games, the league was quietly allowed to lapse and instead only occasional "friendlies" were arranged. Last year, however, basket-ball took on a new lease of life and we may yet see regular inter-College sport organized successfully at the University.

Perhaps the most significant step in the movement has been the foundation of a students' magazine, *Vita Nostra*. First appearing in the autumn of 1947, it has already achieved considerable success. Two numbers appeared in 1947-8 and three in 1948-9 and by that time it was selling some 4,000 copies quite easily. Contents included reports from each of the circles mentioned earlier, accounts of current events in the various Colleges together with the history of one or two of them, details of ordinations, appeals, and of course any suitable articles which were submitted. With the coming year important developments are promised to make the magazine both more substantial and more representative of the University. Direction will be in the hands of a board of five instead of a single man as up to the present. The magazine is to absorb *Sint Unum* the former organ of the Sodalitium Gregorianum and for the first time will be printed not roneoed. In addition

it will be despatched to all ex-alumni who will then have an opportunity of examining at first hand how the many problems which faced the editors have been solved.

Finally a word must be said about the various attempts to organize social activities at the University. Proposals were made for a concert at Christmas 1947 but it proved impossible to reconcile the different domestic obligations of those groups largely concerned and so the whole project had to be dropped—a typical example of the difficulties which are encountered whenever such plans are brought forward. At the end of the academic year 1947-8, a modest farewell party for those about to leave the University was arranged in Aula A and this year found the same room packed to capacity. The assembly was not disappointed: the Spanish, Germans and French all obliged with a couple of songs but it was ourselves who really stole the evening. A few well-sung octets opened our contribution and then, after a short interlude on the piano, there burst onto the improvised stage four long-bearded and red-garbed Caucasians, who proceeded to tell with song and dance (how well they knew their Steppes!) of their unsupportable love for “Ochi Cyanya”, until finally one by one they felt constrained to put an end to an unbearable existence. To those of us who had seen them before our Terrible Four were still funny, but to the unprepared audience they proved a sensation. It is true that one or two faces wore a puzzled expression—especially that of an old Professor of Canon Law who seemed unable to believe his own eyes—but the general reaction among Professors and students alike was one of spontaneous and delighted approval. Finally Fr Dezza said a few words of farewell and a memorable evening came to an end when liberal supplies of ice-cream appeared as a very welcome refreshment. The obvious approval of many of the Professors present and especially the whole-hearted co-operation of Fr Dezza in the organization of these evenings seem to confirm the general impression that the Gregorian authorities are anxious to see the social life of the University still further developed. Whether or not however the many plans which have been mooted in the name of *Vita Nostra* will ever mature, remains to be seen. Obviously the difficulties are immense. But if one thing emerges from the welter of different trends which are being co-ordinated in the *Vita Nostra* movement, it is that there is a great fund of vigour and enthusiasm in existence which, if

once the initial ice is discreetly broken, may yet be harnessed to enliven and enrich the eternal "Romanità".

### FR CHRISTOPHER GREENE S.J.

The archives of Stonyhurst College, which we were able to study whilst there, and our own archives, which we again possess, bear witness to the noble work of Fr Greene. He was born in Kilkenny in 1629. In 1647 he entered the College and was ordained in 1653. The following year he left for the mission and in 1658 entered the Society. About this time he returned to the Continent and in 1666 was in Rome "when he resumed his enquiries amongst the oldest of the Oratorian Fathers at the Chiesa Nuova and San Girolamo concerning St Philip Neri and the scholars of the English College at Rome". He was appointed Penitentiary at Loreto in 1682 and at the Vatican in 1686. Six years later he became confessor to the English College where he died 11th November 1697. Fr Morris says that he was a great lover of the English Martyrs and that he has done more than any other man to save the records of their sufferings from perishing and to transmit to futurity materials for the time of persecution in England. His copies of hundreds of Fr Parson's letters will be indispensable for the biography of this great Jesuit which must one day be written.

### A PRAYER OF PARSONS

"All here lift up their hands and thank God and His Holiness for founding such a College at Rome, beyond all their hopes; and they beseech His Holiness, by the bowels of the mercy of our Saviour, to defend the College, and to enlarge it for the needs of the present time."

### AN ANSWER

In a discussion of the Catholic position in England at the end of the sixteenth century, we read a rather dramatic account of how the College did fulfil the "needs of the present day".

In "The Reformation in England" by F. M. Powicke in *European Civilization*, edited by E. Eyre, 1936, IV, 481, 2, speaking of the Catholics who endured the persecution, he says "they were the occasion, and the earliest victims, of one of the most dramatic crusades in history. Scores of ardent young men, trained by some of the best minds in Europe, inspired by leaders of genius, steeped in learned controversy, aglow with holy passion, dedicated to death, issued from the English Colleges at Rheims and Rome on their mission to convert England".

### TACT

Parsons has been in poor health for some time and is resting near Frascati. Sir James Lindsay, a benefactor of the College, again makes his suggestion that the new institution should give shelter to students from Scotland as yet without a home in Rome. The agitated Rector writes for advice and Parsons replies with a letter to Lindsay. Unfortunately the original does not survive, as it must have been a masterpiece of discretion. The suggestion does not suit his plans, yet Lindsay's friendship must not be lost. He assures the good man that his own large heart would welcome the Irish also—but for the difficulties of the moment. Whatever he said convinced his benefactor who did not renew his suggestion.

### A VISITOR

Fr Parsons probably ended without much difficulty the desire for the Persian Mission which some of the "fathers" experienced after the visit of Sir Anthony Sherley to the College in 1607. In the account by Sir E. Denison Ross we read how he performed his Easter duties at the College in Holy Week, and (quoting Parsons) "upon Easter day he dined here in the English College, and was in conversation after dinner among the fathers where he did so well discourse, besides after that one of his servants, concerning likelihood of casting religion in Persia, that many of our fathers were very much inclined to be employed there".

## HOLY YEAR REMINISCENCES

With the approach of Holy Year we naturally tend to reminisce about the Holy Years of the past. Those of 1925 and 1933 have already been chronicled in these pages and fortunately we have two eye-witnesses for the Holy Years of 1825 and 1900 : the only two which were celebrated with full ceremony between the years 1800 and 1900.

In his *Recollections of the Last Four Popes* Cardinal Wiseman recalls for us his personal impressions of the Holy Year of 1825. As his account is well known and too long to quote completely we will attempt a summary, hoping to capture personal vignettes from the pen of the author.

Naturally there should have been a Holy Year the first year of the century, but the calamities of the times and the death of Pius VI effectually prevented its observance ; and had it not been for the unswerving will of Leo XII there would not have been one in 1825.

Both at home and abroad the Pope met opposition. His treasurer was afraid of financial embarrassment ; Naples, Austria and the German Protestants were hostile. Nevertheless the Pope declared that the Holy Year must be and on Ascension Thursday, 1824, he issued his decisive Bull, entreating all, prince and peasant, friend and foe, to co-operate.

From that moment preparations took on a definite character.

Firstly the city had to be cleansed spiritually and missions were preached to that effect. " In the immense and beautiful square known to every traveller as the Piazza Navona, a concourse of 15,000 persons was said to be present, when the Pope, on the 15th of August, went to close these services by his benediction. It required stentorian lungs to address such a crowd, and be audible ; fortunately these were to be found, in contact with a heart full of goodness and piety, in the breast of the Canonico Muccioli. When this zealous man died, still young, a few years later, hundreds of youths belonging to the middle classes, dressed in decent mourning, followed in ranks their friend to his sepulchre . . .

But to return, the Pope took many by surprise, when they saw him, opposite, listening to the Canon's closing sermon from the apartments of the Russian embassy, in the Pamphili palace. Thence he descended, accompanied by his heterodox host and admirer, the Chev. Italinski, to a throne erected for him in the open air."

In addition material provision was not forgotten. Visitations of churches and religious institutions were increased to ensure their well-being; preparations were made to lodge and feed the crowds of pilgrims who were expected. On the latter point, to prevent alarm on the part of foreign princes, the Pope assured them that he wished to take upon himself alone the duty of hospitality, observing "that he would rather pawn the church plate of Rome than be wanting in its discharge". Literally, he was faithful to his word; for everywhere the Holy Father was to be seen, urging and encouraging by his personal example.

"There is in Rome a large house, attached to a Church of the Holy Trinity, expressly established for the charitable entertainment of pilgrims. Hence it is called *La Trinità dei pellegrini* . . . In the month of November, our confraternity of the Holy Trinity, to which many English belong, lodged and fed for three days, 23,090 men and 15,754 women, in all 38,844 persons; besides 350 members of branch confraternities. From this some idea may be formed of the scale on which the hospitality was exercised during the entire year."

On his arrival the pilgrim was treated with every kindness: his way-worn feet were bathed, his wounds, if any, were dressed. Thus refreshed he proceeded to supper. There he was waited on by a serving man, sometimes a royal prince or cardinal, often a bishop or nobleman, who "poured out his wine, cut his bread, changed his portions, and chatted and talked with him". But if he were really fortunate he might be present on those happy occasions when "a sudden commotion, a wavy movement, would reach from the outer door". There would be no need of explanation; all knew at once what it implied. "The Holy Father was coming without notice. Indeed none was required; he came simply to do what everyone else was going to do, only he had the first place. He knelt before the first in the line of pilgrims taking his chance of who it might be."

This act of magnanimous humility, however, was not of singular occurrence. "He daily served in his own palace twelve pilgrims at table, and his biographer tells us that he continued this practice throughout his reign. To his accompanying them I well remember being an eye-witness. For one of such delicate health and feeble frame it was no slight undertaking to walk from the Vatican to the Chiesa Nuova; but to perform this pilgrimage barefoot, with only sandals on his



feet, was more than anyone was prepared for . . . It reminded everyone forcibly of St Charles at Milan, humbling himself by a similar act of public devotion, to appease the Divine wrath manifested in the plague."

Thus Leo XII successfully celebrated his Holy Year. Pius IX, in his pontificate, was not so fortunate. His prodigious length of days would have allowed him to hold two Holy Years, one in 1850, the other in 1875. But the political situation in Italy prevented his ever proclaiming the first and impeded his surrounding the other with customary majesty. It is of interest though that in the March of 1875 Bishop Manning came to Rome to receive the sacred purple.

After these former disappointments then, everyone looked forward with eager expectation to the Holy Year of 1900. The preceding peaceful years gave ample opportunity for preparation and it is said to have surpassed all others in its organized celebration. Fortunately Canon Burke, our second eye-witness, was a student at the time and has recorded some personal reminiscences of his life as a student during 1900 in his Roman Diary for that year.

Christmas Eve : took place the opening of the Holy Door. Station : Brown, Curmi and myself went to St John's where we saw the whole ceremony and walked in the procession.

Christmas Day : So miserable that we sang "Dies Irae" round the playroom fire.

January 1st. Low Mass at midnight for New Year's Day. Father Zagari sent us a New Year's gift of an extra week's holiday. At the evening concert the Rector gave us his usual "Far away, O Far away" which was followed by "Ora Pro Nobis" from the irrepressible Vice-Rector, and to add to our glee, Cavanagh gave us "The heart bow'd down". Walsh recited "Bill Adams" and Tommy Hickey sang "I am a jolly old sailor". Today we commenced the visit of the four Basilicas in order to gain the Holy Year indulgences.

February. During the Carnival, our first gita was to Albano. We walked along the Appian Way for fourteen miles and as we neared Albano we saw a long hill rising gradually and in a tantalizing manner, so that the very sight of that last climb made me footsore and weary. However, we reached the town, had lunch and drove to Ariccia to see the Aqueduct. The wind was blowing so keenly that we were glad to dismount from the *carozza*. We returned by train to Rome. Next day

with T. Hickey, King and Sweeney we walked to the Due Ponte and back by Cassia. On the following Saturday we made our way outside the Ponte Nomentana under a scorching sun, over the dreary waste of Campagna, and after being nearly devoured by a furious farm-dog, we skirted the "Bella Donna" and rushed back to "The Mangani" for refreshments. Thence we took a tram to the Porta Pia and walked home the rest of the way. The result was not quite happy as King caught fever and was not able to accompany us to Farfa where we journeyed on the following Monday. In preparation for that momentous and memorable gita we went to bed at 9, and got up at 3.30 in the morning in order to catch the 6.10 train. It was a cold, fresh morning and we watched the sun rise over the hills while we journeyed to Fara Sabina station. From that station we directed our steps, or rather were directed by our Rector (Mgr Giles) by a winding, muddy and stony by-path to the Abbey. For some time the Rector was our guide, but owing to the ignorance of our bearings and the treacherous nature of the muddy path we left him far behind and arrived at the Abbey long before him. It was situated in a picturesque spot behind the hill on which the village of Fara was planted; but as for the Abbey itself, not even the church was of any special interest or caused any excitement. The things I enjoyed most about the Abbey were the lemons that grew in the garden. From the Abbey our way lay along the side of a precipice at the foot of which stretched a fertile plain dotted with hills on which were pretty and compact villages. Yet further from this sunny spot could be seen the snow-capped hills standing out in bleak and barren contrast to the beauty of Nature's trees and shrubs and fields. We had walked twelve miles from Fara Sabina before we at last drew in sight of Fara. There it lay, at the top of a great "Spion Kopje"-like hill, which added much to the weariness and amusement of the journey. A wag sang "Where is now the Abbey party? Fara way! O Fara way!" as we toiled up the height. The Rector had advised us that *canne* would make an excellent fork, when split, and pocket-knives might be useful at lunch. But the *osteria* provided us with sufficient convenience and even gave us "antique" sausages in addition. The journey back along the hard, dry road was most fatiguing and I was thoroughly exhausted. No refreshment was to be had at the station, so we had to be content with "Adam's ale".

