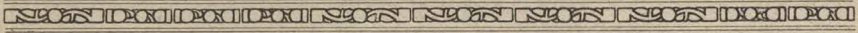


THE VENERABLE

❀
 CONDUCTED
 BY THE
 PAST AND PRESENT
 STUDENTS
 ❀



❀
 OF THE
 VENERABLE
 ENGLISH COLLEGE
 ROME
 ❀



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IMPRIMATUR

✠ JOSEPH PALICA, *Arch. Philipp.*
Vicesger.

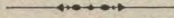


From and old print of Lemercier- Paris

PALAZZOLA and MALAFITTO.



EDITORIAL

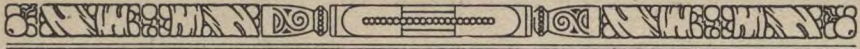


The expressed opinions of our subscribers abroad and at home seem to confirm us in the policy we adopted over a year ago of restricting the scope of the magazine to matters more closely pertinent to ourselves. So we can continue without hesitation and with their benediction on our course. Not that there were ever any difficulties of want of matter— that goes without saying. The stresses under which we labour are those no doubt of many of our brother periodicals— a dearth of completed articles and a dwindling bank-balance. The popular conception of the Editor who scores with blue pencil, and drops articles by the dozen into his waste-paper basket is very unreal if applied to us. But we do not wish to arraign our readers. We are only too grateful for all the points of information, hints and schemes for articles which have descended upon us during the past twelve months. We thank them all for this display of interest in our production. But after all, such things as these have generally to be worked up by the staff, and there is always the danger of a monotony of expression and of an over-persistent savour of the schools if all our sufficiency must come from within. We hope that those at least of our readers who have promised articles will once more look to their books, and satisfy an obligation which can only become the more odious the longer it escapes fulfilment.

Still another number must pass before the details of the *Piano Regolatore* can be made known. After the promise of a former Editorial we would have wished to publish the full account of the issue in the present magazine. But it has been judged expedient to withhold the news for the present. We have no fears of course of a recurrence of the Covent Garden scheme even under the Protean governors of modern Rome. But we are just as anxious as yourselves for the appearance of the golden hammer that will bring to earth the first stone of the Cappellà, and for the quietness for shattered nerves that will be finally and deservedly ours when the last guitar shall have strummed from its balconies, and the final tremolo of the prima-donna has flown stridently away on the wings of the *tramontana*.
Fiat! Fiat!

J. G.





NOTES ON THE MINUTE-BOOK OF THE ASSOCIATION, OR THE HISTORY OF THE ROMAN ASSOCIATION.

This is a most tantalising record. It is as non-human a record as any minute-book of a public body that has to be scrutinised by the Public Auditor. The various Secretaries seem to have cultivated the "lapidary" style. It doubtless favours accuracy, but the future historian will find but little that will help him in a living history of the Association. His manner of keeping records must have come, as Mr. Belloc would say, as a consequence of the chilling and blasting air of the Reformation. It was certainly not always so. I have found in a XVth century unpublished MS record of the Petty Sessions Courts held by the Prebends of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary Magdalene of Bridgnorth pious aspirations and invocations of the Holy Name mixed up with charges of perjury, defamation of character even, and on one day on which there was very little before the Court, the recorder copied out from some local gossip a wonderful "soveraine remedye against ye pestilence". I wish our past Secretaries had been more garrulous. The Association seems to have been formed at what the founders called a preliminary meeting held at the Catholic Institute, Liverpool, on January 4th., 1865, at the invitation of the Rev. H. H. Bryen. The first corporate act of the Association was, on February 27th, 1865, to sing a requiem for Cardinal Wiseman, who had just died. This was presumably sung at St. Werburgh's, Birkenhead, as Canon Chapman, the first president of the Association, sang the Mass. He had been elected President a few days before, on January 31st, 1865, and Eugene Buquet was at the same time elected Secretary. Both of them belonged to the Diocese of Shrewsbury.

It was stated at the first meeting that the object of the Association should be to encourage study by giving prizes to those who distinguished themselves in the Gregorian. This vague but laudable object was dropped at the subsequent meeting held in July of the same year at Sedgley Park School, where it was proposed and carried that a Scholarship should be founded and maintained by the subscriptions of the members. Dr. Northcote, a former student of the Pio College, joined the Association at this Meeting. No time seems to have been wasted, as in October of the same year, 1865, a Meeting was held at Stafford to draw up the conditions of the entry and the conduct of the examination. It was proposed and seconded that the Professors of St. Beuno's College be asked to conduct the examination. The Secretary records "not carried".

The examination was actually held in September 1866 at Oscott when the successful student was Mr. Samuel Webster Allen, afterwards Bishop of Shrewsbury. For no assigned reason there was no meeting in 1867, and perhaps in consequence of this the enthusiasm of the members seemed to have cooled, as at the meeting in 1868 it "was discussed whether it would be advisable to notice in the Report the non-payment of their subscriptions by members, giving names of defaulters. No resolution actually passed but defaulting members were to be 'specially appealed' to".

The dull record goes its way for three years, when one comes across this entry behind which there must have been much language used such as has been used in the Playroom when and where men see not eye to eye. "The first and second paragraphs of the Report of Council gave rise to no discussion and were passed unanimously. The third paragraph gave rise to a very animated discussion in consequence of the allusion to the Students who had left the Venerable during the last two years. In the course of the debate it was stated that two students were strongly opposed to the one object the Association had in view, viz: the sending of other students to the Venerable. No man ought to have been allowed to put such a Tantalus before his successors". "A very animated discussion" is evidently a euphemism and probably was but a variant of old playroom wrangles. Also "the objectionable allusion" to the students

who had left. What lies behind this? I have heard the late Bishop of Shrewsbury relate on more than one occasion that Cardinal Reisach, Protector of that day — a German by the way and not likely to sympathise with the students who objected to Dr. O'Callaghan's tightening the discipline — began his bitter address to the students by the words "Juvenes Anglorum". It was not a placating speech and it left much soreness. Some of the students left and returned to England. The bitterness amongst the students was very great, and one can understand that the phrase "animated discussion" was an understatement.

Evidently in the eighties the gentlemen who had been "specially appealed to" had fallen again into backsliding ways, as we find the possibility of retrenchment being discussed, and both retrenchments were to be made at Rome. The first was a resolution to send a letter to the Rector (Dr. Giles) asking if it would not be possible to reduce the pension. This was underlined in red ink. The Secretary replies at the next meeting "no answer has been received from the Rector". W. G. could do the dormouse very well. When such rude questions were asked he just went to sleep. The other source of saving was to be effected on the pocket money of the Scholar. One Canon J., afterwards an Auxiliary Bishop, was of opinion that the payment of the pension was sufficient and that the 10 *l.* pocket money should be discontinued. "A conversation (not animated discussion) then took place and as a compromise Rev. Louis Groom proposed 5 *l.*". But there comes the anti-climax when it was found that the last student had received no pocket money, whereat "much dissatisfaction was expressed by members present".

One resolution which I found and which has certainly not been rescinded nor has it been observed, runs thus: "no investment shall be made without the consent of the Council". This is a very wise rule. The present practice is for the three Trustees (of whom I am one) to take counsel together as far as possible, but practically always accepting the advice of a good Catholic stock-broker. Their practice should in view of the above resolution be discontinued.

A great deal of time and discussion of terms and conditions

of a new Scholarship occupy many pages of the Minute Book. It was the grandiose scheme of the Wiseman Scholarship for the furthering of study in Oriental languages at the Gregorian. The conditions are laid down in the greatest minuteness. Students from Ushaw were to have the first opportunities, as the founder, Mgr. Thompson, had been a student at Ushaw. Another part of the Founder's intention was a Rest-house and Home for Sick Priests at Buxton. I well remember the end of the scheme, as my Rector, Canon Allen, who was treasurer of the Association at the time when the estate of Mgr. Thompson was wound up, told me that the property from which the revenues of the Wiseman Scholarship and the Priests' Home were to come did not realise the sum of money for which it was mortgaged.

The record pursues its very uninspiring and uninteresting way until 1907 when there was held in Blackpool what has since been called "the Meeting of the Fiery Cross". You will search in vain for anything but the barest narration of resolutions. This Meeting really was the beginning of the new life which the Venerabile is now showing. The President of the Association, Rev. Austin Powell, asked the Secretary, who had just paid a visit to Rome, to give some account of how matters stood at the College. His account was that there were 16 students, three of whom were leaving that month. That of itself was bad news, but worse was to follow. The three students, at their audience with the Holy Father, were told that they must pray hard that the Bishops might send out more students. If they did not, he would close the College. What made this threat of the Holy Father more serious was that a movement was already on foot to change the constitution of the College: that it should be closed to ordinary students and made a house for a post-graduate course, and a proposal was in the air that the new College should be placed under the rule of the Fathers of S. Sulpice.

This account stung the Meeting into immediate action, and the Secretary was commissioned to present an impassioned appeal to the Bishops to send students and so save the College with its long and glorious history from being destroyed. Many of the Bishops responded nobly and sent out students who

raised the numbers to a height the College had not known for many years. The numbers, thank God, have gone on increasing under the rule of the present Rector, whose enthusiasm will continue, as it has lately done in the College crisis, from one success to another. May he long live to rule the College and hand on to the many under his care the tradition of her past.

AMBROSE MORIARTY.

P. S. — A propos of this paper it was suggested at a recent meeting of the officers of the Association, that all the papers of whatever kind be collected and given to an 'Archivist', who shall be responsible for their safe custody, filing and cataloguing.

P. P. S. — If anybody cares to have the "speciale medson for the pestilens", here it is. It may be useful at Palazzola: "Take the juice of fetherfo rue ruddes betony lavender loton herb John dragons wormst and dyttany and medull the joyce with triacle and drink it with stale ale and thus is to be dronkyn within VI oures VIII oures or XII oures after the sekenes doth apper it shall save both man and oman with the Grace of Jhesus and if it be dronkyn before tyme it will preserve them from the sekenes."

This has never appeared in print. I don't know whether the medical faculty will look upon it as poaching on their preserves.





PALAZZOLA AND MALAFITTO

(a supplement).

A supplement to the history of Palazzola has long been due to our readers, and we cannot allow the subject to remain in suspense any longer. There are pettifogging questions crying for solution, and there are gaps in the history of the last ten years still to be filled. Did the Freemasons use the church as a dancing hall? There may yet be some truth in the fact, though we have long dismissed it as an idle rumour. The church certainly seemed to serve for some time as a place of refreshment, and the façade still bears faint tracings of the once brave characters TRATTORIA ALBERGO. There is much room for historical recollection in the thought that clouded *contadini* once caroused where we now go to pray. Now for these and other things of interest documents and inscriptions are not to hand, and we have had to resort to the journalistic device of rounding up the oldest inhabitants. And though in apostolic days oral tradition was a grand thing and fully sufficient for its purpose, in these days of short memories it is the wisest thing to consign the bits of information we have got to the printers' devils without delay. Moreover, as examples are not wanting of the surreptitious disappearance of our movable property into the hands of rapacious neighbours we think it high time to set down some indications of our objects of archaeological value that the future *Palazzolesi* may at least know what we once possessed. Lastly our history would be a lame one did we not couple with it that of Malafitto, the sentinel-castle which shared with Palazzola the whole southern bend of the Alban Lake. For in medieval days Church and Castle were the two inseparable dominating factors in every scene. As Molara had its chapel and Rocca its Chiesa di S. Maria, so Malafitto had its Palazzola, and it must have been often highly inconvenient for the traveller through

the surrounding woods who could claim no connexion with either the latter or the former. But—to our muttons!

We said in the fourth part of Palazzola's history that after the Portuguese Revolution of 1910 the religious were compelled to leave, and the Convent was put up for sale. And from some notes which were compiled by some of our predecessors who looked into the matter, we gather that in 1914 the head of the Istituto di S. Antonio, Rome, who was perhaps the curator of the Portuguese property of the district, sold it to the Freemasons; that the reason of his selling it is not known, but that there was great indignation in Portugal among those who knew Palazzola. The price, according to the students of the Portuguese College, was 60.000 *lire*. Whether all this is true we are not quite sure. It is certain of course that the property did fall into the hands of Freemasons. But we have it from the mouth of the Father Guardian of the convent of the *Cappuccini*, who has lived in the neighbourhood for some twenty-seven years, that the Portuguese Government did not sell at that time, but that the convent of Palazzola became the property of men who were Freemasons because the Government in Portugal became a Masonic one. This may explain the rumour that concerns the dancing-hall. Since *Palazzina* had been for some years the summer residence of the Portuguese ambassador, it is quite probable that the Ambassador or Curator still resided here after the departure of the friars. In those days of bitter anti-clericalism they would not hesitate to make free use of the place. The rumour in question seems to have come from some of inhabitants of the district, who may have seen these things. However we put this forward as an explanation, not as a confirmation. The property definitely changed hands for the first time when Arnaldi bought it in 1915, *col permesso della Santa Sede*. It was Arnaldi who had the letters painted on the façade. Apparently he wished to run a dual combine. The hotel failed, and it was later decided to turn the Church into a cinema. Arnaldi, however, always retained the private Oratory, (now the nuns' chapel) for the use of any priests that might desire a rest-cure in the Colony. The latest event that concerns the Church is the fitting up of a new clock in one of the Church towers. The bells are the gift of Commendatore de Cupis.

We may as well add at this point a portion of a document quoted in Pesqueira giving the exact measurements of the Convent property. The land belonging to Palazzola, it says, consists of a long belt of territory along the side of the lake on the slope towards the west, and is confined on the north by the old postal road that led to Rome: on the east by the road leading to Rocca di Papa, and the property of the Colonna: on the south by the territory of Albano and that of the Principe Colonna: on the west by the territory of Albano and Castel Gandolfo: and towards the north—west by a small column marked with a P (Palazzola) on one side and with Co (Colonna) on the other, and by a straight line drawn thence to a mass of *peperino tagliato a punta* which is a hundred metres distant in the direction of the lake. The total area is 408,590 square metres, or, according to local measurement, 22 *rubbra*, 1 *scorzo*, and 3 *quartucci*.

As regards our objects of archaeological interest, (1) some of those that are mentioned by Tomassetti, and which were still on view here in 1910 when he visited Palazzola, naturally disappeared along with the secession of the Portuguese *frati*. Thus there is no trace of the Fonseca vestments—a richly embroidered cloth-of-gold chasuble, complete with stole and maniple etc. And of the two choirs of walnut wood inscribed with the arms of Fonseca only one remains. Of later disappearance however is the old sarcophagus which used to lie near the wall not far from the tank. It has now found its way to the newly restored Colonna villa. It is a plain stone sarcophagus, broken off, it seemed, at about two-thirds its length, and had been used as a basin for water. We are not sure where it stood originally, but it has been conjectured that it might have rested under the *arcosolium* on the right side of the present sacristy. It *may* have been the tomb of one of the Colonnas—that is, either of Agnese di Montefeltro, mother of Vittoria Colonna, or of Federico the brother of the latter, for they were both buried here. The Vi-

(1) Errata in former article. Vol. II, no. 2, p. 133, *loco* 'brown' read 'white,' *loco* 'white' read 'reddish'. Fifth line—*loco* 'S. Gio. etc.; read 'Croce della porta di S. S. Gio. in Laterano'.

gna Botti is another place which possesses some of the convent property—to be precise, eight slender marble columns, the supports of the refectory tables. The rest of the columns are gathered together at the near end of the garden. The stouter ones among them were once the central pillars of the cloister colonnade. The garden contains also many relics from the old church in the shape of arches, square stone slabs etc. of which we need only mention those of importance (1). The two pointed arches of solid stone (the one inscribed with a mystic lamb and the other with a cross), that rest on the low wall opposite the window of the billiard room were surmountings for the doors of the old church. A replica of the second can still be seen over the present main entrance to the church. There are also two rose windows, the larger of which was probably set in the wall that separates the choir from the tribune. (The present portico is modern and the wall is 13th century construction). And near the balcony we have two stone stools, both bearing inscriptions which were perhaps ornaments or cornice stones of the pre-Fonseca edifice. The *stemma* which is seen walled up over the lavabo of 1692 on the garden side of the house has a rather interesting history. It is evidently what Tomassetti describes as the princely coat of arms which was the underside of the slab of marble on which the friars used to chop their meat. He says it was a sepulchral stone. As a matter of fact the upper part of the slab (which was in the kitchen on our arrival) was removed to the garden in 1923, where it can still be seen, cracked in two pieces, among the jetsam at the nearer end. At any rate the size of the *stemma* and slab are exactly the same, and I presume that the stone was cut after Tomassetti's visit by the monks or Arnaldi. The coat of arms consists of a plain badge with a bar sinister, the rest of the shield being scooped out to contain mosaic. As in heraldry a bar sinister is a badge of bastardy, the shield can only refer to Fonseca himself, who was reputed to be the illegitimate son of John V of Portugal. It was perhaps begun with the hope that Fon-

(1) It is quite possible that the broken pieces of marble in the garden came from the imperial villa.

seca's body would be buried at Palazzola, and left unfinished when he was recalled to Oporto.

The only other things worthy of notice are the frescoes and canvasses in the Common Room and Upper Library. The latter contains two oilpaintings, one of S. Francis receiving the stigmata, and the other of S. Joseph and Our Lady. The former contains four frescoes over the four doors, representing—(1). The Passionist Monastery on Monte Cavo; (2) Palazzola (in quite modern condition, and perhaps therefore retouched); (3) Lago di Albano; (4) Lago di Nemi. And of canvasses, (1) S. Didacus in central panel; (2) Saint Paschal Baylon; (3) St. Francis; (4) Friar in Contemplation; (5) *Fractio Panis*; (6) *Cardinal Fonseca*. The portrait of *Bishop Fonseca* that hung in the Common Room was transferred in 1923 to the Portuguese Consulate; and the painting of "St. Jerome in Midnight Study" has been deemed sufficiently valuable to transfer to Rome. It has been cleaned, and hangs in a new frame in the *Salone*.

We have now to cast a glance at Malafitto. It lies about a kilometer distant along the top of the steep in the direction of the convent of the Cappuccini. Little remains of it now—it is a sorry ruin half-concealed by ilexes, chestnuts and thick shrubbery. The strange position of these ruins, perched on a dangerous height overlooking the lake is perhaps the reason for its name—*malafitto* or *male affisso*, i.e. "awkwardly placed"; though some deduce its name from its meriting the threats and maledictions of the peacefull travellers who suffered at its hands. From the few remains not much of the ancient structure can be visualised. Still it appears to have had two square towers at either end distant some fifty metres apart, with a double enclosure on the southern side. There is nothing in the interior, and the construction is twelfth-century work—rectangular blocks of *peperino*. The best preserved portion lies to the south, and not as Tomassetti says "al ponente". There the tower to the left rises about eight metres above the modern level and still retains the holes that held the beams of the roof. Altogether the castle must have possessed a grim simplicity, perched up there *come un nido di rapace* when that powerful Roman citizen Giovanni del Giudice, father of Pandolfo, a senator of 1215, was its proud possessor. It did not remain in his hands

for long. The Annibaldi (the nobility of Trastevere), had already secured by the middle of the twelfth century the fortress of Molarà at the fifteenth milestone along the Via Latina, as well as Rocca di Papa, and they were not long in negotiating the purchase of Malafitto. The strategic position of the latter is evident at first sight. It dominated the whole of the region from Castelgandolfo to Ariccia and Nemi and was necessary to anyone who wished to have control over this area. Together with Molarà and Rocca it enabled the Annibaldi to control the whole arc or crescent from Tusculum to Genzano. Molarà looked down from its height over the whole stretch of Le Spadacciole down to Marino and Valle Violata. A direct road connected it with Rocca, which fortress on account of its natural height was practically unassailable. From this ran the other road to Malafitto, which was chiefly used as a *vedetta*, and the plunder obtained by the men of Malafitto was carried *via* Rocca to the first fortress, which was the seat of the family, and where, in fact, Cardinal Riccardo had once invited S. Thomas Aquinas to spend a Christmas with him. If one takes a map of this region, one can realize in a fuller manner the strength of this trinity of strongholds—absence of direct roads from those places which alone could maintain an opposition, such as Marino, Nemi, Ariccia, Genzano; and dense forest which was eminently suitable for bands of predatory robbers who had all the inventiveness of rapparees. But the science of medieval strategics is not our subject, and therefore hardly germane to these pages. We leave that to Mr. Belloc or one of his English College admirers. Suffice it for our purpose to say that in 1428, that is a hundred and fifty-one years after Riccardo had exchanged for it his property of the Arcus Tiburtinus near the Gate of S. John Lateran, the Castle of Malafitto, *dirutum et inhabitatum*, was sold along with Valle Riccia and Pantanelle by Niccolò Savelli (whose family had succeeded to the Annibaldi), to Antonio Colonna, Prince of Salerno, for 5,600 florins. The Colonnas, who bought, sold and exchanged castles, fortresses and palaces as if they were bagatelles, kept Malafitto for four years, when Prospero Colonna as agent for the family sold it to Francesco Savelli along with Selvapiana and Valle Riccia, for 1197 gold ducats. Whether they fortified the place again we do not know, but it is not likely. And in 1661 it be-

came the property of the Chigi family, who bought the whole of the Savelli possessions. It has remained in the hands of the former to this day.

