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THE VENERABILE

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OF THE VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE ROME

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IMPRIMATUR

✠ Ioseph Palica, *Arch. Philipp.*
Vicesger.

ROMA
Scuola Tipografica Salesiana
Via Marsala, 42
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1928

EDITORIAL.

We live today under a Regency. While at the bidding of the Holy Father our *Rector Episcopalis* travels the face of Africa, devoting his well-tried powers to the problems of the Ukamba and the Unyamwezi, Monsignor Redmond holds sway over the less interesting Europeans in the Monserrato. Naturally so long an absence on the part of the Rector is a sad blow to the whole College, but we are lucky to have as his *Sostituto* one who is no stranger to the spirit and the traditions of the house. Indeed, it is no small compliment both to those left in command and to those over whom they are left in command that the Roman authorities dare despatch the Rector on so long and so distant a commission. After some reflexion, then, the Venerabile feels that everybody without exception is entitled to its editorial congratulations.

One of the best signs of interest among our readers is that we are being taken to task for our terminology. Over the first item in the charge sheet we can but plead for a light sentence. DEAN, if it were ever part of the College vocabulary, has long ceded its place to SENIOR STUDENT, and therefore we refrain from offering any excuse for its appearance in these pages, which aim at the preservation of all good traditions. For DEAN is a bad one: it belongs to the family of prefects and of beadles, and is consequently anathema. It shall never creep into

type again as the official title of the hero who presides over our public meetings and clangs out our afternoon summons to the intellectual life. We might add for the consolation of all traditionalists that in his last speech before leaving Rome, the Rector made use of the offending word, but promptly withdrew it and as promptly acknowledged his solecism. So its deletion has now every imaginable authority behind it.

On the second score we feel less contrite. VENERABILINO is a title which meets a real need, as anyone who has had the misfortune to find synonyms for the Diary will testify. OLD STUDENT is an awkward and unduly generic description, whose OLD is capable both of familiarity and of derision. A term so open to exploitation must be superseded in these days of unfettered flippancy. ROMAN is also generic, legitimately the property of anyone who has resided at the Procure in the Quattro Fontane, and so far VENERABILINO holds the field. Its Italianism seems to be no defect, or what shall we say of *gita, parroco, armadio* and *imbottito,* which find their way even into the most official of notices? Many, we feel sure, will find this Italianism on the contrary an asset. The form of the diminutive can only indicate affection, and, crowning stroke of all, there is tradition behind the word, since we have discovered that it has been used at least spasmodically for a minimum of forty years. So, as an alternative, it seems to be beyond all cavil.

We feel justified in sticking to our guns until some erudite critic shall succeed in spiking them, or until some inventive brain shall provide us with a better word. Meanwhile, the more of such criticism the better.

R.L.S.

FROM THE MONSERRATO

APOSTOLIC VISITOR TO AFRICA

There is no rose without a thorn, and it is also said that the purest joys are always tinged with sorrow. Certain it is that the rose that bloomed for the English College on December the 10th 1927 had its thorn, and the joy we all felt for the confidence reposed in our Rector by the Holy See in appointing him Visitor Apostolic to the British Colonies in Africa, was chastened by the sorrow of our separation for many long months. Still it would be a selfish thought to dwell upon the sorrow of parting if only for a time, and not to look at the possibilities of great good for the Church of God in the mission confided to Monsignor Hinsley. All Venerabile men, present and past, are proud, and justly so, that the Rector of the College should have been chosen for so high and important a mission. It reflects great personal credit not only on the Rector himself, but also on the College, and the glory accruing to their *Alma Mater* gladdens the heart of every true Venerabilino.

It was in February 1927 that there appeared in the Gazette of Dar-es-Salaam the draft of a Bill relating to the education of the natives in the British Colonies in Africa, a Bill known as "The African Education Ordinance." Space will not permit, even if one were competent, to give the full significance of the Bill, but some of the points contained therein will suffice to show the nature and the importance of the mission entrusted to the Rector. The first thing that strikes the reader is the offer of the Government regarding the erection of schools and the upkeep of the fabric. For the Voluntary schools of whatever denomination, a sum equal to half the cost of construction will be provided and a further annual sum will be given towards their

maintenance. Then there is the question of the teachers. These are to be salaried according to scale, based upon the grade of the school and the certificates of the teachers. All schools must be registered and so will be under Government inspection and all teachers will be required to have diplomas before receiving salaries. There will be two grades of schools, the first grade where English is taught and the second grade where it is not.

These few points will suffice to show the importance of the mission to Africa. The Congregation of Propaganda is alive to the advantages to be gained for our Missions, but is also alive to the difficulties entailed. It is a fact that the number of English-speaking Missionaries in our colonies is comparatively small. There are Belgian, French, German and Italian missionaries. In the teaching of English, therefore, there may easily be a great difficulty and so many of the Catholic Mission schools may be classed second grade when their efficiency would seem to demand the higher. Will the Holy See command these non-English-speaking Missionaries to have men trained in English or engage English-speaking teachers? The greatest difficulty, however, would seem to be how best to bring the already existing schools up to the standard which will be required by the Government. Only a personal inspection in the territories themselves by an independent person can give the best results. Monsignor Hinsley has been in London for some time and there has been able to learn from the highest authorities the real intentions of the Government in the passing of the Bill. He has had interviews with the Chairman himself of the Advisory Committee on African Education and so he goes to Africa well equipped with the necessary knowledge to consult with the heads of our Missions how arrangements can best be made to utilise to the full the advantages apparently to be gained from the Bill.[1] Difficulties there will be, but we can only hope that present difficulties will not be made an obstacle to future gains in the Mission fields.

There is further the question of language. In Africa there are some 2,000 or more languages and dialects in our various

[1] Among those to whom he is greatly indebted in this matter, particular mention must be made of Lord Fitzalan and Lord Lovat.

British possessions. The question naturally arises as to which form of language will be adopted as the medium of education in the schools. Our missionaries are among the pioneers in the matter of books of grammar etc., and although the British Government, with its sense of justice and fair-play, is the first to recognise the value of their work, yet there are people who, not recognising the spiritual jurisdiction of Rome, are actively engaged in this very matter of language. There is in London an Institute for the study of African Languages and early this year there is to be a great Congress of Missionaries in the region of Mongalla to which all Missionaries will be invited, to take part in the discussion on the language and on literary questions which will be raised. Professor D. Westerman, one of the Directors of the Institute, will take part in a large campaign on these questions in Oukamba, Kenya and Uganda. Is there not a danger that these questions will be decided in a manner detrimental to the work of our missionaries, unless the voice of these missionaries is heard in the deliberations? There will be need to unify Catholic effort and to bring that effort into just and closer relation with Government energy in African educational endeavour. Here again there would seem to be great work of no small difficulty for the Visitor Apostolic in Africa.

That Monsignor Hinsley is well fitted for his arduous task is recognized. He has been very well received by the Government officials in England who have helped and will help him in his work. Moreover in school matters he is well experienced. His labours in Bradford to initiate and put on a sound footing the Catholic Grammar-school at a time when the Government took over the question of education in England by the Bill of 1902 showed him to be a wise educationist. He has a long and laborious task before him. Leaving England on February the 3rd, he goes direct to South Africa and from there will make his way up to Buluwayo and Rhodesia calling *en route* at Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Nyasa. Distances are enormous and train journeys will be long and tedious. He hopes to be able to leave Salisbury (in Rhodesia) for Beira by the end of April to sail from the latter port to Zanzibar. Thence he will pass to Dar-es-Salaam in Tanganyika, make his Visitation in

that colony, then through Kenya and Uganda from which territory he hopes to come down the Nile to Alexandria, thence to Naples and so on to Rome, there to take well-earned rest before he departs again to the West-African Colonies of Sierra Leone, The Gold Coast, Nigeria and the Cameroons. There will be dangers to health in these tropical climes, but he has health and strength. The good wishes of all accompany him and prayers will be offerred for success to his mission and for his own personal safety. All can echo the words which the Holy Father used in giving the Rector his farewell audience: "May you have a good journey, and God be with you in your way, and His Angel accompany you." (Tob. V. 21.)

JOSEPH MOSS.

THE TAKING OF ROME IN 1870

Anyone who lives, even for a few years, at the centre of Christendom must of necessity see many a stirring event, no doubt in the main ecclesiastical, but not always so. We ourselves, who are not so very old, can remember the fever that gripped Rome in those late October days of 1922 when the Black Shirts were marching on the City from the South, when shops in the Corso were shuttered and barred, and even to play a pacific game of football one had to pass through the barricade at the Porta Angelica. But those who were students of the College in 1870 have a much better story to tell, and Father William Kirkham (1869-1873) has put us all in his debt by sending us the diary he kept of that celebrated September.

He arrived at the Venerabile on the 15th. of November 1869 with the Bishop of Beverley, his own diocese. He was therefore in time to carry the canopy over the Pope in the last great Papal procession on the feast of Corpus Christi, to witness the public sessions of the Vatican Council and to see Pio Nono pass through the streets of the capital before the days of the new captivity. On July 30th. 1870 the College went out to Porzio, while the whole of Europe was gazing spellbound at the first lightning strokes of the Franco-Prussian War and in Rome the Holy Father found himself deserted by Napoleon III. Indeed, it was the very day on which General Dumont had his farewell audience with Pius and on August 7th. the French flag was hauled down from S. Angelo and the Pope remained with his handful of native troops and the volunteers of the famous Zouaves. [1]

[1] According to the O'Clery, there were 8,300 Roman troops and 5,324 foreign volunteers in the Papal army. It ought to be remembered that there was no conscription in the States of the Church.

So soon as the declaration of war by Paris became known, Visconti-Venosta had been asked in the Italian Parliament what course the Government intended to adopt, and had replied that it would assume an attitude of observation. But everyone knew the direction in which its eyes were turned, not towards the cockpit of Lorraine but towards the line which still barred the advance of Savoy into the Roman Provinces. As the fortune of war went against France, negotiations were opened between Florence and Berlin. During the month of August a violent debate took place on the Roman Question in the Parliament, and no amount of diplomacy could disguise the mobilization and massing of troops at Capua and along the Tuscan frontier. All these excitements and alarms must have provided endless topics of conversation to the English students as they sat on the crest of Tusculum looking out over the Campagna to Soracte and the north, or climbed Faette to see the stretching Valle del Sacco, up which Angioletti was later to march.

Then on the 2nd. of September Wimpffen signed the surrender of Sedan and promptly on the 5th. Visconti-Venosta announced that in view of the situation in Rome, the Italian Power would occupy such points as were necessary to secure the common safety. The European Chanceries made no murmur. So on the 11th. the order was given to enter the Roman Provinces and that same day the invasion began.

From this point Father Kirkham (writing at Porzio), takes up the story, as the Papal States were so small after the Convention of 1860 that an invasion on three sides was bound to be evident from the first to all the inhabitants without any aid from the columns of a newspaper.

"*Sep: 12.* At 11 a. m. was disturbed in my room by Gordon [1] coming in and saying that fighting was going on in the direction of Soracte and that the fellows on Tusculum had heard the cannonading going on all morning. On going out to the Parish Church only heard one shot. So it has begun! Yesterday when the Rector (Doctor O'Callaghan) came out for an hour, heard that they had sent their ultimatum to the Pope, and he had refused to see them.

[1] William Gordon (1867-1872), who later became a Canon in the Liverpool Chapter.

"*Sep: 13.* Two Jesuits, Father Joyce and another, came from their College at Mondragone in p.m. for refuge. Mr. Smith [1] told us at supper that we had to start early in the morning for Rome. I packed everything of my own and all the Sacristy things and did not get to bed till 12.15.

"*Sep: 14.* Got to Rome. Had to stop outside the walls to let them put down some rails, as the line had been pulled up. The last train in from that side, from Frascati. There was a battery with a detachment of Swiss stationed there.

"Gordon and I went straight to the Porta Pia and got leave to examine the works there: Squadriglieri and Cacciatori were the defenders." There is something peculiarly Papal about this situation, reminding us forcibly of our conduct in St. Peter's during a big function, when we skip into positions to which we have no right and giant Switzers as often as not turn a blind eye. Here was Rome ostensibly preparing to stand a siege and in her extremity every second was supposed to be invaluable in the feverish task of strengthening the defences. Yet inquisitive Church Students are good-humouredly allowed to poke into everything, and we should have been the losers by this diary had they not been of a curious turn of mind. The Papal regime indeed was almost too humane to survive this brutish world!

"Then went to Porta del Popolo: Zouaves at the gate and Gendarmes and Dragoons out reconnoitring. Went to Porta Angelica and met Vanstittart and Dalton &c. Also Guiness, who told us all about the skirmish with the Italian Lancers, when Shea was wounded and taken prisoner beyond Monte Mario. [2] We also saw a company of Charette's men who had just come in from Cività Vecchia. In p.m. went to the Marmorata: thrown a pontoon bridge across the Tiber, and saw the breastworks they are putting up in a line with the Aventine."

[1] Robert Smith was a student of the Collegio Pio from 1855-1860 and appointed its Vice-Rector in 1865.

[2] Sergeant Shea of the Papal Zouaves was, as his name indicates, an Irishman. Three of his men were captured with him and their names Aertz, Hildebrand and Wilders are a commentary on the Catholicism of the Pope's defenders. The scene of their capture was beyond the Convent of Sant'Onofrio on the other side of Monte Mario (cf. O' Clery, p. 506).

Rome, naturally, was full of rumours during these days of beleaguerment. In reality three main columns had invaded the Papal States. Angioletti advanced from the old Neapolitan frontier by way of Frosinone, Anagni, Valmontone and Velletri, meeting with no serious resistance. Cadorna, the generalissimo, penetrated the Provinces at three points on the east, his main body coming by way of Cività Castellana. But he sent the XIth. Division under Cosenz to cooperate with Bixio, who was marching from the north, attempting to cut off Colonel Charette in Viterbo from Cività Vecchia and the coast. Any other line of retreat into Rome was impossible owing to Cadorna's advance which blocked the direct route. Charette, however, slipped between Bixio and Cosenz, entered Cività Vecchia, marched along the coast and finally took train into Rome, while the negotiations at Cività Vecchia delayed his pursuers.

Rome was naturally jubilant about this neat piece of work. Father Kirkham wrote at the time: "Heard an account of the Retreat of the Zouaves. It seems they marched from Monte Fiascone to Cività Vecchia and but for an artillery officer would have been captured at Corneto, as the Italians had mined a bridge and laid an ambush. In fact, so sure were they of the manoeuvre that they anticipated the capture by writing to Firenze announcing it! However Charette debouched a little to the right and so escaped them. At Cività Vecchia the officers of H.M.S. Defence congratulated them, and their ship escorted and covered their retreat along the coast till they got the train and so to Rome. They did not lose one gun and in order to prevent that, they had to drag it themselves.

"*Sep: 16.* Bought a whole lot of cigars at the Custom House near the Propaganda for the English Zouaves. Saw Birchett and Duke and all the Irish Zouaves in D'Arcy's Company. We could see the Italian outposts having their breakfasts from the Piazza of San Giovanni in Laterano.

"The Italians are very inactive. It is supposed they are waiting for Bixio's Division, as we have heard that they have taken Cività Vecchia after a slight resistance, [1] but it has de-

[1] This report as it was spread within the walls was incorrect: Serra made a most inglorious surrender of his command without striking a blow.

layed their 40 miles march from there to Rome on the San Pancrazio side. A Colonel has come in and offered the Pope the Leonine City with the Noble Guard: we know the answer without being told! Expected a bombardment the whole day.

"*Sep: 17.* News of Shea at length: Mrs. Stone went out to enquire. He has six wounds from the Lancers and is in a critical state. There seems to be rather a feeling of security in Rome at present: there are a large number of flags flying all over the City, I am afraid too many to be respected. We have a very large Union Jack flying over the entrance. Twenty Propagandists have offered themselves for ambulance work to the Zouaves. We offered to do the same but the Rector would not entertain the idea of course!

"The Pope has set free the Lieutenant of the Lancers who was captured in last Monday's engagement.[1] He is the son of a great partizan of His Holiness in the Italian Chamber.

"*Sep: 18. Sunday.* Went round to the Gates most threatened: viz. those to the East of the City. They are fortifying them as best they can, but what *can* they do?" What indeed? The whole length of the wall was in bad repair, the most modern portion being two centuries old, most of it dating back 400 years and not a little even 1,500! This against artillery! Where the wall was eventually breached, between the Porta Pia and the Porta Salaria, it was in places only three feet thick. "The Papal troops have had a few skirmishes in which they killed about 30 Bersaglieri: one shot at the Porta Pia bowled over 8 Lancers at an Osteria not far from S. Agnese's." The *bowling over* suggests that our clerical students had by now tasted blood and were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

"*Sep: 19.* Expect an attack today. Artillery were firing but they appeared to be only testing their guns. Rifle bullets were flying about our ears like angry wasps on the Lateran steps. We were standing in front of the facade of St. John's and had the big College Telescope when Colonel Charette asked us to lend it. He went up to the top of the façade and in 20 minutes came down to us and went straight to the Gate where

[1] Count Crotti, who was released on condition that he did not bear arms again in the campaign.

there was a half-battery and ordered them to fire at a big house about half a mile away. It was cram full of Italian soldiers. The result was that most of the gable end was blown away and the destruction must have been awful. A company of Zouaves came up with Russell and Woodward." We cannot believe that even the Pontifical troops were completely without glasses. This must have been a piece of opportunism upon Charette's part. And is this historic telescope the same instrument which occupies our after-breakfast moments at Palazzola when the airship Esperia rises from her hangar upon the floor of the Campagna?

