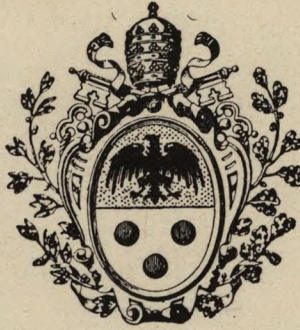


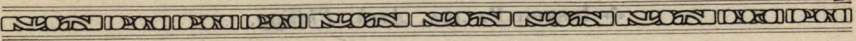
THE VENERABLE

❀
 CONDUCTED
 BY THE
 PAST AND PRESENT
 STUDENTS



❀
 OF THE
 VENERABLE
 ENGLISH COLLEGE
 ROME
 ❀

IMPRIMATUR



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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SOCIETY OF STUDENTS

1925

1925

interesting matter--sketches of the lives of such
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The magazine is forwarded to all those who have
 serves as members of the Gregorian Society.

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IMPRIMATUR

✦ JOSEPH PALICA, Arch. Philipp.

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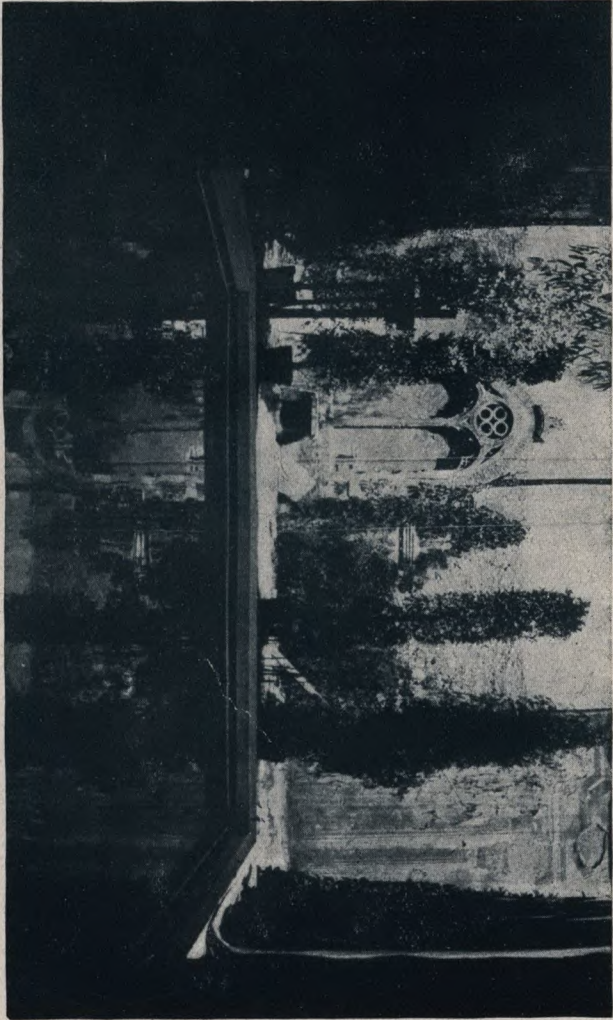
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ROMA

SCUOLA TIPOGRAFICA SALESIANA

Via Marsala, 42

1925



The Swimming Tank - Rome



EDITORIAL

In 1922 a friend, (and a good friend too, for he has paid his subscription with commendable regularity), told us that *The Venerable's* future was assured if it survived for three years. The time suggested for our probation has passed, and our overcoming of the many obstacles natural to the publication of a College Magazine leads us to hope that our friend was not a false prophet. There have been occasions when the production of another number of *The Venerable* presented difficulties, but the goodwill of our contributors and the ingenuity of the staff have filled the blank pages.

The Venerable like every other thing in creation is criticised, and it may be well to examine one or two points of the criticism. Certain of our friends accuse us of being too academical—of neglecting the lighter side of College life. But College routine with its gravitations between rest and work is not exactly a mine of information. We have but little to chronicle in the sphere of sport, and Sport Notes are normally a great feature of College Magazines. A new man's views on *camerata* might make vivid reading, but purple patches are not considered good English. We record our attendance at the Roman *feste*, but narration of the more interesting and more homely episodes of Italian sacristies has to be reserved for the Common Room.

Naturally there is little of outstanding interest in our University life—we cannot record much beyond an

occasional joust in the scholastic lists—a part taken in a *menstrua*. We need not remind our readers that the Gregorian differs essentially from an English University—its life is solely intellectual—it has no athletic and few social interests, and consequently is poor copy for an Editor who has been warned off metaphysics.

There are other peculiar difficulties attendant upon our search for literary matter—the small staff of superiors can supply little beyond encouragement and censorship. Positions which apart from the management of the College, entail work, some of it really more suited to an ambassador, or to a consul, or even to travel agencies, leave our governing body no time for literary effort.

News of our old students, (and this is a difficulty common to the organs of all ecclesiastical Colleges), may be found week by week in the Catholic press, and thus an interesting field is partially closed to us if we wish to avoid excessive repetition. In lay bi-annual magazines we read for the first time that somebody or other is doing well in Shanghai, but Father So and So's doings, if of any special interest, are immediately recorded in the weekly papers.

Yet we are convinced that *The Venerabile* has filled a gap in the College life and we honestly regret that it was not filled sooner. Much interesting domestic history is known only to those who made it—no records exist of the happenings of past years—an omission to be regretted by present and future generations who would derive great pleasure from the back numbers of a College Magazine had one been published in the old days. And while regretting the past deficiency, we feel that some record is now being preserved for posterity, that engaging entity whom we shall never know, but who always demands our consideration.

E. H. A.

PAUL GENY S. J.

1871-1925

All Rome was horrified to hear of the assassination of Father Geny on the morning of October 12th. He had left the Gregorian a little after ten to visit his nephew in the Via San Basilio. Arrived so far as the street, he was standing reading his breviary, when a soldier named Marchi came up behind, drew his bayonet and plunged it into the priest's body. The point tore through the left lung and pierced both the heart and the stomach. Father Geny fell to the ground with a cry for help, but such was the loss of blood that although he was carried immediately to the Ospedale di S. Giacomo, there could be no hope and he died within ten minutes.

Such a deed would be fearful enough whoever the victim. The murderer had turned mad with anticlericalism and struck at the first priest he saw, a complete stranger. But that this priest should be one of such talents and generous service only renders the tragedy doubly appalling.

There is no need here to give any account of Father Geny's brilliant career. After undergoing the long and searching course of the Society, he took his degree in Mathematics at the Institut Catholique and in Philosophy at the Sorbonne. Later he taught with such success at Gemert in Holland that he was transferred to Rome.

It was as a professor here that we knew him. As a lecturer he scarcely had his equal for the combination of depth, clarity and the ability to interest. Some found

him dogmatic—which is to say he was emphatic where he was certain. With the polite because unconvinced methods of much modern philosophy he had no sympathy: indeed why should he?

But his interest lay not so much in imparting knowledge as in forming minds. He was a born teacher where many an expert is only a born student, and his enthusiasm for the Scholasticism of St. Thomas was so infectious as to open up a new world beneath the arid pages of one's text book.

Still he was more than a pedagogue. The great glories of his lectures were his digressions when the priest peeped out from behind the professor and revealed a virile spirituality which combined a wealth of sympathy with implacable war on sentiment. He solved as many difficulties for the soul as for the intellect, and his room was constantly sought by a procession of priests, clerical students and lay folk. Only a man whose soul was filled with overwhelming love of God and whose body was of an iron constitution could have faced the amount of work he actually performed: lecturing to the seminarists and to the students of the Istituto di Cultura Religiosa: writing text books, highly technical articles for one review and popularising Scholasticism in another: organising the Academy of St. Thomas or the Thomistic Week: preaching retreats; acting as Spiritual Director to the youths of the Istituto Massimo, the Ristretto and the Sodality. All this he did and how much more? As the *Osservatore* writes: "Solamente coloro che l'hanno conosciuto più intimamente possono intravedere in quale magnifica vita interiore avesse la sua sorgente una attività così feconda".

To come nearer home. We know of two conversions Father Geny underwent during his life; one was from Suaresianism to Thomism, the other from a very poor to an admiring opinion of the English College. Originally he had not considered it a house of study. Events led him to alter his judgement and characteristically

enough he made the *amende honorable*. He confessed the falsity of his former judgement: he came to the College and apologised most humbly for being unable to talk English: he even introduced football into his lectures and in his crowded programme found time to play the *repetitore* to one year who could find no one else satisfactory.

Perhaps he was not the man to appeal instantly to Englishmen. He had little sense of humour and lived at too high a pressure to understand anyone who did not always take himself seriously. But small points often establish contact. He appreciated fresh air and on a hot summer's afternoon would willingly shout down the entire traffic of the Via del Seminario if only we might breathe. We loved him for it.

His whole life was one of constant sacrifice, devoted to the service of God in the equipment of His ministers. May he rest in peace.



A Discovery and a Problem

Cleaving the clear waters of the Roman tank on the last day of August, just passed, I determined to find out, as soon as I got home (for in Rome research is moribund), who was the *Joannes Laurentius, Scriptor Apostolicus*, whose name and office are inscribed on the derelict white marble lintel of a window or doorway, which by some freak of fate has found its way into the garden of the Venerabile, there to adorn the *vasca* and challenge the attention of the antiquary.

I began my inquiry by looking through the Roman Census, made under Leo X., now in the Vatican, published by Armellini in 1882, and there among the names of the dwellers in the Rione Regola I found that of "Ms Gratia, spagnolo, scriptore apostolico in la casa de lo hospitale de li Anglesi". Good so far! The old Hospice took in *Scriptores Apostolici*, besides accommodating certain queer characters, not so highly respectable, in a portion of the adjoining property (pp. 82-53). But "Ms Gratia", or rather "Garcia", as his name is correctly spelt in the Census taken before the Sack under Clement VII., published by Gnoli (p. 98), was clearly not my man. He had by then gravitated down the street towards the Spanish "Hospital de Monserat". Besides, if Joannes Laurentius had been but a lodger in our old Hospice, would he have been allowed to carve his name above his window? The name of an Abbeviator under Clement VII. is still to be seen carved above the windows of a house, no. 148, in the Via de' Coronari, but the house belonged to him, Prospero de Mochis.

So I betook myself to Burchard's Diary (which is also in the Howard Library), and at once pounced on my quarry. I

found that Joannes Laurentius, or Giovanni Lorenzi, to give him his Italian name, was a Venetian, and not only a *Scriptor Apostolicus* but a *Magister Plumbi*, was a Conclavist too at the election of Innocent VIII., and preached on Good Friday, 1485, before the Cardinal of S. Petri ad Vincula (afterwards Julius II.) and the other Cardinals, *Papa absente*. With Alexander VI. he got into disgrace while his poor brother died strangled. This was in 1502. For the episode I must, for brevity's sake, send our budding historians to Burchard (III., p. 190) where they will enjoy Alexander's dry reply to the Venetian ambassador, and his use of the word "expeditus" ¹.

Fuller information about Lorenzi I found in Pastor's account of the reign of Innocent VIII. (English Translation, vol. V., p. 330), and fuller still in Mercati's Italian translation of the same, since it was made from Pastor's fourth edition of his great work. To Pastor, then, and to the sources of information adduced by him in this Italian translation, I must refer my readers, who will perhaps, when henceforward they use the tauk, regret that this relic of Rome of the Renaissance, recalling the memory of so eminent a humanist, whom Innocent made Librarian of the Vatican, has not found a more appropriate and more honourable setting.


The problem, however, remains, "where did it come from, and how did it get here?"

September 10., 1925.

✦ Geo. AMBR. CLIFTONIEN.

¹ For the benefit of those of our readers who are not able to refer to the *Diarium sive Rerum Urbanarum Commentarii* of Burchard, we are printing *in extenso*, the passage to which His Lordship of Clifton makes reference.

"Dominica tertia, 30 diei mensis januarii, in nocte interim veneris 27 januarii predicti, captus fuit frater germanus D. Johannis Laurentii de Venetiis, qui dicebatur per predictum D. Johannem contra Papam et duces Valentinensem grecis litteris scripta in latinum transtulisse et Venetias misisse; et eadem nocte fuerunt exportata omnia bona eiusdem etiam per predictum Johannem relicta, libri et quaecumque alia, nihil in ejus domo dimisso, quod fuit dominio Venetorum sine mora significatum et dominium rescripsit et commisit oratori eorum quod instantissime supplicaret SS. D. nostrum pro eius liberatione. Orator presentavit litteras eidem SS. Domino, lune ultima januarii, supplicando pro dicta liberatione illius, prout ei fuerat commissum: SS. D. noster dicitur respondisse non existimasse rem hanc futuram cordi dominio, propterea dolere non posse eorum petitionem exaudire, cum ille esset *expeditus* pro quo supplicarent: fuerat enim in nocte hesternae qua Sanctitas sua ad Urbem rediit strangulatus idem frater D. Johannis et in Tyberim projectus, prout alii dicebant".



The Venerable's Bond of Union with Mary Ward

The Tomb of Barbara Ward in the English College, Rome ?

(The memories of the Venerable speak of many Saints—St. Catherine of Siena, St. Brigid, St. Philip Neri, St. Charles Borromeo, Blessed Robert Bellarmine and others—who were associated with its history or forwarded its progress. The following sketch by Mother Salome describes the link which binds Mary Ward's Foundation to our College. May the cause of Mary Ward now before the Sacred Congregation issue in a supreme judgment of her sanctity and enable us to claim another canonised saint as our special friend.)

On Christmas Eve 1621 some English pilgrims, footsore and weary were approaching Rome by the Via Flaminia. ¹ Sixteen miles from the Porta del Popolo they suddenly halted and fell on their knees, for away in the distance, aloof in its grandeur free from the turrets and cupolas of Rome, rose the mighty dome of St. Peter's. This dome was the symbol of all they came to seek, towards it they turned their very souls and did lowly reverence to him who represented Christ on earth. That Christmas Eve saw the end of two months journey, made on foot with a rest of only three days on the way, by Mary Ward, five companions, a priest, a gentleman, a serving man and two sorry steeds, one for the baggage the other to help the weariest. They had come fifteen hundred miles through the wild districts of Lower Germany and Switzerland, across

¹ CHAMBERS. *Life of Mary Ward*, II.

the rugged passes of the Alps with their winter snow, on to the plains of Italy. Their pilgrim's dress and their patron saints brought them safely through many perils, joyous and glad to the Eternal City.

Straight to St. Peter's went the pilgrims, assuredly ascending its steps on their knees as the custom was in those days of strong faith, and spending two hours in prayer before the body of the great Apostle. Doubtless they kissed the foot of the great bronze statue venerated then as now. To Mary's lips would naturally come the prayer of the Greater Litanies which she had recited since she was five years old:—*Dominus conservet eum, et vivificet eum, et beatum faciat eum in terra, et non tradat eum in animam inimicorum eius.*

Not even yet was Mary's devotion satisfied. With heroic courage she led the way to the magnificent church of the Gesù to pray for another two hours at the tomb of St. Ignatius, a patron from whom she had drawn so much inspiration and courage. Only then did the little party think of bodily needs, and these were very urgent. We do not know the exact place of their rest, only that it was near the Ponte Sisto and not far from the English College. Did they receive a dole and shelter there? Both could still be had for the asking and whose needs could have been greater? "Besides God and His holy Saints we expected to find but few friends", one of them wrote. "We were strangers in a foreign country, far from home with little of human means, without language, acquaintances, provision or money".¹ Nowadays asking a charity has something abject in it; not so then. Not yet had the grime of heresy spoil the lovely flower of charity. Mary and her party would have been welcomed had they eked out their few remaining coins with the College bounty. However that may be we know for certain that from the earliest days of Mary Ward's fifteen years in Rome, there was a spirit of kinship with the College that was more than national and higher than nature. It is true that the students were English of the English; also that two or three were near of kin to Mary and her companions. Cardinal Wiseman in his day could say of the College. "One

¹ CHAMBERS, op. cit.

felt at once at home; it was English ground, a part of the fatherland". But there was something more uplifting even than that. The walls of the old church were frescoed from roof to floor with the story of Englishmen—Anglo-Saxon and Norman. But they were saints, all of them; heroes of sanctity. The very foundation of the College was based on a largehearted charity. And every young man who entered and had his name inscribed in the register was vowed to a life of supernatural heroism.