Palazzola—to return to its history—has not only filled many a page in dusty archives and left its story on tablets of bronze and stone—it has also been lauded in song. We have already two poems in our possession of which Palazzola was the inspiration. As a fitting finale we shall give that of Giambattista Maccari, a poet of the *ottocento*, who with his brother Giuseppe strove to copy in his verse the delicacy and sadness of Leopardi. He dedicates his lines to Achille Monti:

“ Nereggia Palazzuolo,
E sull’acque d’un lago
Pende squallido e solo.
Io là, Monti, son vago
D’aver teco soggiorno
Quando april fa ritorno.

Quando nella chiesuola
Dicon di Dio la lode
Che l’anima consola,
La campanella s’ode,
E noi andrem con loro
A salmeggiar nel coro.

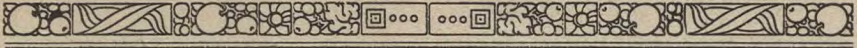
Ivi son fraticelli
Cui povertà dispensa.
Noi staremo con quelli
Ad una stessa mensa,
E sotto il loro tetto
Avrem povero letto.

Il giorno, in compagnia
Di qualche fraticello
Farem lenti la via;
E dove appar più bello
Il lago, e il sito è ombroso
Cercheremo riposo.

A me silenzio e pace
Chiede l’anima stanca.
Giovinezza vivace
Vola, e il capo s’imbianca.
Ha posa ogni desío,
E sol rimane Iddío ”.

(*Nuove Poesie*, Imola 1869).

J. GARVIN.



THE PESTILENCE OF NOISE

In Longfellow's *Golden Legend* there is a Nativity Play, of which one scene takes us to a Jewish village school with its lessons. In this we read:

“ *Rabbi*: And now, my Judas, say to me
What the great Voices Four may be
That quite across the world do flee,
And are not heard by men?

“ *Judas*: The Voice of the Sun in heaven's dome,
The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome,
The Voice of a Soul that goeth home,
And the Angel of the Rain. ”

To-day, as never before, the voice of the murmuring of Rome is drowned in the all-too audible, all-pervading, unescapable noises not of man but of man's newest inventions.

To one who returns after twelve years' absence the change is startling, appalling, and beyond his worst anticipations. It is more than significant, it is portentous.

Already I hear the realist objecting: “ My good Sir, what is the use of this aesthetic lamentation? We must go with the times. You must get used to the noise and, if possible, learn to like it.” Of him I will ask but a few minutes' patience. If the lamentation were *merely* aesthetic, and *merely* individual, it would indeed deserve no great consideration. But is it so? I trow not.

Must we indeed go with the times? In that case the Ten Commandments will go by the board, or most of them. They are not exactly in the fashion! And if the times have taken, as would appear, the Gadarene swine for their model, I humbly beg to be excused from following the majority or falling into

line behind the big drums of Progress. Progress quotha? When you have told me whence and whither I will be more ready to listen to you. *Nos nequiores!*

“The devil must surely chuckle when he hears us talking about progress, when we confess in the same breath that we know neither starting point nor goal.”

said Father Martindale at the London Conference of the C.C.I.R. (“Tablet” 30th May 1925).

Let me round in your ear a moment. It is Progress that is out of date. It is modernity that is becoming antiquated and decrepit. Your Promised Land has proved a floundering quagmire.

If Progress be true the government of Lenin must surely have been a great improvement upon that of Nicholas II. because it came later! But there never was a more groundless assumption than that of universal and continuous Progress. Like the onward march of man from half-ape to H. G. Wells, the thing is an utter hoax. Refutations abound on every hand.

“By the side of this jewellery of the twelfth dynasty, that of Queen At-hotep of the seventeenth, found by Mariette at Thebes, looks formal and degenerate. In jewellery, as in all things else in ancient Egypt, the earlier art is the best.” (A.H. Sayce, *The Egypt of the Hebrews & Herodotus*, 1895, viii. 283, cf. i. 9-11). Dr. Arendzen tells me the same thing independently. Coming nearer Christendom it is manifest that the later religion of pagan Rome, though far more complicated, was anything but an improvement upon the earlier. It would be nearer the truth to say that the story is rather one of almost continuous degradation.

Again it is surely an outstanding fact in human affairs that clamour and hustle have always been scorned by the wise as the mark of futile or mischievous endeavour, that great works are not attended with feverish hurry or noise, that what is violent does not last, that peace and quiet are the right conditions for the growth of wisdom or the achievement of work that is to endure, that the genuine temporal needs of man are few and simple, that the voice of God is not heard in the whirlwind, much less in an artificial whirlwind, that noise, self-assertion and boastful

scorn of the past are the surest marks of a truly vulgar and barbarian soul, and that the most depraved will seek to desecrate what is most holy. By this fact the efforts of the modern world to cry down the past and vulgarise human life stand condemned. And the true Roman cannot but resent the introduction of those efforts, and that in an intensified degree, into the Eternal City. Listen to an American witness. The Editor of the *Catholic World* observes:

“Most of us never stop to think. We seem to be afraid of what Lord Byron calls ‘the demon thought’. Some of us read, but few of us meditate. We dare not be alone. We are poor companions to ourselves. We must have company, if it be only that of imaginary persons in a novel. Our entertainments are a substitute for thinking, or a refuge from the danger of possible thought. The popularity of the ‘movies’ is largely due to the fact that they fill up, for the most part innocuously, time in which one might otherwise be subjected to the necessity of thinking” (May 1925, p. 258).

A wise old man of ancient Rome here agrees with the verdict of Ruskin: “Non viribus aut velocitatibus aut celeritate corporum res magnae geruntur, sed consilio, auctoritate, sententia; quibus non modo non orbari, sed etiam augeri senectus solet” (Cicero, *Cato Major* cvi). Much to the same effect writes a veteran still with us, whose name is revered in all the household of Faith: “Civilisation is the perpetuation of tradition. But for tradition we should be savages.” (Father Joseph Rickaby, *An Old Man's Jottings* lxix. 74). The same truth is being written in letters of flame and blood in Russia and Mexico.

Moreover this mania for speed and change has reactions other than physical. “This physical restlessness,” says a writer in the *Universe* of 24th September 1926, “is accompanied—whether as cause or effect it is not easy to determine—by a corresponding mental restlessness; so deep rooted is the disease that it has not merely destroyed peace, but the very desire of peace... This mental unrest and the desire for movement has produced an impatience with everything that betokens stability and permanence, and among these things are the fundamental principles of morality and conduct, and the truths of religion.” Does not daily, hourly experience bear this out? Can anyone pretend that this is a light evil, that it is not a portentously

grave one? Will anyone dare to maintain that only aestheticism is at stake?

Mere mechanical activity is a mental narcotic, an aid to irreflection. This, I suspect, is the secret of its immense attraction for this generation, a generation that, divorced from the land, is therewith also divorced from the realities of life and beyond all parallel artificial and ephemeral in its principles.

"Like all persons who dwell much in the country, a world that was neither that of the flesh nor yet of the spirit was that in which she largely moved—a world of strange laws and auspices, and this answering to this and that to that. It is a state inconceivable to those who live in the noise and movement of town—who find town life, that is, the life in which they are most at ease. For where men have made the earth that is trodden underfoot, and have largely veiled the heavens themselves, it is but natural that they should think that they have made everything and that it is they who rule it."

(R.H. Benson: *Come Rack! Come Rope!* II. iii., 1927, p. 127).

Ordinary and natural noises shall draw no complaint from me. On the contrary the chime of horsehoofs, the creaking of farm-wains or winecarts upon cobbled ways, the hooting of owls at night, these affect me like veritable music, the rhythmic harmony of normal human life and environment all down the ages. In the natural order also, *quod semper, quod ubique*.

But the grinding, squealing, crashing din of the double tramlines down the Via Quattro Fontane or the Via Condotti, or a hundred others, is a sleep-murdering discord that reluctantly abates only in the small hours. And the cumulative ear-splitting shrieks and shattering trumpets of the automobiles almost everywhere, in the wide open spaces like the Piazza del Popolo or in narrow by-streets like Via dell'Orso, is utterly distracting and bewildering. What tolerable excuse can there be for rushing round Rome as though it were some Chicago or Mondville of yesterday's eruption? It has become impossible to pause to look at any old building in most Roman streets. In fact there is only one way, I soon discovered, of traversing Rome in peace, with leisure to look round you, and that is the old-time sane and happily unabolished *carrozza*, which is also

quite fast enough for reasonable men; and if it does not satisfy Hebrew plutocrats, well, that is an added recommendation. Those who cannot spare time from dollar-hunting to traverse Rome in reasonable leisure have truly no call to come thither.

So insane has this worship of modernity grown that I verily fear there are those who would wish to import the climate together with the machinery of Manchester for the sake of being hailed as "up-to-date."

A priest friend of mine, an old Roman, told me lately how in the Jubilee year he met a North Italian who said he did not feel really at home without the sight of factory chimneys, and when reminded that Italy had sunshine replied, "But you have coal." What subterraneous folly this!

Sua si bona norint! That an Italian should envy what Ruskin nicknamed "our coal-begotten greatness"! Even when it is undeniably waning!

"One lesson, nature, let me learn of thee"

cries Matthew Arnold:

"One lesson that in every wind is blown,
"Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity".

Nothing could be more ignorantly foolish than the notion that hustle and energy are synonymous. Hustle is a waste of energy, a form of advertisement. Its momentary effects may impress the unreflecting, but far other conditions cradle a work of enduring beneficence. Does not the School tell us "what is violent does not last? Does not history add its accordant testimony? If we pass to the supernatural, real greatness begins in some world-ignored upper chamber, some retreat in the desert or the mountains, some gathering of a few humble souls at the foot of the cross; and the cross is laid in the foundations of their work. Could anything be more utterly opposed to the "pushes" and "drives", the advertisements and headlines of your "practical" plunger?

"On the 1st of May 1850, a certain number of women, perhaps more tried than the rest, met in the Church of Notre Dame de Sion, founded by the venerable Père Ratisbonne, and remembering the words of Our Lord, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them,'

resolved, at the foot of the altar, to recite daily certain prayers for their children, and to meet once a month for the same object. From this humble beginning has sprung a Confraternity or Association of Christian Mothers, under the patronage of St. Monica, which has spread over the whole of the Catholic world, and received the approval of the Holy Father himself. This is the way in which all great works in this country have been brought about. If anyone had told the poor little seamstresses of Lyons that the pennies they begged from door to door for the propagation of the faith would produce millions, they would have laughed at the idea. Had it been announced to the poor servant who, in an obscure village of Brittany, founded the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor that in ten years their numbers would be almost countless, it would have been received with a like incredulity. It is as if, in this era of wonderful progress, when men are drunk with power, because they have invented railroads and electric telegraphs and the like, God seemed to find pleasure in confounding their pride by making use of the humblest and apparently most unlikely means, to attain His great ends." (Lady Herbert, *Life of St. Monica* (1868), pp. 147-9).

If the barbarous shrieking and yelling of "progress" must be endured some time longer, it should be relegated to secular capitals without a Christian history. After all, the old pagans adored the works of God, the sun, moon, stars, rivers, trees, and hills; the modern sons of progress have reached a lower, baser idolatry in adoring the contrivances of their own hands. I would sooner worship a crocodile than an electric tramcar, or, worse still, its fiendish, discordant din. "Le mécanisme fera peser son joug de fonte sur le monde envasé" wrote Veuillot (*Le Parfum de Rome*, ed. T. de Wyzewa, vol. 1, p. 29). It has done so, with a vengeance! But the mind of the Church regarding the education of her levites is surely reflected by such passages as the following:

"The fact that antiquity placed the temples of their goddess of learning and wisdom in forts and castles, seated upon a higher ground, and at a competent distance from the common habitation of their towns and cities, did not only signify that wisdom and knowledge is the chief protection and safeguard

of men, and a thing highly elevate above the vulgar reach, but also that the proper seat of learned exercises is to be at a convenient distance from the throng and tumult of the world; this being no less an enemy to speculative and studious minds than smoke and dust to the eye, and a confused and jarring noise to a delicate and harmonious ear." Thus in 1674 wrote Father R. Strange in his *Life St. Thomas of Hereford* (1879) v. 32.

To do them justice, a few defenders of progress have owned frankly that it means the sacrifice of beauty, but fail to see that beauty is a token of right-ordered life, and its absence a sure index of grave disease, so much so that the votaries of the loathsome feminine fashions now prevalent are fain to swear that deformity and vulgarity are beautiful and evil good, as though folly could become wisdom by its general adoption, and the multitude of fools turn into wise men by recruiting their numbers!

Here is a frank anticipation published in 1918: "a resolute effort is being made to graft upon the agricultural people of Italy a highly organised industrial life" (Frank Fox, '*Italy*,' 1918, p. 81). Again:

"So the Italian people of to-morrow, or the day after, may have developed into a people of factory workers rather than agriculturists, their beautiful mountain torrents and lakes given up to utility and sacrificed as natural joys for the sake of power. It is a development which many will lock to with sorrow. But it seems to be the way of the world. Progress demands that we should give up being happy in order to be busy, and give up beauty for utility, and barter a rye crust and cheese under the rainbow of a waterfall for canned beef and white bread in the shed of a factory. And who would dare to say a word against Progress?" (*ibid.* 82).

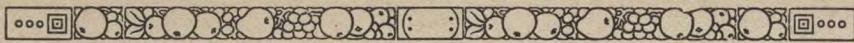
Thank God, much water has flowed under the bridges of Italy since 1918, not altogether in the direction foreboded. In his remarkable speech on May 27th Italy's leading Statesman passed some severe strictures on modern city life calculated to startle the thoughtless modernitarian. He has dared in effect to say a good many words against Progress.

But the clinching argument has always seemed to me this: If new hustle and discord constitute civilisation, or its ign-

manual, then Nazareth and its inhabitants were barbarous. But if Nazareth and its inhabitants, living by the immemorial human traditions, were not barbarous, then their opposite, the modern clamour, is barbarism. Across the passing uproar of to-day may be heard by the listener the voice of the murmuring of Rome, the Rome of tradition, the Rome of the singing fountains and Angelus bells, the Rome in which the still small voice that speaks not in the whirlwind is constantly heard.

H.E.G. ROPE, M.A.





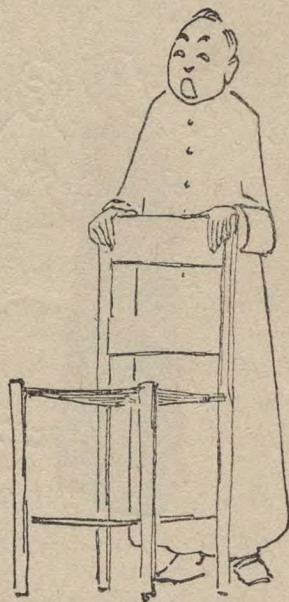
ROMANESQUES.

I. In Praise of Caffè and Rosolio.

There are good and cogent reasons why new men should *not* give the house their first impressions of Rome on St. Catherine's Day. But it is a tradition, and tradition is an inexorable thing. You set it up to counteract the law, and it becomes a law itself. You put it in your house as a statue of liberty, and lo! in the night it has ousted the *lares* and *penates* and become a god! Tradition says that the stranger within our gates must give his first impressions of Rome, on St. Catherine's Day, and that's the end of it.

Let us be fair and admit that first impressions have their merit. They are refreshing and unbiassed, and they are almost always wrong. And everyone enjoys the sense of superior knowledge. On the other hand, they are very often boring, they entail unnecessary suffering, and they inflame the passion of cruelty which burns in every human heart. But these speeches have one unassailable *raison d'être* in that they furnish an occasion for caffè and rosolio.

Now caffè and rosolio is—for the singular better expresses their wedded perfection—is not only a drink which is good, but it is a symbol which is better. It marks out certain days of the year as special days—days which they would have marked with a white stone in older Rome. And I do not doubt that



“ *But it is a tradition.* ”

the Dean has placed a sign against their dates on some official calendar which is bristling with an army of "docetur's." And if the diaconal pencil place his sign manual even by a dark day athwart which lies the shadow of the "Greg," who shall care for lecturer or rostrum, or *bidello's* stern and roving eye, when



"The Theologian shall recall the epic past"

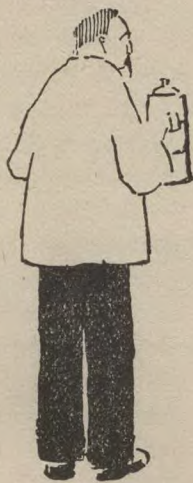
there is caffè and rosolio after dinner? There is still a sense of holiday in the air. Nay, though one should perforce dash the goblet from his hand at 1.45 p.m. and pack him off to Hebrew lectures, even then he will wake up before the dawn, and, recollecting the day, will arise with alacrity and say to his heart: "All is not lost, to-day we have caffè and rosolio." Will not morning schools drag less leaden feet around the clock, when caffè and rosolio is yet to come? And at dinner doubtless the

threadbare topics will be more spiritedly treated and once more St. Thomas and Suarez will enter the lists and fight out the age-old and indecisive battles, to the immense discomfiture, I trust, of Suarez.

And how different is the Common Room on these days! No one is buried in newspapers or books, or turning over the leavings in the cupboard. But sprightly groups of kindred spirits foregather round the solid tables and make merry over the wassail.



"have descended from their guesititude..."



"The white-robed camerieri"

It is on these occasions that soul meets soul and the hoar theologian will so far unbend as to retell the brave days of his first year; old and terrific adventures of the historic past will be recalled, no less remarkable and improbable than when they actually occurred.

Thus we make and conserve history as they did in more robust days, long before you could buy the whole history of Christian civilization written by an atheist journalist and published in fortnightly parts at 1/3 a time. But of course we have progressed considerably since those days of jongleurs and troubadour and oral traditions. Doubtless the comparison between the troubadour singing of doughty deeds over his sack and the 'multi-gitaed' Roman over his caffè and rosolio, is only another example of the everlasting recurrence of history. And who will deny

this to the theologian in his declining days, that he shall recall the epic past and parade it once again bedight with a little extra fringe of circumstance? That is the stuff of which tradition is made even in these sad days, that is how the saga is born and the ballad chiselled out of the hard rock of life.

Needless to say that ours was the greatest of all First Years. We were the first to come out after the War, the pioneers of a new epoch. And later on young men came from their Protes-



“With musical honours.”

tant homeland, and, tainted with the evil of private judgment, they refused to believe in the heroes of the old epoch. They could hardly have paid them a greater tribute; surely this is the acme of fame—to be unbelievably great.

If caffè and rosolio breaks down the barriers between student and student, it also removes those between superior and student. Some barriers indeed there must be between man and super-man,

and these remain. Nay, in its own subtle way caffè and rosolio reminds us that even in the most perfect democracy there must be some hierarchy of authority. For is it not the inalienable privilege of the “beaks” that they alone shall put their own sugar in the coffee?—and is it not reserved to them alone to take by right a second *bicchierino* of Strega an they will? Yet, though their dignity remain, one is inspired with a sense of reverent camaraderie towards the superiors when they come to our Common Room, and sit at our tables on the very chairs upon which the students love to place their feet.

Even the distinguished guests of the College, yea, though they flaunt the Purple and the Scarlet of Rome, have on no rare occasions descended from their ‘guestitude’ and become as

ourselves, sitting in the Common Room at our tables and partaking of caffè and rosolio—no less sybarites than ourselves. And I wager we have played the host as well as any. Thus caffè and rosolio is a great leveller and leads us back to that great Christian democracy when master and man, prince and peasant could be class conscious and yet escape class hatred.

And what noble speeches have been provoked by caffè and rosolio! For when our guests are installed and the white-robed *camerieri* enter, bearing the brimming bowl (figuratively speaking), the call for *speech* rumbles on every lip. Any occasion is an occasion for oratory, if there is caffè and rosolio to wash it down with. How many guests have we toasted in the emerald *menta* with musical honours, and what would become of Premiation Day and St. Thomas's, or Christmas Day itself for that matter, if it were not graced with caffè and rosolio? Sad festa indeed which was not orchestraed with the clink of *bicchierini* and coffee cups. We would shrink from our guests in shame and confusion if we could not offer them this stirrup-cup.



“Nab you for a turn.”

Caffè and rosolio is a heroic drink urging the reticent to confidences, the aged to reminiscences and the tuneful to song. And the piano, long-hushed, even in the dreary thesis-sheet days speaks again at the touch of the ready virtuoso, and the brave chorus goes up and we sing the old songs that we have sung so often and yet never too often. Songs from our own ballad book of the passing of Porzio and the glories of Palazzola, and we revive the “Stornelli Albanesi.” Do the young men forget them already? Those were brave days—ah, sad past tense of the days forever gone! Yet perhaps something of the spirit of rosolio will remain with us in the after years as

one of the ineradicable advantages of a seven years' course in Rome. *Fiat, fiat!* Great days, my brothers, days of song and speech and good-fellowship, filled with that *sancta laetitia* which our indulgent Mother Church commends, far removed from the rude hilarity begot of wine. For after all, no one was ever known to get drunk on coffee.