"p. m. At Santa Croce we saw Vavasour, and an officer told us that the Pope was at Scala Santa. We hurried back and saw him come out: he prayed very hard and went up on his bare knees asking God to have pity on his beloved *cittadini*. I was at St. John's all the rest of the time. A lot of people who had been working and others, who were spectators merely, were forced into making rifle pits &c. You could easily see where *their* sympathies were by the beautifully *smart* way they went about the task: the fact is I would sooner go by facts in this country than mere words. Firing has been going on all the p. m.

"*Sep: 20. Tuesday.* This a. m. I was awakened shortly after 5 by the sound of a heavy cannonade which seemed to come from the direction of St. John's. It continued without intermission and shortly after was taken up seemingly with heavier guns at Porta Pia and then became general in that quarter. At breakfast we heard guns firing at Porta S. Pancrazio and Cavalleggeri. We then knew that Bixio's Division had come up.

"About 8.30 I was standing at my window on the top *piano* looking out when I was startled by a shell hitting an opposite house a little to the right and bursting on the roof. The inhabitants on the balcony rushed in with a shriek. The shot had blown up a chimney. Thinking it was getting rather too warm to be comfortable, I went out of my room and met someone coming upstairs from the Rector, ordering us all down to the ground floor. We had got down to the first *piano* when we heard a tremendous explosion and very near. The shelling was coming on pretty thickly, for we could hear nothing else but

heavy explosions and the rattling of stones and broken glass. I was standing by the pulpit in the refectory getting rather queer, but not afraid, when bang went a shell. It seemed as if it had burst in the middle of us. We heard bricks falling and windows crashing into the garden.

"There was forthwith a general vote to go down into the cellars, and we accordingly did so. I suggested to the Rector that it would be advisable to get some buckets of water and place them in the Library in case of fire and he ordered Francesco to get them. The silly ass brought them down to the cellar instead. Then someone remarked that it was not at all warm down there and some hot wine was served out.

"About 11 a. m. Giovanni went up to the top *piano* in the angle of the Pio College to see what damage was done, the firing having ceased. He came down quickly to say that there was a big white flag flying from the top of St. Peter's Dome, so we knew that the City had capitulated. In due time the Pope's Army assembled in the Piazza of St. Peter's to receive the Pope's blessing and then marched out with the honours of war by the Porta Portese.

"The damage done to the College did not amount to much. Besides the angle of the Pio College with a big hole in, the window of St. Pius's Chapel over the doorway (was broken),[1] and a few bricks were displaced at the top of the wall of the new Church of the College then building by a percussion shell, evidently the same that bent the Cross on the top of the facade of the Parroco's Church opposite.

"That night was something awful! There were a lot of murders committed, no lights in the streets, and I saw a long procession going down the Monserrato with torches, the dregs of Rome with camp followers of the Italian Army, any amount of women with them, waving swords and singing "Viva Garibaldi" and other such like songs. It all reminded me of what I had read of the scenes during the French Revolution. Poor Pio Nono!

[1] Now the first room of the salone. The place from which Giovanni saw the white flag on St. Peter's was probably the present infirmary: there was no third floor above to hide the Dome as it does to-day. Today it is hidden rather by houses in the Mentana, though the top of the dome can be seen from my room, above the infirmary.

"We were not allowed out for a day or two and before we went back to Monte Porzio some of us were sitting on a pile of mattresses on the first *piano* when the Rector came out of his room and remarked, "Well I suppose we will have to say *Leges silent inter arma,*" and we gladly took the hint accordingly.

"We returned to Monte Porzio on Sep. 30th." They had left it barely a fortnight before and in the meantime the Temporal Power was fallen!

L. S. R.

ROMANESQUES

3. — THE DOG-CART.

When speaking of dog-carts one must be careful to distinguish between seeing and seeing. There is the sight in which seeing is believing, were such a thing possible; and there is also the sight which is the affliction of those who, having eyes, see not, and, believe me, idols are not alone in this category. Every one knows the frequent and very real obstacle to vision occasioned by the confusion of wood and trees. Now in the case in point confusion is worse confounded by the fact that the dog-cart exists in two entirely different and distinct states. It can exist either *in actu primo* or *in actu secundo*, as I shall presently explain. I take it that *actus primus* and *actus secundus* are merely philosophical terms with a foundation in fact, and that whatever they meant to the Schoolmen, they can for the moment mean exactly what I mean them to mean. Now by the dog-cart *in actu primo* I express that innocuous if not exactly handsome vehicle that on occasion can be seen peacefully drawn through the streets of an apparently dogless Rome. By the dog-cart *in actu secundo* I indicate a terrible and menacing *machina ex diis* which with the slow certainty of fate follows and wreaks vengeance on all unmuzzled curs.

Now it is a great sorrow to me to have to confess that during my seven years in Rome I never once saw the Juggernaut *in actu secundo.* Many times I saw the placid car of communal vigilance, not once the canine chariot of retribution. *Actus*

primus, yes, *ad satietatem*; *actus secundus desideratur* with a keen desire.

Moreover I would take this opportunity to ask any of my readers, have *they* seen the dog-cart *in actu secundo*, reduced from power to action, in that supreme moment of its career when the flap is open and a terror-stricken delinquent is poised above it, struggling in vain to extricate itself from the cruel lash of the dog-catcher's whip? I have never met anyone who has seen this sight. The readers of the *Venerabile* have never seen it, I am convinced—nay I firmly believe that there are old and gaunt men walking the streets of Rome to this day, following the dog-cart for many a weary mile, deluded by the false hope that before they die of exhaustion and starvation, they will see one dog dropped neatly into the dog-cart. These men are deluded by an *ignis fatuus* which they will never catch up. Let the truth be told, though the heavens tumble about our ears: no dog has ever *entered* the dog-cart, and none will, except by accident. And the reason is plain.

Of what avail is it to the Senate and people of Rome to hunt down a dog because he wears no muzzle? Can a muzzle prevent the evil of madness in the dog-days? Speaking for myself I confess that nothing could make me madder than a cage round my mouth. If I did not go mad from sheer irritation I should do so in cold blood just to spite their laws, and to ruin the despicable trade of muzzle-mongery. Suppose a dog does go mad, no lumbersome dog-cart will interfere with his ecstatic running amuck; and a really good mad dog will bite the leggings off a dozen dog-doggers before they have pulled the whips from under their coat-tails. And the utter superfluity of the dog-cart is still more clearly realized when we reflect that the *Codice Civile* empowers a *carabiniere* to draw all his five revolvers and shoot a mad dog at sight.

Now though the dog-cart as an instrument of retribution is useless, it serves an excellent purpose *in actu primo*. Look at the situation from the dog's point of view. After all, he is the one chiefly concerned. Dogs are slow-witted animals and are invariably taken in by the dog-cart hoax. They do not realize that the lids of the cart are so rusty from disuse that they will not open. They do not tumble to the fact that the

sole contents of this apparent wheeled prison are the driver's pipe and a five-cent piece dropped in by a benevolent myope who mistook it for an *eleemosine* box. They think the dog-cart is what it looks like, a perambulating gehenna. Now, benevolent reader, what would you do if suddenly confronted by the choice between hell on wheels and sweet liberty? You would forget the heats of July and the temptation to go mad and have a short life and a merry one. You would do the only sane thing under the circumstances; you would tuck in your tail and hop it round the nearest corner, as fast as your four legs would carry you, and that is precisely what the dog does. After all, despite your psychology books, a dog can put two and two together and subtract his obnoxious presence when one of the two in question is a dog-cart. Even a dog can take a hint when it is put so bluntly. Everyone knows that when the cart appears in the Piazza Farnese there is not an unmuzzled hound to be seen on that side of the Tiber; and when the cart meanders through Trastevere the Leonine City is as innocent of dogs as the Baffin Bay.

Of all this the municipal authorities of Rome are not in ignorance. They are not such fools as to house and feed ten thousand unmuzzled and hypothetically insane dogs to avoid the remote contingency of their going berserker. Why should they, when the simple expedient of drawing a grey waggon round the city is sufficient to bring the most reckless dog to his right mind. Two thousand six hundred years of civic experience has taught them that prevention is better than cure, especially when dealing with an incurable disease. The threat of condign punishment is far more awe-inspiring and salutary to a guilty conscience than the actual infliction of the penalty.

It is hoped that these few words will solve a problem which has exercised many minds in the past; and explain why no one has ever seen a dog put into the cart of evil destiny. Perhaps also this timely warning will prevent the feet of young men from straying after the dog-carts away from the narrow Thermopylae that leads to the 'Greg'. Let them seek adventures elswhere, the dog cart is none. If we are to believe that there are men walking the streets of London in rags merely because they did not lead out their trumps, what must be the state of

perjury of those unfortunate men of Rome to whom we referred above?

One final word; doubtless there are those who will aver that they have seen the sight that no man has seen. I deny it—*nego et pernego* with every negative in the scholastic armoury. Such a statement would obviously destroy my theory—and in this scientific age one must have a theory or become a preposterous retrograde.

J. GOODEAR.

4. THE COMMON-ROOM.

"They partook of the genius of the place! They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humorists, for they were of all descriptions; and not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other) but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. A lay monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat,—and not a few among them had arrived at a considerable proficiency on the German flute." [1]

An essay on "The South-Sea House" gives Elia opportunity for one of those genial yet penetrating studies of his old colleagues, wherein his keen discernment and exquisite humour appear at their best. Not here shall I be tempted to discuss my own contemporaries. Yet had I intended to describe the Common-Room in its gregarious aspect, I could not have chosen more fitting words than those quoted above. They need, indeed they will brook, neither addition nor excision. Even in his most whimsical moments Lamb wrote from the unchanging heart of all humanity and for all time. There is nothing new under even a

[1] CHARLES LAMB: *Essays of Elia.*

Roman sun; and when, just past its meridian, it burns through those creamy curtains, it finds in this no less venerable establishment characters as various, and (had they an Elia) as fascinating, as the London sun which warmed the "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple". The quotation, then, shall stand. Let the Candid Reader wear the cap or place it as it fits.

It were inexpedient, then, to portray the inmates; but it is almost impossible to fetter with words that *genius loci* which belongs to the room itself. It lies at the heart of the house, half-way between the silken splendours of the Library-floor and the colder glories of the Monserrato. Its windows look upon the cortile,—surely our "front". History and seventh years tell of its growth,—an authentic Roman expansion, gradually pushing the frontier outwards, and planting each step with surety, until now it reaches to the builder's line and has taken a toll of territory from the Church herself. So its fine blocked floor (which always retains some polish, despite the tread of seventy pairs of hurrying feet) stretches in long distance from the open door to the darkling end, where the walls are frescoed with saints and religiously dim with a stained-glass window. For the rest, the walls and the vaulted ceiling are coloured an ageing cream, crowded with the gay landscapes of a past artist-rector, and with photographs—selected, who knows how, throughout the ages, of the giants and heroes. But the scene is "transfigured in mist" as many a fugitive modern writer has said,—a mist of bluish wreaths and spirals and rings and clouds, with that golden sun again, giving to the poor clouds a new life and colour. The sun, as the fugitive modern is unused to see, really does transfigure, and is Rome's most captivating secret.

Paramount amid the furniture stand the ash-trays. They are of two kinds: one monumental, betokening a generous comprehensiveness of invention; the other smaller, but supplying for lack of inches in prolific number and ubiquity. There is a bench which runs round two walls, taking in the fire-place and with it making almost an "ingle-nook." Firmly bracketed to the wall, this bench is a base to which the moveable seating adapts itself. Alongside are placed those tables, which of all tables most combine elegance and strength; and around them cluster the more pontifical of the chairs. In vain do they place

on the opposite side of the room a rival row of easier chairs, —things of straw. They attract not men who respect the static grandeur of the ancient bench. At its centre, the place of honour, stands that willing servant, the piano,—of age-long integrity and ageless tune. With versatility and perseverance it rises to the heights and plumbs the depths; undergoes a painful operation annually and returns to the treadmill.

The tables have had their meed of praise: they chiefly support the ash-trays. But what shall be said of the billiard-table? —an ornament most incident to any gentlemanly haunt. Alas! the billiard-table was deemed a white elephant, for it was oftener than not swathed in its holland cover, and used only by a tiny group of faithful freshmen. Certainly it cumbered the ground as space grew less adequate to our spreading numbers. And so the thin end of the banishing wedge was inserted at Christmas, 1926, when it was removed for the "season." Next summer the great mass was accomodated with a room of its own. No more shall we witness that spirited rush upstairs for the table;—there was rivalry in the tiny band of faithfuls. No longer shall our ears be assailed with the warning cry "Cannon,—look out!", an assailing in which the butt-end of the cue served in the office of a battering-ram. There was something cheerful in the click of the balls, heard at rare pauses in the conversation; something almost hilarious in their martial clash, heard above the din, as novice relentlessly pursued recalcitrant red. And some fear that, for the billiard-table, out of sight will be out of mind; that it will lie neglected in its new home. The last game is banished from the common-room. The antiquarian might still discover traces of a prehistoric ping-pong period;—a game that, indeed, would trespass more on the nervous atmosphere if less prodigal of area-space than billiards. Certainly the less obtrusive table that has filled the gap has a suspiciously ping-pong-like look. But now it somehow connects itself with the newspaper cupboard standing nearby, on what was once the site of the altar. The reredos is still there, in the centre of the frescoes, and a tiny votive *M* still hangs by its side.

But for the most part the common-room moves at the other end in a vortex whereof the centre is the notice-board. Here may be read the poignant appeals of those who have lost um-

brellas,—hopeful at first, then sered to cynicism; the various threats of small societies; the Senior-Student's more intimate rulings; the electrician's lament for hammer or spanner; the warning (always seen twenty-four hours late) about a possible plenary indulgence; all that is not dignified enough or official enough to appear on that terrible board beneath the bell and clock.

Common-room life knows the rebounding sweep of the year's changing seasons. November finds it full of new life,—sparklingly fresh garden-groups from Palazzola; travellers' tales from England; chatter of new-men, frank as yet and singular, with a speech still untrammelled of seminarisms, and views on Rome still unsophisticated. For it must be confessed that common-room conversation insensibly tends to grooves; not but what the grooves are time-endeared and comfortable; still, novelty has its charm. From the day of return, then, till the retreat (that great leveller) the common room is disturbingly fresh,—with fresh faces waiting to be identified, and unusual glimpses of trouser-leg, unusual colours and styles of garb,—too fresh for him who would preserve dignity of nerves and an unhurried pulse. But within the silence of retreat is wrought that most wonderful of all metamorphoses, the recoil to the normal. On St. Catherine's Day, with a flourish, the new man puts off his strangeness and is finally merged into the family. The common-room rests once again on a common level. At Christmas it assumes its festive greenery. Never is Rome so completely by her captives led captive as when the genial phantoms of all the English Christmasses that ever were stalk abroad in this " corner of a foreign strand that is for ever England ". Ropes of holly are crossed over the ceiling, the lights are softened with silken shades and augmented with coloured lanterns. The stage appears, gaily hung. The pictures wander from places sacrosanct, and only return thereto spasmodically as their truantry is discovered, in late January, by some eagle-eyed conservative. The statue of Our Lady, the most beautiful ornament of the common-room (who will vouchsafe its history?) receives its annual lustration at the hand of some undying official, whose function descends by mysterious laws of heredity throughout the ages: those learned in such arcana could tell us how. A tiny crib has its own window-sill. And the spark of life is enkindled on Christmas morning early, when we

ascend after a collation to find a leaping fire, lit, we doubt not, during Lauds by all the elves and gnomes of Faëry. Ghost-stories in the dull glow of the fire are a treacherous element and their authors or narrators (born, not made) are rare. But the desire is always fresh, and the hapless wraith from the third library is relentlessly raised again and laid when all else fail. Hither comes Father Christmas,—or his substitute, no less kind than of yore. Here the snap-dragon breathes forth lurid flames and takes its tithe of victims. Whist makes a solitary annual appearance in a fancy-dress drive. Orpheus leads to the concert-stage the nine Muses and the three Graces (all honourable men) and if, for its associations, we may restore a word to its wider sense, there is excellent pantomime. Yea! and a cinema. Our friends honour us by partaking of our cheer. The old year dies out to the tune of " Auld Lang Syne ", sung in a most unwieldy ring. But as the last notes of Befana die away, those elves and gnomes return and our fairy-palace vanishes more suddenly than it appeared. Thenceforward our course runs smoothly till the heats of June try to lure us from the common-room to the garden, and the postman abets by delivering his midday burden there. But the garden offers only a half-hearted rivalry. It has virtues of its own and many attractions, though lately bereft of its orange-trees; but those virtues are not the social virtues. Our better selves soon draw us back upstairs.