An event in the story of Mary Ward's little company illustrates this view of the English College in a very vivid manner and it is to this event we are coming now.

It may be well, however, not to take for granted that everyone knows who Mary Ward was, notwithstanding the numerous Lives that have been written since the time of her happy death in 1645. The fewest words must suffice here.

Mary Ward, born in 1585, was the Foundress of the Institute B. V. M. (English Ladies). Her inspiration was to help women by a new foundation, to do for women what men were doing with so much fruit for men through the Society of Jesus. She saw and understand the limits that would circumscribe the activity of women and never wished to overstep the boundary line. She asked to follow a two-fold manner of life, contemplation and activity combined, without a special habit, without papal enclosure, so as to be able to promote more widely the salvation of her neighbour principally by means of the education of girls.¹ She asked that the new Institute should be immediately subject to the Holy See and governed internally by a Chief Superior. In each one of these particulars the foundation would strike a new note. However, a memorial embodying these petitions had been already laid before His Holiness, Paul V. and in 1616 a favourable provisional answer had been returned to the great joy of the little community then at St. Omer. To obtain a confirmation of this judgement was the object of Mary Ward's pilgrimage in 1621. It might have seemed that from so favourable a beginning

¹ Young English girls shared her new house on the Esquiline learning Latin and embroidery.

immediate success would ensue. But Mary's work was to spread throughout the world, to bring forth much fruit for the glory of God and to endure. Therefore it was to be marked by the cross. Mary with her companions had prepared for her vocation by ten years of strict mortification and labour. Our Lord added a seven years martyrdom in which she suffered opposition, calumny, condemnation, imprisonment. Her houses were suppressed, her property sequestered; worse than all, the companions she loved so intensely were scattered abroad without a home, without vocation.

But the cross is never an end, it is always a means, a way leading to something higher, more lasting. Released from prison, cleared from calumnious charges, Mary Ward with a little band returned to Rome to settle down under the eye of the very Pontiff who had condemned her. With his sanction companions gathered round her from distant lands and took their vows in St. Mary Major's. Urban VIII. loaded her with kindness during her stay in Rome and blessed her with fatherly benevolence when she left for her own beloved land to suffer more and labour more and eventually to die a death precious in the sight of God, 1645.

So much by the way of biography. Now we must go back to the year 1622, which saw Mary's little company making friends in Rome. This is not the place to write of the measures Mary took to obtain the approbation of her Institute. We only want a glimpse into her home-life and the event, which, like the passing of a cloud, brought out the glorious sunshine of Catholic pity among our own nation in Rome and among the devout Italians.

"Without language" was one of the trials of the poor little flock when they arrived in Rome. This was remedied by the Oblates of the Tor de' Specchi whose rule allowed them to receive guests and who invited two of Mary's companions for two months to learn Italian among them in their ancient home situated at no great distance from the English College. On returning home to the house near the Sistine Bridge a great cross awaited them, for an illness like small pox had laid low the whole of Mary's household. It was inopportune as God's visitations so often seem to be. Mary had begged the Holy

See to allow her to live that life under its supervision. So the Dame Inglesi as they were even then called were seen to frequent the churches in quasi-religious dress and to receive children for tuition. The childlike scheme appeared to prosper, the Roman street arabs flocked in numbers to the kind ladies and their parents extolled their generous benevolence. Cardinal Mellino on behalf of the Sacred Congregation watched over the new venture and "himself told our dear mother that he kept not one or two but twenty five spies over her inasmuch as there was not what passed in or out of the house that he had not notice of".¹ Thanks to this system we can say that not a shadow of a spot unfitting to the life of a religious was brought against the "English Ladies" during the whole of their stay in Rome.

But the small-pox laid an all-conquering hand on one of Mary's most precious companions. Her younger sister, Barbara Ward, caught a chill which turned the disease inward. In vain did the good Oblates again receive the invalid into their house; nor was change of air into the country of greater use. As the hot summer advanced Barbara gradually failed. Her sufferings were intense—ague and cough, fever and hopeless weakness. But the invalid had learnt to suffer and never allowed a murmur to escape her lips. She appeared to be consumed with the love of God rather than by her disease, so that her biographer in quaint 17th. century style calls her "the morning star, which enlightened and encouraged everyone". All through the long illness Mary Ward watched over her dying sister with ceaseless love. For many weeks before the end she slept in her sister's room to be ever at hand.

Summer and autumn passed and winter was at hand, reminding the afflicted household that their first year in Rome was over. As strangers they had come—"besides God and His Saints they expected to find few friends", they had written. But God and His saints are on earth as well as in Heaven as Mary soon experienced. Her distress became known in Rome and then was shown that communion of saints which makes the life of a Catholic an anticipation of Heaven. "Masses and

¹ CHAMBERS. Op. cit.

prayers, mortifications and other pious works, which were offered for Barbara's health were innumerable. In the Casa Professa (Gesù) Father General commanded a bill to be put up in the Sacristy that all should remember her in their Masses and prayers. Some twelve or fourteen days before her death, Mother Chief Superior put up a great candle before the body of Saint Ignatius, which when it was burned, the Fathers themselves supplied the same and kept it burning until she was dead".¹ And all for a poor young stranger, one of a small band, leading what seemed to be an eccentric life. Nor were the Oblates behind in pity. "In the monastery where she had lived they kept continual *quarant'ore* of prayer for her, the religious daily making disciplines, fasting, vows and other devotions and mortifications to recover her health. Neither wanted the charity in other religious houses, who continually importuned Almighty God for her health and life". Why such sympathy? The only answer can be, the Communion of Saints.

And when Barbara's sweet soul returned to its Creator, there followed its flight a wonderful suffrage of Masses and prayers and expiatory acts. No sooner had Mary closed her sister's eyes, dressed her and laid her in her coffin than she "despatched letters to all the Fathers' Colleges in Rome, and to divers other convents and monasteries to crave charity for her. And God so concurred that she had the same in a most complete manner, for notwithstanding that there died one the same morning, which had given three thousand crowns to the Casa Professa but a few days before, yet Father General gave orders that all the Masses should be said for our Mother and the benefactor served next day. Great store of Masses and prayers were said for her in divers other places, everyone lamenting her death, even those who had never seen her". The English College, too, gave its spiritual alms, "all the Fathers and guests said their Masses for her, and the scholars and others their beads. High Mass was sung and the Offices of the Dead". And it gave her more. It gave her a grave in its very midst: "The Office being ended, her body was interred before the altar of Our Blessed Lady, at the Gospel end near

¹ CHAMBERS, op. cit.

to the *cancellæ* (rails) of the High Altar. There she lieth in a wooden chest with a writing on a parchment, which showeth who she is and the cause of her coming to Rome".

"There she lieth". Would the words were true. The French entered Rome in 1798. Exasperated by the Holy Father's refusal to shut his ports to the English ships and exile the English residents in Rome, Napoleon wreaked special vengeance on the English College and left it a ruin, the chapel roofless, the tombs rifled of their leaden coffins, needed for munitions of war. A heap of bones piled up on one side was all that was left of the great men of old. Barbara Ward's body in its humble wooden coffin laid to rest near the Lady Altar must have shared the same fate and now lies, probably with the rest, in the *loculi* beneath the Dereham monument.

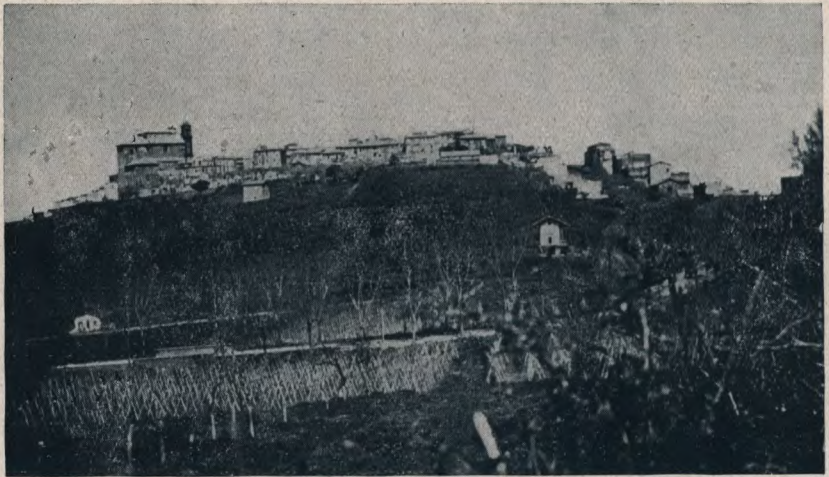
It is three hundred and fifty years since that death. In the Via Monserrato still stands the Venerable English College, the centre of English Catholic life in Rome, so strenuous now for its improvement as to show that nothing short of perfection is its aim.

In the churches of Rome, before the Blessed Sacrament, the daughters of Mary Ward are found at prayer, where for fifteen years knelt their Foundress. They are no longer surrounded by spies, suspected, but are approved by the Holy See and made use of for the education of children and the work of the preservation of the Faith. Daily their hands are raised in prayer throughout the world that before long there may be raised to the altar one who suffered and failed, that others might work and succeed: in other words for the Beatification of their Foundress, Mother Mary Ward.

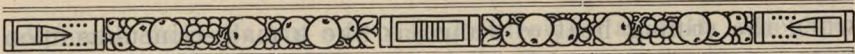
M. S.



"THE SFORZA"



MONTE PORZIO



MONTE PORZIO

(Reprinted from the issue of *G. K.'s Weekly* of September 5th. by kind permission of the Editor).

The title will convey nothing to the reader beyond a suspicion that a hill or mountain in Italy is under discussion. But to a secret few—mostly Catholic priests—the name breathes balm and benediction; it is odorous with the perfumed memories of youth. For two hundred years Monte Porzio, a village on the lower slopes of the Alban hills, was the site of the country house of the English College at Rome. As a building, the place was soberly unromantic. Its shabby front was on the village street, not to be distinguished, save by the Jesuit *stemma* over the doorway, from the equally shabby houses on either side and opposite. Internally it gave one the impression of three houses knocked into one. It was humble, uncomfortable, ramshackle, not over-clean. Nevertheless, it had a glory of its own. It had entertained Popes and Cardinals, Prelates and Princes; and Bishops had been three a penny there, but they were future bishops. It had nourished, and had in turn been nourished by a Wiseman; and had seen "Fabiola" spring into life at the touch of a facile and scholarly pen.

For three months in the summer it was an English oasis in an alien wilderness. The lusty carefree voices of youths on holiday startled its decaying rafters with echoes of a strange tongue. For the rest of the year "down in the city", it was both a memory and a desire: a memory, when the icy breath of the *tramontana* whipped us home in the evening; a desire,

when the stifling heat of June sat like a malign incubus upon lecture rooms and examination halls. It was always a symbol, not merely of scholars' play and the closing of books and change of air: but of that generous freedom that allowed us to roam where we would over lake-shore and wooded hillside in a country that was the cradle of the Latin race. As a roof and walls, Monte Porzio meant little to us; but as the gateway to Romance, the very thought of it thrilled us.

As one looks back on it now, "Romance" seems the *mot juste*. There was colour and enterprise and variety; at times, even peril (though none of us ever succeeded in getting knifed, as happened to certain student friends of ours). There was the dauntless endurance and the rash ardour of youth. Who but the adventurous would tramp six miles along the blinding white roads, and through unsheltered vineyards and over rocky short-cuts, merely to bathe in the Alban lake? Or scale the barren summit of Algidus for the sake of a verse of Macaulay's? Or descend into the Campagna, lured by recollections of the same poet, to find the site of Lake Regillus? And all this in August! But our wooing of Romance had also its less strenuous side, its gentler episodes. A colossal pine grove, an hour's climb from our villa, gave us a lordly vista of that part of the Latian shore which provides the background for the last books of the *Aeneid*. What more romantic experience than to recline there, with Aeolian music humming sonorously in the branches above, and the stately Vergilian measure on our lips, while the declining sun, like a kind old dominie, picked out for us and threw into relief the ruined towns and sites that the Poet has made memorable for ever? The Mantuan suggests the Florentine. And there was adventure, too, in reading, on the same eminence and beneath the same canopy, the poem "*a cui ha posto mano cielo e terra*", in dwelling upon a word, a phrase, that seemed carved out of the purple landscape beneath, or distilled from the blue ether above.

Why, the very villagers were romantic, from Gabriele of the goats, who had herded his charges so long that his very walk was a caper, to the village cobbler who presided over the evening devotions at the Madonna's shrine outside our house, and led the choir in church on Sundays and festivals—an in-

different chorister, but one of God's elect, for all that. They were romantic—laughable, but none the less lovable—when they celebrated the anniversary of the Venti Settembre, and marched past our windows in procession, crying out, with badly simulated derision, "*Morte ai frati!*" "*Ammazza i preti!*" It was all play-acting and provided a diversion for the stolid young Englishmen who looked down on them, unmoved by this unreal outburst of Anticlericalism, which would subside with the fumes of the day's wine. Further play-acting, of a more agreeable sort, was given us in abundance when the whole village united in keeping the "festa" of the local saint, and regaled us with a medley of crazy church bells, fireworks and mortars; gaudy religious processions in which we were constrained to take part; horse-races, lotteries and fire-balloons; and the village band, greeting the auspicious dawn with triumphant melody, and continuing throughout the octave to dominate the festivities.

At the Villa anything in the nature of games was impossible and our future Waterloos had to be won on the long winding dusty roads, or on the lava-bedded mountain tracks, or in the pathless woods. Our excursions took us to places that bore magic names like Palestrina or Nemi or Segni; and they were always on foot. We were on the road long before the warm sun had begun to bake the air; and the yellow light of the harvest moon was often a lamp to our feet, as we scrambled homewards down the craggy sides of Tusculum, or toiled upwards from the arid plain. A tremendous sense of the past was never absent from our wanderings. Early Latin, Imperial Roman, Medieval, Renaissance—these vanished civilisations met us at every turn, and littered our far-flung pathway with their imposing survivals. With giant strides we seemed to move amid the ruins of the ages and trample the centuries under foot. And we did it all with light heart, with the careless insouciance of youth, with the unreflecting confidence of those who take Fortune's favours for granted; little thinking that, in after years, such simple things as the taste of wine, the smell of garlic, the sound of a bell, the drowsy peace of a summer's night would play havoc with emotions and call up the gentle ghosts of exultant days.