But, since nothing is quite perfect in this world, caffè and rosolio days have their drawbacks too. For it is on these days that wily and secretive men prowl from merry group to merry group and nab you for a "turn" in the Christmas concerts or inveigle you into an active part in a debate on the respective merits of Greece and Rome, or tell you in an off-hand way that you, who are a well-known left-full-back, have been carefully chosen to play right-outside in a forthcoming match against the champions of all the Italies. These men read the hearts of their fellows and they know that you cannot be so churlish as to refuse on such a day.

All things change—more slowly in Rome perhaps than elsewhere—; but they change. And we who have seen the old can never quite reconcile ourselves to the new. To us the Venerable will never be quite the same, as it was before we left. But as long as there are caffè and rosolio days on the Dean's calendar, and as



long as Superiors and students celebrate the greater feasts together, some shreds of the old indestructable "Venerable" must unite the happiest family of exiles in the world.

J. G.

2. The Campo.

Everyone must remember that scandal of philosophy when he first met the intangibility of *haecceitas* and despaired of ever arriving at the essence of the individual. Wherefore it was

always a conscious relief when this abstract wraith solidified into the bundle of accidents which distinguish Paul from Peter. Who then shall set down in gross terms the spirit of Rome?—a rhetorical question to be prefixed by *num.* But the things which are instinct of Rome, because they are to be found only in Rome, these things lie plain to the least observant *camerata*. Let such be our preface—that we aim at a description of Rome and not a definition.

In the Campo are to be met Americans as well as Romans, and more Jews than either. But they have this merit, that they are Romanized Jews. After all, it is still Italian one hears in the Ghetto, though they may cover the Synagogue with Hebrew symbols to the confounding of First Year.

But it is not this motley gathering which renders the Campo unique: semi-naturalised Jews are to be met everywhere, and Americans are no less ubiquitous. Nor the fact that the Campo is a market. The Persian Rug department of Cairo must look very like the old vestment and tapestry stalls beneath the Cancellaria; books are to be bought in Farringdon Street; fruit, flowers and cheese all the world over from Brittany to Covent Garden. Perhaps the metals are unique—but perhaps again it is only lack of experience which prompts this surmise, and iron-mongery is an ancient trade.

But nowhere else on the face of the earth will you meet so many clerics in a bazaar, haggling over second-and books or second-hand typewriters in the lingua franca which is so peculiarly half-masticated Italian. Clerks are to be found before the music stalls or calculating the worth of uncouth electric fittings, until *Reverendo* becomes almost as common a vocative in that babel as *Signori*. There is the bottle-green *greca* of some poverty stricken *parroco* carrying a string bag bulging with vegetables, as he thumbs a tattered volume of Palmieri: here the vivid sash of an enterprising Lombard who covets Vasari's Lives; and, in between, the sombre black of the Englishman, knowing no other Italian novel than *I Promessi Sposi*. Of course, there are stalls that do not appeal to the cleric. But it is quite surprising where you may find him—before the brilliant flower stands in search of adornment for our Lady's altar, and deep in the contest with some old Romany fresh from the pages of

Borrow—barbaric ladies with weatherbeaten faces and grasping palms. Sometimes he is on the lookout for a terracotta figure to grace the college fountain; and he may even be intrigued by the astounding variety of cameras *sotto costo*. He makes a strange figure among that multitude of hard-bargaining housewives and curiosity-hunting tourists. He is in the picture nowhere else but in Rome, and even there he might escape notice, so quiet is he among the hubbub.

Every *Venerabilino* is familiar with the game of haggling whether he begin brusquely with “Ma è troppo caro; molto, troppo!” or is equal to every move and can walk disgustedly away to secure an immediate halving of the price. I have only tried this once, and contrary to all the books of rules, I was allowed to go unmolested. But haggling is by no means exclusive to Rome, and the further East one travels the more it grows into an art.

The one other feature of the Campo is its situation—not a large open piazza, nor yet the narrow streets of a quarter, but a combination of the two. Stalls in streets, and butchers’ shops staring at Giordano Bruno; the mass of the Cancelleria as a background to brocades and stockings, the babble of a *trattoria* to the gracious silence of bookhunting; room enough for cruiser-like buses to curb the impatience of *S.T.A.*’s or the limousines of the French Embassy, and again no space to trace the rolling of a vagrant orange. Was there ever such a setting for the commerce in clothes off the peg and imitation antiques, oil lamps, complete with miniatures of electric bulbs? Fake and the genuine jostle one another on the same stall, sacred and profane, the old and the new. Only one thing is everywhere, and that is noise.

Then, at the Ave, strangely loaded handcarts rattle over the cobbles to secret haunts, and the litter of one Wednesday vanishes for another week. If one thing is certain, it is that the Lord does not favour the Campo: for it rains on a Wednesday whenever it can, and the *camerata* making for schools always takes umbrellas on the slightest signs of cloud.

There are many mysteries connected with this aged institution: where do the vendors go between whiles—if you prefer it, whence do they come? How do they make a living for the

other six days in the week? And is the Campo only the Ghetto come west? But there is one puzzle which eclipses all the rest: how does the law of competition work? For all the species are barracked here together, the curio stalls in one spot, the fruit in another, the fish in this corner and the lace in that. All sell identically what their neighbours sell, all seem to charge the same prices, all advertise their wares with the same volume of sound.

Only one thing is certain about the Campo—one never buys anything cheap there.

R.L.S.





THE "ENGLISH ROMAYNE LYFE" IN 1579.

We offer no apology for this string of excerpts, the contents of which cannot fail to interest and amuse those at least who have ever studied within our walls. As for the character of their author, no possible apology could redeem it: we shall therefore say as little about it as we may. He was a villain of the deepest dye — of a perfidy so black and such a sanctimoniousness withal as hardly any but the Elizabethan age seems to produce. He has however, like Falstaff, a saving sense of humour and a piquant style which can draw a smile from his severest judge, and make the reading of him highly entertaining.

The book from which we quote is entitled: *The English Romayne Lyfe. Discovering: The liues of the Englishmen at Roome: the orders of the English Seminarie: the dissention betweene the Englishmen and the VVelshmen: the banishing of the Englishmen out of Roome: the Popes sending for them againe: a reporte of many of the paltrie Reliques in Roome: their Vãutes under the grounde: their holy Pilgrimages: and a number of other matters, worthy to be read and regarded of euery one...* VVritten by A. M. sometime Popes Scholler in the Seminarie among them. The work has been admirably re-edited by Mr. G. B. Harrison in *The Bodley Head Quartos* in 1925, and from this edition we make our extracts.

Anthony Munday was born in 1553 and brought up a Protestant. He left England with a companion in 1578 to seek adventure on the Continent, was set upon and robbed soon after his landing and obtained shelter and assistance from an English priest at Amiens. The travellers likewise claimed and received the hospitality of English Catholics at Paris, Lyons and Milan, Munday finding it convenient to assume the identity of a certain "Gentlemans Sonne" for whom he had been mistaken — "where through", he says, "I was the better esteemed, and beside, loued as I had beene he in deede". Having profited by this accident

to worm himself into the confidence of his hosts, he regales the reader with some of the "horrible Treasons inuented againste her Maiestie and this Realme" which were revealed to him in the course of conversation. At Rome they were welcomed and entertained at the English Colledge (which was then also the English Hostel) and admitted — somewhat precipitately, it appears to us — into the number of the students, Munday keeping up, albeit with some difficulty, his false identity. His companion, one Thomas Nowell, was sincerely won over and stayed at the Colledge (Munday describes him in a marginal note as "nowe my utter enimie"), but Munday was sent about his business in a few months. With the things he saw and experienced during these months in Rome the book is mainly concerned, while the information he gathered was turned to account in his subsequent career in England as informer and priest-hunter. He was associated with the unspeakable Topcliffe, and seems to have taken peculiar satisfaction in helping to bring his erstwhile fellow-students to Tyburn.

Chapter III is the most interesting, for it describes "the orders used in the Englishe Colledge, how the English men spend the time there, and within what compasse they limitte themselves." Here are some details: — "The Englishe Colledge, is a house bothe large and fayre, standing in the way to the Popes Pallace, not farre from the Castle *Sante Angello*: in the Colledge, the Schollers are diuided, by certaine number into euerie Chamber, as in some foure, in some six, or so many as the Rector thinketh conuenient, as well for the health of the Schollers, as the troubling not much roome. Euerie man hath his Bed proper to him selfe, which is, two little Trestles, with fowre or fiue boordes layde along ouer them, and thereon a quilted Mattresse, as we call it in *England*, which euerie morning after they are rysen, they folde vp their sheetes hansomelie, laying them in the midst of the Bed, & so rowle it vp to one ende, couering it with the Quilt, that is their Couerlet all the night time.

"First in the morning, he that is the Porter of the Colledge, ringeth a Bell, at the sound whereof euerie Student ariseth, and turneth vp his Bed, as I haue sayde before. Not long after, the Bell ringeth againe, when as euerie one presentlie kneeling on his knees, prayeth for the space of halfe an howre: at which time,

the Bell beeing touled againe, they arise and bestowe a certaine time in Studie, euerie one hauing his Deske, Table, & Chayre to him selfe verie orderlie, and all the time of Studie, silence is vsed of euerie one in the Chamber, not one offering molestation in speeche to an other.

“The time of Studie expired, the Bell calleth them from their Chambers, downe into the *Refectorium*: where euerie one taketh a glasse of Wine, and a quarter of a Manchet, & so he maketh his *Collatione*. Soone after, the Bel is knouled againe, when as the Students two & two togeather, walke to the *Romaine Colledge*, which is the place of Schoole or instruction: where euerie one goeth to his ordinarie Lecture, some to Diuinitie, some to Phisique, some to Logique, & some to Rhetorique. There they remaine the Lecture time, which beeing done, they returne home to the Colledge againe: where they spend the time tyll dinner, in walking and talking vp and downe the Gardens.

“And an order there is appointed by the Rector and the *Iesuits*, and obeyed by all the Studentes, that who soeuer dooth not in the morning turne vp his Bed hansomlie, or is not on his knees at prayer time, or heareth not Masse before he goe to Schoole, or after he comes home, but forgetteth it: or else if he goe forth, and put not the Peg at his name in the Table. For there is a Table hangeth by the doore, which hath a long Box adioyned to it, wherein lyeth a great company of wooden Pegges, and against the name of euerie Scholler written in the Table (which is obserued by order of the Alphabet) there is a hole made: wherein, such as haue occasion to go abroade, must duellie put a Peg, to giue knowledge who is abroade, and who remaineth within.

“Beside, diuers other orders they haue for slight matters, the neglecting whereof, is publique penaunce at dinner time: when as all the Students are placed at the Tables, such as haue so transgressed, goeth vp into the Pulpit (which standeth there, because one readeth all the dinner tyme) and there he sayeth: Because I haue not fulfilled this or that, whatsoever order it be that he hath broken, I am adioyned such a penaunce. Eyther to kneele in the middest of the Hall on his bare knees, and there to say his Beades ouer: Or to say certaine *Pater Nosters*, and *Aue Marias*: Or to stand vp right and haue a dishe of potage before

him on the grounde, and so to bring vp euerie spoonfull to his mouth: Or to loose, either one or two or three of his dishes appointed for his dinner: Or to stand there all dinner time, & eate no meate: and diuers other, which according as it is, either afterwarde he hath his dinner or supper, or else goes without it. And all these penaunces I haue beene forced to do, for that I was alway apt to breake one order or other. As for the priuate penaunces, it shall not be greatly amisse to rehearse them heere too: so long I shall desire you to stay, from hearing the manner of the Students dinner. The priuate Penaunces, are appointed by the ghostly Father at Confession: which are fulfilled without publique knowledge of the cause, and likewise of the person. If his penaunce be, to whip him selfe openlie in the Hall at dinner time: then the Rector ordereth it after this manner, that he shall not be knowen, to be reproched by any of his felowes, or that they shall certainlie saye, it is such a one. At the dinner or supper, that this penaunce is to be accomplished, the Rector causeth seuen or eight to keepe their Chambers, and commonly but one that time in a Chamber: their doores must be made fast to them, & they, not so much as looke out at their windowe, to see from which Chamber he comes that dooth the penaunce. When they are all set at the Tables, he cometh in, cloathed in a Canuas vesture downe to the grounde, a hood of the same on his head, with two holes where through he hath sight, and a goode bigge round place bare, against the middest of his backe: in this order he goeth up and down the Hall, whipping him selfe at that bare place, in somuch, that the blood dooth trickle on the ground after him. The whip hath a verie short handle, not much about a handfull long, and fortie or fiftie Cordes at it, about the length of halfe a yarde: with a great many hard knots on euerie Corde, and some of the whippes hath through euerie knot at the ende crooked wiers, which will teare the fleshe unmercifullie" (pp. 29-34). We can quite well believe that Munday enjoyed these sanguinary spectacles, with such relish does he relate them. In these less robust days they might possibly impair the diner's appetite. After an impressive description of "the manner of the Iesuits whips wherewith they whip themselues" our author continues: — "Returne we now to the Students, who beeing come from the schooles, and haue recreated them

selues some what, either in the house or in the Gardens: are now at the sound of the Bel come into the *Refectorium* to dinner. The custome is, that dayly two of the Studentes take it by turnes, to serue all the other at ye Table, who to helpe them, haue the Butler, the Porter, and a poore *Iesuite*, that looketh to all the Schollers necessities, to bring them their cleane shirtes, and fore-seeth, that neither their Gownes, Cassocks, Dublets, Breeches, Hose nor shooes want mending. These bring in their hands, eche of them a round boorde, which hath a staffe about halfe a yarde long, made fast through the middle of it: and round that boord is set little Saucers, wherein the Cooke shareth euery man a little quantity, which they bring, and holde ouer the Table, when as euerie man taketh his owne messe.

“As for their fare, trust me it is very fine and delicate, for euery man hath his owne Trentcher, his Manchet, knife, spoone, and forke layde by it, & then a fayre white napkin couering it, with his glasse and pot of wine set by him. And the first messe, or *Antepast* (as they call it) that is brought to the Table, is some fine meat to vrge them haue an appetite: as sometime the Spanish *Anchouies*, and sometime stued Prunes and Raysons of the Sun together, hauing such fine tarte sirope made to them, as I promise you a weake stomacke would very wel digest them. The second, is a certaine messe of potage of that Countrey manner, no meat sod in them, but are made of diuers things, whose proper names I doo not remember: but me thought they were bothe good and wholsome. The thirde, is boylde meate, as Kid, Mutton, Chickin, and such like: euerie man a pretie modicum of eche thing. The fourth, is rosted meat, of the daintiest prouision that they can get, and sometime stewde and bakte meate, according as pleaseth Maister Cooke to order it. The first and last, is some time Cheese, some time preserued conceytes, some tyme Figges, Almonds and Raysons, a Limon and Sugar, a Pomegrate, or some such sweete geere: for they knowe that Englishmen looueth sweete meates.

“And all the dinner whyle, one of the Schollers, according as they take it by weeklie turne, readeth: first a Chapter of their Bible, and then in their *Martirilogium*, he readeth the Martirdome of some of the Saintes, as Saint *Fraunces*, Saint *Martin*, Saint *Longinus*, that thrust the Speare into Christes side, Saint *Agatha*,

Saint *Barbara*, Saint *Cecilia*, and diuers other: among whome they haue imprinted the Martirdome of Doctor *Storie*, the two *Nortons*, *Iohn Felton* and others, calling them by the name of *Saintes*, who were heere executed at *Tiborne* for high treason.

“The dinner done, they recreate them selues for ye space of an howre, & then the Bell calleth them to theyr Chambers, where they staye a while, studying on their Lectures giuen them in the forenoone: anon the Bel summoneth them to Schoole againe, where they stay not past a howre, but they returne home againe, and so soone as they be come in, they goe to the *Refectorium*, and there euerie one hath his glasse of wine, and a quarter of a *Manchet* againe, according as they had in the morning.

“Then they depart to their Chambers, from whence at conuenient time they are called to exercise of disputation: the *Diuines* to a *Iesuite* appointed for them, and euerie Studie to a seuerall *Iesuite*, where they continue the space of an howre, and afterwarde tyll supper tyme, they are at theyr recreation.

“After Supper, if it be in winter time, they goe with the *Iesuites*, and sit about a great fire talking, and in all their talke, they striue who shall speake wurst of her Maiesty, of some of her Councell, of some Bishop heere, or such lyke: so that the *Iesuites* them selues, will ofte take vp their hands and blesse them selues, to heare what abominable tales they will tell them. After they haue talked a good while, the Bell calleth them to their Chambers, the Porter going from Chamber to Chamber, & Lighteth a Lampe in euerie one: so when the Schollers come, they alight their Lampes, lay downe their Beddes, and goe sit at their Deskes and studie a little, tyll the Bell ringes, when euerie one falles on his knees to Prayers. Then one of the Preestes in the Chamber, as in euerie Chamber there is some, beinueth the Latin Letany, all the Schollers in the Chamber aunswering him: and so they spend the time tyll the Bell ringes againe, which is for euerie one to goe to bed” (pp. 36-40).

The fourth chapter, which promises information about the students' recreations, does not tell us much:—“The English Students euerie thirde or fowrth day, goe not to the Schooles, but haue accesse abroade, to sport and delight them selues: sometime they walke to theyr Vineyarde, and the *Iesuites* with them, where they passe away the day in diuers disportes, what game, what

toy any one can devise, they altogeather in pastime ioyne to performe it." The author then goes off into a lengthy catalogue of the relics of the Seven Churches, followed by an account of the catacombs and various pilgrimages and miracles, interspersed with ejaculations of pious horror at the "Romishe iuglinges" and "deuillish drifts" which he is recounting. We learn incidentally that the solemn baptism of converted Jews at St. John Lateran was performed by "an English man, who is named Bishop *Goldwell*, sometime the Bishop of *S. Asaph* in Wales: he hath thys office, maketh all the English Priests in the Colledge, and liueth there among the *Theatines* verye pontificallye."

Munday's account (in Chapter VI) of the English-Welsh dissensions in the College, of Card. Morone's drastic measures and the intervention of the Pope, is good reading, but as the matter has already been treated in these pages (vol. II, pp. 118-125) we pass it over.

On his own showing, Munday's conduct was such that he must soon have made the Venerable too hot for himself, but we are left to conjecture the actual circumstances of his departure. He tells us indeed that the *Custos*, Dr. Morris, "could not abide" him and sought to expel him, but that he took advantage of the dissensions in the College and of the Jesuits' and English students' being on his side to defy the *Custos* and stay on "in spight of his nose"—the English students arguing "that if Doctor *Morris* would put euery Englishman, he thought good on, out, in short time the Colledge would be all Welsh men: so they bad me stick to them, and if I went away, they would goe away too" (p. 80). And he ends the narrative by telling how, when peace was restored by the removal of Dr. Morris from the rectorship, he and his companions were "admitted by the Popes owne consent, to be Schollers there". The new Jesuit authorities, however cannot have been long in recognizing him for what he was.

He had apparently had a somewhat uncomfortable time of it before the Pope's decision and while the Cardinal Protector upheld the Rector's authority. Here are the details of a supernatural experience such as falls to the lot of few seminarists:—"And now, I must out of the Colledge there was no other remedy: but yet thorowe entreaty of the *Iesuites*, I had leaue for a fort-

night to lye in a veye sweete Chamber, filled with old rusty Iron, and all the trash of the house was put into that Chamber, beeing a vacant place, & seruing for no other purpose, because it was next to the common house of office, which ayred the Chamber with so sweete a perfume: that but for names sake of a Chamber, and feare of catching some disease, I had rather haue lye in the streete amongst the Beggars. Well, froward as I was, so was I frowardlye serued, which I thinke Doctor *Morris* did, onely to tame my youthfulnessse: for in this place, not long before my comming to *Roome*, there lay one tormented with a Deuill, and so distraught of hys wits, that they were fayne to binde him there in his bed.

“So Doctor *Morris*, seeing I vsed my selfe, both carelesse of him, and with little regarde to theyr Religion, yet in such an order as they coulde haue small aduauntage of me: chambred me there, where I thinke the Deuill was still left, for euery night there was such a coyle among the old Iron, such ratling and throwing downe the Boordes, that with the sweete smell came out of the counting house to my Beddes heade: I lay almost feared out of my wits, and almost choked with that pleasaunt perfume, so that when I was layd in my Bed, I durst not stirre till it was fayre broad day, that I might percieue euerye corner of my Chamber, whither the Deuill were there or no.

“Euery morning the Priests & the Schollers woulde come to visite me, giuing me money to send for my dinner and supper into the Towne: because Doctor *Morris* myne olde freende, watched them so neere, that I could not haue so muche as a draughte of Wine in the house. Then I tolde them of the noyse that was euery night in my Chamber, when they verily beleeued, that the Deuill, hauing possessed a Woman on the furder side of the Garden: dyd euery night take vp his lodgeing in my Chamber among the olde Iron.