Within the great change of the seasons, there are many occasions which have their effect on the common-room. A concert now and then will turn our faces and chairs towards one end of the room. More frequently, a meeting of the Literary Society will jealously turn them to the other. There is a suspicion abroad, not without documentary evidence, that once chairs turned choir-wise inwards, when public meetings were more parliamentary. But public meetings and book-auctions are not worthy to be considered as phases of common-room life. In its sober moments it admits not of forensic strife, nor the ungenerous bickerings of the Campo. And of those berserk outbreaks, spontaneous or premeditated, called " rough-houses " who shall speak? Not I. The unsung, unpondered joys of everyday are of dearest interest; not, indeed, the interest born of strangeness, but the interest of familiarity which is without contempt.

Then small groups and large float together, less wilfully than clouds. Grave or gay, they settle down, tongues loosened (like poor Lamb's) "by the Indian weed", philosophers of the smoking-room no less entertaining, doubtless no less profound, than those groups which reclined in the Academy or loitered in the shade of the Lyceum. Scattered, too, are silent units or even silent groups, intent on letters or papers. And the piano, siren-like, calls serious men from sterner quests. It shows ever a tranquil impartiality. It will respond to the wooing of the *virtuoso*; it can keep late hours and jazz; yet it is ready betimes next morning with a cheerful stave to speed last night's revellers to early schools. Oh! there be players I have heard play that would "make the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny"! Many a man has gone forth at the witching hour of 7-45 a.m. the more cheerfully from the kind offices of that pianist who is up with the lark.

Not only in music but in the whole atmosphere there is a pervading mood which varies according to the time of the day. After breakfast there is much atmosphere of the night before,—less kindly after its twelve-hours' imprisonment. The company, enjoying "the best pipe of the day", belies its name. It has a forbidding limpness about it. There is not time for the settling down necessary before the springs of human kindness can flow. The toils of the day are imminent and still unknown. Hats are worn by those who must fly to early schools. There is a general feeling that life is fleeting, a sense that men are on the wing, though the mortal coil then weighs heaviest. Exactly opposite is the after-supper mood, when the day is over and the peace of evening is fallen. Good-will and long-suffering radiate from every side. There is a feeling of security which can only spring from the realization of the sure, yet slow, approach of bed-time. It is the most natural time of the day for conversation of a lighter vein. Reminiscences of the aged then find tongue, as well as the aspirations of youth. Yet somehow this time has its disappointments and uncertainties. The community is curtailed by the activities of many societies and clubs. It is the hour of the book-auction, of the "rough-house", of practices, and often of tired eyelids and tired eyes.

But the afternoon recreation is the crown of the day. It

is an oasis between the vanquished evils of the morning and the possibilities that the afternoon may hold. Spirits are then at their highest, wit most sparkling, cheerfulness and good-fellowship triumphant. It was written above that the conversation tended to grooves. But this must be understood with a difference. For the grooves are merely the accident of our state. They are generously wide and run not rigidly. " Men of all descriptions " with " separate habits and oddities" decline not into any humdrum weaving of platitudes, nor does intrepid youth easily settle into narrow habits of mind and speech. " Of a curious and speculative turn of mind ", they are well informed on an unusual variety of subjects. There is an extensive range of interests, an engaging individuality of view. No one could be bored. There is a group to suit every mood and a welcome everywhere for everyone. Thus the common-room fulfils its part. For a student's life may be often silent and sometimes solitary. He forms habits to suit himself, and corners grow sharp which need the gentle friction of a common life to smooth them down. And a man has a duty towards his fellow men, the observance whereof will pay him most who likes it least. But the common-room is no mere prophylactic against grumpiness: it is its own reward, a joy for ever.

The name " Common-Room " has had no rival throughout this sketch, though, in the collegiate world there is a wide choice of synonyms for an institution so common. Even here the place enjoys a sad diversity of name, amongst its heterogeneous following. " Calefactory ", I think, is proper to the monastery, and " Combination Room " is sacred to Cambridge. I have, indeed, not found those names usurped elsewhere. But others are almost in common use, " Smoke-Room " which is at least formally true but has an unkindly ring; " Play-Room ", which should be confessed as a Boeotianism, imported from alien places where some were " brought together in early life "; and once I heard—*infandum*!—" The Public Room ". There is no epithet so fitting as the word " Common ", none so honourable: κοινὰ γὰρ τὰ τῶν φίλων. Why else should it have taken up these pages, but that the name " Common-room " is a bond which keeps the happiest associations of the Venerabile's common life?—a sheaf to be garnered with the memories of a lifetime.

In some parts of the North of England it was once the custom to call the usual living-room of the home simply " the house ". The common-room then means to us " the house ". At its door we shuffle off the cares of the world. In its genial, expanding warmth we best get to know our fellows. There, too, we enjoy the delights of hospitality, welcoming anyone who will come and talk, or even come and listen, for such is youth. There we shall be delighted to welcome you, dear Reader, when you come.

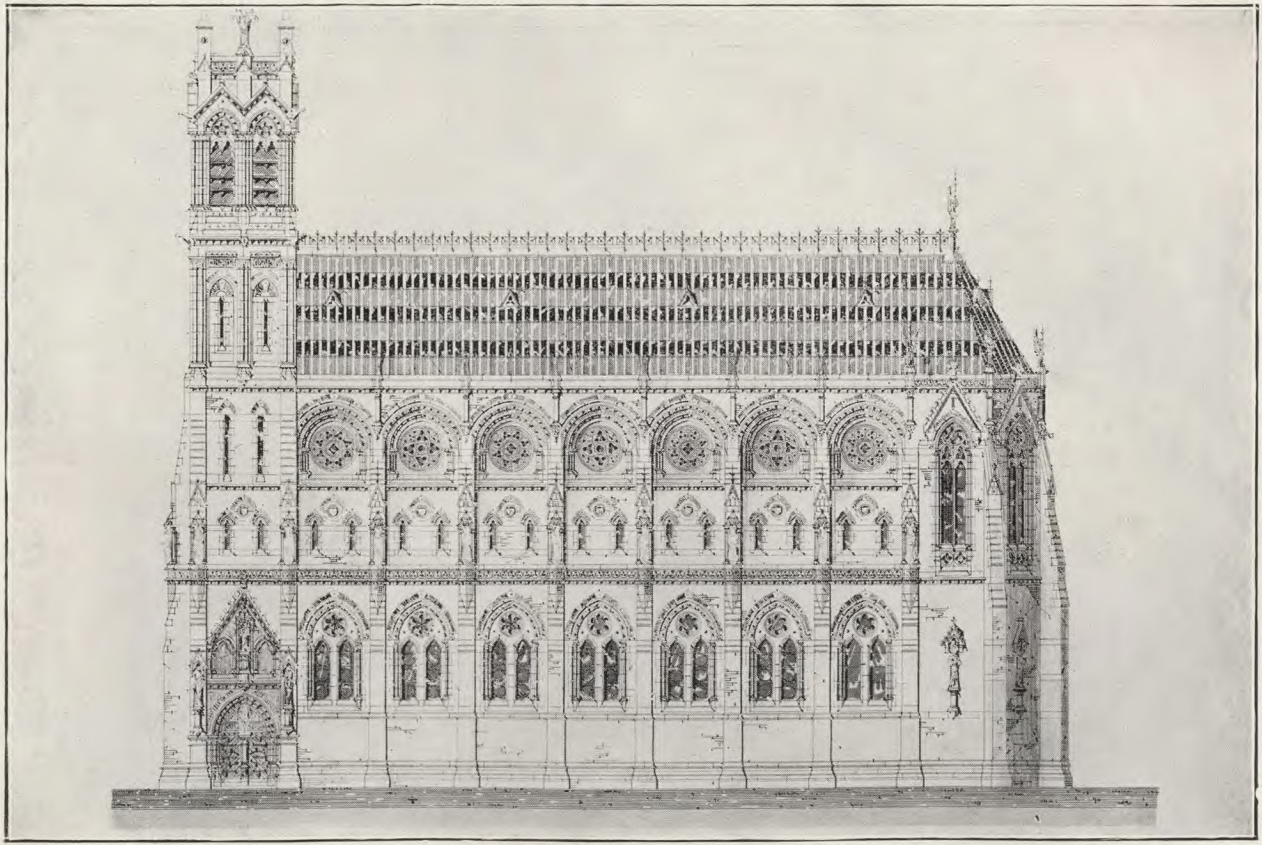
T. DUGGAN.

PUGIN AND THE COLLEGE CHURCH.

By publishing two of Pugin's drawings for an English national Church in Rome we are honouring an old promise. [1] It is clear that from the first moment when it was decided to demolish the ancient building, dating from Eugenius IV, quite definite projects were formed of replacing it. In the appeal issued by Monsignor Talbot and Doctor Neve early in 1864, they wrote: " Plans were obtained for rebuilding it at the time at considerable expense, one being prepared by the celebrated Valadier. "

But it was only on the appointment of Monsignor Talbot as " Delegate Pro-Protector " that the scheme was taken up with sufficient energy to suggest success. After discussing it with Provost Manning, who was on a visit to Rome in 1863, he evidently received considerable encouragement and felt justified in explaining his dreams to Edward Welby Pugin, whom he commissioned to draw up the plans. Pugin lived at the height of the Gothic revival in England, and is reputed to have made as much as eight thousand pounds in one year. Though not so celebrated as his father, he has many well known buildings to his credit, such as Notre Dame de Dadezeille in Belgium, the seminary at Ushaw, St. Michael's Priory, Belmont, and the Carmelite Church in Kensington. Talbot seems to have started with grandiose ideas: Pugin wrote to him years later: " You state that the sum proposed to be expended was 10,000 *l.* but you seem to have forgotten that I distinctly told you that a building of the size and style you required could not possibly

[1] cf. *Venerabile*, Vol. III, p. 39 n.



PUGIN'S DESIGN - SIDE ELEVATION

be erected under 15,000 *l.*, to which the Cardinal (Wiseman) and I believe yourself agreed. " [1]

Pugin made a journey to Rome to examine the site, and on his return to London set to work upon the drawings. Meanwhile in Rome other counsels had prevailed. The authorities, especially Cardinal Antonelli, wished an Italian to be employed and Pugin was abruptly dismissed. There can be no doubt that his treatment was cavalier to a degree, and that he had ample cause for the indignation he experienced. But the College authorities were in no way to blame. From the very first Monsignor Talbot kept all the reins in his own hands, and when after his retirement the distressing correspondence about Pugin's commission dragged on until 1874, Monsignor Salvatore Vitelleschi was in sole control of the building fund. After Doctor Neve had put his signature to the appeal, the College authorities seem to have been excluded from all responsibility in the work which concerned them so closely. Still despite the fact that they were completely innocent of any part in these transactions, it was to the Rector and Vice-Rector of the Venerabile that Pugin eventually owed the settlement of his claims at 220 *l.*, Doctor Giles in London negotiating with the discarded architect, and Doctor O'Callaghan in Rome persuading the empty-handed Vitelleschi to conjure up the bawbees. This in parenthesis, since they have unjustly borne much of the blame.

The desirability of employing an Italian architect was the reason for his dismissal given to Pugin himself. But one cannot help wondering whether it was not really the Gothic style, in which both by the taste of his day and by his family traditions he was compelled to design the new Church, which was really the stumbling-block. Monsignor Talbot's Roman sympathies were as all-embracing as those of Manning and the London Oratorians. This haunting suspicion gains colour from the

[1] Pugin always maintained that these were the figures, as can be seen from the account he presented so late as the seventies: 450 *l.*, i. e. 3% on an estimated cost of 15,000 *l.*, and his journey to Rome 40 *l.*, making a total of 490 *l.* To avoid all unpleasantness he reduced his figure to 350 *l.*, but this represents a proposed outlay of nearly 12,000 *l.*, which is a sum unmentioned throughout the controversy. Cardinal Gasquet, p. 261, says " some 8,000 *l.* " *Eligat benevolus lector.*

report which Pugin records that another English architect had been chosen to succeed him. We know of no evidence in direct support of this, but we cannot banish it as an idle rumour until we have discovered the identity of the mysterious R. P. S., who made complete drawings of a Church in the Roman medieval style, and dated 11th. August 1865. His descriptions are all in English, but this is hardly enough to prove his nationality. The interesting point is that he has chosen a Roman style, whether through personal predilection or acting under instructions from above. Whoever he may have been, his design was not accepted, and when Monsignor Talbot set out for England in the summer of 1868, he carried with him Vespignani's drawings, to which we owe the present building. Writing from Paris on the feast of Pentecost, May 31st., he delivered himself of the naive prophecy: " When I get to England, I am sure the design will make a sensation. "

At least in one quarter it succeeded after a manner which must have disappointed him. After reading the following letter, one can well credit Gillow's statement that Pugin, " like his father, was of an impulsive and fiery nature. " On July 21st. the architect allowed full rein to his feelings about Count Virginio Vespignani. " I have just seen the designs of the architect who succeeded me and I have no hesitation in saying that such a change is a disgrace to everyone concerned. The design is utterly worthless in every respect, not a manly or vigorous line about it. What single characteristic mark has it to show its origin?— Where is the point of departure between this and that monstrosity St. Peter's Hatton Garden, or Evans's Music Hall at Bedford?— They are all the same. If the English built in Rome, they should have built something which would have been startling by its individuality, and not a repetition *ad nauseam* and on a comparatively wretched scale of what you meet at every turn. Moreover what you meet at every turn are works vigorous and fine of the kind, but the works of Signor (this last word is crossed out) the professional gentleman in question, not only in your case, but in everything he has touched, show a weakness and decadence which can only be described as deplorable.—If the building is like the view, it is not a Church and it does not even pretend to be a Collegiate Chapel. I now

enter my protest against it—If you wish to get any hold on the English people on the subject and get them to take an interest in the matter, I am sure you cannot do better than destroy every photograph and make the architect start afresh. The opinions which I have above expressed are held on all sides, there is a general horror of the thing." And in his last letter of March 2nd. 1874, his point of view has only grown even more radical. "For my part I always thought and said that building the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury at Rome was a mistake. What was the use of building the 366th. church in Rome?— The true thing would have been to have sold off the property and have founded a College in England."

Nevertheless he finished his own designs and gave them to Monsignor Talbot in 1868, who promised that they should always remain in the English College. "They will be very beautiful", he adds, it is possible with regret. Without attempting to read Pugin's motives, it must be confessed that he was thus providing for a perpetual criticism upon the existing Church, and whether he intended it so or not, he would have been content to stand by the verdict of posterity: indeed, it was a bizarre application of his father's famous *Contrasts*. To enable posterity to judge we print the two drawings for the exterior of Pugin's projected Church. Few to-day would call his design perfect: the problems of site, climate and surroundings have all to be taken into account. Moreover, holding the scales as evenly as we may, it must always be remembered that Vespignani's Church is monstrously truncated by the absence of its apse, and rendered unnecessarily hideous by the decoration of the wall behind the altar. Yet even so, there cannot be many who will not sigh over Pugin's rude rejection. And perhaps when we give specimens of the drawings of R. P. S. the neglected, he may find his champions even so late in the day.

One last item. When in 1874 Pugin ultimately wrote off 230 *l.* of his original claim, it was to be considered a free gift to the Church on his part "and applied if possible to some distinct portion of the new church, for instance one of the columns, which shall bear an inscription." On the receipt itself we find that he accepts the payment as a settlement "in full for all demands for architect's commission on St. Thomas's Church Rome, pro-

viding my conditions are carried out, otherwise on account."

There is no tablet to his memory in the Church, and it would be an eyesore to attach one to any of the columns as he suggests. But need this prevent a tardy act of justice? — Some small memorial, not necessarily in the Church, might record the memory of one who, through no fault of the College authorities, yet suffered an injustice by reason of the Venerabile. In default of all other recognition, these few notes have been compiled from the incomplete correspondence in the Archives and are here published in the pages of the College magazine.

COLLEGE RECTORS.

I. — Robert Gradwell (1818-1828).

The re-establishment of the Venerabile under Robert Gradwell, who was formally appointed Rector on the 18th of March, 1818, was undoubtedly one of the most important events in the history of the College since its foundation. It was for the Venerabile a real re-birth after its dissolution twenty years before; the beginning of a new life in which it was to return to the high ideals and the first glory of its early days, from which, for more than a century before its dissolution, it had been falling away. Once more the Venerabile began to take an important part in the affairs of the Church in England, and its revival may truly be considered one of the indications of the coming of that " Second Spring " of English Catholicism which Newman forty-four years later was to describe. We are not however directly concerned with the influence of the Venerabile in England, but rather with the work done by Gradwell in the College itself; and to appreciate the importance of his task and the success with which he carried it out, we must remember to what a low ebb the spirits and traditions of the Venerabile had fallen by the end of the eighteenth century. The secular clergy of England had lost confidence in the college; its numbers were dwindling; students for humanities were being admitted; there was discontent among the students themselves; and, to crown all, the financial condition of the College had become alarming. The Italian rectors only made matters worse, and the final closing of the College in 1798 at the time

of the French Invasion was perhaps as good a thing for the future of the Venerabile as could have happened. It was to rebuild these tragic ruins that Gradwell set out for Rome.