Easter. On Palm Sunday afternoon we went for a walk at the right of Pamphili to Sant' Onofrio. Found the road flooded and had to clamber along the hedges. Next day Father Paliola commenced the Retreat.

On Maundy Thursday managed to obtain from Don Fedeneis a brush with which the altar in St Peter's had been washed. Sunny? Easter week at Monte Porzio. Visited Compatri where W. and myself distinguished ourselves by ordering *ove bollite* and being presented by the waiter with boiled meat instead of boiled eggs. Also visited Rocca di Papa, Nemi and Albano where we bathed in the lake.

On April 29th general reception of pilgrims in St Peter's. The costumes were numerous and very varied. That of the Hungarian magnates outshone all. The Belgians, Italians and Hungarians each took it in turn to sing their hymns while the Holy Father received the dignitaries.

May. On Ascension Thursday took place the canonization of St John de la Salle in St Peter's. Procession took two hours to pass. Whole church illuminated. Managed to cling on to a pillar, by the door, where I had a good view, in spite of the efforts of a fat Frenchman to pull me down. All the Religious in the world were represented in the procession, but the Christian Brothers, whose Order the Saint belonged to and founded, were among the first. Illumination at St Peter's in the evening.

June. Bought two magpies. One flew into Via Monserrato from the College gallery. Had to pay one franc to redeem it. Pilgrims continue to flock into city from all parts of the world in spite of the hot weather.

## COLLEGE DIARY

**JANUARY 10th 1949, Monday.** Since my honourable predecessor left us all basking in operatic delight, what now remains but the funereal task of consigning holly to the cellar, stripping away the last shreds of Christmas festivity and balancing accounts. Nature sympathized and it rained tumultuously. But very few failed to appreciate the mood as a series of short bells left the morning undisturbed. In the afternoon along the Via Veneto the Union Jack reminds us that the British Delegation at present the guests of the Italian government.

**11th Tuesday.** At ten, after their audience with the Pope, a reception was held, in the library, of representatives of both Houses of Parliament led by Colonel the Right Honourable D. Clifton Brown. They were received by His Grace Archbishop Tonna, Mgr Heard, Mgr Duchemin, Mgr Clapperton, Mgr Whitty, Fr Tindal-Atkinson O.P., Fr Bolland S.J. and Fr Tracey. The Rector welcomed the guests. Church and State then retired to the second library leaving what may be called the third estate to deliberate outside.

**12th Wednesday.** The annual evening function at Sant' Andrea della Valle, Roman at its best, with a popular Franciscan preacher, an enthusiastic and demonstrative audience and the measured tones of the College Schola.

**13th Thursday . . .** and again at Sant' Andrea, at the close of the Greco-Byzantine liturgy, the Vice-Rector gave the English address on the evils of the day, material evolution and moral decline.

Acquaintances were renewed in the evening with the Parliamentarians at the British Delegation to the Holy See.

**14th Friday.** Some deny that the Refectory is a social institution, yet every diarist introduces you there early in his career, and you discover that even long reading has its own etiquette. There each of the English

Cardinals seems to pay his *ad limina* sometime during the course. But, at present, Mr Churchill is rapidly establishing himself as a *persona grata*. Today he gave us the rise of Adolf Hitler.

15th *Saturday*. *Disputationes publicae* in both faculties; Mr Fitz-Patrick argued on the intuitive vision of God. At lunch were entertained the General of the Pallottines, Bishop Ripe, Fr Ryan and Fr Tracey.

17th *Monday*. The popularity of private societies is considered by some as a censure of Common Room life. But the stalwarts who defend this view on the grounds of being intelligent rather than intellectual are fast dwindling. The Wiseman now always claims a quorum, as it did tonight when the merits of programme music were discussed.

18th *Tuesday*. The Rector departed today for Florence and Fiesole.

19th *Wednesday*. Sir Adrian Boulton received a familiar reception when, at the Argentina this evening, he conducted the Roman Orchestra Augusteo. But he did not need to look far for applause as a line of Venerabilini added clerical distinction to the *palchettone*. However, we, and probably many more of our countrymen in an almost exclusively British audience, would have preferred a more popular selection.

20th *Thursday*. This week at the Gesù is the Church Unity octave, an event in the Roman calendar rapidly gaining strong support and popularity. Tonight we provided *assistenza* and Schola at Benediction for the conversion of the Anglican Church. The Gesù is always a bone of contention with our art critics, but tonight it was thought that present day lighting gave the vaulting a certain fretted splendour, and this Roman baroque had slipped into the twentieth century.

After supper our temperamental film machine rallied and gave us *Sitting Pretty*.

21st *Friday*. Hours free from lectures have an occasional utility. This morning a couple of cameratas were seen hurrying down the wind swept Via Nomentana to the ancient basilica of Sant' Agnese. Here the traditional blessing of the lambs brings the Campagna to Rome; it is the first of the spring festivals. Later Vespers were sung in the city at Sant' Agnese in the Piazza Navona and the Collegio Capranica entertained visitors.

22nd *Saturday*. And a reminder that tomorrow is *ritiro mensile*.

23rd *Sunday*. In the Common Room Fr Pearson was again with us, sunburnt and with a fund of anecdotes from Monte Cassino. Earlier in the day an exhilarating Tramontana had led many of us by Porta San Sebastiano, or else to San Paulo and the Tre Fontane.

24th *Monday*. Does education increase our happiness? At the Grant Debating Society several members attempted to convince with nervous enthusiasm. Surprisingly they lacked that placid contentment, which tonight would alone have brought conviction. Would-be supporters became sceptical and the motion was lost by 10 votes to 5.

25th *Tuesday*. At last we feel a sense of stability in the Eternal City. The College archives have returned. In England a certain mysterious room had been reserved to mask their absence. But now these Lares and Penates have appeared in ordinary packing cases, and conveyed from the recesses of the Vatican archives without incident, have been transported back by mechanical means. Another myth suffering from exposure!

27th *Thursday*. Fr Pearson left for England. Roman spring calls for excursions *fuori le mura* and away into the Campagna. Across the garden, pizzicato on the strings, tremolo from the wood-wind; and the College Orchestra, reflecting the mood, struck into a rustic dance.

28th *Friday*. Armenians, Brazilians and Mexicans were seen gathering near the Aula Magna as another Gregorian attraction was published. Courses in modern languages announced in elegant Latin script have an ever increasing clientele. Today it was Prof. Alanus Clark who proposed to lecture on English; *inscriptiones* would be received at the Secretariate. Rumour has it that high University officials may attend.

29th *Saturday*. To lunch Colonel Dunne.

30th *Sunday*. Sombre red carnations and *liquori* glasses aroused speculation this morning. We were to celebrate the Madre's feast day.

At a suggestion to visit modern Roman churches some tramped out beyond the *Giardini Zoologici* to S. Roberto Bellarmino.—No! The almost detached nave would hardly be suitable for our future parish church. But do you like the subterranean effect of the blue mosaic? Time is passing and so we thread our way back through a maze of Venetian villas and parterres by Porta Pia to Piazza Venezia.

31st *Monday*. By kind permission of the Wiseman Society the second evening of *School for Scandal*. This use of a microphone in a playreading has proved a novel device. It disguises the voice in an eighteenth century background, but it is just a trifle self-conscious of its being third programme.

FEBRUARY 1st *Tuesday*. We met the Embassy this afternoon under the aegis of Opera Nazionale Dopolavoro. So the Fascist dressing-rooms on the ground near St Paul's would give us to understand. Irish Dominicans, Rosminians and Propaganda gave strong support from the touch-line and, in the event, we brought off a victory.

Yehudi Menuhin attracted a few instrumentalists and others to the Aula Magna of Rome University. This was his second visit to Rome within a month.

2nd *Wednesday*. *The Purification*. Five years ago an explanation was offered that today was celebrated entirely spiritually, but materially on the feast of the Annunciation. It has always been enigmatic.

According to Roman custom, after the morning Mass and procession, the Vice-Rector, on behalf of the College, presented a candle to the Pope.

Yesterday's victory lapsed into oblivion this afternoon when we lost against a team of rugby-minded ecclesiastics.

3rd *Thursday*. *La Società Mezzofantiana* became forceful and almost precipitated an international situation. A sort of *lingua franca* is fast becoming the medium of speech. Nevertheless, some members continue to insist on French or Italian, in spite of their not providing interpreters. Gaelic speakers have offered to add colour to the meeting ; their language is still classed with Greek, perhaps as being a little too classical. As for German, it was only the resource of the President who rescued one Nordic soul lost in the welter of romance tongues.

4th *Friday*. The drought continues ; icicles form on the Farnese fountain, and Terminillo is snow-capped in the distance. At night flickering lamps can give only a dull brown glow.

5th *Saturday*. How time has crept by us ! Yesterday was the end of the first semester and today, as you may suspect, brought examinations to the more unfortunate. To lunch Colonel Dunne.

6th *Sunday*. *The Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany*. Late Easter has a habit of producing a depression in February. There is an interminable spate of uneventful days with only the prospect of Lent before us. A Wiseman paper, this evening, seemed to stress the mood with a Gita with T. S. Eliot—around the *Waste Land*.

7th *Monday*. *Dies Non*. Long dark passages lined with tombs, votive lamps bought in Roman stores, stars of David and the air heavy with wilting flowers, this is the atmosphere that enshrouds our annual visit to the Ardeatine Caves. But just across the way the symbols of the sacraments and peacocks enlivened the efforts of a conventional Roman, one might almost have said Victorian, decorator when he was at work in the Catacombs of S. Callisto. The Appian Way was the destination for most of us this afternoon.

8th *Tuesday*. An empty Common Room after lunch. Is this another C.S.G. discussion ? No, the *Messiah* has drawn us all into the Music Room. Today we began the second semester.

9th *Wednesday*. If you are a politician, Rome today celebrated the centenary of the republic ; if an Anglo-phil, there was English Grammar with Prof. Clark. But at a music-lovers' concert instrumentalists and singers mutually entertained and hoped thereby to reconcile more prosaic brethren to their morning ration of arpeggio and duet.

10th *Thursday*. Today Fr Coffey S.J. addressed us through the C.S.G. on British Socialism. He introduced us into the back-rooms of the Vatican radio and showed us the principal trends of comment and criticism.

11th *Friday*. A holiday to commemorate the Lateran Treaty, and at Propaganda the Missionary Society is discussing the Universal Church ; one of our Theologians addressed the gathered assembly. Some like to think that social consciousness is creeping within the sacred walls of the Gregorian, and now an innocuous magazine entitled *Vita Nostra* appears

monthly. It is an organ in which seminarists compare notes on collegiate life in the city. Small discussion groups meet, but under professorial direction; and world problems, national types and spiritualities come up for review.

13th *Sunday*. The concert-going public disappeared to hear the *Missa Solemnis* of Beethoven. And at supper a familiar tinkle on the dinner-bell reminded us that our Rector was again with us after his visit to Fiesole.

14th *Monday*. Behind the folding doors, under the plaque commemorating the Quadraginta Quattuor Martyres, declamations in classical style are delivered daily. It is not a revival of an old school of rhetoric, but just an ingredient being prepared for the Shrovetide Concert. And they are not alone. The operatic session of the House are heard again in the mannerisms, one could almost say the ritual, of Gilbert and Sullivan.

15th *Tuesday*. A colourless day and the time of the year when a solitary camerata wanders along to the Isola Tiberina. With Baedeker or Murray in hand they bestow upon it a detached interest quoting Horace the while, and searching for what remains of the serpent and the bows. But I won't describe it further, as John Evelyn did it equally well in his entry for 1645.

16th *Wednesday*. The Rector's official birthday and tenth anniversary as Rector was celebrated today with *caffè e rosolio* and a film.

17th *Thursday*. Many went by Vatican transport to see our Fifteen meet the Australians of Propaganda at rugby and, with a few casualties, suffer a defeat.

Perhaps it was a little too apposite when Mgr Flanagan, Vice-Rector of the Scots College addressed us on the approach to belief. He guided us through the intricacies of Cardinal Newman's thought, and illustrated how with goodwill we could proceed from notional to real assent.

18th *Friday*. Mr Churchill daily transports us from our menu to a parliamentary debate in the House. Delightfully distracting us from the tedious necessities of life, he awakens our minds to the weight and import of international issues. He now speaks of the rape of Austria.

19th *Saturday*. The Vice bid *adieu* to all this evening in the Common Room. Tomorrow by early train he is due to make homewards to the bleak and wintry North, and the entertainments of the Wirral peninsula. We bid him God-speed, and after a short collection he left us, with a flourish of odd French francs.

20th *Sunday*. Many Romans assembled this morning in the Piazza of San Pietro to pledge their loyalty to the Holy Father on the occasion of the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty. Grave anxiety had been felt throughout the city as news comes of consistorial and diplomatic meetings at the Vatican. In recent years the small poster *Tutti a San Pietro* has become familiar to all.



## THE VENERABLE

21st *Monday*. Our Italian friends on the Cappelar' must find the fickle moods of Venerabile life even more elusive than we do theirs. Tonight the sketch producers abandoned their sequences of passion and repartee, and not even the lilt of an opera chorus delighted the *piccolini*. Instead, under the guidance of the Wiseman Society, we were introduced to the Bach Matthew Passion, which will also provide lunch-time music in days to come.