“Wherefore one night, two of the Preestes came to hallow my Chamber, and broughte their holy water, and their holy Candles, and sprinckled about in euery corner: giuing me also a pot of holy water, to hang by my Beds side, that when I heard the sturre agayne, I should with the sprinckling Brush, throw it about the Chamber. And they gaue me a payre of

Beads, wheron I should say sixe *Pater Nosters*, and sixe *Aue Mariaes*, then they would warraunt me, the noyse would be gon strayght way.

“Night, came and supping so well as I coulde, with two *Quatrines* woorth of Leekes, one *Quatrine* bestowed in *Ricoct*, which is harde Cruds to make Cheese, a *Bayock* in bread, and a *demie Boccale*, of the *Vine Romanesco*, wherewith I supped so wel as I might, albeit not so well as I would, yet a little thing serues to quench hunger. I had not beene in my Bedde full an hower and an halfe, not daring to sleepe for feare, nor keepe my head out of the Bed, because of myne accustomed ayre; but then began the noyse againe, more vehement then the night before, the olde Iron was flung about the Chamber, the Boordes that leaned against the Wall fell downe, and such a terrible coyle there was, that I thoughte the house woulde haue fallen on my head.

“Then I put forth my hand to throw the holy water about, which did as much good, as the thing is good of it selfe: which set me in such a chafe, that to make vp the Musique among the olde Iron, I sente the potte and the holy water, with as much force as I could. As for my Beades, I was so impatient with my selfe, that I gaue them the place which they best deserued: and then I called to old Sir *Robert* a Welsh Priest, who lay in a prety Chamber hard by, but before he woulde come, the noyse was indifferently pacified. For hee comming with a Candle in his had, which he vsed to keepe alight in his Chamber, and beeing in haste, fell ouer a stone thresholde that laye in hys way: so that he burste hys knee verye sore, and coulde not lighte his Candle againe in the space of an hower, by whych time all was quiet.

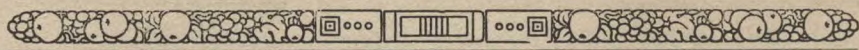
“The feare I tooke at thys noyse, brought me to bee very weake and sickly, so that I was very vnwillinge to lye there any longer. But Doctor *Morris* I thanke him was so gentle to me, that he sayde, and if I lyked not my lodgeing, goe hardly (quoth hee) and lye in the streete, for that place is more meete for thee then any roome in the house.

“Howe I receyued these churlishe woordes, I leaue to your iudgementes, but it suffyseth, I gaue hym my blessynge, and yf I coulde haue gotten hym fourth of *Roome*, I woulde haue bund hym too” (pp. 85-89).

Possibly Munday's lack of the penitential spirit contributed to the shortness of his career as a seminarist in those Spartan days. The Jesuits, he says, could never get him to whip himself, and relates how one of them once took him to his room saying: "I should see (because I was so fearefull) what he would inflict vpon his owne body. So when he was vnapparelled, he tooke a whip, the Cords whereof was wier, &... whipped him selfe verie greeuouslie... almost the space of halfe an howre, bleeding so sore, as it greeued me verie much to see him. Afterward, he willed me to trie it once, and I shoulde not finde any paine in it, but rather a pleasure" (pp. 34-35). Our adventurer, however, was of a different opinion, and replied that he woulde rather defer the experience until such time as he had more "strength and fortitude." The acid test was too much, even for one who had braved the horrors of a haunted room, and this hero of so strange an Odyssey must have thought that it was high time he returned to his Queen and country.

B. W.





NOVA ET VETERA.

MONTE PORZIO.

We shall never be able to feel that the history of the Venerable approaches completeness until something can be gleaned of the history of Monte Porzio. The old country house there has been a glowing memory to countless Romans amid the depression of succeeding English winters, and what would one not give to discover a few of the letters which have been written from Porzio during the years of our possession? They must have contained many a passage of unstudied eloquence (especially in the days when a dearer postage rendered letter-writing a real branch of the literary art), and with the eloquence not a little history. But in default of these lost testimonies, fate has preserved an eloquent panegyric from the pen of Monsignor Prior, which we believe will be as welcome to our readers for its matter as for its author. Writing of the great trek to Palazzola in 1920, he said: ¹

“Some, I believe, were fond of the old ramshackle house itself in which we used to live, with its dark and rambling staircases, its brick floors, and its hundred minor discomforts according to the measure of modern standards. It certainly had the advantage of contrast to the stately halls and spacious corridors of the College in Rome, which stood for more rigorous discipline and longer and more trying hours of study. But, on the whole, it seems to me that the old house was tolerated with Spartan courage for the sake of the lovely country, to which it gave ready access. The real charm of Monte Porzio lay in its

¹ Reprinted by kind permission of the Editor from *The Tablet* of May 8, 1920.

surroundings, with their abundant opportunities for recreation of body and mind. The fresh air of the hills was invigorating after the stuffy atmosphere of the schools and the streets of Rome. The chestnut trees, which Cardinal Wiseman saw in his death-bed memories of Monte Porzio, and the many woods which clothe the western and southern slopes of the Alban Hills, gave welcome shade in the hot summer months. The Sabine range is beautiful, but the glare in summer from its white limestone rocks is wearisome, and there are few trees there beyond the scraggy olive, which in its best state of cultivation gives little protection from the broiling sun. There are no hills within a wide radius of Rome to compare with the Albans for cool retreats and shady walks.

“ Moreover, the Alban Hills abound in historic and classic interest. It could not be otherwise in the near neighbourhood of Rome. But, apart from the reflection of Rome’s greatness, they had a story of their own in the flourishing Latin communities of Tusculum, Aricia, Alba Longa, &c., before Rome was thought of. Even the prehistoric age of bronze has left its mark in the soil, as the hut-urns testify, discovered under an old bed of lava and deposit of vegetation near Lake Albano. Just below Monte Porzio, on the fringe of the Campagna, lies the dried-up basin of Lake Regillus, where the battle of the Thirty Cities was fought.

“ To where by Lake Regillus
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought the glorious fight. ”

We used to meet for our Tusculum dinners on the top of Tusculum under the shade of the trees, hard by the well-preserved old Grecian theatre, with a view of the Roman Campagna on one side and of the Latin Vale, or the Albana Vallis, on the other. Two hundred yards away were the remains of Cicero’s villa, which we reached by the old Roman road of solid blocks of lava, that still bear the marks of the chariot wheels. Was it not here, or on the rival site at Grottaferrata, that the great Roman orator wrote the Tusculan disputations?

“ The goal of our first walk at Monte Porzio was always Tusculum. We used to clamber up the pile of stones at the base

of the gigantic wooden Cross, erected by the English College on the very summit of the old citadel, facing towards the house at Monte Porzio. And what a glorious panorama met our gaze! The broad Roman Campagna, with its forty-mile diameter, enclosed on three sides by hills, and on the fourth by the Mediterranean. The grey-white Sabines on our right, with the peak of the lordly Monte Gennaro towering above them, and the pre-Roman towns of Palestrina and Tivoli clinging to their sides: Monte Soracte rising abruptly from the plain thirty miles away, and far beyond it to the north, on the clearest days, could be seen the cone of a loftier mountain cutting the sky-line, which we named the Ninety-mile Hill: further to the west the well-wooded Monte Cimino and neighbouring hills, hiding in their folds Viterbo and Montefiascone and Bolsena, but revealing to us the placid waters of Lake Bracciano. Rome is clearly seen, surmounted by the mighty dome of St. Peter's. There was old Father Tiber, too, wandering here and there through the undulating plains of the Campagna, until at length in the neighbourhood of Ostia he discharges his yellow waters into the blue Tyrrhenian Sea. And such a riot of brilliant colour lit up the western sky as we looked on the sun slowly sinking into the Mediterranean, the last rays glinting from its tossing waves and shining on the white sails of the fishing-craft going out for the night's labour. The Roman Campagna itself often enough was all aglow at sunset with a bright purple haze that hung over its entire surface like a transparent veil.

"If we turned in the opposite direction, the wide Latin Vale opened out before us, with Monte Cavo at one end, Rocca di Papa hanging on the lip of the old volcanic crater, and at the other Mount Algidus, at the foot of which Cincinnatus freed the besieged Roman legions, and struck his deadly blow at the Volscian hordes.

"Yet, however abundant are the traces of pagan greatness in these favoured hills, long centuries of Christian faith and practice have set a still deeper mark upon them. Our spirits were often refreshed with the village festivals in honour of their patron saint or of some local wonder-working Madonna, when the whole population joined in the celebration, and the peasant of the hills was seen at his best. Numerous were the shrines of

our Lady. There was the Madonna della Castagna near the old Carmelite Monastery of San Silvestro, overlooking Monte Compatri: the Madonna del Tufo on the slope of Monte Cavo, where the boulder of rock was miraculously arrested by our Lady in its murderous career down the mountain side: the Madonna of Galloro, where hung the daggers and muskets of repentant brigands, and many others. It was not uncommon on our way through the woods to see a picture of our Lady nailed to the trunk of a tree, with a bunch of wild flowers beneath it. Above all, Camaldoli, the home of the holy hermits of St. Romuald, on the slope of Tusculum, was a silent admonition to the young aspirant to the priesthood of the eternal realities of life. Its bell was heard at intervals throughout the day, calling the community to long hours of prayer in the church, or to the slow, meditative recital of the Divine Office. Cardinal Wiseman must have often heard its midnight call to Matins, as he sat in the papal chair at his table in Monte Porzio, writing far on into the night."

THE PORZIO SHRINE.

Monte Porzio had its own Madonna, as well as the Tufo, Galloro or Genazzano further afield, and what little we know of its history is positively exciting. In 1796 the army of Bonaparte was overrunning the Papal States, and during the stress of those anxious days many prodigies were reported as miraculous, which raised an immense outburst of enthusiasm among the population. The agent of the English Bishops, Rev. Robert Smelt, wrote a letter to England, dated October 15, 1796. "The Rector of our College placed a Madonna against the wall of the house at Monte Porzio. This picture opened its eyes, and became an object of great (devotion) amongst the country people, who soon hung up a great number of knives and other offensive weapons. The Rector, much pleased with all this, prepared a fine canopy and other ornaments, but the Cardinal of York ordered the curate to take it into the parish church. The Rector remonstrated, producing the bull of foundation, which exempts the College and all belonging to it from ordinary jurisdiction, but the Cardinal, who is both Bishop and King, sent peremptory orders to the Curate to obey his mandate. Much altercation ensued

between Rector and Curate, who was forbid to come near the house, and threatened unless the picture was returned to its primitive situation by the month of October, he would carry the boys in a body to the church, and take it away by force. King Henry IX., who is as despotic a monarch as his ancestor Henry VIII., and full as impatient of contradiction, was violently enraged at the Rector, and now abuses him like a pick-pocket."

The picture, as every one knows, is not now in the church but back by the old English villa, so quite evidently the Rector won, despite the Cardinal's double title to obedience. *Mater Sanctae Spei*, as the Madonna is named, still claims the devotion of the villagers, who recently restored her shrine, and came to the Rector for the wherewithal! —

ANOTHER TUSCULUM CROSS.

Thanks to Dr. Ashby we have managed to discover the existence of yet another Tusculum cross, placed there by the students of the "Venerabile" in the year 1864. The information is supplied by Grossi-Gondi in a work published in 1901 entitled *Il Tempio di Castore e Polluce nell'acropoli di Tuscolo*. On page three we find the following: "As to the question when did the cross first rise in sad grandeur on the acropolis of Tusculum, it is not easy to solve. It is certain that it was there about the year 1840, when the famous cardinal Wiseman was Rector of the Venerable English College,¹ which has a *villegiatura* in the neighbouring Commune of Monte Porzio. But it is not likely that the cross rested on the same massive foundation that supports it now. The erection of this was the work of the students of the same English College in the October of 1864, as we are assured by Alessandro Guidi,² and D. Basilio Alessi³ the one a man

¹ "For so the present Rector of the College (Mgr. Giles) assured me." Incidentally if the cross was erected under the rectorship of Wiseman the erection would have taken place probably during the *Villa* of 1839; since Wiseman returned to England as coadjutor to Bishop Walsh in the beginning of the *Villa* of 1840.

² *I Paesi dei Colli Albani con appendice su Frascati*, ecc. Roma 1880.

³ *La Croce sul Tuscolo e il Collegio Inglese*. Roma, Cruciani, pag. 147, 148.

of letters, the other a learned and zealous priest of Frascati, who were both eye-witnesses of the event. The cross which, owing to the ravages of the weather and especially of thunderstorms, or perhaps owing to the sacrilegious attempts of insolent men, had become rotted and was fallen down, was more than once restored. It is hardly a year since Prince Aldobrandini had it restored, when on the morning of the thirteenth of the present year 1901 it was seen leaning to the south close to the ground. There was no doubt that it was due to the malice of some renegades."

The logical archaeologist will infer from this that it was only the base of the cross that was renewed. But Alessandro Guidi, in his work *I Paesi dei Colli Albani*, is more explicit. On page 147 he writes: "Of this rock which along with the rest of the city fell in ruins, no trace remains save a few stones brought together to make a square pedestal, from which arises the cross, the august symbol of our redemption. It was placed here by the students of the English College, who have a place of *villeggiatura* in the neighbouring *paese* of Monte Porzio. And I myself (it was in the year 1864 in the month of October) saw how these gallant young men with great labour and with no small inconvenience to themselves, yet joyfully and contentedly, carried the heavy beam over these rough mountain ridges, fixed it in its socket, and carried off the old cross which was rotted and half worn away." So much for Guidi! As regards the other authority cited by Grossi-Gondi, it would seem difficult for it to refer to the cross of 1864. D. Basilio's poem is undated, and in the first article on the Tusculum Cross it was quoted as referring to the first cross, since the author describes the ceremony of the blessing by Gregory XVI, who we know died in 1846. But Tomassetti ¹ says that the poem refers also to the inauguration of the railway to Frascati in 1856, and was accordingly published in that year. In either case there seems little reason for supporting Grossi-Gondi's date.

But what about the first cross of all? The only fresh evidence we have is negative, but it supports the traditional view that it was erected in "quaranta due". For the cross is not there on

¹ *Campagna di Roma*, Vol. IV, p. 349.

Nibby's pictures in his *Viaggio Antiquario* (1819), nor even in those of Canina (1841), who excavated up there, he says, in 1835 and 1836. All the evidence thus seems to converge to the years 1840-1842. And until we obtain positive assurances to the contrary, we must leave it at this date.

FURTHER ECHOES OF THE SCOTS' MATCH.

One of the doughty heroes of the first Venerabile eleven, Dr. Miller, has provided us with some additional points of information which cannot fail to interest his colleagues "The first match in the Borghese," he writes, "was played in cassocks. We of the English College had only just taken to discarding our cassocks in Pamphili and playing in knickerbockers—and that not without great daring and something of secrecy—but the Scots had not got so far, and in the comparative publicity of Borghese, we also thought it better to hide the leg from the knee upwards. So cassocked, belted, and shod in College shoes, football boots being unknown, we went into the fray. We supplied the goal posts, slender poles of chestnut with tapes for cross-bars, and caused much sensation carrying these and the football—in those days an *avis incognita* to the Romans—through the streets." Canon Moriarty also writes to say that the score was 6-1, the English goal being kicked either by "Upton or Miller," both of whom played a magnificent game. Canon Moriarty himself played right full-back, and Francis Bailey left full-back. He explains the English disaster by the fact that three of their best players, (one of whom was Goundry) went down with fever two days before the match.

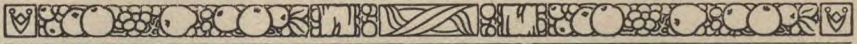
Fr. J. McNalley completes the account of the 1913/14 match. It was played on the traditional pitch at Pamphili, with Cardinals Gasparri and Pompili as part-time spectators. The Scots' goal, scored probably by Dr. Treanor, was a gift one. It appears that the Scots' outside left, Cunningham, ran the ball over the line. But the claim of W. Boulton, the English goalkeeper, was ignored by the referee, and whilst the English had ceased playing, the ball was centred and easily placed in the net. Fr. McNalley admits the mistake of not playing to the whistle, but adds this incident as of interest.

We of the present owe another debt to Dr. Miller. For to him and E. Mostyn is partly due the much desired change from cassocks to knickerbockers as a sports costume in Pam. Fearing denunciation in high quarters if they did anything so unclerical as to show too much leg, they called one afternoon upon Archbishop Stonor, and begged his good offices in the matter. His attitude was typical of the man. "Of course you can't play cricket and football in your cassocks, because it would spoil your cassocks, wouldn't it? So take them off, and if anyone says anything, tell me." It was thus that the English College began to lead the fashions!

A MONUMENT TO BENEDICT XV.

As every one knows, the great statesman of the war lies at present in the crypt of the Vatican, close to the tomb of Pius X, but a commission has been started, and it is hoped that before long a special cenotaph will be raised to him in the Basilica itself. The site proposed is at the side of the Chapel of the Presentation, between the pillars in front of the present temporary burying place of the Popes. In January the Cardinals composing the commission assembled in the Chapel of the Presentation to discuss the question of the monument in the presence of the sculptor Canonica, who has been definitely appointed to the task. The Commission proceeded to observe and give judgment on the picture painted on canvas which was fixed to the wall. It represents Benedict XV in mozzetta and stole kneeling on a cushion and with head upraised in the act of praying to God and our Lady for peace. The scourge of war is depicted in the lower part of the monument which contains a war-scene with guns, limbers, soldiers and ruins of battle. The upper part shows the Virgin and Child who in recognition of the Pontiff's prayer drops an olive branch in front of the Pope. These two backgrounds will be worked in marble or bronze. The statue itself will rise over an urn, which will be adorned with the badge of the Della Chiesa family.

This will come as pleasant and interesting news to some of the present and many of the past students of the College who were privileged to be received by him in audience. The black dress of the English College always took him back to his student-days at the Capranica, and the remembrance of his colloquies seems to have remained very fresh in the minds of those who heard him. And now there will be another monument in Rome to claim the presence of any of those students of his pontificate who will have occasion to revisit the Eternal City.



PORZIO IN THE FIFTIES.

It is something like three hundred and twenty years since our predecessors took their first *villeggiatura* at Monte Porzio, and laid the foundations of a noble tradition that has completely possessed the spirits of English College men to this day. They were not talkative men—perhaps there remained to them something of the reserve begotten of penal days—and we have sought with bitter failure to find a record of their wingèd words, and glean something of their Homeric past. But, after all, who knows if their records would disclose the novelties for which we are so inquisitive? For the Venerabile possesses, perhaps more than any other place we know, a settled order of things that has been tried and found proof against the most threatening disturbances. Red-shirted Garibaldians might fill open places with riotous rows, Chauvinists might send cannon and grape-shot through the very walls, but English College men without a flicker of an eyelid continued at their Avancinus, and sanctified with “spaghetti al burro” the Fridays and lean days of the Church. In this present diary, which we are going to quote, there are many passages which smack of to-day—but we cite them without a blush for all that. And the grief of the historian shall be recompensed by the joy of the traditionalist. But apart from this there is another question we wish to be able to answer. For the present and future generations, brought up to strengthen their thews on cricket, tennis, and football will wonder what these heroes of old did with the long summer days, and will ask, not undeservingly, why the memories of that squalid tenement can bring forth parochial tears, and can never be mentioned except in the old set phrase—“dear old Monte Porzio.”

After that highly interesting journey which was given in the last number but one, the Rev. Mr. Johnson set his face for Por-

zio on the sixteenth of September 1852. "Set off for Monte Porzio in a carriage at half past three. At Frascati took guide to the country house—arrived at half-past six. The superior (Dr. Cornthwaite) a very nice man; as a newcomer I had to sit on his right hand at supper". The next day he was in Rome again, being measured for knee-breeches, and he complains bitterly of the *scirocco*. On the Friday, "went out with George Brown and Hammond over the Latin Hills to the valley of the same name, to get mushrooms. Blackberries most beautiful, and in great abundance. Saw the Italian bees, very large and black, and making (as reported) no honey."

21st. *Monday*. "Very ill most of the night—went out from Mass early nearly overpowered by the *scirocco*. Bought five sous' worth of walnuts. Took siesta. Went out with George and Cruikshank to gather blackberries. Got a great quantity and had plenty of sport." On the Thursday of the week he had a very ordinary *gita*. "An expedition granted by the Superior *gratis* to Rocca Priora. Some went very early to bathe at Lake Albano. I, George and Davies set off at half ten, and got there at twelve o'clock, singing most of the way. Horrid, dirty village, but affording one of the sweetest views of Italy. Capital turnout. Those who had gone to Albano were only home for the end of dinner, through the bad guidance of Hammond, who took them a triangle instead of a direct line. The Propaganda came." On the following Tuesday they had another *gita*, but apart from the interesting news that they had ham and eggs for breakfast, and that they saw the Papal bridge in building at Ariccia, the diary contains nothing save a digest of Murray's handbook. The next day, Johnson "went to Santi's vineyard with George and Hammond; ate plenty and brought plenty home. Good dinner and caffè after with beautiful rose wine, for the anniversary of the hierarchy. Went out with George and Hammond after dinner to the Latin Vale. Caught a beautiful yellow butterfly and a large noble elephant moth for the collection." On the fourth of October we have an account of the visit to the Scots. It is the first account that we possess. "Thirteen of us went after dinner to the Scots' College..... We received the most heart-felt hospitality of the Scotch. The whole evening was one of mirth and jollity. Makenzie is the only name I remember". On the

Friday following thirteen of them went to visit Propaganda. Our hero had a wrestle with Hammond—"but as usual I came off victorious." St. Edward's Day soon came along, the Patron of the Villa. "Went out before dinner with George Hammond and Hawkesworth, we just returned in time for dinner. The village Mayor and the Corporation together with the priests and superiors of the various colleges were invited. Lord Clifford was the chief guest. There were about ten servants, and we had ten dishes and five wines. Had a personal address from Lord Clifford and Monseigneur Talbot. Caffè in the garden."