Robert Gradwell was born of an old Lancashire family, January 22, 1777. He was one of the last students to be sent to Douai, and was studying there when the French Revolution reached Douai and the professors and students were imprisoned. On their release in 1795 he completed his course at Crook Hall, where he was ordained; and then taught both there and at Ushaw till he was sent on the mission in 1809. A short while before his appointment as Rector of the Venerabile he had already been chosen by the Bishops to go out to Rome as their agent: a position for which he seems to have been well suited, being a man of great energy and determination, who would see to it that he got his own way—as one can well imagine from looking at his portrait—and exert himself to the utmost to carry through anything on which he had set his mind. He was moreover, as Ward puts it, "a most plausible speaker," and could handle a delicate situation with requisite tact, so that the Bishops had great hopes when they sent him forth on his double mission.

Gradwell thus describes his eventful sea-journey from Genoa to Leghorn: "We went on board an English vessel, expecting to reach Leghorn in 12 or at most 24 hours. But here our delay and disappointment began. The vessel was bad, the captain and mate ignorant and obstinate, and the weather unfavourable. On the Thursday and Friday we were in a dreadful storm which drove us towards the coast of Spain. Returning on the Saturday, Sunday and Monday by Corsica and Elba into the bay of Leghorn, but not within sight of the town, we expected to land in a few hours. But here again our danger and disappointment increased. The captain and mate persisted that they had sailed beyond the port, and... perversely steered the vessel over a shoal of dangerous rocks, till we were got half-way back to Genoa... After being tossed about for three days longer, in querulous impatience and helpless misery, we were almost miraculously saved from shipwreck. During the storm my bed was so drenched with water that for the last 6 days of the voyage I never durst undress. The merchants at Leghorn were amazed at the account we gave

of the ignorance and stupidity of the captain and mate, and could at first scarcely believe our report." Here the real Gradwell is speaking, the man of action, chafing at delay and intolerant of vacillation and incompetence.

He arrived in Rome on Nov. 3rd, but though publicly announced as the new Rector, he was not officially installed for another four months. Rumour had it that the Jesuits were still trying to secure the college, and this suspicion, though probably unfounded, increased Gradwell's already sturdy opposition to the "gentlemen of Stonyhurst." Eventually on March 18, 1818, his appointment was formally approved and on the 31st. he was put in possession of the college. He celebrated the occasion, in true Venerabile style, by a big dinner at the College next day. But his troubles were by no means over. The Italian officials, the *esattore* and the *computista,* who still managed the college property, resented an English rector and went out of their way to be annoying. They even claimed the right to control the domestic arrangements of the House, and one day Gradwell came home to find the cook had been dismissed without his knowledge and there was no dinner for him. His sense of humour helped him to combat this unexpected blow: but he was not the kind of man to be imposed upon, and soon got rid of these unwanted assistants, taking the financial administration into his own hands.

As soon as he was settled down in the Via Monserrato, he wrote to the Vicars Apostolic for students. It had been decided to restore the Venerabile to its original status, so that, in accordance with the constitutions of Gregory XIII, only those students should be admitted who were ready to start Philosophy. Moreover the students were once more to attend the lectures at the Collegio Romano instead of having tuition in the house, as had been the custom—so far had the Venerabile fallen—since 1773. Ten students were sent out to form the nucleus of the revived college—the same number, it may be remarked, as came to start the Venerabile in 1577. Bishop Milner refused for various reasons to send any students, and writes of "the danger of losing their vocation by mixing with improper company" on the journey, as almost frightening him.

Amongst these first students was Nicholas Wiseman, then

16 years old: and it is interesting to read the recommendation of the future Cardinal, written by Bishop Gibson's secretary: " This young man may truly be pronounced above all praise. His talents are unrivalled in Ushaw College, his piety fervent and solid, and his character as a Christian scholar quite without a fault...When they have become a little accustomed to the Roman schools, I think Mr. Wiseman will not fear to enter the lists with any Italian that can stand forth against him. "

Gradwell went up himself to Leghorn, eager to be the first to greet his students and to make them feel at home as soon as they set foot in Italy—or was it to keep an eye on them and see they got into no mischief on the way to Rome? Whichever was the motive, his fatherly care met with disappointment, as the ship came in several weeks late and business forced him to return to Rome without them. However they arrived in Rome Dec. 18, 1818, safe and sound in spite of a long and tiresome journey. Wiseman in a well-known passage in the " Last Four Popes " has described their drive through Rome and arrival at the Venerabile, and it is a pleasure to read of somebody who was not disappointed by his first sight of Rome and the *Monserrà*.

The Rector was out when they arrived and on his return he found his hungry students had already made themselves at home by eating up what had been prepared for his own frugal dinner. Unfortunately the usually effusive Wiseman tells us little or nothing about Gradwell himself, what impression he made upon his students; and there is in fact singularly little information from any source on this which is to us the most interesting side of a past rector's character. Wiseman merely refers to him as " an excellent superior " and " one fully qualified for his office, " but the words, though commonplace enough, are used in all sincerity, for it is always with affection and esteem that Wiseman does mention his Rector.

Now that the students had arrived, Gradwell's real task was begun. He had to lay the foundations of what was, to all practical purposes, a new college and to foster and support it during the most crucial period of its existence. Without the assistance of a fixed body of traditions or any older students to hand them on, he had himself to instil into his first students

a proper spirit, a spirit which could be handed down by them to ensure the continuance and the flourishing of the Venerabile in future generations. And so he had to play the part not only of rector, but, one might almost say, of the non-existent senior portion of the house in breaking the students in to their new way of life.

Difficulties soon began to crop up among the students themselves. For a time the novelty of their new life and the interest of sight-seeing (for, it is to be feared, our predecessors seem to have been far more enthusiastic " brickers " than we are) kept their spirits up. But—and here we make no attempt to improve on Ward's account—"as time went on, the monotony of the life asserted itself, and the students grew discontented. They resented their daily walks to and from lectures, to which in former times the students had not been subjected, contending that in the heat of summer it was a trial to their health, and called out for tuition within the college. They likewise felt aggrieved at having to walk out in *camerata,* although this was only insisted upon in a modified form, and of the various restrictions incidental to a college in the city. " They would wish to have the privilege of strolling two by two in the Metropolis," Gradwell writes, " as they would in the lanes and fields at Ushaw and Old Hall. This is impossible: it is quite contrary to all ideas of propriety at Rome, and for reasons not very obvious perhaps to good lads, would be the road to ruin. But instead of walking out with one or two Italian priests for prefects, two of the oldest are dressed *da abate* (in *ferraiuolo,* I presume) and they go out in two bodies every afternoon, and on some days in the morning, where they will. "

" The feeling of discontent became acute, and culminated in what Mr. Gradwell described as a " mutiny " in 1820. It would seem, however, that he attached rather too much importance to it. The " mutineers " did not proceed to greater lengths than refusing one day to go St. Peter's in *camerata,* and staying at home in preference. Their unwillingness to go out did not last very long: but the question of attending the Roman College for lectures was agitated more seriously, for the Rector was half inclined to be of the same opinion as the students. " However Dr. Poynter, Vicar of the London District, thought

" most of the advantages of a Roman training would have been lost had they ceased to attend the public lectures," and through his intervention, which only endorsed Consalvi's own views, the question was decided against the students, Nov. 1821. So to Poynter and Consalvi we owe it that we still haunt the *aulae* of the Gregorian.

This discontent may surprise us at first, especially after Wiseman's first enthusiastic impressions of Rome and the Venerabile, but it can easily be understood if we consider the general state of the college at the time. With no older students to help them to settle down, the new arrivals, especially as their own numbers were so small, would soon find the natural monotony of lectures and *camerata*—which we all know, but to which they were quite unaccustomed—begin to grow unbearable. Owing to the fewness of numbers they would have less chance of relaxation in real common-room life: they would probably get on one another's nerves and so the inevitable boredom which comes upon us all at times would be magnified out of all due proportion. However Gradwell seems to have smoothed things over with his customary tact, and their almost phenomenal success in their examinations bears witness to his success in finally settling them down to work. With pardonable pride he writes: " All Rome is astonished at the performances of our students in the Concorso; a parcel of lads, strangers, our divines only in their first year, and competing with 40 Italians who were finishing their fourth; our philosophers moreover composing their essays in Italian, and still bearing away the prizes in a language in which they are imperfectly skilled. "

Gradwell himself received an honorary D.D. from the Holy Father as a mark of appreciation of the high standard of work in the College. But the acme of their scholastic successes was reached in 1824 when Wiseman took the Public Act in Theology. So well known is this, at least to all students of the Venerabile, that it will be sufficient here merely to recall the fact that in the morning Wiseman defended for two and a half hours against eight Doctors, and in the afternoon for over an hour and a half in the presence of twenty Doctors and some thirty-two prelates. Three years later George Errington took the Public Act, and though Wiseman's affair is always quoted

as the classic encounter, Gradwell wrote that the Defension of Dr. Errington " did not yield to the celebrated performance of Doctor Wiseman in the Church of St. Ignatius three years ago. " It was also this last success that occasioned the public visit of Pope Leo XII to Monte Porzio, of which we celebrate the centenary this year. [1]

By this time it was already rumoured that Gradwell would probably be returning to England as a Bishop, and in January 1828 Bishop Bramston of the London District wrote to him asking to be allowed to nominate him his coadjutor. He was elected by the Congregation in May, but there was a considerable amount of opposition before the appointment was finally ratified by the Pope, for he had aroused disfavour and suspicion in several quarters. His well-known opposition to regulars in general and the Jesuits in particular was brought up against him; and Bishop Baines of the Western District, who was also unfavourable to him, writes: " I had hoped that when Dr. Gradwell had achieved what appears to have been the great object of his ambition, viz., being made Bishop in the London District, his passion for intrigue would have subsided, and on this supposition I refused to oppose, as I had authority to do, his appointment. Judge then how I felt disappointed and alarmed when he publicly talked of hastening his journey to London that he might assist in negotiating a Concordat (between the British Government and the Vatican). "

In Gradwell's defence we must remember that a Roman agent, if he is to be worthy of his name, is sure to be accused of intrigue and " backstairs influence. " Gradwell was naturally a capable man of affairs; one who could be trusted to use all his abilities, energy and tact on behalf of any project that he was to carry through. It was for this reason the Vicars chose him to be their agent in Rome. But as long as he used this natural gift for the good of the Church and the advancement of what he thought best for its future in England, it is surely to be counted to his praise, not to his discredit. And that he was actuated by no unworthy motives is seen by his letter to Bishop Bramston, which is the best reply that could have been

[1] Cf. " Nova et Vetera. "

given to Dr. Baines's accusation: " Yesterday I had the honour of receiving your Lordship's favour of January 27th. Its contents were to me wholly unexpected, and startled me not a little. The utmost extent of my ecclesiastical ambition from my infancy was to be pastor of a country congregation. It was my earliest choice, and is still the nearest to my heart. I think it is the happiest of lives, and if I have deviated from it, it has been from a principle of deference to my superiors, and of my submitting my own will to theirs. I still adhere to the same principle. I am happy and content at Rome. I love the place and the people, from whom I receive all the civilities that I can ever desire...Besides I should dread the Episcopacy, especially in the difficult and conspicuous district of London. Without affectation I can truly say that I am too sensible of my deficiency in the talents and accomplishments requisite for such dignity and station...as to have the least wish to attain it...I neither accept nor decline the proposal, but am passive in the hands of my superiors. "

The two secretaries of Propaganda, Mgrs. Caprano and Palma, were also suspicious of him, saying that he was too fond of company and dining-out to make a good bishop! However, although Caprano tried at the last moment to cancel the appointment, the Pope confirmed it, but cautioned Gradwell against continuing in his opposition to the Jesuits. He was consecrated in the College on June 24th. 1828 by Cardinal Zurla, the assistant bishops being Caprano and Baines, who had both opposed him! But he was not destined to work long in his new sphere of action. The Roman climate had undermined his health: dropsy set in early in 1833, and on March 15th of the same year he died.

To Gradwell perhaps more than to any other man the Venerabile owes its present flourishing condition. He succeeded in the very difficult work of reconstruction, and put the College firmly on its feet; he raised the standard of work to an exceptional height, and under his rectorship the students, once they had settled down, seem to have been happy and contented. For Gradwell, though an eminently practical man, was not lacking in the qualities of the heart, and Gillow speaks of him as "endearing himself to all by his gentle and engaging personality, "

though perhaps " gentle " is hardly the word one would apply to his character as a whole. He himself thus sums up his own work at the College in a letter to Dr. Bramston: " Since I received the first students in 1818, the College has admitted fifty-four individuals, of whom nineteen are now priests on the English Mission, twenty-seven are still resident in the College, two have embraced the order of Camaldolese Hermits, two are dead, and four have left on account of their health. Every year the College has risen in reputation, both in England and in Rome. By the propriety of their conduct, the zeal for their studies, and their brilliant success in the public schools, the students have not only gained the applause of all Rome, but have even excited the admiration of the Pope. "

The bare recital of such facts as these pictures to us the real Gradwell, and enables us to appreciate his worth as much as any character-study would do. In his achievements is mirrored the level-headed, clear-sighted man of action, working with single purpose, regardless of his own likes and dislikes, solely for the successful fulfilment of his appointed task. Intriguer, ambitious, loving society—surely this side of his character has been unduly stressed. It was enough in those days of fierce controversy to fight loyally for one side to meet with the bitterest criticism from the other. That a man fresh from the English Mission, whose highest ambition throughout life was a rural parish, should have guided the fortunes of the College through its most critical period is sufficient witness to us, who share the fruits of his work, of his undoubted abilities, his unselfish motives, and his worthy claim to be the forerunner of a series of Rectors incomparable in the history of the Venerabile.

R. P. REDMOND.

NOVA ET VETERA.

THE CHANGING CITY.

To begin with the new, we have seen it written that Rome is expanding more rapidly than any other city in the world. Whether this be strictly accurate or not, its growth is certainly phenomenal, and the Fascist *Governatorato* seems wide awake to the importance of adopting a bold policy in coping with all the consequent problems and opportunities. We have little sympathy with the folk who sigh sentimentally over every alteration, who lament the ancient cobbles before the Lateran or weep over the tidying up of the Tiber banks. They are not facing facts. Rome has never drifted into a backwater like Ravenna, but always having been a capital, has also always pursued a policy of progress. These same critics in a previous incarnation would have blamed Pius IX for building a railway or Gregory XIII for reforming the calendar. It is doctrinaire medievalism to revile the modern Administration for meeting the housing and traffic questions, which multiply daily before the least observant eye.

In the past many must have felt the necessity of arteries like the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. The Tiber embankment is far from picturesque: its straight, deep cutting from above the toll-bridge to below the Ponte Sisto gives to the river along this stretch the appearance of a vast, open sewer: but its advantages are too manifest to be disputed. The present Fascist regime is showing a like progressiveness, without the reckless vandalism which made room for the Monument above the Piaz-

za Venezia. It has refused to sanction all Brasini's wild schemes, which would destroy on a Neronic scale and build up a baroque asylum; but its ideals are imperial and it is not content with a poor scale or a shoddy style.

All who have lived in Rome since the War will remember the three great buildings which never seemed much nearer to completion. The Ministero della Giustizia e degli Affari di Culto in the Arenula is now finished, a vast, comparatively plain building of travertine and brick, with a pleasing curve on its western side towards the river. The Ministero della Pubblica Istruzione in the Viale del Re is also complete. It has the most elaborate exterior of the three but is very impressive and not nearly so overloaded as the Palazzo di Giustizia. The iron railings around it are particularly effective and introduce the *fasces* with real spontaneity. The Ministero della Marina is not quite finished inside, but it is the finest building of all and shows what an effective architectural medium is supplied by the combination of red brick and travertine. Our only wonder is why it is built so high up the river: little beyond a rowing boat will be able to moor in front of its magnificent façade.

The new Ponte Littorio, just below the Admiralty, shows two piers above the water, and should be a great boon to the dwellers in the Prati, a district which seems to grow in the night. Even the taxi-drivers get lost once they have crossed the Cola di Rienzi. But one is glad to see that the right-angled uniformity nearer the Piazza Cavour is not so rigidly preserved beyond as to suggest the avenues of the modern cities of the West.

Trams run everywhere in this region, but they have now been banished from the Tritone and the Condotti; and when the new tunnel beneath the Capitol is ready (it is well begun) they will no longer block the bottle-neck past the Gesù. The Argentina is in process of becoming a much larger square, where the trams shall foregather and be sorted out again before they become inextricably tangled. They are forward creatures, these trams, that have pierced a new opening in the Aurelian Wall, so that No. 25 now takes a more direct way to Monte Verde, and a new No. 50, starting from the Chiesa Nuova, climbs the older route to the Porta San Pancrazio.