22nd *Tuesday*. The drought continues and the prospect of another week of electricity cuts is no small set-back to the faithful lecture goer. In recent months the major aulas have been fitted with a relay system, but on these dismal mornings we gaze on Fr Boyer by acetylene light and miss his introductory tap on the mike.

23rd *Wednesday*. Public Meeting. Mr Alexander retired from the cares of office to be succeeded by Mr English. We unanimously felt the pressure of Shrovetide upon us, and postponed all business to a more suitable day, Ash Wednesday.

24th *Thursday*. *Carnevale*. Not as yet the mock renaissance which readers of Francis Marion Crawford may be led to imagine. Instead a rather diminutive company of Borgias and Medici disport themselves along the *corsi*. Hardly *grandezza* so let *gentilezza* be their title, when, with winning grace, they delight a photographic eye.

Third Year Theologians are busy ordering breviaries and others provided our customary *assistenza* for *Quarant' Ore* at San Lorenzo.

25th *Friday*. A bulletin from the Infirmarian informs us that minor casualties from recent sport have now recovered.

26th *Saturday*. Skis are the order of the day. Experts of one year's acquaintance are confidently discussing the merits of these instruments, while in *cucina romana* party-leaders feign a practised air. At the *salsamentaria* we sample Gorgonzola and surprise the Roman matrons with the eccentricity and range of our taste.

*Prosit* to our new Papal Chamberlain, even though not present with us, Very Rev. Mgr G. W. Tickle.

27th *Sunday*. Roman spring has apparently penetrated to the recesses of the Apennines. A falling bank-rate could hardly cause more anxiety as C.I.T. publish their daily report on the skiing grounds. And, as an additional refinement, more and more skis fail to arrive; the ingenuity and resource of our managerial board has been strained to the utmost.

28th *Monday*. Rise 5 a.m. and early morning departures under a grey Roman sky. But while the more fortunate lunched off cold chicken and honey at Subiaco, disaster awaited the Alpine party. At Catina blizzards swept down the mountain fastness. Nevertheless an undaunted few tested the ground. Shadowy forms loomed in the half-light, as, with unsteady course, they sped along the mounting snow.

Yes, some of the experiences were rather redolent of the *Worst Journey in the World* as the *torpedone* arrived back late at night. Two months spent with Scott in the Antarctic may have given us a grain of appreciation for high adventure in terms of ice and snow.

MARCH 1st *Tuesday*. *Feast of St David*. High Mass, daffodils, and, in the evening, the Shrove Concert.

After routing the intellectuals from the walls of Troy, the Opera company took the stage and played to the gallery in fine burlesque. The season called for Roman buffoonery and tonight we had our fill, rather spiced nevertheless with a Pickwickian flavour. But it was rather unfortunate that  $X=O$ , an experiment in style and technique, should be contrasted with a persuasive appeal to old loyalties. It prejudiced the audience, presenting a debate, all too effective, in theatricals.

## SHROVETIDE CONCERT, 1949

## 1 SKETCH

X=O

A Night of the Trojan War  
By John Drinkwater

<i>Pronax</i>	(Greek Soldiers)	Mr FitzPatrick
<i>Salvius</i>		Mr Bickerstaffe
<i>Ilus</i>	(Trojan Soldiers)	Mr Carson
<i>Capys</i>		Mr Calnan

## 2 PIANO SOLO

Humoresque Op. 6 ( <i>Grieg</i> )	Mr Laughton-Mathews
Mélodie Populaire ( <i>Grieg</i> )	

## 3 OPERETTA

TRIAL BY JURY

By W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan

<i>The Learned Judge</i>	Mr O'Hara
<i>The Plaintiff</i>	Mr Hunt
<i>The Defendant</i>	Mr Walsh
<i>Counsel for the Plaintiff</i>	Mr Kenyon
<i>The Usher</i>	Mr Lowery
<i>Foreman of the Jury</i>	Mr Hamilton
<i>First Bridesmaid</i>	Mr Tierney
<i>Jurymen</i>	Messrs Derbyshire, P. Keegan, Broome, M. Keegan, Byron, Brown, Gordon, Rice
<i>Bridesmaids</i>	Messrs Buckley, Dakin, Turnbull, Mallinder, Doran
<i>Pianist</i>	Mr McGuinness
<i>Conductor</i>	Fr Clark
<i>Musical Director</i>	Mr O'Hara

Produced by Mr Lowery

2nd *Wednesday*. *Ash Wednesday*. Ancient wood panelling on the west door, the cell of St Dominic, crushed bay leaves in the nave and Dominican Compline in choir opened for us the lenten fast at Santa Sabina. Many in the afternoon met Fr Tindal-Atkinson O.P. at home.

3rd *Thursday*. With the aid of copious slides Fr Dyson S.J. recaptured for us something of his sojourn in the Holy Land. To an occasional veteran the atmosphere of a war-time aula in North-East Lancashire may have returned with a nostalgic pang. But most of us preferred this evening, enjoying the comment and sketches of native types and personalities.

4th *Friday*. To lunch our *Parroco*, the Rector of San Lorenzo. We met the Embassy again this afternoon and in the academic world Theologians have made the acquaintance of Fr Gordillo. He will conduct them along a labyrinthine way: Oriental Theology.

5th *Saturday*. *Disputationes publicae—omnes auditores debent adesse*. Our Alma Mater Gregoriana has little consideration for the recalcitrant soul.

6th *Sunday*. The ruins of Ostia Antica had unusual visitors this afternoon when with an hour and a half at our disposal a dozen of us gave it an American tour of inspection. This habit of pin-pointing monuments with the aid of a guide-book seems to be a desecration to the more enlightened. We make no apologies. The accommodation of Roman villas, *thermae*, and the acoustics of a well-preserved theatre were the centre of attention. And, almost by chance, a plaque caught our eye erected in recent years on the site of an early Christian oratory; it recalled the death of St Monica.

7th *Monday*. Dominicans of the Angelicum, students of the national Colleges and the *intelligenza* of Rome gathered in the gothic church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva at the Mass of the Titular, Cardinal Micara. There was a sense of Hierarchy according to our pensive soul, but it was not to wield the spiritual sword against heresy in inquisition but to honour the Doctor Communis, St Thomas Aquinas.

8th *Tuesday*. Fr Lawlor S.J. entertained us with a lunch-hour talk on American interference in Europe. Later most of us left for the Station Church of Sant' Anastasia. Those of liturgical persuasion recite the Litany of the Saints with versicles and prayers. The rest slipped away into the crypt, viewed the walls of pre-republican Rome, and left satisfied that all would be well for the coming year.

9th *Wednesday*. A book auction under the patronage of our Missionary Society. This is the time to discover bulky German novels, well-worn travel yarns, ideologies of the 1920 class. Pre-war stocks still go the rounds on a biennial cycle: all the literature with which we swelled our bookshelves before theological tracts filled the gaps.

10th *Thursday*. Mr Evans of Thomas Cooks, Ltd, came to lunch, and in the evening we renewed acquaintance with Dom Desroquettes.

11th *Friday*. A thunderstorm is hardly a social event, but, today it marks the end of the drought, and is an opening gambit in morning conversation at breakfast. An attitude of stolid indifference is usually more correct, but this time all were appreciative.

12th *Saturday*. *Feast of St Gregory*. Several rival claimants annually enter the lists to do the honours of the day to St Gregory. This year we alternated with a Benedictine schola of the Roman Academy. It was a pleasing *ensemble* rather coloured with Italian *vibrato*.

This is the official day for opening the tank, but only a couple of men took the plunge. It was only a gesture. In a few minutes all was again placid and forbidding as it remained undisturbed in its winter coating.

13th *Sunday*. *Primitias suas Deo dicabit Reverendus Dominus Gallagher*. His brother Rev. F. Gallagher assisted at Mass, and, together with Mr E. Gallagher, was the Rector's guest at lunch. Mrs Gallagher was entertained in the Salone.

14th *Monday*. Some of our national vices were the *terminus a quo* for the debate this evening. But before 9.30 we had drunk tea in the shadow of Westminster and been on tour around the First Division grounds of the country. The final speaker claimed that we had missed the issue. This challenged our pride, became the crucial question, and naturally we voted accordingly.

15th *Tuesday*. Mr Edwin Muir of the British Council in Rome spoke to us this evening on the "Decadence of Poetry".

16th *Wednesday*. If you ever stray down the Vicolo de' Vascellari on your way to S. Cecilia you must replenish your stock of *santini*. Urchins besiege you *en route*: all the motley crowd of Trastevere. At present Sig. Berretti generously supplies us with back numbers of the 1890 class. Men of taste accuse us of corrupting the minds of the young, but nevertheless we are still inveterate in crime.

Practices for Theologians' Concert are now already afoot.

17th *Thursday*. *Feast of St Patrick*. Those who claim consanguinity, affinity or spiritual relationship with the Emerald Isle did customary honour to their patron. Dr Herlihy, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, gave the panegyric at St Isidore's, and at St Patrick's Fr O'Flynn.

19th *Saturday*. *Feast of St Joseph*. Dom Desroquettes added a little of French *élan* to plainchant this evening. Soon he may be our *maestro di choro* with understudies to complete his work.

20th *Sunday*. Whether by fortune or design the lenten rigour is relieved by a delightful series of festas. Today those of north country loyalty demonstrated their affection to St Cuthbert. In Rome, S. Lorenzo fuori le mura was the Station. The process of reconstruction continues apace, but nevertheless it still retains very much the appearance of a stone-mason's yard. A short interlude over the Venerabile "radio" ended the day when eighteenth century personalities addressed us by the ingenuity of Mr Boswell.

21st *Monday*. Italy has entered the American pact. So the news-agents inform us in the Piazza Farnese. Otherwise it was an eventless day. The vernal equinox, water-divining and the occult arts had all been exhausted by the end of breakfast.

22nd *Tuesday*. Aula A at the "Greg" draws many a would-be singer into the choir. We provided the bass, even calling upon a member from the Biblical Institute across the way. At Santa Pudenziana was offered the customary indulgence of 3,000 years. So an old plaque would lead us to believe.

23rd *Wednesday*. Every year a couple of small groups provide assistenza at S. Girolamo della carità. Not often do we have a Roman *funzione* almost entirely to ourselves; but whenever it occurs, there is an intimacy all of its own. Pathways crossed and recrossed by the narrow stairs as the *oratorio* and *salette* were again revisited. Finally the cortile rang to an item from the Opera. San Filippo, no doubt, approved.

24th *Thursday*. Cameras have come into fashion with the spring, and willing models lend a human touch to the background of the Forum or a Venerabile corner in Pincio. At an Empire Soccer game with Propaganda we were victorious 1—0.

25th *Friday*. *Feast of the Annunciation* and Theologians' Concert.

#### THEOLOGIANS' CONCERT, 1949

Coniunctissimo Veterano

Eduardo Coonan

qui in Anglia tot stipendia meruit

emeritoque Romam reverso

nunc autem

inter moderatores minores

cum gravitate decorique

partem agenti principalem

has nostras scenas

dedicamus

#### 1 CHORUS: IL TROVATORE (Verdi)

Coro di Zingari e canzone "Stride la Vampa"

*Azucena* . . . Mr O'Hara

Parte Terza—coro d'introduzione

*Fernando* . . . Mr O'Hara

Messrs Walsh, Richards, Farrow, Hamilton, Gallagher, Spillane, P. J. Murphy-O'Connor, Lowery, Frost, Derbyshire, Tierney, Buckley, Hunt, Byron and Dakin

2 TOP YEAR SKETCH

THE FOUR LAST THINGS

<i>The College Martyr</i>	.	.	Mr Groarke
<i>One of the Boys</i>	.	.	Mr Gallagher
<i>Strong Silent Type</i>	.	.	Mr Alexander
<i>The Contact Man</i>	.	.	Mr Hamilton

3 TOP YEAR SONG

Romani puri non vocamur  
 Tamen nos Romani corde  
 Ex imbre Aulae consumamur  
 Ex aestu Romae  
 Harmonia pulchra

4 SHAKESPERIAN INTERLUDE

The Merchant of Venice . Messrs Walmsley and Tierney

5 LIGHTNING SKETCH . Messrs Rea and Carson

6 ITEM

Ochi Cyanya . Messrs Richards, P. J. Murphy-  
 O'Connor, Lowery and Derby-  
 shire

7 SKETCH

THE MASTER KEY

By Wilfred Massey

<i>Kay</i>	.	.	.	Mr Balfe
<i>Grace</i>	.	.	.	Mr English
<i>Freddie Fosdyke</i>	.	.	.	Mr McGuinness
<i>Angela</i>	.	.	.	Mr Hunt
<i>Geoffrey</i>	.	.	.	Mr Stewart
<i>Mrs Levett</i>	.	.	.	Mr Fonseca

26th Saturday. Mr Churchill held our attention at lunch with the German invasion of Poland.

27th Sunday. *Laetare Sunday*. It was scarcely appropriate this morning when we were all called to Chapel to hear a Second Year Theologian deliver his maiden sermon on mortification. But we soon recaptured the mood as the film *Naked City* provided our mid-Lent relaxation.

28th Monday. At the Teatro Adriano most of the Roman Colleges were represented this evening. The Sistine Choir gave a selection from their repertoire and Mgr Perosi conducted.

29th *Tuesday*. Station at S. Lorenzo in Damaso. The Rector officiated in the presence of Cardinals Piazza and Micara. The quiet dignity of the Palazzo Cancelleria was a natural setting as we passed through the colonnades out into the bustling crowds of a Roman evening. Some stood in silence; others gave a furtive glance at the large stational cross; and the white-albed confraternities of the city and the long succession of ecclesiastics re-entered into the basilica. Veneration of the True Cross followed, and after a short competition with the congregation, the Schola intercepted with motets in honour of the Apostles.