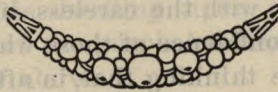
Monte Porzio, like Ilium, must be spoken of in the past tense, at least as far as students of the English College are

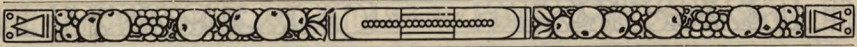
concerned. The villa with its extensive property was sold some six years ago, and no one regrets the change. The new villa puts its predecessor to shame. It stands in lonely and exalted eminence high up on the slopes of Monte Cavo, about five miles from Monte Porzio. The varying jade and amethyst and sapphire of the waters of Lake Albano lie directly beneath it; and from its massively buttressed garden the eye sweeps the historic Roman Campagna from Frascati to Lake Bracciano, from the "inmost sea of all the earth" to the Sabine Hills. It has been in turn an Abbey, a Friary, a Hydro; and "conforto moderno" is securely entrenched in every corner of it. But so is antiquity; from the fountain, reputed Bernini's, to the Republican consular tomb with its austere fasces carved on the face of the rocks. Here is no noisy village street, no jangling of bells, no garish festa; but only the wraith of these things. For the village that *was* here vanished long ago on the day that Rome was born. And its name was Alba Longa.

J. R. MEAGHER.

P.S. — The photograph of "The Sforza", so often referred to in this magazine, gives some idea of the fairly extensive grounds adjoining Palazzola. This large area of park-like land (so called on account of its having formerly belonged to the Sforza-Cesarini family) suffices for our playing fields, somewhat rough and ready, but enabling us to play games impossible at Monte Porzio.

(Editor: *The Venerable*).





MAN'S BURDEN

The Earth proclaimed her nuptials with the Sun,
In festal garments clad;

The glory of the summer had begun,
All things were glad.

The golden light enclosed in its embrace
The grass, the flowers, the trees;
The shadow of the leaves was bridal lace,
Shook by the breeze.

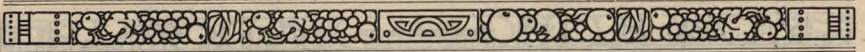
I passed beside the fringes of a wood
And heard the joyous birds
Singing their unreflecting praise of good,
Transcending words.

Before this loveliness my heart rose high,
As on my way I went,
Until among the trees there fixed my eye
An old man bent,

Bent with age, but bent more to the soil
To gather bits of stick;
He made no pause, but at his patient toil
Could not be quick.

I passed. On his uplifted face I read
The utter depth of pain;
He turned and to the ground with no word said
Bent down again.

D. J. HAWKINS.



The National Pilgrimage to Rome

May 1925

Although the English College has long since ceased to give board and lodging to pilgrims, it still remains in no small measure, the centre of English Catholic life in Rome, and upon us devolves to a great extent, the care of those who come here on pilgrimage.

Obviously, and perhaps necessarily, modern pilgrimages differ from those of centuries ago. Palmers' staffs and sandals belong to an age long passed, but one feels assured that the spirit which prompted them is not absent from the hearts of modern pilgrims, who come to Rome by train, and visit the Basilicas, to perform even the commuted conditions of the Jubilee, in comfortable taxis. We realise the inevitability of the change—*tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*—and we marvel that medieval Rome was able to accommodate the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, whom credible witnesses inform us, swarmed across Europe for the Jubilees of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. How were the processions handled? Was any attempt made to handle them? In these days no hardship awaits a party travelling to Rome beyond the possible missing of a train, or an unfortunate encounter with a pickpocket; but six hundred years ago, to mention but one possibility, the marauding bands of a robber baron would regard pilgrims, bearing offerings to Rome, as likely prey.

Many English pilgrimages have been to Rome this year,

and the one which naturally merits special note is the National Pilgrimage which arrived on May 7th. Venerable men at the time of the next Jubilee in 1950, may be interested to read how we assisted this body of twelve hundred pilgrims, including a hundred and ten priests. We assume that then as now, the English College will be called upon to supply students to act as guides and general helps—a not unpleasant task, and we imagine not without value to us future priests.

The majority of the students volunteered for service on the pilgrimage, and one was allotted to each of the forty four hotels at which the visitors were staying. The work necessitated a complete holiday from the University for all those doing duty. Every morning after breakfast we went to our respective hotels, and fulfilled the day's programme with the pilgrims, returning to the College at 7.30 p. m. for Benediction. After supper, in the Common Room, the Vice Rector reviewed the events of the day and discussed the possibilities of the morrow. Arrangements for the restoration of lost property—one student had even lost a lady—and many similar matters had to be settled, but nothing escaped "Mgr. Redmond's watchful eye overlooking everything".

On the day of arrival we lined up outside the barrier at the station, becoming quasi-sandwich men for the time being, each man holding aloft a sign bearing the name of his hotel. We all wore white armlets and badges, for once in a way being eager to advertise ourselves. It was a fairly easy task to gather the people into their respective groups, and march them to the taxis. Machines were even provided for the Continental Hotel, the other side of the street, but it was difficult to avoid a few such small oversights.

The Jubilee Visits began the next day at St. Peter's. Perhaps it would have been better to take a short rest after the journey, but no doubt all were eager to begin the real object of the visit to Rome. Mass was said by Cardinal Merry del Val at the Altar of the Chair. Cardinal Bourne and the other English prelates knelt at the foot of the altar. *Full in the panting heart of Rome* was sung, and even the somewhat blasé English College student, who is apt to grow a trifle professional in such matters, an attitude which he may regret

later on, when Rome and papal functions are mere memories, felt again his First Year fervour as these pilgrims, to whom everything was new, demonstrated their loyalty to the Holy See. We must not omit to mention, and form the resolution to imitate, Cardinal Merry del Val's dignified manner of giving the blessing. No mere friendly wave, as some last blessings are, but three honest signs of the cross, characteristic of the stately bearing of the celebrant. After his thanksgiving the Cardinal delivered a short address and spoke of the connections between England and St. Peter's—the tombs of Adrian IV. and of the Stuarts, and referred to his English predecessors in the office of Archpriest of the Basilica, the Cardinal Duke of York and Cardinal Howard. His Eminence made a reference to his own English birth, and went on to say that he would never again say Mass in St. Peter's without thinking of his celebration for the English pilgrims.

After Cardinal Bourne's reply, the whole body formed up in processional order, some English College students acting as cross bearer and acolytes, while others directed the singing. The commuted Jubilee conditions prescribed three visits to each of the four Basilicas, with a Mass at each Basilica, attendance at which counted as the first visit. Accordingly, after Mass, the whole body twice re-entered the church. At the completion of the last visit the prayer dedicating England to St. Peter was recited. On the whole the processions were well arranged—it is foolish to expect a body of people, more numerous than a battalion at full strength, and without its training, to keep perfect order. More time might have been given before the recitation of the prayers, in order to enable all to reach the confession in good order. Thus an undignified rush on the part of the ladies forming the rear of the procession might have been avoided—this slight confusion, and a certain difficulty in finding hymns in an unfamiliar book were the only defects we noticed.

The Archbishop of Liverpool celebrated Mass at the Lateran on the following day, the Bishop of Leeds at St. Mary Major's on Monday May 11th. and His Eminence Cardinal Bourne at St. Paul's on the 12th. where Cardinal Gasquet delivered an address. Courteous assistance was given by the Italian police

during the processions, and plain-clothes men on the look-out for pick-pockets, mingled with the pilgrims.

The Holy Father said Mass for the Pilgrimage in the Sala delle Beatificazioni on Wednesday 13th. and at midday on the same date granted a solemn audience. There have been not unmerited criticisms of the singing at the Papal Mass, when a Polish pilgrimage and ourselves sang alternate hymns in the vernacular. The arrangement was practically forced upon us by the Poles, and a hurried choice had to be made from the not very wide selection of hymns in the official pilgrimage prayer book. It might also be added that most peoples' voices are not at their best in the early morning. Undoubtedly the singing was a mistake, and using the vernacular an aggravation of it. But the root of the latter evil lies deeper than the hasty selection made at the Papal Mass—people cannot be expected to sing in Rome what they rarely sing at home, and until congregational singing of the plain chant is firmly established throughout England, we fear that a well-rendered *Credo* will be the exception rather than the rule of English pilgrim singing. We wonder how many heard the *O Roma Felix* for the first time when it was sung by the English College at the Papal Audience. *Full in the panting heart of Rome*, florid as the words may be, pales besides that glorious hymn as an expression of devotion to Peter, and one dares to hope that some future Holy Year will see English Catholics salute Rome and the Holy Father with those eloquent words, chosen from the Church's liturgy.

The most interesting monuments and churches were also visited. We would like to point out that in all churches the Blessed Sacrament should be visited before all monuments and relics. In Italian churches the Blessed Sacrament Chapel may not be so apparent as in England, many lamps may be burning, but a little care will enable all to discover That Which is the centre of Catholic worship, before Which all relics, however authentic should not be noticed.

Many Roman churches are full of memories for English Catholics. St. Gregory's on the Coelian, whence St. Augustine departed for England nearly fourteen hundred years ago to be followed by a long line of Archbishops and Bishops who planted

the Faith in our land, is, after St. Peter's, the spot in Rome most sacred to our countrymen. Upon such ground as this Catholics realise the full meaning of unity with Rome. An inscription on the walls of the atrium records the names of those who followed in the wake of St. Augustine, and by a strange coincidence other stones mark the burial places of Carne and Pecham, who at the time of the Reformation, saw the partial ruin of St. Augustine's work. And on the same Coelian Hill, in the Church of Saints John and Paul, (the Titular Church of the two Cardinals Howard), lies the body of St. Paul of the Cross, whose soul was animated by a supernatural love for England, a country he had never seen. He prayed unceasingly for the conversion of our country, and who knows but that his prayers were one of the many causes of the revival of the Faith in England. The church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere, with the tomb of one English Cardinal, and another, Wolsey, on the roll of its Titular Cardinals; the tombs of the last Stuarts in St. Peter's, and many another historical link, combined to demonstrate to the pilgrims our country's age long connection with Rome, brought home to them the fact that they were the successors of the pilgrims of all ages, professing the same Faith that they professed, inspired by the same spirit of loyalty to the Roman Pontiff.

The daily rounds of the churches were not without their lighter side—the well meaning pilgrims who laid their rosaries on the altar of Mithras beneath S. Clemente impressed upon their guide the necessity of distinguishing between Pagan and Christian Rome. One was forced to acknowledge that many people marvelled more at the measurements of the evangelist's pen in St. Peter's, than at the Moses of Michael Angelo—a not inconvenient lack of artistic appreciation—for the one was easier to discuss than the other.

On the two free days of the stay various excursions were arranged, the most noteworthy being that to Subiaco and Genazzano. At the latter place the local dignitaries, headed by the Sindaco, and supported by the "Comitato per l'Anno Santo", welcomed the pilgrims near the entrance to the village, hard by the Colonna palace. Even stronger support was given by the town band, some twenty or thirty strong, which headed the

procession of local celebrities and some one hundred and eighty pilgrims and students. The Sindaco, an honest man of the successful tradesman type, treated his favoured friends to dignified nods as we marched through the village, the blaring music of the band forcing us into step. We were played past the house of Martino Quinto, past the *Duomo* with its jangling bells to the *Trattoria de' Conti*, the majority of the party realising that they were at last in Italy, and not in "the home from home" of the Ludovisi Quarter. A few *fuochi artificiali* might have completed the impression, but the worthy Sindaco had not provided these usual accompaniments of Italian village celebrations. After dinner a visit was paid to the picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, and a short service was held, after which we left for Rome, cheered on by the whole village.

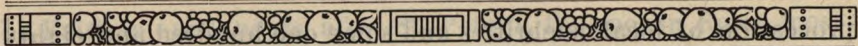
From the religious and sentimental point of view the excursion was a great success, but Italian hill villages are not able to cater properly for large numbers of English people, and we could not recommend a repetition of the visit.

Fortunately the Canonisation of the Little Flower took place on May 17th., and all were able to be present at the ceremony and the subsequent illuminations of St. Peter's. This was the first time the dome had been illuminated since 1870. The following day the pilgrimage left Rome, and we discarded our armbands and badges and turned our attention to the thesis sheet issued that day by the Gregorian University.

E. H. A.

[We may here refer to Father T. A. Adkins' C. T. S. pamphlet "The Holy Year" No. D. O. 89, price Twopence.

We are not indulging in the conventional pleasantry of a reviewer when we express the wish that every pilgrim to Rome had been supplied with a copy of this Jubilee Handbook, for it is full of useful information lacking in the official prayer book. The first fifteen pages are devoted to historical notes on the Jubilee and useful general notes on Indulgences. These are followed by prayers suitable for saying in the various Basilicas. A description of the four Basilicas is added, followed by general information on Rome—tram routes, &c. Six of the most popular hymns are printed at the end of this little work. It is somewhat late to recommend Holy Year literature to pilgrims, but even those who have already made their pilgrimage to Rome, would do well to buy, and not to lose, this handy compendium of Jubilee knowledge.]



THE HISTORY OF PALAZZOLA



III. PALAZZOLA IN MODERN TIMES.

(Concluded).

One question in connexion with Fonseca and the restoration of the Convent and Church of Palazzola in the eighteenth century yet remains to be answered. It is this—did the convent and the church remain Franciscan property? In dealing with this we have to consider, first whether the money for the rebuilding came from Franciscan sources: and secondly, whether the convent was officially recognised by the papal authorities as the property of the friars. With regard to the former consideration, we can assert positively from documental evidence that the money to meet the expenses of the restoration came not from any funds belonging to the Order, but partly from Fonseca himself and partly from John V. and some Portuguese nobles. In an appeal made by the friars of Palazzola in 1870 to the Conde da Thomar, Portuguese Minister to the Holy See, we find the following statements: — “Ed anzi tutto sappia che il Convento di Palazzola assai angusto, mezzo diroccato, e pressochè totalmente in isfacelo... su i primordii del secolo decimottavo fu riedificato dalle fundamenta, ampliato nell'area interna o chiostro, accresciuto nella sua pianta, etc. etc. per cura e munificenza del loro confratello P. Reverendissimo Giuseppe Maria Fonseca da

Evora... Inoltre e fuor di dubbio che il prelodato Fonseca fece erigere di suo proprio peculio due grandi muraglioni, ed anche costruirvi un bella fontana di peperino, nonchè tagliare gli enormi massi silicei sovrastanti al giardino... Arrogò che il detto Fonseca non pure fece a sue spese restaurare la Chiesa di detto Convento, ma dare altresì nuova e più splendida forma... Finalmente che il detto Re.mo Fonseca abbia fatto i surriferiti beneficî al Convento di Palazzola anche col concorso di elargizione di Giovanni V. rilevasi non che dai gigli, qual emblema della real famiglia, scolpiti in pietra a rilievo... ma eziandio da tre lapidi di marmo, in ciascuna delle quali vi si scorgono due stemmi, a destra quello di Giovanni V., ed a sinistra quello del Re.mo Fonseca. „¹ It may as well be mentioned that the building of the Ara Coeli Library, and the repairing of the Convent which had been undertaken by Fonseca in 1730, had been paid for by donations from the same sources as is evident from the following in Moroni: “fr. Giovanni² de Fonseca da Evora... l'aver operato nel convento d'Araceli molti miglioramenti colle generose somme somministrate da re Giovanni V. e da molti gran signori portoghesi. „³

Coming to the second consideration, we have ample proof from the Brief *Exponi nobis* of Clement XII. issued in 1738⁴ that the Pope in no way recognised the property as belonging to the religious. The Holy Father acknowledged the work of Fonseca in rebuilding Palazzola at the cost of 80.000 scudi; that the convent remained the property of Fonseca; that the friars only held the usufruct of the grounds and convent; that they

¹ PESQUEIRA. *Palazzola (Um Convento na Italia)* Appendix p. 225, doc. X.