Although all its ramifications are not finished, the Jesuit Curia is occupied and adds an air of splendour to the picturesque squalor of the Borgo Santo Spirito. The I. H. S. in iron-work over the main entrance is so modest as to need quite a little searching. As several dilapidated houses near the river are being demolished, there should be a varied view from the roof, rivalling the one from S. Alfonso.

The twin chariots are in place on the top wings of the Monument and look best as silhouettes against the evening sky: in the day-time they are almost too gold. Most of the scaffolding which disfigured this great block for so many years has now disappeared, and the work on the tunnel behind is invisible from the street.

Last but not least, the new Gregorian is rising rapidly and much of the stone facing is already fixed at ground level. More than this we cannot say, since even the General of the Jesuits is not allowed within the palisade, failing to come under the category of those *adetti al lavoro.* Which failing we share with him.

THE PATH TO ROME.

The following interesting particulars of how long it took to reach the Eternal City in the first months of the War have been most kindly forwarded to us. They compare quaintly with the present-day *train-de-luxe,* which leaves Victoria at 9 a.m. and lands one in Rome by 8 o'clock the following evening.

Tues. Oct. 27th 1914.	Victoria . . .	dep. 10.00	
	Folkestone . .	arr. 13.00	
	Folkestone . .	dep. 14.00	
	Dieppe	arr. 18.00	
	Dieppe	dep. 18.30	
	Paris	arr. 23.30	London to Paris 13.30 hrs.
	Sleep in Paris Tuesday night.		
Wed. Oct. 28th.	Spend all day in Paris.		
Thurs. Oct. 29th.	Paris	dep. 00.00	
	Dijon	arr. 12.30	
	Dijon	dep. 16.30	
	Ambérieu . . .	arr. 23.15	

Sleep a few hours at Ambérieu.

Fri. Oct. 30th.	Ambérieu . . .	dep. 05.41	
	Culoz	arr. 07.28	
	Culoz	dep. 07.34	
	Aix-les-Bains .	arr. 08.16	
	Aix-les-Bains .	dep. 08.24	
	Chambéry . .	arr. 08.51	
	Chambéry . .	dep. 09.41	
	Modane . . .	arr. 15.31	
	Modane . . .	dep. 19.00	C. E. Time
	Turin	arr. 22.30	Paris to Turin 46 hrs.

Sleep at Turin.

Sat. Oct. 31st.	Turin	dep. 06.25	
	Alessandria . .	arr. 07.45	
	Alessandria . .	dep. 08.20	
	Piacenza . . .	arr. 09.45	
	Piacenza . . .	dep. 10.00	
	Pisa	arr. 15.50	
	Pisa	dep. 16.10	
	ROME	arr. 22.30	Turin to Rome 16 hrs.

Doctor Wood (1910-1915) who sends us this time-table adds: " The connections were in every case the quickest possible. In this respect it is interesting to observe how the arrival at Paris at 11.30 p. m. made it just impossible to catch the midnight departure from the other station and so involved a wait of 24 hours. The wait of 6 hours at Ambérieu is also interesting." In retrospect no doubt!

LEO XII AT PORZIO.

October the 29th. was the centenary of LEO XII's visit to the English Villa at Porzio, one of the few well-known incidents connected with the history of that hidden residence. Cardinal Wiseman's description is so lengthy as to prohibit quotation in full, but it contains several pearls which justify the reproduction of many extracts.

" It was in the autumnal vacation of 1827 that certain preparations, of ominous import, attracted the attention of the

students: loads of collegiate attire, furniture, and hangings arrived mysteriously and were put aside; cleansing and painting commenced vigorously at a most inconvenient period; and then a supply, apparently superfluous, of gallinaceae, cackling and gobbling, arrived no one knew whence, with a truly fatted calf from the great Borghese farm of Pantano, which, it was whispered, had been bespoken some time before by an officer of the royal buttery. Rumours began to be afloat; yet no one dared to expect so unusual an honour as they bespoke for the little village. Only two persons were in the secret, the Rector and his Vice-rector, besides those engaged in the preparations. But it was strictly enjoined and faithfully kept, till it was necessary to give orders for repairing the roads, cleansing the streets, erecting triumphal arches, and hanging out tapestries, in which arts of adornment Italian villages are singularly expert. In fact, illuminations, fire-works, and a balloon, were added quickly to our preparations.

"The culinary department was transfered from the simpler dispensations of the college cook to the more scientific operations of a courtly manipulator, and a banquet began to be prepared, the provider of which could no longer remain concealed. Yet, so strict were the precautions taken to preserve secresy (*sic*), and prevent any concourse of people, that the highest officers of the household were kept in complete ignorance of the Pope's intentions. For, early on the 29th of October, there drove up to the house the Maggiordomo and Maestro di Camera and asked why they had been sent thither? They had merely been told to drive to the Lateran gate, where they received a note directing them to proceed to the English villa at Monte Porzio...

"The morning was wet, and caused us much uneasiness, till, towards ten, the sun shone brightly, the clouds rolled away, and every eye was intent on the road from Frascati, the Roman approach. Leaning over the garden wall, one saw into the deep valley along which it ran, now in long straight avenues, now diving and turning through dells, almost smothered in the vineyards, till the olive garden of the lordly but desolate palace of Mondragone cut short the view on earth and sky. Suddenly, at the farthest point of vision, some one declared that he had seen the gleam of helmet or of sword, through the elms, and

was hardly believed; till another and another flashed on many straining eyes. Then the tramp of many horses, at full speed, was heard; and at last, along one of the level reaches of the road, came into sight the whole *cortège*,—noble guards and dragoons galloping hard to keep up with the papal carriage and its six smoking sable steeds. Soon all was lost to eye and ear, as the cavalcade wound round and up the steep acclivity on which we were placed, then it rolled for a moment through the gateway of the village, and finally, after rattling through its narrow streets, pulled up before the house. The Pope alighted, gave his blessing to all around him, then walked to the public church, and made his prayer of adoration. He thence proceeded on foot to a neat house in the little square, from the balcony of which he blessed the assembled inhabitants, and where he received most affably the more respectable villagers.

"After this, we had him all to ourselves: for dinner-time soon arrived... A small table (was) placed at the head of the guests' table, raised just perceptibly above its level, by means of a low step, at which he (sat) alone, though scarcely removed from the rest of the party. The refectory was a long oblong room, at the end of which, opposite the Pope, a large window opened to the ground, and was filled up, as though it had been a glowing picture, by a green sloping mountain, with vineyard below, chestnut and cypress above, and rich green pasture joining them to the azurest of skies. The first observation which the Pope made was one not a little flattering to his English guests. "It is seldom," he said, "that a poor Pope can enjoy the pleasure of sitting down to dinner with such a fine set of young men." And truly the party did no dishonour to the bracing air which they first breathed on earth, either by complexion, by stature, or by sinewy build... The Pope ate scarcely anything, and barely tasted drink. But he would employ his leisure in carving, and sending down the dishes from his own table, while his conversation was familiar and addressed to all. He told us how he spent his day, partly by way of apology for seeming to partake so sparingly of the fare before him... We heard from his own lips that the dry Newfoundland stock-fish, the *baccalà* of Italy, was his very ordinary and favourite food...

"To proceed however; after our cheerful meal, the Pope

retired into the Rector's bed-room, where he reposed for a short time; then came into his modest sitting-room, where we again gathered round him, in familiar conversation, till the hour of his departure. He would not sit on the gold and damask chair prepared for him, but took possession of an ordinary one, with a rush seat, where he gave audience also to the good clergy of the village, able though plain, and certainly most disinterested, men; I remember well the questions which he asked, and some peculiar advice which he gave of quite a local nature."

The inscription recording this event is now at Palazzola in the refectory, describing how Leo "alumnos collegii Anglorum Portioduni rusticantes libens inviserit, in convivium adhibuerit, omnique comitate complexus sit." Strangely enough, in *The Last Four Popes* the date on this inscription is given as MDCCCXXVIII, a double mistake in fact, since the visit took place in 1827 and it is so actually recorded on the tablet [1].

THE SCOTS MATCH ONCE MORE.

Not even yet is the full story told. We have received a gracious letter from Bishop Dobson, in which his Lordship says: "The score of the 1899 game seems to have been lost. To complete the record I give it here. A draw, 1-1. The figures are official because I refereed.—It was a hard-fought game and very nearly resulted in victory for the Venerabile, the Scots equalising just before time. As far as I know, all the members of the English team in that game are still living, except their centre-forward, poor Matt. Burdess, killed in the Great War."

It is the greatest encouragement to receive unsolicited assistance in the way of copy from those who have left the College, and many welcome signs of this support will be noticed in the present number of the Magazine. We cannot thank our contributors sufficiently. After all, it is only such action which justifies the description on our title page, "conducted by the *past* and present students of the Venerable English College."

[1] A similar inscription can be seen on the bottom corridor in Rome. The date on this also is 1827.

OUR ANGELUS-BELL.

After a silence of many years, a new Angelus-bell has begun to ring the daily Ave Maria. We speak affirmatively, not exclusively, for it serves for other purposes as well. But principally and finally it is an Angelus-bell, and as such it received the blessing of the Rector on the 30th. of November, the Feast of St. Andrew, and the anniversary of his consecration. The ceremony of the "baptism" took place in the old chapel at half-past ten in the morning, and the function, though new to most of us, was carried out with simple efficiency. The bell, massive and splendid, was hung from an improvised scaffolding—gaily decorated *alla romana*. And the last event of the ceremony when the Bishop was escorted out amid deafening peals left no doubt as to the quality of the bell or as to the muscular strength of that generally unobtrusive person—the Second M. C.

The bell which is the present of the Rector, bears the following inscription round the lip:—

ARTHURUS HINSLEY EPUS SEBASTOPOLIS DIE XXIX (*sic*) MCMXXVII DEDICAVIT BEATIS MARTYRIBUS JOANNI FISHER ET THOMAE MORE ATQUE ALUMNIS HUIUS VEN. COLL. ANGLOR. DE URBE PRO AVITA FIDE ROMANA IN ANGLIA OCCISIS.

"PLUS ÇA CHANGE..."

Was there ever a newcomer to the Venerabile who did not complain of Rome on St. Catherine's day? True, the "yells, bells, and smells" phrase is rather a fiction than a tradition, but the purport of the speeches is almost always a disappointed criticism of Rome. Well! they are in goodly company. Five centuries ago Joachim du Bellay, sick for the gracious country-side of his northern France, wrote his disillusioned verses for the

"Nouveau venu qui cherches Rome en Rome
Et rien de Rome en Rome n'aperçois." [1]

That sprang from homesickness, though, and perhaps St. Catherine's Day orations have a similar inspiration! True it is, however, that one is always disappointed to find so much that is modern in Rome, and it is only by shifting the viewpoint that one can see the kinship of the new with the old.

If there was a time when ancient Rome was similar to the Rome of to-day, it was I suppose in the days of the later Empire. But as in history no one can say that two periods are identical although the similarity between them may be great, so it would be idle to suggest that the Rome of the Seven Churches is identical with the city which, say, Juvenal knew. But is there relatively a great distance between the two? "What Marius then saw," writes Walter Pater of the time of Marcus Aurelius, "was in many respects, after all deduction of difference, more like the

[1] Du Bellay *Sonnet des Antiquitez de Rome.*

modern Rome than the enumeration of particular losses might lead us to suppose; the Renaissance, in its most ambitious mood and with amplest resources, having resumed the classical tradition there, with no break or obstruction, as it had happened, in any very considerable work of the middle age." [1] Thus did Pater see the firm hand of the Roman architect in the work of the Renaissance, and the architecture, at least, of the city appealed to him, he felt, not otherwise than that of imperial Rome to a similiar mind. Take that point of view of the whole city and its life to-day, and how the echo of imperial Rome rings through the clamorous streets of the modern!

One looking over the city from the Janiculum in the later days of the Empire would see a city in detail very different, but in the general outline not unlike the Rome of to-day. More than many another city, Rome has kept the same limits and landmarks, and it is not difficult to fill in the details of an earlier age.

"Hinc septem dominos videre montes
Et totam licet aestimare Romam." [2]

At least Rome is still the city of the seven hills. The Caelian and the Aventine are not so thickly populated to-day, and Maecenas' gardens on the Esquiline have long been submerged. But the Capitol is still crowned in a duly dignified fashion, and of the hills outside the hierarchical seven, the Pincian still wears the green robe that it had of Lucullus, and the Janiculum is the pleasant *belrespiro* that Martial knew.

It is astonishing to note how the nature of different parts of the city has remained the same to the present day. Even the fish-market is still in the Velabrum; and the Campus Martius, covered extensively by public buildings in the later days of the Empire, covered entirely now, yet keeps some of its old character by the river-bank. The athletes have been driven to the river, but they are still there, and you will find the Roman youth swimming in the same arm of the Tiber to-day as they did when Horace admired the litheness and grace of Sybaris. Again, how little has the centre of the city moved! It is but a step from

[1] *Marius the Epicurean*, Ch. XI.
[2] MARTIAL, *Epig.* IV. 64, 11-12.

the Piazza Venezia to the forum, and the great north road comes as straight as the dart of a Roman spear for the Capitol, as the Flaminian Way did of old.

When Juvenal went to see his friend leave Rome, he passed through the Porta Capena and along the Appian out by the Bosco Sacro. There, just beyond the last gate of the city, were the Jews.

> "But now the sacred grove, Egeria's shrine
> Are hovels haunted by a beggar crew;
> The trees no longer shade the holy Nine,
> The Graces are evicted for the Jew," [1]

he wrote, with a fine disgust at the spreading city's spoliation of the country side. In later days they followed the retreating city along the Appian Way, and thereby prove something ironical in our present day complaints of the expansion of the city. The Bosco Sacro is to-day a real country walk, whereas for Juvenal it was the no man's land beneath the city walls, not unlike, we may suppose, the nondescript quarter between St. John's and the Latin Gate.

It is altogether unprofitable, however, to attempt to find ancient Rome merely in the handbooks of the archaeologists. In the forum perhaps least of all can we realise both the colourful and living Rome of old. (There are two exceptions: the flower-shadowed *impluvium* in the atrium of the Vestals' house and the dim corridor on the Palatine where the assassins waited for Caligula.) Rather in the tortuous miry streets around the Campo and in Trastevere one can join company and sympathise with Juvenal—

> "Quod spatium tectis sublimibus unde cerebrum
> Testa ferit, quotiens rimosa et curta fenestris
> Vasa cadunt . . . . . " [2]

he grumbles, and there are stains on Englishmen's "wings" that would justify the principle of this complaint. From the same lines one may infer that the high tenements of modern Rome found their counterpart in the old, and Martial, we know, lived in a

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[1] JUVENAL, *Sat.* III, 13-16.
[2] JUVENAL, *Sat.* III, 269-271.

"third floor back".[1] Nor was the building any more substantial then than now—

"Nos urbem colimus tenui tibicine fultam," [2]

writes Juvenal, and rails at the landlord who bids his tenants sleep reassured when the ceiling is caving in above their heads. And as the Beda corridor receives due mention in the classics, so does the "Monserrà". For what inhabitant of the "slums" would not feel a real kinship with the poor scholar who lived on the top floor:

". . . . . quem tegula sola tuetur
A pluvia, molles ubi reddunt ova columbae"? [3]

Oh, those cortile pigeons! And the furniture was but bed, sideboard and book-case with its few volumes of the Greek poets nibbled and frayed by the "barbarous Roman mice". [4]

Such hints at dilapidation are really heartening for one who imagined ancient Rome as a city frigid and hard in outline. It is not infrequently conceived as almost American in its dazzlingly white and geometrically planned temples and amphitheatres. But fill in the details that the archaeologist's reconstruction of necessity omits, and how the outlines change! Imagine the effect of the weather, and how the garishness of the gilt and brazen monuments would be toned down by wind and sun, and the hard outlines of the architecture broken and softened by stray clusters of wild grasses in the crumbling masses of travertine. To-day we lose the colour that a Roman crowd would give to the city. Perhaps the scene at San Lorenzo on All Souls' Day, when clusters of flowers enliven the fustian hues of modern dress, is not unlike the sight of the Appian Way at the Parentalia when the Romans went to reverence their dead. Then the cemetery at night was a glory of dancing flames. So also to-day the Roman lights the lamp on his family vault on November the 2nd., though with how different a hope!