30th *Wednesday*. No choir practice, no function, just a visit to the Station Church, St Paul's, where we met the marines of H.M.S. *Vanguard*. It was an excellent opportunity to acquire the arts of a perfect guide, in readiness for the coming years.

31st *Thursday*. From the Janiculum, small groups of clerics and nuns were to be seen converging on the Via della Conciliazione. A practice had been arranged by the Pontifical Academy for the plainchant scholas who were to sing in St Peter's on Sunday. Both transepts were reserved for the Mass choirs. It was an interesting experiment, but not quite successful. High soprano voices lingered around the dome long after the bass and baritone replied.

APRIL 1st *Friday*. In honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of His Holiness Pope Pius XII a reception was held at the Gregorian University. Many of the Cardinals *in curia* were present and also the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Holy See. Cardinal Piazza delivered the main address of the evening. Motets by Palestrina *Ecce nunc benedicite Dominum* and *Gloriosi Principes* were sung by the Gregorian Choir, and together with the whole University the Holy Year Hymn and the acclamations *Christus Vincit*. After the reception members of the choir enjoyed the hospitality of the "Greg", and in turn, we entertained our Jesuit friend to rousings English song.

2nd *Saturday*. *Giornata Eucaristica Sacerdotale del Clero di Roma*. A *rappresentanza* went to the Chiesa Nuova where Colleges and Religious watched before the Blessed Sacrament.

In the evening we had our own Solemn Benediction in honour of the Holy Father's anniversary.

3rd *Sunday*. *Passion Sunday*. All assisted at the Papal Mass in St Peter's this morning when His Holiness the Pope celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood. There was none of the splendour which we have come to associate with similar occasions. The procession entered in silence and the Masses of the Sunday and *Contra persecutores Ecclesiae* followed immediately. There was no throne in the apse; the space had been reserved for Prelates, the Diplomatic Corps and distinguished visitors.

External festivity was withheld in the College, as, by the express wish of the Pope, throughout the city.

4th *Monday*. Cardinal McGuigan was entertained to lunch today together with Mgr Allen and Fr Ashworth. Over *caffè e liquori* the Cardinal recalled the receiving of his *biglietto* in the College during the post-war year 1946.

5th *Tuesday*. Reference books and ponderous dictionaries were a rather forbidding reception in the Ping-pong Room this evening. A Theologian had decided to prove the converse of the old adage that every cloud has a silver lining and, accordingly, introduced us to the Metaphysics of Mirth.

6th *Wednesday*. Mr Churchill did full justice to the sinking of the *Graf Spee* and the battle of the River Plate. Some over tea at *merenda* could almost recall the intonation of the B.B.C. announcer away back in 1940. At lunch we silently toasted each other with what remained of our *vino commune*.

7th *Thursday*. We made the acquaintance today of Dr Spada, a distinguished Roman financier. The Literary Society met and Mr Farrar of the Beda regaled us with his encounters with Thalia and Terpsichore.

8th *Friday*. The walls of San Stefano Rotondo form a sort of backcloth to Lent. Martyrs whom we have cultivated during the past month are here in grand and rather more realistic panorama, if we are to believe the details of Pomerancio. The German College, as usual, chanted Compline with finish and precision; and, as we left, a portrait near the portico reminded us that this is the titular church of Cardinal Mindszenty.

9th *Saturday*. Lent has jogged along its course and, at last, we wake from the journey. Third Year Theologians left us to spend Holy Week in retreat with Fr Alfred at SS. John and Paul's.

10th *Sunday*. *Palm Sunday*. Today your diarist is in retreat. Cameratas are to be seen forming near the *porteria* as they leave to visit St Peter's in the morning, and the rest of the Seven Churches in the afternoon and evening. Several hours pass in silence as the old clock tower records the quarters. Soon by the Salve-statue groups are heard along the staircase, and across the cortile the tempo of conversation rises in the Common Room. There comes a fillip on the bell and we all enter retreat with Fr Coffey S.J.

13th *Wednesday*. A fitting place to begin the Sacrum Triduum is the monastery of S. Girolamo out of the city and beyond Pamphili. Here is the Solesmes foundation in whose care is the revision of the Vulgate. After Compline and the Asperges administered by the Abbot, *zelus domus tuae* opens the Matins of the following day. There is an unaffected grace in their chant which attracts many every year. At dusk a *filobus* brings us to the borgo and, upon returning, the white linen, candles, and red damask tells that all is ready for the Maundy ceremonies on the morrow.

14th *Thursday*. Swiss visitors in Rome for Easter were detailed to San Giovanni in Laterano for the blessing of the oils. But we left early for the closing ceremonies at the Russicum, where, on a raised dais, is administered the mandatum in the hieratic dignity of the Russian rite.



15th *Friday. Good Friday.* Mass of the Presanctified in St Peter's ; stations at three ; visit to the Scala Sancta later ; so the hours slipped by, until the Procession of the Ikon of the Greeks and Orientals was the only blaze of light and splendour in the city.

Movement of crowds interprets with accuracy the life of Rome. Daily we become part of the business hour rush on the Corso Umberto ; St Peter's after a canonization is a memory for life—so also tonight between Santa Maria Maggiore, San Giovanni in Laterano and Santa Croce in Gerusalemme.

16th *Saturday. Holy Saturday.* And this morning S. Pietro, S. Andrea della Valle, S. Tommaso degli Inglesi rang out Lent in grand unison with the Gloria at the Lateran. Congratulations to Messrs English and Rea who received there the Order of the Subdiaconate. Along the Via Giulia and by the Campo dei Fiori lambs, eggs and cakes are ready for the Paschal blessing ; we assist our *Parroco* at S. Lorenzo.

17th *Sunday. Easter Sunday.* Once in five years or, perhaps, even in a decade, or at least back in 1936 we dispensed with the motet " Haec Dies ". The dread day has again returned, almost like the resurgence of a family curse. My predecessors have noted the event and, so, with a sense of obligation to the past, I record the fact without comment.

Mr Tickle was our guest at lunch today, and we toasted Mgr G. W. Tickle to many years in the *Familia Papale*.

18th *Monday.* One gita party began their day in the Oriental rite. Tonight Theologians and Third Year Philosophers will sleep at Florence, by the Grand Sasso, in Naples, Montepulciano and the Abruzzi. Gennaro and Scalambria formed more local itineraries.

19th *Tuesday.* Mgr Clarke, the Apostolic Administrator to His Majesty's Forces was entertained to supper. We also welcomed Fr Lescher who arrived from England ; he will be with us for several days to come.

20th *Wednesday.* Day-gita parties drank vino at Tivoli, climbed the Volscians and viewed the Mediterranean at Anzio. And, as my deputy seems to insist, all returned back early.

22nd *Friday.* Lunch was served on the Villa terrace. The Rector, Vice-Rector, Fr Lescher and Fr Rope were with us. A telegram announced that one Philosopher had left his appendix to the care of the surgeons of Perugia.

23rd *Saturday.* Canon Hyland came to lunch and the Rector left by air for England.

Rather a breathless week ! Perhaps you would have preferred to tarry awhile. Whenever we struggle with the Volscians it is always a test of planning and skill. Any ex-serviceman will tell you that maps cannot be measured with odd pieces of string. Don't deceive yourself

with compasses, time-tables and guides! In the past these were the haunts of the *banditti*, and it was not for nothing that they chose these heights to lure away the foreign traveller in these parts.

But do you suspect the patronizing air? Yes, I have been away supping with the Florentines, never having experienced what it is to have an Easter in Rome. But tomorrow we will be back again into the run of events, and, as usual, brevity is my soul.

24th *Sunday*. Traveller's stories of night-fishing off Amalfi, vertigo on the Sasso, and evenings with the *contadini* still competed with each other around Common Room circles even during that lethargic after-breakfast session. Others who indulge in the luxury of an extensive correspondence were finishing off the last letter of a week's mounting return, and counting the replies to be made in coming days. But to write up an account of a gita was beyond the energy of all, and for most it was sufficient to put away climbing boots, rucksacks and ice-axes for months ahead.

25th *Monday*. *Docetur*. Small groups gather again in the Piazza Pilotta. The past week has given resilience and colour to interplay of personality. But soon we will be drawn again through the meshes of text-book analysis and form. Already our conversation is punctuated with the bell; the aula fills and we are stratified by Colleges in ascending tiers of seats.

26th *Tuesday*. *Solemnity of St George, Protector of England*. Roses, white and red, brought out our national trait of being individual even in patriotism. But it was not difficult to decide whether sympathies were County or Stuart.

To lunch were entertained Canon Hyland, Fr Lescher, Mr Gregory MacDonald, Mr Peppercorn and his son. We complimented the Canon on his approaching golden jubilee. He, in turn, took us away to the *pranzoni* of the days of Bishop Giles, a golden age, when, apparently, living was a fine art and Cardinal Billot lectured at the "Greg".

27th *Wednesday*. In spite of a successor being expected any day, the film machine remains faithful to duty, and after a slight technical hitch presented us with the enjoyable film *Unsuspected*; a delightful tissue of crime, rich in invention, set in modern suburbia. It didn't point a moral and no one suspected that it would.

28th *Thursday*. That the Catacombs Mass should be celebrated this year at Santa Domitilla, was regarded by some as an unforgivable breach with tradition. It had been felt that the Chapel of St Cecilia at the Catacombs of San Callisto would no longer house the College, and difficulty had been experienced with the continual and constant coming of visitors. Most now approve the choice. Our *caeremoniarii* soon adapted themselves to the usage of ambones; liturgists were favourable, and photographers captured old Roman vignettes.

29th *Friday*. Mr McVeigh of K.L.M. Airways was entertained to lunch. Mgr Heard left us for the Convent of the Little Company of Mary; we look to his speedy recovery.

30th *Saturday*. Electricians must always meet the question of the Cup-Final with misgivings. As they flicker the dial, straining for the sound of Wembley or the voice of the B.B.C. announcer, it is only their *persona publica* which renders them sacrosanct. But they succeeded this time, and we enjoyed that most peculiar of national institutions, an English Saturday afternoon. Drs Rea and Garvin arrived today. It is said that they intend to climb the Gran Sasso. We embellished our experiences of a week ago, but they will take it in their stride.

MAY 1st *Sunday*. Rain cancelled the annual *Fiocchi* procession at San Lorenzo. Instead the silence of the *ritiro mensile* seeped into our souls. From the Piazza Navona snatches of syncopated rhythm told that another part of Rome was celebrating the Festa del Lavoro.

2nd *Monday*. The *Giardini Botanici* are now a popular *rendezvous*. No longer do students of *Sapienza* praise the beneficence of Leo XII, as they did in the days of Wiseman, when he laid out for them these walks.—Yes, we have well correlated our guide-books.—Instead Venerabile Peripatetics, branching off into the woods, saunter between rare cacti in the palm-grove. Even Aristotle could hardly have chosen a more congenial spot.

Mr Keegan returned this evening, minus appendix, after his Perugian confinement.

3rd *Tuesday*. The thesis sheet appeared. All diarists find reason to note it. At least it offers an explanation for increasing brevity as the month develops. Some claim that *bonhomie* loses its spontaneity; it awaits the dictates of the will.

4th *Wednesday*. The *Solemnity of St Joseph* was celebrated spiritually with visitors from England and an Irish Dominican to High Mass.

Third Year Philosophers are planning their continental tour; even Lebanon and the State of Israel have been consulted on the protection they afford to travellers and pilgrims. Nevertheless, we are quite utilitarian, and tomorrow will pay the Arabs a call.

5th *Thursday*. The *Feast of the English Martyrs* was celebrated *en famille* with Fr Ashworth to lunch.

On the balcony of the Eagle-Lion Studios in the Via Venti Settembre there was absent the usual gathering of Roman theatre managers, taking a ten minutes' interval during the preview of current English films to enjoy the view of gardens and Palazzo Barberini. Instead a critical board of clerics was passing judgement on *Hamlet*. Experience in the Green-Room focused the comment of the make-up men on the features, especially in the close-ups of Laurence Olivier. But there was one moment of critical insight and taste reserved for that delicate interim when one conversational topic fades, and another takes life. We listened to professional wisdom culled from the Beda.

6th *Friday*. Fr Hulme was a surprise visitor to tea, as he returns to Rome to complete canonical studies.

At Sant' Ignazio, Germani opened his series of recitals from the music of J. S. Bach.

7th *Saturday*. In the *Giardini Botanici* a handful of children delight to entertain us in the evening with a scena from their "teatro". A *santino* is the price we are expected to pay. But sometimes they wish to barter and bring along offerings of fruit and nuts. They stroll along with the professional air of wandering players and, occasionally, we close a theological tract to give them audience.

8th *Sunday*. *Stranger on the Third Floor* was the title of an American film. It was executed in semi-darkness, pleasantly short, and requires no comment.

Fr O'Connell, of Liturgy fame, came to High Mass, lunch and Vespers.

9th *Monday*. We dined this evening by candlelight. Fr Rope presided, no doubt recalling former days. Light played on the glass-ware and etched with chiaroscuro effect the formerly hidden details of profile. Naturally enough conversation flowed irresistibly, since the candles broke up the tables into pools of light, destroying that institutional sense of order and form.

10th *Tuesday*. Bishop Flynn, Fr Skehan, Fr Fay and Fr O'Neill are our guests during their visit to Rome; they arrived at supper this evening.