² This is one of the frequent mistakes found in other writers in regard to Fonseca, whose name was José i. e. Giuseppe. Tomassetti, *Via Appia Ardeatina ed Aurelia* a. 167, also calls him Giovanni. A more serious mistake is committed by P. Celestino Piccolino, *Sul Monte Albano nel Centro del Lazio*, p. 230, and by Father Chandlery S. J., *Pilgrim Walks in Rome*, p. 491, who both call him Cardinal d'Evora. The Cardinal whose portrait hangs on the wall of the Palazzola Common Room, lived some three hundred years earlier.

³ MORONI. *Dizionario di Erudizione*, Venice 1841. Vol. XII, p. 98.

⁴ PESQUEIRA, op. cit. App. p. 215, Doc. VI.

could not sell, alienate or damage Palazzola which was in the possession of the Portuguese Plenipotentiary at Rome. ¹

Accordingly after the death of Fonseca, the convent and church passed into the hands of the Portuguese Government, since, as has been seen, the friars could only enjoy the use of the convent property, and had no claims to its possession.

Fonseca himself, after the reconstruction of Palazzola, was recalled to Portugal to be consecrated Bishop of Oporto. He still maintained an unflagging zeal in all that concerned the Franciscan Order and the Portuguese nation. He died in 1752. That he obtained a reputation in Portugal almost unequalled in his time can be seen from various passages in Pesqueira. ² At his reception into Oporto he was hailed by a contemporary poet as

O novo Cesar consagrado Bispo.

The following dithyramb gives no less tribute to his greatness:

*“ Elbora te genuit, coluit te Roma, Josepho:
Ambit Ulyssippo; Virginis urbsque vocat.
Contendant omnes: poscit si quaeque: sed omnes
Fallimini: Urbs tantum non capit una Virum! ”*

Being unable to obtain information from other sources, we must be content for our knowledge of the history of the next two centuries, to trust to the same Portuguese writer, Visconde da S. Jão de Pesqueira. We learn from him that from 1740, Palazzola continued without any special events till the end of the eighteenth century, when Italy was invaded by the French.

¹ The Portuguese also dwells on the fact that in the brief no mention is made of the Convent's being obliged to pay, as formerly, the yearly two pounds of wax to the Abbot of S. Saba, or to any commendation in favour of the church of Ara Coeli. This shows that as there is no document proving that the Convent was freed from its former dependence, and on the other hand nothing to prove that Fonseca or the religious after him paid the *censo* or acknowledged any dependence or obligation to outsiders, the Convent must have long been considered ruined, or have even disappeared till Fonseca rebuilt it as his own property.

² Some years ago lives of the “portoghese” written in Italian verse could be obtained in Albano.

During the occupation of Rome, the French seized the Hospice of San Antonio (Istituto Portoghese), and then Palazzola. They sacked the convent, took the lead from the roof for the purpose of making bullets,¹ and took away the organ, bells and clock, thereby destroying the towers. The bells are now in Marino, and the clock in Rocca di Papa. The religious were compelled to leave the convent, and did not return till the time of the restoration of the Papal Government, and it was probably after their return, that the present towers of the church were built.

After the Italian Occupation of Rome in 1870, the Convent of Palazzola along with many others, was in danger of suppression, and the Provincial Minister and Guardian appealed for protection to the Conde da Thomar, the Portuguese Minister to the Holy See, on the grounds that the King of Portugal retained rights over the monastery. The Minister thereupon sent a reply instructing him to protest against any attempt at confiscation on account of these rights, and calling the convent the "Royal Convent of Portugal." Accordingly when the Friar Guardian, Luigi di Caprarola was requested in 1873 by the Sindaco of Rocca di Papa to present an inventory of the property of the convent, he sent a letter to the Minister stating that he had refused to comply, first as a religious, in which capacity he could not under pain of excommunication, sign any document tending to the expropriation of the convent under his charge, and, secondly, as being merely the *custode* of the property of the King of Portugal. He was advised however by the Minister to satisfy the demands of the Sindaco by presenting an inventory, but he was to append the following declaration: "Declaro que me prestei a dar as respostas supra-escritas depois de obter as previas instrucções do representante de Sua Magestade Fidelissima em Roma, e que, segundo as mesmas instrucções recebidas, protesto contra toda à qualquer violação dos direitos da Coroa de Portugal, a qual esta Comunidade e o proprio Governo Pontificio recontreceram sempre a propriedade d'este convento de Palazzola, come edificão inteiramente portugueza." ²

¹ At Paliano they broke up the coffins of the Colonnas, not even sparing that of Marc Antonio, the hero of Lepanto.

² PESQUEIRA, op. cit., p. 147.

The same instructions had been given to the superior of Santa Liberata in Capoccia, for we find the following note written on September 21st. of the same year to the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs: "le Ministre de Sa Majesté Très-Fidèle près le Saint-Siège a immédiatement autorisé les supérieurs des couvents de Palazzola et de Sainte Liberata à prêter tous les éclaircissements nécessaires aux autorités de Sa Majesté le Roi d'Italie, en y ajoutant la déclaration suivante."¹

The result of this and other correspondence between the Italian and Portuguese Governments was that in 1880 a compromise was arrived at by the Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs and Commendatore Cairoli to the effect that the Portuguese Government should renounce all rights to the Convent of Santa Liberata and to Ara Coeli, and the Italian Government should leave to Portugal as Portuguese property, the Convent of Santa Maria della Neve at Palazzola "avec toutes ses dépendances, meubles, immeubles, et terres annexes."² In point of fact however the whole of the property was not ceded to the Portuguese, for, says Cairoli: "Une réserve que je suis encore obligé de faire, concerne Palazzola, où existent certains monuments d'une époque très reculée: des faisceaux consulaires sculptés à grand dimensions sur le rocher, et des cavernes qu'on suppose avoir été jadis des nymphées. Dans le cas où ces monuments seraient compris dans l'immeuble dont nous abandonnons la propriété au gouvernement portugais, ils devraient être exceptés de la cession. De pareils monuments, ayant une valeur considérable pour notre histoire nationale, ne sont évidemment pas de ceux qu'on puisse aliéner." The ancient monuments here in question are mentioned more particularly in a legal document of 1880. "I quali monumenti," it says, "sono i seguenti. Alcune grotte o caverne che si suppongono essere state Ninfei, la tomba Consolare da alcuni attribuita a Gneo Cornelio Scipione Ispano, i grandi tagli verticali nel sasso vivo che si credono eseguiti per maggior difesa della Arce Albano, le Latonie, poi ridotte a conserva d'acque,

¹ PESQUEIRA, op. cit., p. 149.

² Ibid., p. 151.

la strada scarpellata nel peperino parallela alla fronte della tomba Consolare, e al lato Nord Ovest dell'Acropoli." ¹

In July 1880 the *chargé d'affaires*, Bernardino Antonio de Faria Gentil took formal possession of Palazzola. He allowed, however, the friars to stay, on condition that they admitted on others, and that they provided for themselves and also for the expenses of the upkeep of the building and the maintenance of the property "ben inteso sempre sotto la vigilanza e sindacazione di questa Legazione alla quale dovranno corrispondere ed i cui ordini dovranno eseguire." The friars agreed to the terms, but pleaded that they could not meet any extraordinary expenses, on account of the poverty of the *famiglia francescana*. This however was all that was deemed necessary. Small disputes, nevertheless, arose, as to what expenses were extraordinary, but on the whole the relations between the religious and the Portuguese Minister were quite friendly, so much so that on October 29th. 1886 the *chargé d'affaires* was commissioned to express to the friars on the behalf of the Portuguese Minister, Mathas de Carvalho, "la sua piena soddisfazione per l'interesse che Ella prende nel tutelare i diritti della proprietà portoghese".

Events thus continued until 1910 when Portugal became a Republic. The number of the friars had by then become much smaller. In 1903, when Pesqueira visited the spot, there were twenty five persons including friars, novices, and "os educandos." It may be noted meanwhile that the visit of Pesqueira at the time mentioned resulted in the book from which we have been quoting. His last chapter is so illustrative of the man that we are constrained to quote it. "It was our purpose then," he concludes, "to show our compatriots that there exists right in the heart of Italy, a monument that is a testimony to our power. It was to turn the gaze of our country towards this small corner of Portuguese territory that we have written this unpretentious work.

Twelve miles from the gates of Rome, near to the summer residence of the Popes, in a land where all things tell of mighty

¹ PESQUEIRA, op. cit. App., p. 232, Doc. XIII. Note that no mention is made in this document of the painting in the church, or of the choir stalls (now in the *coro* over the portico of the church), which are also considered National Monuments.

deeds wrought, and of great vicissitudes experienced, built up by the hands of one of our own illustrious countrymen, the Convent of Palazzola is for us not merely a simple dwelling for friars, not a villa for seminarists or ambassadors, not merely a spot to attract our devotion or our curiosity—it is an undying monument to a valorous and noble hearted Portuguese, who loved his religion as he loved his country, and who loved both his country and his religion above the whole world.”¹

After the Portuguese Revolution of 1910 the religious were compelled to leave Palazzola, and the property was put up for sale. In 1915 it was purchased by Carlo Arnaldi, who established there a “Colonia della Salute,” and the place became to be called “Colonia Arnaldi.” To him are due the various modern improvements and many of the quotations and adages (*Mangiare adagio e masticare bene*, etc.) that are seen in the refectory and cloisters. The Colonia Arnaldi did not prosper. Either because Palazzola was not sufficiently isolated, or because the winter in the Alban Hills was far too trying for his patients, the settlement had to be abandoned. This was in 1920. At that time the Rector was searching Latium for a Villa to replace the old one at Monte Porzio, and his attention was drawn to Palazzola by Father Cotter C. SS. R. to whom we owe many thanks for his timely information, How Monsignor Hinsley succeeded (in spite of many odds) in purchasing Palazzola at the price of 260,000 lire has been described in a previous number of *The Venerable* (Vol. II. No. I.). It need only be said that the whole purchase was completed, and all the necessary documents signed in the short space of seven weeks, and the Rector took possession on April 7th. 1920.

The formal opening of the Villa took place on May 27th: during the Rector's absence in England. The Cardinal Protector of the College, His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, was present together with His Lordship the Bishop of Clifton, Monsignor Prior, Monsignor Mann, Rector of the Beda College, Monsignor (then Doctor) Redmond, Vice Rector of the Ven. English College, Dom Philip Langdon and all the students, of whom many, it may be said, lost their way along the then unknown paths

¹ PESQUEIRA, op. cit., p. 195.

round Lake Albano. His Lordship the Bishop of Clifton in an opening speech signified his entire approval of the change from Monte Porzio to Palazzola, and after regretting the past glories of "dear old Monte Porzio" and enlarging upon the joys of *villeggiatura*, was seconded by Mr. Barre on behalf of the students. This inauguration of the Villa has been recorded by a tablet placed upon the wall of the refectory. It reads thus:

D . O . M

ARTHURO HINSLEY

VEN . COLL . ANGLORUM . DE URBE . RECTORE

RUS . AESTIVUM . TUSCULANUM . ALBANO . COMMUTATUM

DIE . VI . APR . A . D . MCMXX

PRIMAS . HIC . CELEBRARUNT EPULAS

AIDANUS . CARD . GASQUET . PATRONUS

GEO . AMBROSIUS . EP . CLIFTONIEN

JOANNES . PRIOR . SACRAE . ROMANAE . ROTAE . AUDITOR

HORATIUS . MANN . COLL . BAEDAE . RECTOR

GULIELMUS . CAN . LEE

JACOBUS . REDMOND . HUIUS . VEN . COLL . VICE . RECTOR

PLAUDENTES . ALUMNI . OMNES

DIE . XXVII . MAII

MOX . INCEPTAE . FERIAE . DIE . XV . JULII . INSEQUENTIS

AD . RERUM . FAUSTISSIMARUM . MEMORIAM . POSTERIS .

TRADENDAM

TITULUM . POSUIT . GULIELMUS . CAN . LEE

And it was thus that this historic building with its records of Roman Consuls, its shades of Benedictines, Cistercians and Franciscans, and its memories of Portuguese kings, came into our possession. We look with no small pride on a church which was the resting place of a Colonna, and on a convent which has received seven Popes under its roof,¹ nor do we think it unworthy that its final occupants should be the students of the Venerable English College.

Quod felix faustumque sit!

J. GARVIN.

¹ Pius IX. performed the journey from Castel Gandolfo on foot.

Postscript to *The Venerabile*. Vol. I. No. 4, pp. 295, 296.

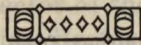
An opening has now been made in the front supporting wall at a lower level, so that the remains of the internal wall

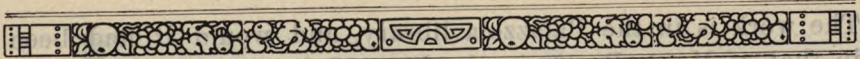
are now quite easily accessible by a passage just about five metres long. It is faced with *opus incertum* (one can hardly call it *opus reticulatum*, as it is too irregular) of selce, and a length of seven or eight metres of it is visible. To the right (south east) is a modern wall with a hole in it; and beyond the hole is the earth which supports the modern garden terrace. The two vaults which Vecchi saw are visible, but I doubt whether they are of Roman date. Certainly, as Vecchi says, the wall between them, with the flat arch in it, is later, and they do not seem to be supported by the internal wall.

This internal wall, then, was probably the main supporting wall of the terrace of the ancient villa: and this is further indicated by the fact that at a certain height it is stepped back about twenty four centimetres. Further to the left a smaller opening leads to the drain from the cloister, which has cut through this same wall. Remains of it are visible only on the right of the drain, and it is there stepped back about forty centimetres. How far it continues to the right of the larger hole it is impossible to say without excavations, which would not be easy, as one would have to burrow under the garden. Probably, however, the ancient villa would have extended as far as the present garden terrace does.

I may add that I think my interpretation of the shaft in the caves near the swimming tank (p. 294, n. 4.) is probably incorrect, but as it is hoped that an article on the water supply of the villa, in ancient and modern times, will appear in a future number of *The Venerabile*, I will not say more now.

THOMAS ASHBY.





The Hermitage of St. Angelo Below Palazzola

“Visited the Hermitage of ‘S. Angeli de Post Lacum’ with two students; a laborious and sometimes dangerous walk, especially if dark”. Such is the entry in my diary for August 29th., 1923; and so vivid is my recollection of the perils of that walk that I have never repeated it. To be sure, my youthful guides seemed to enjoy these perils, skipping about and ignoring precipices, like the “arietes” in the Psalm, or Shakéspeare’s “d—d luxurious mountain goats”; but I am no longer nimble as once, when I footed it up to Tusculum for a furtive pipe in the Eagle’s Nest with the now grey Rector of Rotherham, and that was a true saying of the Venusian Bard,

“The years oncoming bring us much,
They take much as they dwindle;”
My toes alas! I scarce can touch,
Though thin once as a spindle.

No disaster, however, befell us that afternoon, but on our return home in the descending darkness, we found that a rescue party had been organised and was just setting out to render us first aid, had we needed it. How considerate of the good Rector (*vulgo et vulgariter* “Monsinnyer”)!

For a description of the ruins of the little church and its tower, which stand amid the woods half way down the south eastern slope running down to the Alban Lake, of the adjoining chambers scooped out of the rock, one of which retains a broad vaulted niche bearing traces of frescoes, I must refer the reader to the second volume of Tomassetti’s “Campagna Romana”.

The work is in the Palazzola library, and would it had been in that of Monte Porzio in the dear old days when we tramped so merrily over those rolling plains, recking naught of Phoebus, to many an historical spot, each carrying with him his store of provender, trusting for liquor to the gushing stream or the cool recess of some ancient *osteria*, with its primitive kitchen and

postes fuligine nigri!