And how many street scenes of Ancient Rome can be duplicated to-day. Seneca and Juvenal limn for us vivid sketches

[1] MARTIAL, *Epig.* I, 118, 7.
[2] JUV., *Sat.* III, 193.
[3] Ibid. 201-202.
[4] Ibid. 207.

of things that we meet with all over the modern city. Here through an open archway a glimpse of a cool atrium with a fountain to catch the sunlight; here the open workshop of a carpenter or a tinsmith, who doubtless used the road with the same freedom that he does to-day. There the great earthenware jars of the oil-vendors, and there the fresh masses of blooms beneath the awning of the flower-sellers. Much of Juvenal might, indeed, be quoted almost word for word as a comment on Rome as it is to-day. His complaints are the platitudes of the St. Catherine's orator, and so much so that he even suffered from the inevitable distemper that swoops upon the new man as Jove's eagle on a new Prometheus. His annoyance too at the traffic is modern, and the pictures he draws of the pedestrian startlingly like what one has to bear to-day. The rich man goes by in his litter, and the crowd must perforce give way. But when the poor man would pass:

> ". . . . . by the throng
> Elbowed and jostled scarce we creep along,
> Sharp strokes from poles, tubs, rafters doomed to feel,
> Bespattered o'er with mud from head to heel,
> While the rude soldier gores us as he goes
> And marks in blood his progress on our toes." [1]

The drawing is faithful now as then, though the sedan of Dives be the Fiat of to-day, and the centurion's hobnailed boots be worn by a *bersagliere.*

Hear him again on the Baroque of his day when he saw the artificial and pretentious architecture around the fount of Egeria:

> ". . . . . Quanto praesentius esset
> Numen aquae, viridi si margine clauderet undas
> Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tofum," [2]

he says, and there is in that a cry for simplicity and restraint in decoration that brings him very close to us.

It is such comments of a Juvenal, a Martial, and in a lesser degree of a Horace, that mirror for us a Rome which is relatively the same as the Rome we know. Their complaints are our

[1] Ibid. 244-248.
[2] Ibid. 18-20.

complaints, their pleasures (at any rate the more respectable ones) are ours, and their judgement of the city and its life corresponds very closely to that of the ordinary Venerabilino. Seneca, for instance, might be speaking in a public meeting in the Common Room when he complains of the interruption of his siesta: " Ecce varius clamor undique me circumsonat; supra ipsum balneum habito." [1] And after piling up the various noises that break his repose, culminates with the startling " Adde nunc et illum cui vox sua in balneo placet." How many an Englishman, again, attempting to sleep in the violent dog-days of June, has groaned in almost the identical words of Martial:

> " Nos transeuntis risus excitat turbae
> Et ad cubile est Roma; taedio fessis
> Dormire quoties libuit, imus ad villam. " [2]

Certainly the longing in summer from the " fumum et opes strepitumque Romae " [3] is as old as Rome, and has its roots to-day in the same discomforts as when Horace invited Maecenas to Tivoli. The noise and the heat are hardly worse now than in Horace's time, and even Juvenal's " last straw " —

> " . . . Augusto recitantes mense poetas " [4] —

might be quoted to-day, for the public poets were as inevitable as lecturers.

But while we echo their complaints, we may and do appreciate their pleasures. It was the shouts of handball players beside the splashing that disturbed Seneca. Nor is the humble amusement of a song in the bathroom despised to-day, for as Horace has explained long ago, " suave locus voci resonat conclusus". [5] The man who went on a *gita* from Rome, " omnes beati copias trahens ruris, " [6] has his imitators, and perhaps Martial himself found a wistful sort of pleasure in describing the joys of his native Spain to the wondering Roman:

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[1] SENECA, *Ep.* LVI.
[2] MARTIAL, *Epig.* XII, 57, 26-28.
[3] HORACE, *Odes*, III, 29, 12.
[4] JUV., *Sat.* III, 9.
[5] HORACE, *Sat.* I, 4, 76.
[6] MARTIAL, *Epig.*, III, 47, 6.

". . . . . tepet igne maligno
Hic focus; ingenti lumine lucet ibi ". [1]

He wrote with an exile's thought for the cheerful hearths of home—and who has not heard the words in English?

But above all it was the city which they loved with its strange contrasts and contradictions, its squalor and splendour, its rowdy thoroughfares in the valleys and its quiet and serene villas on the heights. Martial knew the joys of Corsini, the

"Juli iugera pauca Martialis
Hortis Hesperidum beatiora, " [2]

and rejoiced to see the city spread before him and, as many a one since, " Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles " [3] When Horace blamed the noise and stress and smoke, it was of "beatae Romae " [4] he spoke, and Juvenal could never be at home anywhere but in the Subura. Whatever its faults, Rome was the city, in a sense in which no other was. Other cities were merely suburbs of Rome, and the rest of the world but a province. Nor is it otherwise to-day, for

"Rome de Rome est le seul monument
Et Rome Rome a vaincu seulement, " [5]

though her empire be not of this world, and her Emperor the servant of the least of her subjects.

G. P. Dwyer.

[1] Martial, *Epig.*, X, 96, 7-8.
[2] Ibid., IV, 64, 1-2.
[3] Ibid., IV, 64, 13.
[4] Horace, *Odes*, III, 29, 11-12.
[5] Du Bellay, *loc. cit.*

THE ADVENTURES OF A BANNER.

There appeared in the pages of the *Gazzettino di Venezia* dated the first of May 1927, the following:—

Le vicende di una bandiera.

Fu ritrovata nella Cattedrale Cattolica di Birmingham d'Inghilterra, la preziosa bandiera (pennello) della " Pia Unione delle Figlie di Maria di Ciano," già conservata gelosamente in casa Nardi. Pare che un soldato inglese durante la guerra o subito dopo, l'abbia colà trafugata e sia capitata al Consolato di Olanda di quella città. Il console olandese non sapendo di che si trattasse, ma sembrandogli un oggetto religioso la consegnò intatta come si trovava, alla Cattedrale di Birmingham dove un sacerdote inglese, che si laureò a Roma, la riconobbe per italiana e indicò a questo Arciprete la presenza del predetto stendardo.

Oggi quel sacerdote, il Rev. E. Walshe, che si dice " un irlandese d'Inghilterra, di formazione romana, che sospirava ogni giorno più di vedere il cielo azzurro, le montagne e il popolo che amo come una seconda Patria " (sono sue parole) è venuto egli stesso in persona a consegnarci la bandiera, doppiamente gloriosa per noi, e a testimoniare tutto l'affetto che sente per Italia, " assistere un'altra volta ad una festa italiana, sentire specialmente la forza e bellezza della musica sacra negli inni popolari d'Italia. " E Ciano è in grande festa ed esultanza, per il sentimento altamente nobile e il pensiero delicato d'un sì illustre personaggio verso il nostro paese.

The personage referred to has now the unenviable task of telling the story more fully for the benefit of the Venerabile readers, since the Editor has insisted. I suppose it is really worth recording if only to encourage the younger genaration to make

use of the opportunity to learn Italian. I little thought that I should ever have the occasion in England itself to give a *fervorino* in Italian, but Birmingham's little city church of St. Michael often provides two short sermons on Sunday—one in English and one in Italian, and hymns are sung with *slancio* in both languages. I wonder incidentally whether any other Venerabilino has had the chance or the joy of introducing to his church the famous Porzio " Beneditеci o Signore " that used to be sung just before the blessing at Benediction? This and " Noi vogliam Dio " with one or two more are sung splendidly by choir and people at St. Michael's.

The banner whose adventures led to mine was a beautiful one about five feet by three and handworked throughout. One side was of cream silk with a hand-painting of Our Lady, while the other was light blue with these words embroidered in gold thread— " Pia Unione Figlie di Maria, Ciano. " The officer or soldier who brought it to England handed it over eventually to the Dutch Consul, there being no Italian consulate at the time. It was passed on to the Cathedral here, where I saw it, and through an Italian missionary, who came to St. Michael's last winter, I was able to get in touch with the actual village, which was Ciano di Crocetta Trevigiana near Treviso.

This village had not been occupied by the enemy, but British troops were billetted there in 1918. Later it was almost completely demolished by enemy shells, and the civil population had to flee. I found out later that the banner had been left not in the church but in the house of the director of the Children of Mary.

I promised the *parroco* that I would bring back the banner in person in time for the May celebrations. We had the trophy on show for a time in St. Michael's, and on the last Sunday of April at evening service we went through our repertoire of Italian hymns and indeed had such a dose of " Evviva Maria " that soon the rest of the congregation had learned it.

Leaving on Monday and travelling by easy stages I arrived at Padua on Saturday evening. Next morning—Sunday, the first of May—having said Mass early at the shrine of *Il Santo*, I took train to Montebelluna, the nearest station to my destination. I was met by the curate of the village and some young

men and driven by car to Ciano, about six miles distant. It was about mid-day and a beautiful bright sun was shining. We drove along the slope of the hill called Montello on the banks of the Piave; along the other side of the *sacro fiume* rose the Pre-Alps, still covered with snow. Near the village over the main door of a large farm-house still remained in large letters the inscription " Divisional Head Quarters. " No, the band was not out to meet me, possibly because they hadn't one. I expected excitement of course, and I guessed I should have to say something in public, but I was not prepared for the solemnity actually arranged. If I had been, I probably would never have faced it. It is one thing to say a few words in Birmingham where the Italian speaks a " dialettaccio terribile, " and another to run into a ceremony such as that of Ciano on the first of May 1927. Fortunately I had no time to get nervy.

It was just after mid-day when I arrived at the village, so my first engagement was dinner. The curate, Don Giovanni, who lived next door to the church, had taken charge of things, the *parroco* being very old and feeble and hardly able to say Mass. At the *banchetto* there were a few shy men belonging to the parish council, I think, and the local *sindaco.* There was an incredible number of courses; I thought the fourth was the last, then the fifth, but indeed we were not half through: due partly to the curate's idea of the English "gourmand. " Towards the end a huge *dolce* made its appearance with my name traced in the icing. When well on with the meal, and after the wine had circulated freely, Don Giovanni quietly unfolded to me the order of procedure; at three o'clock were to be Vespers in the church, which I was to sing, then I was to go to the pulpit and say a few words! It makes me tremble to look back on it and I am aghast at my own audacity. I believe that dinner saved me—I had no time to think of what to say. I remember now that as my joyous host refilled my glass I had one momentary remembrance of my somnolescent state at the end of big dinners in Rome, and wondered how I should get through this great afternoon. However to my great surprise the *vin del paese* had not that effect, and at three o'clock I was quite happy and, with true Roman spirit, ready for anything!

The banner was unfurled and placed on two of the standards

from the canopy: we vested in the house, servers and children of Mary assembled outside, and went in procession to the church door. The church was packed, but the crowd was more orderly than the Roman one—men and boys in front and the women and girls behind them. The banner was placed on a pedestal half-way up the aisle; in the sanctuary was the old parish priest, very feeble but with a fresh rosy countenance—a *tipo veneto* strangely like the *tipo irlandese.* I had almost forgotten how to sing Vespers, but the choir of twenty stalwart *contadini* in the sanctuary, who seemed to know all by heart, gave me great encouragement. Vespers finished, a server was told to lead me to the pulpit, which was quite a distance from the altar. So through the crowd we went, and, when I was mounted, the old Italian rubric of handing up a chair was jealously observed. There I sat while Don Giovanni from the altar steps spoke a welcome and thanks on behalf of the congregation, and then left me to it. Goodness knows what I said! Certainly the congregation was more attentive to me than to their own priest—though this is doubtful self-praise. I was afraid to hesitate, and my motto was " tira via " in spite of *sbagli* or *spropositi.* I told them how the banner had come to me, and how I knew it must surely surprise and interest them to learn that the previous Sunday, 1,000 miles away in the heart of a great industrial city, their banner had been surrounded by a little colony of their own countrymen and that Italian hymns were sung in honour of the Madonna.

On my return to the sanctuary the dear old parish priest, *profondamente commosso,* gave me a resounding *bacio* on either cheek! After Benediction representatives of other villages arrived and there was another *bicchierino* in the presbytery.

I spent an enjoyable week with Don Giovanni and saw something of the country and the battlefields along the Piave. There were May devotions each evening and I was pressed to say a few words again, but I had no intention of becoming further embroiled. However once, on Wednesday evening, while reciting my office and receiving once more a pressing invitation, I hesitated. I was reading the office of May 4th —the English Martyrs. " Santa Patria, " I thought, " I will. " Now if any excuse or justification is needed for this further narrative, mine is that

my visit to Ciano led me to do my duty to Alma Mater, and brought to the knowledge of its inhabitants the English College of Rome and its glorious sons. On the Thursday and Friday evenings I continued the talk on the Martyrs, and the poor people were tremendously impressed on hearing of the Reformation and the penal days, and the description of the massacres that occurred sometimes in Ireland when the faithful were caught at the Mass Rock on the mountain side at early morn. I am afraid however that they got the idea that I was describing fairly recent events.

Lastly—and this I think both amused and pleased the local clergy most of all—I introduced to the May devotions an Italian hymn they had never heard before: *Evviva Maria—Lodiamo cantando*, etc. It does not seem to be known in the Veneto, and so Ciano has now in that hymn a souvenir of the return of its banner after its nine years' absence. And I heard that quite recently, at a First Communion, the children and the whole congregation sang the hymn of " Don Eduardo ".

E. WALSHE.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES.

Rome at the present time is a city of great activity. A craze for the renovation of medieval houses and the excavation of Roman remains has coincided with the dawning knowledge that the streets present a surface uncongenial to the modern car. No discoveries of any importance have been reported, and so the State, to erase any lurking smile on the visitor's face, has considerably raised the entrance fee to all galleries.

The Forum of Augustus is now almost complete. The Via Bonella dividing the two portions is being demolished, leaving its drain-pipes resting on brick supports, a very unsightly descendant of the Roman drains and aqueducts, which mars to some extent the appearance of this Forum. Probably it is a more or less temporary arrangement. In the neighbouring Via della Croce Bianca the Forum of Nerva is being excavated. So far, a section of wall and a column—perhaps from the Temple of Minerva—are the only finds. Near by, the Portico of Pallas Minerva is undergoing restoration.

The military barracks at the Torre delle Milizie are now being demolished to permit further excavations in the apse of the Basilica Ulpia, known in the middle ages as the Baths of Paulus Aemilius. The Via Alessandrina at present divides this apse from the rest of the Basilica in Trajan's Forum, but this road may disappear when the Capitol Tunnel (now started) is completed, and the tramway system diverted.

Work continues on the Theatre of Marcellus and the Por-

tico of Octavia. The houses in the Piazza Montanara, which cloaked the ruins, are now coming down. The walls of Rome have also been repaired at several points—for example near the Porta Pinciana and Porta San Sebastiano.

The successful restoration of the Palazzo Mattei-Ferrini seems to have inspired similar efforts elsewhere. The house of "La Fiammetta" off the Via Tordinona, and that built by Burchardt, Master of Ceremonies to Alexander VI, in the Via del Sudario, have both been recently restored, and raise hopes that many others, such as the Gothic-windowed Palazzo Pierleoni in the Ghetto, may regain some of their former dignity and beauty.

THE CAPITOL

For some time it has been considered desirable to remove the Capitoline Offices which encumber part of the Tabularium. Hence in 1925 plans were accepted for the building of new offices on the other side of the Via del Campidoglio, the old *Clivus Capitolinus*. The destruction of the existing buildings offered an opportunity for further excavations on this part of the Capitol. It has now become clear that wholesale destruction was the lot of the temples which rose here in Roman times. Their elevated position saved them from floods and consequent interment; but this same survival left them all the more a prey to the "quarriers" of medieval days.

The remains of an early Republican Temple have been found: a wall built of large blocks of *cappellaccio*, and traces of a road hidden by the foundations of later buildings. This would appear to be part of the old *Clivus Capitolinus*, as no other road is known to have existed here. The most interesting find is a *favissa*, or deposit of votive objects. It is a square hole formed of blocks of *tufo*. Several statuettes and vases were found within, as also some clay models of the *libum*—a round meal-cake used in religious ceremonies. On a wall near by is part of an inscription in archaic lettering, but too fragmentary to afford a satisfactory interpretation. It is hoped to preserve most of these remains intact within the new offices.

The opportunity has also been seized of reconstructing here

the façade of the Palazzetto di Pirro Ligorio (late sixteenth century) dismantled some fifty years ago when the Via Flaminia was enlarged. There was occasional talk of its reconstruction, but no suitable site could be found. It stands immediately opposite the Tabularium, and gives a very pleasing impression, needing now only a little fresco work in the loggia.

THE ARGENTINA.

In this quarter the pick is still the main implement in use as the ground is only half cleared of the buildings to be demolished. But some discoveries have been reported. The two buildings near and under the former church of S. Nicola dei Cesarini (now destroyed) have been partly cleared. The part of the round temple so far disclosed shows the columns to have been reinforced with brickwork covered with stucco, patterned to represent fluted pilasters, and once of a red colour. The *cella* within this temple has at some time been enlarged—perhaps when put to some new use.

There has also come to light what apparently is a basilica or portico. There is a marble pavement, and several columns all lying in the same direction indicate that its destruction was probably due to earthquake or fire. It has been necessary to demolish the remains of the apse, but in accordance with the usual plan a plaster cast of the finds has been made at each stage of the operations. The basilica would probably form part of the east side of the portico of Pompey, which extended from the theatre of the same name. Any definite plans for building in this zone are to be deferred until all excavations are completed.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS.