As lightning fretted the sky our photographers adjusted themselves to an unexpected *genre*. Sky-studies, in Italy, are usually a subject of very limited interest, but who would miss thunder clouds over the Capitol. Casca alone would have rendered it justice. Rain soon ended our experiments with sufficient force to make us feel that this evening the *oratio imperata* required a change of emphasis: "Deus, in quo vivimus, movemur et sumus; pluviam nobis tribue congruentem . . . (repeat) congruentem . . .".

11th *Wednesday*. This afternoon Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret was seen as she entered the basilica of St Peter.

12th *Thursday*. The Italian apostolate, religious education in town and country, and the need for new methods and technique, were part of a discussion led by His Excellency Mr Walshe, the Irish Ambassador to the Holy See. His subject, "Some Modern Evils and their Remedy", was a refreshing aside from our grind in the dialectic of the Schools.

13th *Friday*. *Feast of St Robert Bellarmine*. As usual, all faculties were present at Pontifical High Mass celebrated in Sant' Ignazio.

14th *Saturday*. With a turn of a musical phrase, we bring out the arsis and thesis and great rhythm of the chant, as we practise for tomorrow's canonization. Twenty or so are to form a specialized schola, whatever that may imply; but we await the event. Others are comparing notes on *biglietti*, and, at Benediction, with the rest of Rome we invoke the

assistance of the Holy Ghost that the Holy Father may be guided in his *ex cathedra* pronouncement tomorrow.

15th Sunday. *Solenne canonizzazione della beata Giovanna de Lestnac, Vedova. Ingresso: Facciata della Basilica. Ecclesiastici: abito piano. La sacra funzione incomincerà alle ore 8.* Yet in spite of our *savoir-faire* and *italianità* we still stray into tribune, and one, new to the subtlety of Roman ceremonial, had the added distinction of becoming a member of the Greek choir. But the specialized schola of twenty fell upon evil times, and became the hosts to *clerici vagi* of every race and tongue.

16th Monday. Just by Tasso's oak on the Janiculum is a semi-circular row of masonry seats. It is described as the meeting place for the Arcadian Academy in summer months. Tradition has it that St Philip Neri assembled children here for half-dramatic performances, an original form of his oratorios. But we little suspected this as we sat unravelling *nexus, status quaestionis* and terms.

17th Tuesday. His Excellency Mr Perowne called for tea. Later the *Dream of Gerontius* provided musical entertainment on the balcony.

18th Wednesday. A short detour around the Biblical Institute has for eighteen months lengthened our morning walk to the "Greg". But today the old road is open again and we pass under the arch joining the old Biblical to its new wing. Our roadside acquaintances, however, had lost touch with the old custom, but upon our return, they accommodated themselves accordingly—at the receipt of *piccoli spesi*.

19th Thursday. 8.30 a.m. There is a written for would-be Licentiate. 5 p.m. Cricket features at Gelsomino. Supper at 7.30 p.m. brings cherries and *nespoli*, the first indications of summer; and at 9 p.m. our conversation includes the *pères de missions* and the Church in France.

20th Friday. A short farewell concert at the Gregorian University was a departure from more formal receptions of other years. It was thought that national folk songs might add a suggestion of *fraternità* to the occasion. Instead, into a setting of quiet gentility, gilt and arras entered the Hussars of the Czar, and in grand dramatic epilogue despaired of life and song. What was left but honourable death to close their epitome of life? As you may conjecture we gave a Russian sketch.

21st Saturday. Abbot Langden, Fr Tracey and Fr Gardner met Bishop Flynn at lunch today.

22nd Sunday. Over *caffè e liquori* Archbishop O'Sullivan and Bishop Ryan of the Canadian Hierarchy entertained us with Canadian topicalities and Roman anecdote. Rt Rev. Mgr Doheny of the Rota and Fr Barry of the Scots College accompanied them to lunch.

At the Leonine College Messrs English and Rea received the Diaconate. Messrs Spillane, O'Dowd, Stewart, McGuinness and Balfe received the Subdiaconate and Messrs Walmsley, Lowery, Fonseca, O'Hara, Howorth, Frost, Derbyshire, Tierney and Buckley the Orders of Exorcist and Acolyte.

23rd *Monday*. Bishop Flynn and party left *via* Provence for England. To supper Frs Hulme and Ashworth.

24th *Tuesday*. Yes, this series of entries is rather exasperating. Let us take a walk by the Tiber. "Castel Sant' Angelo would just finish off this film. Are you really so keen to go to Sant' Onofrio? You brought a book with you? But just a minute—and round the corner here. Yes, that's fine."

Salmoiraghi in the Piazza Colonna develops our films. The Balda cameras with thirty shots to a film are really most inexpensive—to run. Have you seen the results of Santa Domitilla?

25th *Wednesday*. The Rector is back with us again, having touched down yesterday at Ciampino. Vespers at the Chiesa Nuova begin the celebrations for San Filippo Neri. Fr Chadwick arrived today from England.

26th *Thursday*. *Ascension Thursday*. Cardinal Masella gave Pontifical Benediction, and brought to an end the day's functions at the Chiesa Nuova. Archbishop Traglia, the Vice-Gerent of Rome, had pontificated at Vespers sung by the polyphony choir of San Lorenzo.

A prayer inviting all to prayer and penance for the coming Holy Year has been distributed throughout the city. It is executed upon a ground of early christian symbols taken from the catacombs. At St Peter's the bull *Jubilaem Maximum* was announced this morning.

27th *Friday*. The feast of St Bede. Fr Alfred continued his course of weekly conferences on Prayer.

28th *Saturday*. Along the Corso Vittorio Emanuele evening crowds awaited the procession of a statue of Our Lady of Loreto, which was to be carried from St Peter's to the Gesù. Benediction compelled us to return early, but, even then, the entrance to the Via Baullari was blocked with people. The statue is consecrated to the conversion of lapsed Italian emigrants.

29th *Sunday*. Monthly Day of Recollection. As examination work slowly mounts in quantity, the usual scattered crowds again gather in the *Giardini Botanici*.

30th *Monday*. We welcomed Mgr Heard after his recent illness at the Blue Nuns.

Mr Churchill, installed into power and walking with destiny, left this evening for the summer recess. We anticipate his second volume in the autumn.

31st *Tuesday*. With Pastor we have returned to the High Renaissance. He introduced us to literary *coterie* at Florence.

JUNE 1st *Wednesday*. Bren-gun carriers and motorized units swung from the Via dell' Impero by the Piazza Venezia and up the Via Nazionale, as Romans lined the barricades in high holiday. The *Festa della Dichiarazione della Repubblica* and the unveiling of a statue to Mazzini are the

occasion of two days of celebration. To sequestered English clerics the panoply and display may appear rather brittle, as we often look instinctively at Italians through the context of a Rossini opera. We can, in the villa months, break away the outer barriers, but the Italians have a mask and who has penetrated beneath it ?

2nd *Thursday*. A notice in the *Osservatore Romano* announced the election of Mgr Rudderham to the See of Clifton. We extend our cordial congratulations.

3rd *Friday*. The Schola has again come out of semi-retirement and practices are afoot for the *exhortatio in templo Sti Ignatii*. But we had foreseen it earlier this morning, as the choir-master disappeared in deep consultation with his *confrère* the Jesuit *maestro di coro*.

A meeting of the Debating Society formed a short interlude between post and siesta. It was one of a series of similar gatherings in other societies of the House, when members applaud retiring officers and vote in new.

4th *Saturday*. Whitsun in May is ideal for a gita ; then we can still adopt a grand *insouciance* for the cares of life. But in June corridors of firmly closed doors and the rap of typists reminded us that today was very much *parantur examina*. Party-leaders, nevertheless, did business on the Campo, and hoped that their *fragole* would survive the week-end.

Archbishop Mathew and Mgr Duchemin were guests at lunch.

5th *Sunday*. *Whit Sunday*. The *Winslow Boy* was the last film of the year. At the Venice Film Festival Italians were said to have failed in appreciating English points of honour and considered us punctilious. But *Amletto* there, as well as in Rome, was a great success. On the *Monserra*' a *fattorino* now reads with growing admiration our English Shakespeare.

Fr Hulme and Major Uttlee came to lunch today.

6th *Monday*. The early-republican walled-city of Faleri, Fregene and, of course, the Villa, were the ingredients of a sultry Whit-Monday. Some even sought the Horace country, and others took siestas among the fountains and gardens of the Villa D'Este. Among the minor incidents of the day one party opted for a rolling English road and thought that Cività Vecchia was the most expeditious route between Fregene and Rome. We all enjoyed our *prosciutto* ; *marsala* and cream revived the *fragole* and all returned ready to face the perils to come.

7th *Tuesday*. In spite of Sir Stafford Cripps, rumours from abroad are making us panicky about the sterling. We are at present having a minor run on the banks, collecting 2,290 lire to the pound.

8th *Wednesday*. Fr Lo Grasso S.J. held a short examination this evening in *Institutiones Juris Canonici*. Theologians added original annotations on *De Processibus*, and gave their opinions on the relationship between Church and State.

9th *Thursday*. To lunch Dom Desroquettes.

10th *Friday*. *Plausus vetantur* is no longer an annual edict issued from the Secretariate. Instead we give our Jesuit Fathers, who have been our guides, their human due, mindful, of course, that we will meet them under a different relationship in days to come. We realize that behind the technical skill and formal manner of treatment is a human heart which, as it bids farewell, speaks of the aim and spirit which has guided so long the professorial art. Our "speks" part company for Spain, France or San Pastore; and in Sant' Ignazio, the Rector Magnificus, Fr Dezza, looks to the *Jubilaeum Maximum* as he closes the University year. Motets of Palestrina and Vadana sung with a touch of the crispness and virility of the North follow and accompany Benediction. Our music ends with a voluntary from a Handel organ concerto and a chorale of J. S. Bach.

And so would I gladly bid you farewell, as barren days lie ahead, days when the soul is at its nadir, and, as time runs its course, awaits judgement and liberation.

11th *Saturday*. By the Brief of Pope Gregory XIII, given on 7th December 1580 we are asked to pray tomorrow for the concord and union of Christian Princes, the extirpation of heresy, the exaltation of Holy Mother Church and the conversion of the Kingdom of England to the Catholic Faith. The indulgence was published, as usual, outside the Chapel this evening.

12th *Sunday*. *Feast of the Blessed Trinity*. Guests to lunch included Bishop O'Connor, Rector of the North American College, Mgr Ryan, Dr Herlihy, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Fr Bolland S.J., Fr Tracey and Fr Chadwick. After this brief interlude we were again mindful of the *adhortatio* of the Rector Magnificus and returned to scholastic thought.

13th *Monday*. Trastevere is always demonstrative on its festas, and above all on that of St Anthony of Padua. Explosions and long reverberations shattered attempts at sleep, while rockets and Roman candles silhouetted the Palazzo Farnese flamboyantly against the night.

14th *Tuesday*. This a day of which I wrote on the 10th.

15th *Wednesday*. Professor Lloyd of Bangor University arrived today. He is engaged on work at the Vatican relating to early College history and the Welsh Martyrs.

16th *Thursday*. *Feast of Corpus Christi*. Mass was sung by the Vice-Rector at the *Piccole Suore*, a *grande funzione* with Perosi by the Polyphony Schola. By a happy thought sweets had been suggested for the old ladies in addition to the usual cigarettes for the gentlemen.

Archbishop Mathew at a meeting of the Literary Society introduced us to a new problem in adaptation, the Church and the changing face of African life and custom.

17th *Friday*. There are many devices with which we can while away the coming week.

We will spend tonight on the balcony. The swifts of the cortile are already lost to us in spiral flights fading into the empyrean. The constellations tell the hours as they rotate along the polar axis, and here a



Philosopher, snatching a beam of light, reads of the Physics of Aristotle, and lends a willing ear to familiar arias of the operas.

Incidentally, the Venerabilini of the Teutonicum came to tea.

18th *Saturday*. The exodus has begun as Philosophers start for England adorned with Ph.L. Prosit to one *summa* in the Licentiate oral.

19th *Sunday*. For future reference just a few comments on our routine. 9 a.m. Second Low Mass; 11 a.m. tank; 11.15 a.m. short smoke in the garden; 2.45 p.m. siesta.

Fr Richards left for England *via* Germany and Switzerland. He left a trail of postcards behind.

21st *Tuesday*. St Aloysius like many other feasts has been telescoped into the examination season. Now it is just a silent witness to those subdued meetings, conferences and deliberations between Professor and Student which daily occur near the Piazza Pilotta. But those who attended Mass in Sant' Ignazio saw Maestro Bonaventura Somma conduct and heard the organist Maestro Sagasta.

22nd *Wednesday*. Another device is to point coincidence.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the church of San Vitale, if we are to believe P. Richerome, was at the end of the garden of the Jesuit novitiate. Its walls, with frescoes of martyrdom, were executed to point to their future in England and Germany. There has been little change, and today we honoured St John Fisher, in this his titular church.

With palmer's staff Mr Boswell left, a pilgrim for the Holy Land.

23rd *Thursday*. In the Canon Law faculty Mr Walsh delivered his *Lectio Coram, summa cum laude*.

24th *Friday*. *Feast of the Sacred Heart*. We have completed the week. If ever an unwitting soul should be coerced into this office let him remember to write at least one page per day, and to compile from past records of this chronicle a glossary of foreign words and phrases.

Fr Pearson has been elected to be the Auxiliary of the Bishop of Lancaster. He is now titular Bishop of Suida. *Ad multos annos*.

