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OF THE VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE ROME

CONTENTS

IMPRIMATUR

✠ Ioseph Palica, *Arch. Philipp.*

Vicesger.

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EDITORIAL

Perhaps with the completion of two volumes we may consider ourselves experienced. Whether or no this be the case, we have long come to the conclusion that unity is as essential a quality in a Magazine as in most other things, and therefore we are confining ourselves to matters concerning the College itself and to such aspects of Italy as come, or have come, within the experience of Venerabile men. By this policy we are deliberately depriving ourselves of much that would be of real interest and possibly to a wider circle. But we do not want to become an amorphous production: there are many more suitable productions than our own to house such general articles, and by limiting our scope we should strengthen our contents. What is the complementary tag to *Divide et Impera*? If none exists, it should be coined at once.

Many of our readers will naturally want to know all about the *Piano Regolatore* in so far as it affects the College. When our April number went to press, the whole affair was still *sub iudice*. Since then, the revised *Piano Regolatore* has appeared, wherein our garden remains green; that is, a garden and not a market. But there are not a few points yet outstanding, and until these are settled, it would not be politic to rush into print. Therefore we beg a

little further patience, and hope to publish an authoritative account of the negotiations in our next issue.

In this present number, which begins the new volume, the paper has been changed, as we hope for the better. There are many other improvements we should like to make, but they all cost money, and it only remains to point out once again that the one remedy is an increase in circulation. In this connection, we should be infinitely grateful for any assistance or advertisement. *Nil volitum nisi praecognitum.* As for the cocksureness of our supposition . . . . . well a merchant must show confidence in his own wares!

R. L. S.

MONSIGNOR JOHN PRIOR

MONSIGNOR JOHN PRIOR.

His connection with the Venerabile began, it may be said, very early! Born in 1861 on February 21st at Darlington, he was baptised by Doctor Cornthwaite, a former Rector of the College, who later in the year (1861) was consecrated first Bishop of Beverley.

At a very early age, when he was nine, I think, he went to Douai to begin his schooling under the Benedictine Fathers. His recollections of his seven years there were of the happiest, despite the rigours of winter and what would now be reckoned a spartan regime. After the manner of youth, he took his lessons lightly. On one occasion the class was asked the Latin for "skilled." *Pèritus* said the youthful Prior, caring nought for the finer points of accentuation. His only reward was a sharp rap on the head. Another youth reiterated the mistake, before one, more greatly daring, hazarded *Perìtus*, forcing the recalcitrant accent on to the second syllable. "Well Sir!" protested John Prior, indicating his fellow delinquent, "Hit him! He also said *Pèritus.*" But probably he was in a back bench, well out of harm's way. Thus early did the future Dean of the Rota thirst after justice—for his neighbour!

Public Spirit was then, and still happily is, a great feature of the school life at Douai. At times, however, it must have been worked to death. On a full play day games were compulsory in the morning, but the afternoon was free. Three or four of the more energetic, not at all sated with a whole morning's football, would endeavour to enrol recruits for an afternoon's game. Any individual pleading tiredness or the wish for a quiet read, was upbraided with "Where's your public spirit?" The reply was usually very meek, and so the spectacle was given to angels

and to men of a lusty game of football with half, if not three quarters, of the participants playing from public spirit!

These and other incidents were recalled for my benefit when his last illness first came upon Monsignor Prior, and we were down by the sea at Nettuno. I quickly found that when he was depressed, a potent spell to disperse the clouds was to get him to talk of his early days at Douai and of his masters there, such as Father Cuthbert Doyle O.S.B., and of his companions, the late Abbot Larkin, Archbishop Keating, Bishop Cowgill and many others, whom he named. He often spoke of Abbot Larkin, for whose intellectual powers he had the greatest admiration, and especially for his versatility in the Christmas plays. Monsignor Prior's own voice cast him for a part in the Opera, which was such a prominent feature of these entertainments, and as so often happens, his part-name stuck to him, so that he was known as Sam Prior.

Like his school companion Cowgill, John Prior came on to the English College from Douai, and here, among others, he had as his contemporaries Thomas Whiteside, the future Archbishop of Liverpool, and the future Bishop Preston. This last named was in the same year as Prior and they were intimate friends, being, I think, the only students in their year.

The privileges of a course of studies at Rome, intellectual, artistic and religious, were turned to good account, as his after career showed. College life in those days (1878-1884) was not overburdened with the comforts of a more degenerate age. One of his recollections was of the long hours spent in the cold Library, practising for the Christmas concerts. Concerts, as being more decorous, had ousted the plays, hitherto traditional. This was but one of the effects of the restoration of discipline in the House, for which particular purpose Doctor O'Callaghan had been sent out by Cardinal Manning. Of College life under Doctor O'Callaghan Monsignor Prior himself gives us a glimpse in his article on Monsignor Giles, showing us a College, small in numbers, with a Rector somewhat severe and distant, though kindhearted and full of conversation on the rare occasions when he descended from the heights. [1]

[1] cf. Vol. II, p. 277.

" At that time " writes Monsignor Kolbe, " Prior was slightly built and had a very lively gleam in his eyes. He was junior to me in the College and I well remember him in the days before he tightened the reins of self control. He had a most infectious perception of humour, and his bubbling, almost uncontrollable laughter was a joy. As a student he took to the Scholastic system like a duck to water. Though he was my junior, I often brought him my problems and learned more from him than from Professor Mazzella. "

Mazzella was only one of the stars in the Gregorian firmament of that epoch. Palmieri, Tongiorgi, Ballerini, Patrizi and Cornely were all in the Theological faculty, while among the Philosophy professors we find the names of De Maria, Schiffini and Urrabaru.

It was under such masters that he applied his outstanding talents with unremitting care and conscientiousness. However, here too in Rome the winters often laid him low, and he had to give up lectures for weeks at a time, being sent down to a room on the first floor gallery, where later he passed his last years. On these occasions he took to reading the Fathers! But this stood him in good stead later, for despite his none too robust health and his comparative youth—he was about twenty three—the Rector chose him to take his degree in Theology, as the custom then was, and this the University authorities decided should be by Public Act. As is well known, this meant that he must defend his hundred theses, covering all Theology, against several professors in the presence of the whole University, which he did with such marked success together with his famous judicial calmness, that Mazzella afterwards was heard to comment on the " calma straordinaria " of the young English priest. He was a favourite disciple of Mazzella, who later as Cardinal was often seen in Pamfili to stop and talk with his brilliant pupil. It is well to add that in his last year, besides preparing for the Doctorate, he received all the Major Orders along with Bishop Preston, preceded in each case by a Retreat, the Priesthood being conferred by Cardinal Parocchi only a month before his examination.

" And then in July 1884 " writes Father John O'Connor, " two newly ordained Romans, who chanced to be also Douai

men, passed through Douai on their way to the English Mission, just as had been happening anytime in three centuries. I was spending my first midsummer holiday in the College with an unusually large number of boys in like case, and to us enjoying the cool (comparatively) after-supper light, these two old boys entered. They made us do our parlour tricks, me among the rest, an unready and unwilling victim. I was not helped much by the stern and deadly attention of the one as contrasted with the lively inattention of the other, Father Cowgill, who is now my Bishop. The still man with the steady eyes was John Prior. I have never forgotten those eyes, especially as in after time I had to face their scrutiny so often and so variously in the Venerabile."

His first duties on entering his diocese, Hexham, were those of assistant secretary to Bishop Bewick, who sent him often for week-end supplies to various Missions. He was often despatched to the aid of Canon Howe, of "Catechist" fame. That methodical and orderly man would appear at the Bishop's house on the Monday and ask whether the young priest would be coming for the following week-end: he wished to be forewarned as he usually began his Sunday discourses on the Monday! Among other duties, Father Prior was set by the Bishop to draw up the moral cases for the Clergy Conferences. The delicacy of his position was increased by the fact that, having been educated abroad, he was practically unknown to his fellow priests. Fraternal charity however smoothed over all difficulties, and especially manifested itself when he was sent to Chester-le-Street to take charge of the Mission, then just begun, I think. With nothing much more than the proverbial Episcopal blessing and the never failing charity of the Faithful, he set about his task. To help things along, a field day was organised with a sale of work, to which all the neighbouring parishes contributed, the priests themselves descending upon the little village with bands and banners, Children of Mary and the League of the Cross in procession. At that time the total abstinence movement, organised by the League of the Cross, was in full swing and Doctor Prior was invited to attend one of the mass meetings. He found himself on a platform with priests and laymen, facing a crowded hall. After the speeches, the chairman called upon all to kneel down, while he administered the pledge. Being a good Roman, to

whom wine was as water, or nearly so, Doctor Prior kept his head—and his seat! The *admiratio* of all present was great, but he himself did not feel over embarrassed, as he considered that he should have been warned as to what was to take place. Indeed he had been ordered by his doctor to take wine, owing to the weak state of his health, but he was scarcely likely to see that luxury in so poor a mining village. He kept the happiest memories of those days and often spoke of the devotion of his little flock and of the sacrifices they made for their priest, church and school. His own daily round was carefully drawn up, as is evidenced by an horarium found among his papers and dated December 1884. [1]

The death of Bishop Bewick in 1886 brought about several changes. He left a valuable crucifix to his faithful secretary, who treasured it fondly till the day of his own death. The new Bishop was Doctor O'Callaghan, John Prior's Rector at the English College, who was consecrated in January 1888. His place as Rector was taken by Monsignor Giles and he obtained Doctor Prior as his Vice-Rector. This period in England then, 1884-1888, was the only gap in his long connection with Rome and the Venerabile from 1878 to 1926. His return to Rome must have been congenial to one of his studious habits and love of the Eternal City.

How the new Vice-Rector impressed his students we learn from Father O'Connor's narrative. "When I arrived" he resumes, "he had not long been Vice-Rector, and I was afraid of him, remembering that July evening of 1884. This did not prevent me from provoking his ire on many occasions, I will not say on matters of discipline and regular observance, lest the weak may be scandalised, but in raging controversies about the aesthetic and the need for reform in domestic arrangement. I had an instinct that I could always say to him whatever was in my mind, even though it were not worth saying, because he was born with a judicial temper and he improved it from day to day.

"One could see how fierce that temper was and how fiercely

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[1] The Horarium, here referred to by Monsignor Redmond, is printed at the end of this article.

he kept it under. We often tried him in a specially searching manner by holding indignation meetings under his nose about details, with which we well knew him to be in sympathy. But our voluminous over-statements were wont to provoke no more than the well known "Oh indeed!", very smoothly spoken, almost chanted, which became to us a byword, even a safety valve. Indeed his longanimity, so largely supernatural, was, I feel sure, a divine corrective to one who stood in need of that kind of suggestion. Let the others speak for themselves. But I take it that there can exist between men an essential love without their being aware of giving any external sign, and looking back on my various relations with the great departed, I should call him, more than any other I have known, the friend of my soul. He must have been this to others as well, for he was a man's man. Out of his isolation and self-suppression he could come down and unbend with uncontrollable laughter. Is the Common Room still the Paradise of Jabberwocks, and do slithy toves gyre and gimble in the wabe? How he took the floor one casual evening and acted an Italian bargaining in the Campo, beginning with five hundred lire asked and fifty centesimi offered, and ranging the whole gamut of simulated passion including murder and suicide, until the symphony closed on fifteen lire taken by the vendor as though the organ bellows had all gone phut.

"We met him once by appointment—was it Aquila Nera at Sienna?—to begin our Tuscan Gita, and what stories he had brought from England! I can tell them all yet, but I could not do the bargain scene; that requires technique and some physical exertion.

"His sense of fun was never far away, and I have often thought that I saw him bend lower than was needful over the key board of the harmonium, overcome by the choral effects taking place just behind him. We did once or twice try to make him laugh during his duet with the Rector, Monsignor Giles, in which his high tenor had to supply the seconds to the sea-faring baritone of the prime songster: (this is better than precentor, because we were not in church). But all his merriment that night was within.

"Slowly, almost imperceptibly, he civilised the traditional

English College interpretation of Plain Song. A Sisyphean Titanic thing, even to think of, but somehow he did it without appearing to care. He also by some secret magic aided and abetted our plot to get the piano to Monte Porzio for the long vacation. And when his own piano came out from England, he gently but firmly, as always, initiated those musical afternoons, which be oases in the desert, or rather landmarks of benison in our musical development. Just think of it! But for him I might never have known Beethoven, nor even heard of Schubert's *Erl King*! Or known a string quartet! And he stood cake and wine being a Christian and feeling that not by sweet sounds alone were we upheld. Not only was this at his own expense, but at his own risk, the innovation being sinful and deadly. I know the Rector was not present at the first concerts—did Doctor Prior get him away for the afternoon or what? You never know with these quiet men. But I think the Rector came to the grand concert in the Common Room—the first were held in the Vice-Rector's study—on that bright day when the younger Leonori, who we are told moved the Lateran Apse for Leo XIII, played 'Cello and his father played the Strad on which he had accompanied Liszt, and Father Chierici his boy played the Viola and we had the Emperor Quartet among others. Peter Mason sang Gounod's *Nazareth,* and I, not native to the heights, sang the *Torpedo and the Whale.* But the onlie begetter was John Prior.

"He had to struggle with indisposition at times, it may be that he studied too hard; and though I may have added to his burdens, I did once help to lighten. It is worth telling, if only for the encouragement of kindness to Superiors. After a hot session at Nemi in early Autumn, he proposed to me and a nameless one that we should make for Monte Porzio at once. It became evident on the way that he was not at all himself. Now the nameless one and I had a secret Tea Plant, whose existence we opined would cause such pain to Doctor Giles that the issue might be fatal. Hence the jealousy which fenced in the Tea Plant. Now, as we climbed the slope to our Village, I suggested that a cup of tea would be the nicest thing in the world. Doctor Prior with a black crust on his lips, assented with so much readiness that the nameless one, in whose keeping

was the sacred Plant, confessed that we had the power as well as the will to Tea. So in the Vice-Rector's room the Plant, grown in darkness, came to light and flowered to a miracle, for that cup of tea was one of the best *I* ever savoured, and the effect on Doctor Prior was worth the whole existence of that botanical curio, which of course we thought was in jeopardy. But the dear man never let us down.

"He was my assistant at my first Mass, celebrated on St. Peter's tomb, and I could not help feeling how meet it was that his sure restraining hand should turn to helping without the slightest change of gesture, as it were my Good Angel's. It was only the last of many delicate personal attentions, given with a kind of shy goodwill, peculiarly charming and characteristic of the man, who was silent only through self-restraint, and dry only through too perfect control of a nobly impulsive and sympathetic nature. Let his great example stand, to the increment of his eternal peace."

So far Father O'Connor. Another, Monsignor Hinsley, writes: "As Vice-Rector he was above all things just. His passion throughout life was justice and fairplay." The same writer recalls his Repetitions, slow and deliberate, with all those wonderful tables and schemes. The same thoroughness was carried into the administration of the vineyards of Monte Porzio and of the land at Magliana. In these and other matters he was of great assistance to Monsignor Giles, who could rely on his deputy whenever himself absent. On one occasion Doctor Prior's loyalty to his chief was put to a severe test. Cardinal Vaughan was making a prolonged stay in the College. In such cases the reading went on as usual at meals, the guest, after the first few days, being regarded as part of the *Familia.* One morning the Cardinal came back from a long and cordial audience, full of high spirits and enthusiasm. Monsignor Giles was late and Doctor Prior presided. When the moment came for ringing down the reader, as this happened to be a study day no bell was rung: which proved rather trying to the Cardinal, so full of his audience. He leaned over to the Vice-Rector and whispered, "Is there reading today?" "Yes *Eminenza*" was the whispered reply. A slight pause. "Oh!" said his Eminence, "I thought reading might be off today." Another pause, during which the

reader plodded on manfully, and the Vice-Rector between an absent Rector and a present Cardinal must have felt himself between—anyway in a quandary. After weighing up the situation, he whispered back: "*Eminenza*, I could give off reading if you would ask me for it." It took the Cardinal another pause to consider this shifting of the onus. "Very well" he said eventually, "I ask you to give off reading," and despite the laws of the Medes and Persians, reading was given off: what followed upon the return of the Rector is not recorded. His Eminence bore his temporary host no ill will, for Doctor Prior accompanied him on a visit to the mosaics of Monreale, which he went to inspect with a view to his own Cathedral at Westminster.

It was on one of the Cardinal's visits to Rome that the idea took shape of a college for convert clergymen and priests pursuing higher studies. Pope Leo XIII took up the scheme warmly, so much so indeed that he came to regard the Beda as his own foundation, and ever after referred to it as *Nostro Collegio*. Monsignor Prior was chosen for the responsible post of first Rector of the new College, a great mark of confidence on the part of his Superiors. The position demanded qualities of tact, of rule, of understanding to meet the many initial difficulties, together with an inspiring ideal of example for the formation of candidates for the Priesthood. This confidence was not misplaced. The Holy Father was constant in his enquiries about the new foundation and the progress of the students at their work: so that when a See in England fell vacant, and Monsignor Prior's name was very strongly supported, Leo would not listen to his removal. "But Holy Father" it was objected, "We have another excellent man ready to take his place as Superior of the College." The Pope listened in silence to the succeeding eulogy of a distinguished ecclesiastic. But when the recital was finished, he answered with decision: "The very man for the See!"—and so Monsignor Prior remained to consolidate his work at the Beda, and to carry on the task, that was at once so congenial and so absorbing, of forging the links that bind England to Rome.

"Romano, non meno che Inglese." This phrase in the funeral oration of Monsignor Massimo Massimi, the present Dean

of the Rota, admirably sums up the man and his work.[1] Intensely he loved England, with all her ways and customs, the more so probably for his long exile. His delight in walking the lanes and paths of Durham was that of a schoolboy, home on holiday. "He was inordinately fond of the English countryside" writes his nephew Miles Prior, "and seemed to experience a new thrill at every visit and sight of its fresh fields and trim hedges. He used to delight in the margins of grass that bordered the country lanes, and more than once have I heard him exclaim as he happened in walking upon some unusually succulent-looking stretch, "What wouldn't an Italian cow give for that!" Hence walking was his chief relaxation, and until past his sixtieth year he could do twelve or fifteen miles in a day without discomfort."

No less was his love for Rome. His personal devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff was a very real thing. He used to speak of the satisfaction he derived from assisting at the papal functions, in which, when Dean of the Rota, he had to take part. But this love for England and for Rome was no narrow one. It was broadened by considerable travel, both in America and Europe, where he had a wide circle of friends.

It is no secret that during this time his name was canvassed for other Sees in England, beside the one already mentioned. But Rome had other designs. In 1908 Pius X restored the Sacred Roman Rota to its old place in the Curia as an Ecclesiastical High Court of Appeal from decisions in any part of the Church. The Auditors, as its Judges were called, were to be as far as possible international, and for the English speaking nations the choice of the Holy Father fell upon Monsignor Prior. It was objected at first that he had no degree in Canon Law, as the Constitutions required, but this was soon remedied by a dispensation, the Pope declaring that he had faith in Monsignor Prior's powers of application.

This appointment was an extremely happy one: all his life, he had shown a temperament above all things judicial, a calmness for weighing evidence, a faculty for seizing the essential points

[1] We give the address in full at the end of the article.

in any dispute, a genius for adjusting opposing claims, and an unswerving uprightness in making any final decision. In the early days of the Rota, much preliminary work had to be done with regard to Procedure and in settling this Monsignor Prior had a very large share. In the main work of deciding cases he established quite a reputation for himself, especially when he reversed a decision given by a fellow Auditor, who was in the first rank of Canonists. The best index to his work on the Rota is the high esteem of his fellow judges. Monsignor Many, his predecessor in the office of Dean and a very distinguished Canonist, when he wrote his letter of resignation, asked Monsignor Prior to deliver it himself into the hands of Pope Benedict XV. The Holy Father, after perusing it, read it aloud to Monsignor Prior, as in it the retiring Dean had written in such highly laudatory terms of his successor.

His capacity for work, however, brought its own result. Many of the more difficult cases were given to him and his average of decisions in a term was not surpassed by others, often it was not equalled. Besides the work involved in these actual judgements, he was never sparing in advising those who consulted him as to how to proceed. One case comes to mind where prospective litigants took his advice and saved themselves expense by avoiding the Law's delays: while another, neglecting similar advice, lost both his time and his suit.

Moreover, he was also officially consulted by many Roman Congregations. In later years a case, containing some difficult point, would be referred to him with the request to look it over and to give a short *votum* upon it. But this was not his way. The whole thing would be studied with a thoroughness which robbed him of his well earned rest. This over work could have but one end. His two predecessors as Dean of the Rota, Monsignori Sebastianelli and Many, had in turn failed in health, and this threw extra strain upon Monsignor Prior, who was acting Dean for over a year, before he succeeded to that Office. The inevitable break-down came on November 26th, 1922. The stroke though not very serious in itself, came on an impaired state of health, after an indifferent summer in England: and with a Roman winter to face, it proved the beginning of the end. No effort was spared by the devoted care of the Little Company

of Mary on the Celian Hill to restore his shattered health. Thanks to them there was a partial recovery and a return to work, but despite his great desire to resume duty, his powers of concentration never recovered and gradually his work slipped from him. Rest and change were sought by the sea at Nettuno and later in England at Clacton on-Sea. After a visit to Harrogate, the wheel had come full circle, and at the last, at home with his people in his native Darlington, he prepared for the end, sustained by the memory of the Saints and the Shrines in Rome, where he had given unsparingly in the service of the Church.

To the last faithful to his daily walk, he overtaxed his strength against a cold wind while visiting a church to make his Jubilee visit: this brought a relapse and pneumonia intervened. Monsignor Provost Rooney, an old and valued friend, was with him day by day and procured prayers for him in every school and convent of the diocese; the Holy Father sent his special blessing by telegram, and with this last sign of Rome's appreciation of his life's work, he passed away in the presence of his family, receiving the final absolution from his brother, Dom Anselm Prior O.S.B.

The regret of his friends at his loss was intensified by the expectations generally entertained that he would round off a full and useful career in the Roman Curia with the promotion, which came to several of his colleagues, and which in the ordinary course of events is looked upon as a reward for long service in the higher Curial appointments. Cardinal Lega, the first Dean of the Rota, received the Hat, as also did Cardinal Sincero and Cardinal Mori, both colleagues of Monsignor Prior. That Monsignor Sebastianelli and Monsignor Many did not achieve this great honour was due to the illnesses which led to their respective deaths. And but for a similar illness, his many friends had looked to Monsignor Prior, as representative of the hard working and capable secular clergy of England, to attain Cardinalitial rank in the Roman Curia.

It will be a consolation to his many admirers that he had deserved it.

JAMES REDMOND.

The Horarium drawn up by Monsignor Prior in 1884 runs as follows:

J. M. J.

Houghton le Spring, December 2nd. 1884.
(S. Bibiana).

Horarium.