It would appear that the curvilinear niches visible on the exterior of the Augusteo were purely constructional supports, being closed with an outside wall faced with marble or travertine. Behind these were twelve large vaulted chambers, also completely enclosed, and hence not depositaries for those buried here. The entrance (now cleared) led through this double

supporting ring, and finally passed through a wall eight feet thick, which can still be seen in the corridors running round the present balconies. Excavations are being carried out by tunnelling more than thirty feet below the present auditorium; a process which naturally presents great difficulties. There appear to have been two circular passages with dividing walls, and in the centre a solid square of masonry to support the statue of Augustus that crowned the monument. In the middle of this block there may have been a small cell.

In November last there came to light a large stone bearing the following inscription:

MARCELLUS C. F. GENER AUGUSTI CAESARIS
OCTAVIA C. F. SOROR AUGUSTI CAESARIS.

This refers to Marcus Claudius Marcellus, nephew and son-in-law to Augustus, who died at Baiae in 23 B.C. Octavia (*Caii filia*), the mother of Marcellus and elder sister of Augustus, died in 11 B.C. An urn recently found bearing the letters S.A. (*Soror Augusti?*) probably refers to her. Both were buried by Augustus in his family monument, the newly finished Augusteum. The stone was not in its original position, and so we are still left without indications of the exact place of burial. Like the *cippus* of Nerva found the previous year, it bears marks from the instruments of stone quarriers, but has fortunately escaped serious injury.

S. PRASSEDE.

This basilica is unique in having originally had a transversal nave or transept. It has however been concealed since a campanile was erected in the left arm in the thirteenth century; while the right arm was walled up and converted into a chapel. The wall dividing the chapel and the right nave has recently been removed, and the old entrance to the crypt has also been reopened. Some years ago the pavement was renewed in cosmatesque style, whereby the appearance of the church was vastly improved.

THE GALLEYS OF CALIGULA.

It appears that the recovery of the two boats is soon to be accomplished. Several firms have offered to undertake the task, so that the first boat is to be discovered without expense to the Government. The first barge to be reached is the larger, and for that reason it should offer a larger store of objects of archaeological interest. A funicular railway is to be built below Genzano, near to the site of the galleys, at the spot where one was erected some years ago. One firm is providing the pumps, whilst the electrical companies of Rome are supplying the necessary current. Yet another firm has presented the sum of 50,000 lire to defray the initial expenses.

Preliminary operations, according to the latest report, are already in progress. The old *emissarium* below the Palazzo Sforza-Cesarini, which cuts through the ridge under Genzano and opens on the Campagna, has been temporarily closed, so that it may be enlarged and strengthened. A large cistern is also in construction near by. The water is to be pumped from the lake in to the cistern, whence it will flow into the *emissarium*. According to this plan Lake Albano will not be brought into use at all. Hopes are entertained of reaching the first boat by August.

HERCULANEUM.

The first part of the excavations (which was inaugurated by the King last May) aims at exposing to view such part of the ruins as may lie below unencumbered ground; that is to say, round the farm de' Bisogni, where the Bourbon attempt in the eighteenth century was relinquished.

Excavations are in progress along the "limes decumanus minor" (i. e. the street parallel to the road leading from the Porta Decumana) and some forty-five metres have been exposed, revealing pavement similar to that of Pompeii. On the left of the street some twelve feet of the upper part of a building, apparently one of the most important in the town, have been uncovered. It has a large cornice with the attic in two parts, surround-

ed by an excellent stucco border. In the rear of the building, which was the first part to be brought to light, can be seen the remains of a wooden architrave, charred but well preserved. Near by are remains of some brick columns which retain practically no trace of cement facing.

The excavations will provide for the complete disinterment of this palace and also of the baths, which owing to previous underground exploration have been partially visible for some time. They will also entail the destruction of some slums, since the modern Resina is in large part built over the site of Herculaneum. It is hoped that this part will be excavated within a year.

A shop has been found, and is of interest owing to the retention of the carbonized framework of the window. In another quarter the "house of the skeleton" and the "house of the *nymphaeum*" have been cleared of all earth, and in other directions further mosaics have been discovered, with a staircase leading to a second floor. Several newly discovered houses possess frescoes in good preservation—the dining-room of one has a floral pattern in black on a red ground; in another a fresco in faded black represents a garden bounded by trellis-work, with gushing fountains and flying geese. In another private house, an altar has been found against a wall faced with red and yellow brickwork. As is usual in such work small objects in bronze and terracotta have been discovered, but not in great number.

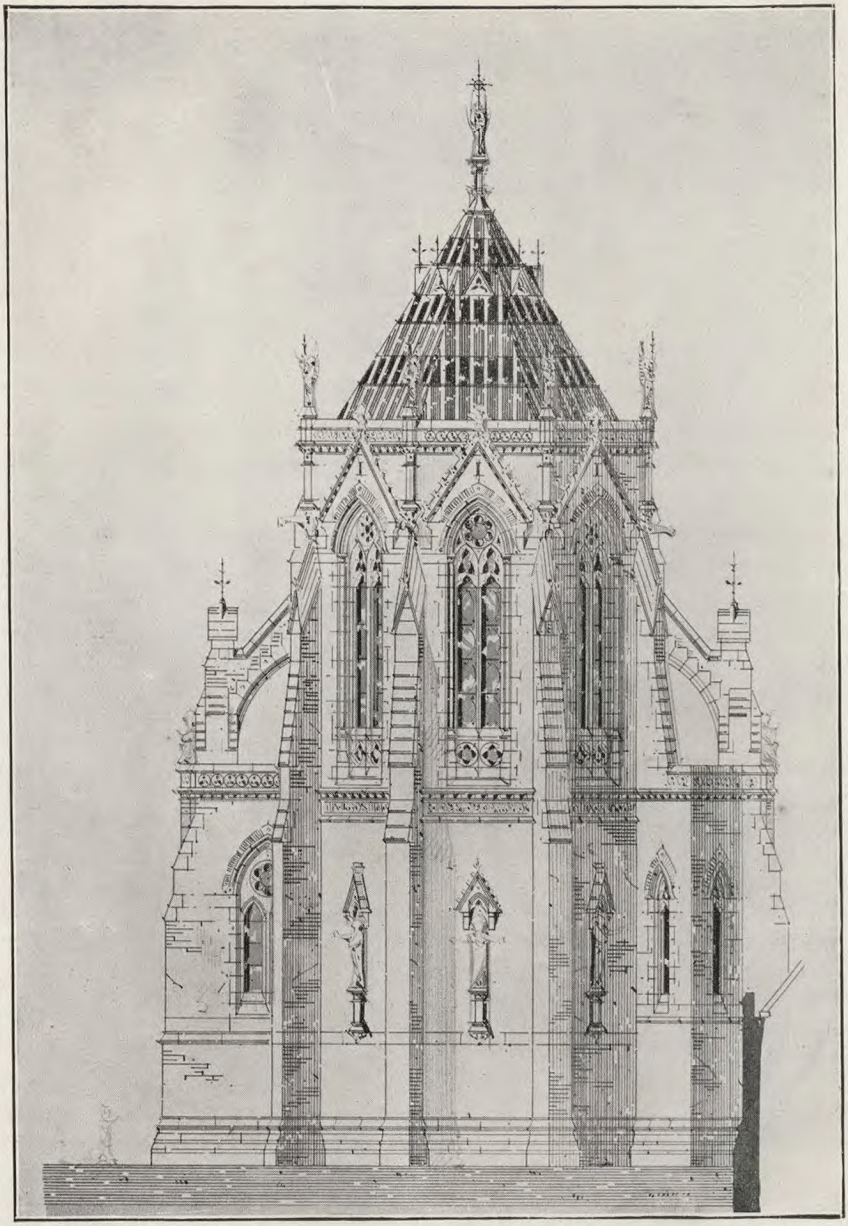
THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.

Virgil had a villa at Mergellina near Naples, and though he died at Brindisi he was buried, as he had wished, in the *columbarium* built for him in the grounds of this Neapolitan villa. It was situated at the mouth of a grotto where later rose the chapel of S. Maria dell'Idria, afterwards replaced by the church of S. Maria di Piedigrotta. This *columbarium* of truly Roman type is partly cut from the living rock and partly constructed of *opus reticulatum*. It is quadrilateral in form, covered with barrel vaulting, with two air vents above. Ranged round the side are ten niches, two at the front and back and three on each side; over which could be read—at least till 1326—his epitaph, and the

famous distich which tradition says was composed by himself.

It the second half of the fifteenth century Alfonso of Aragon, King of Naples, lowered the opening to the grotto, so that the *columbarium* remained perched on the face of the cliff. Being thus made difficult of access, the tomb remained uncared for, and its authenticity doubted, until it was restored in 1889 by Enrico Cocchia. The rock on which it stands, almost isolated from the main cliff, became insecure owing to corrosion and the vibrations caused by the Rome-Naples express, which passes close by. This pedestal has recently been restored, and two cracks in the wall and vault repaired, so that the *columbarium* is now preserved for the veneration of all who have read and admired Virgil.

FRANCIS J. SHUTT.



PUGIN'S DESIGN - EAST END

STAB. SANSAINI - ROMA.

COLLEGE DIARY AND NOTES.

SEPTEMBER 15th. *Thursday.* The Bishop of Clifton, looking wonderfully well after his stay with us, and the Rector, left for Rome. Bishop Burton leaves soon for England. The Rector is about to make a grand tour of Tuscany.

18th. *Sunday.* The Feast of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours was held with solemnity at Rocca di Papa. We provided the *assistenza.*

20th. *Tuesday. Attenti alle curve* was the film shown in the evening, and produced a sensation. With the new machine we are quite up to the standard of any of the neighbouring cinemas. We thank all those anonymous benefactors who were instrumental in securing this first-class machine.

21st. *Wednesday.* The first *gita* batch arrived from Naples this evening as garrulous as pardoners. And the marvels of San Gennaro were told with passionate sincerity; which did not however prevent the supporters of Fr. Thurston from questioning the evidence. But we leave these wranglers to their game, for the two second-year theologians who made a *giro* from Subiaco to Monte Cassino had as interesting a tale to tell—having, despite their innocence, suffered enforced detention at Frosinone from None to Vespers. They are said to have consequently developed a sixth sense for telling detectives at a glance. As they were also refused lodging at Monte Cassino, it makes one doubt of the " simplex cultus capillorum "! And moreover, one cannot blame the rule of the guestmaster, " Senza ' Soggiorno ' nullo soggiorno "!

22nd. *Thursday.* The house returned from the day's *gita* to find still more of the ' Delaney ' men returned. But not all, for on the

23rd. *Friday.* —the last two road-hogs came back from San Giovanni in Fiori in the heart of Calabria. It may be mentioned that they have also set a record in walking: having covered more than seventy kilometers in a single day over mountainous country. At least as far as we know this is a record. But perhaps some giant of the old days has done more. If so, *dicat*!

Meanwhile the fine weather has simply worn itself out through over-indulgence, and we are subjected to a series of fitful showers.

25th. *Sunday.* The Rector's *gita* has been a great success, and even the Tuscan papers have been unable to withstand comment on his grand tour. Having pontificated at Forlì, he confirmed some of the youth, visited the

farms of half a county, and was even alongside when Giulio Romano Mussolini was baptized. We say alongside, for even the most exalted personages were excluded from approaching. After a series of episcopal ovations, the Rector returned to the consular villa to look after the fledglings.

29th. *Thursday.* The time for basking in the sun has now gone, but the day's *gita* took many to Nemi Lake, despite the lower temperature. Though this is an ideal spot for cooking, one must confess that our progress in this fine art is disappointingly slow. Lessons in cuisine might be learnt on the Pine *gitas*, though even here we are still far from the *mezzo pollo a ciascuno* which was the distinctive fare on Tusculum in days of yore.

Frascati is still the goal of the degenerate!

OCTOBER 8th. *Monday.* Work goes on apace on the rockery—to the despair of all our Trade Unionists. The master foreman has assured us that things will be in working order by the end of the *villeggiatura*—the cows permitting. Stung by a similar impulse to work, a senior student (*the* senior student in fact) has set himself to construct a couple of rustic seats among the bushes that fringe the edge of the Sforza on both sides of the path—which reminds us: is it not high time that the various gathering-spots of the Sforza received some distinctive designation? The very babel of tongues under which it groans would suggest quite an ample nomenclature. What of the " Dante Tree, " or " Schiller's Grove " etc.? Whatever the worth of these flippancies, your chronicler suggests the idea to his readers at Palazzola.

Other work has been done on the stone seats in the garden near the house, and instead of sitting on bits of derelict church fabric we now recline on consular marble. We congratulate the second-year philosopher who has thus consulted our dignity.

Incidentally we omitted to mention that the trees throughout the garden have been heavily pruned, so that our usual " chequered shade " has been sadly missed. But our forestry experts assure us that it will be like Hades next year. We omit the obvious remark.

12th. *Wednesday.* Luigi was quite busy when we rose, whistling a *Credo* and tidying the garden for the arrival of the Police Pilgrimage. The first car to arrive revealed a civilian, the Hon. Algernon Bowring, who promptly took his place among the community to cheer the coming of the Constabulary. But our cheers were unnecessary, for the " Force " did not make the dignified approach that we expected. Only one car came under the villa, and this after a few preliminary coughs stopped dead half way up the slope to the main door. The rest of the chauffeurs discreetly declined to carry their freightage down the perilous Arnaldi (there being, it was alleged, some 320 kilos per car), and the " bobbies " took us in the rear on foot, with the inevitable guides and luncheon packets, as well as a few camp-followers hard to classify. They dined under the cypresses, beguiling the time with the latest sensations and football scores, and later took their coats off to a spirited game of football on the *Sforza.* Photographs, and speeches by their leader, Mgr. Howlett, and the Rector, closed the visit, and they departed from the Ponticello for Frascati just towards the end of siesta-time.

13th. *Thursday.* The Feast of St. Edward, Patron of the Villa. Somehow

the guests materialised just before dinner, though we never *see* them come. Mgr. Cicognani, Frs. Welsby S. J., Cotter C. SS. R. and Emery I. C., along with Mr. Randall, Secretary to the British Legation, and Mr. Wood, sat down with us to table. *Caffè* and *rosolio* was served in the garden after dinner.

Mr. Cregg departed for the City.

17th. *Monday.* Other unfortunates who had been residing at San Carlo during the past July held their appointments with their professors this week.

20th. *Thursday.* A fever of excitement prevailed in most quarters in preparation for the return. Pumps were dismantled, derelict golf gear packed up, the football posts heaved from the top of the Sforza among the marrows, while Giobbe's *camione* growled impatiently at the door. A list of the new men adorns the notice board, with prospective *ciceroni* attached. At half past six o'clock precisely the rockery was declared complete, and plus fours and other working habiliments delivered to the carter. A small signpost has been erected near one of the rustic seats, bearing the mystical words " Al Paradiso. " So that our views about the Sforza are not unshared by others.

The Vice-Rector has gone to Rome to take the place of the Rector. Meanwhile the chronicle changes hands, as also should your commiseration!

21st. *Friday.* One more *villeggiatura* is numbered with the days that were. A very decided break-up of the weather, however, made one not so sorry about this as one might otherwise have been.

And so to Rome! The house was found to be somewhat changed, the Nuns having taken into their *clausura*, after renovating and utterly transforming it, the labyrinthine warren that used to wind from the Sherwin Gallery to the Monserrato, leaving as compensation their former dormitory at the south end of the garden. This apartment has been partitioned so as to produce a billiard-room, music-room and infirmary. The popularity of the noble game once so beloved of successive first years cannot but decline now that the billiard-table has passed out of the smoking zone, and some will perhaps regret the disappearance of an ancient bone of contention from public meetings. The general feeling, however, is that so unhandy a bone is well buried.

The age-long admonition to " camminare sul tappeto, " which is the first thing that greets the visitor's eye, has now been brought within reasonable distance of fulfilment by widening the tenuous drugget of matting that links the street with the garden and conveys from church to refectory and refectory to church processions that try to be equally thin.

Major transformations of the face of Rome are recorded alsewhere. As for the new colour of the trams and buses, nobody has yet been able to decide whether it is green or blue. Taxis are also beginning to array themselves in this non-committal pigment.

22nd. *Saturday.* Return of the holiday-makers from England, with twelve new men who were shortly afterwards joined by a thirteenth. This is the list: Messrs H. Carter (Liverpool); G. Pritchard (Northants); B. Strudwick (Brentwood); R. Flynn (Liverpool); C. Morson (Salford); P. Wroe (Southwark); S. Hodskinson (Nottingham); B. Cunningham (Lancaster); T. Murphy (Birmingham); J. Hennessy (Menevia); T. Marsh (Liverpool); O. Murphy (Cardiff); E. Weldon (Westminster).