Monday 18. "George, O'Brien and myself went out after breakfast to the campagna. While passing a vineyard a man asked us if we would take a few grapes; my two companions had finished and were making home when I heard of the invitation, and being very thirsty I gladly availed myself of the permission. A *garde champêtre* saw me, and was preparing a leaden situation for me, when he encountered my two companions each with a handful of grapes—but they soon calmed the fellow down."

19th. Tuesday. "Went to the Propagandists after dinner about 15 of us in all. We were overtaken by a thunderstorm just before we climbed over the gate of the Villa Falconieri. We met with a very kind reception. We had songs on both sides at the Propagandists. One of them made me accept three cigars." *O tempora* with a vengeance!

The twenty-fourth was the Feast of St. Laconella, the Patroness of Porzio. "I saw the wax body in which the relics were enclosed on Friday last when I went to Benediction. At the orchard before dinner with George. 'Caffè and gout' after dinner. Went out at three p. m. to the Tombola at Frascati. The Tombola finished (80 scudi as the prize) we returned home and were just in time to see a balloon ascend; it dropt in the Campagna. We went immediately to prayers and then to fireworks, which for such a small village were on a magnificent scale. Supper and blind man's buff." Thunder and rainstorms kept them within doors until the vigil of departure from the villa. On this day there was a "collection for Santi (8 pauls). We were all weighed after dinner; last time I weighed 189 pounds, but now 198 pounds, a gain of 9 pounds. Went to have a farewell feed on our grapes at the vineyard, with Pippit and Perry. No spiri-

tual reading as all the books had gone to Rome. Played at cat and rat after supper, and caused an uproar of laughter by hitting our good guest Bianchini on the nose in giving the signal to the cat. Hammond gave me a good walking-stick made of the wild vine."

Thursday 28. "Got up at six a.m., sent off our carpet-bags etc.; dinner at twelve o'clock after which Hawkesworth, Oudon, Graham, O'Brien and myself set off for Rome on foot preferring it to riding; which proved most unfortunately to be a bad preference. For after we had got about three miles past Frascati one of the most heavy Italian thunderstorms came on. We were of course wet through in a minute, and we marched under it for about an hour, it falling so thick that we could not see ten yards before us; and just before coming to the gate of St. John Lateran's we had to wade through five yards of water a foot deep. We made the best of a bad job, as all sensible people on such occasions, and sung to keep our insides warm. We passed a small wooden cross near the Mezza-via where a rich Englishman was murdered for his money by his fellow-traveller. When I got home I put on my plaid woollen trousers which being very warm hindered me from catching cold. I chose my room."

Johnson began his next *villeggiatura* in the way that is not uncommon even now—he was sent there to recuperate after a bad attack of illness. After spending a week footing it to and from Tusculum by way of Santi's vineyard, he was brought back to Rome, and the general exodus to Porzio did not take place till the 19th of August. "Set off after dinner. We took ices at Frascati. The Rector came to my room and had a little talk with me. I had the top passage room."

26th. *Friday*. "Went out with Hammond to look after the emperor catterpillars, nearly giving up in despair when we found a beautiful one. Stephen Perry's twentieth birthday: caffè and *rosolio* given by him. Forbidden to take Santi's red wine for the future. Went out after dinner with Hammond and W. Johnson to see Padre O'Loughlin at S. Silvestro, and to make my confession. We received the kindest treatment from him. Got from the top of the hill to the bottom in seven minutes as we were late. We saw all over the monastery and took some wine."

27th. *Saturday*. "Did not go out either morning or even-

ing: lecture from Rector just before grace after dinner about reading novels in time which ought to be given to *bona fide* study, and about going to bed at half ten. Whist after supper."

28th. *Sunday*. "Went out after siesta with long Tom and MacCarten to the top of Tusculum to look for a skull. I got a very good one near Cicero's Villa in some late excavations."

4th. *September. Sunday*. "Village Feast. Morris in Rome. Hines and Cruikshank went to Rome for their medals, the former for two silver ones, the latter for a gold and silver one, this last also with Meynell, Banns etc. for their title of B. D. Mrs. Plummer and Stonor (son of Lord Camoys) came here and the Furzes also. These latter were with us at the fireworks and supper. None of us won at the 'Tombola.' The Rector was called away to attend the dying English governess of Prince Aldobrandini."

8th. *Thursday*. "Nativity of the B.V. M. Set off for Grotta Ferrata fair. We heard another Mass when we got there. The Basilian monks there extremely rich: 4,000 scudi fine for killing their Prior to be paid to Propaganda. Saw Domenichino's frescoes. Dinner at one o'clock."

13th. *Tuesday*. "Got up at five o'clock, made half an hour's meditation at the village church where we had expected Mass. George, Hammond, Charlie and myself set off, having the best of all things for a walk, good spirits and a fine day. We met Hoffmans at Rocca di Papa. He and his wife invited us to take some wine, but we refused. Saw the miraculous crucifix at Nemi, carved by angels. Noticed the long distance between the supports of the Electric Telegraph. Dined at Albano six pauls a head: took two chickens extra, three pauls. Charlie and myself took a walk before dinner. Charlie and myself bathed at the lake. Took caffè and beer on our return at Frascati. S. Perry left for Rome. I gave him the key of my trunk to get the manuscript meditation book which my cousin Ormandy gave me. I also gave him the 'Apologie des Jésuites.'"

14th. *Wednesday*. "Stayed at home both morning and evening; put a new handle to Joseph Ban's riding whip. Heard from Drinkwater that the Rector told him that I was to have another year's philosophy. Went out with W. Johnson to get a piece of wood for the whip. Played Boston after supper."

The few days that followed were spent putting up the new Tusculum Cross, an incident which we have already described in a former article. The next event of importance was a *gita* to Cavo on the sixth of October.—“After a hearty breakfast, Graham, O’Brien, MacCarten and myself set off to the lake for a bathe. Dinner was to be at Cavi. We went down just by Palazzola through pathless woods, over rock and bramble till we came to the lake. MacCarten lost us, and we bathed in a new place. I and Charlie cut some vine sticks; we got back to Cavi just as dinner began. We had some capital fun after dinner chasing and kicking an old mule. I broke two sticks across the beast’s back. I went home by myself as far as Tusculum. The rest would not follow me, and the consequence was that they lost their way. The grottoes at Palazzola were very beautiful.”

13th. *Thursday*. “Glorious Feast of St. Edward, patron of our College at Porzio. Lord Clifford, Scotch Grant, Sir James Fitz Gerald were the chief guests. The dinner was not as good as last year. I had a long talk with Lord Clifford after dinner; he addressed himself to me the whole time. He told me a most abominable story to show that Napoleon’s going frequently to Communion did not make him a saint as I had hinted.”

16th. *Sunday*. “Village feast of St. Laconella. Heard the second Mass at the village church. Went out after dinner to gather the brown berries for rosaries (which I was the first to discover and which I first found on Friday last, the fourteenth) with Hawkesworth and Windeyre. The balloon at night missed fire; did not even get out of the piazza. I went after the walk to see the body of St. Laconella. Benediction at the *Ave* and supper immediately after it; we then went to the piazza where we waited half an hour for the fireworks which were certainly very pretty.”

17th. *Monday*. “Went out after dinner with George and Hines: we first filled our pockets with apples from an orchard, then looked for a short time for mushrooms, but finding few or none, we lit a fire in a ravine after immense bother, and there roasted the apples. We found the first *camerata* of Propagandists here on our return. I read my dissertation on ‘Optimism.’ It was very much liked by the Vice.”

25th. *Tuesday*. "Expedition to Palazzola. Pippit, Hammond and myself got up at halfpast five. Dined in the convent there, a most beautiful place and affording some magnificent views. We got more vine sticks than we could carry home, so I got the muleteer to carry us twenty-two home, and carried four home myself. I broke C. Graham's knife again whilst cutting my last stick. We heard on return that the Rector had gone to Rome to meet Cardinal Wiseman who had just come. Rare fun over Hines' dissertation."

27th. *Thursday*. "Preparations for the Cardinal. Before he came the Rector called me to him in the garden and offered me the choice of my present bishop, or the newly consecrated one, Dr. Roskell. I chose the latter. We went out to the top of the hill to meet the Cardinal, and gave him as good a cheer as twenty-one voices could, as he drove up. Searle Burke (his nephew), and Howard came with him. Heard he drove yesterday in a carriage and six to our college, and that he had dined with the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. We all kissed his ring in the refectory, and had a familiar talk with him whilst he took his breakfast. We had a capital dinner, quite as good as on St. Edward's. Caffè and *rosolio* after it. He told us a great many anecdotes about the old college. The band played for him in their uniform throughout dinner. Told us about 'the discreet pruning', 'Croce's buz', and 'to light succeeds darkness'—three capital anecdotes. He made exceedingly free with us the whole time. He left about three o'clock, leaving three scudi for the band, and ten to the *parroco* for the poor. The Scotch came at night on donkies." The rest of the *villeggiatura* is more or less uneventful. After boarding up his berries, polishing up his vine sticks (what he did with them it is hard to tell), and after buying a bureau from Drinkwater for three and a half scudi, he returned with the rest to Rome to find two new students there with Dr. English. The new Ushaw man, Clavering, who had arrived a few days earlier and had been taken to Santi's vineyard by Johnson, was left at Porzio to recover from his illness. "To-day", says the chronicler, "is his twenty-first birth-day."

The *villeggiatura* of 1854 began at a still earlier date owing to an outbreak of cholera. On Wednesday the tenth of August

our fortunate hero "got up at half past five. Concorso day. Went first to S. Agostino, to pray for good success, and our prayer was immediately heard, for on getting to the seminary we were told to our unbounded joy that there were none. The fear of cholera caused this lucky step. Our Cardinal Protector, Cardinal Ferretti, said we were to go to Porzio directly. Carpet-bags left: ices after supper."

10th. *Thursday*. "Got all ready for leaving for Porzio. Bianchini paid me half my teeth expenses—three and a half scudi. Paid Johnson. Started off in six cabs for Porzio at quarter past four. Settled myself snugly in my room: alarmed by seeing a great scorpion on the wall, which I killed. Terribly hot day."

11th. *Friday*. "The chapel had been done up very neatly; the weighing took place after breakfast. I was 197 and a half. Got two pairs of stockings from Filippo."

24th. *Thursday*. "Went out in the morning with George and Hammond to catch *farfalli* in the mushroom-field beyond the Latin Vale. Painter came from Rome to do up the Madonna Chapel—Bennet and the Rector paying for it. Got lily roots."

2nd. *September. Saturday*. "St. Antoninus, village patron. Bells ringing at three and a half. Morris and Orukshank went to Rome to get Neapolitan passports for their expedition."

6th. *Wednesday*. "Eight of the first students left with Morris for a month's expedition. I went out in the morning to S. Silvestro with Hammond and Johnson to get tooth drawn, but they had no dentist. Went out again after dinner to Rocca di Papa with Bamber and Johnson to the Trinitarian monastery there. Padre Antonino, a perfect dwarf with a long beard, got on a chair behind me and soon had it out for me; praised me for giving no signs of pain. He gave us some wine. Gave him three pauls. Chase after large snake two yards long. Boston after supper."

7th. *Thursday*. "Did not go out in the morning. The party that went to Velletri came home just at supper with the news that MacCarten had been quite knocked up, and was left half dead on Tusculum. Giovanni had already gone with his horse to fetch him, and at my proposal the Rector said I had

better go after him. I accordingly set off with Graham's cloak, and after a hard run met them on top of Tusculum. There he was lying in the wet grass, without movement and almost without speech, and was not for mounting the horse; but I made them raise him, which they did with immense difficulty, and mounting on behind, I held him on, leaning back as much as I could to make him more comfortable. I had to balance him in this way all down the rocky path where the least slip of the horse would have done for us both. I had more strength than I thought, for I managed to support him all the way home, though he was the heaviest in the college. I was quite knocked up at the end, besides having my back cut through with sitting on the bare horse's back. We carried him upstairs where his clothes were torn from him, and he was put to bed. I sat up at night with him till half-past two."

18th. *Monday*. "Called up at three o'clock. I prepared a jolly breakfast and did it justice. Graham, Johnson, O'Brien and myself set off at four o'clock for Tivoli. I took my dark lantern, left it at Pentano, and called there for it on return; very hard work after that to find the way. The sun rose just as we got to Lake Gabii. Got to Tivoli at half past seven. Went first to the Cathedral for Mass, but not getting one, went to the wretched chapel of St. George where we soon got one. Went over all the falls; had songs under the tunnel. Dined at eleven o'clock—pigeons, ducks, veal cutlets, dolce, fruit etc., beer, Orvieto, *vino del paese*, etc. Tried to dispense with a plaguing cat by throwing it out of the window. Payed three scudi in lieu of five which we had been charged. Bit of a row with the villainous guide I took last time I was there. Got home after a desperate pull, ten minutes before the *Ave*."

October 3rd. Tuesday. "Cuddon, Bouquet, MacKenna and myself intended going to Cavi to see the sun rise. I was appointed to wake the others at half past three, and did not wake myself till half past four, so seeing it was too late to see the sun rise, we determined to make the best of a bad job and get off as early as we could, as there was a general expedition to the Cappuccini near the Albano Lake. We accordingly set off after a hasty breakfast to Frascati where we heard Mass. We bathed in the shallow part of the lake at half-past seven,

and though it was rather cold, we all enjoyed it very much. We then went all round the lake by the monastery at Palazzola to the Cappuccini. I caught a dormouse on the way; caught a large snake before dinner, and skinned it afterwards. Dined with the 'Tits' inside the monastery, and not on the forest green as usual. Took caffè at Gandolfo on return, had a smoke on the way home. Cribbage after supper with Graham."

9th. *Monday*. "Did not go out; the Scotch came to visit us. O'Brien and myself went out and gathered berries in the olive ground; afterwards pitched into the grapes in one of the college vineyards... still very bad."

11th. *Wednesday*. "Got up at a quarter to five instead of half past three. We visited Castelgandolfo, Albano, l'Ariceia. In the last mentioned there were great preparations for the Pope on the morrow coming to open and bless the bridge. As we were examining the lower road for foot-passengers, a large piece of rock came from the top within a foot of O'Brien's head. We then passed on to Genzano where we took some wine, and close to which O'Brien and Johnson bathed in Lake Nemi. Thence to Madonna del Tufo where we met Dr. English and company who were going to dine with us. Great sport with donkies after dinner. Windeyre was thrown off his back, and I immediately mounted, when after a good ride I fell over his neck. Smashing hats with Bailey all the way home. Took a way by myself; the others lost it. Got up the tower of the convent: my name there still."

20th. *Friday*. "Told Branchini to get lock for my room in Rome. Practice singing in the morning. Toby Newton came at half past ten and brought my Boston board with him. Went out with him on Tusculum—Ushaw, all Ushaw as usual; I gammoned the poor fellow immensely".

24th. *Tuesday*. "Did not go out all day. Mgr. Talbot came here. He gave rather a bad account of the late deceased and learned Cardinal Mai; his chief fault being that of most great men, seeking glory for himself; not allowing anyone to get books from the Vatican. Gave a most sad account of the hospitals, and especially of the prisons in Italy. Told us also the amusing story of Bishop Bessures, on the point of going in to see the Pope in his shirt, being too poor to sport a rochet.

Two thousand left Rome from a ridiculous fear of the cholera. Caffè and *rosolio*."

30th. *Monday*. "Great stir packing up for Rome on the morrow. Heard to my sorrow of the death of Mackintosh, dean of the Scotch college. No study at the *Ave*."

31st. *Tuesday*. "All called at six o'clock. Johnson, Walshe and myself set off immediately after our fasting breakfast to Grotta Ferrata to see Mackintosh's funeral. Got in time to see the procession go for him. Waited near the gate till they returned with the body. He was carried exposed, his features were very much changed. He merely had on a purple. I spoke to Scotch Grant in the church to tell him why all did not come. He kindly thanked me for our visit. The Scotch Propagandists were there. Dinner at twelve o'clock. I set off soon after it with MacCarten, Walshe and Newton; called at the caffè at Frascati and took a bottle of beer. We all four got in a carriage by ourselves, and smoked all the way to Rome. We passed the Propagandists, who were also on their way in several Noah's arks. Found lock on my room door on return. Prayers in private. Beautiful day."

With this ends all that is recorded of the Porzio life of our Odysseus and his merry mates. It is futile to adorn the tale. We deny ourselves the task. It is Victorian to point a moral. But here we waver. For we want to know something of Porzio in the sixties, (when Pius IX was there), of Porzio in the seventies, and the eighties and nineties. We would like to follow the broad stream of tradition as far as we can to the place where it washes up to Montopoli and Palazzola. The old place is distant but a stone's throw (a Cyclopean one it may be) and we feel like "The Inseparables." Should there be in the possession of any old Roman "*diaria, periodica, et alia edita vel scripta*" relative to our subject, may they find their way now or sometime to Palazzola, where men will chuckle loudly over the exploits of the past—and the Editors (for they are wise-heads) will promise to be discreet.



ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES.

THE CATACOMB OF PAMPHYLUS.

In the most recent number of the *Rivista di Archeologia Sacra* (1926), Dott. Enrico Josi concludes his painstaking and minute description of the newly discovered catacomb. As we said in previous remarks (1), the catacomb comprises two main levels and a few intermediate galleries. There is also evidence of some workings above the ground; quite recently *formae* or surface graves have been found. It would seem that they are to be associated with discoveries made in this neighbourhood in 1790, when some funeral inscriptions were dug up, which appear to have belonged to surface graves; the slabs of marble were thicker than those used for underground *loculi*, and the lettering was very much worn away as by the constant passing of feet. Furthermore, before the commencement in 1919 of those building operations which led to the discovery of the catacomb, there was a small brick construction standing approximately above the main staircase. It was swept away during the levelling operations, but two capitals have been found in the débris, and it seems not unlikely that after the peace of the Church a small chapel was erected at the head of the famous staircase of seventy steps, which so attracted the attention of all the pilgrims.

For the second floor, Dott. Josi holds still to his dating of the first half of the third century. He draws his inference from the methods of cutting and closing the tombs and from the style of the inscriptions. The complete absence of the Christian monogram points to a pre-Constantinian era and the few coins

(1) *The Venerabile*, Vol. III, No. I, Oct. 1926, p. 60 sqq.

found are a striking confirmation: they belong to the reigns of Trajan, Hadrian, Septimius Severus, Caracalla and Diocletian, ranging from A. D. 98 to A. D. 305; it may be noted that the presence of coins of a later date has no influence on the earlier evidence: they merely show what we already know, that the catacomb continued to be used and visited later on. And indeed while the earliest workings on the second floor belong to the date ascribed, some galleries have evident signs of later times.

The intermediate floor may be said to be of a slightly later date, though still anterior to the Constantinian victory: there is no trace anywhere of the X .

The first floor was certainly used for burial after the peace of the Church: the X is frequently found. Two tombs bear the consular date: Flaviis Tauro et Florentio Conss. (A. D. 361) and Filippo et Sallia Conss. (A. D. 348). This very definite evidence is confirmed by the irregular construction of the *loculi*, and by the presence of numerous little niches and shelves for lamps: both generally accepted indications of a later period. But there are reasons for thinking that part of the first floor is of an earlier date, and must be taken with the second floor as belonging to the early third century. The style of the inscriptions, the geometrical regularity of the passages and graves, the absence of oil phials and mnemonic signs and of the Constantinian monogram all seem to bear this out.