After Rising . . .	Half an hour's Meditation—two Little Hours and Mass.
Breakfast	Visit Workhouse and take communions—then sermon or study.
12 o'clock	Childrens' Confessions—Little Hours.
Dinner	Riposo—Bible and Spiritual Reading until 4 o'clock. Vespers and Compline and Rosary.
Half past four . .	Visiting until half past six.
Tea; 6 1/2	Correspondence—Study or Sermon.
9 1/2	Supper—Matins and Lauds—Prayers—Bed.

A. M. D. G.

There exists also an horarium drawn up for life in Rome, but this one will suffice to show the regularity which was the ideal of such a man.

Below we give the text of the panegyric, preached by the present Dean of the Rota.

4 Maggio 1926.

Nell'inviare un riverente saluto, anche a nome dei miei colleghi, alla memoria del venerato mio predecessore — Monsignor Giovanni Prior — sento il dovere di rendere tributo di lode a una figura di sacerdote così bella.

Abbiamo tutti presente la maestosa immagine di Lui, che s'imponeva col prestigio di una virtù solidissima, e con lo splendore delle doti più elette. Per usare la biblica similitudine, che mi sembra gli convenga mirabilmente, Egli era come un oggetto d'oro massiccio, ornato di pietre preziose: " quasi vas auri solidum, ornatum omni lapide pretioso " (Eccl. 4-10).

Non era semplice apparenza, nè cosa superficiale, ma tutto oro, la virtù di questo sacerdote, che alle salde caratteristiche della grande nazione, cui apparteneva, univa la più autentica fede romana. A Roma, dove Egli trascorse due terzi della sua vita, era il suo tesoro e il suo cuore. Anche negli ultimi giorni involontariamente assente, volgeva il pensiero, con fede e con amore, al Romano Pontefice. Alla fede congiungeva una pietà singolare, tanto più sicura, quanto meno ostentata. Credo poi che nulla, proprio nulla, si sarebbe potuto rimproverare alla sua condotta. Ripensando ai molti anni, pas-

sati con lui in Rota, nulla ricordo che potesse fargli in qualsiasi modo torto. Era l'uomo veramente superiore, di poche parole e di molti fatti.

" Vas auri solidum, ornatum omni lapide pretioso ". In tanta virtù spiccavano, come pietre preziose, gli ornamenti più belli. Cortese, signorile nel tratto, ma insieme fermo nel negare, quando fosse necessario, o soltanto opportuno negare. Alla conoscenza del diritto univa quello delle principali lingue moderne. Ma sopra tutti gli altri ornamenti brillavano la sua intelligenza e la sua attività. Aveva una chiara visione della realtà delle cose; tendeva al giusto mezzo, ugualmente evitando gli estremi; più che le sottigliezze, spesso pericolose, amava il buon senso. Ed era attivissimo, il lavoratore indefesso, che nell'ufficio, e fuori dell'ufficio, negl'incarichi che gli erano affidati dalla Sede Apostolica, di cui godeva la piena fiducia, non si risparmiava mai.

Tanto più conviene mettere in rilievo la sua laboriosità, in quanto a questo sembra doversi ascrivere la di lui immatura partenza. Quattro anni fa il lavoro superò le forze ed Egli cadde colpito. Parve riaversi, spesso pensò di poter tornare al lavoro. Ma non era così. Alla vita attivissima tenne dietro il lungo riposo, forzato, penosissimo, finchè sette giorni indietro, là dove era nato sessantacinque anni or sono, Egli si addormentava nel Signore " sanctissime ", come dice il messaggio, e come, considerandone la vita, è ben facile credere.

Come già la lunga malattia, così la morte di quest'insigne prelato, rappresenta un grave danno per la Chiesa, che si sarebbe largamente giovata dell'opera di Lui. Egli, romano non meno che inglese, era un naturale tratto di unione tra l'Inghilterra e Roma, di quell'unione, cui tutti aspiriamo. Ora però in altro modo può giovare al grande ideale, con la sua intercessione, ora che è andato a ricevere la mercede, la vera mercede, del suo lavoro. Nè dimentichi i suoi colleghi. Ricambiando generosamente la preghiera che per Lui abbiamo levato al Signore, ci ottenga la grazia di seguire l'esempio bellissimo, che ne ha lasciato, affinchè anche noi " in futuro pro bene gestis consequamur praemia sempiterna ".

MASSIMO MASSIMI
Decano della S. R. Rota.

SOME STUART PAPERS.

How well I remember that blazing hot day in August, two years ago, when I set off with the Rector to Frascati, (we intaxicated at the Ponticello), there to hunt in the Seminary Library for the manuscript of John Trevisa!

"John Trevisa!", I hear a chorus of young *Venerabilini* exclaim: "and who in the name of Mephistopheles was he?".

Ha! my young friends, you are always so busy with *ens* and *essentia*, and your *quidlibets* and *quodlibets*, as to have neglected the early origins of the English Bible. Know, then, that John Trevisa, a contemporary of Wycliffe, was chaplain to the eigth, ninth, and tenth Lords Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, in the county of Gloucester; that he left amongst other works of his a translation into English of portions of the Bible; and that this translation was long kept at their castle by the Lords Berkeley. When the Berkeleys were made Earls in the year 1679, George, the first Earl, gave the Trevisa manuscript to James, Duke of York, and, to quote from a paper published in the "Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society for 1876," this said "James, being, as is well known, a Papist, the manuscript would very probably find its way to Rome. There is in the Catalogue of the Vatican Library a manuscript of Trevisa's, and if this is not the missing translation of the Bible, it will probably be found at Frascati, as the collections of James II descended to Cardinal York, by whom they were bequeathed to the monastery there." Of course, he should have said Seminary, and though the word "collections" is vague, Trevisa's manuscript may well have been among those "most valuable movables" entrusted by James to foreign ambassadors before his flight to France.

And now we will allow Cardinal Gasquet, who, as I write, is enjoying the delights of Palazzola, to continue this interesting narration. Writing on February 17th, 1915, he assured me that there was no English Bible by Trevisa in the Vatican. Many years ago he had made a long and careful search in the Vatican Library without any success. Personally, he believed in the Trevisa tradition, and some day or other the required proofs might be forthcoming. Certainly there was a good sound consensus of opinion, and the writer of the Preface for the Bible of James I. certainly believed the tradition to be true. The Cardinal felt tolerably sure that there was nothing at Frascati; he had tried there also a long time ago, but did not make such a thorough search, but added that he would try and make one in the following spring. He went on to state that the present enquiry reminded him that one day in the Vatican he thought that he had really come upon the book he wanted. It was catalogued as a MS. English Bible, but on examination of the MS., he found that it was not English at all but Bohemian! *Haec ille.*

We dined like true Bohemians that day at Frascati, but though very jolly, we had had no success in the Seminary Library, which is much as the Cardinal Duke left it at his death in 1807. Trevisa was nowhere on the shelves, not even among the few books which are kept over the great entrance, and which, as the Vicar General told us, once formed part of a private library of the Cardinal. These, no doubt, had been once kept by him either in the Palace or in the Villa he loved to stay at, once part of the Villa Rocci, called afterwards Cesarini; but as both had been rifled during the French occupation in 1798, when the Cardinal fled to Naples, not to return to Frascati till he had helped to elect Pius VII. in Venice, we concluded that the army of the Directory had carried off, or perhaps destroyed, the precious object of our search, and that the Cardinal himself never set eyes or hands on it again. But not for all this *exit Trevisa.*

There came into my private possession a few weeks ago a goodly bundle of papers consisting largely of inventories, household expenses, and receipts, ranging from 1800 to 1806, which papers had on the Cardinal's death come to his intimate friend

and executor, Mgr. Cesarini, consecrated by him Bishop of Milevi in 1801. Cesarini was the writer of the *Diario del Cardinale Duca di York*, a portion of which, that for the year 1788, found its way to England and was printed there in the year 1876 by the Earl of Oxford. It is in the Howard Library. Well, these papers of mine tell the tale of how the Cardinal, on his return to Frascati in the year 1800, set at once to work to put his palace in order after his two years' absence, and to repair the damages done there by the pilfering French. The *Registro dell' introito ed esito* for the first months of that year shows what sums were paid to carpenters and painters for all manner of work; there are then the " Rollo de' Famigliari " for 1801 and 1802, lists of people to whom alms were given and their receipts, and the wages paid them, and there are in particular big bills from goldsmiths and jewellers, and coiners of medals, all duly met. For though during his exile the Cardinal had been badly off, living on what money he raised on his jewels, he was now in receipt of a pension of Ls. 4000 from the English government. However, to come to my point, there is amongst these receipts, many and multifarious, one signed by a certain Salvatore Bombelli, which reads as follows: " Ho ricevuto io sottoscritto dal Sign. Aquari, Tesoriere di S. A. R., scudi due e baj. 50 moneta fina di argento, per una custodia di Cordovano (spanish leather), rossa, bella, dorata, con Arme di S. A. R. per custodire un Codice rarissimo, manoscritto, in cartapecora.

In fede, etc. Li 10 Giugno, 1801.

Salvatore Bombelli. "

The letters, S. A. R. stand of course for *Sua Altezza Reale*, by which title the Cardinal was addressed after his brother's death.

At once I was struck by the words " codice rarissimo. " The Cardinal possessed a Livre d'Heures, once the property of Queen Catherine de' Medici, now kept under lock and key by the *custode* of the Seminary Library, (he was *fuori* the day of our visit), but a Book of Hours is not rare, nor would it be described as a *codice*. The Cardinal bequeathed to his friend, Sir John Cox Hippisley, the unavowed representative of the English Government at Rome, who had obtained for the Car-

dinal his pension, a "manuscript with miniature"; but this illuminated manuscript was in all likelihood another Book of Hours, or perhaps a Missal, hardly a *codice rarissimo,* and whatever it may have been, the present representative of the Hippisley family tells me he has not succeeded in finding it. Mgr. Cesarini, the Cardinal's executor and testamentary trustee, (erede fiduciario), acting as instructed, seems to have sent a watch and other things as souvenirs, to the widow of the Cardinal's brother, the Countess of Albany, not to mention the crown jewels sent to the Prince Regent: but what became of the "codice rarissimo in cartapecora."? There is, of course, no reference to it in the Cardinal's will, dated "Frascati, July 15th, 1802," which specifies no bequest to anyone. So *exit Trevisa* for the present.

But there is also among the papers I lately acquired an entry regarding a gold chalice which the Cardinal had made in the year 1801, which therefore cannot be the chalice presented by him to the Chapter of St. Peter's in the year 1751, when he was made Arch-priest of that basilica. The chalice of 1801, to make which an older one was melted down, is minutely described in the bill of Valadier, the goldsmith, mention being made of cherubim's heads, emblems of the Passion, and the Cardinal's arms and ducal coronet; while the account of Sartori, the jeweller, describes the jewels employed in its ornamentation. This chalice, so we were told during our visit to the Library by a good Canon, was left, together with the paten and cruets and salver, by the Cardinal to the Chapter of Frascati: which Chapter, needing money to repair their Cathedral, had, towards the end of the last century, pledged the whole to the Rector of a certain College for a loan never by them repaid. So far the Canon, a good man (for "*Canonicus bonus vir, Capitulum mala bestia,*") yet how little he knew! We now know how the aforesaid Rector, in return for kindness shown to him during his last illness, gave away chalice and all to a certain Community; how that Community disposed of the lot in England for a "pecuniary consideration," and how at the present moment these venerable and valuable Stuart relics await a purchaser in the strong-room of a London banker! But there is another little item which apparently very few know, of which we certainly were unaware

whilst conversing with the *bonus vir*, the Canon, in the Library at Frascati, and it is this:—it was not the Cardinal of York who bequeathed the chalice with its appurtenances to the Frascati Chapter, but an admirer and successor of his in the same see, the Capuchin, Cardinal Micara, a native of Frascati (1775-1847). He had bought it, but of whom I cannot say; perhaps of Cesarini, or of Count Sigismondo Malatesta, who had married Cesarini's niece, and who sold Cesarini's Diary to the Earl of Oxford, about 1847. Well, this Cardinal Micara, though a simple Capuchin Friar, was a long-headed man of business, and in bequeathing the chalice and plate to the Chapter of Frascati laid down one or two conditions. The chief was that in no circumstance, of whatsoever urgency, should they ever part with his bequest. If they did so, it at once escheated to the Chapter of St. Peter's; and if the Petrine Chapter behaved likewise, it escheated to the Cathedral Church of Dublin! *Misericordia*! Here's a delicate little bombshell for the *Capitulum Tusculanum*, as well as a nice little puzzle for somebody in authority should St. Peter or St. Patrick assert his claim! These things are to be read in the *Dichiarazione della fiducia del Cardinal Micara, Roma, 1848*, to be got in the Campo for tre soldi, and are quoted by Moroni in his biographical notice of Henry, Cardinal Duke of York (*Dictionary, Vol. 103, p. 327*); so that it is surprising, almost shocking, that it should be left to a dull scribe, living in the wilds of Somerset, utterly outside the stream of Roman life and tradition, and having such scanty sources of information at hand, to impart light to the distinguished luminaries of the Venerabile, around whom he has hitherto humbly revolved.

As to the papers now in my possession, consisting chiefly of the Cardinal's accounts, inventories of furniture, not only in the palace of Frascati, but in those of Ostia and Velletri, to which latter see the Cardinal succeeded on the death of Cardinal Albani in 1803, we light upon such signatures as those of the banker, Marino Torlonia, the future Duca di Poli, of Giovanni Camerani, last of that family of Papal engravers, of Robert Fermor, one of the last of that old Catholic Oxfordshire family, the names of all the singers of St. Peter's choir, occasionally employed by the Cardinal, under the direction of the Maestri Guglielmi and Zingarelli, the furniture in the *Casino presso la*

Sagrestia di S. Pietro, wherein now lives Cardinal Merry del Val, accounts of work done in the Cancelleria, etc. etc.; but of letters there are none. Of the collections of the Stuart letters, one precious collection, lodged by James II in the Scots College at Paris, was destroyed during the French Revolution; several remain published or unpublished: but these loose sheets never formed part of any of them. They evidently belonged to Mgr. Cesarini, the Cardinal's *Maestro di Casa* and executor, and after Cesarini's death in 1809, probably passed into the hands of his niece, a Malatesta. As to the Stuart Archives, confided by the Cardinal to Cesarini, they passed to his successor in the executorship, Mgr. Tassoni, and there is an amusing letter from Rome of Jan. 10, 1817, preserved in "Notes and Queries" (Series II, Vol. 5, p. 203, etc.), which relates how a Scottish adventurer, named Watson, got them out of Tassoni for a meagre sum, and then talked so loudly of his astounding bargain, that the Secretary of State, Cardinal Consalvi had to interfere, secured and sealed them, and arrested the purchaser. They were offered as a present to the Prince Regent, later George IV, but Watson managed to get altogether Ls. 3600 out of the British ministry for his find. Subtract from this sum the sum of 170 scudi, the price which Moroni says he paid for it, and you will see what was this adventurer's net gain. The letters, so tells us the writer of the letter above referred to, were "supposed to amount to half a million. The whole weighed seven tons." As all know, they are now safe in Windsor Castle, and are being slowly printed.

✣ G. A. Clifton.

NOVA ET VETERA.

THE NEW ORGAN AND A TOMBOLA.

In the last issue of *The Venerabile* was a serious omission. We would now make amends by this belated acknowledgement of our indebtedness to many benefactors. Our deepest gratitude is due to all those whose generosity has enabled us to pay off the whole cost of the new organ. Their names are too numerous to give in full, but in particular, we wish to express our heartfelt thanks to Mr and Mrs E. H. Trow for the gift of a fine jewelled gold cross towards the organ fund: and also to an anonymous donor of a turquoise ring in its original gold setting from Damascus.

On the feast of S. Thomas, our Patron, a grand *tombola* or drawing of numbers for these two prizes took place. The gold cross was the first prize and was won by Number 239. The second prize, the turquoise ring, was won by Number 428. The prizes were sent at once by a priest-pilgrim, who was returning to the neighbourhood of Chorley after the closing of the Holy Door. The *tombola* enabled us to pay the last instalment of the expenses of building the organ, which, it will please our friends to learn, is a splendid success and adds so much to the dignity of our Church Music.

We count all the contributors to the organ fund, the donors of these prizes and the pilgrims who bought tickets, among the special benefactors of the English College. These have a place each day in our prayers.

THE RECTOR.

THE CHURCH OF THE SAPIENZA.

Reference is made in the College Diary to our taking part in a function at the church of the Sapienza. Dedicated to S. Ives, this building was restored on the initiative of Mussolini and reopened for public worship in March of this year. Since 1870 it had not only remained desolate, but was often put to profane uses, such as that of an operating theatre for experiments in vivisection, so that blood can even now be seen upon the altar steps. The Church is the work of Francesco Borromini, who began to build in 1642 under Urban VIII, designing it in the shape of a bee with bent legs, as an elaborate compliment to the reigning Barberini. Truth to tell, one needs to be told this to see it, the form of the church really consisting of a greek cross with apses between. The walls rose to the base of the cupola under Innocent X, and the cupola itself was completed by Alexander VII. Much the same explanation must be given of its bizarre shape, rising up in mountains and stars to commemorate the Chigi stock of the Pope. Had this idea of "architecturising" coats of arms been carried to its possible extremes, we fancy even the wildest flights of baroque would have assumed an air of relatively good taste.

One interesting association with this church is that the second Cardinal Howard, while yet a simple priest, used to go there to hear the confessions of the undergraduates.

THE PONTE SISTO FOUNTAIN.

To all, who have trudged the *Via Sacra* to Pamfili,—and who among our readers has not done so countless times?—the fountain across the Ponte Sisto was a familiar object. *Was* mark you, for one bright day, someone in high place decided that its surroundings were unsightly, and forthwith let loose a horde of workmen on the hitherto waste land. The fountain itself remains as it ever was, but all else is changed. A large paved piazza replaces the mud or dust-piles, (according to the season of the year), whereon the youth of Trastevere delighted to disport themselves. True, during the actual process of re-

modelling, they revelled in a highly dangerous combination of diving and gliding trials. But this was the last flash in the pan of their happiness, and now they are driven to the tamer pleasures of playing *mora* upon the steps which lead up to the spasmodic plashes of the fountain itself. Railings, round the terrace above, keep down the death returns of the *gioventù* of this quarter: and the broadening of the streets, where they converge, does ditto for the many *camerate*, which drive their procustean way through the traffic at this point. In a word, an historic site is now altered almost out of all recognition to satisfy aesthetic canons with its synthesis in travertine and red brick. As for the railings—*vede li e mori!*

THE TUSCULUM CROSS.

Our notes on this subject in the last issue of *The Venerabile* have brought us the information from a valued correspondent that a new Cross was erected on October 10th, 1899. Monsignor Prior was there, and the village cobbler constituted himself master of ceremonies. As the Cross was triumphantly lowered into its socket, a wave of religious enthusiasm possessed this good man to cry out "Evviva la croce!" But nobody was equal to the occasion; his paean remained unanswered, and he slunk from the height a disappointed man. This, therefore, is the fourth Cross of which we have definite trace.

It will be remembered that the writer of the article in our last number declared the first Cross to have been in existence in 1820. But there used to be an old beggar, who made a habit of breakfasting at Camaldoli. If he met an English College student toiling up to Tusculum, he would preface his request for alms with the formula: "Io sono quello che ha portato la prima croce al Tuscolo nel mille-ottocento-quarantadue." We cannot place undue confidence in this testimony, but they called him *Io Sono Quello* in consequence, much as we have our *Mrs. Qualche Cosa* on the Rocca road today. And quite a history could be written around those picturesque figures, Farnesi Bill and "Cardinal Allen," now dead and gone. But we wander from the Tusculum Cross.

Little did we foresee that there would be fresh history to

record, but the brief entry in the College Diary for May 26th is as little eloquent as the Official Communiqués from the Western Front. Dr Kearney, after a visit to old haunts out Porzio way, came back with the word that the Tusculum Cross would be down in a short time if we did not see about it immediately.

"Thus it came about that fourteen strong men" to quote the diary of one of them, "disembarked from a train in Frascati at 9.10 on Wednesday the 26th May. About 10.15 we started up the hill to Tusculum by the Villa Rufinella, armed with a considerable quantity of cheese, bread and fruit, three dozen eggs, seven or eight litres of *vino*—two crowbars and a long rope. The shady walk under the trees was pleasant, and we wasted no time on the ascent. Just as we emerged from the woods on to the top of the Tusculum range, T—broke the flask he was carrying against a rock. Luckily it was the water-flask, so the rest of us took it amazingly well.

"Then along the top to the Cross. It certainly leaned very baldy, slanting over towards Porzio. The reason was evident enough. Some people had amused themselves by throwing the great blocks of stone, that formed the base, over the edge of the cliff hard by, so that the foundation was entirely loosened, and in parts almost gone.

"Eagerly we set to work *sicut gigantes*, for the more we did in the morning, the less to do after dinner. (This sounds a truism, but it has a deeper meaning.) First of all, we scooped out a space behind the Cross on the Rocca side: then, adjusting our rope half-way up the shaft of it, half a dozen or so of our strong men pulled it to the perpendicular. In fact we gave it a slight tilt backwards. The base looked somewhat decayed and we feared it might snap; but it held. We fixed it there with wedges, using the pointed Roman stones as the hardest material to be found. There were plenty lying about.

"Many of the stone blocks of the platform had crumbled away, for they are little better than sandstone. When the Cross stood erect at 11.45, the heaviest work was yet to be done: we set to with a will. We levered out, pushed, rolled, lifted, heaved and set great blocks of stone on to the base of the Cross, and finally set an immense boulder up against the wood itself on the lower side: so it will not fall that way again. It was Homeric

labour. Groans abounded on every side: many hands were torn and lacerated. But when the thing was done and the Cross stood secure, we gathered round it and roared *O Roma Felix* "to the reverberate hills."

"About one o'clock we descended into the neighbourhood of the Theatre for dinner. By the kindly aid of a shepherd, who played a mournful pipe about the hills all day, we found the spring of water, which had been unknown to this generation of Venerabile men. We had indeed thought of burying a document in an empty salmon tin; but since the document was lacking, and the salmon tin still contained the salmon, no more was said of it. Some began their simple repast with this Alaska salmon. Three primus stoves kept up a steady buzzing till fried eggs were circulating freely. Unfortunately it was a *magro* day, so we lacked the *prosciutto*. As usual, however, the Frascati *asciutto* was of the best. After the meal, we strewed our wearied limbs upon the grass, but after some time we gave up all ideas of a *siesta* and proceeded up to the Cross again to finish our work. After resetting and rebuilding part of the base, we set as many boulders as we could about the foot of the Cross till it stood perfectly firm and steady. I do not think it will fall again for a long time.