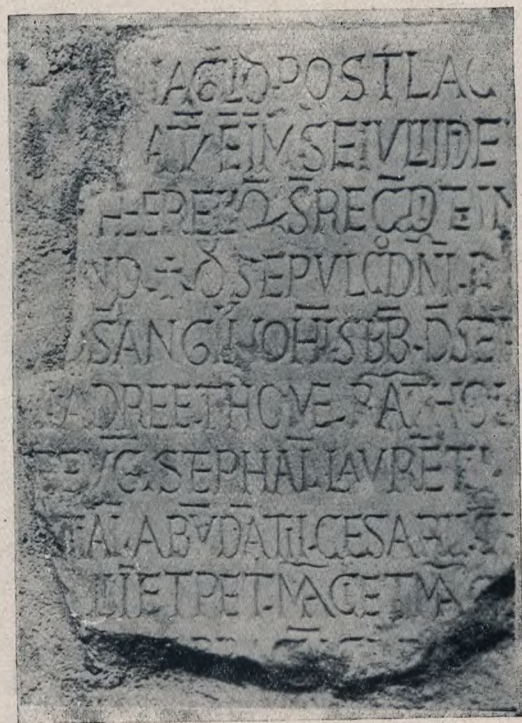
But the book was then only in the making. Now that it can be had for "a few rascal counters", let the jolly survivors of those times acquire the three beautifully illustrated volumes, and they will spend many a pleasant winter evening as I do. For,

"In my lonely den, when it's half-past ten,
And the hearth is black and cold,
My heart goes back, like a broken hack,
To browse upon pastures old.
I dream of each departed joy
Till my cheeks with the tears are wet,
When a small voice whispers, 'Rouse my boy
There's a kick in the old dog yet'".

To return to our muttons, the first mention of the Hermitage occurs in a bull of Pope Paschal II. of the date 1116. An old hermitage in all conscience, older than most of our English cathedrals. By 1282 it needed restorations. After a long gap of silence we find mention of most delicious fruits, grown in the hermits' garden, having being served at the pontifical table in the great palazzo at Castel Gandolfo; when Alexander VII., Fabio Chigi was Pope. (One is reminded of the turbot, caught at Ancona, and served up to Domitian close to this very place). This was in 1660, the year of our Merry Monarch's return to his kingdom. Another gap of silence, and in 1773 the whole place was laid in ruins by Cardinal Mark Anthony Colonna, since it had become the resort of thieves and other undesirable loafers, a great relief, no doubt, to the worthy friars of Palazzola and the holiday gentry of Rocca di Papa. Yet these same Colonnese, though not common robbers, had of



The Hermitage of S. Angelo



Tablet from the Hermitage

old for long been the worst ravagers of the Campagna, always on the side of the Pope's enemies, being rabid Ghibellini. The last and worst was Pompey, more of a soldier than a Cardinal, who had a great hand in the Sack of Rome in 1527, and it was high time someone tackled them once for all. This was one of the merits of that energetic old Pope, Paolo Terzo, who razed the stronghold of Rocca di Papa to the ground and left it such as we today see it, as we mount up to Monte Cave.

Runmaging a year or two ago amid the blocks and chunks of marble that once littered the portico of Bishop Fonseca's church, I turned one slab over, and found to my delight that it bore on its face an ancient inscription, which proved to be nothing less than the list of relics placed of old under the altar of the church of the Hermitage. The words¹ are here and there abbreviated and the lettering may well be that of the twelfth century. Now let us remember that Paschal II. (1099-1119) who first makes mention of the Hermitage, repaired or rebuilt churches ruined in Robert Guiscard's invasion of Rome (1084), and was a great remover and preserver of relics. Witness the inscription of his, still preserved in the church of the Quattro Coronati, and the much longer one to be seen in the church of Santa Prassede. May it not well be that it was during Paschal's reign that the little church at the back of the lake, *de post lacum*, received its treasure? If this be true, and the theory is plausible, since in Paschal's days relics were abundant, (in Santa Prassede he lodged no fewer than two thousand three hundred bodies of saints, taken "ex cymiteriis seu cryptis"), we may be allowed perhaps to rejoice as at an interesting discovery. But what are we to say of the Frati of Palazzola, who for more than a hundred years, would appear to have ignored or valued but little this memorial of local history? Under the enlightened rule of the present Rector, thanks to his jealous regard for antiquity, the slab has been fixed in the western wall of the house, facing the garden. When the students return here next year, they will find that he has still

¹ The inscription, with the abbreviations as far as possible supplied, is printed at the end of this article.

further provided for its preservation by transferring it into the shelter of the cloister.

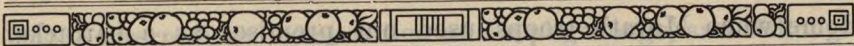
Palazzola, August 30th. 1925.

(SANCT)I ANGELI DE POST LAC(VM)
AT ET IN MENSE JVLII DIE V
RELIQVIAE (?) RECONDITAE IN
 (?) DE SEPVLOHRO DOMINI. DI
 SANCTI JOHANNIS BAPTISTAE DE SEP(VLCHRO)
 ANDREAE. THOMAE. BARTHOLOMEI
 E EVG. STEPHANI LAVRENTII
TIAL. ABVNDANTII. CAESARII C. P.
 (MARCE)LLINI ET PETRI. MARCI ET MARC(ELLIANI).

VIATOR.



1 The inscription, with the abbreviations as far as possible supplied, is printed at the end of this article.



Some Impressions of the Boy Scout Pilgrimage to Rome

To Rome, which had become almost sated with pilgrims, and so used to Holy Year strangers that she seemed to desire nothing better in and about the sultry dog days, than to be left to rest, and either to retire to the hills, or to exist drowsily through the summer weeks, it came as a shock to be invaded by a host of a novel order of palmers in very distinctive costumes. The Scouts, thousands of them, came trooping through her gates, in shorts and slouchers, filling the streets with alert young life. The biggest contingent of them came from Protestant England, no less than seven hundred and fifty strong. Again and again one had to repeat to wearying Roman enquirers that these boys were really British and really Catholics.

Our lads had in some measure emulated the pilgrims of the medieval Jubilees, for like them they suffered considerable hardship on their journey. They travelled Third Class, and the joy of such journey they can tell who have tried it. But the aim of the organizers was to cut down expenses. This motive perhaps also prompted them to choose the holiday time, when the Colleges in Rome were empty and could give free lodging to the Scout Troops. The Central Committee for the Holy Year provided free the mattresses.

Four hundred of the boys were accommodated at the Venerable, one hundred at the school of the Irish Christian Brothers, and the remainder were divided between the Scotch and North American Colleges. The appearance of the College carried one's mind back to the days of the French Occupation of

Rome when Murat's troops used our premises as a barracks. We can only provide proper sleeping room for perhaps ninety people—students, kitchen staff and occasional guests—so the congestion caused by these four hundred scouts may be easily imagined. There were two or three in each room, and straw mattresses occupied every other conceivable floor space—the Common Room, the Refectory, the Rector's Corridor and even the Library, were requisitioned to provide sleeping accommodation.

Meals, with the exception of breakfast at the College, were taken at the *Anno Santo*, a restaurant opened this year, and managed by a Neapolitan, who evidently realised that the Holy Year offered temporal as well as spiritual advantages. During the whole stay the catering was poor—even the Italian lack of appreciation of the possibilities of English appetites, did not entirely account for the short rations, and one regrets that it was impossible to entrust the feeding arrangements to nuns or to some similar body, not oppressed by the idea of the lean times to come after the completion of the Holy Year.

The first two days of the pilgrimage were spent in recovering from the fatigue of the journey, and instead of immediately starting a programme of tiring visits to the Basilicas, the boys were allowed to roam about the city in small parties, and were better able to look after themselves than many elderly pilgrims have been.

On Thursday September 2nd., the visits to the Basilicas began: these were made by all the various national contingents at the same time, and the Piazza of St. Peter's presented a strange and magnificent sight as all the Scouts were assembled to march into the church. It was a hot and sultry day, and those who were near enough to the fountains to catch the spray were fortunate. The singing at St. Peter's, and later, at the other Basilicas suffered from the lack of good direction. A promise of assistance to be rendered by an Italian choir had not materialised, and consequently the only help came from an elderly civilian, and a priest with that type of voice usually associated with the stalls of Roman Chapters. The prayers necessary for the fulfilment of the conditions of the Indulgence were recited in Latin, a choice of language rendered necessary

by the international composition of the pilgrimage, and although the English, and we may assume the other scouts were not able to join fully in the recitation of the Paters, Aves and Glorias, no more suitable language could have been chosen. The spear of St. Longinus, the veil of St. Veronica and the relic of the True Cross were exposed from the balcony under the dome, and then a short, impressive function was held at the Altar of St. Gregory. Prayers were said for the Conversion of England, followed by *Faith of Our Fathers* and *Full in the panting heart of Rome*, sung with a vigour which amply compensated for our hesitant voices during the rest of the visit.

On the occasions of the visits to St. Peter's and the other Basilicas, one noticed the absence of a band in the British Contingent. Both during the assemblies outside the churches and the somewhat tedious marches thereto, a little music would have done much towards keeping up the spirits of the boys. However, in spite of this deficiency, on the return journey to the restaurant, the boys, and not a few of their clerical guides, marched across the Piazza of St. Peter's, yelling lustily all the popular songs of the past ten years.

The visit to St. John Lateran's was made on the following day, when Cardinal La Fontaine, the Patriarch of Venice, celebrated Mass, and the whole body received Holy Communion. Afterwards the Cardinal spoke a few words in Italian. Breakfast was taken in the Piazza, after which all marched to St. Mary Major's for the third visit.

In the afternoon all had to be out to St. Paul's by five o'clock. This visit, the last of the series, necessitated a long march, but on the return journey the boys were allowed to ride by tram. Even the Roman trams have never been so crowded before. One could not see the cars for scouts; they hung on like flies, and some even climbed on top. One was particularly charmed to see a certain Professor of the Gregorian University, clinging to a strap, perfectly at home, his hat set well back on his head, his face lighted up with that engaging smile which nothing can destroy.

Sunday was devoted to the Papal Mass and Audience. It was at first planned that there should be a Civic Reception at the Capitol, and a visit to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier

during the morning. However, this would not have been in strict accordance with the etiquette of the Vatican, since it would have occurred on a day devoted to the Pope, and actually before the Papal Audience. The visit to the Unknown Soldier was postponed, and the Civic Reception tactfully dropped, Signor Cremonesi, the Regio Commissario, being out of Rome for the week-end.

At the Papal Mass in St. Peter's the Scouts had the whole of the Nave at their disposal. The Pope was carried in on the *Sedia Gestatoria*, the Silver Trumpets March being played as he entered. The Harmony in the Dome was also played at the Consecration, a special concession, as this piece is not usually played at a Papal Low Mass.

In the afternoon the Pope received all the Scouts in the Cortile of the Belvedere. The whole ten thousand were lined up before a large stage prepared for the Court consisting of all the dignitaries and Scout Commanders who were in Rome in connexion with the Pilgrimage. Upon the Holy Father's entry each boy waved an olive branch, and the whole Cortile became a sea of waving green. This *tableau vivant* of the Pope's motto, "Pax Christi in Regno Christi" was perhaps the happiest inspiration of the Pilgrimage. The cheering died down after a few minutes and then the March Past began. Each troop marched all round the Cortile, dipped its flag to the Holy Father, and returned to its original place, the band of the Palatine Guard playing various march pieces the while. One could not help noticing with some pride that although the English Scouts had been away from home for more than a week, and in spite of many of them being very young, their equipment was in better order, and their marching more regular than that of any other contingent. The address delivered by the Holy Father in Italian lasted for nearly an hour. The discourse was rather long, especially for the younger boys, but there was no sign of weariness or flagging in the final cheers, as the Pope entered his carriage and drove back to his own part of the Vatican.

On Tuesday a wreath was laid on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The huge Monument to Victor Emmanuel was an excellent setting for a very simple but imposing ceremony. The whole body of British Scouts occupied the steps, being arranged

four deep on either side. Afterwards the two columns turned inwards, each file saluted the tomb, and then marched down the centre in a deep column of eight. The wreath was laid upon the tomb, and then the *De Profundis* was recited. This gave a religious touch to the whole ceremony. There was no question of homage to Victor Emmanuel II: it was a prayer for all the Italians who fell in the War, and indirectly an act of friendship to the whole nation.

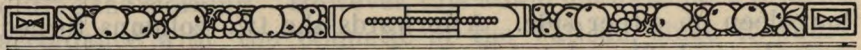
Mention of friendship brings to mind the assistance rendered by the Italian Scouts who were imbued with the "Good Turn" spirit. They helped to arrange the billets before the arrival of the foreign contingents, made several of the straw mattresses, and as far as the language difficulty allowed, acted as guides.

The British Contingent left Rome on Wednesday September 11th. Their good-bye was noisy and hearty—cheers rang through the station for half an hour before their departure.

Three sick boys were left behind in Rome, and afterwards spent some time convalescing at Palazzola.

It may safely be said that this Pilgrimage was one of the most striking of the Holy Year. Few boys are able to visit Rome while so young, and although all may not have deeply appreciated the wonders of the city, they were at least inoculated with Rome, and one may reasonably hope that even the youngsters, who were happier when cycling around the Piazza Farnese, than when visiting churches or museums, in future years will not be forgetful of the value and the meaning of all they saw.





A TRADITION REGARDING THE FOUNDATION OF THE ENGLISH HOSPICES IN ROME

A book published in 1601 by Camillo Fanucci of Siena, *Trattato di tutte l'opere pie di Roma*, gives, on pp. 78-81, a curious account of the origin of the English hospice or hospital in the Via Monserrato. The legend of the poor woman does not seem to appear in other sources: and there is a misty recollection of the Schola Anglorum at Sta. Maria in Sassia. ¹ The date assigned to the foundation is also erroneous, being really, more or less, that of the foundation of the hospice in Trastevere by John White. ² As a record, however, written by one who saw the College at the time of its foundation, it may have a certain amount of interest, and the subjoined translation which follows may be left to speak for itself. The original Italian text is also given.

“ From this kingdom there came every year a great number of people to Rome almost in hordes, or troops, with a devout desire to visit these holy places. And once a number of persons of both sexes came, and went to visit the seven holy churches: and there was among them a pregnant woman, who, not being able to follow the others, walked behind them at a slow pace, and so, the night coming on, she lost her way in the wood, that then there was above the hospital of S. Spirito

¹ GASQUET. *History of the Venerable English College, Rome*, p. 9.
² *Ibid.*, p. 31.

in Sassia, which extended in those regions as we may believe from the Borgo di Porta Settimia or Settimiana, generally called the Lungara; so that at night she was attacked by wolves, and torn to pieces and so perished miserably. And her companions on searching for her, found by her clothes and other signs, to their great sorrow that the pregnant woman who had been with them was she that had been torn to pieces by the wolves. Already the report of this sad case was spreading through Rome, when a certain John Shepherd, an Englishman, gathered together those of his own nation who were in Rome—prelates, gentlemen and artists, and told them of this wretched case with great eloquence, and begged them all to think and advise a remedy. And as nothing was settled, but the time was spent in discussion, moved by the spirit of God he said:—"Let everyone do as I do" and forthwith gave to his nation a great part of his goods. In this he was followed by many others, and much money was put together, with which some houses were bought in the Rione della Regola, near Corte Savella, where at present the church and hospital may be seen, and in these the poor pilgrims of the English nation were received. This was in the year 1398 of the Redeemer of mankind, under Pope Boniface the ninth of that name, and all going well, the aforesaid John and his wife, having no children, dedicated themselves with all their goods to the service of the pilgrims and the hospital. This good work has continued to our own day: and we have seen the church dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity and St. Thomas the martyr Bishop of Canterbury, and served by twelve English priests: and on the day of the aforesaid Most Holy Trinity and on the day of St. Thomas they held and do hold high festival. The aforesaid church is endowed with many indulgences, has a privileged altar for the dead, and is very well served and furnished with vestments and ornaments; and in it the most wondrous Sacrament of the Eucharist is perpetually kept with three lamps always alight, and another in front of the privileged altar. In the hospital they were wont to receive and lodge the poor pilgrims of the English nation, giving them victuals and other things necessary for eight days at least. But Pope Gregory the thirteenth of that name of blessed memory having seen that few pilgrims came there, in

the year 1578 founded in the hospital a college of fifty youths of that nation, who are devoted to their studies and to a good life: and he assigned to them sufficient revenues, so that they can support themselves, and they are under the care of the Fathers of the Company of Jesus. Therefore they placed over the door of the hospital or College the arms of the Pope and below the arms these words:—

COLLEGIVM ANGLICORVM GREGORII XIII PONT. MAX.
LIBERALITATE FVNDATVM.