There is one striking characteristic of this cemetery of Pamphylus, which pervades it in every part: its extreme poverty. Marble inscriptions are rare and most of the graves are closed with old tiles and any sort of débris which would effectually serve the purpose—even old leaden waterpipes being used. Many of the tombs are nameless, or are marked with mnemonic signs—circles of glass, bits of bone and ivory, bronze coins of small value and little bronze bells. The better known cemeteries in the southern regions of the city were to a great extent the resting places of the patrician families—San Sebastiano began from the tomb of the wealthy Hermes, San Callisto contains the family vault of the Caecilii and the tombs of the Popes, and St. Hippolytus was buried in his own Catacomb on the Via Tiburtina and a statue raised to him. Everywhere

there are signs of a better condition of life; the *cubicula* are in many cases stuccoed and painted with no mean skill. It was in the poorer regions, such as Pamphylus, that the *οί πολλοί* of the early Christians were buried. Not that we would try to find an invidious snobbishness in those primitive days of ardent charity; poor tombs are found cheek by jowl with more elaborate sepulchres; but it was natural that workmen of greater skill should be in charge of those cemeteries where there was finer work to be done, and that there should be poorer catacombs where the work was rougher. In Pamphylus there are cases of the same graves being used more than once; under the floor of one of the galleries was found an *ossarium*, a cavity excavated where skeletons were deposited in large quantities. The bodies had probably been treated with quicklime so as speedily to destroy the corruptible parts. But there is one region of the catacomb particularly severe and forlorn in its simplicity. In a gallery of the intermediate floor there are 119 graves; 75 of these, nearly two-thirds, are infants' graves and of the 75 only five bear any inscription, even the rudest. The proportion of infants is unprecedented in the catacombs, the usual figure being about one-fifth; it does not seem to be explained by the high infant mortality of those days, which was general, nor by an epidemic, for of this there is no mention. One may conjecture that we have here evidence of a charity similar to that of the Holy Childhood Association, practised in the earliest ages of the Church. Prof. T. Maroi has recently defended the existence of such charity among the Christians of Northern Africa, and we may cite two passages in support of it. Tertullian (2) refers to the custom in the following words: "Filiis exponitis suscipiendos ab aliqua praetereunte misericordia extranea". — "Your children you expose, trusting to the casual charity of the passer-by." And Lactantius (3) has a passage in which he also indicates the awful fate of those infants who did not chance to be mercifully used. Arguing the guilt of those who expose their children, he says: "Quis dubitet, quin impius sit, qui alie-

(2) Tert. *Apol.* 9.

(3) Lactant. *Inst. div. lib.* VI, *cap.* 20.

nae misericordiae locum tribuit? qui etiamsi contingat ei, quod voluit, ut alatur, addixit certe sanguinem suum vel ad servitutem vel ad lupanar." — "Who doubts his guilt, who abandons (his children) to another's care? Though it chance that they are nourished, he most certainly makes over his own flesh and blood to slavery or to a shame worse than slavery".

In its other details the catacomb of Pamphylus contains little that is new to students of De Rossi's *Roma sotterranea*, though had it been discovered fifty years earlier, archaeologists might have learned much from it. There are two inscriptions which may be mentioned on account of their dogmatic bearing. The first is Latin but written in Greek characters:—*Ilara Septimia pete pro me pete pro mareto (sic) tuo pro Alexandria (sic)*. It clearly indicates the belief of the early Christians in the intercession of the dead. Another shows that a child of five years of age was already baptized. It runs as follows:

APRONIANETI . FILIAE . DULCOISSIME .
 QUAE . VIXIT . ANN . V . MENS . V .
 PARENTES . BENE . MERENTI . POSUERUNT .
 APRONIANE . CREDEDISTI . IN DEO . VIVES . IN . XP .

The formula *crededisti in Deo* is taken from the ceremony of the *redditio symboli* which immediately preceded baptism. There is one cubiculum on the first floor which has a unique construction: the roof is supported by four slender brick pillars, which roughly divide the chapel into a Greek cross. Here and elsewhere there is some trace of stucco moulding and painting, but it is very rude and not comparable to the decorations found in other catacombs.

Traces of vases for aromatic oils are also of frequent occurrence, and many of the tombs have small holes bored in them for pouring in the *liquidî odores*. Marucchi (4) says that the custom of putting phials of perfume near the tombs was usual only after the victory of Constantine and the peace of the Church. There are also some cases of a very primitive mummification, similar to the two well-known examples in the ca-

(4) *Eléments d'Archéologie Chrétienne*. Pt. I, pag. 130.

tacomb of San Callisto. One cannot compare these rough efforts to the elaborate art of the Egyptians; the softer parts of the body were laid over with quicklime, and the lime often remains with the clear impression of the linen winding-sheet upon it.

But so far there is not the slightest clue to indicate who Pamphylus was, what was the manner of his martyrdom and where his remains were venerated. Many galleries remain unexcavated, and while enough has been discovered to arrive at an approximate estimation of the catacomb and of the dates of the various parts, it is still impossible to say the last word or to reconstruct chronologically the development of the workings. In conclusion we may echo the desire of Dott. Josi that means be speedily found to carry on the excavation; many of the galleries now filled with earth have remained intact and untouched by the spoliations of Vandals whether ancient or modern.

THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS.

It is three years or so since excavations were begun in the Forum of Augustus, and it is now possible to take a general view of what has been achieved. The Dominican nuns have been moved elsewhere, and the part of their convent which had been built into the area of the forum has been demolished; the church of the Annunziata, which occupied the *cella* of the temple of Mars Ultor has also disappeared. Thus the whole of the eastern part of the forum has been laid bare, but it is still cut in two by the Via Bonella, which enters under the Arco dei Pantani. It is intended to cut away this road also, so that the newly cleared portion may be connected with the southern hemicycle excavated in 1888, and the whole of this end of the forum will be laid open in all its spaciousness and now ruined magnificence. At present the Via Bonella is supported on an embankment, perfectly useless and leading nowhere. Indeed the work of removal seems to have begun already; when we last saw the place a few weeks ago, there appeared to be a conduit of some nature obstructing the progress of operations, but no doubt this impediment will be taken deeper underground or diverted elsewhere.

The sight thus presented to the observer from the Via Alessandrina is decidedly imposing, and one realizes that the Forum of Augustus is better preserved than any other. It is true that the Temple of Mars Ultor has been sadly damaged, but the stylobate still remains entire, and the three columns standing near the Arco dei Pantani give one sufficient data for a mental reconstruction. The huge wall of *peperino*, 100 feet high, is nearly complete and makes it possible to realize what was the atmosphere of this magnificent court, devoted to legal business and the highest interests of the state. The noisy Suburra lying behind the massive bulwark of stone is cut off; entrance is only obtained through the arches and down the steps, and all wheeled traffic is excluded. Here we have a vastly more splendid Roman equivalent of the legal seclusion of our own Inns of Court.

While the main object of clearing the area of later buildings has been attained, minor restorations are still proceeding. Portions of the marble pavement and of the mural decoration have been collected, and the slow work of piecing together is being carried on by expert workmen. Originally the boundary wall was masked even to its summit by marble facing and hard stucco work. The niches are still distinguishable in which were placed bronze statues of the most famous military leaders of Rome and the ancient world, from Romulus and Alexander to Augustus himself. It seems to us however an over-eager zeal for restoration to attempt to put together part of the *pronaos* with the very battered fragments of the columns that remain; in such a reconstruction the modern buttressing must predominate over the ancient element, and it is the more purposeless seeing that three of the original columns still remain standing.

Augustus vowed a temple to Mars the Avenger before the Battle of Philippi in B. C. 44. The temple was not dedicated however until B. C. 2, and then was made equally commemorative of the recent victories over the rebel Parthians. Suetonius (5) says that a third forum was rendered necessary because the existing forums, the original Roman Forum and the Forum of Julius, were altogether inadequate. The Ancyran inscription mentions that the emperor bought land from private persons

(5) *De XII Caes.*, lib. ii, cap 29.

for the laying out of the forum, and Suetonius (6) records that the area was restricted, because Augustus in his generosity would not dispossess private owners. Certain it is that the boundary wall encloses a very irregular space, and one cannot but admire the skill with which the architect adapted his design. In order to preserve symmetry, he built a dummy wall on the north side of the temple within the other, which also effectually concealed the steps leading up to the Viminal. This dummy wall has now almost disappeared, having been pulled down when more modern buildings were erected on the same site. Part of the space intervening between the two walls was also occupied by a small square chamber very richly decorated; it would seem to have been a votive chapel, perhaps to Augustus himself, for fragments of a colossal statue have been found. On this same north side, outside the great surrounding wall and abutting on it, there was a house constructed of red brick, probably the dwelling of the priests who served the temple. It is recorded that their savoury cooking once enticed a Roman emperor to forsake his legal affairs and share their banquet.

Following the history of the ruins of the forum down to our own day, we must perforce, for lack of records, pass over in silence the years that intervened between the palmy days of the Empire and the ninth century. At that date the ancient monument had come into the possession of the Basilian Monks, who constructed a monastery and built their church where the *cella* of the temple of Mars had stood; fragments of decoration belonging to that period have recently been found. The monks continued to occupy the site for some four hundred years. In the early middle ages Greek monks were numerous in Rome, being driven northwards by the ravages of the Saracens in Sicily and Calabria. St. Basil's became one of the principal abbeys of the city; in a bull of Pope Agapitus II directed in 955 to Leo, Abbot of San Silvestro in Capite, it is mentioned as being in the locality of *Scala Mortuorum*. It is also referred to in the *Ordo Romanus* of 1143 (7). Describing the journey of

(6) *De XII Caes.*, lib. ii, cap. 56.

(7) Migne, P. L. vol. 78; col. 1045.

the pontifical court from St. John Lateran to St. Peter's on Monday in Holy Week, the following passage occurs: "Trauens per arcum Aureae ante Forum Traiani usque ad S. Basilium, ascendit per montem circa militias Tiberianas".—"Passing as far as the Monastery of Saint Basil, by way of the Golden Arch before the Forum of Trajan, he [the Pope] ascends the hill by the *Torre delle Milizie*".

A very interesting study in *Capitolium* for April 1926, by Prof. Corrado Ricci, explains the name of *Scala* (less correctly *Schola*) *Mortuorum*. Under the northern part of the peristyle of the temple, there are cavities excavated in the stylobate. Many have supposed that these are the *favissae* of the temple, in which it is known that public treasure was stored. Juvenal refers to a theft committed there (8). A closer examination of the vaults in question makes this theory untenable, and leads one to the conclusion that they are the work of the Basilian monks and were dug out for purposes of burial. The stairs down, which acquired the name of *Scala Mortuorum*, penetrate the base of one of the columns, and the chambers themselves, situated as they are directly under several of the others, must have been cut out after the columns above had fallen. Otherwise these huge masses of marble, weighing forty odd tons each, must have crashed through from above. Where possible the monks have removed entire blocks from the foundations, but as often as not they have hewn right through the tufa leaving rough edges, and the rounded roof is not arched but hacked out of the horizontal courses.

The church was still St. Basil's when the *Mirabilia Romae* was written in the 13th century; but after the definite schism of the East from the West the Greek influence declined and the numbers of the monks dwindled; so that in the same 13th century the monastery and the church became the property of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. These latter built a house which occupied the old dwelling of the Roman priests and also extended into the area of the forum. The very graceful pointed windows belong to this period. The house was

(8) *Sat. XIV*, 259-262.

later rebuilt under Paul II in the elegant style of the early Renaissance.

The forum and the medieval buildings grouped upon it remained in much the same state until the reign of Pius V. Up to that time the whole neighbourhood was almost deserted and was very low-lying and marshy, hence the medieval designation of the principal entrance to Augustus' monument. Pius V installed Dominican nuns in the abandoned priory of the knights, and entrusted to them the work of instructing *Neofite* or female converts. He also raised the level of the whole district and laid down the Via Bonella and the Via Alessandrina, named after his family and birthplace respectively. Under Paul V the whole quarter was built up, and from his day to ours the neighbourhood underwent no change.

ERCOLANO AND THE GALLEYS OF NEMI.

Of these twin projects of the Government, we can so far only chronicle that they have ceased to be mere hypotheses, but have entered the realm of fact or shortly will do so. The official beginning of the excavation at Ercolano took place on May 16th; the King of Italy attended the ceremony and dealt a ceremonial blow with a silver pick-axe. In the meantime digging has been going forward, but no results have as yet been published; finds have to be studied and arranged before the news filters through from the *savants* to the general public by means of the archaeological reviews. Many speculations are abroad as to what may be found. Without doubt a Roman town will yield houses and theatres, statues and temples, but on the subject of Roman architecture and sculpture there may not be much to learn. Finds of a literary nature are more eagerly expected. Ercolano is peculiarly interesting as a peaceful retreat of the learned and a centre of Roman and Hellenic culture, and in this it is more attractive than its better known commercial sister of Pompeii. Valuable papyri in a good state of preservation have already been found, and it is the hope of discovering copies of lost classical works that spurs on the excavators and incites the authorities to finance this arduous and costly enterprise

With regard to Nemi, the Royal Commission of enquiry has concluded its labours and published a report, and in a notable speech at the opening of the *Biblioteca Vallicelliana* the *Duce* uttered his *Fiat!* (9). A new *emissarium* is to be tunnelled out and part of the waters of Nemi are to be transferred to the sister lake of Albano; by draining off some eleven fathoms both ships will be left high and dry and it will be possible to recover them without risk of damage and to scour the bottom of the lake far more effectively than could be done by diving operations. A museum is to be constructed on the sight of the temple of Diana to house the finds.

One has often heard the sceptic question the utility of such considerable expense for what is considered a trifling purpose. To the carping philistine we would reply that the certain results to be obtained are not to be estimated from the financial point of view. The ships of Nemi are quite unique relics of the ancient culture of the Italian peninsula, from which the culture of modern Italy draws its inspiration. This is the spirit which prompts the enterprise, and in this spirit it must be judged. Nor do we think that there is the remotest possibility of the exposed bed of the lake making the neighbourhood unhealthy; there is no question of a marsh forming, because the sides of the lake are so steep that they will drain dry in the matter of a few hours.

It is to be presumed that the work of emptying the lake will be carried out most speedily and economically during the summer drought; but nothing is being done this summer: the report of the commission was issued rather late in the season. However two engineers have been appointed to put the project into effect, and they have been on the spot discussing ways and means and planning a continuation of the Genzano road down to the *Giardino*, where the new museum is to be situated.

G. S. F.

(9) *Messaggero*, April 10th. 1927.

COLLEGE DIARY AND NOTES.

FEB. 28th. Monday. The Shrove-tide gita day. It was a perfect day, of which many took advantage for a good walk. Parties went to Mentana, Monte Gennaro, Palazzola, Viterbo and other places. The majority of first year wended Horacewards to Tivoli—where they spent a most classic day.

MARCH. 1st. Shrove Tuesday. “Di Carnevale, ogni burla vale!”—a proverb more honoured nowadays in the breach than the observance. Apart from the few begrimed *ragazzi* who parade the streets on this occasion there was no special flare of festivity. *Quant à nous*, we bade good-bye to the flesh by gorging on the Sisters’ pancakes. A game of rugby in the afternoon helped to put us in a more Lenten condition.

2nd. Wednesday. Seven *tondendi* (the word sounds better than *tonsurandi*), repaired to S. Alfonso to join with the others in the retreat given by Fr. Cotter, C.S.S.R.

4th. Friday. Your chronicler, who was in retreat, was greatly distracted all the morning by the thought of the Papal *maritozzi* that should by every rule of tradition have appeared on the breakfast table at the College. But as a matter of fact, this year proved an exception. Let us hope that this noble tradition has not ceased merely because the *Duce* has forbidden white flour. We shall have to get our professional brick-hunters on the subject that we may find out when this free distribution of *tozzi* first took place.

6th. Sunday. Dies alba! A solemn Ordination was held in the College Chapel by the Rector. A packed congregation assembled, consisting of the English residents in Rome, and the relatives of the *ordinandi*. Unfortunately, owing to the want of electricity, it was impossible to play the organ—but the absence of electric light gave quite a Gothic gloom to the Church. Five students received the priesthood—Messrs. J. Cregg, B. Slevin, G. Worsely, J. Milan, J. Forbes: eight received the subdiaconate—Messrs. R. Delany, D. Crowley, A. Atkins, J. Cahalan, W. O’Leary, G. Higgings, G. Ford, F. Miller and seven the tonsure—Messrs. W. Butterfield, L. Coyne, R. Gowland, J. Garvin, W. Park, J. A. Jeffryes, A. Ibbett, B. Wrighton.

7th. Monday. The Feast Day of St. Thomas Aquinas. The Ordination dinner was held to-day—the new priests sitting at the top table along with the guests, Fr. Welsby, Fr. Calloway, Mr. P. Worsely, Mr. G. Worsely, and Mr. Dixie. The Rector toasted the new priests over *caffè* in the Common Room, to which Mr. Cregg replied on behalf of the other neomysts.

8th. *Tuesday. Repetitio Menstrua* for the theologians. Mr. W. Butterfield took the part of Cardinal Newman in his objections against the right and proper view of Inspiration.

9th. *Wednesday. Repetitio Menstrua* for the philosophers. The Rector said Mass at Santa Francesca Romana. Some of the subdeacons went to Tivoli to make up for the *gita* that they missed the previous week.

10th. *Thursday.* At dinner Mgr. Brown, Prefect Apostolic of Rhodesia.

11th. *Friday.* Fr. O'Farrell of Aldershot came to stay at the college. There were functions at Tor de' Specchi, at which the students assisted. Cardinal Cerretti gave the evening benediction.

12th. *Saturday.* Feast of St. Gregory, now a college feast-day. The Rector pontificated in the morning at San Gregorio, the college supplying *assistenza* and *coro*.

13th. *Sunday.* A few cantors accompanied the Rector to the Sapienza, where he said Mass for the University students. A tribute of praise should be paid to Mgr. Cicognani, who has assembled the university students into a sodality and is their constituted guide, philosopher, friend and general factotum. Mr. R. L. Smith has been appointed Organist and Musical Director.

17th. *Thursday.* The feast needs no specification. As it was a "non doctetur", we had not the annual pleasure of seeing the Greg. professors pinning on their sprigs, and trying hard to begin an abstruse lecture with a reference to *Sanctus Patricius*. They must all envy the lecturer on the Trinity, who always finds the proverbial introduction. We attended the Solemn Mass celebrated at S. Isidoro by Archbishop Palica. There was the same "five-franker" choir still there, and less room than ever. Fr. Laurence Powell, O. F. M. preached the sermon. In the evening we had a very successful concert, of which we append the programme.

PROGRAMME

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|-------------------------|---|---|
| 1. Opening Chorus | Act. 2. <i>Yeoman Of The Guard.</i> | |
| 2. Song | <i>The Tipperary Christening</i> | J. Heenan. |
| 3. Recitation | <i>Extract from Dickens</i> | J. Howe. |
| 4. Quartette | <i>When a Wooer goes a-Wooing</i> | { R. Smith.
J. Halsall.
W. Burrows.
R. Shearstone. |
| 5. Interlude | <i>VIVA IL DUCE!</i> | |
| | Scene: an <i>osteria. Il Padrone</i> E. Carey.
<i>Contadini</i> J. Moore and F. Richardson.
<i>Rome Correspondent of the "New Politician"</i> . D. Hawkins.
<i>Fascisti</i> J. Howe, W. Butterfield, J. MacCarthy. | |
| 6. Pianoforte | <i>Two Improptus</i> (Schubert) | C. Talbot. |
| 7. Song | <i>Molly Bawn</i> | L. Coyne. |
| 8. | <i>Finale Act Two. Yeoman Of The Guards.</i> | |

19th. *Saturday.* St. Joseph's Day. And we may as well mention that in the matter of holidays we have had very good fortune this year the ma-

jectory falling on solid Greg. days. The number of feasts that fell on "feria Vta" last year was nothing short of the miraculous. Rev. Dr. Moss sang High Mass in the Chapel. *Caffè* and *rosolio* after dinner.

20th. *Sunday*. Mgr. Cicognani and his *protégé*, Dr. Masterson, came to dinner. Prayers were requested for Mr. Jeffryes and Mr. Wilkinson, who are both seriously ill with pneumonia.

23rd. *Wednesday*. The Rector left with Fr. O'Farrell for England.

24th. *Thursday*. The Rector's *gita*-day. After having postponed this excursion more than once, we eventually decided on a rather wet and windy day. Parties dispersed to Bracciano, Subiaco, and Frascati. A walking party trudged the slushy road to Riano, and some even faced the rainy, desolate shore of Ostia. Moral: avoid *gitas* in Lent!

27th. *Sunday*. Mgr. Ross, Canon of Westminster Cathedral, came to supper. Afterwards the new cinema was given a trial run in the Common Room. The excellence of the new machine is beyond doubt, and the films were clear and rainless. After a glimpse of the Sahara, we were rushed back to "Charlie", who proved as invigorating as old wine. We must thank Brother Loughlin of the Irish Christian Brothers, who was of great help in running the new machine.

29th. *Tuesday*. Some of the students took an official part in the Lenten Station at S. Lorenzo in Damaso.

March. 2nd. *Saturday*. Dr. O'Brien from Liverpool was our guest at dinner. After supper a mixed assembly followed the adventures of two third-rate film stars in the super-comedy "Scusatemi tanto".

31st. *Thursday*. It was an unlucky day for the appearance of the Doctorate Sheets, as we missed the traditional half-day holiday. But they are like that in the Seminar! The Senior Student of the past year Mr. Atkinson handed over the symbols of his office (a bell, book and bank balance), to Mr. Delany to whom we wish every success in the management of this highly important diplomatic office. In the afternoon a game was arranged between Philosophers and Theologians in Pamphili.

APRIL. 2nd. *Saturday*. The Boat Race. Our ex-University men alone maintained the enthusiasm that the occasion apparently demands. *Result?*

6th. *Wednesday*. Messrs. Baldwin, Cashman and Hattersley left for Ordination in England.