"We were finished about tea time. Once more the primus did its duty, and we drank hot tea beneath the Cross till the water gave out:—for despite the scorn of Belloc and the Porzio men (ἄναχες ἀνδρων!) tea is about the most refreshing of all the drinks that are given to men. I have proved this beyond all doubt on various occasions. In any case, the wine bottles had long since been drained.

"We were weary when we turned towards Frascati. The expedition had been completely successful. We sent an inscribed post card to Dr. Kearney letting him know that Tusculum Cross was once more straight—that Palazzola had vindicated itself and that the Venerabile still lived on."

CANTORES!

The Canons of any Roman Basilica might well take to

heart the following lines, found by Cardinal Gasquet at the end of the Worcester MS. Gradual:

Auscultando cane, simul incipe, desine plane.
Posterior numquam cantus incipiatur
Quam sonus anterior perfecte fine fruatur.
Verbum dicatur ut syllaba non sileatur.
Cum Domino psallis psallendo tu tria serves:
Erige cor sursum, bene profer, respice sensum.
Non clamor sed amor sonat in aure Dei.

But we doubt whether the reading even of such medieval wisdom would convert the congregation over the way at S. Caterina. *Omne quod recipitur, per modum recipientis recipitur*! And that *modus* is a *consuetudo immemorabilis* into the bargain!

THE CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS OF THE ENGLISH

In 1358 John and Alice Shepherd established a Hospice for English pilgrims in Rome by purchasing a house for that purpose in the Via di Monserrato. The Papal charter of foundation was not granted until four years later, and before that date the Shepherds had transferred the house to the English Laymen's Guild in the Eternal City. Accommodation in the single house proving inadequate, another adjoining was acquired two years later. Possibly a room in one or other of these houses was set apart as a chapel, for it is certain that there was at that time no regular church or chapel on the site of the present English College. There is, indeed, a tradition recorded by Stow, that St. Thomas of Canterbury, when in exile, lived in a house in our part of the Via di Monserrato, and that after his Canonisation a chapel to his honour was erected on the spot where stands the existing College Church. But this tradition, at least in so far as it refers to the chapel, has no foundation in fact: for the original deeds of the Hospice clearly indicate a continuous line of houses running along the College end of the street.

The years of the Avignon captivity turned Rome into a city of ruins and desolation. The population dwindled to a comparative handful, grass grew in the streets, and wolves from the *Campagna* raided certain districts with impunity. But with the return of the Popes, a great revival naturally took place. The ruined homes and palaces were rebuilt, and what was practically a new city rose over their debris. During this great period of renovation, the houses which had hitherto served as the English Hospice were demolished, and a regular Hospice was built. Stow tells us that collections were made towards the expenses throughout England, but " that came to small effect,

the charges of collecting and conveying was such, that there came towards the whole work not past 1000 Duckets in one whole year." The Hospice Church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity and St. Thomas of Canterbury, was consecrated in 1445 and given the right of burial. The first person to be buried there was a priest, Richard Hason of London, who died in 1446. Part of his original mural tablet still remains, and is embodied in the copy now affixed to the south wall of the present building. We hear of a second consecration of the Church in September 1501, but the reason why it was necessary does not appear.

Being the centre of English devotional life in the City, the Hospice Church soon acquired a wealth of rich vestments and plate, the gifts of well-to-do pilgrims or of noblemen and ladies in England. We hear for instance, of a silver gilt chalice bequeathed by the Abbot of Abingdon, of a pair of silver cruets given by "my Ladye of Yorke," mother of Edward IV, and of a set of vestments from Bishop John de Gygles, an Italian of Lucca, whom Henry VII had had appointed to the See of Worcester, that he might command counter-influences to set off against English-born prelates and nobles. Cardinal Gasquet in his *History of the Venerable English College* gives a list of some of these donations from an old inventory to be found in the College Archives.[1]

In 1514 Cardinal Bainbridge, Archbishop of York and Ambassador to the Holy See from the Court of St. James, died in Rome, (poisoned by his cook, as it was said), and was buried in the Church of St. Thomas. A beautiful marble tomb with a recumbent effigy of the Cardinal was erected to his memory. It still survives, a fine example of the sculpture of the early Renaissance period. Like all the work of that time, it combines delicacy and strength, a precise attention to detail with an entire absence of unnecessary ornamentation. Apart from the works of the greatest masters, it would be hard to find anywhere in Rome a more exquisitely wrought image than that of the Cardinal Archbishop of York.[2]

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[1] cf. GASQUET, pp. 37 to 62 passim.

[2] In 1396, John White, a *frater* of our Hospice, built another across the

In 1527 occurred the Sack of Rome. Pastor gives a vivid description of this calamity, unfortunately too long for quotation here. After the Imperial troops had broken into the City, the Lanzknechts were encamped in the Campo de' Fiori and the Spaniards in the Piazza Navona, while the churches and chief edifices were given up to loot for many days. The old English Church suffered with the rest: valuable documents were stolen with whatever plate and vestments were of value. There is still preserved at Monza near Milan a very old cope, bearing the arms of Cardinal Bainbridge. It is extremely probable that this cope had become the possession of the Hospice after the Cardinal's death, and that it was carried off by some Imperial officer during the Sack. Clement VII in 1530 blessed the efforts of those who were attempting to refurnish the Hospice Church by granting an indulgence to all who assisted in the work.

The English College was actually founded in the autumn of 1576, so that it is completing this year its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Gregory XIII granted the Bull of erection in 1579 with the proviso that it should come into full operation in December 1580, and on the feast of St. Thomas in that year all the property of the Hospice, including the Church, passed to the newly established College. The old Church was then a hundred and fifty years old, and was destined to last until the French Revolution. It was a square edifice, covering the area of the present Church. It contained a nave and two aisles, but it was evidently not striking from an architectural point of

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Tiber opposite S. Crisogono, and dedicated it to St. Chrysogonus and St. Edmund. White died in 1404, just when he was about to build a chapel for his Hospice. He was buried in S. Crisogono. After his death the Hospice flourished and acquired a considerable amount of property. A chapel of St. Edmund was erected in accordance with White's will and was in use till 1664. It stood at 22 Via de' Genovesi. In 1464 the two Hospices were amalgamated under the same *Custos* and officials. These would reside at St. Thomas', and caretakers—a man and his wife—be appointed for St. Edmund's, it being specially ordered that they were not to be Scotch or belong to any other nation at war with the English King or the English Nation. The Hospice of St. Edmund was closed in 1664, and the privileges and obligations of its chapel were transferred to the High Altar of our Church, as a tablet built into the sacristy testifies.

view, for the Acts of Visitation of 1739 speak of it as not one of the best in Rome: yet its antiquity and associations make one regret that it should have been damaged beyond repair during the French occupation of the College. Cardinal Pole must often have said Mass at its altars during his long tenure of office as *Custos* of the Hospice; Cardinal Peto too, who lived there for a time when Bishop of Salisbury; and Cardinal Allen, who always took a great interest in the College he had helped to found. Blessed Edmund Campion once preached in it, as the Ven. George Haydock stated on his trial. Several of the Martyrs were ordained there, some by Bishop Goldwell of St. Asaph, the sole survivor of the Marian hierarchy, who became Vice-Gerent of Rome; and St. Philip Neri, who lived for thirty years at S. Girolamo opposite, would often have entered to pray during the Quarant' Ore or on the feast of the Holy Trinity or St. Thomas. Perhaps too, St. Ignatius during his early years in the City, when he used to come to the Spanish Church of our Lady of Monserrat to teach the Catechism.

We have a fairly full description of the Church in a document preserved in the Archives, and dated 1662. This paper tells us that it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity and to St. Thomas: that it had a choir, organ, sacristy and *campanile* with three bells, [1] and a clock: that it boasted five altars and two common burying places with other particular vaults. Over it on the *Cortile* side was the Library: behind the Sacristy on the ground floor, another room for church furniture, in which stood an altar where Mass was sometimes said. There were three rooms above the sacristy and this store-room; in one the sacristan lived, and the third was *per Congregatione*—in it an altar, and there too they preached and performed other spiritual exercises. It is not clear who the *Congregatione* were, that used this third room, but probably they are to be identified with the *Congregatio Immunitatis Ecclesiasticae*, which was under the patronage of St. Thomas of Canterbury and used to meet in the College.

In addition to its interesting associations, the Church was rich also in privileges. Almost from the foundation of the Col-

[1] Two at least of these bells are still used, I believe, for the chimes of the College clock.

lege, it was allowed the devotion of the Forty Hours. In August 1597, Gregory XIII made the High Altar a privileged altar for all deceased Englishmen, and by a brief of December 7th 1580, granted perpetual indulgences on the patronal feasts. Later, during the Jesuit *régime*, all the great Jesuit feasts were naturally indulgenced for the College. There was also a picture of Our Lady, an object of great veneration among the Students, which was solemnly crowned by the Vatican Chapter some time in the eighteenth century. Unfortunately, such privileges of the former Church as have not been definitely renewed to its successor, would seem to have been lost to us; for although the present Church occupies the same site, yet more than fifty years elapsed between the destruction of the ancient building, dating from Eugenius IV, and the erection of the new one. The old Church was in ruins before 1814, when Napoleon's power in Italy came to an end, and the present one, begun in 1863, was not completed until 1888.

A word may be said in passing concerning the celebration of the College feasts in the seventeenth century. On St. Thomas's day the festal bells were rung from dawn (which would please the flat dwellers of our present era!) and the Cardinal Protector celebrated Low Mass and distributed Holy Communion. Later Pontifical High Mass was sung *coram Cardinali*, and Pontifical Vespers chanted in the afternoon. As a secular celebration, a sumptuous dinner was served to all the Englishmen who were in Rome. For the feast of the Holy Trinity the Students prepared themselves by taking the discipline! Some special mark of honour was paid to the Jesuit Saints:—for instance, on St. Ignatius's day his statue was placed over the tabernacle. [1]

Among the great functions that have taken place from time to time in our Church, perhaps the most elaborate and spectacular was the funeral of Cardinal Edward Farnese, Protector of the College, who died on February 21st, 1626. Before the High Altar a huge catafalque in four tiers was erected, adorned with the arms of the Farnese family plus skulls and cross-bones. On

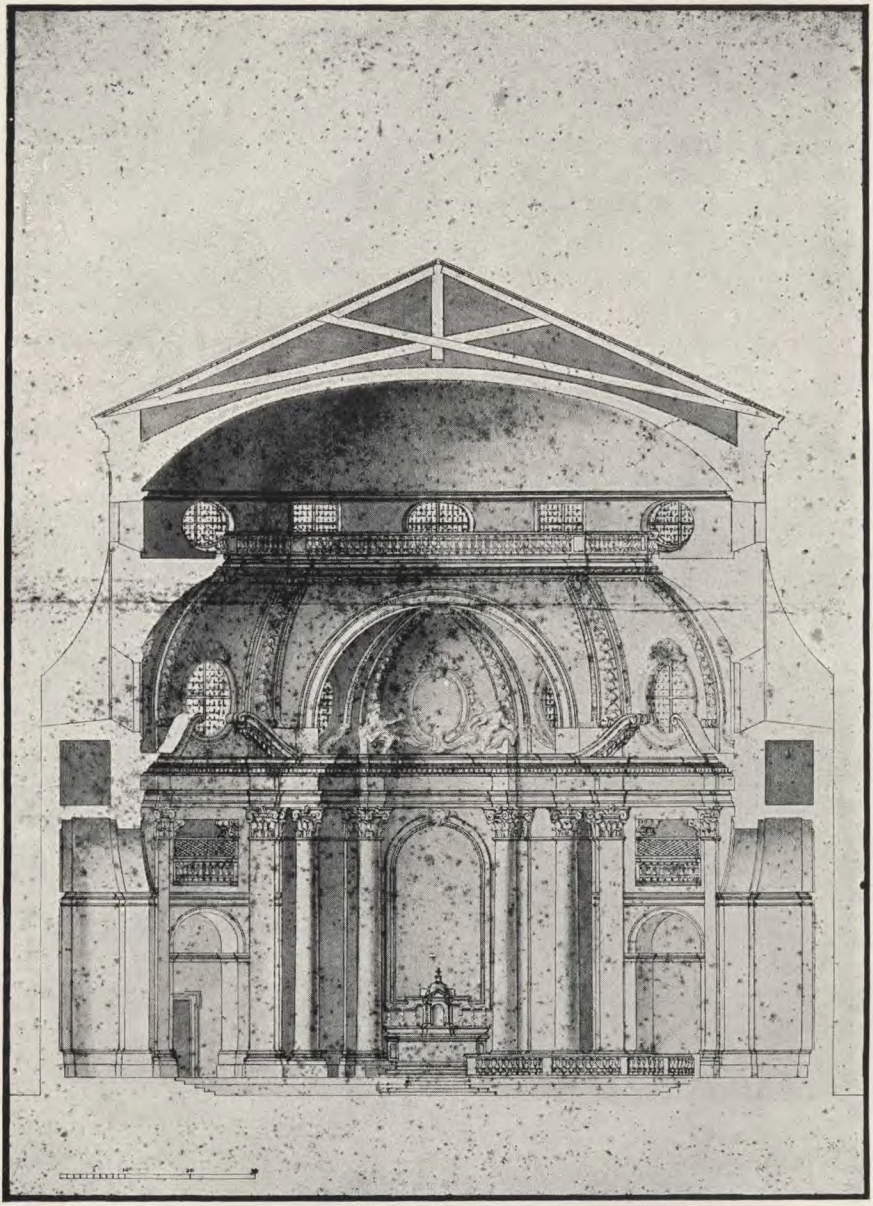
1 On the greater feasts four valiant singers were engaged to render the music, as also an organist to accompany them. So "five-frankers" are a very old established institution!

the rear wall of the Church was a large inscription: "Odoardo Card. Farnesio, Protectori optime merito:" and on either side of it, two smaller inscriptions: "Antistiti Vigilantissimo" and "Magno Ecclesiae Ornamento." On the columns nearest the High Altar were painted lilies, and Latin elegiacs concerning the deceased prelate. On the next two columns were longer poems, couched rather in the metaphysical style, which appears to have been in vogue over the greater part of Europe during the first half of the seventeenth century; one for example, was headed: "Insepulta sepultura," and begins:

> "Sta lege, luge.
> Iacet hic qui nusquam iacet,
> Fama super aethera notus, Odoardus Farnesius,
> Hic, non hic, ubique et nusquam sepultus. &c."

On the next two columns were more lilies and more elegiacs, and on the next again to the left, two poems, one on the fountains then being erected in the Piazza Farnese, the other on the Farnese lilies and the Roman purple, while on the corresponding column to the right was a poem entitled "Tumulus non Farnesii sed dolorum". On the next two columns more lilies and again more elegiacs: while on the last columns to the left, an anagram, to the right a *naenia* or dirge. Round the catafalque hung eight sonnets composed by subjects of the College in eight different languages—Greek, Tuscan, English, Roman, French, Latin, Welsh and Irish. The English one reads:

> "Whether by dolefull note shall I recyte
> How Fate with mighty stroke to earthe hath throwne
> A glorious Cedar? or with fell despite
> A beauteous Lilly from his stemme hath blowne?
> His birth, his prudent hart, his princely grace
> To Peter's throne a Cedar made him be:
> His Virgin thoughtes, which in his breast had place,
> Fram'd him a Lilly deck't with puritie.
> O heavenly league, worthy immortall verse,
> By which in one self subject lyv'd combined
> Greatnesse and puritie! O mournfull herse,
> Where such a heaven-borne plant droops all declyned.
> Come Cedares then, come Lillyes, come with droppinge eyes;
> A Cedar-Lilly heere, a Lilly-Cedar lyes."



POZZO'S DESIGN.

Interior of the Church.

STAB. SANSAINI - ROMA

Cardinal Farnese in his day was a great benefactor of the College and a yearly Requiem for the repose of his soul is still sung. His is one of twelve such, and there are as well some three hundred low Masses to be said for past benefactors. A goodly number are still celebrated for Cardinal Pole, but not so many as two centuries ago, when a daily Mass for him was of obligation at the altar of St. John.[1] A solemn Requiem is celebrated for the last Catholic Bishop of Worcester and others. There is also one for Alan Cope, who was Canon of St. Peter's and friend of Nicholas Harpsfield, the historian, and a benefactor ever to be held in honour amongst us, for he laid the foundation of the College Library by his bequest of books in 1579. James III too still has his Masses, as was to be expected from the intimate friendship which existed between the College and the exiled Stuarts. Did we not have Exposition on the feast of the Annunciation 1708, for the success of the enterprise this same James was contemplating to recover his throne, and again in 1712 for his recovery from smallpox? Winifred de Nythesdale also is remembered, the stout-hearted Yorkshire lady, who rescued her husband from prison, whither his loyalty to the Stuarts had brought him, by exchanging clothes on the occasion of one of her visits to him.

There had been a plan for a new Church prepared by Pozzo, when the College itself was rebuilt in 1680-85. It was an oval one in the baroque style; but fortunately, perhaps, the intention came to nothing.[2] The old Church was repaired and remained in use until the College was closed by the French in 1798. The whole *palazzo* was used first as a barracks for the soldiers, and tradition has it that the Church served as their stable: then as General Quarters for Murat's troops, and later as a place for the local police. During this disastrous period no repairs, of course, were undertaken, and Wiseman in his *Last Four Popes*

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[1] This altar stood in the position now occupied by the tomb of Martha Swinburne.

[2] Our illustration, taken from the original in the Archives, will probably lead our readers to omit Doctor Cartmell's "perhaps." Bad as our present Church may be considered, this would have been a thousand times worse. *Editor.*

describes the ruined state in which he and his fellow students found the Church, when they arrived to restart the College in 1818. "There it stood, nave and aisles, separated by pillars connected by arches all in their places, with the lofty walls above them. The altars had been indeed removed; but we could trace their forms, and the painted walls marked the frames of the altar-pieces, especially that by Durante Alberti, still preserved in the house, representing the Patron-Mystery, and St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Edward the Martyr. This vision of the past lasted but a few years; for the walls were pronounced unsafe and the old Church was demolished." The roof was off and "around lay scattered memorials of the past. One splendid monument, erected to Sir Thomas Dereham at the bottom of the Church, was entirely walled up and roofed over, and so invisible. But shattered and defaced lay the richly effigied tombs of an Archbishop of York, and a Prior of Worcester, and many other English worthies: while sadder wreckage of the recent storm was piled on one side,—the skulls and bones of, perhaps, Cardinal Allen, F. Persons, and others, whose coffins had been dragged up from the vaults below, and converted into munitions of war."

Shortly after Doctor Neve's appointment to the Rectorship in 1863, Monsignor Talbot, pro-Protector of the College, conceived the idea of rebuilding the Church. An appeal was launched early in 1864 over the signatures of Monsignor Talbot and Doctor Neve, while Lady Herbert prepared a history of the College on a single sheet, which was broadcasted throughout England with Cardinal Wiseman's sanction. Cardinal Wiseman generously supported the scheme, as also did Doctor Manning, both then, and later when he succeeded the Cardinal at Westminster. But there were many who did not see the necessity of this new venture in Rome, when English Catholics had so many calls upon their purses for churches and schools at home.[1] In consequence the new Church was slow of building and was not finally completed until 1888. Pius IX himself had laid the foundation stone and gave the fine block of marble, which forms

[1] cf. the letter of Lord Petre, given by Cardinal GASQUET in his *History*, p. 261.

the step into the street. The architect was Count Vespignani and he based the general plan on S. Agnese fuori le mura. The famous Pugin had been asked to prepare a drawing, which was of Gothic design, as goes without saying:[1] when this was rejected, he expressed his feelings after the vehement manner habitual to him. And when he was subsequently shown Vespignani's drawings, he wrote "an indignant protest against the monstrosity," adding: "I believe there is still sufficient good taste in England to make the whole scheme abortive if the salient points of that design were fairly put before the public." What was of more moment, he claimed his commission of L. 200 for what he had done! Without going the whole way with Pugin, it will be sufficient to quote Cardinal Wiseman's very moderate verdict. "The unsightly shell of a thoroughly modern Church was substituted for the old basilica under the direction of Valadier (sic), a good architect, but one who knew nothing of the feelings which should have guided his mind and pencil in such a work."

The firm of Hardman of Birmingham executed the exquisite stained-glass windows of the English Saints. In the tribune copies were painted from a book of engravings[2] in the Library of the lives and deaths of English Saints, notably of the Martyrs under Henry VIII and Elizabeth. The originals, from which the engravings were taken, were painted for the old Church by Pomerancio in 1582, the same artist who produced the startling pictures round S. Stefano Rotondo, and appear, to judge from a note in the College Diary, to have been painted on cloth, and not to have been frescoes, as is usually believed. Durante Alberti's fine altar-piece did not suffer fortunately at the hands of the French: it now hangs above the High Altar, a direct link with the old days, when the College used to sing the *Te Deum* before it, on the receipt of the news of another ex-student's martyrdom in England.

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1 These drawings too are in the Archives, and reveal all Pugin's weaknesses with none too many of his merits. There are also designs for a Roman Church by an unknown architect. It is hoped that we may be able in the future to reproduce both. *Editor.*

2 This book furnished the necessary evidence of *cultus* for the Beatification of the Martyrs under Leo XIII.

The mural and pavement tablets are practically all restorations made by Doctor O'Callaghan.[1] They reveal to us that the old Church was the last resting place of several distinguished Englishmen. There are the three founders of the College: Cardinal Allen, Father Parsons, who used to lie next to the Cardinal in the centre of the nave, and Bishop Owen Lewis, the Welshman who at one time became Vicar General to St. Charles Borromeo. There also is the monument of Roger Baines: a semi-circular one, for it fitted on to a pillar of the Church in its original position. He was Cardinal Allen's secretary and founder of the Baines' scholarship in the College: moreover he gave to the Library the famous plaque of Aristotle. Then there is the tablet of Richard Haydock, brother of the Ven. George Haydock and himself a Confessor for the Faith. Finally, between the sacristy and the entrance stands the fine monument to the Jacobite Sir Thomas Dereham, who, his inscription tells us, never married that his posterity might not be able to desert the true Faith and the true King of England. While near beside it is the mural tablet to Martha Swinburne, the world's greatest infant prodigy, if we are to credit the pathetic eulogy of her father.

The installation of an organ is very recent history, but the antecedents of its predecessor are shrouded in mystery. It was a freak instrument, with two manuals, one half composed of a solid block of wood. Only two stops ran the entire length of the key-board, and the pedals, as is not uncommon in this country, were of a single octave. But for all that it was an English instrument, made in London in 1842, and therefore older than the Church. It would be interesting to know how it came there and when.

Such is, in brief, an incomplete account of the Church of St. Thomas of the English here in Rome. Of it, as of the College, of which it now forms an integral part, we may truly echo Cicero's compliment to Athens: "Ubicumque vestigia ponimus, historiam premimus." Wherever we set our foot, we tread on history.

JOSEPH CARTMELL.