25th *Saturday*. *Nativity of St John the Baptist*. To be called John has the merit of claiming two patrons at will. Both occur at a safe six-monthly interval, one in the Christmas cycle and the other a Roman festa of the first class. According to whether neither or both prove their worth a *modus vivendi* can thus be easily achieved. Today we toasted our Rector on his present happy choice.

26th *Sunday*. By day, the more fortunate inspire with confidence those who have still to fulfil their academical engagements. And at night, as taxis leave from the cortile, the cliffs of Dover and Palazzola divide our affections.

27th *Monday*. Mr Walsh defended his Doctorate thesis.

28th *Tuesday*. Assistenza and a rather improvised choir joined with the *Piccole Suore* in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of one of their number.

As cases, stage and musical properties assemble by the door disintegration sets into the College and all the necessary *impedimenta* are set aside for life at Palazzola.

At supper we were advised on our *abito*, and that we should be at the bronze doors at 11.15 for the Papal audience tomorrow.

29th *Wednesday*. *The Feast of SS. Peter and Paul*. The fisherman's net hung invitingly over the Roman crowds entering into the Basilica. It was eleven o'clock. Some of us bargained with hawkers as usual; others made a quick circuit to visit the Confessional and return in time for the audience. Events follow in rapid sequence, passage through the bronze doors, the click of heels, a *ferraiola* whisked across the Cortile San Damaso and into the ante-rooms of the papal apartments. Time must call a stop, as we take up a fleeting, but, nevertheless, new life in this city which has snatched from the hills the title of Eternal. The old world splendour of Knights and Chamberlains, the hierarchy of old nobility seems here to achieve its purpose and finality. And so we sat in a marble tapestried hall, watching the minutes pass as water-silk curtains were opened and closed at this burning midday of late June. At great moments by some compensation we naturally talk on trivialities but . . .

To meet us the Holy Father dispensed with his guards and chatted for twenty-five minutes at the end of his morning audiences. In memory of the occasion we received a medal, and according to tradition sang *O Roma Felix*.

This was the first College audience since our return to Rome and was specially granted as we kept up the continuity of the University course in England, together with the conferring of the degree Licentiate of Theology.

30th *Thursday*. Mr Georgie Wood was our guest at supper this evening. Songs by candlelight fittingly ended the night.

JULY 1st *Friday*. If you wish you can imagine a solitary figure seated on the steps of the Albano tram typing the last sentences of six months of reminiscence. But, in truth, with an old rucksack that had seen many an Italian town he stood accused of affectation by a newcomer, who thought that a walking-stick did not fit his part. Yet this flourishing instrument proved its worth as it literally dragged the newcomer's suitcase through the woods. This was the first of today's parties to arrive at the Villa.

In Rome a search was made for a certain dental fixture sent post-haste to the College on the preceding night. How often does life fail to achieve the grand climax which logic and human desire demands? And so we leave you as we gaze down into the depths of Lake Albano, in which for months to come, in quiet contemplation, we may daily dissolve our thoughts.

PETER WALMSLEY.

## PERSONAL

We wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to CANON RUDDERHAM (1923-7) and Fr PEARSON (1928-34) on their elevation to the Episcopate. *Ad multos annos.*

To two other members of the Hierarchy we also offer our sincere and respectful congratulations on the silver jubilees of their ordinations. ARCHBISHOP MASTERSON (1919-25) celebrated his on 27th July, and CARDINAL GRIFFIN (1921-25) keeps his on 1st November.

Other jubilarians include MGR ELWES (1922-5), CANON CARTMELL (1919-25), FR WINHAM (1919-25), FR FARMER (1919-24) and FR HAMPSON (1919-24). To them all we tender our cordial best wishes and to FR HOLLY O.S.B. who studied at the College from 1897 to 1899.

We must apologize to the VERY REV. CANON THOMPSON (1926-9), who was appointed a member of the Chapter of the Menevia Diocese in April 1948, for failing to record his appointment. We now offer him our belated congratulations.

We are very pleased to be able to record the complete recovery of MGR HEARD (1913-21) from his recent serious illness.

We were very pleased to welcome BISHOP FLYNN when he came to Rome by car at the beginning of May accompanied by FR O'NEILL (1935-42).

Also to the College in May came REV. J. GARVIN (1923-30) and REV. J. REA (1926-34). They disappeared for a few days and returned with mountainous stories which we found hard to believe. We were also very pleased to see REV. A. CHADWICK (1939-46) just before we left Rome. Needless to say we also had the pleasure of FR A. HULME's company for a short time.

Since our arrival at the villa we have been pleased to welcome His Majesty's Minister to the Holy See on a number of occasions. We also had the pleasure of the company of His Excellency Sir Victor Mallet who brought a team from the Embassy to play us at cricket in July. Unfortunately he was unable to come on the second occasion when we renewed our struggles with the Embassy.



BISHOP PEARSON

Other visitors to the villa have been the VERY REV. PROVOST HAZLEHURST (1898-1905), REV. G. DWYER (1926-34), REV. J. FRASER (1937-44), MGR CARROL-ABBING (1930-8), REV. W. BUTTERFIELD (1923-30), REV. T. MCKENNA (1934-41) and REV. W. PARK (1923-30).

Our congratulations we extend to REV. M. SWABY (1939-46) who was among the first to receive the degree Bachelor of Arts at Nottingham University after it had been granted its charter.

Congratulations are also due to REV. T. WALSH (1940-4) on his *magna cum laude* in his Canon Law Doctorate last June. He has now been appointed to St Boniface's, Shirley, Southampton.

Others who left us at the end of the year have been appointed as follows :

REV. E. COONAN (1933-40) to the Cathedral, Shrewsbury.

REV. H. RICHARDS (1939-46) as Professor at St Edmund's, Ware. He should quickly feel at home there in the company of FRs L. McREAVY (1930-7), G. ECKBERY (1931-8) and J. CAMPBELL (1938-45).

REV. L. FARROW (1942-6) to St Nicholas's, Bristol.

REV. S. MONAGHAN (1946-9) to St Gregory's, Preston.

REV. J. CRISSELL (1941-9) to Holy Rood Church, Barnsley.

REV. M. GROARKE (1942-9) to Burnt Oak, Middlesex.

REV. K. GALLAGHER (1942-9) to Winchester.

REV. V. HAMILTON (1942-9) to Guardian Angels', Elton, Bury.

REV. M. ALEXANDER (1942-9) returns to study Dogma at the Gregorian.

We would also like to offer our congratulations to REV. G. DEVANEY (1944-8) on his ordination on 14th August.

Other appointments include :

REV. J. KELLY (1922-9) from Durham to Shotley Bridge.

REV. H. McNEILL (1928-35) to the Presbytery, Benton Park Road, South Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 3.

REV. W. PURDY (1928-35) from St Edmund's College to be parish priest at All Saints', Glossop, Derbyshire.

REV. G. RICKABY (1928-35) to St William's School, Market Weighton, York.

REV. T. SOWERBY (1938-45) to English Martyrs, Preston.

We were sorry to learn of the death of the Very Rev. Mgr J. Moss, a former Spiritual Director, and the VERY REV. E. O'ROURKE (1907-13). Obituaries of the late Bishop Moriarty and of Canon O'Reilly will be found in the present number.

As already announced, subscriptions to the Public Purse can be made by ordinary cheque. The balance at present is alarmingly low and all contributions will be most welcome. Cheques should be made payable at the back to the Senior Student, Mr M. English.

Other visitors to the villa have been the VERY REV. PROVOST HAMILTON (1898-1905), Rev. G. DWYER (1926-34), Rev. J. FARRER (1937-44), MGR CARROLL-ABBING (1930-8), Rev. W. BUTTERFIELD (1923-30), Rev. T. MCKENNA (1934-41) and Rev. W. PARK (1933-30). Our congratulations we extend to Rev. M. SWARY (1939-46) who was among the first to receive the degree Bachelor of Arts at Nottingham University after it had been granted its charter. Congratulations are also due to Rev. T. WALSH (1940-4) on his magna cum laude in his Canon Law Doctorate last June. He has now been appointed to St Boniface's, Shirely, Southampton. Others who left us at the end of the year have been appointed as follows:

## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

The members of the present Staff are:

Editor: Mr Hunt

Secretary: Mr Fonseca

Sub-editor: Mr Lloyd

Under-secretary: Mr P. Keegan

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Baeda*, *The Downside Review*, *The Edmundian*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Beda Review*, *The Oscotian*, *The Cottonian*, *Pax*, *The Douai Magazine*, *St Peter's College Magazine*, *The Womersley Magazine*, *The Prior Park Magazine*, *The Pylon*.

### THE UNIVERSITY

1948-9 was the first full year under the new system by which lectures start on 15th October and examinations on 15th June, instead of at the beginning of November and the beginning of July as in former years. Whether because of this, or because of some more intrinsic reason, the year was very successful from the point of view of the College. The examination results were very satisfactory, with quite a good sprinkling of *magna* and *summa cum laude*, and the top years of Theology and Philosophy gained respectively three and thirteen Licentiates in their respective faculties. In the faculty of Canon Law Mr Walsh obtained his Doctorate at the end of the year. Also it gives us pleasure to record the Doctorate in Theology which Mgr Carroll-Abbing gained earlier in the year.

The main "social" event of the year was the *solenne manifestazione* on 1st April in honour of the Holy Father's sacerdotal Golden Jubilee. It was attended not only by the whole University but by about fifteen Cardinals, and also by most of the diplomats accredited to the Holy See, our own Mr Perowne among them. The first speaker was the Rector of the University, Fr Dezza S.J., who, bearing in mind that the Holy Father wished his jubilee to be observed by prayer and penance for the Church rather than as a festive occasion, spoke of the sufferings of the Church at

the present moment. He compared the position of students in Rome nowadays with the circumstances here in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the students of the English College were preparing to return to almost certain death for their priesthood. In like manner nowadays, students from the Soviet-controlled countries were having to prepare for similar possibilities, and those from other countries too would probably have the same dangers to face, though perhaps not so immediately. He then mentioned various ex-alumni of the University who were now imprisoned for their priesthood, chief among whom were Archbishop Stepinac of Zagreb and Cardinal Mindszenty's secretary, both former students of the German College. He also told us that Fr Mocsy, a Hungarian, who had been one of our Scripture Professors until 1947, was now in a prison-camp in Hungary. Thus, he concluded, he could truly salute the whole University in the words used by St Philip to the early students of the Venerabile, "Salvete flores martyrum".

After Fr Dezza's speech Cardinal Piazza, former Patriarch of Venice, spoke at some length on Pius XII and the Priesthood. At intervals during the evening, motets were sung by a choir of two hundred brought together for the occasion, and which contained a heartening *rappresentanza* from the College. The whole function closed with the singing of the hymn *O Roma nobilis, orbis et domina*, the official Roman Holy Year hymn, and the throng dispersed (the choir to Aula A where it refreshed itself at the expense of the University).

The teaching staff remained almost unchanged during the past year, apart from the arrival of Fr Cyril Vollert S.J., an American, who relieved Fr Boyer of the onus of teaching *De Deo Creante*. There were few new books published this year, though several new editions appeared, for example a new and revised edition of Fr Boyer's *Synopsis Praelectionum de SS. Trinitate*.

Finally we may mention once more that by a letter of 21st March 1949 the University finally recognized the degrees conferred during the College's stay in England. The letter will be found on page 120 in the preceding issue of the magazine.

RICHARD L. STEWART.

## LITERARY SOCIETY

Although all the literary activity to the House seems to have been devoted once again this year to papers for the Wiseman Society, there has, however, been a good number of talks from English people resident in Rome, or visiting the city.

The first talk of the year, by Mr Francis Toye, The Director of The British Council in Florence, on the subject of Gilbert and Sullivan, was received with understandable enthusiasm. Although Mr Toye's character studies of the two artists may have been somewhat coloured by personal leanings, he certainly succeeded in conveying the grim irony of Gilbert's verse, and the contrasting light-heartedness of Sullivan's music. The talk was illustrated with gramophone records, supplied by courtesy of the British Council in Rome.

We were much honoured by a visit from Dr John C. Wu, the Ambassador of the one-time Nanking Government to the Holy See, who kindly consented to discuss within the Society the problems facing the Catholic Church in the Far East, despite the fact that his country was even then being overrun by Communist rebels. One gained chiefly from his talk the conviction that the Catholic Church, with its all-embracing charity, was the only place ultimately where East could meet West.

The paper read by Mgr Flanagan, the Vice-Rector of the Scots College, on the topic of Newman's approach to the critical problem, was possibly of greater interest to the Philosophers, but the discussion that followed, centering round the critical value of "converging probabilities", drew questions from all parts of the House.

Fr Dyson is a long accepted friend of the College, and so he was doubly welcome when he came one evening to give us lantern lectures on Palestine. He added interest to his talk by telling us many stories, humorous and otherwise, of his days as a student at the Biblical Institute in Jerusalem.

A fresh and lively talk by Fr Bruno Scott-James, one-time student of the Beda College, on the position of Catholicism in Norfolk, gave great pleasure to the Society. Fr Scott-James was able, from personal experience, to draw us a clear picture of the people of East Anglia, who live so remote from their fellow Englishmen.

Mr Edwin Muir, writer and poet, came soon afterwards to give us his views on the present decline of poetry. It was rather unfortunate that the discussion which followed was confined to the minor details of his talk, because the audience were so wrapped up in their scholastic terminology, that they failed to follow the general trend of Mr Muir's reflections on modern life.