Every day a great number of masses is said in the church, which is full of pictures representing the many various and cruel forms of martyrdoms and deaths suffered by the faithful Christians at the hands of the heretics in the island of Great Britain.

Besides the aforesaid hospital, there was also established in former days a small hospital near to and behind the church and monastery of San Crisogono in the Rione of Trastevere, and not very far from the Ripa by an English merchant, for the service of poor English sailors, who came to Rome, ploughing the waves of the sea. But when it was found that there was not a great number of these sailors, it was united to the larger hospital aforesaid. Notwithstanding, three or four masses a week are said there. If any sailor of this nation arrives in Rome, he is received in the larger hospital; for often in our time they come to Rome on pilgrimage, and even for refuge, for it is not permitted to them to live freely as Catholics in their own country. And so much for the Hospital of the English. It may well be that in that place near S. Spirito where that dreadful case befel, or thereabouts, the English nation had in those times some habitation: but no record of it is to be found."

* * * * *

"..... Di questo Regno veniva ogn'anno gran numero di gente a Roma quasi a branchi, o torme, per divotione di visitare questi sacri luoghi. E tra l'altre volte essendo venuta una gran quantità di persone dell'uno, & l'altro sesso, & andando

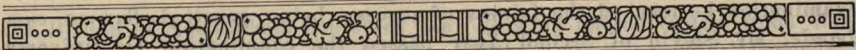
a visitare le sante sette Chiese, essendovi fra loro una donna gravida, quale non potendo seguitare gli altri, con lento passo gli caminava dietro: onde sopraggiunta dalla notte si smarrì nella selva, che allhora era sopra lo spedale di S. Spirito in Sassia, la quale si stendeva per que luoghi, come si puo credere, dal borgo di porta Settimia, overo Settimiana, volgarmente la Longara chiamato, si che la notte assaltata da i lupi, fu miseramente lacerata. Et la sua compagna (*sic*, for compagna) cercandola, alle veste, & altri segni conobbero con infinito lor dolore la donna pregna lor compagna, esser quella sbramata da lupi. Gia la fama di questo lacrimevol caso si stendeva per Roma, quado che un certo Giovanni Skopardo Inglese fatto fare cōgregatione della sua Natione, ch'era in Roma di Prelati, gentilhuomini, & artisti, & narrato il miserabil caso con grande esageratione pregò tutti, che dovessero pensare, & consigliare il remedio. E non risolvendosi cosa alcuna, ma consumandosi il tempo in dispute: mosso da divino spirito disse. Ognuno facci come farò io; & subito donò alla Natione una buona parte de suoi beni. Nel che seguitato da molti altri, furono messi insieme molti denari, con li quali furono comprate alcune case nel Rione della Regola, vicino a corte Savella, dove al presente si vede la Chiesa, & lo spedale, & in quelle si ricevevano i poveri pellegrini della natione Inglese. Fu questo dell'Anno del Redentore della natura humana, mille tre cento novant'otto, sotto Bonifatio Pontefice di tal nome nono, & procedendo il tutta bene, el sudetto Giovanni con la sua moglie nò havendo figliuoli, si dedicorno con tutti i lor beni al servizio di detti Pellegrini, & spedale. E stata seguitata quest'opera fino a nostri tempi; & habbiamo visto la Chiesa sotto l'invocatione della Santiss. Trinità, & di S. Tomasso Vescovo Cātuariense, & martire, esser stata servita da dodici sacerdoti nazionali; & nel giorno di detta Santiss. Trinità, & di S. Tomasso ci facevano, & fanno gran festa. La detta Chiesa è ornata di molte indulgenze, cò l'Altare privilegiato per li morti, & è benissimo offitiata, & fornita di paramenti, & ornamenti, & in essa perpetuamente si tiene il mirabilissimo Sacramento dell'Eucharistia, con tre assidui lumi, & un'altro innãzi all'Altare privilegiato. Nello spedale si solevano ricevere, & alloggiare li poveri pellegrini di detta natione, dādogli vitto, & altre cose necessarie per otto giorni almeno.

Ma la felice mem. di Gregorio, di questo nome, Decimoterzo Pontefice, havendo veduto, che ci venivano rari pellegrini, nell'anno mille cinquecento settant'otto, institui in detto spedale un collegio di cinquanta gioveni d'essa natione, quali attendono alli studij, & alla buona vita; assegnandoli convenienti entrate, accioche possino sostentarsi, sono in cura delli Padri della Compagnia del Iesù: Onde posero sopra la porta dello Ospedale, overo Collegio, l'insegna di detto Papa, & sotto esse insegne queste parole:

COLLEGIVM ANGLICORVM GREGORII XIII PONT. MAX.
LIBERALITATE FVNDATVM.

Ciascun giorno si dice gran numero di messe nella Chiesa, quale è piena tutta di pitture rappresentanti in molti varij, & crudeli martirij, & morti patiti dai Christiani fedeli, per mano delli Eretici nell'Isola d'Inghilterra. Oltre al sudetto spedale, fu ancora in altri tempi eretto uno spedaletto vicino, & dietro alla Chiesa, & monasterio di San Grisogono nel Rione di Trastevere, & non molto lontano da Ripa da un Mercante Inglese; per servitio de poveri Marinari Inglesi, che venivano a Roma, solcando l'onde del Mare. Quale poi che si è visto non esservi concorso di tali marinari, si è unito allo spedale maggiore sopradetto. Nondimeno vi si dicano tre, o quattro messe la settimana. Occorrendo che alcun marinaio di detta natione arrivi a Roma è ricevuto nello spedale maggiore sudetto: perche spesso in questi nostri tempi ne vengano a Roma in pellegrinaggio, & anco ritirandosi, non gl'essendo lecito nel loro paese di vivere liberamente, & Catholicamente. Et questo basti circa lo spedale degl'Inglesi. Puo ben essere. che in quel luogo vicino a S. Spirito, ove accadde quel caso cosi orrendo, o ivi d'intorno, in quei tempi, la natione Inglese havesse qualche habitatione: ma non se ne truova memoria alcuna".

THOMAS ASHBY.



COLLEGE NOTES

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

Miscellanea. On April 4th. the quiet of Aula Maxima was disturbed by the entry of the ex-Crown Prince of Saxony. His Rev. Highness, if that be the correct way of describing ordained royalties, was cordially greeted by Father Vermeersch, and stayed in the hall for the remainder of the lecture.

The atmosphere of Aula Maxima was churned by electric fans for the first time on April 30th. One theory says that being fitted in the windows, they draw all the air out of the hall, but be that as it may, their soothing whir is suggestive of freshness, and their introduction is some alleviation of the terrors of a Roman summer.

Mr. E. J. Kelly of 2nd. Year Theology was one of the *arguentes* at the *menstrua* on May 2nd., and in the Philosophical Faculty, Mr. Park enjoyed a similar honour on the following Monday, May 4th.

We must congratulate Mr. Mathieson of the Scotch College on his being selected to take the Doctorate in Theology by Public Act.

Examination results. In spite of the necessary distraction of the National Pilgrimage in May, the examination results in all three faculties are perhaps even more meritorious than those of last year. The short rest from metaphysical studies, and concentration on such practical questions as how to persuade groups of people to act with a certain amount of unity, served to rest our minds a little, and prepare them for the coming thesis sheet.

All the First Year Philosophers successfully negotiated their first scholastic hurdles: Second Year continued the brilliant career begun last year, and three of their number, Messrs Butterfield, Park and Gowland, were passed *Summa cum Laude*, while Mr. Coyne was awarded the mark *Cum Laude*. Of the Third Year, seven, Messrs McMillan, Smith, Sewell, Nicholson, Howe, Dinn, and Malone, secured the Doctorate of Philosophy. Mr. McMillan passed *Summa cum Laude*, one of the best results of recent years.

In the Theological Faculty, Mr. O'Leary of First Year was *probatus cum Laude* in both Morals and Church History, and in the Fundamental Theology

examination he reached the fulness of success, being gazetted *Summa cum Laude*. Mr. Slevin of Second Year passed the examination *De universa theologia morali*, *Summa cum Laude*, and in the Third Year (Licentiate) examination, Mr. McNarney received a like mark. Messrs Cartmell, Winham, Masterson, Barrett-Davis and Griffin rounded off their course by securing the Doctorate of Theology. In all subjects, 134 examinations were taken, and of these 121 were passed leaving but 13 non-probati. The number of high marks was especially pleasing, nine examinations being passed *Summa cum Laude*, fifteen *Cum Laude*, and thirty one merited the humbler *Bene Probatus*.

All the examinations were finished by July 25th., nearly a week earlier than last year. The total for the whole University is roughly estimated at three thousand, and we hear that the Professors were exhausted after such a strain. We can fully understand their fatigue—even sitting on the right side of the table must produce a certain weariness.

New Seat of the University. The authorities of the Gregorian hope to proceed shortly with the demolition of the property at present occupying the site of the proposed new University. The cost of the new buildings will exceed fifteen million lire and it is hoped to raise this large amount by appealing to all those who are interested in the work of the University. Naturally the *ex-alumni* are looked to for assistance; those who cannot contribute financially, are asked to pray that the necessary means may be forthcoming for the furtherance of this scheme so necessary for the education of the priesthood. The Gregorian has no limited scope, and consequently it is expected that aid will be given to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus from all quarters. It is easy for students to forget or not to realise the work of the University—on a *scirocco* day, or during a hot summer, perhaps one's love is sorely tried, but a little reflection makes one appreciate the great work for the Church performed by the Gregorian, and the value of the education to be obtained there.

To provide accommodation for a greater number of students or even to cope conveniently with the present *auditores* the speedy erection of the new building is necessary, and we sincerely trust that the hope of completing it by 1929 will be fulfilled.

ORDINATIONS.

On Holy Saturday, April 11th., His Eminence Cardinal Pompili performed the following ordinations: - The Priesthood: Mr. Mattocks (Malta). The Diaconate: Messrs Wilson and Egan (Nottingham). Mr. Mattocks sang his First-Mass on Easter Sunday, and at dinner the Rector proposed the usual toast of *ad multos annos*.

On June 6th. at the Lateran Seminary, Messrs Warner, Williamson, McNulty, and Hemphill received the Sub diaconate at the hands of Mgr. Palica, the Vice-Gerent.

Mr. McNarney likewise received the Sub diaconate on July 12th.

At St. Barnabas' Cathedral, Nottingham on August 30th., His Lordship

the Bishop of Nottingham conferred the following Sacred Orders upon four of his students. The Priesthood: Messrs Wilson and Egan. The Diaconate: Messrs Warner and Williamson. The majority of the English College students then on vacation in England were present at the Ordination.

SACRED FUNCTIONS.

The Easter Retreat was given by Father Smith of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart.

The Very Rev. Canon St. George Kiernan Hyland, an old student of the College, sang Mass on the Feast of St. George.

The annual *Fiocchi* Procession round the Parish of Santa Caterina, took place on April 26th. The Blessed Sacrament was carried by the Rector, and three sick people received Holy Communion from his hands.

On April 30th. the traditional High Mass for the Conversion of England, was sung at the Catacombs of San Calisto, in the chapel of St. Melchiades, by Mr. Winham.

We provided the servers for the Pontifical High Mass and Vespers at the Chiesa Nuova on the Feast of St. Philip Neri.

The Liverpool pilgrims present in Rome on June 4th. attended the Benediction given by His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet in the College Church. The Cardinal afterwards held an informal reception in the College garden. Dr. Cotton and the Rev. J. R. Meagher, former students of the Venerabile, were both present on this occasion.

On the Feast of Corpus Christi some of the students assisted at the Benediction given by Mgr. Raffaele Rossi, Titular Archbishop of Thessalonica, and Assessor of the Consistorial Congregation, in the grounds of the Villa Lante, and took part in the subsequent procession

ORVIETO. — A small party of students accepted the Bishop of Orvieto's invitation to assist at the Corpus Christi procession in which the city's precious Relic, the Santissimo Corporale, is carried through the streets together with the Blessed Sacrament. The venerable little Umbrian town, so different from the towns of the Campagna in its air of distinction and quiet, with its memories more ancient than Rome itself, its sombre buildings and tortuous streets which one might almost imagine to have remained unaltered, crystallized into unchangeability, from the time of the Miracle of Bolsena, and the first Corpus Christi, with that standing miracle in stone and mosaic, its glorious Cathedral, was a fit setting for a pageant of faith and devotion in which it was a privilege to take the humblest part. And we enjoyed the further privilege of helping to bear the sacred Relic, exposed to view in its massive, antique reliquary, from the Cathedral to the several churches of the town and so back to the Cathedral, through a veritable rain of flowers from the upper windows of the houses. The procession was impressive in its very simplicity and the lack of that straining after effect which often mars such expressions of devotion, while touches of colour and quaintness were added by the guilds in their uni-

forms and the little pages in cap and sword and the costume so familiar to us from old Italian canvases. It will live long in the memories of those who witnessed it, that Corpus Christi Day, spent at the spot where Pope and Doctor, the wonder of a divine intervention still fresh upon them, gave to the Church the feast and its office which in so special a manner are dear to Catholics.

On June 14th. the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, His Eminence Cardinal Billot gave Benediction at the Tor di Quinto. As in former years we supplied the *assistenza*. After the procession the hospitable sisters regaled us with all that we could wish for in the way of refreshments.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 19th. we assisted at the Triple Benediction given at the Tor de' Specchi, by His Eminence Cardinal Mori. We did not appreciate the efforts of a band, which had such a mistaken sense of duty, that but little singing was possible during the procession. On the same day another party assisted at Benediction at the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, near S. Pietro in Vincoli.

Mgr. Zampini, Sacristan to His Holiness, sang Pontifical High Mass at the Carmelite church of Santa Maria della Scala, on the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, July 16th. We supplied servers for the Mass, and the Benediction in the evening.

As in previous years we supplied the servers and singers for the *fiesta* at Rocca di Papa on the Feast of the Assumption. The choir, undismayed by the organ, rendered Terry's Mass of St. Dominic, and we all joined in the procession to the Piazza Margherita and back to the church.

The Trinitarians at the Madonna del Tufo celebrated their *fiesta* on the following Sunday, when "un copioso sparo di bombe dall'antica fortezza" saluted the dawn, and sundry minor explosions kept alive the festive spirit during the day. Dr. R. W. Meagher, billed as "il molto reverendo" sang High Mass, and the choir repeated Terry's composition. The Rector gave Benediction in the afternoon.