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1 It was possible to copy the lost originals by reason of a document in the Vatican Archives and from transcripts made by the famous Doctor Kirk

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

The cult of the *nil admirari* doctrine is generally condemned, and yet Venerabile students are commonly accused of being its adherents: a rash judgement on the part of our betters, based on the apparently *blasé* air, which we are apt to assume after seeing strange foreign sights or after coming in contact with the treasures and the manners of other European countries than our own Northern land. But when you live in one of them, and your path thither lies through others, you must needs see more than the tourist!

Now the third year of Philosophy at the Gregorian is not the least difficult of the seven in its normal course, but it has this advantage over the others that on its completion, with or without laurel, we are allowed to revisit our homes and that dear country of fog and rain which is never far from our thoughts. Thus should you be brave enough to take a walk with one of these third year Philosophers—and it does need some extra courage, for they progress along the broad road of selfconceit and dont-you-talk-to-me—you may always pass a pleasant hour or two by pandering to his taste and enquiring which way he proposes to take on the journey home.

May be, he made up his mind in the first year: if so, beware! It will be a wild scheme, born in a moment of electric ignorance and doomed to die soon after its second birthday in the sun of deeper knowledge, unless it be withered before by the scorn of the travelled. Perhaps it was some mad plan to out-Belloc Belloc, to walk with one's entire personal wardrobe squeezed into a bulging haversack, for which you will find never a word of encouragement, however you may scrutinize the pages of the *Path to Rome*. The walking tour will start from Florence, say, and passing through Venice, where, he will halt,

not to recuperate but to see the place, poor fatuous optimist, will plunge up the Dolomites and so across the plain of Central Europe (as he thinks) for a negligible expenditure *per diem*. Or perhaps a more original notion sticks in the mud of his juvenile brain and he talks of a passage from Civita Vecchia, to Corsica, Sardinia, Gibraltar—the sea is notoriously cheap!—and the glorious finale of a Marathon from S.W. to N.E. Spain, whence the pilgrimage spirit seizes him, and making a detour through the Pyrenees, he will take Lourdes, Ars, Domrémy and Lisieux in his stride. Now Lisieux is absolutely next door to the Channel. Or there is the Rhine valley and the stricken fields of Flanders.

None will ever know the number of such wild passages, plotted in the silence of the night; rashly revealed to a friend, usually close as an oyster; and so blazoned forth from the house tops until their proud parents are in haste to disown so ridiculed an offspring. And yet these journeys are devised afresh by every succeeding third year, with the aid of maps, a yard square, flattened out on the grass in Pamfili or torn by the wind during a surreptitious consultation down some draughty back street. And there is always the Italian Touring Club!

As it must have become clear by now, it is ever more becoming the fashion to neglect and even to sneer at the conveniences of travel devised by years of innovation and experiment. Nowadays, there are some of us who would travel third class on the Italian railways just to talk with the *contadini*: some who would willingly climb mountains that they may partake of monastic fare upon the summit; some of us who would bear hardships aboard slow-going *tubs* or even serve a short period in one of the continental prisons, just that they may avoid the ordinary route, the monotonous railroad, the cosmopolitan hotel. Such is the state of mind into which we fall over here: but does it not disprove the case, often urged against us, that we are a generation of degenerates? In fact we ought to gain a point in the estimation of our elders, did everyone secure his rights, by supporting them as *laudatores temporis acti*: the ideal manner of going home to your modern Venerabile man is that of a century ago; and if earlier still, all the better.

Luckily we have the diary kept by a student who came out

to Rome in the autumn of 1852, when trains were scarce and travelling still an adventure. A journey such as Father Johnson describes would suit our present travellers to a hair!

" September 5th. Sunday." The entry for this day closes with a reference to the coming journey. " Got all ready for my long trip to the Eternal City. May Heaven bless my wandering steps, and grant me to leave that seat of Christianity a true and zealous priest, that first wish of my childhood and the noblest of more advanced years. Hail Present! Future Welcome! Past Farewell !!!" Perhaps a little more poetically expressed than we should have been likely to write, but nevertheless, I believe, the exact sentiments of every new man on the day before he leaves for Rome.

" September 6th. Monday. Had a long talk with George Shepherd, got money from Daddy and settled my accounts. Fuss with Daddy—I was presented with a good razor from Morgan—A two horsed carriage came for me—I first ordered the coachman to drive to Union Passage to pay the LI-5-0 I owed for the trunk. Took 2nd class to London, 8 minutes after 11. Beautiful scenery at Pangbourn. Fell in conversation with an old Protestant lady in matter of religion; arrived in London at 3.30. Took dinner at Prince Albert's Hotel close to the station. Bought a satin stock 3/6, and two shirts 11/-. Took bus to Baker Street where I went to Madame Tussaud's. Went into the Chamber of Horrors; returned in cab to the hotel, took supper *à fourchette.* Bought a Bradshaw's Continental Guide, though I had bought one in Bath. Took a quart bottle of porter and went to bed. Got up at 12 o'clock. Slept very badly. Balance L 17-1-0. "

Daddy it must be explained, was not his own fond father, but the name by which the then Rector of Prior Park was known among his seminarists. Nor can I let the Protestant lady escape without comment, for she seems to have been ensconced in that corner of the carriage ever since railways began. Today she possesses a contract on every line and an uncanny knack of being established in the very compartment, which the Roman student hastily enters at the last moment. She is of uncertain age, wears spectacles at least for reading, and enjoys extracting them from an old fashioned reticule. She rejoices in a little

promontory of a chin and a suspicious stare, which fastens upon you from the very first. It is useless to evade it. She will travel by the road of feigned confidences to the extraction of your business, and thereafter the grating tone of her voice will be in full battle cry and you might just as well square up to her from the outset. And when you have at last parted in London, or wherever be your destination, you will find that you have left your Continental Guide, probably Cook's, just as Father Johnson left his Bradshaw. So far the diary might have been written in the present year of grace, if only the modern Venerabile man were not so shy of committing himself to paper.

But on Tuesday September 7th, we have a new departure. "Got up at 8.30 and ordered breakfast *à fourchette* in half an hour. Took a drive in meantime in bus, tried to get pistols but in vain—Took cab to railway station for luggage and then to Jones and Lloyds for L 10-0-0—I took ticket to Paris 2nd class L 1-17-0. Got on board at Folkestone, the journey very calm, a little rain however. Went up to some infernal hole to the English Consul for passport, jumped in a carriage and just arrived in time for the train to Paris. It arrived there at 12.30. Took bus to Walter Scott's *Hotel des Etrangers,* took a quart bottle of porter. I had a splendid room, stopped up reading most of the night."

"Tried to get pistols." Now this is the sort of thing we miss these dull days. We are never held up by anything beyond our own neglect to consult the time table accurately! And even the orgy of robberies in the Alpine tunnels has left us in full possession of whatever we have not spent. No, Continental travel then had its possibilities, and Father Johnson was fully alive to them, it seems. We rather wish he had been successful in procuring those pistols: it would have made even better reading of an incident to follow. And is it any consolation to know that passports were a nuisance already in 1852? They have led me up an infernal hole more than once.

"September 8th. Wednesday. Got up at 8.30. Took breakfast *à fourchette,* bill 11 francs. Took cab to *Chemin de Fer de Lyons.* Fare to Chalons 2nd class 29 francs, 15 sous. I also booked to Marseilles 40 francs: bottle of wine and cakes 3 francs. The scenery from Sens to Chalons beggars description.

The fellow calling out at the station for "Georgee" meaning myself. Got in bus: horrid close work travelling all night."

Thus is the diligence casually introduced, the jolly stage coach, over whose abolition none but the inveterate sentimentalist shed a tear. The driver and conductor must have been homely fellows, enquiring with simple curiosity into the affairs of the passengers and on the most intimate terms with them: Father Johnson is so terse, that we cannot tell whether he was more surprised or amused by their indulging in his christian name. And the romantic aper of ancient days might well ponder that description of the night's travel, "Horrid close work." Let him not grumble unduly at a modern second class carriage.

The next day was full of incident. "Arrived at Lyons at about 8 o'clock in the morning where we took breakfast *à fourchette:* it was a very large but a very dirty town. The travelling now became very pleasant as the scenery was so beautiful, vineyards without end; on the way, about 4 o'clock the old bus broke down, being too heavily laden, we crawled on to the next village where the blacksmith touched it up. I bought a bottle of wine, peaches and grapes, the latter very cheap, arrived at 6 o'clock where I had a good *Table d'Hôte* and while the bus was getting again refitted, I got my hair cut—Bought white pocket handkerchiefs, five of them, travelling cap also: set off again at 9, travelling all night. An attempt to rob me but a complete failure."

The picture of the broken down coach takes one back to the days of the Regency and the glories of the London-Brighton Road. But here is no word painting, for despite his opening effusion, Father Johnson seems to have been a matter of fact Englishman to the point of caricature, whose meals and expenses formed no little portion of his diary. But the exasperating laconicism of that last entry! We must needs picture the incident for ourselves: the darkness within the coach, the smell of the lamp swinging from the roof, the close tangle of limbs, the open mouthed snoring from the occupants of the corner seats, and Father Johnson's own cramped condition at the back, where he is coaxed to sleep by the monotonous rumbling of the wheels, only to be jolted into consciousness by the rough road below him, by a vagrant elbow in his side, or by the boot of

a startled sleeper in the front. During such a moment, his gradual waking as he feels a hand at his belt, the cautious glance and almost motionless clenching of his fist—But it may not have been in the least like that, and we do not even know whether he stopped the coach and denounced his robber, or whether he allowed the man to ruminate over his failure without further punishment. It may even have been—prosaic thought—that he was invited to join in a game of cards, and proved too astute for his would-be fleecers. That can happen even today!

"September 10th. Friday. Bought a bottle of wine early in the morning, as also some grapes and peaches. Got to Avignon at 10.30 a. m. Took *café à fourchette* 2/6. Had two portraits taken, the one to frame 13 francs, the other 8. Set off for Marseilles by rail, lost my cap on the way: had to pass through a very long tunnel, about four miles from Marseilles, much longer than the one between Chalons and Paris. Had to pay 15 francs for luggage. Went to *Hotel des Princes*, took supper. The accomodation was very grand and the charges extremely moderate. Took the hotel guide to show us round the town. I bought a pen-knife, cane and took *café* in a splendid place on the left of the square, where the yearly September fair is held. The town was full of life and gaiety. I went to bed at 12.30.

"September 11th. Saturday. Stayed in bed till 10 o'clock, breakfast at *table d'hôte*. Got my ticket for the Packet. Took a stroll all over the town; 10 francs for Passport. Took coffee in the *Café Turc* near the landing place. Went to Taylor's English Tavern, took a quart bottle of porter, there met the ship mechanician of the *Languedoc*, an Englishman: the fare to Civita Vecchia 2nd class, 78 francs. I took neither dinner nor supper nor breakfast on the morrow."

Again we are left to ponder the meaning of this last entry: was it for economy's sake after purchasing that ticket, or simply because something had disagreed with him: hardly unlikely after the strange assortment of meals in which he had endulged? Or was it some theory as to the causes of sea-sickness that bade him go aboard with an empty stomach? If this last be so, it did not work, and we must write down Father Johson's courage less by water than by land.

" September 12th. Sunday. Got up at 8 o'clock. Quite unaware of its being Sunday: I asked my Catholic travelling companion. He replied that all the shops were open and business carried on the same as ever and that it could not be Sunday. We were taken in skiffs or rather barges to the *Languedoc*, a beautiful vessel. There I soon learnt to my astonishment it was Sunday and I had not heard Mass. *Table d'hôte* at 5: very good. Not sick!

" September 13th. Monday. Arrived at Genoa at 9 o'clock, it much resembled Bath (!!!). We had a beautiful view from the gulf; spires were peeping in every direction: unfortunately I could not land to see some of the splendid churches. We had to remain here till 6 o'clock p.m. It was really sickening and sick I was again while at anchor. Here it was I had a specimen of the heavy showers in this part of the globe. Set off again at 7 p.m." Italy at last and a weary day for poor " Georgee." Notice that " sick again." His thoughts turn homewards to Prior Park and Bath, but perhaps if he had been strong enough to visit some of the Genoese churches he might have compared the city to some other town.

" September 14th. Tuesday. Arrived at Leghorn at 5 a.m. Took two or three cups of coffee though not the regular breakfast." So he was improving. " Beautiful linen etc. very cheap here, landing and charge for passports very dear. The boatmen shameless cheats. We remained here till 6 p.m. when we again set sail. The sea was very rough: most of the passengers were sick; I however escaped this time: remained on deck all night" which was wise of him. Today he meets the Italian for the first time and lays bare his worst vice. But experience shows that it is the unsophisticated rather than the regular continental tourist, who has reason to complain of the shameless cheats in Italy. An Italian admires a staunch opponent, even in a bargain.

" September 15th. Wednesday. Arrived at Civita Vecchia at 5 a.m. Here I was swindled most shamefully, I nearly got into a row by pushing some busy young official over, the expense was beyond calculation and my blood boils when I think of the cringing extortion of the wretches. The fare was 13 francs. I had not sufficient money and had to borrow of a gentleman

going to Rome with me. We first went to the *Douanne*: I had my carpet bag searched. I had to leave my trunk for the morrow, got a guide to the College. Fine hall and refectory; good supper, curious beds and washing jug. On entering Rome I saw St. Peter's for the first time as also the ruins of the houses destroyed in the fight between the French and the Italians."

The last day's journey—a climax in finance. We shudder to think what might happen were we to push over any of the young Fascists, who abound at the stations of Italy today. The incalculability of the expenses is quite familiar with customs houses, and can even extend to parcel posts on the continent! But when we read that the new comer was quite penniless, nay in debt, and that he had L. 27 to set out with, we must realise the formidability of these robbers in uniform, armed with their pens and papers. Indeed it is hard to understand where all this money went, for Father Johnson was not extravagant with his day of "neither dinner nor supper nor breakfast" and his frugal feasts off grapes and peaches: though to be sure, he never mentions the price of those numerous bottles of porter.

But how we wish he had let himself go when commenting on the College! The fine hall and refectory are still here, only finer; the former with its immaculate walls and glistening tiles; the latter, brightened under the painter's brush and hung with historic portraits. It is interesting to know that the beds and washing jugs caused the new student some amusement. I suppose the beds lacked the brass knobs or carved oak posts to which he was accustomed: or perhaps he missed the testers above as he lay looking up at the bare ceiling from his pillow. But I cannot imagine what was wrong with the washing jug! There is scarcely room for much humour in their composition, but as washing jugs are of the class of household furniture which rarely survives a generation, I have no hope of being able to solve this last mystery.

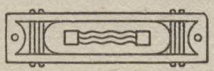
There is little to add now that we have followed Father Johnson safely to his destination. Save this perhaps; that the diary is written without any attempt at literary polish, that it concerns itself with ordinary things as well as with the extraordinary, and that these first are not its least interesting part. Wherefore ye, who make no claim to write the prose of an Alice

THE MAIN CORRIDOR

SANSAINI - ROMA

Meynell or the poetry of a Francis Thompson, for we will keep among the Catholics, let not this debar you from writing a diary, however trivial. And when you are gone, let its last resting place be the College Archives, that future generations may know how you lived, as Father Johnson has all unwittingly shown us how the men of his day travelled.

JOSEPH HALSALL.



A DISCOVERY AND A SOLUTION

(cf. Vol. II p. 202).

When the Lord Bishop of Clifton, in a barbed parenthesis, stigmatised research in Rome as moribund, it must be taken as a token of how he caught us on the hip, that the Editor incontinently betook himself to the Archives, whence eventually he emerged triumphant and covered with dust, having discovered a long document concerning the discussed Giovanni Lorenzi. At first sight it seemed of greater length than of moment, but quite an amount of information has been squeezed out of it: else this article had never been written, and the Bishop's problem would have lacked any solution, even an incorrect one!

On November 17th, 1508, Johannes Laurentius rented a house for 35 years from one Petrus Paulus, acting for his father Johannes Bardella, to whom the house belonged. Lorenzi himself is described as " clericus Dertusensis, decretorum doctor et litterarum apostolicarum, et dicti Archivii Romane Curie Scriptor. " Now *Dertusensis* is Tortosa in the province of Tarragona, and immediately crops up the question, was Giovanni a Spaniard? If so, he was not the first to reside in the Hospice: we have already heard of " Ms Gratia, spagnolo. " But the Bishop of Clifton has identified our Giovanni with the *Scriptor Apostolicus*, who came to grief under Alexander VI. This Giovanni Lorenzi was a Venetian, " nato nel 1440 in Venezia: " so Pastor, on the authority of Nolhac. If this identification be correct—and where there is so much room for surmise, why not?—the Spanish diocese presents no insuperable difficulty. For all the *Scriptores* Apostolici were clerics, though not necessarily in orders, and Lorenzi could quite well hold a non-residential benefice in Spain.

But the house itself offers further scope for the great game of historical guesswork. It is described as containing an open

garden without a cortile, which phrase in its entirety runs through the document like some invocation in a litany. Also we are told that this house backed on to the property, *res et bona*, of the English Hospice. Had it stood towards the present Via Montoro, we might have built up a series of engaging possibilities, such as its destruction during the sack of Rome in 1527. But clearly it did not. And here is the evidence.

It is described as " situate in Regione Arenula. " The Hospice itself belonged to a subdivision of the Rione Arenula, named after the little church of S. Andrea de Nazaret, destroyed in the 16th century to make room for the sacristy of the church of Monserrato. " Era vicinissima a Corte Savella " says Armellini in his *Censimento di Roma sotto Leone X*, and this Corte Savella, no longer standing, faced the Hospice across the Street. Beginning with " una casa de la Compagnia de sta Maria de Monserrà habita Bapta bergamascho hoste, " after seven entries of names Armellini gives other seven under the heading " De lo hospitale de li Anglesi. " It is plain, then, that we are moving along the Monserrato in the direction of the future Palazzo Farnese and have passed the portal still in existence, of the old Hospice. But immediately follows " Corte Savella. " So we have crossed the street, and the succeeding eight entries ought to correspond with the length of the then Hospice: for the next name we read is " Mayo Gervaso todescho in le case de Io. Bardella. " There can be no doubt that it was one of these same houses which Giovanni Lorenzi rented, for our precious document tersely remarks, " ante vero est via publica. " Moreover we have already seen that his dwelling backed upon the property of the Hospice. Therefore it must have been the first house not on the north, but on the south side of the Hospice.

But our document has still something to tell us, and now at long last we are on the scent of the lintel, which provoked all this recrudescence of research in Rome: though in common honesty, we must admit that much of our material hails from Bishop Burton himself, leagues away in Leigh Woods. Here then are the interesting clauses. " Convenerunt etiam prefatus dominus Petrus Paulus et Johannes Laurentius quod liceat eidem domino Johanni Laurentio ostium et portas in muro domus hospitalis Anglicorum, quam ad praesens ipse dominus Johannes

Laurentius inhabitat, prout eidem domino Johanni Laurentio videbitur, facere et rumpere seu fieri aut rumpere facere—Quinymo lapso tempore, prefatus dominus Johannes promisit eidem domino Petro Paulo solempniter (sic) dictas fenestras et portas suis propriis expensis murare seu murari facere. "

First of all, we have here a date for Lorenzi's residence in the Hospice. But after changing his abode, he does not seem to have enjoyed it for long, as he is not mentioned in Armellini's *Censimento*, compiled between 1511 and 1518.

Secondly, why was he so anxious to have direct access to the Hospice, that he was willing to pay for an entrance being broken down and for its walling up at the end of his tenancy? Peter Paul evidently wished no truck with these English! If Lorenzi was actually moving from one dwelling to the other, our ignorance becomes exasperating. But if he intended merely to enlarge his quarters, then everything fits into place, even the windows, *fenestras*, mentioned in the deed, for these must have looked out over the open garden, and since he had rented that too, there was no reason why he should not have a little light from it. Peter Paul on the other hand, once more in possession, would hardly relish the prying of any stray inmate of the Hospice upon his daily constitutional.

But the lintel? Well, it can barely have been anywhere else than over a door, and the most likely door is naturally a new one. It seems unnecessary for instance, to suppose that Giovanni effected any alterations to his front door, leading on to the Monserrato, which was already there and probably in good condition. Lorenzi was a prudent person, " volens rem suam caute agere, " and hardly likely to rent a building in bad repair. His prudence too does not fit in well with the emblazoning of his name over a door which was to revert to its original owners after a time. On the other hand, we know that he was set on constructing an entirely new door into the Hospice, and what so natural as to place above it the name of the man, who was responsible for its existence? None of our readers needs to be told that this is a thoroughly Roman habit. Finally, when that door had to be walled up again according to the agreement, it was almost inevitable that the lintel should be removed to the Hospice, whence Lorenzi had come and to which he had

clung so closely: doubly inevitable, if he had died in the interval, a very possible explanation of his omission from Armellini's *Censimento*. *Nulla difficultas*, as our professors say in more optimistic mood.

We are not sure that all this guessing is perfectly historical: perhaps it may savour of Father Brown rather than of Professor Round. But it does suggest a solution of the problem, set by his Lordship of Clifton, and we shall await any other explanation with the greatest interest.

Meanwhile, we cannot leave our document without giving one extract to illustrate the legal, house-that-jack-built jargon, in which it is written, although to taste its full flavour one needs to read it aloud. " Et deinde prefati domini Johannes Bardella et Petrus Paulus accipientes per manum prefatum dominum Johannem Laurentium, et volentes eidem tradere et assignare corporalem realem et actualem possessionem dicte domus cum eius discoperto orto sine curtilli supradictis, introduxerunt eundem dominum Johannem Laurentium in dictam domum ac per eam et in eius discoperto orto sine curtilli deambularunt, ac claves dicte domus eidem domino Johanni in signum vere realis corporalis et actualis possessionis dederunt. Et prefatus dominus Johannes Laurentius dictam domum eiusque discopertum ortum sine curtilli ad effectum apprehendendi animo et corpore realem corporalem et actualem illius possessionem deambularunt ac claves ad se recepit, " and so on *ad infinitum!*

Continued Vol IV

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

THE ROMAN GALLEYS OF NEMI.

Once more the age-long problem of the Imperial Galleys of Nemi has become a general topic of conversation. It is quite in keeping with the prevailing zeal for all concerned with Imperial times and *la Romanità*, that Mussolini should have appointed a special Commission to enquire into the best method of bringing the ships to land.