10th. *Sunday. Dominica Palmarum*. We went into retreat in the evening, which was directed by Fr. Hilary of the Order of Calced Carmelites. The retreat continued for two days, and the conferences given by Fr. Hilary, a *revenant* from America, were simple and instructive. But it was a misfortune to think that we were dispatched to confession in shifts by our prefects! We suppose that is the 'Broadway' attitude!

15th. *Good Friday*. The Passion was sung by Dr. Moss, Mr. Cregg and Mr. Burrowes. The Scala Santa we found was more unmanageable than ever.

16th. *Holy Saturday*. Messrs. R. Delany, A. Atkins, D. Crowley, J. Cahalan, W. O'Leary, G. Higgins, and F. Miller received the Diaconate from the hands of Cardinal Pompili in the Lateran Basilica. Fr. John Berry Jaggard S. J. was our guest at supper.

17th. *Easter Sunday* — and our guest at dinner. The day was spent in hurried preparations for the morrow.

18th. *Easter Monday*. The house divided into two parties— one for the villa, the other for the long *gite*. Palazzola undoubtedly looks its best at this time of the year. We found the new stairway to the *Sforza* complete, and it is by far the best piece of work done. A day's *gita* occurred on the Thursday and pilgrimages were made to the Tusculum Cross. An unhappy accident occurred on the Wednesday, when a first year man had the misfortune to gang agley as he came darkling over the cliff that overhangs the fountain near the garden gate. He sustained injuries of the wrist and pelvis. We are glad to hear that he is progressing favourably.

As for the *Herodotoi*, they returned with marvellous tales of the Abruzzi, of snow drifts and *orsi bruni*. Their remarks are for posthumous publication.

23rd. *Saturday*. The feast of St. George was postponed. We trekked back to Rome—a small number walking the *Appia*.

26th. *Tuesday*. The feast of St. George was celebrated to-day. Dr. Moss sang the Mass. Roses were in great evidence. Our guests at dinner included the Revv. Fr. Wheatley, Dr. O'Reilly (an old student), Fr. Welsby S. J., Mr. Randall, Secretary to the British Legation, and Mr. Wood.

30th. *Saturday*. His Lordship the Bishop of Nottingham arrived with the newly ordained Mr. Baldwin, to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations. The bishop intends to try the waters at Fiuggi.

MAY 2nd. *Monday*. Mr. Macmillan sustained a trying defence in the *Repetitio Menstrua* for the Theologians.

3rd. *Tuesday*. A *menstrua* for the Philosophers. There were no active representatives from the Venerable. Our most hearty *prosits* to his Lordship the Bishop of Clifton, on his Silver Jubilee! See *Personal*.

4th. *Vednesday*. The Solemnity of St. Joseph. Dr. Moss sang the Mass. The St. George's Concert was held after supper in the Common Room. The Yeomen of the Guards provided the choruses for the night and we found that our Gilbert and Sullivan can always be relied upon to catch the interest of the house. We have lost the programme.

Turning to the homeland we have our congratulations to offer to Mr. Cashman who was ordained to-day by his Lordship the Bishop of Menevia.

5th. *Thursday*. Mr. Burrows left for England. In him we lose a valuable concert singer and a primary member of the Orpheus. We wish him all success. With him went Mr. Shann and Mr. R. L. Smith, our Editor, to whom we wish a speedy return. A *gita* took place to Anagni for the Dominican celebrations, in which some of the students were present.

12th. *Thursday*. The feast of Blessed Robert Bellarmine. The body of the great Jesuit theologian was transferred from its temporary resting place at the corner of the Church of S. Ignazio next to the altar of St. Aloysius to a permanent altar. The ceremony took place in the afternoon, when the relics were taken from their glass case and the body carried in procession by the professors of the Gregorian — Fr. Rosadini affectionately leading the way. Representatives from the college were present.

13th. *Friday*. On the feast day itself a Solemn High Mass was sung.

The choir which was recruited from the various colleges sang the special plain chant Mass of the feast.

15th. *Sunday*. The annual *flocchi* procession took place at S. Caterina, and was perhaps more successful than any of previous years. At any rate the Campo made a far braver show of devotion, and many of the vendors actually desisted from their duties when the procession came near, while the faithful lined up in deep rows on either side. The new *parroco* delivered himself of a very pleasing *fervorino*, in which we ourselves came in for a lion's share of praise. He also did not call us *angeli*, for which we are doubly grateful. The talk of the day resolved itself into the question as to whether it was the Patriarch who recited the Litanies, some maintaining that the venerable old man had gone to his fathers, and others stoutly opposing that the Patriarch was there but *senza barba*. We decline to give the casting vote, though we must admit that we should be sorry were a usurper to succeed the title—on the strenght, we suppose, of *Primus vocatur Abraham*.

The afternoon was decidedly unpleasant, as Pamphili was reserved for a scout jamboree. On the strength of our eighty-year connexion, however, with "Pam" and our three-century link with the Jesuits we eventually secured admission—but only to be chased away, despite our agoraphobia, from the eagle's-nests where we had gathered for quiet conversation.

17th. *Tuesday*. Bishop Dunne arrived at the college. Fr. Coffey and Mr. Sullivan were our guests at dinner.

18th. *Wednesday*. The Rector returned to his chicks! He gave us a very bright and interesting account of his travels after supper in the Common Room, and assured us that he was glad to be back. Thesis sheets were delivered to the mob—the *laureandi* looking on in scorn.

19th. *Thursday*. A high Mass was sung at the catacombs by Mr. Earley.

20th. *Friday*. Archbishop Mostyn and Bishop Cary-Elwes arrived here from the National Pilgrimage. We are sending out a supply of guides for the English pilgrims, and the usual doses of Chandlery are being prepared for administration.

23rd. *Monday*. Fr. Martindale came to supper.

25th. *Wednesday*. The bulk of the students attended the audience for the National Pilgrimage. The *O Roma Felix* was hurriedly prepared the previous evening, and given out at the audience. Unfortunately we were wedged together so closely that we were deafened by our own roar. But the Pope and the pilgrims assured us that it was good. Mr. H. Somerville came to supper.

26th. *Ascension Thursday*. We were present at the Pontifical High Mass sung in St. Peter's. The Rector gave Confirmation to the daughter of Mr. Randall in the College Chapel.

28th. *Saturday*. Their Lordships Bishops Cowgill and Shine came to stay with us. Fr. Rope M. A. came to dinner.

29th. *Sunday*. The Rector confirmed the Count's daughter in the Chapel.

JUNE 5th. *Whitsunday*. Their Lordships, Rev. Fr. Benedict Williamson and Mr. Chute were our guests at dinner. We have to thank Bishop Cowgill, an old *Venerabilino*, who introduced ices into the festive menu. We took

our *caffè* and *rosolio* in the garden, where the Bishop of Leeds in the course of his oration expressed his hopes that the old tradition he had again introduced would not be allowed to fall into abeyance. We heartily concurred with a mental resolution to have the Rector's copy of the *Venerabile* blue-pencilled at this point. Bishop Shine expressed his thanks to the college for his kind reception.

6th. *Whitmonday*. The *gita* that generally occurs on this day is admittedly the best of the scholastic year. True to custom the majority took to the sea, Ostia, Ladispoli and Porto being most frequented. Many of these came back only to pass a miserable time casting their slough, which gave the house the appearance of a miniature Molokai. However the victims assured us that they felt positively better for the experience. *Credat Judaeus!*

9th. *Thursday*. *Examina scripta ad lauream*. Only the philosophers took their written examinations to-day—fried eggs and Talmone constituting the *piatto del giorno*.

11th. *Saturday*. *Ducitur linea*. A wag of a beadle had the audacity to draw a line in chalk on some of the blackboards of the University. We are glad to say that the majority of the professors observe this regulation most faithfully—in consequence, we presume, of the Thomistic dictum *imaginatio non superat continuum!* Fr. Vermeersch, however treats this as a kind of misprint—*nonne?*

The minor examinations are now in full swing—except for History which has become, under Fr. Silva-Tarouca, a “written”.

12th. *Trinity Sunday*. The last High Mass of the year. We sang our plain chant sweetly as becomes a swan-song, and we were again regaled with an ice-dinner. The Bishop of Oklahoma—*vulgo* Extension Kelley—was our guest along with his diocesan secretary. *Caffè* and *rosolio* afterwards in the Common Room.

19th. *Sunday*. We repaired to Tor di Quinto in the afternoon to partake in the annual function. Cardinal Billot carried the monstrance in the procession. *Rinfresco* afterwards.

20th. *Monday*. At half past nine we assembled in S. Ignazio for the usual terminal exhortation and a sermon on St. Aloysius.

21st. *Lusisti Satis!* The Assizes opened this morning and will continue to the end of July. We have the added misfortune of an invasion of sand-flies which are sending many to their cots. For the select few who have not yet had the fever, there are the apothecary's pink pills, which are quite harmless. Looking Pantheonwards, we find that Torquemada has not returned to Potsdam according to report but has already appeared at the boards. The Lombard *camerate* have begun their *al fresco* studies with very depressing effects. Pamphili, of course, has become a regular Thebaid.

23rd. *Thursday*. The first of the *laureati* left for the Stazione Termini—by tram!

29th. *Friday*. Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. We did our duty as true Romans at the Tomb of the Apostles.

15th. *Friday*. We journeyed out to Palazzola to find the old C3 feeling vanish as we reached our *bel respiro* in the Albans. Luigi was digging fu-

riously on our arrival. The plums unfortunately are not as plentiful as last year, but the russet tree seems to promise a fair crop. Alfredo has been given a mouthorgan—suspicion lies on a *porporato*—and for the dwellers near the *porteria* there is *siesta chantant*. Add to this that the washerwomen (or are they novices?) know all the twenty-seven verses of *Noi vogliam Dio* off by heart, and you will know our plight. By dinner time we were dug in, and, after the massacre of the scorpions, ready to resume community life. The tobacco-man opened his shop, and issued his *caveat emptor* against all grumblers. We pray that his Virginias will remain virginal.

16th. *Saturday*. As convenient a day, we presume, as any for recording the first beginnings of villa-life. And it may as well be stated that at present the atmosphere is distinctly theological—there being some twenty or so making intensive preparations for the Seminàr perils. This noble-hearted band makes its appearance—apart from the *de rigueur* attendance in the church and refectory—about twice a day: at half-past ten in the morning when the bell rings them out for a “melancholy one”, and after tea when they resist the Circean influences of the *Sforza* by commandeering the first level spot above the stairs. We offer them our heartiest condolences!

17th. *Sunday*. The Feast of St. Charles Borromeo, Patron of the Parish Church, was celebrated at Rocca with great pomp—the *Roccaggiani* laying themselves out for a holiday. His Eminence Cardinal Lega of Frascati was in attendance, and after a High Mass *coram cardinali* he gave Confirmation to a *carabiniere*. The Rector was present in the stalls. A procession took place after the Mass with the usual infant cardinals and quite an array of six-year old priests. A *corse di cavalli* was run in the afternoon.

18th. *Monday*. Golf preparations in progress in the morning. Since *Carnovale* has scythed most of the ground, there only remain a few obstacles to clear from the fairways. The Herculean labours that awaited the groundsman when we possessed the whole of the *Sforza* are now quite unnecessary, and so we expect the “Royal and Ancient” to be in full swing within a few weeks. The tennis court was also approached and the weeds removed, though not without damaging the finger and toe of the secretary. There is still an amount of concentrated study going on behind closed doors.

23rd. *Saturday*. Messrs. Delany and Atkins went to S. Alfonso to make their retreat for Ordination.

26th. *Tuesday*. We were treated to a repetition of the famous fire of 1922. At the earnest entreaties of the Vice-Rector, who had spied it from below, we rushed off (*non mutatis mutandis*) down the path to the lake, where the smoke was rising in a thick column towards the Rocca road. Luigi was there before us invoking the local gods, and we proceeded as systematically as the circumstances allowed to prevent the flames from crossing the middle path through the woods. The fire was stayed very soon—too soon in fact, for the Editor was seeing his way to a six page article—and except for one or two of our members we remained conspicuously idle. For one small moment there was a touch of romance when the fire took a leap up the hill for twenty yards, and Reverend Mother Ildegonda appeared on the rise at the head of her community. Perhaps the *bonne bouche* of the evening was the appearance

of the firemen from Albano with buckets and two shovels. The senior student took them towards the scene of the fire, where the Nero of the group bade them halt and observe. Then with a dramatic gesture he cried: *Ecco la bellezza delle fiamme*. They came back after two hours, and after pouring a copious libation (one or two pails of our precious must) to Vulcan, went off in Giobbe's *camione* amid clerical cheering. The local papers commented on the gallant *pompieri*, and the event reached the German papers, as our friends from San Pastore later informed us.

28th. *Thursday*. The first Pine Gita! The Rector was absent in Rome, and accordingly there was no *Evviva il cuoco*. On our return there was another small fire. In fact they occurred intermittently for weeks, but as they were some distance away from the villa we left them to the care of others.

31st. *Sunday*. Mr. Delany and Mr. Atkins received the Priesthood at the hands of a Polish Bishop in the Leonine Colloge.

AUGUST 1st. *Monday*. The *Primitiae Missarum* were offered in the chapel this being the first time at Palazzola. The refectory was very tasteful festooned at the dinner in their honour. *Caffè* and *rosolio* afterwards in the garden. Mgr. Cicognani rose to congratulate the new priests—naturally he saw many coincidences in the whole affair to which our dull minds had been blind.

5th. *Friday*. The new priests went on a *gitarella* round the Benedictine shrines. This is apparently the equivalent of a week's *ferraiuola*.

Now that the examinations are definitely over we may give our résumé. Out of some 115 examinations taken, 101 were successful, which is better than the 89 % of last year. Our honours list is a little lower: *summas* occurred only in Hebrew. But four out of five for the D.D. is an excellent standard which we only hope will be maintained. As regards our *affiliati*, Dr. Griffin and Dr. Masterson both secured their Doctorate of Canon Law with a fabulous number of marks, and Mr. E.J. Kelly obtained his Doctorate of Divinity. Future Apollinare students, please note!

AUGUST 7th. *Sunday*. A great *festa* was held in Albano in honour of *Maria Santissima della Rotonda*. Horse racing and Bengal lights were the features of the vigil. This morning the dawn was saluted with a *grandioso sparo di bombe* and a High Mass sung by Mons. Vicario E. Giuseppe Marazzi. The Rector administered Confirmation to a large number of children and others.

Bishop Burton arrived from Rome this morning, and we saluted him *magnò cum ardore, laetitia et amore*. Canon Lee has gone away to Naples.

15th. *Monday*. The Feast of the Assumption. We reserved the day for a quiet celebration of Bishop Burton's Jubilee. At *caffè* and *rosolio* the Senior Student proposed the health of his Lordship, and congratulated him on his jubilee. The Bishop replied *more suo*, and gave us in detail the whole account of the Clifton celebrations.

18th. *Thursday*. We declared our general preference for a *gita* to the Sforza instead of the usual Pine *gita*, and thus earned the undying gratitude of the golfers.

24th. *Wednesday*. We spent our day with the Scots at Marino—many

of us returning with twisted faces after witnessing an inimitable contortionist.

28th. *Sunday*. The Rector's birthday was held to-day instead of Thursday. As this is his first birthday as a Bishop there was more than ordinary solemnization though your chronicler does not recall the number of speeches. The Vice-Rector hit upon the happy simile of a clock with which the Rector became more inextricably compared for the rest of the evening. However, we suppose there is a double interpretation of Bishop *in partibus*.

In the evening a concert was given in the Rector's honour. The whole was topical and showed that we need never poach on others preserves for a first class concert. We print the programme as issued.

THE RECTOR'S CONCERT.

1.	<i>Opening Chorus</i>	{	Pierrots: W. Butterfield. R. Shearstone. A. Ibbett. F. Tootell. J. Park. L. Wilkinson.
2. Duet	<i>College Scandal</i>	{	W. Butterfield. R. Shearstone.
3. Solo	<i>It was a Lover and his Lass</i>	{	J. Park.
4. Pianoforte Duet. <i>Leoncavallo</i>		{	C. Talbot. R. Shearstone.
5. Duet	<i>The Song of the Pelagian Heresy</i>	{	R. Delany. J. Garvin.
6. Quartette	" <i>The Flea</i> "	{	Pierrots.
7. Duet	" <i>Horsy and Tooty</i> "	{	A. Ibbett. F. Tootell.
8. Song	<i>The Little Stream</i>	{	Pierrots.
9. Solo	" <i>Them were Days</i> "	{	L. Wilkinson.
10. Sketch	<i>THE FIRE.</i>		
Judge	W. O'LEARY.		
Counsel	T. DUGGAN.		
Defendant	E. CAREY.	Jury	{ J. GARVIN. A. IBBETT. R. GOWLAND. G. DWYER. W. KELLY.
Usher	R. SHEARSTONE.		
Gaoler	C. RESTIAUX.		
Witnesses	J. PARK AND D. CROWLEY.		
Student	L. WILKINSON.		

29th. *Monday*. We had a *gita* in the Rector's honour—the majority going to the sea: Anzio and Terracina.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Thursday*. The Germans were sighted below Rocca Priora early in the day, and we put our mother tongue in our pockets till their departure. Our chief speaker came well to the fore at the dinner (we dined *alla tedesca*), and Bishop Burton addressed them in the Italian tongue. For a concert, we gave them a hash of Pierrots and community-singing, to which they replied by bringing forth their acrobat from Lucerne. Altogether a most interesting day. They departed *quarciarellinwards* soon after tea.

5th. *Monday*. We had rain for the first time during *villeggiatura*, with a thunderstorm. Unhappily it fell far below our descriptions, so that first year are wiser men.

7th. *Wednesday*. We paid a return visit to *San Pastore* where we were fêted on a magnificent scale, from *Salve* to *Vale*. We dined to the accompaniment of a full *orchestra*, and were introduced to an exhibition of German prestidigitation.

8th. *Thursday*. Despite the weather prophets the rain which threatened in the morning kept off for the greater part of the day. We received the Scots, and once more disputed the ashes—but we tresspass on the sports notes. Wherefore read on!

9th. *Friday*. As the Secretary, who is general agent for the printer, is insistent on copy, we must make our milestone here, though it is base submission. The Clerk of the Works has given us his report of the rockery, which is rising steadily to completion. We congratulate the philosopher who has taken this in hand, as well as his labourers, and those unfortunate people who were persuaded to carry up a stone each time they ascended the Sforza stairs. Another philosopher is at work on a second *belvedere* on a higher plain than the rockery. Otherwise the house—or at least the senior part thereof—is making preparations for the long *gite*, and ready for immediate departure to the sunny south. As your scribe is one of the number, the diary will be continued in our next!

J. G.



PERSONAL.

Two years' divorce from his beloved Palatiolum must have proved a great strain on his Lordship the Bishop of Clifton, for he appeared at the Villa earlier than ever. Palazzola is his second home, and he brought with him a youthful cheerfulness that was a real antidote for the house, around which the reek of examinations was still hanging. The weather was regal and the skies ambassadorial, and every morning showed a clear *campagna* which his Lordship regularly swept with his binoculars. He even discovered for the first time in his life the *Campus Barbaricus*. The Bishop celebrated the silver jubilee of his episcopate on the third of May, and a glimpse at the Clifton Chronicle gives us some idea of the gigantic ceremonies and celebrations. On the third it was announced that His Holiness had bestowed on the bishop the singular honour of Bishop Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, also creating his Lordship a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. The Bishop sang the Mass, with Monsignor Canon Lee as assistant priest, and the Rector preached the sermon. A presentation was made afterwards at the Royal Hotel, where was held the *pranzone*. We ourselves celebrated his jubilee on the 15th. of August, when the senior student raised a toast to his Lordship to which he replied by giving his own intimate account of the festivities. Needless to say, he bears the honours of a Count of the Holy Roman Empire lightly, and his recent promotions have not prevented him from regarding himself primarily as a *Venerabilino*. He was introduced this year for the first time to San Pastore, and when our friends the Rhinelanders paid us a return visit, they saw to it that His Lordship should make another of his addresses. He left us after a six weeks' stay to return to his diocese. Canon Lee, unfortunately, only appeared at the villa for a few days as a bird of passage. He spent the greater part of his holiday in Sorrento (whereby hangs a ballad), and he stayed with us for two short days *en route* from Fiuggi. He then retired along with Mr. Macmillan to Montecatini.

We were very happy indeed to have Mgr. Cicognani at Palazzola for a considerable space of time. Not only did he spend his "week-ends" with us while consistorial duties still detained him, but he chose to pass with us the whole of his holiday period and to engage with the Bishop of Clifton daily in a prelatie battle of wits. Mgr. Cicognani is both the pleasantest of companions and a mine of information on

every topic, and we shall not forget the informal lecture he gave to us on "The English Characteristics of Franciscanism" which must have made many of his listeners feel ashamed of their own state of mind. We reluctantly allowed him to depart at last in order to take his part in the Eucharistic Congress at Bologna, where he holds the important post of Secretary to the Papal Legate, his Eminence Cardinal Boggiani.