To those who read the accounts of his broadcasts in the *Listener*, it was interesting to hear a talk given by Mr Christopher Serpell in person. He has worked in Italy for the last two years as the commentator for the B.B.C. on current Italian affairs. His paper to the Society took the form of observations he has made of the Italian people, their customs, politics and religion.

The Beda College has provided many speakers in the past for the Society, and Mr Anthony Farrar continued the high standard of these talks when he entertained us one evening with some recollections of his early training for the stage, and subsequent occupation of it.

Another speaker of the staff of the B.B.C. was Mr Gregory Macdonald, director of the broadcasts to the Central European countries. He gave us a very clear idea of the work that is put into these broadcasts to the people behind the "Iron Curtain", refuting the propaganda published by the governments of the Soviet satellites, and giving them true reports of the world situation.

We were pleased to welcome once again His Excellency Mr Joseph Walshe, Irish Ambassador to the Holy See, who led a discussion on some modern evils and their remedies. Mr Walshe showed a keen appreciation of the causes of the apparent decline into paganism among European peoples



today, and also of the great part that has to be played by the Catholic Action organizations in arresting this moral decay.

The last talk of the year was given by the Most Reverend David Mathew, Archbishop of Apamea and Delegate Apostolic to East Africa and British West Africa. His Grace gave us a fluent, witty and detailed account of the progress of the Church in Africa, her relations with the civil government and the customs and character of the native inhabitants.

There have been three elections during the course of the year, a precedent for the Society. Mr Lane was elected President in June, 1948; he left the College in July, and Mr English was elected President in his stead the following October. He in his turn relinquished the office to Mr McGuinness in March this year, when he undertook the duties of Senior Student. Mr McGuinness was elected for the coming year also, with Mr Abbot as his Secretary.

MICHAEL MOORE.

## GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

A consideration of the imposing numbers that attended debates certainly suggests that the "flourishing vitality" referred to by last year's Secretary, in his assessment of the previous year's sittings, has been maintained—if not increased—in this year's session. It was unfortunate that the number of speakers was not proportionately high.

At the first meeting it was decided that Patriotism in England is dead. Perhaps the most striking, though scarcely the most gratifying, feature of the first debate was the epidemic of contentious quibbling over the exact meaning of the word "Patriotism". There was a recrudescence of this complaint in later debates when the words "education" and "happiness" came under discussion.

We may mention here another prominent feature. In all previous sessions since the return from England there has been at least one ethical debate: the Nuremberg Trials, the Atomic Bomb and clerical activities on the black market have all provoked a discussion on their morality. This year, however, no such enquiry has been instituted. In fact, generally speaking, members seem to have been somewhat averse to discussing any serious subject in a serious manner. Quietly and surreptitiously an element of flippancy has crept into debates, although the subjects were in no way calculated to elicit a light treatment.

Speeches were on the whole of a rich entertainment value and high stimulative effect and this is surely an important contribution in a world so sadly starved of both.

Mr Walmsley is President and Mr FitzGibbon Secretary for the coming year.

MICHAEL MCCONNON.

## WISEMAN SOCIETY

The year has been an extraordinarily good one, and indeed, I can recall no season in which the Wiseman Society has showered upon us so many papers of such varied interest and high quality.

The first two papers of the year give some example of the diversity of the subject matter to which we were treated. The first one went under the title of "A glance at the Aeneid". Not only did Mr Talbot know his subject extremely well, but the discussion which followed the paper showed that interest in, and appreciation of, Virgil and the Aeneid were not limited to the speaker. The second paper from Mr Collier was entitled "Isobars for the Uninitiated" or "Some reasons for the Weather". This was not a deeply scientific talk, but a lecture attempting to explain proximate causes of weather phenomena observable by all who care to look. In connection with this, and at least one other talk, it is to be noticed that they were given extempore and not read.

Music had its place again in the year's programme. The first paper on "Programme Music—a problem in musical criticism" showed deep thought on the part of the author, Mr Kirkham. If the paper failed in arousing the interest it deserved, I think it was because the speaker had a theory of art not quite acceptable to some of his public. Mr O'Hara read a paper which he illustrated with records, on the Bach Matthew Passion, occasionally digressing to give some of his own views on particular points of Church Music. The paper took two nights to read and there remained no time for discussion; a fact lamented both by the speaker and several members of his audience.

The talk given between these two musical papers was, I think, the most successful of the year. Members were taken for a gita round Mr T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* by Mr FitzPatrick, who was quite at home with his subject and soon made us all feel equally so. Special tribute must be paid to his reading of the *Waste Land*, which brought out so successfully just those points which illustrated his ideas.

The spring meetings of the Society turned their attention to humour. First came a very welcome and witty paper on Mr P. G. Wodehouse. Quoting *Punch*, Mr Abbott told us that criticizing Wodehouse was like taking a spade to a *soufflé*. Nevertheless he did not hesitate to stand where angels fear to tread, and much amusement was caused by selected passages with which he illustrated his thesis. Finally, fresh from three years of pantomime writing and long hours in the *Chi Lo Sa?* Room, came an exponent of his theory of humour. The paper was entitled "The Metaphysics of Mirth". From a consideration of humour *in se* we passed to a discussion of humour in pantomime, opera, cartooning, and buffoonery in general, and, later, as it affects the Venerable. A special word of praise must go to the manner in which Mr Lowery handled the discussion that followed.

I have now to mention a new venture in Wiseman activities. Through the kind offices of the electricians it became possible to broadcast play-readings from one room to another. The Secretary sponsored three such

broadcasts during the year. The first of these was in the form of Shakespearean excerpts. Then after Christmas the first attempt was made with a connected play. It would have taken four nights to have put on *The School for Scandal* in full, so the producer had to abridge the play by fifty per cent. Nevertheless he had the satisfaction of seeing almost the entire House present on both nights. Finally a feature programme was devised entitled "Eighteenth Century Tapestry", comprising extracts from the greatest writing and oratory of the eighteenth century.

Thus very special thanks are due to Mr Lloyd for his year's work as Secretary. In the coming year the Society will be in the hands of Mr FitzPatrick.

PETER P. A. TIERNEY.

## CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

The policy of the Guild during the past year was to teach the fundamentals of social doctrine to First and Second Year Philosophy, to encourage as much serious individual study as possible—the main task—and to provide for the rest a few provocative and informative papers. The discussion group working at one subject throughout the year was avoided: with a dearth of knowledgeable and keen leaders, it was felt that it would neither promote individual study, nor avoid the boredom of fruitless and endless discussions between members who knew as much as each other.

Eight members of Third Year Philosophy undertook a detailed study of particular points of social doctrine, and eventually read papers to the members in First and Second Year Philosophy; discussion followed in small groups under the same leadership. Two of these papers, one on the "Living Wage", the other on "Property", were attended by members throughout the House.

Other subjects of papers were the "Philosophy of Marxism" in four talks, "Catholics and the Education Act", "Modern Socialism", and "American Life",—the last two by American Jesuits. Each was given after careful study by the lecturer and if the treatment was not always entirely suited to the audience, all were certainly informative. The more technical paper on Marxism suffered from a large audience, many of whom seemed more disposed for a popular talk than for a scientific criticism: the discussion never penetrated to the real problems involved. This difficulty frequently recurs, and if we are to continue to attract large audiences to technical papers and, at the same time, desire valuable discussion, there must arise either a much more vigorous chairmanship or discussions in smaller groups of the same standard.

The success of the year's work must be judged by the individual study it promoted. Certainly, others apart, not a few of Third Year Philosophy probed far deeper into their subjects than is usual; but, unfortunately, the knowledge gained was not always successfully passed on to the audience. Talks and papers were often uninteresting or badly delivered, and few showed a true appreciation of how much their audience

could digest at one sitting. The former criticism seems to be the more serious, when one considers how boring the subject usually appears, and yet how important is its teaching at the present hour of social heresy.

A weakness of the year's work was its late start. No meetings were held during the Christmas Term, whilst immediately before Easter there were too many. It seems imperative that circle leaders be briefed before the summer; so that even if they do no work during the holidays, at least they will be prepared to start on return to Rome and, at the best, will have planned their approach or found their books. And to help, is there any reason why the general meeting should not be held immediately after Easter, so that the new Secretary may form his plans before he grows examination-conscious?

Mr Carson was elected Secretary for the coming year with Mr Leonard to assist him.

BERNARD PRICE.

## OBITUARY

### RIGHT REV. AMBROSE JAMES MORIARTY, BISHOP OF SHREWSBURY

For those who knew Ambrose James Moriarty for any great part of his life, it is difficult to realize that he is no more. For years he seemed to refuse to grow old; to the very end, in so many ways he remained so much of what he was, say, fifty years ago, when I first came to know him, a young priest in Shrewsbury, only a few years out from the English College. He was then curate to his uncle, Canon Allen, afterwards Bishop of the Diocese.

Those who knew him best as a priest were the people of Shrewsbury town, which was the only parish in which he ever did parochial work. "In memoria aeterna"—it will be long before his memory there is lost.

Those who knew him best as a man, were, naturally, the older clergy of the Diocese, and the old friends of Roman days. We knew him, as a man, gifted far above the average: in many ways a scholar, of very wide knowledge, and intensely interested in history, in historical research, in archaeology. We knew him more as a clear speaker than as an orator: as a man of strong convictions; as, maybe, a better judge of things and of positions, than of men. And we knew him as a man of intense loyalty: loyalty, first, to the Church, loyalty to Rome, loyalty to England, loyalty to his people, loyalty to the Venerable, and loyalty to his friends.

His love and devotion for the English College were almost a passion. It was Rome and the Venerable which made Ambrose Moriarty what he was, and he was conscious of the fact. More than once I heard him express his hopes, his fears, his honest criticism of the College, and of events in its life. His was the practical interest of the true well-wisher; he would have his Alma Mater always advance, always rise higher, always send to England the men that England needed at the moment. As we know, the English College is his debtor.

This is not the place to try and tell the story of his Episcopate:—which must always be seen against the background of the war and post-war

years. Those years became necessarily a time more of planning and of preparation than of execution. But never for a moment did Bishop Moriarty lose one jot of his zeal—a zeal at times almost scrupulous, his pride in his Diocese, his often expressed admiration for his clergy.

Clergy and people, we knew how we could count on our Bishop's devotion and sympathy. Many learned to love him, but none of us learned how truly lovable a man was Bishop Moriarty, more than in the days of his last, long, trying illness. I think it was then that many of us discovered his simple humility.

So passes another of the Venerable's great sons. All his life he was grateful to the Providence that sent him to Rome—grateful that he could call the English College his own—grateful that thus he met the men he did, and made the friends of his long life. *Requiescat.*

H. E. HAZLEHURST.

#### THE VERY REV. REGINALD CANON O'REILLY D.D., Ph.D.

In later years he was affectionately known to his fellow priests as "Reggie"; but, by that flair which students have for denominating characteristics, his earliest name was "His Nibs", abbreviated later to "Nibs". And, truly, he was always groomed to perfection, dignified in speech and manner (but not without a lively sense of humour), stately in bearing, and his tastes were refined. (He travelled first class and he liked a good cigar.) Yet underlying this veneer was a heart aflame with love of the Church and ardently devoted to the Blessed Virgin, especially under her title of "Our Lady of Perpetual Succour".

At Cotton he was ranked among our few intellectuals of those days. Sent from Cotton to the Venerable, he was stricken by typhoid fever in his first year. It looked as though his career was to be chequered, but, although never robust, he succeeded in passing his examinations and taking his Doctorate with comparative ease. He was ordained on 1st November 1911.

His dread of being appointed to a professorial chair was dispelled by the intervention of his friend (afterwards Monsignor) Wheatley, who had him transferred from Dudley, after a few months curacy there, to St Chad's Cathedral, where, for ten years, he carried out his duties as assistant priest with characteristic thoroughness.

But his life's work began with his appointment to St Peter's (Birmingham's pre-Emancipation church). Here he founded the Confraternity of our Lady of Perpetual Succour, which soon became the talk of Catholic Birmingham. Crowds flocked from all parts of the city and far beyond to listen to Dr O'Reilly's discourses and to join with him in honouring the Blessed Mother. Before long, three services had to be held (Tuesday evening) to accommodate the congregations.

For twenty years three services were held at St Peter's and when, in 1941, he was transferred to the important parish of St Francis at Handsworth, he retained control of the Confraternity, except the St Peter's branch, where the devotions were and are continued first by Fr Gerald Hodgson and now by Canon Dunne.

Dr O'Reilly was appointed to the Metropolitan Chapter in 1941. Later he became Canon Theologian and Defensor Vinculi.

He had just completed the re-decoration of his presbytery when he developed lung trouble, soon to be diagnosed as cancer. He asked for a crucifix and a picture of his beloved Lady of Perpetual Succour to be placed on a table beside his bed, and awaited his end with patience and resignation. I called to see him one day. We chatted about old friends who were with us at the Venerable; then, with half a smile, he remarked that some lucky fellow was to enjoy all the benefits of the re-decorated presbytery!

It happened at this time that a man (a lapsed Catholic) was in the condemned cell at Winsom Green prison awaiting execution for the murder of a girl in Sutton park. Fr Boland, the chaplain at the prison, could do nothing to soften the man's heart and to prepare him for death. Then he bethought himself of Canon O'Reilly lying on his bed of death. He came and asked him to offer his sufferings for the conversion of the criminal. The Canon was delighted; somebody for whom to suffer! As he remarked to me: "That man is condemned to death by a jury; I am condemned by cancer". Almost at once the criminal began to listen to the chaplain; repented; made his peace with God; received Holy Communion, and went to the scaffold saying: "Thank God, I have saved my soul".