They both lie off the North-West shore of the lake, near the fisherman's hut; the one 70 feet from the edge at a depth of three fathoms, and the other 160 feet out at a depth of six fathoms. According to the measurements taken by a Government surveyor in 1896, the first galley is 200 feet long by 65 broad; the second 250 feet by 80. In the first case these measurements do not represent the original size of the ship, because the poop is buried in the mud and part of the prow is missing. The galleys are attributed to the Emperors Tiberius and Caligula owing to waterpipes, bearing their stamps, having been found on them. But Suetonius[1] speaks of Caligula's building more than one ship: so it may be that he only repaired one of the ships, or in his haste used waterpipes bearing the stamp of his predecessor. The same author tells us that the galleys were made of cypress wood, and contained baths, *triclinia* and porticoes: the decks were paved with mosaic and the sails brilliantly coloured, the whole being furnished with the utmost

[1] SUET. *De XII Caes.* Lib. 4, cap. 27.

luxury to suit the taste of the mad Emperor. From their measurements it will be seen that they were huge barges, broad in proportion to their length, of very shallow draught and capable of floating only on the still waters of the Lake.

Of the subsequent history of these galleys nothing seems to be known. We are in complete darkness as to how long they were used and when they sank; but it seems reasonable to infer that they foundered suddenly and before the end of the Empire, for they were not plundered. But although history remains silent on these points, there appears to have been a constant tradition about the existence of the ships among the inhabitants of the neighbourhood and of a treasure hidden on board. In fact, in the sixteenth century one of the galleys could still be seen through the clear waters of the Lake.

The ship nearer the shore has suffered much from ill-advised efforts to raise it. In 1447, Leon Battista Alberti tried to refloat it by means of rafts, but the hulk was too massive and he only succeeded in raising a portion of the prow. Nearly a hundred years later, in 1535, Francesco De Marchi, the famous military engineer, descended in a diving apparatus and measured the ship: he also brought up bronze nails, tiles, pieces of mosaic and specimens of the woodwork—larch, pine and cypress. He says in his work on the subject, that the woodwork is protected within and without by a casing of metal, and that between the metal and the wood there is a layer of cloth saturated with perfume.

After these attempts the ships lay undisturbed in the tranquil *Speculum Dianae* for nearly three hundred years, until in 1827 a certain Signor Annesio Fusconi undertook diving operations in order to search for antiquities on the bed of the Lake. He found several objects of *virtu* and seems to have begun to break up the first galley, but fortunately lack of funds compelled him to desist. Nibby thought that the objects so recovered—marbles, mosaics and the like—could not belong to a ship, but must be parts of a villa, built on the shore of the Lake. To support this view he cited Suetonius,[1] who narrates that Julius Caesar, after erecting a villa beside the waters of

[1] Suet. *De XII Caes.* Lib. 1, cap. 46.

Nemi, destroyed it because it did not please him. All his contemporaries accepted Nibby's opinion, and the galleys of Nemi were accounted among the myths, notwithstanding the fragments of woodwork in the Kircherian Museum.

It was not until 1892 that Constantino Maes championed the cause of their existence in a series of articles upon the subject. He succeeded so far in arousing interest that three years later the Government undertook investigations, which led to the rediscovery of the ships. In 1896 diving operations were carried out by Signor Borghi, and objects of very fine workmanship were brought up—notably bronze mooring rings, which terminated the transverse beams of the galley. These were in the form of lions' and wolves' heads, holding the rings between their teeth, and are now in the *Museo Nazionale delle Terme*. It is also said that yet more valuable objects were recovered and quietly made away with, in particular a bronze statue of the Sun-god four feet high. However this may be, in order to preserve the galleys from such piecemeal destruction, the Government took the matter into its own hands and appointed a naval engineer, Signor Malfatti, to make a complete investigation. A detailed report was published and projects were entertained for salvage operations.[1] However, probably on account of the expense involved, nothing was done: interest gradually flagged and the affair seemed to be forgotten.

Now the question has cropped up again. At present the ships are in a fairly advanced state of decay: the one nearer the shore has suffered much from these periodic spoliations and attempts to raise it, while a great part of the superstructure of the second has fallen in. Part of it still stands intact and clear of the mud, and the interior is free but it has not been penetrated by divers. The action of the water on the woodwork had varied: in most parts it has actually hardened it, but in that portion covered by the strata of soft mud, forming the bed of the Lake, there has been considerable decomposition, due

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1 MALFATTI. *Nuove Ricerche nel Lago di Nemi.*
EMILIO GIURIA. *Roman Galleys of Nemi.*
Progetto Tecnico.
SABATINI. *Le due Navi Romane nel Lago di Nemi.*

perhaps more to the action of animals than of the water itself. In the present state of affairs, it seems that any attempt at refloating the galleys would end in disaster, and the experts are all in favour of lowering the water of the Lake by repairing one of the *emissaria* and pumping the water through it. (There are two known *emissaria* to Lake Nemi: one under Genzano to the Valle d'Ariccia, the other further to the South, opening into the plain beneath Civita Lavinia.) There are two objections to this plan: that the uncovering of the bottom of the Lake is likely to lead to a spread of malaria, and that the familiar landscape of Nemi will be changed by the lowering of the waters. With regard to the question of disease, it should be noticed that both Nemi and Genzano are situated at a considerable height above the Lake, and as to the other point, it seems worth while to effect a temporary change, to recover what are quite unique monuments of antiquity, being the only known examples of Roman shipbuilding extant. The lowering of the waters will also make it possible to recover the debris of the ships, which must lie buried in the mud at the bottom of the Lake. Other and far wilder plans have been proposed, such as the freezing of the water around the galleys, so that they may be hacked out whole and entire. But since the Commission have not yet made any definite decision as to the best method of salving these two ships, it may be premature to speculate on possibilities.

PALAZZOLA.

Everyone familiar with the garden at Palazzola will have noticed that the chiselled rock escarpment, after running along half the length of the garden, suddenly gives place to a rough stone wall. The reason of this is not that the rock suddenly breaks off at this point, but that here it was cut further back by those who originally chiselled it out. The purpose of this extra labour was discovered when the workmen began to cut a way for the new staircase, connecting the garden with the Sforza. Instead of the solid *tufa* rock, they encountered the remains of a Roman cistern filled with rubble. Two walls and the floor of the cistern survive at this point. The cistern is

built flush against the rock, which was obviously removed for the purpose. The walls are constructed of concrete made of small pieces of basalt lava and very hard cement: so hard indeed, that when the workmen had to cut their way through, they found it harder than the rock. The interior was lined with a mixture of fine cement and fragments of tiles. The outside wall of the cistern has broken away and almost entirely disappeared, but there is one piece of it left, forming a line flush with the rock, half way along the garden. This must have been the corner of the cistern diagonally opposite to the one first discovered, and thus it has been possible to work out the dimensions as length twenty one yards, breadth slightly over three yards and depth nearly four yards.

In connection with this cistern, it is interesting to recall the discovery of three Roman wells higher up on the Sforza last year. Two of them had wellheads constructed in *opus reticulatum*; the other was cut through the hard rock and so did not need this reinforcement. All the cuts are of the same size, six feet by two, with footholds chiselled all the way down. One of them is thirty yards deep.

It would seem that these wells represent a more primitive water supply and that the cistern was constructed in later times to ensure a regular supply of running water. At all events, it is safe to assume that the same people, who built the cistern, cut away the rock, if there be any remaining doubt that it was the work of the Romans.

ASSISI.

It is gratifying to know that, in celebrating the Centenary of the death of St. Francis, the people of Assisi do not intend to introduce any modern building into their medieval town. All their afforts are being directed towards restoration and not towards any attempted improvement. Hitherto Assisi has managed to preserve the atmosphere of its greatest days, and this is as it should be, for the Assisi, which the pilgrim wants to see, is the Assisi of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the Assisi of St. Francis.

One of the most important works in hand is being carried

out at the tomb of St. Francis himself. When the body was rediscovered in 1818, after being hidden for nearly four centuries, a crypt in the prevailing neo-classic style was constructed. Anything so little suited to the purpose could hardly be imagined, and the present Committee have accepted the project of a Florentine architect, Ugo Tacchi, for a new crypt in keeping with the basilica overhead. At the same time, the crypt itself is to be enlarged so that a better view may be obtained of the tomb than is possible today.

The little church of St. Nicholas also, where St. Francis received his rule of life, has been stripped of modern encumbrances in the shape of a red brick garage, and the tenth century crypt has been brought to light again. Here the Madonna del Popolo, once held in such great veneration at Assisi is to be set up once more. All the citizens are being encouraged to remove from their houses the coating of *stucco* and to expose again the rough brown stone of the Umbrian hills, so expressive of the Franciscan ideal of Poverty. [1]

S. GIORGIO IN VELABRO.

April 23rd saw the reopening of the old church in the Forum Boarium, which had been closed for restorations for more than two years. When Cardinal Sincero was appointed to this title, he found it in so precarious a state, that unless the church was to be allowed to fall into ruin altogether, it was necessary that something should be done at once.

S. Giorgio was built in the Byzantine period on low marshy land near the Marrana, the little stream which drains the south side of the City, and was consequently always very damp. To remedy this, the floor had been raised nearly a yard, which hid the bases of the pillars. Renaissance artists had also left their mark in *stucco* ornament, but fortunately the chief architectural feature of the church, the two rows of columns dividing the nave from the aisles, was spared. Professor Antonio Muñoz, who has already restored Sta. Sabina and the small oblong

[1] *The Times*. Friday, July 31st, 1926.

temple near Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, was commissioned by the Cardinal to carry out the necessary work. He has contrived to lower the floor to its original level, while keeping the church dry by means of a damp course. The heterogeneous scraps of marble inscriptions, that formed the pavement, have been carefully collected and replaced by a neat tile flooring. Some fragments of the old pierced marble windows have been found, and all the old windows have been reopened and restored after this pattern. A few pieces of the *Schola Cantorum* have also been retrieved, but apparently not enough to make a restoration possible. The apse has also been cleared of obstructions and lined with slabs of *cipollino*.

In a word, the building has reverted in its general lines to its medieval appearance, but on entering it just after the reopening, there was the same sense of barrenness, which one experiences at Sta. Sabina: only in this little church of lobsided plan and oddly assorted pillars there was not the same severe beauty of outline to compensate. At present there is only one altar and scarcely any other piece of church furniture. This is no doubt inevitable at first, but S. Giorgio, like so many other restored churches, seems to call for the series of brilliant frescoes, so characteristic of its palmy days.

THE CATACOMB OF PAMPHYLUS.

The years since the War have been a period of feverish building expansion, in Rome perhaps even more than elsewhere, and many regions lying outside the City walls have been completely built in. This has had a sharp reaction upon archaeological studies, because the area thus newly invaded is precisely the region, where the catacombs lie. Consequently a great strain has been laid upon the energies and slender resources of the Archaeological Commission. This has been felt most in that part of the City lying between the Via Flaminia and the Via Salaria, which is known to be particularly rich in early Christian remains, and where the building expansion has been extraordinarily rapid. In spite of great difficulties, the Commission has nevertheless contrived to rescue several cemeteries from the vandalism of building contractors, and to mark this

new manifestation of activity has replaced the *Nuovo Bollettino di Archeologia Sacra* by the *Rivista di Archeologia Cristiana*, which is a decided improvement on the previous publication. In the first number Dottor Enrico Josi gives a very detailed account of the discovery and the chief features of the Catacomb of Pamphylus.

When the ground round the Via Salaria Vetus began to be parcelled out among contractors, the Commission appointed Dottore Josi to keep all digging operations under close observation, in order to preserve any antiquities that might come to light. His vigilance was soon rewarded, for in February 1920, while the foundations of a house were being sunk in the Via Giovanni Paisiello, the workmen came across galleries of a catacomb at a depth of 25 feet. Henceforth one of the Commission's workmen was constantly on the spot to report further developments. In March, more galleries, the second floor of the catacomb, were discovered at a depth of 45 feet. The employees of the contracting firm had assured the Commission that there was nothing beyond sewers and *pozzolana* pits, but they had done considerable damage wherever they could, trying to destroy anything that might betray the nature of the ancient workings, fearing no doubt that their building operations would be interfered with. However, the buildings already begun did not penetrate far into the catacomb, and to prevent any further acts of vandalsim, Benedict XV acquired the remainder of the site, and the Commission was able to proceed with the clearing of the catacomb, having at last been given a free hand.

The catacomb of Pamphylus, thus discovered, has long been sought for by archaeologists, for it is mentioned in all the Itineraries of the seventh century.[1] Bosio and other contemporary archaeologists actually penetrated into it in 1594, and they have left their signatures to prove this: but through a misreading of the Malmesbury Itinerary, they thought it was the Cemetery ad Clivum Cucumeris, which is actually situated about a mile to the north on the other side of the Cemetery of Her-

[1] Namely those of Salzburg, William of Malmesbury, Einsiedeln, and in the *De Locis sanctis Martyrum qui sunt foris Romae.*

mes. De Rossi on the other hand maintained that the catacomb discovered by Bosio was that of Pamphylus, and his surmise has recently met with ample justification. De Rossi himself, in 1865, penetrated into a pagan *hypogeum* 350 yards to the north of Pamphylus and also found a Christian *cubiculum* there: he took this for a part of the catacomb of Pamphylus, and it is not unlikely that a connection between the two may eventually be established.

The certain identification of the line of the Via Salaria Vetus has greatly simplified the location of the catacombs in this district. Although this road is frequently mentioned in the Itineraries, there was some uncertainty as to its precise whereabouts. Recently the general opinion has been that it was a name given in later times, only after the sixth century, to the Via Pinciana of classical days. De Rossi, however, maintained that the Via Salaria Vetus was a classical name, and here again he has proved right. In 1872, when the foundations of the Ministry of Finance were being dug, the remains of the Porta Collina were discovered where the north-east corner of the building now stands. Corresponding to the Porta Collina in the Servian Wall is the Porta Salaria in the Aurelian, but recent discoveries have shown that the modern Via Salaria was not the only road that left the Porta Collina. Between the years 1886 and 1920, during the construction of the new houses along the Via Po and the laying down of the Corso d'Italia, the remains of an ancient road, about four and a half yards wide and constructed of the usual polygonal blocks of basalt, were unearthed. Beneath this again there is a still older road of compressed gravel. Both these roads followed the same line: starting at the Porta Collina, they cut through the Aurelian Wall somewhat to the left of the Porta Salaria and continued in a more or less straight line to the Largo Tartini, and thence followed the direction of the Via Giovanni Paisiello, passing the catacombs of Hermes and Pamphylus, newly discovered. Just outside the Aurelian Wall the road traverses a pagan necropolis, half an acre in extent; this cemetery can be said to belong to the time of the late Republic and early Empire. There was no gateway provided for this road in the Wall built by Aurelian, perhaps because he did not wish to have two gates so near together.

But a new gateway, the Pinciana, was constructed further along and the Via Pinciana, issuing from it, joined the line of the old road at the Largo Tartini, which place was known during the Middle Ages as the Bivio del Leoncino. William of Malmesbury says that the Via Pinciana loses its name when it joins the Salaria. It seems therefore that this old road cannot be other than the Via Salaria Vetus. When to this is added that the newly discovered catacomb lies between those already identified of Hermes and Felicitas, its position tallies exactly with the description of the catacomb of Pamphylus given in the Itineraries, and there is no doubt as to its identification. One other fact confirms this. All the authors of the Itineraries were struck by the number of steps leading down to this cemetery, namely about seventy: and one of the first features encountered by the excavators was a long flight of seventy odd steps descending in an unbroken line from the surface to the second floor.

The cemetery thus discovered and identified is situated at the angle formed by the Via Giovanni Paisiello and the Via Gaspare Spontini. It consists of two levels, one 25 feet below the surface and the other 20 feet below that again. There are also a few intermediate galleries. Three names are mentioned in the Itineraries as venerated in this catacomb: Pamphylus, Candidus and Quirinus. These names are all mentioned in the Martyrology of St. Jerome, Pamphylus several times, and usually in Africa; but no incident of their lives is recorded. Nor has excavation thrown any light on the subject so far. Among all the inscriptions found, there is not one which so much as mentions the name of any of the martyrs, who were venerated here in times past.

Neither of the two floors has yet been completely excavated, but more attention has been given to the second which is the older of the two, and in his description Dottore Josi confines himself entirely to this part of the catacomb. Nearly all the galleries were filled with earth when the place was first discovered, and it appears that this was partly due to the Christians themselves, who filled in the lower galleries with the earth excavated from the upper ones. Some of the main passages, however, were kept clear and at a later date were reinforced

with a lining of brickwork, which in some cases blocked the entrance to the side passages. Thus it would appear that, after the cemetery had ceased to be used for burial, and the greater part of it was no longer of interest, there were still one or two places venerated by pilgrims which were kept repaired and easy of access.

Although the encumbered state of the galleries added to the difficulties of the excavators, it had the advantage of preserving the graves from desecration in ancient times as well as now, so that the greater number of the *loculi* are intact. The method of closing the *loculi* is peculiar to this catacomb, and only found occasionally elsewhere. Instead of sealing up the grave with a slab of marble, tiles were used, and over the tiles a layer of *stucco* about an inch thick was spread: on the *stucco* an inscription was painted in red, the letters often being traced out before with a stylus. In the cemetery of Priscilla tiles are sometimes used but the *stucco* is absent and the names are rudely scrawled on the tiles themselves. In the general formation of the galleries also, this catacomb bears a striking resemblance to the lower level of Priscilla, there being one main gallery with others branching off at regular intervals. The graves too are cut with the utmost precision and in some places the perpendicular and horizontal guiding lines, used in cutting them, are still visible.

These similarities are important in fixing the date of the catacomb. The second floor of Priscilla is attributed to the first half of the third century, and it is reasonable to claim the same antiquity for Pamphylus, the style of the inscriptions pointing to the same period. Such classical forms as the following are not found later: *Seia Saturnina, Clodius Priscianus* and *Fl. Prima Aureli Semni Amevania.* The very unusual name of *Geta* also appears, and it may be supposed that this person was named after the unfortunate son of Septimus Severus, who was slain by his brother Caracalla in the year 211 A.D.

As has been said, no indication has been found of the martyr who gave his name to the catacomb. There is, however, one *cubiculum* which shows distinct signs of having been a place of veneration and pilgrimage. It is a double chamber, and in the second part of it there is an altar of masonry, placed against

the *arcosolium.* This altar is of especial interest being the only one found intact in the catacombs, though the base of one was discovered in the crypt of Hippolytus in the cemetery of Praetextatus. The top of it is only twenty inches broad and twenty six deep, but no doubt this was enough in the days when the altar only served for the consecrated species, as does the corporal today. It is constructed of masonry and was at one time covered with slabs of porphyry and *pavonazzetto,* of which there are still a few pieces adhering. It would seem to belong to the same period as a similar altar found in Sta. Maria in Via Lata, which is attributed to the seventh century, or to the one in Sta. Maria Antiqua, attributed to Paul I. The chapel has been twice plastered, the second coating covering up several of the graves. Near the altar there are several names scratched in the plaster, presumably by priests who came here to celebrate at the shrine of the martyr: some of them are Romans and some Lombards. Many of these names may be found scratched in other catacombs, notably in the crypt of St. Cecilia in the Catacomb of Callixtus, and they belong to the period between the seventh and ninth centuries, when the most important parts of the catacombs were still open to the veneration of the faithful.

One other feature is worthy of mention: a small niche that contained a picture of the Madonna and Child. It is situated in the part of the catacomb first discovered by the workmen, and when Dottore Josi got to it, it had been mutilated out of all recognition, only a few letters of the inscription remaining. Still he was able to obtain particulars from one who had seen it before it was destroyed. The picture was some twenty four inches by eighteen, and there was an accompanying inscription *Sca. Dei Genetrix, intercede* (?) *pro nobis.* In form it was quite similar to the bust of our Lord in the crypt of St. Cecilia and to the picture of our Lady in the catacomb of St. Valentine, and may be attributed to the seventh century.

G. S. F.

THE VENERABILE AS A PRISON

I.

All things to all men, but the Venerabile in its time has been almost too versatile and has played even the prison to some. We are not speaking subjectively of those who, by reason of their own clodishness, if such there have ever been, have groaned under their seven years in Rome as so much hard labour, and would have seized any opportunity, however shameful, to return to England. *Cum aequalibus, quibuscum tamquam e carceribus emissus sis!* No, we speak objectively, of lock and key, of bread and water. Can there be anywhere in the world a house with so much history as ours? And history is mainly composed of quarrels. The historian may be an indiscreet personage, but it is his own fault if he make dull reading.

Twice at least the Venerabile has played the Tower in controversies of far more than domestic consequence, and the first occasion was when the Archpriest troubles were at their height, when Elizabeth was playing the Supreme Governor in England and Parsons the *Rector Magnificus* in Rome: a dramatic enough setting for any story.

Some time in August 1598, William Bishop and Robert Charnock left England to lay the appeal of the Secular Clergy before the Pope. Their general commission was to press for the appointment of a bishop, in place of the Archpriest Blackwell, reputed to be unduly under the influence of the Jesuits. But two points in their programme are of particular interest, as they were to ask that the government of the College be taken out of the hands of the Jesuits and that for the future no book,

hostile to the Queen or the Government, be published without the consent and approbation of the ecclesiastical superiors. As Parsons was the most prolific author of works on political controversy and as the appointment of an Archpriest was considered to be his own particular handiwork, there was not an item in their instructions which was not aimed directly against him: so that even before they put in any appearance, he had plenty of reasons for wishing the two appellants no success. However, they arrived in Rome on the 11th. of December, and with unconscious humour sought the hospitality of the College and therefore of its Rector.

The great Jesuit had not been idle, and Bellarmine in a letter to him informed him that the Pope had already determined, should the agents come to Ferrara, where he then was, to clap them into prison. However, they turned up in the Monserrato instead, and from this point the rest of the story can be told in the words of the actors themselves.

The reception, accorded to Bishop and Charnock, is described as courteous by "Mister Docter Haddock," [1] but evidently the word had its own peculiar meaning for him: "upon condition they should not seek to disturb the same (the College), being now in so good order and quiet, and so free from all thoughts of such as these men bent their busy brains about, as that none of them would vouchsafe to speak with them, save one or two excepted, which by appointment of their superiors and with one in their company, were licensed to talk with them for some acquaintance with them in England: and this mortification hath been no little unto these men, who seek to disquiet both college and country, and to contemn all order, which to their great grief they see so flourish at this present in our college [2]—So that

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[1] Doctor Richard Haydock, an old student of the College and one of the prime movers in the disturbances which led to the ending of Clenock's Rectorship. Throughout his life he was a great friend of Parsons: indeed he is described to Cecil by his spies as "Parson's coachman, for that he keepeth his coach and horses, and are at his sole command, but sayeth or may say, *Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.*"

[2] Charnock had a very different tale to tell of the order kept in the College under Parson's sway, but considering the circumstances of his two

day, we gave them their welcome in such sort as I suppose their former braggs, which we understood they have used in such places as they have been in by the way, are prettily abated: for we so sifted their intentions and answered their frivolous reasons, and besides bestowed such documents upon them, as that they remained melancholy all that night, as we learned by those, who have care of the pilgrims."