THE SWIMMING TANK.

After the delays common to all building operations in Rome the swimming tank was ready for use on May 24th. The unaided pressure of the *acqua vergine* was not powerful enough to fill the bath, and as the electric pump was *in viaggio*, the water was raised to a sufficient level by means of a hand pump. A cold showery day did not deter the Rector from fulfilling his intention of inaugurating the tank, and so, after Father Moss had blessed the waters, he made the initial plunge.

The swimmers are well screened from the eyes, and other more unpleasant attentions of the "Capellar", by a canvas covering. This bath has more architectural form than the Palazzola Tank—a row of cabins (a showerbath in each), stands under the windows of the Beda (Sodality) Chapel, and these are fronted by a colonnade, whose lines were surely inspired by the Temple of Saturn. The stone column bearing Cardinal Wiseman's signature, is the first of the line of pillars which carry the roof of this shelter.

The garden, consequent upon the removal of the *pergola*, has been replanned, and laid out in four grass plots. A fountain and fish-pond grace the centre; the winged creature through which the water was intended to play had a far more mythical appearance than any phoenix or liver, but a lucky accident led to its destruction and the *acqua vergine* now awaits a more worthy outlet.

THE LIBRARY.

The work of amalgamating the Howard Library with the original College Library is now completed and it is possible to proceed with the work of drawing up the catalogue. This union of the two libraries has many advantages—all the books in our possession are now grouped together in their proper and distinct categories—the former separation of the two collections rendered impossible this desirable and obvious arrangement. Many duplicates have been transferred to the Villa Library, which is now assuming respectable proportions, largely owing to the generous gifts of Mgr. Prior. Our thanks are due to Mr. Bentley for his patient work as Librarian. But for his untiring and unassuming work, and peaceful coercion of assistants, the Library would still be in its former badly arranged condition.

VISITORS TO THE COLLEGE.

April 1st. Don Luigi, Parroco of Monte Porzio.

April 5th. The Prior of Caldey.

Father Charlier of the Cardinal Vaughan School, and a former student of the Venerabile, stayed at the College for a few days in April.

On April 14th. His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, accompanied by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Cummings O. S. B. and the Very Rev. J. B. Turner O. S. B., Prior of Ampleforth, paid a visit to Palazzola. After dinner an informal concert was held in the Common Room, and the antiquity of some of the songs was amply compensated for by the heartiness of the singers, and the goodwill of the audience. His Eminence said he was pleased to see us enjoying ourselves, he was in no way put out by our boisterous spirits, but was happy to regard our heartiness as a sign of our contentment.

Dr. O'Hanlon of Wednesbury visited the College on April 19th. and on the 21st. Dr. Hyland arrived for a short stay.

The guests at dinner on April 23rd. were Bishop Stanley, Mgr. Cicognani, Father Marshall (Cambridge) and Father Dudley (Lewisham).

On April 26th. Fathers Adkins (Warley), McHugh (Southwark), Sheehan and Creed S. J., Emery I. C. and Brother Capello I. C.

April 30th. Father T. Young, (Huddersfield).

May 3rd. Father Cyril Smith, (Okehampton).

May 5th. Father J. Ryan, (Shrewsbury).

May 6th. Father E. Shebbeare (Northampton).

On Sunday May 17th., the day of the Canonisation of the Little Flower,

the following dignitaries and former students of the College were present at dinner: - His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool, Their Lordships the Bishops of Leeds, Plymouth, Emmaüs and Teos, the Very Rev. Canon Peacock, the Revv. G. McBrearty, F. Coupe, J. Bamford, D. Ryan, J. Scarr, and J. Collings, Master of Ceremonies to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

The following day, His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool accompanied by his brother, Mgr. V. Keating, and his Secretary, Father Waring, took up his residence in the College. During his stay His Grace came to the Common Room, and Mr. Wilson the Senior Student proposed his health, which we drank after a hearty *ad multos annos*. His Grace thanked us for our welcome and went on to say how much he appreciated the recent improvements in the College, both intellectual and material. The Archbishop left Rome on May 25th.

May 28th. The Right Rev. Mgr. Gonzi, Bishop of Gozo. The Right Rev. Mgr. Dey, Father O'Farrell, P. J. Whitbrooke Esq., and F. F. Corballis Esq.

Mgr. Howlett of Westminster Cathedral arrived at the College on May 29th. and stayed until June 9th.

June 11th. the Feast of Corpus Christi, the guests at dinner were Mgr. Cicognani, the Revv. W. B. Buggins and F. B. Dawson O. S. B. Canon Monk of Southwark arrived on the same day, and stayed at the College for a short time.

AT THE VILLA. — Monsignor Stanley arrived with the Rector on July 25th. and remained for eight weeks. On September 14th. His Lordship celebrated his eighty second birthday, and at coffee and *rosolio*, the Rector proposed his health. After the *ad multos annos*, Signor De Cupis, the purchaser and restorer of the Sforza Caesariani Villa, in a short speech, associated himself with the good wishes expressed by the Rector.

The Rev. R. W. Meagher, a former student, arrived on August 3rd. and stayed until the 17th. After dinner on the 5th. the Rector proposed the health of Dr. Meagher, and congratulated him on his recent winning of a "double first" in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge.

His Lordship the Bishop of Clifton arrived for his annual holiday on August 8th. His Lordship's visit is as much an integral part of Palazzola life as "the rain between the two Madonnas". We hope there is nothing disrespectful in this comparison, but the first showers of the season are the most regular and eagerly expected events we can call to mind. It were idle to dwell upon the benefits of this Episcopal Visitation, and we assure His Lordship that it is in no conventional spirit we sing *ad multos annos*, with its implicit wish of many future holidays in our midst. *Esto perpetuus!*

Father Haslip of Plymouth stayed at Palazzola from September 11th. until October 4th. when the sick scouts left behind after the Pilgrimage, and sent to Palazzola to recuperate, were well enough to return to England under his charge.

Father Iles, a former student of the College, and Canon Chard both of the Clifton Diocese, came to the Villa on September 19th. and stayed for a short time.

The Germans paid us their return visit on September 23rd. After dinner *Trial by Jury* was presented in the cortile. The annual recurrence of these visits renders a detailed description unnecessary.

Father J. Sunn, (Westminster), a former student, stayed with us from October 1st. until the 5th.

Father J. Turner, of Salford, another old student visited the Villa on October 10th.

On St. Edward's Day the guests at dinner were Canon Mitchell (Leeds), Fathers Burke and McNally (old student), both of the Shrewsbury Diocese, and Algernon Bowring Esq.

Father W. Buscot (old student) and Father G. Brabazon of Banbury visited the Villa on October 17th.

PERSONAL COLUMN.

The Rector went to England on June 1st. and returned to Palazzola on July 25th.

Before leaving for England, Mgr. Prior stayed for some time in the College: we were pleased to see him practically restored to his normal health.

Father Moss, the Spiritual Director, spent his holidays in England and returned to Palazzola on September 26th.

We beg to congratulate Mgr. Gonzi, Bishop of Gozo, and a former student of the Beda College, upon his appointment as a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Malta.

We also offer our congratulations to Mgr. Moyes D. D., one of our most distinguished *alumni*, upon the celebration, last May, of the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood.

Messrs Bentley, Cartmell, Barrett-Davis, Masterson, Winham, Mattocks and Griffin finished their Theological course this year. Mr Masterson and Mr. Griffin have returned to Rome to study Canon Law: to the others we wish every success "on the Mission".

We offer our congratulations to Canon Lee of the Clifton Diocese upon his recent promotion to the dignity of Domestic Prelate. Mgr. Lee has paid many visits to the College in Rome, and to Palazzola, and is deservedly regarded as one of the best friends of the Venerabile.

GITE.

Ostia, now suffering badly from feverish attempts to turn the place into a modern seaside resort, Ladispoli, Anzio, and the Castelli Romani were visited by parties at Whitsuntide.

Prince Chigi, the Hereditary Marshal to the Conclave, very generously granted us the use of the grounds of his palace at Ariccia for our Thursday short gite, and we availed ourselves of this concession on July 30th. The change was pleasant, but the lowlying vale lacks the freshness and wide view of the Nemi Pines, and on the other Thursdays we went back to the old love. Bishop Burton accompanied us on one of the days, and, inspired by his classical surroundings—Lanuvium in the distance—the temple of Diana Nemorensis at his feet—bade us to stir our sluggish selves, and to lie back to our classics. Would that we had full liberty to do so—the country in which we are situated is full of Latin memories—one would dearly love to fix a quotation to every hill and village in Latium. “O Diva gratum quae regis Antium” and many like phrases come to our minds, but the grim “atquis” and “ergos” of the Via del Seminario act as a brake on the excessive following of our classical bent, and for the time being we must rest content with such fragments as remain in our memories.

The Rector's Birthday Gita took place on Thursday, August 27th. For our greater convenience we split up into parties. One group visited Anagni, another had dinner *al fresco* on Tusculum, and the third went to the *spiaggia incantevole* of Pratica di Mare. Giobbe, the College carter from Albano, conveyed this last party in three rough country carts. The road runs by the sulphur springs of La Solfatara, and three miles from the sea leaves Pratica di Mare, the ancient Lavinium, on the right. Being used only by quail shooters in the spring, and such stray traffic as may chance that way, it belongs to a very indefinite category, and a sense of humour was necessary before one could appreciate the ride in the rough and ready vehicles. But the bathe in the Tyrrhenian Sea, and the dinner cooked by Giobbe over a gipsy fire, were ample compensation for the slight discomfort.

It is interesting to note that Richard the Lion Heart possibly marched through Pratica di Mare, and the neighbouring village of Ardea when on his way to the Third Crusade in 1190. Tomassetti in his work on the Roman Campagna, quoting from the *Monumenta Germanica Scriptores* (Pertz), tells us that the king disembarked at Ostia and passed through the Forest of Nettuno, a journey which would necessitate a march either through or past these villages. It seems unlikely that Richard, whom we may assume to have been accompanied by a band of hungry crusaders, would miss the opportunity of allowing the inhabitants of the countryside to show their devotion to the Cross by providing rations for his men, and we may safely conjecture that he entered both Pratica and Ardea. But in this malaria stricken district we fear he would be received “*Hospitio modico*”—even the lion-hearted monarch, skilful as he was at raising supplies, would find difficulty in feeding his famished varlets in such country.

For the first time since the purchase of Palazzola, a party visited Ardea, the ancient capital of the Rutuli. The village lies about eleven miles out of Albano and is reached by a rough cart track across the Campagna. It is hard to realise that this hamlet was once one of the most important cities

of Latium, was besieged by Tarquin the Proud, and gave shelter to Camillus in his exile; it is noted in the 7th. Book of the Aeneid:—

*Locus Ardea quondam
Dictus Avis; et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen.*

In these days, only the archeologist, or student eager to notch his stick with another name indicative of a visit to new country, would tramp the rough way to Ardea, and eat the coarse fare and drink the inferior wine to be found there.

The majority of the remaining outings were rambles round the Latin Vale with dinner *al fresco*. One party dined thus on the summit of "nivalis Algidus" (*vulgo* Lariano). Tusculum, as always, was the goal or halting place of some parties. The whole College visited the Germans at San Pastore on Thursday, September 17th., and met with the same hospitality as on our former visits.

The interest on the Delaney Fund was again voted by The Roman Association for the use of the senior students on long *gite*, and parties visited Assisi for the feast on October 4th., Florence, Siena, and other towns in the north.

THE RECTOR'S BIRTHDAY.

The celebrations in honour of the Rector's birthday (August 25th.), were honoured by the presence of Their Lordships the Bishops of Clifton and Emmaus. Coffee and *rosolio* were served under the laurels, and we were sincerely delighted to hear Mgr. Stanley propose the health of the Rector. His Lordship said he proposed the toast with "forced reluctance", and thought the task really devolved upon his episcopal brother, about whose oratorical powers there was no dispute. He went on to pay a typically sincere tribute to the Rector, his present host. He said he much appreciated the kindness of Mgr. Hinsley in inviting him to stay with us in this our retreat (using the word in its ordinary sense), and expressed the wish that all would benefit by their stay here. The Rector replied briefly and then the Bishop of Clifton gave us of his best. He held Bishop Stanley up to us as a model of sincerity, a true Englishman, one, who, as is now well known, is the greatest benefactor the College has had since its restoration. In perpetuity, he said, a line of priests will bless the name of Stanley, will bless him who went short himself to provide funds for their education, thus taking a great part in the work for the Conversion of England. Mgr. Cicognani, speaking in English, added his tribute to the previous congratulations.

The usual Concert was postponed until August 30th when we were able to appreciate the splendid results of the efforts of Messrs Grimshaw, Goodear, Rudderham and Crowley, the Concert Committee.

As in the two previous years the concert took place in the *cortile*, which was decorated as before. At the end of the performance, Bishop Burton thanked all the actors, and it being his last night, bid us good-bye, and expressed the hope that yet again next year he would be able to pay his "last visit" to Palazzola.

The following is the programme of the concert.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A Farce in Three Acts.

Dramatis Personae :

<i>E. M. Ralston</i>	. a Stock Broker . . .	<i>E. Rigby.</i>
<i>Bob Bennett</i>	} partners to Ralston . . .	{ <i>L. Jones.</i>
<i>Dick Donnelly</i>		
<i>Clarence van Dusen</i>	. a customer . . .	<i>J. Rudderham.</i>
<i>Rev. Dr. Doran</i>	<i>G. Ford.</i>
<i>Gilbert</i>	} . . . Two Bookies	{ <i>J. Heenan.</i>
<i>Cuthbert</i>		
<i>Ruddock</i>	. . . Butler to Ralston . . .	<i>B. Wrighton.</i>
<i>Mrs. Ralston</i>	<i>D. Hawkins.</i>
<i>Gwen</i>	. . . her daughter	<i>J. Briscoe.</i>
<i>Ethel Clarke</i>	<i>W. Butterfield.</i>

Act. I. Ralston's Office, New York.

Acts II. & III. Ralston's Summer Residence.

INTERVAL.

TRIAL BY JURY.

a Dramatic Cantata by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.

Characters in Order of Entry.

<i>Foreman of the Jury</i>	<i>J. Forbes.</i>
<i>The Jury</i>	{ <i>J. Garvin.</i>
		{ <i>R. Miller.</i>
		{ <i>A. Ibbett.</i>
		{ <i>J. Moore.</i>
<i>Counsel for Plaintiff</i>	<i>W. O'Leary.</i>
<i>Usher</i>	<i>J. Mc. Carthy.</i>
<i>The Defendant</i>	<i>J. Cregg.</i>
<i>The Learned Judge</i>	<i>H. R. Kelly</i>
<i>First Bridesmaid</i>	<i>J. Milan.</i>
<i>Bridesmaids</i>	{ <i>J. Halsall.</i>
		{ <i>J. Briscoe.</i>
		{ <i>R. Hattersley.</i>
		{ <i>G. Higgins.</i>
<i>The Plaintiff</i>	<i>J. Mc. Nulty.</i>

WIRELESS INSTALLATION.