The Rev. Mr. Johnson is another of our welcome guests, and he came in August from San Carlo to partake of our "beata solitudo". He left towards the end of September along with Mr. Atkins to circumnavigate the shores of Dalmatia.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Delany and Mr. Atkins, who were ordained in Rome at the beginning of the *villeggiatura*. They both said their first Masses in the church here, and thus constituted a precedent. We have consequently a sufficient number of priests for all occasions, and are saved from the *meditatio-post-missam* services which not infrequently took place in former holidays. We also congratulate Mr. Miller, of the Southwark diocese, who was ordained in the homeland in September.

The departure of the seventh year has already made itself felt on the "villa" life, as it was a year consisting almost without exception of good sportsmen. Some of them left rather early in the year—Mr. Cashman to take up his duties in North Wales, and Mr. Burrows to knock out his pipe on the mantlepiece at Slough. Mr. Hattersley, our M.C., went away with Mr. Baldwin and was ordained with him in Easter week. The next to retire were Messrs. Milan and Forbes; the former we hear has been appointed to the post of Professor of Modern Languages at the Seminary of Aberystwyth. We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Forbes for the painstaking and laborious way that he carried on the great work of cataloguing. Mr. Atkinson, the former Editor, accompanied his bishop back to England and we hear that he is now evangelising the men of Lincoln. Mr. Maudslay crept away towards the middle of June to Leeds, where he is now curate of St. Marie's, Sheffield. Of the Doctors, Mr. Slevin (who made his exit with a *bene* to his credit), and Mr. Earley reached their native Salford towards the end of July. Report says that Mr. Earley became for the time the Prefect at St. Bedy's, Manchester. It is not the custom of the magazine to congratulate bishops on their appointments, but surely the temptation here is too strong. We give Mr. Early our strongest encouragement. Messrs. Worsely and Rudderham (*quisque cinctus laurea*) are now at Chester and Mr. Baldwin is stationed at the Cathedral, Nottingham. Mr. Cregg of Birmingham, the sole survivor, did not

choose to leave the oyster bed. He was unfortunately compelled to depart to Como for his health, and did not return till July. He is at present spending his sixth *villeggiatura* with us, quietly reading for his laureate. We wish him all success!

The news reaches us as we go to press of the appointment of Dr. Heard to the post of Auditor of the Sacred Roman Rote. We wish this *Venerabilino* the best of success in his new office.

EXCHANGES.

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

We have been requested on behalf of the director of the *Orpheus* to thank Mr. Randall for his *Oxford Book of Songs*.

We regret to have omitted from the list of Consecration Presents printed in the last issue the following donations: Rev. Mr. Johnson—a pair of Episcopal Dalmatics for use at Ordinations. Miss Grimes—a pair of Bishop's gloves.

The following errata of previous numbers are pointed out for correction: Vol. III, N^o. 1, p. 23. *loco* Oxford read Orford. Vol. III, N^o. 2, cf. p. 13 and footnote, and correct. The last Saint to be canonized in England was St. Thomas of Hereford, chancellor to Henry III and consecrated in 1275.

LIBRARY.

Now that the preparatory work of cataloguing has been completed—sectional arrangement of books and numbering according to bin and shelf, there only remains the actual catalogue to be drawn up. For this purpose it was thought advisable to call in an expert, and we were fortunate in securing, by the help of a benefactor, the services of Dr. J. Rheinthal (an Austrian at present residing at the German College), who as had great experience in cataloguing college libraries. Already more than a third of the library has been catalogued, so that within the next year the whole work ought to be complete. A library loses a great part of its potential value when it is not properly drawn up.

With the aid of this new and comprehensive catalogue which is

now in process of completion, we shall be able to make some estimate of the number and value of the books we possess. The scheme for a number of crossbins remains in abeyance; so, to avoid the present overcrowding, the Art section will be placed in a new fourth room. The new room is on the Common Room floor, and will, we hope, possess a separate catalogue to avoid all inconvenience.

The Rev. J. Forbes, last year's head librarian, has now left, and we think that we ought to make some mention of the solid work which he did whilst in charge. He was tireless in his work for the library, spending much time in arranging the books left by the late Mgr. J. Prior. He successfully carried on the excellent work planned by the Rev. A. Bentley, to whom he proved to be a worthy successor.

A substantial sum towards the expenses of cataloguing has been given by an anonymous benefactor. We must thank this same person also for having many old volumes re-bound and for having the *Dublin Review* and the *Civiltà Cattolica* bound up to date.

We are grateful for the following gifts to the Library:

1. *Roman Architecture* — by G. T. Rivoira — presented by the widow of the author.
2. *Campagna Romana. Vol. IV - Via Latina.* By Francesco & Giuseppe Tomassetti — presented by Bishop Burton for use at Rome and Palazzola.
3. Three volumes of his works by Bishop F. C. Kelly of Oklahoma.
4. Doctor J. E. Bird — Two volumes of his fine *Commentary on the Psalms.*
5. Monsignor I. J. Walshe — Two volumes of his *Principles of Christian Apologetics.*

J. D, Librarian.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Its worst enemy, "if any," would not impeach the orthodoxy of the Literary Society; yet in some ways it runs strangely counter to the changing moods of the Church's year. Lean Lent is for it a time of plenty, bringing an unwonted plethora of kind, eloquent and learned visitors. In Paschal time it falls into jejune silence; and Pentecost which should bring new life finds it very near to death from inanition. In this the Society itself is not altogether at fault: like the tragic hero, it lies exposed to the combined caprices of all the powers—of Earth, Hades and Olympus. The immemorial perversity of schools

and examiners, that subtle tyrant Tradition, which enmeshes us with gossamer threads and multiplies them like the bonds of Lilliput,—these have decreed that we should fill the months least suited to labour with the fret of examinations and the fever of a year's amendment. A comparatively barren session, therefore, is here recorded.

The national pilgrimage brought us our last lecturer, the ever-willing Fr. Martindale, who raised hopes with his piquant title "Hopes and Fears" and dispelled all fears by a stimulating paper on the present spiritual position in England, and the possibilities of our future work. Our Lenten indulgence was supplied by Fr. Jaggar, who gave two talks, informal and fluent, on "The Revised Prayer-Book" and "Preaching". Sandwiched between these was a gay dissertation by Mgr. Ross, Canon of Westminster, on "Missiology", wherein he sketched with wealth of anecdote a striking outline of the all-embracing science of the missions. The earliest limit of this record is the brisk, business-meeting held in April, when Mr. J. Macmillan was elected President, and the present writer, secretary.

Looking back, as far as we officially may, we are moved to repeat the well-used complaint that the Society so seldom supplies entertainment for itself. We repeat this complaint, not from mere habit. The society is sinking to the level of an inarticulate *plebs*, accepting almost listlessly its *panem et circenses*,—blind mouths and dumb ears. The College is happy in its many good friends who readily consent to address the Society, and whose interest we highly appreciate. At the same time, one would welcome some sign that this body, so charmingly passive, could rise also to active life. We listen patiently for that brave voice that will one day break the silence from the benches of the commons. For it is not lack of ability nor dearth of interesting themes that holds these tongues in tether. There is needed but a spark of initiative and just that spurt of courage whereby the shame-faced seminarian would be emboldened to address his fellows, and to brave the less charitable criticism which is the arrogated privilege of friends.

T. D.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD.

A Business Meeting was held on July 28th. to discuss the programme of work for the Vacation and although some of our members were in England the Circles continued their study.

Each Circle decided to meet weekly and continue their text-book or study some work bearing on the subject in hand.

Quiet steady work was done and satisfactory results obtained in the serious study of those fundamental principles of Catholic Sociology without which it is impossible to attempt the solution of the grave social problems of our age.

The Rector conducted a class of Philosophers in the study of the *Codice Sociale* — a new primer of Social Science. It was attended with great interest and had a marked success.

V. W. (*Secretary*).

CRICKET NOTES.

The cricket season this year has been characterised by a marked lack of enthusiasm. Possibly an excessively hot summer and an early start with golf may have in part accounted for it. Be that as it may, the cult of the deck-chair was a little too prominent during the early weeks of the Villeggiatura. But let it be said in defence (or maybe condemnation?) of the devotees of the easy life that it was Italian and Spanish and particularly German, and at times even Philosophy and Theology, which engrossed their attention.

Hence it was that, apart from the annual match with the Scots, we have had but two matches. The first, North versus South, ended in an easy victory for the North. The feature of this match was the amount of "punishment" which one player was able to take upon his fingers. Batting gloves, really a necessity upon the hard wickets of the Sforza, are quite beyond the means of the Palazzola Cricket Club. In the second match, in which Bishop Burton's Eleven easily defeated the Rector's Eleven, Mr. McGee played a splendid innings of 53 not out.

But the interest of the season was centred in the annual match with the Scots College. Unfortunately the weather broke the very week for which the match had been fixed. Thus it was that the game was played upon a very dull and depressing day. The Scots batted first and found Mr. McGee bowling his best. In the morning wickets fell very quickly, but when play was continued in the afternoon some adventurous cricket on the part of their latter batsmen brought their score to 51. The English innings opened badly, a wicket going down in the first over. After that wickets fell with an alarming persistence, until nine wickets were down for the low score of 27. Then came the stand of the match, Mr. Dinn and Mr. Shearstone, apparently unperturbed by the importance of the occasion, playing fighting cricket against the keen bowling and fielding of the Scots. By watching the length ball and hitting the loose one they slowly brought the score to 44. Then a catch was held in the long field and the match was over. But the Rector then went in for a knock to show his men what they ought to have done and in a couple of overs he made it quite clear that his cricket has been according to Yorkshire standard. This proved to be the last innings of the season, for the following day witnessed the erection of the goal-posts and the first football match of the Villeggiatura.

R. GOWLAND, Captain.

GOLF.

It was a pleasant surprise on our arrival at the villa to find the greater part of the bracken already mown. Carnevale and his satellites had obviously been at work—but it was disconcerting to see the fruit of their labours piled up on the eighth fairway and neatly obstructing all possible approaches to the green. A small party was commissioned to remove the obstacle, and within two days a half of the stack was taken away. On our return from the first Pine *gita*, however, we found an extra seven donkey-loads of straw dumped in the same spot. But the Vice-Rector took the matter in hand, and the course was speedily cleared.

Apart from this there remained two other patches of fern for cutting. We missed some of the old men who used to swing the scythe so manfully. Still with steady daily work we were able to open the course earlier than usual—on August 7th. Enthusiasm was shown in the early days of the season, but with the advent of the rains, and the consequent boom in tennis, the number of the golf-fans was considerably lessened. Only twelve wished to compete for the eighteen-hole handicap.

Herbert the Mole has left a considerable progeny, with disastrous consequences. But this was not our greatest difficulty. This lay with the cows, who for want of something sweeter manifested an abnormal tendency for consuming the golf-flags and chewing our Dunlops. The solution of this difficulty has eluded the three heads of the Committee. Next year, we are thinking of appointing a new officer—a flagman.

J. C., Secr.

TENNIS.

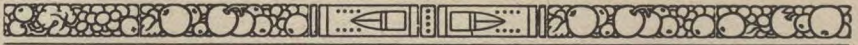
A meeting of the club was held on Thursday, June 2nd., and the resignation of the Committee of the previous season called for the election of a new President and Secretary. Messrs. F. Tootell and A. Ibbett accepted their positions respectively.

A list of forty-five members promised a successful season. Fortune, however, played against us on our arrival at Palazzola: weed had grown strong and thick on the court. These were eradicated by patient toil and disclosed a very dry and crumbling surface, which stood in need of repair. Two hand pumps were erected to carry the water up to the court; but exceptional heat and lack of rain had made the surface so powdery, that artificial watering was insufficient to harden it. Added to this, our pumps broke under the strain.

After a drought of approximately one hundred days, the rain, which came to our aid in the second week of September, hardened the court considerably, and supplemented by occasional showers, enabled us to play until the end of the *Villeggiatura*.

The unfortunate handicap of the first half of the season caused a decrease of the interest which the membership list had promised. Nevertheless, keen interest was shown by the majority of the members, and it was only on account of the season's late commencement that we were unable to hold the knock-out tournament. Truly the secret of success lies in the start!

A. IBBETT, Secretary.



OUR BOOK SHELF

La Campagna Romana antica, medievale e moderna.
Vol. IV, *Via Latina*. Rome, Maglione e Strini. By Giuseppe and Francesco Tomassetti.

No Porzio man should fail to buy this book! For if he has a wish to read up anew the history of this *paese* and of its surroundings, this can be done no better than by a perusal of Tomassetti. The charm of the book is that it follows the road—that is, the Latin Way, which must have been to the men of old the *Regina Viarum*, in spite of Horace, for it led villa-wards. The story of all great roads is particularly fascinating, however, whether they be the roads of Dickens that skirted the Pig Inn or the roads of Rome that skirted the Pig Hill, and in this respect the authors have struck the right method from the beginning in using the roads as keys to unlock the treasury of the Campagna's history and archaeology.

Previous volumes have treated of the other *viae*, the second (*Via Appia ed Ardeatina*) containing *passim* the history of Palazzola and the environs of Albano. In all except the first volume, which treats of the Campagna in general, the plan is to begin at Rome and proceed along the road, treating first of the road itself, and then of the history and topography of the surrounding district. Since the publication of the last volume—almost seventeen years ago—the material at the disposal of the authors has been amazingly increased: the result of new excavations and of further research in the archives at Rome. The *Via Latina* had previously to be content with a single chapter in another volume, but now the text and illustrations alone occupy six hundred quarto pages. The information acquired is remarkable for its abundance and importance, and has thrown fresh light on the history of Latium. The work is not exhaustive—both the greatness of the task and the nature of the book forbid it. It is rather an analysis. But the whole is a va-

luable contribution to the story of a region that has been difficult of access to previous generations.

The *Via Latina* was one of the most ancient of Roman arterial roads. Though both its true origin and the date of its construction are matters of dispute, there is no doubt that it was laid in remote ages, and certainly is anterior to the *Via Appia*. The Latin League and its Festivals, together with the Latin Wars, were political events calling imperatively for a road that would directly connect Rome with the peoples of Latium. Owing to this connexion with the first stirrings of Roman political life it acquired a veneration proof against all attempts of magistrate or *curator viarum* to change its name. Augustus himself restored the road out of veneration. Even when it lay unused—owing to its incapacity for commerce—it was treated with the same respect, and lined like its sister the Appia with richly decorated and costly tombs, many of which are existing to-day. From Rome to the Pass of Algidus—which is as far as the analysis goes—the *Via Latina* ran in ancient times through a singularly fertile and healthy plain, and was the chief centre for the villas of the wealthy. The middle ages saw it well populated and serving the needs of a considerable peasant population. A glance from Porzio to-day would show that the density of the surrounding population is still a feature of the road. The history of the district comprises that of twenty divisions of Roman farm-land, such as Caffarella, Roma Vecchia, Tor di Mezzavia etc., and some forty medieval foundations, among which are Monte Porzio, Frascati, Grottaferrata and Rocca di Papa. The road was much frequented in the early Christian era, as is clear from the many religious memories of the vicinity, as well as from the tradition of the martyrdom of St. John the Evangelist at its Gate. Tombs of saints, cemeteries, and churches grouped themselves along its track—witness the Basilica of S. Stefano and that great patrimony of the Roman Church, the Labicana. As the *Appia* fell into a state of disrepair, the *Via Latina* entered on another and final period of prosperity, and was used by the Popes and Kings of the XIIIth century as the main road to Naples. After the XIVth century it was superseded by the new road built by the Commune of Rome after the return of the Popes from Avignon. This was the chief reason for the closing of the Latin Gate and the new importance of the Lateran. The change led to the complete abandonment of the Latin Way—at least as far as the ninth milestone, where it coincided more or less with the modern Anagnina.

The temptation to quote from this book must be repressed. Monte Porzio (*sopra una collina amenissima sorge questo modesto e grazioso co-*

mune), Tusculum and its cross, the *Via Triumphalis* up Monte Cavo—all these places are treated with an astonishing knowledge of detail. Every gate and fountain, shrine and *duomo*, farmyard and tower is made to disclose its share of history. The eyrie-loving Castelli, the solid Roman *castra* deposit their antiquities quietly in its pages. The survey maps, though necessarily a trifle inaccurate, are a valuable asset, and greatly facilitate the location of the spots required. Etchings are given where a photograph was impossible, and a copious bibliography is at the disposal of the more ardent student.

A final word to the intending purchaser—the price of the volume is comparatively high: a hundred and twenty five *lire* unbound. But in view of the contents it would be unfair to call it excessive.

W. KELLY.

CAPITOLIUM: Rassegna Mensile di Attività Municipale.

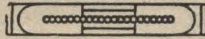
As its sub-title indicates, *Capitolium* is an official publication, in which the city authorities give a monthly account of their stewardship. It is by no means a dry compendium of administrative detail, but a magazine of well-written articles, offered to the more enlightened of the *Quirites*, who are interested in the welfare of their *Alma Urbs*. Probably this review is unique in its scope; in most other cities such a venture could scarcely find readable copy, but Rome, with its incomparable patrimony of history and art, provides inexhaustible matter. The present regime is earnestly bent on resuscitating the glories of old Rome and developing and beautifying the New, and is striving to justify the principal glory of the Eternal City. The Eternal is Immortal and not merely a dormant and lifeless memory; each succeeding age, whilst cherishing the legacy of the hallowed past, leaves its contribution, and the most enlightened rulers of Rome have ever laboured to consolidate the present and provide for the future.

Each number of *Capitolium*, reflecting as it does this multifarious activity of the municipality, contains three parts. The first, mainly archaeological and historical, is devoted to describing recent discoveries and evolving schemes of restoration and preservation. Since nothing beautiful is alien to a city that has been the home of all the fine arts for twenty seven centuries, projects for further developments are also considered from the aesthetic point of view. The articles are usually from the pens of expert archaeologists and of the architects responsible for the new buildings. This, the most valuable part of the periodical, is printed on stout glazed paper and relieved with excellent illustrations. The second part is devoted chiefly devoted to statistical matter and is a description of the commercial life of the city during the preceeding month. Finally, as an appendix outside the pagination, there follow several pages of methodical figures, of epheme-

ral interest, which give tabulated information on every conceivable subject that can fall under the calculations of the statistician: population, sickness and crime, commerce and taxes, tourists etc.

As a review of Rome past and present, as a cultured exposition of all that is best in the Eternal City, *Capitolium* is excellent. It is most tastefully produced and is mercifully free from garish futuristic designs, which have disfigured so many Italian publications. Moreover it is exceedingly cheap, for it may be obtained for the modest annual sum of twenty-five *lire*.

There is only one unpleasing feature: the editorials, which are replete with a bombast quite alien to an Englishman's idea of good taste. The virtues of *Capitolium* are sufficiently evident to speak for themselves and without further advertisement give ample testimony to the energy and efficiency of the municipal government. G. S. F



OBITUARY

Rev. WILLIAM COOPER. - (1891-97). It is but a few months ago that we received the distressing news of the death of Fr. Cooper of the Northampton diocese, who was a student here under Mgr. Giles. He was a Norwich man born in 1869, and had had experience of the Benedictine training at Douai, before the Right Rev. Arthur Riddell, Bishop of Northampton sent him in 1891 to the Venerable, where he did the seven years' course of Philosophy and Theology. He was ordained on the Feast of All Saints 1897. On his return to England he was appointed to the Cathedral at Northampton, but was transferred after two years to Felixstowe where he began his life's work as "ecclesiastical coastguard". The Felixstowe mission did not then exist, and Mass had to be said in an ice-cream shop with six Catholics for a congregation. The obstacles to the foundation of a mission in this spot would have been insuperable to a man of a less persistent courage, and some time elapsed before he acquired a presbytery— an upstairs room with a ladder for a staircase. With this as his basis of operations he began a temporary church— far too small for the summer visitors— and in 1910, despite feeble health, work was begun on a permanent building which saw completion in 1912. Through his energies the Sisters of Jesus and Mary were secured and a site procured for their school, and two other congregations of nuns, the Carmelites and the Sisters of Mercy settled in the town. The beginning of the war found him still ailing, and a correspondent writes that "the war increased the illness (nerves) from which he was suffering. The air raids, which were frequent, aggravated his complaint. Felixstowe was frequently bombed by the Germans before they began on London, and the casualties were many. Ten thousand troops were placed in Fr. Cooper's parish, and Felixstowe became a military area. He carried on singlehanded and became more and more broken down. By 1918 he was a complete nervous wreck, and must certainly be counted among the casualties of the war". In 1918 he was reluctantly obliged to retire to Woodbridge, and in 1925 to St. Joseph's House, where he died on March 23rd. of the present year. A Requiem Mass was sung by the Parish Priest of Felixstowe in the presence of His Lordship the Bishop of Northampton. A panegyric was preached by Fr. Shebbearre. The body was taken to Norwich where it was laid in the Catholic Cemetery. Fr. Cooper left over two hundred Catholics when he retired, and it is significant of his success that when he first came to Felixstowe he was stoned, but on his death the Requiem was attended by the Town Clerk and Council and numerous residents of all classes. He was an exemplary priest and an exemplary Roman.

R. I. P.