Under such conditions the appellants received of the College hospitality, and their stay seems to have been one series of interviews with their hosts and opponents, a wordy warfare leaving something in the nature of courtesy to be desired. As Haydock himself admits, "They will not think well applied the sentence of the prophetical Apostles, *oportet haereses esse.*" Indeed, whatever one may think of its justice, courteous hardly seems the correct adjective.

But though a wordy warfare, it was not a long one, and Haydock continues in the same letter: "They promised they would not deal without our rector, and by our protector; but men of their school regard little what either they promise or what shameless means they use to maintain so impudent a cause, as they and their complices have to hand; for besides their manifest lies and false rumours, which they know they have spread and sown by the way in divers places, they have attempted with their lewd informations to abuse one of the scholars, a substantial priest, who had care of them and served them: who being discreet and of no small judgement to discern whereat they shot, informed his superiors: whereupon they were discharged the college, where they had been with all charity and courtesy entertained 5 or 6 days."

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residences in the Venerabile, it is difficult to understand what opportunities he had for first hand observation. "De pace autem ibidem per p. Parsonum constituta, qualis sit habenda aliorum sit iudicium, prudentioribus sane bestiarum catabulum videtur magis quam ingenuorum collegium. Pax enim, quae ibidem prudenter facta dicitur, non alia ratione preservatur quam diligentissima custodum observatione, ne qui in uno cubiculo cum aliis, qui sunt in alio, conversentur, eo fortassis consilio ut custodes suadere et persuadere possint quidlibet et quos velint ad partes suas attrahere, aut quietoris ingenii homines pro libitu suo disturbare atque misere distrahere etc."

The two priests sought the aid of Cardinal Borghese, "whom they thought, as I suppose by Edward Bennet's secret instructions, to have found favourable. But both they and their secret instructor must learn that the world is changed. I was with Cardinal Borghese, for that I belong to him, and informed him of the cause—so that I hope they will repent their journey and wish themselves sick in their beds in England."

In truth, succeeding events might well have made them entertain some such wish, for they found it impossible to get access to the Pope, and instead a warrant was issued for their arrest. Parsons was credited by his opponents with both exploits, but his only achievement for which we have positive proof, was all on the side of clemency.

For the College was not at first intended as their place of captivity. Cardinal Cajetan, the Protector of the English, himself wrote to the Archpriest Blackwell: "Postea tamen sua sanctitas id censuit non esse (ab initio saltem) audiendos sed custodiae potius tradendos, quosque rerum suarum rationes reddidissent, cui examini officialem quendam suum praefecit. Ego vero id obtinui ut non publicis carceribus sed cubiculis potius collegii anglicani committerentur, ubi amice et benevole tractari, minori animi molestia tractent."

That the College was chosen at Parson's own suggestion is shown by two letters, the first from Martin Array, fellow proctor with Haydock in the Archpriest's cause: "My last related to you how his holiness had given order to have them restrained and shut up, and how our good friend now Rector, procured with the Cardinal Protector, that it might be rather in the College than other where; and so it hath been. And they are and have been very courteously treated as I learn for certain." The second letter was written by Bishop himself. "And so we were not long after our coming to Rome apprehended, and had gone to prison had not Father Parsons, to save our credits, spoken for us and taken us into the college, where we have now been almost eight weeks shut up in our chambers."

Of their actual confinement there are, it would seem, no accounts. But evidently it was far from nominal, or Cardinal Cajetan had never written to Parsons, "Et si quando et R.Vae expedire videbitur ut extra eorum cubicula per ambulacrum

aliquod collegii ad tempus illis praescriptum separatim se recreent, eius rei facimus licentiam."

The second point in the Pope's instructions had now to be carried out, and the Cardinals Cajetan and Borghese held an enquiry at the English College, together with Monsignor Acarionio, "fiscal of his holiness' congregation of reformation." Upon Wednesday, February 17th. 1599, "after they had read and viewed such letters, memorials and papers as the Ambassadors had brought with them, they came jointly together to the college upon the foresaid day and with them the fiscal, and there, having a convenient seat and tribunal provided in form of judgement, they heard the whole cause." [1]

It was not until April that sentence was delivered, so that Bishop and Charnock must have been close upon four months prisoners in the house. They were to leave Rome without an audience of the Pope, but might not return to England directly. Bishop was despatched to Paris, Charnock to Lorraine, and all intercourse between them was so strictly forbidden that they could not even travel together. Parsons was left alone on the field of victory, whence Bishop had already written in the most chastened mood two months before: "I think we shall obtain the sacrament of confirmation and the consecration of oils, and if any further favour happen unto any of our part, it must be through the favour of Father Parsons, and by our lord protector's benevolence."

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[1] Dodd-Tierney describes this trial as follows. "Their papers were seized; they were debarred from all communications with each other; they were secluded from the counsel and intelligence of their friends; and they were subjected to a series of insulting and harassing examinations, conducted by Parsons and registered by Father Tichbourne, another member of the Society. On the seventeenth of February, 1599, the two Cardinals Cajetan and Borghese arrived at the College: but the prisoners, instead of being allowed to discharge their commission, were, in reality, placed upon their defence; and a process, bearing all the characteristics of a trial, immediately commenced. The previous dispositions were read; new charges of ambition, and of a design to procure mitres for themselves, were urged against the deputies: the procurators of the archpriest were heard in aggravation; and the accused, having been permitted to reply, were remanded to their confinement, there to await the decision of the Court."

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But in the eighteenth century the boot was on the other foot. Again the Venerabile was chosen as a gaol, but this time the gaolers were Corsican soldiers and the prisoners the General of the Jesuits and his Secretary.

> But the grim old fortalice takes little heed of aught
> That comes not in the measure of its duty.

By the brief *Dominus ac Redemptor* the reigning Pontiff, Clement XIV, suppressed the Society on August 16th, 1773.[1] The news was broken that same night to Father Lorenzo Ricci, and it is clear that from the very first his friends had fears for the General's liberty, if not for his personal safety, as the Minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at once made the offer of his protection. But this Father Ricci refused, whether because he did not share the suspicions of others or because he felt the situation required that he should remain at his post. Probably both motives played their part in his decision, but the next move in the drama reveals his character as one of such general benevolence that he could not be brought to believe sufficiently ill of his opponents.

On the night of the 17th, Cardinal Corsini's carriage drew up at the Gesù and his Eminence's *auditore* warmly pressed Father Ricci to return in it to the English College, which was near the Cardinal's palace and so more easily within the scope of his protection. The persecuted General detected no trap in this proposal: rather it appealed to him with all the glamour of a solitary gesture of friendship in those dark days. So he accepted gladly enough; and arrived at the College after supper, to find the whole house in confusion, owing to the transfer of authority from the Jesuits to Italian Seculars.

As a result of this same confusion, for some days he was allowed full liberty within the College walls, but it was not

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[1] On the authority of the Spanish Ambassador we have it that the brief was signed on or before the 17th of June. The Pope however postponed its promulgation, and to prevent any further delay, the interested parties had the brief printed with the date August 16th. Hence the various dates given in different accounts.

long before he found his imprisonment become material as well as formal. The unfortunate man [1] "was placed in a room over the Library, in which he was almost continually locked, he being served by a lay-brother (I believe) out of our kitchen, though the *Camera Pontificia* paid afterwards all his expenses." This extract from Kirk's diary fits in well with Boero's account: "fu ristretto in un piccolo corridore del collegio nella parte più alta di esso, che conteneva tre camere, due per uso suo ed una per il compagno, che gli era stato dato per servirlo."

Where was this corridor? Although the building of those days was the present one, erected by the Dominican Cardinal Howard, it is impossible to answer with any certainty. Tradition, usually a well-informed jade, points out the corner room, overlooking the Monserrato and nearest to the Church. But there is no evidence, or tradition for that matter, of the Library's ever having been underneath, nor does this tally with the description of a small corridor containing three rooms. The present Library has undergone various vicissitudes in its time, the first room for instance having once been degraded to the level of a billiard saloon after serving for Cardinalitial receptions. But it seems clear from his diary, that in Kirk's time the third room, where the second Cardinal Howard's portrait now hangs, was already used as a Library: so that in default of other evidence we may presume the General's prison to have been above this. Nor do we lack some slight confirmation of the theory. At that date this was the top storey in that part of the house—"nella parte più alta di esso." And a more significant fact: "There were always soldiers with their muskets at the garden door." The explanation of this would seem to be that the small staircase, by the present Nuns' Chapel, which leads up to the Corridor in question, also gives on to the garden.

Owing to our ignorance of the current topography of the buiding, with the exception of the ground floor, it is impossible to follow the details with which Kirk continues. "The higher schools being then in the Divines' Gallery, it was pretended

[1] The original of this diary, kept by Kirk while a student in the College from July 5th, 1773 to the middle of 1779, is at Oscott, but there is also a copy in the College Archives from which our extracts are taken.

(whether true or not I can't say) that they had communication with the General, (who was almost every day examined by a Judge and his scrivener) and so for this reason they were dislodged, and sent into the Philosophers' Gallery where I and Fuller were, with Broomhead our prefect. Not long after they were sent hence also; the assistant General of Germany and the General's Secretary coming also to the College, one of whom was sent up into the lower school's Gallery, and the other into the Philosophers'." One thing however appears from these details—how close a prisoner Father Ricci was kept as a result of his over-trustfulness. The House must have been swarming with soldiers. We have already seen that they were posted at the Garden door, and Kirk adds "that the Divine's Gallery was full of soldiers." Surely too they must have guarded the main entrance into the street, and so given the whole place the air of being in a state of siege.

Kirk mentions the Judge and his scrivener. These were Sig. Andreetti, *criminalista di Monte Citorio* and his notary Mariani, and their examination was the real cause of the transitional imprisonment in the Venerabile. Prior to the Suppression, it had been determined to incarcerate the General and other Superiors of the Company in cells already secretly prepared in the Castel S. Angelo. The arrest was fixed for the actual night of the Suppression, but other counsels prevailed and it was considered wiser to defer this and to institute some legal process, which would enable reports to be spread of some offence on the part of the prisoners. Everything was finished by the 23rd of September, when the innocent victim of events was transferred to the more formidable custody of S. Angelo, where his Secretary, Gabriello Cornolli, and all the five Assistants were shut up in separate apartments.

It is not our task to follow the General further, but no one can disbelieve his dying protestation of innocence, made before he received Viaticum, nor regret the solemn funeral given to his remains at the order of Pius VI.

But from this date onwards, any remarks we may have to make about the Venerabile as a Prison will refer entirely to its own subjects.

THE EDITORS.

COLLEGE DIARY AND NOTES

March. 29th. *Monday.* Fr. Donnelly S. J. gave the Retreat and proved as good on the second sampling as on the first. All his conferences centred round the priesthood, thus giving to the whole a unity—both of view and of treatment, as per Potter—which is rare in these two days' Retreats, when there is scarcely time to develop any definite scheme.

April 1st. *Thursday.* The Altar of Repose looked particularly well and the singing at all the services was a great improvement upon former Holy Weeks. Can we dare to hope that Plain Chant is at last to receive something like justice? Several hardy folk bathed in the Tank for the first time this year: one noted the appropriateness of the date.

2nd. *Friday.* Coming back from Tenebrae at S. Anselmo, a party met some Jesuit scholastics from the Gregorian and were horrified to hear of the sudden death of Fr. Domenici S.J. A short notice of his career will be found in the obituary column. Incidentally, S. Anselmo is one of the few places in Rome where one can attend Tenebrae with devotion. In the big basilicas or at the Gesù, one feels it is too much a question of display, whereas the Benedictines would sing just the same, were there anyone to listen to them or not.

3rd. *Saturday.* Ten members of first year Theology received the last two Minor Orders in the Lateran at a service lasting over seven hours; Messrs. Macmillan, J. Kelly, Howe, Sewell, Smith, Nicholson, Dinn, Malone, Head and Whiteman. The singing of the *Exultet* was magnificent but it was not Gregorian: the singing of Monsignor Casimiri's choir was not even magnificent. The Cardinal Vicar officiated, and despite his years, seemed none the worse for his herculean labours.

4th. *Easter Sunday.* Bishop Keatinge celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the College Church, and our spiritual exultation was so reflected in the Chant that it went nearly as fast as do Lauds on Christmas Day. The guests at dinner were Bishop Keatinge, Monsignor Stanley, Frs. Donnelly, Welsby and Woodlock S.J., with Major-General Sir William Western. The Catholic Association Pilgrims came to Benediction and were afterwards shown round the College, " starting from the top of the house, " all of which is by now

THE COLLEGE CHAPEL

STAB. SANSAINI – ROMA

a sacred tradition. The priests, and others who had obtained permission, left for Sorrento, Florence, Naples, Ravello, Assisi and walking tours in Umbria generally. They all had excellent weather and came back sunburnt: therefore " slightly handsome. "

5th. *Monday.* The rest of the College set off for Palazzola in the morning and golf was in full swing by the afternoon. (We apologize).

7th. *Wednesday.* A free *gita* came off in perfect weather, all the traditional spots being visited. Many went to Monte Porzio, leading the new sheep of the fold over Tusculum that they might kiss the Cross and so be branded as of the Venerabile flock. Mrs Blue Blue is alas dead, but the shrine still flourishes and the inhabitants of this ancient burgh have not yet forgotten the shape of our hats.

8th. *Thursday.* Frs. Welsby and Woodlock paid a visit to the Villa. It is unfortunate that they had their after-dinner coffee indoors, because when at last they appeared in the garden, only the stalwarts were left there to entertain them. Should they ever see these pages, we tender them this apology for a bad piece of staff work.

10th. *Saturday.* Despite the tantalising sun, no extension of leave was possible, and a regretful contingent returned to Rome, one brace contriving a last game of golf before they left. The path round the lake never seems so beautiful as on these mournful occasions.

12th. *Monday.* A Requiem was sung in S. Ignazio for the repose of the soul of Fr. Domenici. Mr Urquhart, Dean of Balliol, and Mr Hollis supped in the College, and afterwards came up to the Common Room.

14th. *Wednesday.* Monsignor Caccia Dominioni, *Maestro di Camera* to his Holiness, came to supper: his duties at the Vatican precluded his accepting an invitation to dinner. Mr Bowring K.S.G. was also the Rector's guest at the table.

15th. *Thursday.* With Dr. Moss, a party represented the Venerabile at Orvieto, where a celebration was held in honour of S. Thomas Aquinas. They blessed the angelic Doctor's memory for a very jolly day.

18th. *Sunday.* Dr. O'Leary and Dr. Kearney, both of the Shrewsbury Diocese and old students, came to the College for dinner. We spent much of the meal speculating upon Dr. Kearney's exact height in his stocking feet. Now *quid est sponsio?*

19th. *Monday.* This was a day of coming and going. First, the Vice-Rector slipped quietly away, as is his wont. We all knew that he was off for a holiday, and when he demanded a fresh tonsure from the Barber the preceding Friday, the detectives of the House concluded that he was bound for some Catholic clime. But nobody believed the rumour of Dalmatia until it was substantiated by a post card from Zara. Dalmatia sounded to us like some Balkan never-never land, but should it remain so, it will not be the Vice-Rector's fault, now that he had spied out the lie of the land. After him left Bishop Keatinge, scarcely less unostentatiously, and to fill their vacant places arrived the Bishop of Clifton and Monsignor Canon Lee. No other visitors could be more welcome to the Venerabile, but the fly in the ointment was that this meant Palazzola must go without a visit from his

Lordship in 1926. However we determined to live in the present and to enjoy their company while we might.

21st. *Wednesday.* The birthday of Rome was celebrated today with many attractions, among them a football match between Italy and Czecko-Slovakia, beautifully phonetic in Italian, *Sceko.* A regatta was also held on the Tiber, but rain and bad light made this courageous entertainment a very dull performance, so that those of our students, who wandered along to watch, saw only two crews. However, we have it on the authority of the newspapers that in reality quite a number of muscular young men exerted themselves *with* the racing current to make a Roman holiday. In the evening the Bishop of Nottingham arrived at the College: his Lordship is an admirable judge of the right place to spend a holiday!

23rd. *Friday and S. George.* After supper we had the traditional concert, ending up with a libellous sketch on Chesterton and Belloc. The songs therein, particularly *Heretics All,* were at any rate appreciated. We would have given further details had we not unfortunately lost the programme.

25th. *Sunday.* The S. George's dinner was eaten today, and to help in the good work there sat down at table his Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, the Bishops of Clifton and of Nottingham, Monsignor Stanley, Monsignori Mann, Canali and Lee, and Sir Odo Russell. After tea, the Rector kindly gave us leave to hear the *Requiem* of Berlioz at the Augusteo. The description which suggests itself is "tremendous." And this also relieves the critic of any necessity of saying whether he liked it or not. But after hearing the four separate brass bands to North, South, East and West in the *Turba Mirum,* which merited a special photograph in the papers, we were left to wonder at the marvels Plain Chant can achieve with such economy of means.

28th. *Wednesday.* At the Theological Menstrua *vespere,* Mr. Ford of second year Theology was one of the *arguentes.* Most of the combatants were completely inaudible, making these scholastic jousts even duller affairs than they need be. How would one enjoy a performance at the Tivoli, say, if the cinematograph were lit only by the flickering flame of a candle? After dinner the Rector announced the tragic news of Monsignor Prior's death. R.I.P. Today also proved to be Bishop Burton's 74th. Birthday, wherefore we had a toast at supper and his Lordship was prevailed upon for one of his best speeches.

29th. *Thursday.* The Rector sang a solemn Mass of Requiem for the soul of Monsignor Prior. In the afternoon we watched a baseball match in Pam between frequenters of the Gregorian and the Angelico. Our bosoms swelled with pride when the former won easily, but we did not understand quite all the terms!

May. 1st. *Saturday.* The Strike commenced in England and at the University we found ourselves suddenly considered authorities on Revolution. Even the Professors appeared to have heard of it.

2nd. *Sunday.* Mr. Earley (Salford) was raised to the Diaconate by Archbishop Palica at the Minerva. The Dominicans are great Scholastics, but judging by this occasion at least, they do not know their ceremonies.

3rd. *Monday.* Owing to the preparations being made in the Church for

the morrow, May Benediction was given in the Beda-Sodality-Walmesly Chapel. The Choir sang from the tribune above, partly to relieve the congestion downstairs, partly to palliate the absence of an organ. The historical associations of this chapel made us all glad of a Community service there, which, with the exception of the Lenten Stations, was the first for six sevenths of the House.

4th. *Tuesday and the Feast of the English Martyrs.* Monsignor Mann sang the public Requiem for the late Dean of the Rota, and a large congregation assembled, including their Eminences Cardinals Gasquet, Mori and Sincero. The Vicegerent of Rome, the entire body of the Rota and representatives of all the Congregations occupied places in the stalls. Many *avvocati* and personal friends of Monsignor Prior filled the rest of the Church, thus ostracising the College to the Tribune. Ferrainolaed youths kept out the curious of the Monserrà, though not a few somewhat ragged folk claimed to be favourites of the dear dead Monsignor. And they got in of course: how could one keep them out? The *apparatori* had worked wonders with their gold and black, and the catafalque in the centre looked exceedingly imposing. The Choir also performed excellently, singing the Chant very differently from the rendering it receives at those Requiems before breakfast. To achieve a little variety, two simple settings of the *Requiem Aeternam* and the *Hostias et Preces* were added. Before the Absolutions, Monsignor Massimo Massimi, preached a brief but magnificent panegyric, which by his kindness we are enabled to reproduce in full elsewhere in *The Venerabile.*

All the hangings were down before the end of dinner, and the Sacristans achieved the impossible by having everything ready for solemn Benediction at 3 o'clock. It all reminded one of the sensations evoked by the Holy Saturday service, and indeed what better day could have synchronised with Monsignor Prior's Requiem than the English Martyrs, to whom he had so deep a devotion? Afterwards we noticed the first practice game of cricket up in Pamfili.

5th. *Wednesday.* The Bishop of Nottingham has the reputation of being perturbed by nothing. Acting up to this reputation, his Lordship refused to allow the Strike to delay his date of departure, to our sorrow be it said.

6th. *Thursday.* The hallowed Mass for the Conversion of England was sung at the Catacombs by the ex-Senior Student, Mr. Wilson. For the first time these last three years, we were again allowed the Chapel of S. Cecilia, which used to be the traditional place. At this Mass one noticed the benefit of having learnt the full harmonies of the *O Roma Felix* for the national audience last year.

On the eve of their departure, Monsignor Canon Lee at supper proposed the health of the Rector, who adroitly executed a flanking movement and so gave us all the opportunity of hearing the Bishop once again. Monsignor Cicognani crowned the occasion with a neat Latin Speech: the *Sostituto* of the Consistorial has a genius for getting in the last word.

7th. *Friday.* The Bishop of Clifton and Monsignor Canon Lee set off for Genoa. We provided choir and *assistenza* for a Requiem at S. Eustachio for Monsignor Prior, who was *Vicario* of the Chapter there.

9th. *Sunday.* As in past years we took part today in the *fiocchi* Procession of the Parish, the Rector carrying the Blessed Sacrament. One individual created a stir in the Campo by setting his cotta ablaze, while another, who carried the *ombrellino* behind the canopy, distinguished himself by leading, if he did not start, the various caterwaulings of the rearguard. We do not describe them thus in any disparagement of their fervour, but only of their musical qualifications.

10th. *Monday.* Mr. Wharton, who is proving such a benefactor of the Library, stayed to dinner after his labours upstairs. For quite a while now, no English papers had reached us, and there developed a great run on the *Osservatore*, much to the disgust of the faithful twain, who read it the whole year round.

11th. *Tuesday.* It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Dr. O'Leary being laid up for a fortnight at the S. Stefano Hospital on the Celian, Dr. Kearney came to stay in the College, and the Common Room took on a new lease of life in consequence.

12th. *Wednesday.* Fr. Moulin Browne of the London Oratory to dinner.

13th. *Ascension Thursday.* Quite a number attended a garden party at the Farnesina in aid of some charity, and came away with most of the prizes. They seem to have made a serious business of the *Tombola.*

14th. *Friday.* The April number of *The Venerabile* came out. Has the printer any type small enough to express our humiliation? But he himself failed to view the matter in the same light.

16th. *Sunday.* Today saw the first Beatification of the year, the Ven. Andrew Hubert Fournet, a secular priest, which is of course as it ought to be.

17th. *Monday.* For the first time in its history, the fountain was made to work in the garden, but it took a humid revenge on the disturbers of its classic slumbers.

19th. *Wednesday.* First Year Philosophy made history today, when they saw a new joke in the course of Ontology. How many times before has not the Professor drawn an egg shape upon the board and labelled it *'ens*!!!

23rd. *Whitsunday.* Dr. Kearney sang the High Mass, an object lesson in how it should be sung. At dinner Monsignori Stanley, Cicognani and Niccolò, Drs. Kearney and Masterson, and Sir Stuart Coates. This chronicle being all inclusive, our modesty must not prevent our recording that Dr. Kearney, in a speech made in the Common Room after supper, lauded the last number of *The Venerabile* at least to the limits of its deserts.