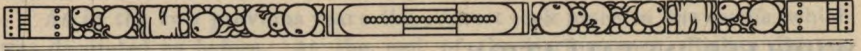
One of the students has constructed and installed in the Billiard Room at Palazzola, a wireless set consisting of two stages of high frequency, and three of low frequency amplification. For the greater convenience of the listeners, an Ethovox Burndept loud speaker was purchased soon after the "opening" of the installation, thus relieving them of the necessity and possible discomfort of using head phones. The aerial attached to a tree on the "Sforza" is 140 feet long. The height at which Palazzola stands renders it an ideal place for long distance reception, but atmospheric to a great extent nullify this advantage. London is heard but fitfully, a regrettable fact, for English broadcasting is much better than the Roman, which is received very clearly. It is sometimes possible to receive the transmission from Glasgow and Cardiff, but as in the case of London, atmospheric are the fly in the ointment. Central European stations suffer from similar drawbacks. The great heat of the summer, and the consequent electrically charged atmosphere are responsible for these disturbances—we are convinced that during the winter there would not be much difficulty in "listening in" to all European stations.

This innovation has solved the problem of Palazzola evenings. After a week or two the conversation on the terrace always begins to pall, but listening to the music from Rome relieves one of the necessity of searching for something to say, and makes reading a not unsociable act. It is true that some of the sopranos only do their best, but even they have a cheering effect on the company. The transmission from England in spite of its drawbacks has certain attractions—listening to the chimes of Big Ben from the banks of the Alban Lake is liable to raise the sentiment of the most phlegmatic Englishman. And to come down to earth, it is always gratifying to receive the cricket scores (if interest in the game still survives), even before the morning papers are published, instead of waiting three or four days for the arrival of *The Times*.

The set will be transferred to Rome, but the College, placed as it is in a lowlying part of the city, is badly situated for long distance reception, and we may have to rest content with the variable fare supplied by the Unione Radiofonica Italiana.

Exchanges.

We gratefully acknowledge: *The Lisboniam*, *Ushaw Magazine*, *The Oscotian*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Douai Magazine*, *Pax*, *The Upholland College Magazine*.



SPORTS NOTES

CRICKET.

Our thanks are due to all those who have assisted us financially in the purchase of new cricket outfit, and also to those pilgrims who burdened themselves with our new bats on their journey to Rome. A few anonymous donations, together with a grant from the Public Parse, provided us with the means necessary to restock ourselves with much needed accessories.

This year the game has not aroused such interest as during the three previous seasons, but sufficient matches were played to prove its popularity. The absence of students in Rome on pilgrimage work to some extent accounts for the decreased interest shown, and the consequent difficulty in raising the necessary number of players.

The first "away" match since the game was introduced at Palazzola, was played against the Scotch College on Hannibal's Camp, on Monday August 17th. After a not very exciting day's play we were well beaten by an innings and five runs. Our team, and a few other students, were entertained to dinner in Rocca di Papa by the Scotchmen.

GOLF.

After some weeks of incessant toil the overworked committee decided to let loose their fellows upon the new course for the two remaining months of the vacation. The season opened on August 16th. and it soon became evident that golf was to be popular this summer. The new course, though straitened somewhat by the narrower confines, falls only a few yards short of the original in total length, so that as far as golf is concerned (and after all that is the main thing) we have suffered little or nothing by the loss of ground. It is true the number of trees on the course would appear to have increased vastly, but once the proposed clearance of our grounds has been effected, it will be very easy to lengthen a few holes and produce a really interesting course. Yes, interesting is the word. Those who are familiar with the lower

stretch of our domain, where the beckoning woods and magnetic olive trees stand ever waiting, will understand.

But no changes can ever rob the Palazzola course of its remarkable individuality; its peculiar characteristics will endure to the end. These peculiarities often give rise to problems which might puzzle the outsider, but we, being metaphysicians, are happily able to preserve more or less intact the time honoured rules. The subtle mind of the philosopher, at the same time, is ever on the look-out for a loophole of escape. Did not an ingenuous player in a foursome once uproot a sturdy but obstructive plant and approach our patient groundsman (who happened to be his opponent) with the query—"Is this dead or living matter"? What else could the harassed official reply but,—“It seems to be dead—now”? There is the case of the ball which came to rest in the embraces of an olive tree. Was the tree to be shaken, the ball to be picked off or played where it hung? Once more the nimble philosophic mind asserted itself in a triumph of evasive interpretation. The ball was picked off, dropped, and by a piece of mental abstraction was considered fallen from the tree.

All the clubs in our possession are, of course, public, but we have only a sufficient number to equip four bags in a becoming manner, and several of these much-enduring weapons show symptoms of debility. The strain on public mashies over a short course must necessarily be great, and we shall shortly be constrained to play the round with brassies unless a supply of iron clubs be forthcoming. The weak point of a public armoury is manifested when a player is found niblick in hand smiting a snake which lies basking on a rock, or when a frenzied competitor proceeds to mow down a patch of briars and bracken with an enfeebled putter.

The present season has been very successful, and the consistently large number of entries for the weekly competitions witnesses to the general enthusiasm. The results of some of these competitions are as follows:

Stroke Competition . . .	1st. Mr. CASARTELLI. 2nd Mr. DELANY
First Tombstone . . .	Mr. SHUTT, Mr. ATKINS; Mr. HIGGINS merited the prize for best epitaph.
Foursome	Messrs DELANY and WAKE. Messrs. CA- SARTELLI and HALSALL runners-up.
Second Tombstone . . .	Mr. McNULTY: Mr. JONES.
Tennis Ball Competition.	Mr. MOORE, 54: Mr. JONES. 55. (This was one of the most successful competitions).

Among our chief difficulties is the yearly clearance of the course when we come out in July. Horace puts our case very neatly:-

Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris. Sat. I. 3.

This bracken is our chief trial: every year a wilderness of it awaits us, and burning seems of little avail. In fact it spreads rather than decreases as the years go by. During the winter our greens, of course, return to their natural state, and become one with the surrounding wilderness. This means labour

repeated year by year, and until we are able to procure a lawn mower, the greens must remain small, since the groundsman's wrists cannot long endure the strain of a pair of hedge clippers. Indeed the trials of our groundsman are legion. In spite of all his efforts to safeguard property, the cow-herd will persist in driving home his cattle with a flag stick, while neighbouring children may be discovered using our flags when they march to war. Once upon a time we used lead sockets for the pins, but these afforded an irresistible attraction to unprincipled sportsmen from a neighbouring village, who thus discovered a veritable magazine of ammunition.

They have come at last to understand that golf is another form of English madness, and though the petty depredations have not entirely ceased, the worst, we hope, is over. The game has come to stay. Cavo has not seen such sport since the *Feriae Latinae*, and Juno haply thinks herself revenged to see an alien race play barbarian games upon the slopes of the sacred mountain.

Subscriptions towards the cost of the lawn-mower will be gratefully received, and all subscribers made honorary members of the Club.

Kindly Address to the Golf Secretary.

R. J. D.

HOCKEY.

Towards the end of *villeggiatura* the remnant of the College left over from pilgrimages and long *gite* manifested a sudden desire to play hockey. With one or two exceptions we were wholly ignorant of the game, and we possessed nothing whatever in the way of equipment for it, except a hockey ball discovered by the cricket committee. But things at Palazzola move quickly. Achievement follows rapidly on the heels of the idea.

One morning the woods around echoed to the strokes of the chopper and the plying of the saw, until a sufficient number of clubs had been fashioned. In the afternoon, having made ourselves a little less ignorant of the rules, we formally introduced hockey at Palazzola in an excellent match wherein the North defeated the South by six goals to one. Miraculously enough no one was injured. The restraining nature of the rules proved a little irksome at first, for most of us were more familiar with hurling methods. However we managed a good deal of heavy hitting when the referee's attention was distracted.

Quid leges sine moribus vanae proficiunt.

The experiment was so successful that we have had several games in quick succession. Whether the game flourishes amongst us remains to be seen.

R. J. D.

TENNIS.

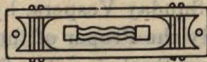
Tennis this year has not enjoyed the popularity it deserves or which it has enjoyed in previous years, but this has been due primarily to the state of the court. After a week's work consisting to a large extent in uprooting bracken, we cleared the prescribed area and succeeded in producing a fairly level surface, but with some bald and dusty patches and not a few bumps, which no amount of rolling would reduce, and which were responsible for many an awkward "screw" or "shoot". Moreover as the court has not sufficient time to recover from the state in which it is left after three months hard wear, and scarcely another suitable spot is to be found, the difficulty we fear, will become greater every year unless some kind benefactor or benefactors come forward and assist us in procuring a permanent hard-court. The Tennis Club, as far as racquets, balls, net and other essential accessories are concerned is self-supporting, but its funds cannot possibly meet the expense which a new court would entail.

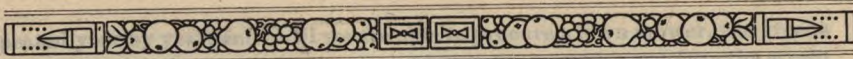
The weather has been little or no obstacle to the playing of the usual tournaments, but the constant departure of members to assist the pilgrims who visited Rome during the past three months has been a continual hindrance, so that though they were begun in August it was impossible to finish the rounds before the end of the villeggiatura.

F. R. MILLER.

WE UNDERSTAND THAT **Mr. Miller** WILL BE PLEASED TO
ACKNOWLEDGE RECEIPT OF ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS TOWARDS
THE COST OF THE PROPOSED HARD COURT.

(Editor. *The Venerable*).





OUR BOOK SHELF

Liturgical Prayer Book. Compiled by ABBOT CABROL O. S. B. pp. XXVIII & 913 with an appendix. Prices varying with binding and paper. (cloth 5/- India paper 5/6). B. Herder.

To meet the need of some manual of instruction by which the divine pageantry of the Liturgy may be understood, appreciated and loved by the congregation as well as by the priest, Messrs Herder have published the Liturgical Prayer Book. Of a convenient size and well bound, it has all the external neatness of a prayer book which a sensible christian would wish to carry to church. A somewhat ugly frontispiece faces a business-like title page from which even superfluous commas are omitted; this is followed by a short preface from the pen of the compiler, the Abbot of Farnborough; by excellent indices and by the universal calendar.

The substantial portion of the Prayer Book is divided into three parts, Mass, Vespers etc. for Sundays and Feasts, Ritual and Devotions and prayers for various occasions. Finally an appendix contains some of the greater feasts observed in the dioceses of the British Isles. The whole is in small but clear type.

Part I. covers 746 of the 913 pages and is preceded by an introduction on the liturgy, liturgical books, church furniture, vestments, and the Liturgical Spirit. Then follows the Office of Prime and the Common of the Mass. The instruction on the Mass is very full and complete, and should be carefully studied by all who wish to derive full profit from the use of this manual. Afterwards there are Sunday Vespers, hymns and psalms for various occasions; Compline, and finally the Proper of the Sundays and greater feasts of the year, in Latin and partly in English. The Common of the Saints is given in the same way. Parts II. and III. contain the Ritual for the Administration of the Sacraments and devotions for various occasions. Baptism, Confirmation, Communion of the sick, Extreme Unction and Matrimony are explained and the prayers proper to their administration are given in Latin where necessary, and also in English. The prayers for the dying and the Office for the Dead are also printed in the second part. In Part III. there is little which calls

for special notice except that a short exhortation to mental prayer is given on p. 842, together with numerous ejaculations from the Psalms and from ascetic writers. In another edition this section might be developed; at present the notion which it conveys of mental prayer is not complete, although the fundamental aim of meditation, the union of the soul with Our Lord is pointed out in this short instruction.

There are some other small points which might be changed. Since the Manual is intended for the general use of the laity, the ministers' Confiteor might have been given instead of the priest's, if only for the sake of altar servers (to whom, we may say, the Manual would be a useful present). Again, in those cases where a special prayer *Infra Actionem* is to be said, some confusion may result from the fact of its being printed immediately after the Preface with which it corresponds. The average layman, we think, may not have heard of the Little Elevation (p. 81). The "Dominus Vobiscum" has been omitted before the "Ite missa est". Finally, the words "of a truth", unusual in English at any time, are apt to be very noticeable appearing as they do in the third, fourth, and seventh of the Stations of the Cross, that is three times in two pages, and Proper of the Time would not appear to be the best English rendering of *Proprium de Tempore*.

Lay people who wish fully to appreciate the Church's Liturgy will find all they need in this book; those preparing for the reception of the Sacraments will save the priest much trouble by its study, and those who do not restrict their devotions, or their visits to Church, to the Sunday Mass, will have ready to hand a generous choice of private prayers and devotions. We hope that the work of Dom Cabrol in compiling this work, will be appreciated as it deserves.

F. J. G.

Cardinal Newman. — *A Biographical and Literary Study*, BERTRAM NEWMAN, pp. 217. Bell & Sons Ltd. 8/6.

Mr. Newman has given us a very interesting sketch of his illustrious namesake's religious and literary career. The work is pretty evenly divided between the years before and after Newman's conversion and gives us an excellent *conspectus* of the growth and progress of his mind towards the possession of Catholic truth. The author shows no Protestant bias; and for one who is not a Catholic and therefore sees the facts from the outsider's point of view, it is a marvellously fair summing up of a great case. Not even a Newman can be received into the fold in any other capacity but that of one of the flock.

"The power (of infallibility possessed by the Catholic Church) viewed in its fulness, is as tremendous as the giant evil which has called for it. It claims, when brought into exercise but in the legitimate manner, for otherwise it is but quiescent, to know for certain the very meaning of every portion of that Divine Message in detail, which was committed by Our Lord to His Apostles. It claims to know its own limits... It claims to decide magis-

terially, whether as within its own province or not; that such and such statements are or are not prejudicial to the *Depositum* of Faith in their spirit or in their consequences, and to allow them, or condemn and forbid them, accordingly. It claims to impose silence at will on any matters or controversies, of doctrine, which on its own *ipse dixit*, it pronounces to be dangerous, or inexpedient, or inopportune...

Such is the infallibility lodged in the Catholic Church, viewed in the concrete, as clothed and surrounded by the appendages of its high sovereignty: it is, to repeat what I have said above, a supereminent prodigious power sent upon earth to encounter and master a great evil.

And now, having thus described it, I profess my own absolute submission to its claim." (NEWMAN. *History of my Religious Opinion*, p. 249. Longman 1870).

Thus did Newman write after twenty five years of Catholic life: and he assures us that it was his mind from the very beginning of his conversion.

His submission to the Church was, as he says, absolute. But, conscious of his vast learning and of his great intellectual powers, he thought that he might be of service; and for this thought no one can blame him. It argues no lack of humility: for "humility is truth".

But; a word spoken in the ear of a friend, might if repeated, give a false impression.

During his residence in Rome while yet a recent convert, he wrote: "It shan't be my fault if they think small beer of me". This phrase was not intended for publication. Much later in his *Journal* of 1863 he wrote the following passage:

"At Propaganda conversions and nothing else are the proof of doing anything... and further still... they must be splendid conversions of great men, noble men, learned men, not simply of the poor. It must be recollected that at Rome they have had visions of the whole of England coming over to the Church... But I am altogether different, my objects, my theory of acting, my powers go in a different direction and are not understood or contemplated at Rome or elsewhere... To me conversions were not the first thing, but the edification of Catholics. So much have I fixed upon the latter as my object that up to this time the world persists in saying that I recommend Protestants not to become Catholics, and when I have given as my true opinion that I am afraid to make hasty converts of educated men lest they should not have counted the cost, and should have difficulties after they have entered the Church, I do but imply the same thing, that the Church must be prepared for converts as well as converts be prepared for the Church. How can this be understood in Rome?"

Whatever may be said of the substance of Newman's opinion in this matter it is evident that the mode of expression might well give the impression of a writer who was censorious and critical of authority.

We are not surprised that suspicion was created in the minds of men of weight within the Church. This is a consideration which emerges, perhaps unintentionally from Mr. Newman's valuable treatise.