Canon O'Reilly died on 28th May. May he rest in peace.

T. E. BIRD.

## BOOK REVIEWS

*They Made Me Sign.* A series of talks to a non-Catholic about to marry a Catholic. By John C. Heenan. Pp. 110. (Sheed and Ward.) 5s.

This small book of 110 pages, written by Fr Heenan at the request of some priests, gives a brief summary of Catholicism—"a sort of iron ration for a non-Catholic to use on his journey to the altar". It is intended both for the person under instruction and for the instructing priest. In the "Preface for Priests" Fr Heenan writes—"it is obviously my hope that you will be able to interest the young men sufficiently to make them want to read for themselves". The author admits the difficult nature of the task of covering the whole range of Catholic teaching in a few hours of instruction, and even if a bare outline is given—"how can the average man, a stranger to religious thought, take it in so quickly . . . You are often going to be faced with an unwilling listener. Your reluctant pupil will probably not pray for light. He does not want light. He wants the Catholic girl. These interviews he will regard, if not as painful, at least as boring!"

There are three prefaces to the book: the one already mentioned, another for Pagans and a third for Protestants—all particularly well conceived and attractively presented. However, it is difficult to understand how Fr Heenan, after describing the difficult nature of the problem, could write—"But you are a sensible pagan. You clearly mean to make every effort to understand your wife's point of view." Is this true, or is this modern pagan Englishman taking the line of least resistance in indulging his future wife's whims by coming to "see the priest"? For generally he is not even prejudiced or biased, but merely indifferent. The priest is speaking a foreign language to him.

Fr Heenan follows up his prefaces with six chapters compassing the main features of the Catholic Faith. "Here will be found the minimum which needs to be known by anyone who hopes to marry and live in harmony with a Catholic." The operative words for Fr Heenan are "needs



to be known". His purpose is half-achieved if he can induce the non-Catholic party to read his book and learn what "needs to be known". But although the author has tried to avoid the use of technical terms in presenting the vital truths of Faith, I am afraid his work will be beyond the intelligences of the vast majority of his subjects primarily, of course, because a number of them have no education beyond the elementary school. To them the book could mean nothing. To others, better educated as regards secular subjects but with no better religious upbringing, it would still be too remote. The style of writing is very attractive, and the arguments are lucid and not too difficult to understand—for the Catholic or the would-be convert inspired by God's grace—but for the non-Catholic with no intention of "turning", there does not seem to be enough to attract his unwilling attention, to persuade his interest. As Fr Heenan himself admits: "It is impossible now to expect people to read anything solid. People for the most part are head-line minded. They cannot concentrate. They don't read at all." It seems to need even more than the "easy style" to persuade such people out of their apathy.

On the other hand, Fr Heenan has, without doubt, succeeded in his other intention—and I suspect it is the primary one—of deciding for priests which of the many doctrines of the Church to choose as subjects for their talks to non-Catholics. The instructions themselves cover only 75 pages; it makes easy reading—for the priest; and it is hall-marked by the author's gift of expressing very succinctly and impressively some profound truth. We could quote examples from every page.

If I fail, then, to understand how the book will help the non-Catholic when left in his hands, I can readily appreciate the benefit that will accrue to him when a priest is using it in his instruction. For few non-Catholics who marry the Church's sons and daughters will learn the Faith from a book. Personal contact must count for more, especially in fighting indifference, and priests will find it difficult to discover anything more helpful with which to forearm themselves than Fr Heenan's book. One last word of thanks to the author for the passage on the "Mass through History". It is a moving passage in an otherwise businesslike work and rings profoundly true. It is the one I should choose above all others to impress even the most indifferent—because it is so genuine.

VINCENT C. HAMILTON.

*The Nature and Treatment of Scruples.* By Dermot Casey S.J. Pp. 66. (Clonmore and Reynolds.) 2s. 6d.

"If you are a person troubled with scruples, this book is not for you." It is for the confessor and not for the penitent that this book is intended. No book on spiritual direction can transmit the sympathy required in handling these difficult cases, still less eliminate the inevitable practical difficulties not least of which will be the disobedience of the penitent. But the first step towards sympathy is a knowledge of what is being suffered.

It is clear from Fr Casey's account of the symptoms of scruples that the ability to make an accurate initial diagnosis must be part of every confessor's equipment, since scruples may, on superficial examination, easily be confused with delicate or lax conscience. The reasonable treatment which should follow diagnosis must proceed from an understanding of the causes. Fr Casey considers primarily scruples which originate from physical and moral causes (as distinct from those which are of supernatural origin) and subjects them to full and vivid analysis. "Scrupulosity consists essentially in a psychological insufficiency, a psychical tension or force too low for the acts to be performed, these acts being in particular certain moral practical judgements." There is essentially nothing in Fr Casey's analysis which conflicts with or adds to the text-books except the wealth of vivid examples from common experience, which are particularly helpful for the inspiring of confidence and the will to be cured, without which the indispensable obedience of the penitent cannot be obtained. The rule of certainty too is readily understood as applied by Fr Casey to particular and common types of scrupulosity, and very practical are the recommendations for avoiding waste of physical energy and increasing physical force in cases where the difficulty lies not merely in the psychological act, although it is made clear that purely physical problems are matters for the physician rather than the confessor. And, although the book seems to be preoccupied with physical and psychological considerations, it is always subordinated to the Sacrament of Penance itself and so takes its place among the more practical of the ancillary monographs on the subject.

FRANCIS MCGUINNESS.

*A Procession of Saints.* By James Brodrick S.J. (Burns Oates.) 12s. 6d.

These sketches of English and Irish Saints are revised versions of articles contributed by Fr Brodrick to the *Clergy Review* during 1946. For those who read and wish to re-read, and yet have not the time to hunt up back numbers, their publication will be very welcome. That they were written by Fr Brodrick is however itself sufficient recommendation, for here—as one might have expected—is scholarship lightly borne, mingled with delicacy of humour and an insight into the intense human loveliness of the saints who form his subject.

Whatever the cause of our neglect of these heroes of the past it must be confessed that the British Catholic finds himself unacquainted with such names as Aelred, Colman, Cuthbert, Godric, Bede or Chad. The historical development of devotional practices is a question too involved to be entered upon here, but may not one venture the opinion that the natural and praiseworthy tendency of concentrating on the universality of the living Church, as a reaction against the heretic, has led us to forget that our own land has its glories and has given to the Church saints who were as British as they were holy?

Here is a saint for every month of the year, and for good measure and to re-establish thirteen as a Christian number we are offered an introduction to the Venerable Maine of the Incarnation, "one of the sublimest and most finely balanced contemplatives the Church has ever known"; whilst many other saints and personages are treated as part of the historical backcloth. Ample opportunity is given for Fr Brodrick to show his mastery of that subtle literary device—the footnote. It is in these footnotes, crowded as they are with anecdote and humour, that the author shows his indebtedness to the Anglican and Protestant biographers who have done so much to rediscover the material for the lives of many of the English saints.

This is a book that every Catholic should read, but the price will put it out of the reach of many. The illustrations, fine as they are, could have been dispensed with, as they bear no comparison with the unforgettable pen-pictures of the author and their omission might considerably have reduced the price. What is really needed is a series of Catholic "Penguins" to bring such books as this to the reading public at the lowest possible cost.

JOHN O'HARA.

*The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ.* By Jules Lebreton S.J. Reprinted (Two volumes in one). Pp. xxxii+385, vii+464. (B.O.W.) 21s.

This is the best edition of what in a decade has come to be regarded as one of the better books on the life and times of our Lord. On such a subject one must not expect too much of nine hundred pages. The exegete must turn to Lagrange and Fillion for the constituents of an ἀλφάβητος μύρου νάρδου πιστηκῆς πολυτελοῦς or the distinction between ἐκθαμβῆσθαι and ἀδημονεῖν. The student of theology in need of anti-modernist scholions will prefer Grandmaison, and Goodier will long remain most popular as an aid to mental prayer.

But if everyone were allowed only one book on our Lord, Lebreton's would satisfy most people. Here within a hand's span and at a reasonable price are the results of scientific research illuminated by Faith. A positive presentation of the whole truth, while itself the best answer to the heretic's eclecticism, is the ultimate foundation for the Catholic's knowledge and love of our Lord.

Our interest in the central action is only increased when Fr Lebreton brings into focus the background of Jewish and Roman legislature. With Semitic culture laid plain, the parables flow before us in their original brilliance. It is a privilege, too, to listen to conversations across the centuries without missing even refinements of colloquialism like ἐτῆρε.

The student who has lost his way in a maze of blackboard computations will appreciate the clarity with which Fr Lebreton presents an adequate solution to chronological problems. And though there is no end to controversy on evangelical pedagogy, the preacher will be grateful for a simple and probable scheme from which to develop his instructions on the founding of the Church.

The translator has done his work well, for he has left no internal evidence of it, and the style is in accord with the book's intrinsic clarity and grace.

FRANCIS MCGUINNESS.

*Pontifical Ceremonies.* By Aherne and Lane. (Burns Oates.) 21s.


The authors of this volume are to be congratulated on the clarity and lucidity of the work and for collecting together in one volume all the important episcopal ceremonies. Besides dealing with the various Pontifical Masses the book has excellent chapters on Visitation, Confirmation and Pontifical Blessings. The chapter on Visitation is especially useful as it deals satisfactorily with the subject from the point of view of the ordinary parish, without dealing with the differences for the visitation of convents or religious orders.

The book is also very practical in application and the way in which each minister's task is set out is most helpful. It is unfortunately rare to find the junior minister's tasks set out so clearly and each should be able to follow his own duty easily. The summary of each ceremony gives sufficient idea of the whole and leaves each minister free to study his own duties without having to read that of everyone else.

The main fault, to my mind, is that the diagrams are not clear enough, and somehow look untidy. It would have been simpler if symbols had been utilized, so that each person's position would be immediately obvious. At present one has to consult the chart underneath to discover what, for example, No. 7 signifies. On disputed points the author, while giving both views, keeps to the more practical solution.

This is a work which will be useful in every presbytery, and invaluable to those responsible for the smooth running of ceremonies in cathedrals.

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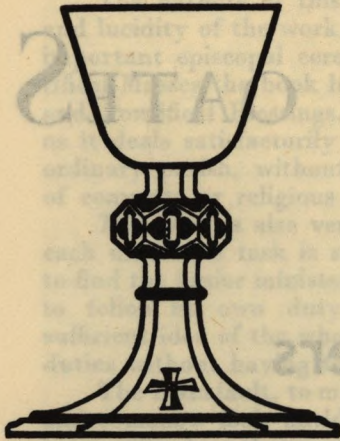


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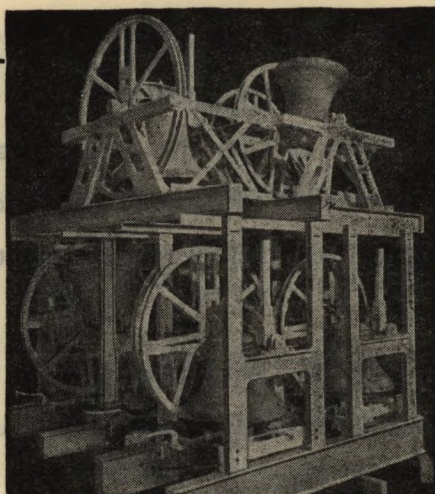
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## ADDRESSED TO OUR CLERGY

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS,

May we, of the **CATHOLIC HERALD**, respectfully explain the motives of our work—motives sometimes misunderstood.

The Catholic of today cannot possibly be protected from contact with the secularist and pagan environment with which he is surrounded and in which he must earn his living. Newspapers, radio, amusements, books, conditions of work, neighbours, all these in greater or lesser degree, tempt him to find his life's meaning in ideals and modes of behaviour which usually are anything but Catholic.

We believe that one of the most valuable antidotes to this poison is a Catholic paper which weekly tries to face—rather than escape—the facts and dangers of the world today. Such a newspaper will not pretend that the world is better than it is; it will not pretend that Catholics themselves are better than they are. But it will try to show that Catholic values are infinitely better than the values of the world, and that the Church possesses the answer to the most plausible of difficulties.

In such a paper the Catholic will have a chance of applying to the problems of the Christian life the spirit of enquiry to which he has become inevitably habituated by the conditions of modern environment. In this way he will be trained to be a fearless Catholic *in* the world, in other words an active apostle, instead of being content to live a double life—Catholic personally and in his domestic surroundings, half-pagan in business and the world.

This type of modern Catholic paper is necessary, we believe, for Catholics themselves; but it also has high value for non-Catholics who happen to see it. The **CATHOLIC HERALD**, for example, has been happy to note a *steadily* increasing regular circulation among non-Catholics.

We shall be the first to admit that our high ideal is not an easy one to attain; that it cannot be pursued without some risk of misunderstanding; and that great caution and judgment are always needed.

We have always sought to bear these points in mind, and we trust that an honest appraisal of our record will suggest that we have undertaken a hard, but very necessary, job in a conservative and truly Catholic spirit. Or at any rate, we have sincerely tried to!

May we then ask for the active support and constructive advice of the clergy? We are always happy to hear from priests and to have their guidance. We are always grateful when priests introduce the **CATHOLIC HERALD** to Catholics and non-Catholics, especially those who, they feel, will profit from it most.

THE EDITOR,

**CATHOLIC HERALD.**

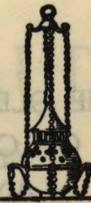
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