24th. *Monday.* Bank Holiday in England and the same for us. Contingents visited Ostia, Frascati and the Villa. But quite the most original was the main body, which boarded a bus and invaded Ladispoli. The weather was only moderate, but this does not justify the student, who attempted to guillotine himself as they set off home.

25th. *Tuesday.* Dr. Kearney returned to England with Dr. O'Leary.

26th. *Wednesday.* At Dr. Kearney's suggestion, and with the permission of the Rector, fourteen men of brawn went to Tusculum to execute repairs on the Cross. Official news also came today that the College was secure from the tentacles of the *Piano Regolatore.*

27th. *Thursday.* The Vice-Rector returned, looking very bronzed after his Dalmatian adventure.

29th. *Saturday.* Fr. Vermeersch announced that this would be his last school, as he was off to Chicago at the beginning of the next week. After all his gibes at her expense, "sperare tantum possum Americam Septentrionalem sese non manifestare nimis vindictivam." The authorities kindly arranged for another Professor to take his place until the end of the term!

Mr. Williamson, who had left a few days previously, was ordained priest by the Bishop of Nottingham at Hadfield. In the Lateran, Cardinal Pompili raised Mr. E.J. Kelly (Menevia) to the Diaconate, and to the Sub-Diaconate Messrs Atkinson, Baldwin and Hattersley (Nottingham), Maudslay (Leeds), Cregg (Birmingham), Slevin (Salford), Worsley (Shrewsbury), Milan and Cashman (Menevia), Forbes (Cardiff), Rudderham and Burrows (Northampton). A great trade has been done in breviaries, and the number of people now saying Office extends well down the second bench in Church so that the reading lamps are become very insufficient.

June. 1st. *Tuesday.* According to a decree of the Governor, taxi-men drove down today in grey caps and dust coats: carrozza drivers were bound only to the caps. So uniformity proceeds apace in our streets. Notices abounded: *Pedoni sono pregati di tenere la sinistra,* and along the Corso indescribably polite *metropolitani* saw to it that one did so. The scheme certainly facilitates movement and is a boon to those who want to get along: but sometimes it leads one by absurdly long ways round. We should like to see the Gyratory System at occasional points. Donkeys were also reputed to have had their knell sounded *intra muros,* but we met all our old friends during the course of the day: this is not a retort *ad hominem.*

The Examinations started in what are reputed to be minor subjects, but ask the Greek scholars and the Church Historians, not to mention the dabblers in Hebrew!

2nd. *Wednesday.* Summer is here, for the *Ristorante Valle* started erecting its extension in the little Piazza this morning. First session of the written Examinations for the two Doctorates.

3rd. *Corpus Christi.* There was rain in the morning but it cleared up in time for the processions. We set up a new record by taking part in five: at Orvieto, whither the newly ordained Subdeacons had gone; S. Caterina; the Sapienza for the first time since 1870 and possibly before; (we all wondered what would happen when we passed the monument to Garibaldi, poor man!); and the Sacred Heart Convents in the Via Nomentana and at the Villa Lante. At the former Archbishop Capotosti, since Cardinal, and at the latter Archbishop Pelizzo, *Economo* of S. Peter's, carried the Monstrance. Never before have there been so many processions in the city, which must have looked a veritable kaleidoscope from the air. The most magnificent function was in the Piazza Navona, where the Governor had united with Prince Pamfili to prepare a stupendous welcome for the Holy Eucharist.

6th. *Sunday.* And now came the turn of all the processions crowded out upon Thursday. We assisted Cardinal Sbarretti at the Tor di Quinto, which is one of the nicest functions upon our list. On this occasion, the weather

behaved admirably, but it was far from so benevolent to Cardinal Billot two years ago.

11th. *Friday.* We also provided the *assistenza* for the great procession at the Tor de' Specchi, in which most of the clergy of Rome appear to take part. On a broiling afternoon Cardinal Lucidi officiated, and in his heavy vestments had all the sympathy of us, who were near him. To mention nothing else, the heat from the hundreds of candles on the altars was beyond belief. A brass band competed with the Irish Franciscans in the direction of the singing and we preferred the Franciscans. It does one good to see the fervour of the crowds, despite the hundred and one unrehearsed incidents, which would ruin any ceremony for an English congregation.

13th. *Sunday.* Fr. Lamb O.D.C., Superior of Mount Carmel, came to dinner, and afterwards in the garden talked with us about Palestine and artesian wells. Speaking of the garden, we have forgotten to mention the ten new benches, which enable us to take our ease there despite the disappearance of the pergola—a rigid thing at the best of times. These benches are moveable, which has both its advantages and its disadvantages.

14th. *Monday.* Owing to the outbreak of a mysterious form of 'flu, a general quinine parade was the order of the day: so when the Frenchmen produce their afternoon crusts at the Gregorian, we can now counter with our chaste pink tablets.

15th. *Tuesday.* The Rector went into retreat at S. Alfonso.

18th. *Friday.* Ever since the tank was inaugurated, it has been necessary to use an electric pump for raising the water to a respectable level. Long enough had our own practical scientists shaken their heads over this expense, and today they could bear it no more. Intoning the shanty " Water finds its own level, " and other such powerful hydrological slogans, they disappeared into the bowels of the earth below the cabins, and before the rest of the House had recovered breath to jeer, a strong flow of water was already agitating the sulkiness of the tank. This flow is now constant, providing us all with a perpetually fresh bathe, for which even the thinnest are grateful.

20th. *Sunday.* All sorts of rumours about a strange machine, which had been occupying the attention of the kitchen for some days, led the optimists among us to hope for ices at dinner. Alas, it proved to be but a patent potato peeler! Dr. Moss set off for England on his holidays.

21st. *Monday. S. Aloysius.* Cardinal Verde said the Low Mass and gave general Communion at S. Ignazio. At the Pontifical High Mass the Rector was Deacon.

22nd. *Tuesday. Examina,* and the beginning of all evils, as many have said since Herodotus. Monsignor Evans, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Westminster, in Rome with the evidence for the Beatification of the English Martyrs, was the guest at dinner. May his cause prosper for it is the cause of all of us, and will add to the College roll of *Beati.*

29th. *Tuesday. SS. Peter and Paul.* Monsignor Cicognani, Dr. Masterson and Mr. Wharton dined with the Superiors. At last we have thought of a new way of wording it.

July. 10th. *Saturday.* After the success of our amateur engineers, the

professional article was stirred to making our fountain work, without the inevitable pump. As a result, a gentle spout of water now keeps the gold fish clean, and when we choose to work for it, a magnificent jet of water can be obtained for the space of twenty minutes or so. The rocks have also been toned up to a rich brown, which we trust the water will render mossy in time.

15th. *Thursday.* Fr. Joseph Gianfrancheschi appointed Rector of the University in place of Fr. Micinelli, who has always proved the soul of affability, whenever we have had occasion to call upon him. The story of this month is not to be written in so flippant a chronicle as this: it is a tragedy of wet towels beforehand, and of fearful agonies when the examiners enter the torture chamber. So we will mercifully abbreviate and pass straight on to—

17th. *Saturday.*—When an exultant House proceeded to Palazzola, although the examinations were by no means over. With his habitual humanity the Rector had decided it so. And as we came, the Italian Fleet lay off Ostia to protect our journeying, the several ships plainly visible from the garden wall, when we arrived.

18th. *Sunday.* Back to the joy of that long recreation after breakfast, of the opportunity of a breath of fresh air before meditation and after supper in the garden. These are the first advantages we notice, as the stress of continuing examinations will postpone the true beginning of Villa existence for another fortnight;

> *" qui me gelidis in montibus Haemi*
> *Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ! "*

Still the lucky ones, who are finished, may start on odd jobs.

22nd. *Thursday.* They have. It is marvellous how Palazzola turns us at once into jacks of all trades. Our special correspondent, on a tour of inspection, reported the following activities, and he does not vouch for the exhaustiveness of his list. Multitudes are already let loose upon briars and bracken, which delay golf until the latter end of August. Bonfires are become the standing task, and until we go to the back woods of Canada, we are probably justified in thinking this a good reproduction. One individual is doing gymnastic feats on a rope, painting in the inscription on the diving board, while another is balancing on a ladder to whitewash the wall around the Madonna in the Cloister. We have heard the sound of piano tuning, and wish it speedy success. Quite a coterie is getting very dirty repairing and tarring the tennis net. While the most original of all has taken possession of a spare room and affixed to the door the following notice: " Private. Theatrical Dressing Room. For key, apply—. "

27th. *Tuesday.* Monsignor Cicognani arrived, but sadly enough, only until Saturday. Kites have become the latest craze and there were at least three on the Sforza today. They are not so elaborate as the *Mayfly* of bitter memory, but they have this advantage over that fossil, that they do fly. Giobbi brought out from Rome the skeleton of the iron staircase, which is to carry us up to the Sforza. A hole has been knocked in the wall near the tank arch to take it, revealing much Roman work behind and an immense cistern above. We are now patiently waiting for the workmen to enlarge the aforesaid

hole. Meanwhile we pick our way through every species of debris above the age-old stairs, which are eventually to be blocked up.

28th. *Wednesday.* The last of the exams, and let us hope of the air of forced hilarity, which has hitherto pervaded our *Rus Albanum.* The results are not so good as last year, but they remain very good for all that. Out of 109 examinations taken, 97 passed, or 89%. Last year, our high water mark, the figure was 90%, so there is very little difference. The honours marks in 1925 were both higher and more numerous, but the percentage again shows but little falling off, 38 to 41. This year the best performance was achieved by First Year Theology with three *summa cum laude,* seven *cum laude* and seven *bene.* Second Year Philosophy also distinguished themselves by securing three *summa* and one *cum laude,* in what is perhaps the most difficult examination of Philosophy. Our first two representatives in higher studies covered themselves with glory at the Appolinare. Dr. Griffin secured *pieni voti,* which we understand to be a kind of *quam summa cum laude,* and Dr. Masterson received 93% in his examination. To do him strict justice it should be ninety three point three recurring, and that only enhances the merit of his performance. But what a standard to set their successors, of whom we hope there may be an abundance!

This same day tennis was officially inaugurated on the grass court, *sit venia verbi:* and the first cricket match commenced.

29th. *Thursday.* The was no *gita* to the Pines as the weather looked uncertain. A no-bell day therefore instead.

August. 4th. *Wednesday, and the Feast of our Lady of the Snows.* Owing to high winds, the atmosphere was adjudged too cold for an enjoyable *al fresco* at the Pines, so a free *gita* took its place. Being liberty-loving Englishmen, noted throughout our College history for independence, the change was heartily approved. Moreover it aided our culinary tyros in their rapid progress towards the expert.

7th. *Saturday.* Bishop Stanley arrived to everyone's delight: but we fear for our sense of modesty amid so much prelacy.

8th. *Sunday.* Mr. Maudslay was ordained Deacon at the Missionary College in the Prati. Gazing homewards for the moment, Mr. Earley was raised to the Priesthood by the Bishop of Salford at S. Mary's, Heaton Moor the same day. At least twenty students, past or present, attended this ordination, and Dr. Moss preached the sermon at Mr. Earley's first Benediction. Returning to Palazzola, about 25 Catholic Association Pilgrims descended upon our *beatam solitudinem* in the afternoon. Cardinal Gasquet graciously addressed them, and they enjoyed themselves so much that they forewent the joys of First Vespers of the Vigil at S. Lorenzo.

9th. *Monday.* In sooth a busy day with barbers, plumbers, electricians and masons in possession. After six weary weeks of waiting, the last have started upon the hole down the garden, which is comforting. They lay trains and blast with enviable insouciance, but it was hardly so comforting to hear them discuss how little dynamite would suffice to blow up the whole of Palazzola. "O così" said one, indicating the size of a prize ostrich egg with

his hands. "E forse meno" nodded his companion in crime. Now if they would only start on the bracken!

Meanwhile in honour of Wednesday's feast, coffee and *rosolio* were served in the garden after dinner. A party climbed Faeti to watch the fires of S. Laurence being lit along the *campagna*.

12th. *Thursday.* Another free *gita* with a slight wind to preserve us from the intense heat. On our return, after supper we were bidden assemble in the Common Room, where we found the Cardinal Protector already awaiting us. We noticed the Rector to have been seated in a chair nearly as imposing as his Eminence's, while the Vice Rector was content with a hard backed antique from the billiard room. But we saw no special significance in this until the Cardinal began to speak. Without any preamble, a real mercy considering the pitch of our suspense, he informed us that the Holy Father, wishing to mark his appreciation of the work Monsignor Hinsley has done for the College during the past nine years, had decided to create him Bishop of Sebastopolis.

We throw down our pen in despair at trying to describe the noise that ensued, or the fervour of our *Ad Multos Annos*, despite the lack of a liquid toast. And then the Rector rose, and in a humble speech thanked both the Cardinal and ourselves for our good wishes. He seemed content to describe this new dignity as an honour for the College, but we know better. It is more than that, as Cardinal Gasquet made quite plain, and for our part, we would thank his Eminence from the bottom of our hearts for securing the Rector this well-deserved recognition. Tremendous babble afterwards—one's ideas need some readjustment to cope with such tremendous happenings.

14th. *Saturday.* A fast day and therefore the usual assortment of drinks at breakfast. The reader gave out with insufficient unction: "Hebdomodarius. Illustrissimus et Reverendissimus Dominus Dominus Rector, Episcopus electus Sebastopolitanus."

15th. *Sunday and the Feast of the Assumption.* As usual we sang the High Mass at Rocca and participated afterwards in the Procession. Turner's *Mass of S. John the Baptist* was the well-seasoned fare, served up to a full Church. What would the musical critic of the *Tablet* say? But on this occasion we are impenitent: if anything it is too sober for an Italian village *Festa*. This was the first Mass of the celebrant, a newly ordained Servite, P. Lorenzo M. Lucatelli. We did our best to get his blessing amid the bedlam of the Sacristy. Coffe and *rosolio* in the garden after dinner. This same day in England Mr. Atkinson and Mr. Hattersley both received the Diaconate at the hands of the Bishop of Nottingham at St. Barnabas' Cathedral.

18th. *Wednesday.* Mr. Randall, successor to Mr. Dormer at the British Legation to the Vatican, came to dinner and afterwards either piloted or was himself piloted by two students round the countryside. We are not sure which. The news of our winning the Ashes came through on the wireless and interrupted a practice for the Yeomen of the Guard. It is impossible to quote stronger evidence for the excitement this caused. The Vice-Rector, who was in Rome, sent out a brand new *zucchetto* to the Rector, which the Senior Student presented to him in the Common Room. A delicate attention and useful withal.

It looks much better than the Helen Wills head-gear, which has become quite the fashion on the Sforza.

19th. *Thursday.* Today the Cardinal provided the whole House with a handsome dinner across the Lake, at the *Ristorante Marroni* of Castel Gandolfo. Despite the excellence of the fare, we found time to admire the position of the Villa over the water, but it looked a long walk back! His Eminence toasted the Rector in a short speech, and we responded as alone we know how.

24th. *Tuesday.* The Nuns today gave us a great repast, followed by coffee and *rosolio* in the garden. The Vice-Rector in a witty speech wished the Cardinal a pleasant journey to Naples the following day, and His Eminence, in reply, explained that the dinner was not really in his honour, but that the Nuns had mistaken the date of the Rector's birthday. Be that as it may, he cheered us all by holding out the possibility of another stay at Palazzola in the future, and ended with the hope that we should some day have the tennis court sufficiently finished to play on!

25th. *Wednesday.* The Rector's real birthday although we had already celebrated it gastronomically. Cardinal Gasquet left in the morning for Sorrento and was seen off by the whole College assembled at the door. The other feature of the day was the performance of the Yeomen of the Guard, which started at 7.30 and ended somewhere before midnight. We have received the following account from our dramatic critic.

"English College men may be divided into two classes: singers and those of us possessing what the choir master euphemistically describes as "Congregational Voices." For our consolation be it said that far-distant Sundays may see us lustily chanting the *Prefatio SSmae Trinitatis* long after our more talented and delicately throated confrères have been obliged to leave that kind of thing to the curate.

"But this is the Singers' day; now their hour of triumph! Prevented by examinations from commencing practices before the beginning of August, they were yet able to give us an almost perfect performance of a difficult opera. Good acting and singing defy description. If people make mistakes and sing flat, it is as enjoyable as it is easy to describe their exhibition, but when they seem to do the right thing at the right time and to sing what to our untutored ears sound like the right notes, there remains little room for comment. Comment indeed, if such be made, must be a string of superlatives. The singing was most clear and pleasing—worthy of the music it sought to interpret: than this what greater praise? The acting of the principals was just a shade better than the singing, and the immense scope provided by the opera was used to the fullest advantage. If it would not be invidious, as *inter optimos optimi* should be mentioned Jack Point and Shadbolt: both were superb in rôles far from easy. But the fact that the other characters seemed to present little difficulty speaks volumes for the natural acting of the players: they too were wonderful.

"Lest this high praise should be attributed to our politeness rather than to the merits of the performers, we shall be honest with regard to the shortcomings of the production. Two details alone call for criticism, and in each the "crowd" were the offenders.

"Once or twice perhaps, the excitement caused a few of the singers to increase the *tempo* of the song, thus creating discords with their orthodox and cooler-headed colleagues. This was noticeable particularly in "Tower Warders," an almost opening chorus when nerves were at their worst.

"The second fault was in the acting. Side play should be such that, while not distracting from the principals, it is nevertheless sufficient to show a crowd, alive and intelligent. The crowd were, however, too anxious to act and talk: a fault on the right side. Thus the Yeoman who exclaimed "atterboy" showed evident signs of life, and the lady who asked her neighbour "Is that Jack Point?" was intent upon showing an intelligent interest. But both failed inasmuch as they forgot the golden advice traditionally given to small boys.

"Still, to be sure, if grumbles can only be manufactured of such small matters as these, the excellence of the whole is only the more apparent. The evening was not without its unrehearsed humour. Fairfax, for instance, singing "Is Life a boon?" wore such a troubled expression on his bearded countenance as to leave no doubt of his answer to the question. The reason for his distress was patent—he was endeavouring to retain the services of a moustache, which had come unstuck! Half way through the song, however, desperate with the monotony of his actions, he courageously tore the thing off to the accompaniment of a piano, cello and the delighted shouts of upwards of thirty uncharitable clerics! Another non-Gilbertian moment was supplied by Mr. Macmillan as Sergeant Meryll. "Here is money" said he, adding with reluctance "I'll send thee more." The house rose.

"During the interval, his Lordship the Rector was toasted with the usual *Ad Multos Annos*, sung enthusiastically but with caution by the singers, and with no less enthusiasm but *fortissimo* by the fortunate congregationals, who had not to save their voices for a second act. At the conclusion of the opera, the Rector replied in a characteristic speech, expressing his delight at the loyalty and affection of his men, and thanking everyone who had in any way contributed to the evening's success.

"The Rector's gratitude to the producers and players is shared by the rest of the House. The sacrifice of time and energy that has been so cheerfully made during the weeks of preparation, must have been immense. To Mr. Smith, therefore, who was responsible for the music, and to Mr. Rudderham, who was in charge of the acting, the first credit is due for the remarkably high standard secured in both departments. But our congratulations and thanks are chiefly reserved for Mr. Jeffryes, designer and tailor of the costumes. His creations were nothing short of a revelation, and never yet has a play at the Venerabile been so brilliantly dressed. Had a representative of the Swiss Guards seen the Yeomen, we feel sure that there would have been a change in the already picturesque uniforms at the Vatican, Michelangelo or no Michelangelo!

"Comparisons, odious though they be, are inevitable. How then did "The Yeomen of the Guard" compare with "The Mikado"? Briefly the general impression may be reduced to this:—while the latter is more amusing and more lavish in catchy tunes, the former has far richer music and a finer

plot. The acting and singing of 1926 (they say) was superior to that of '24. *Quod felix faustumque sit!*"

It only remains to add that there can scarcely have been a person in the House who had no finger in the operatic pie: the pianist, the cellist, the designers of artificial flowers, the electricians, the decorators of the *Cortile*—in fact all those unobtrusive gentlemen whose services are so indespensable. We append the *Dramatis Personae.*

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

or The Merryman and his Maid.

An Opera in Two Acts by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.

Sir Richard Cholmondeley	W. O'Leary.
Colonel Fairfax	R. L. Smith.
Sergeant Meryll	J. Macmillan.
Jack Point	W. Burrows.
Wilfred Shadbolt	J. Cregg.
Leonard Meryll	F. Tootell.
The Headsman	J. Rudderham.
Corporal of the Yeomen	J. McCarthy.
First Yeoman	C. Talbot.
Second Yeoman	J. Moore.
Third Yeoman	J. Campbell.
Citizen	L. Wilkinson.
Elsie Maynard	J. Halsall.
Phoebe Meryll	R. Shearstone.
Dame Carruthers	J. Kelly.
Kate	J. Milan.
Citizen's Wife	D. Crowley.
Her Sister	G. Higgins.

Scene: Tower Green.
Date: Sixteenth Century.

27th. *Friday.* Most of the College attended a Requiem at Rocca, for Prince Ruspoli, who was murdered there by robbers last week. His Lordship the Rector gave the Absolutions, and the Church was crowded.

29th. *Sunday.* At Nottingham the Editor of *The Venerabile*, Mr. Atkinson, was raised to the Priesthood by the Bishop of the Diocese, and Mr. Baldwin received the Diaconate. Another gathering of Venerabile men made this ordination also a Rome from Rome.

30th. *Monday.* The Scotch came over to the Villa for the annual cricket match, a report of which will be found in its proper place. We were delighted to have them amongst us, and on this note of border fraternity our long winded journal must come to an abrupt close.

R. L. S.

PERSONAL.

It has been a great pleasure—for the honour goes without saying—to have his Eminence the Cardinal Protector with us for the early portion of the Villa. The Cardinal came to Palazzola at the beginning of July, and seemed the better for the change. despite the truly diabolical weather which prevailed until the middle of the month. Blustering winds and driving rain for hours on end reminded one of October in its worst moods, and fires were lit every day in the house: this, Italy in July, if you please. His Eminence had his car with him, and toured the countryside which is so familiar to us, and which he knew before the majority of us were thought of. Looking vastly improved in health for his visit, he left us for Sorrento on August 25th. Many visitors came to see him during his residence at Palazzola, including Cardinal Merry del Val more than once, the Archbishop of Glasgow with the Scotch Rector, Monsignor Clapperton, Prince Chigi and others. We, on our side, were very glad of this opportunity for coming to know his Eminence more intimately, if the adverb may be allowed in reference to a Prince of the Church: and as the Common Room with its piano was next to the Cardinal's apartments, he will by now have a very accurate idea of what he has to protect.

Monsignor Stanley has again this year made Palazzola more truly an English Villa by his presence. His Lordship has surely the right, above all others, to consider the English College his home, and we say the Rosary *pro benefactoribus huius Collegii* with greater fervour, whenever we think of him.

With great gratification we had already made a note of the Rector's election to the post of *Vicario* of the Chapter of S. Maria in Cosmedin. Apart from the magnificence of the Canons' robes, unequalled even in Rome, this is one of the oldest titles, forming, as some think, one of the *Diaconiae Urbanae* at the close of the era of persecutions. Gelasius II, Celestine III and the antipope Benedict XII were all elected in this ancient building, while Cardinal Pole was at one time its Titular. But now we can tender the Rector our heartiest congratulations on a still greater honour, and his elevation to the titular See of Sebastopolis will be nowhere welcomed with deeper satisfaction than here in his own Venerabile. The causes of our gratification are many and sufficiently obvious: the recognition by the Holy Father of all he has done for the College during his Rectorship, until it is barely recognisable as the same place; the encouragement thus given him to continue along the perennial path of progress; the pledge to us that we

shall have him long with us, for so we construe the appointment; the inclusion of the Rector in the long line of Superiors of the College, who have been raised to episcopal rank; and lastly, the additional pomp of our own Services wherein he will pontificate on the greater Solemnities. We shall be acquiring a soft place in our hearts for Sebastopolis, since its last Bishop was that great son of the Venerabile, John Vaughan.

It is hoped that the consecration will take place on the feast of S. Andrew in the College Church, more of which therefore in our next number. And here in print we beseech his Lorship to have a respectable portrait of himself painted for the edification of generations to come.

Monsignor Cicognani paid only a short visit to Palazzola this year, treating it rather as a jumping-off ground for Brazil, whither he was despatched as Apostolic Visitor to a number of religious houses. We are delighted to see the trust which the Holy See reposes in the *Sostituto* of the Consistorial, even though the ever-increasing pressure of his work now deprives us of so much of his company.

Our Congratulations to Fr. H.A. Hunt (1902-1909), recently promoted to the Chapter of Nottingham at an unusually early age, and now in addition appointed Administrator of S. Barnabas'. His energy and efficiency in all that concerns the functions of a Cathedral Church are well known, and we can do no better than wish him a long life, in which to set Nottingham even further ahead of the movement for liturgical reform in England.

Dr. Bernard Grimley (1915-1922) has been appointed to the subeditorship of *The Catholic Gazette,* perhaps the best paper we have to our credit today. Naturally we have only the greater confidence now in its maintaining the high standard, which hitherto it has achieved. Moreover Dr. Grimley has not confined his attention to *The Gazette* and the normal work of the Missionary Society, but has given two papers to the Cambridge Summer School on modern views of the Atonement, papers praised most warmly by *The Tablet. Prospere, procede et regna.*

Fr M.C. D'Arcy S.J., *ripetitore* in Philosophy this last year, has returned to England and will shortly take up an appointment at Oxford, so fast becoming a centre of Catholic Intellectualism. He carries with him our best wishes for all success in his new labours.

Fr. Nearney S.J., *ripetitore* likewise in Theology, completed his Magisterial Course in July, and thereafter served upon the examining board for the Doctorate in Divinity. But he contrived to avoid his erstwhile pupils!

Father Alfred Chadwick came out to Palazzola last year, during the National Pilgrimage, and noticing the wild thyme which grows

round the Villa in such profusion, he removed some roots and carried them off to his northern fastness of Alnwick. There they have taken to the cold soil with truly Roman hardihood and have so overgrown their alloted space in the presbytery garden, that Father Chadwick is already able to supply his neighbourhood with cuttings. Palazzola is thus spreading her beneficent influence over a widening area of Northumbria, and who may tell whether real Roman thyme shall not grow at last amid the ruins of the Great North Wall?

Also our best congratulations to the three members of the House ordained in England this summer: Mr. Atkinson at Nottingham, Mr. Earley at Manchester and Mr. E.J.Kelly at Carnarvon. In especial, are the congratulations of *The Venerabile* due to the first, who is its present Editor.

It is with the greatest possible regret that we chronicle the departure of so many this year. Mr. McNarney and Mr. Clayton have returned as D.Ds to evangelise the Lake District, Mr. McNarney with a *bene* to his credit. Mr. Grimshaw and Mr. H.R. Kelly also secured their Doctorates and are now on the Mission. With Messrs Wilson, Goodear, Egan, Williamson, Hempill, Casartelli and McNulty also at work in England, many of whom left us before the completion of the year, all manner of Venerabile institutions will suffer grievously. But we console ourselves that these dear departed have now a wider field for the exercise of their well known talents. *Valete!*

THE LIBRARY.

For many years the treasures of the Library have been practically inaccessible through the lack of systematic arrangement and of a catalogue. But during the last two years attempts have been made to remedy both defects. In 1925 Doctor Bentley, then Senior Librarian, tackled the first and with inspiring energy and perseverance combined the Howard with the College Library, rearranging the whole, and classifying the books according to subject matter.

This year the work of cataloguing has been commenced. In this the Librarians have been assisted by many willing hands, but we must in particular mention one gentleman, who not only has done yeoman service in the cataloguing and cleaning of books, but who has also filled many of our shelves with works which we have previously been unable to procure.

Nor does his good service end there. Many of the unbound volumes, which have for so long disfigured our shelves, are now resplendent in leather and gold. Again, we learn, through his intervention we

are to have the services of a fully qualified Librarian, who will make a complete catalogue along scientific lines of the whole Library. We gratefully acknowledge all this good work and these generous gifts: but our benefactor wishes himself to remain anonymous.

Our thanks are also due to those who have given books to the Library. These include his Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, Fr. McGanny and Fr. Gilbert Haydock Smith: the last named has completed an already magnificent gift of *The Encyclopedia Britannica* by adding the three new supplementary volumes.

By the death of Monsignor Prior we have lost a generous benefactor, whose interest in the Library was shown on many occasions by sound practical advice and many generous gifts. He left nearly the whole of his extensive private Library to the College.

J. F. LIBRARIAN.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor acknowledges with gratitude the following exchanges: *The Lisbonian*, *The Oscotian*, *The Douai Magazine*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *Pax*, *The Trident*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Downside Review*, *The Upholland College Magazine*.

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We have been requested, on behalf of the College, to express its thanks to the staff of *The Catholic Gazette* for the free copy they send the students.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

As every summer, so this summer there is little to add to the annals of the Literary Society. The three addresses foreshadowed in the last issue of *The Venerabile* were successfully given: Father Woodlock S.J. on *Preaching,* Father Sesnone on the *Art of Expression,* and Father Nicholson C.SS.R. on his experiences in general. This closed the session, and the annual meeting for the election of officers was held, Mr. R. Delany being the new President. Since then only two meetings have occured. At the first the Bishop of Clifton was persuaded to give us the benefit of his Roman reminiscences; at the second came an in-

teresting account from the Vice-Rector of his experiences on a recent holiday in Dalmatia. It is hoped that the session which begins with our return to Rome will be as successful as the corresponding session last year, and that as many papers or more will be given by members of the Society. Admittedly it is a little difficult to find a subject which will entertain the Common Room after supper; nevertheless it can be done, and surely it is worth the trouble.

D. J. B. H. *Sec.*

WIRELESS NOTES.

Those of our readers who are interested in Wireless will be pleased to hear that we are keeping well abreast of the times. For the last three weeks we have had in operation the famous " Elstree Six " reports of whose results caused such a stir in England in June. The circuit comprises three stages of high frequency amplification, anode-bend rectification, and two stages of low frequency. The whole secret of the new circuit lies in the method adopted for neutrodyning the first three stages, a special type of loose-coupled transformer being employed for the intervalve coupling, consisting of two separate coils, the secondaries being centre-tapped in the usual manner. The leads, however, taken from the tappings, instead of being connected directly to the neutralising condensers, are connected through resistances of 100.000 ohms to the moving plates of duanode condensers, which in their turn are shunted across the secondaries. The fixed plates of one of the halves of the duanode condensers are now connected through the neutralising condensers to the plates of the valves and the primaries of the succeeding transformers. This arrangement has the effect of stabilising the circuit to a degree hitherto unknown, thus increasing the range and stability of the set. All our parts are English, being for the most part supplied by Messrs. Peto-Scott and Mc Michael Ltd.

Daventry and Paris come in every night on the loud-speaker, the stability and ease of control making the set a pleasure to handle. Unfortunately, however, the advantages resulting from the admirable situation of Palazzola and the power of the set are more than outweighed by the cannonade of atmospherics with which the summer climate of Italy entertains us. Consequently, more often than not we have to be content with the musical programme from Rome. However, we are always able to pick up the 9.30 news bulletin from Daventry which gives us the news and cricket scores two days earlier than would other-

wise be possible, and which the " management " is endeavouring to produce daily under the ambitious title of *The Wireless Times.*

We may here take the opportunity of asking any of our readers who may have heard of, read of, or discovered any hints, circuits, or apparatus for the conversion, elimination or mitigation of atmospherical disturbance, to inform us on the earliest possible occasion.

SPORTS NOTES

GOLF.

The golfing season opened this year on Sunday August 22nd. As usual this happy event was preceded by some weeks of strenuous toil on the part of the Committee and of several other members, who volunteered their services for the preparation of the course. The bracken, with a persistence worthy of the Phoenix, appears year by year and has to be cut down before any play is possible. This year brought no exception to the rule: but a new scythe proved itself a useful and very efficient tool, so that at length the fairways were fit for play.

The Club's stock of instruments has been enriched this year with a lawn mower, which has greatly lightened the groundsman's work of cutting the greens. Incidentally, it was a source of interest and wonder to the *contadini*, for whom, apparently, a lawn mower had hitherto been a thing unheard of and unseen. So gone are the heroic days when we tackled the greens with a pair of scissors and a shoe horn! But now the putting area is proportionately increased: you don't cut more than you need even with a pair of shears.

At the expense of a little crossing, the length of the course has been slightly increased, so that despite loss of ground, we still possess an interesting and sufficiently lengthy nine holes. Occasionally the olive trees do get in the way, and the greens are a little exasperating at times. But the popularity of the game never wanes, a factor which speaks well for the tournaments we hope to hold before returning to Rome.

G. H. *Sec.*

TENNIS.

This season has inaugurated a new era in the history of the Tennis Club. In past years enthusiasm has always been damped by the court

itself: a rough and uneven grass plot, chosen at random in a field, which could boast of but few level patches. Rolling was impossible, for the ground was too hard, and frequent play in scorching sunshine soon divested the court of whatever stubbly grass it possessed. Accurate shots were impossible, and even the keenest player soon grew despondent at the inevitable screw or shoot which followed every ball. On two occasions during the past four years, members of the Club have attempted to make a hard court, the only type possible in such circumstances as these. But both attempts had to be abandoned on account of unforeseen difficulties, and their relics remain only to be utilised by an opportunist Golf Committee.

This year a third attempt was made, for which an expert and workmen were called in, and the work began early in July. In spite of an eight day estimate, fully seven weeks passed before its completion. And had it not been for the active intervention of the students, seven more weeks would hardly have sufficed. There may have been some excuse in the discovery of a rock bed—an oversight on the part of the expert—or in the difficulty of obtaining water, necessary for the final work. But Italian navvying is at its best only a desultory operation, demanding frequent rests and a flask of wine too, if there be any opportunity. Nevertheless the strenuous labour of the students helped considerably, and on the 27th. of August, the Rector delivered the first ball and declared the court open.

The court is of a popular type in Italy. It consists of a rock and stone foundation, thickly covered with soil. The surface is a deep layer of solidified mud, protected by gravel. It must be constantly watered, and this has hitherto been our greatest difficulty. No supply is at hand, so that water pumped from the swimming tank, at a considerable distance and a much lower level, was the only solution. More than a month however had gone before a satisfactory pump could be obtained, and by that time the court had been finished and the first game played, as mentioned above. But this deficiency of water rendered further play impossible, and tennis was again suspended. Eventually heavy rain, followed by the instalment of a successful pump, overcame this obstacle, and on September 4th. regular games began.

At present only first impressions can be given of the new court. These are certainly very favourable and declare it a success. But the final decision must be left to the future, a decision which we hope will confirm our present optimism.

It would be difficult to conclude these notes without expressing our sincere thanks to Cardinal Gasquet for his generous subscription; to the Rector, not only for his generosity in financing the project, but

also for that personal interest and activity, which contributed so largely to the success of the court; and finally to all the students for the remarkable spirit of work, enthusiasm and unflagging energy, which those seven weeks of continual labour, whether with spade or at the pump, demanded.

R. N. *Pres.*

CRICKET.

The event of the cricket season, our annual match with the Scots' College, was played at Palazzola under a blazing sun. It is pleasant to record that we revenged our defeat of last year. The modest scores were:

English College	49 all out.
Scotch College	15 all out.

There was not time for two innings so the Ashes remain at Palazzola.

R. D. *Captain.*

OUR BOOK SHELF

The Hundred Best Latin Hymns, selected by Professor J. S. Phillimore, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt. Gowans and Gray, Ltd. 1926. 1/-.

To write a good hymn is one of the most difficult of tasks. For one thing, a hymn must express not a special mystical experience, but the common religious beliefs and affections, which, as they are more ordinary, though hardly indeed less profound, are more difficult to realise and put into words; and secondly, it should not contain those subtleties of expression which are almost necessary to precision, but should be written in language easily comprehensible to every ordinary man. Of course, in dogmatic passages, this latter rule has sometimes to be broken, since a loophole to heresy is more really obscuring than theological technicality; nevertheless the writer must always have in mind the very difficult aim of using the most simple language possible to express the most exalted themes. And not only can the difficulty of hymn-writing be thus demostrated *a priori*, but it also becomes apparent *a posteriori* from a glance at our English Catholic hymn books. What redundance of expression, what evident slavery to the rhyme, what sentimentality of epithet is there to be found!

But this at any rate makes it a greater joy to turn to the common treasure of the Church, the Latin hymns. In that succession of writing, from the end of the persecutions up to the Renaissance, may indeed be found true poetry dedicated to the worship of God and the honour of His Mother and of the Angels and Saints. The exclusive classical scholar may possibly deny the names both of Latin and of poetry at least to the medieval hymns, but we have only to refrain from applying to them the standard of Vergil or Horace, just as we should not dream of applying the standard of Elizabethan English to our contemporary poets, to see that in a somewhat different language and in a very different style great Latin poetry was written in the Middle Ages—

witness Adam of S. Victor or Philippe de Grève. The early period and the medieval period of Latin hymnody have of course very different characteristics. In the Ambrosian hymns, in Prudentius and Sedulius, we have the last echoes of the classical tradition, and the expression of fervour is restrained in the interests of dignity and serenity. But the medieval hymns contain the full spirit of romanticism, and the transports of the writer sometimes overflow the measure of his language, as in the verse of St Bernard:

Amor Iesu dulcissimus
Et vere suavissimus,
Plus millies gratissimus
Quam dicere sufficimus.

From the earlier period come more sober but not lesser beauties, such as this from St Ambrose:

Laetus dies hic transeat:
Pudor sit ut diluculum,
Fides velut meridies,
Crepusculum mens nesciat.

The resurrection of Latin as a dead language at the Renaissance seems to have killed it as a living poetic language. The Latin hymns of that period are indeed often interesting imitations of the classical manner, but after all they are conscious imitations, not a natural medium of the poetic impulse.

Professor Phillimore's anthology ranges over the whole of Latin hymnody up to the Renaissance, but is especially generous to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. We have nothing but praise for this attempt to popularise the Church's poetic treasure, which is much too little known and appreciated even among Catholics. The book is valuable in that it provides in a compact form a careful text of the best of the familiar hymns, for many of them have been changed through centuries of usage. For example, it needs the emendation, supplied by Professor Phillimore, of *promissum* to *promisso* to make any good sense of the passage in the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, which runs nowadays in the liturgical books:

Tu rite promissum Patris
Sermone ditans guttura.

The book is valuable also in that it contains a number of fine hymns hitherto unknown to any except the learned in Latin hymnody. We hope that it will be effective in showing modern Catholics that Philistinism is not a necessary adjunct to piety, that poetry is the true ally of Faith and reaches its highest dignity in the celebration of the my-

steries of Faith, that men should think of God not only as the Highest Good, but also as the Supreme Beauty.

Let our conclusion be an echo of St. Augustine, recounting what he had felt in the cathedral of Milan just after his baptism, as he listened to the hymns of St Ambroise: " Quantum flevi in hymnis et canticis tuis, suave sonantis Ecclesiae tuae vocibus commotus acriter. Voces illae influebant auribus meis, et eliquabatur veritas tua in cor meum: et exaestuabat inde affectus pietatis, et currebant lachrymae, et bene mihi erat cum eis. " (Conf., IX, 6).

D. J. B. H.

How to Read History By W. Watkin-Davies. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2/6).

This is a disappointing book, though its object could scarcely be bettered: " to supply practical hints as to reading for the use of ordinary people who, knowing little or no history, desire to know more. " It is high praise too when we confess that any criticism we might make of Mr. Davies' choice of books would only be carping. But his detestation of dull history, in which we enthusiastically concur, has led him to make some strange judgements. To say, for instance, that Green's *Short History of the English People* " deals adequately with literature and social life " is a gross overstatement. Chesterton is at least as near the truth when he says that Green " seems to have thought it too short for the people to be properly mentioned. " A perfect hero-worship for Froude leads Mr. Davies to substantiate his idol's scolarship by reference to Pollard's *Henry VIII*, which is only to back one work of special pleading by another, however scientific the format. With equal justice Stone's *Mary I* might be considered a convincing refutation of all Froude ever maintained. Lingard's *History* is dismissed as " a defence of Catholicism, " and the man whose version of S. Thomas of Canterbury got him into trouble at Rome, is paired off with Merle d'Aubigné for the Protestant champion. Such verdicts engender suspicion, and when the only novel mentioned concerning the Tudor period proves to be *Westward Ho!*, one cannot fail to be struck with the significance.

Mr. Davies might conceivably defend himself, as he defends his beloved Froude, by confessing " he makes no attempt to be impartial; or perhaps, as he himself would say, he had examined all the available evidence, and having come to the conclusion that one side was overwhelmingly in the wrong, like any judge he delivers judgment.—If Froude was unfair, it was with the unfairness of all great historians—as Gibbon was to the Fathers, as Mommsen was to the Republicans, as

Macaulay was to the Tories, and as Motley was to the Catholic Netherlands."—This is all an interesting and valuable reaction against the deadly dulness of "the modern historian whose intention it is to instruct, and who desires nothing so little as to amuse his readers." But why is it always taken as an axiom that to write with life and vigour one must invariably "come to the conclusion that one side was overwhelmingly in the wrong"? Cannot the moderate view, which so often contains the real truth, also excite enthusiasm? After all, every interesting book is not so crudely partisan as Froude. What of *Church and State in the Middle Ages* by the late Master of Balliol, Belloc's *French Revolution*, Maitland's *Constitutional History*, or Barker's lecture in Marvin's *Unity of Western Civilization*? –

Truth to tell, we suspect Mr. Davies of enjoying Froude not only for his fascinating style but also for his anti-Catholic bias. And this is a definite grievance, for no desire to write interestingly can justify the falsification of history. Yet it is of no less that we accuse Mr. Davies, in the short sketches he gives of the various periods, into which he divides his book. Despite the very few pages on which the Church is mentioned, the author contrives to give a thoroughly untrustworthy impression: as when he speaks of Henry VIII's matrimonial suit as "an annulment, which the Pope was unable, for personal reasons, to allow." This same King, he says, was "aided and abetted by sturdy patriots who hated submission to an Italian priest." Later he sums up the whole Reformation in the words: "But in all Protestant lands, beneath the intrigues and the statecraft, the selfish motives and the patriotic movements, there runs a great stream of genuine public feeling, stirred to the very depths by clerical incompetence, greed, sensuality, tyranny and obscurantism, minds awakened to the importance of private judgement, and hearts touched by the sublime ideals of brotherhood." This is profoundly false of our own England, the reference to brotherhood meaningless, and the restriction of genuine public feeling to Protestant lands a ludicrous mistake: one has only to think of Ireland or of the Spain of S. Theresa and the early Jesuits.

In view of such opinions, Mr. Davies' scientific aloofness in the controversy over the value of Medievalism rings false, and we feel inclined to apply his own remarks on Luther and to say "that it, is easy to adore, or to hate" the Middle Ages, "but in order to regard them with only scientific interest one has to be something less than a man." Not that we really think so badly of Mr. Davies as that. But we must write him down as an antagonist of the Church who reads history. He cannot be said to write it.

R. L. S.

OBITUARY.

Fr Joseph Domenici S.J. was born in the heart of the Abruzzi, February 7th. 1865, and entering the Society of Jesus in his seventeenth year, took his course of Philosophy and Theology at the Gregorian. Before definitely taking up a professorial existence, he did splendid work in the care of souls, which he was loathe to renounce, so that to the end he combined with his lectures the spiritual direction of the Nuns in the Via Luchese. Two years as *ripetitore* in Philosophy to the German College prefaced eight more at Agnani as Professor of Ecclesiastical History, to which he gradually added Canon Law, Christian Archaeology and Secular History! He succeeded Fr. Greppi in the chair of Ecclesiastical History at the Gregorian and undertook that of Archaeology on the unexpected death of Fr. Grossi Gondi in 1923. In all, he was only six years at the University and when on the Saturday preceding Palm Sunday, he grimly informed us what he would expect us to know as the first fruits of our Easter Vacation, nobody foresaw his tragically sudden death on the morning of Good Friday, after an illness of no more than two days.

Severe himself on works of little scientific value, however ebullient their enthusiasm for the past of the Church, he was with difficulty persuaded to write anything at all, and most of what he has left us is to be found in periodicals such as the *Civiltà Cattolica.* A mass of erudition, his most useful contributions to the progress of history concern the unfortunate Pope Formosus, the Countess Matilda, John Huss and the controversies centring round Blessed Cardinal Bellarmine. Unfortunately this output completely fails to represent the extent of his knowledge, which was always couched in trenchant language, even in his lectures. For Fr. Domenici an historical character gravitated between the opposite poles of *optimus vir* and *archipessimus inter pessimos*, not to mention the abandoned Roman Emperor, *qui neque includebatur sub arbore porphyreana.* And one could not resist the diversion of picturing his meeting some of the victims of his tongue in a better world, those wretched *epicopos rusticos* for instance, who used to rouse the vials of his wrath, when he dealt with some early Council. If Fr. Domenici proclaimed a general peril of our being asked questions, no one could call the third hour of the morning dull, though we might have preferred excitement of a less exhausting type.

These latter years brought him out as an authority on the Council of Nicaea, and his death is a loss that can ill be spared in these days, when positive knowledge counts for so much. May he rest in peace.

Domenico Romualdi, *Gerente responsabile.*