Mr. Cregg, having recuperated at Palazzola and sailed triumphantly through his examination, was acclaimed D.D. He *read* the oath at the usual ceremony, and was crowned in the Common Room. *Ad multos annos!*

23rd. *Sunday.* The presence among us of Monsignor Heard, Mgr. Prior's successor as Auditor of the Sacred Rota, was made the occasion of a speech by the Rector, a *vivat* by us all, and a reply from the distinguished recipient of these honours.

24th. *Monday.* The death was announced of Mr. Wood, correspondent of the *Tablet* and for many years a well-known figure in Rome. R.I.P.

25th. *Tuesday.* The Retreat was begun under the direction of Father Cotter, C.SS.R.

29th. *Saturday.* Bishop Barrett stole into the midst of a silent community, and was doubtless reassured to learn that normal conditions would be restored on the morrow.

30th. *Sunday.* End of retreat, with Ordinations at the German College, Cardinal Pompili officiating. Messrs. Butterfield, Coyne, Gowland, Garvin, Park, Ibbett and Wrighton received the first two Minor Orders.

The consecration by the Pope of Mgr. Hayasaka, Bishop Elect of Nagasaki, gave the new men an early opportunity of assisting at a papal function.

31st. *Monday.* The Rector blessed the new bells at S. Maria in Campitelli.

NOVEMBER 3rd. *Thursday. Missa de Sancto Spiritu* at S. Ignazio. This is an euphemistic way of saying that the "Greg" has recommenced operations. The street that guides our unswerving course past the Teatro Valle is "up," to reappear in due course in the smooth opulence of a wooden block pavement. The same process, following the removal of those trams that used to graze the shop windows of the "Roman Bond Street," has converted the Via Condotti into a safe and attractive thoroughfare.

4th. *Friday. Praemiatio*—nothing to report.

This is the Italian Armistice Day, and a couple of fortunate noctivagants who chanced to be returning from S. Alfonso report that the illumination of the Victor Emmanuel Monument was extraordinarily fine. There were noble oil flares, and ingeniously concealed electric lamps suffused marble and playing water with white and rosy glows, while abundant incense-smoke suggested a vast pagan hecatomb.

6th. *Sunday.* Ordinations by the Rector. Messrs. Crowley, Cahalan, Higgins and O'Leary were raised to the Priesthood, Mr. Ford to the Diaconate, and Messrs. Macmillan and Smith to the Subdiaconate. To the last two Minor Orders: Messrs. Butterfield, Coyne, Gowland, Garvin, Park, Ibbett, Wrighton and Heenan. To the First Clerical Tonsure: Messrs. Halsall, Wake, Jones, Hawkins, Moore, Shutt, and Rigby. On all of them the chronicler bestows his most cordial congratulations.

To dinner: Canon Catterall (Preston) and Rev. P. Delany (Barrow).

7th. *Monday.* The new priests celebrated their First Masses (but there were lectures for the rabble!). Relations and friends of the newly ordained were entertained at dinner, among the guests being the Rev. Joseph O'Leary, and Messrs. T.W. O'Leary, Joseph Clayton and F. Powell.

Arrival of the Bishop of Brentwood with Canon McKenna.

9th. *Wednesday.* Yet another Bishop—His Lordship of Southwark, with Canon Hyland (Brighton), well known at the Venerabile.

10th. *Thursday.* The annual Solemn Requiem at S. Ignazio. The Vice-Rector officiated as Deacon.

The recently laurelled Doctors were toasted in the customary manner after dinner.

The Spiritual Director now gives short conferences every Wednesday evening instead of the former half-hour ones on occasional Sunday mornings — a change which has met with much approval.

20th. *Sunday.* Archbishop Palica and Mgr. Payne V.G. to dinner. Bishop Amigo's sherry was much appreciated, as also were Canon Hyland's smokes. One comes to realize the true dignity of sherry when one hears the domestics announce it as Jerez de la Frontera.

21st. *Monday.* Mgr. Ryan of Cashel was our guest at dinner.

A gentle *scirocco* continues to hold sway over the city.

24th. *Thursday.* The Bishop of Southwark and Canon Hyland left for England.

25th. *Friday.* St. Catherine's and the usual massacre of the innocents over *caffè* and *rosolio.* Following the laudable precedent of last year the victims were selected by lot, and their speeches were quite unusually amusing.

Solemn Benediction at S. Caterina in the evening. The new *parroco's* energy is conspicuous in its results on the interior of the Church. The innocents, rallying to immolate themselves afresh, gave a spirited concert, and provided us *inter alia* with a brand-new First Year Song, which had a lump-raising refrain in late Latin. This is what they did:

PROGRAMME.

1.	*Opening Chorus*	First Year.
2. Song.	*Bound for the Rio Grande*	C. Morson.
3. Chorus.	*Canzone del Primo Anno*	First Year.
4. Recitation		G. Pritchard.
5. Trio.	*Three Schoolmasters are We*	B. Strudwick. R. Flynn. B. Cunningham.
6. Song.	*The Bosun, the Gunner an' Me*	T. Marsh.
7. Pianoforte Duet		R. Flynn. G. Pritchard.
8. Song.	*Lighterman Tom*	B. Cunningham.
9. Quintette.	*More First Year Comments*	R. Flynn. B. Strudwick. S. Hodkinson. T. Murphy. C. Morson.

10. Sketch. . *THE IMPOSTOR.*

Mr. Pahock-Kerr, new man.	J. Tootell.
The Taxi-Man.	J. Park.
Mr. Browne, student	J. Slater.
Mr. Dinklespeagle, student.	J. McGee.
Mr. Parker, another new man.	J. Rea.

27th. *Sunday.* Br. Moran to dinner.

28th. *Monday.* The Bishop of Brentwood left for England.

30th. *Wednesday.* The Rector celebrated the first anniversary of his consecration by blessing the new Angelus-bell. Other news about the bell is given elsewhere.

Speaking about bells, legislation has decided that only the warning-bell for schools, and not its somewhat superfluous echo five minutes later, be sounded in future. Even the toils of a senior student, then, have their mitigations in the general progress of the race towards a labour-saving millenium!

DECEMBER 8th. *Thursday.* Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The Rector pontificated.

The past few days have been marked by long, melancholy downpours.

9th. *Friday.* The Rector threw a bomb-shell into the Common Room by announcing his appointment as Apostolic Visitor to the British Colonies in Africa, a mission which would involve an absence of perhaps a year and a half. He was to leave almost immediately and broke the news first to the devoted subjects whom he was about to bereave. As the varying emotions—surprise, congratulation, consternation, envy—flitted across the said subjects' faces, it would have been hard to say which was uppermost, but perhaps consternation prevailed. A sop was ready, however, and rising remonstrances were artfully flattered into silence by telling how the Holy Father had declared he had such trust in the Vice-Rector and students of the Venerabile that he had no qualms in leaving it rectorless. It would have been churlish to protest after that. But so important a matter demands an article to itself, and it shall have one.

14th. *Wednesday.* The bell mounted safely to the belfry.

Two distinguished ex-members of the African service were our guests at supper: Mr. Rumann and Major Shaughnessy. We presume they were giving straight tips to the Rector.

18th. *Sunday.* Fr. Lazzarini must have rubbed his hands when he woke up to see the first snow falling on the Sabbath. Words cannot convey our disgust when this sort of thing happens.

The Rector gave a farewell dinner to-day, at which the following guests were present: Archbishop Palica, Archbishop Pisani, the Rectors of the Beda, Scots and American Colleges, Mgri. Cicognani and Heard, Dom Philip Langdon O.S.B., and Fathers Welsby S.J. and Cotter C.SS.R. In the Common Room afterwards the Vice-Rector, seconded by the senior student, proposed the Rector's health, the former expressing the hope that he would not forget his College among the black piccaninnies. After a personal assurance on this

point the company adjourned, and the proceedings closed with Solemn Benediction.

19th. *Monday.* This morning revealed the novel sight of large icicles festooning the Roman fountains. It must have been the coldest day here for many years, and in the midst of it the Rector left for England, the first stage of his journey to equatorial climes. It was an unobtrusive departure, for those who would have made it obtrusive were for the most part detained in the Via Seminario. It is reported from a reliable source that the Suore made him a resplendent white cassock and cincture to take with him. Did he wait for this before settling the date of his departure?

The first-fruits of the Rector's mission is that we now have a really exciting book for refectory reading—Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent.* The suspense is almost painful at times when the bell is rung in the middle of some thrilling struggle against enormous odds of black men or hippopotamuses—on one occasion it was both!

20th. *Tuesday.* Another tantalising sprinkle of snow, again not enough to put the 'Greg' out of action.

21st. *Wednesday*—23rd. *Friday.* The Forty Hours.

24th. *Saturday.* Christmas Eve—an inauspicious day for handselling the new infirmary by the incarceration of two students there. But so it was.

25th. *Sunday.* Christmas Day. The crib artists excelled themselves, the pastoral landscape with the distant towers of Bethlehem in the background being particularly effective. The fact that one of these towers was slightly out of the perpendicular caused certain higher critics to declare that the city was Jericho, but they were speedily silenced.

Monsignor Heard was our guest at dinner, which was intimate and *en famille* as befits the day. The new *cameriere* as he pirouetted in with the plum-pudding was a sight unforgettable as it is indescribable.

In the evening the Entertainment Committee produced the first of a highly successful series of concerts. The play was ambitiously intricate and passed off with real *éclat.*

1. Orchestra .	*Christmas Carol.*	
2. Song . .	*Hi Diddle Diddle.*	R. Shearstone.
3. Solo . . .	*Medieval Carol*	R. Delany.
4. Recitation.	*The Christmas Night*	G. Pritchard.
5. Interlude .	*The Third and Last Appearance of The Famous "Burglars":*	
	First Burglar . . .	R. Delany.
	Second Burglar . .	A. Atkins.
	The Arm of the Law	R. Miller.
6. Song	*The Happy Valley*	R. Smith.
7. Pianoforte Solo	*Consolation* (Liszt)	F. Shutt.
8. Song	*Stone-Cracker John*	B. Cunningham.
9. Trio	*Characters.*	L. Wilkinson. T. Duggan. R. Flynn.

10. The Committee presents:

THE CAT AND THE CANARY.

Nathaniel, a Servant	W. Butterfield.
Paul Jones	R. Flynn.
Mr. Jalem, Solicitor .	A. Tomei.
Mrs. Appleton Mooney	W. Nicholson.
Miss. A. Stone . . .	W. Lennon.
Mr. Alec Umpley . .	G. Pritchard.

After supper and a bout of snapdragon, gifts were distributed by no less a functionary than an Apostolic Visitor to Africa, *en haute tenue* and assisted by two coal-black lieutenants.

26th. *Monday.* The calm of Boxing Day afternoon was shaken by an earthquake at six minutes past four. The epicentre was in the vicinity of Nemi, and it seems to have created a sensation in all the *castelli*, from which the *Messaggero* reports " molto panico e danni lievi. " Here the shock was so slight that those who were walking in " Pam " did not notice it. It was sufficient however to agitate the new bell into action. Unfortunately there has been one fatal accident—one which touches us rather nearly, for the victim was a fellow student at the Gregorian: Ildebrando Fortuna S.J., a native of Rio de Janeiro. He was passing the Church of San Carlino al Quirinale near the Quattro Fontane when the shock occurred and dislodged from the façade a large ball of travertine which struck him on the head, fracturing his skull. All possible assistance was rendered, but he died in hospital on the following Thursday. We offer our cordial sympathies to the Jesuits in their loss. R.I.P.

The evening was beguiled by a highly entertaining and improbable film.

27th. *Tuesday.* St. John's Day, and the meeting with the men from the border.

At the evening concert a further striking success was scored by the dramatic committee with a sketch written round those inspiring shanties. Parties from the Irish and American Colleges were over for the evening.

1. Orchestra . .	*Cadets' March.*	
2. Song	*I wonder*	R. Nicholson.
3. Song	*Three for Jack*	B. Cunningham.
4. Pianoforte Solo	*Polichinelle* (Rachmaninoff) . .	C. Talbot.
5. Quartette . .	*Our Cam Again*	J. Halsall. R. Gowland. W. Butterfield. J. Garvin.
6. Carol	*Noël*	J. Heenan.
7. Song	*Mister Bear*	J. Halsall.
8. Duet	*The Golden Bird*	R. Smith. J. Park.

9. *H.M.S. PIECRUST:*
A Community Singing Extravaganza.

Officer	C. Morson.
Bo'sun	J. Macmillan.
Coxswain	J. Heenan.
Tubby Aplin A.B.	J. Campbell.
John Eggtop A.B.	J. Park.
Matthew Worthington A.B.	B. Cunningham.
Nobby Clark A.B.	J. Kelly.
Dusty Allsop A.B.	J. Garvin.
Such a Nice Old Lady	T. Duggan.

28th. *Wednesday.* Three Ushaw professors—Dr. Godfrey and Fathers Campbell and Cunningham—arrived on a visit to the College and spent several days with us. Their company was much appreciated, and we have to record our gratitude to them for a handsome largess of cigarettes.

In the evening a Grand Fair was held in aid of something or other and the Common Room was raucous with quacks and side-shows. It culminated in a tremendous typewriting competition in which the ring of backers did their level best with yells, jeers and catcalls to distract the unfortunate competitors.

29th. *Thursday.* St. Thomas's Day, and the usual celebrations. Cardinal Gasquet honoured us with his presence at dinner. The other guests were: Mgri. Mann, Clapperton, Burke and Cicognani, Dom Philip Langdon O.S.B., Frs. Mackey O.P. and Welsby S.J., Sir John O'Connell K.C.S.G. and Mr. Joseph Radcliffe. Dr. Ashby and Mr. Humphrey Johnson were among the guests at the concert in the evening. The programme was as follows:

1. Orchestra.	*a*) *Melodie.*	
	b) *Selection: Il "Trovatore."*	
2. Song. . .	*Side by Side*	R. Nicholson.
3. Song. . .	*Tommy Lad*	Rev. J. Moss.
4. Orpheus. .	*O Peaceful Night.*	
5. Interlude.	*Belle and the Bobbies*	A. Ibbett. J. Moore. F. Tootell. R. Flynn. M. McKenna.
6. Song. . .	*The Bell*	T. Marsh.
7. Trio. . .	*Van Tromp*	R. L. Smith. J. Park.
8. Song. . .	*Go no more a-rushing*	J. Park.
9. Sketch. .	*THE ANCIENT VISITORS:*	
	1 Student	R. Gowland.
	2 Student	C. Restieaux.
	3 Student	W. O'Leary.
	4 Student	R. L. Smith.

30th. *Friday* was made bright by a Fancy Dress Whist Drive.

31st. *Saturday.* The Old Year was relegated to the past without any undue display of sentiment. We may notice here the recent appearance of a new type of " rough house " — the contrapuntal. As for seeing in the New Year —

1928.

JANUARY 1st. *Sunday* — we leave that to the natives. And they did it *con slancio.* As a matter of fact we started the year rather baldy, for one of the *Suore*, Sister Diomira, had a bad fall and broke her leg. To make matters worse, she had to be treated for pneumonia before the bone could be set. Public prayers are being offered for her recovery.

To dinner: Canon Kumbo (Malta) and Mr. Ellison. The guests at the concert included Mr. Rumann and many of our friends from the Beda.

1. Orchestra.	*Selection from " The Bohemian Girl. "*	
2. Song. . .	*Sing a Song of Sixpence*	R. Shearstone.
3. Song. . .	*The Sea Road*	Rev. W. Godfrey.
4. Quartette .	*Bolsheviks*	L. Jones. J. Campbell. W. Kelly. B. Strudwick.
5. Song. . .	*Serenade*	R. Smith.
6. Recitation	*Disobedience*	J. Park.
7. Trio. . .	*The " Spekkers "*	L. Coyne. J. Heenan. H. Carter.
8. Song. . .	*Roadways*	B. Cunningham.

9. Sketch. . *YOU NEVER KNOW, YOU KNOW:*

Prefect of the Gregorian	E. Wake.
Maggie Michells, servant	R. Shearstone.
Mechanical servant	R. Redmond.
His Lordship the Bishop of X. . . .	E. Malone.
Arthur, a new student	M. McKenna.
1 Professor	J. Cahalan.
2 Professor	J. Dinn.
3 Professor	L. Coyne.
4 Professor	E. Carey.

2nd. *Monday.* Back to work.

6th. *Friday.* Epiphany. It was delightful to see Bishop Stanley at our table once more, for he has been sadly missed of late. We congratulate him on his recovery, and hope that he may be persuaded to break his retirement a little more often.

We are very grateful indeed to our Beda friends for the truly magnificent

way in which they entertained the whole Venerabile to tea—a real substantial English tea!—and their charming company. It was done in two sessions: one half of the house went on New Year's Day and the other half to-day. Such hospitality is not to be baffled by apparent difficulties of a spatial nature!

There was quite a large number of guests at the concert, the last of our Christmas series. They included Mgr. Cicognani, Dom Philip Langdon, Frs. Welsby, de la Taille, Hanssens and Keeler, and Mr. A.E.F.Francis. Our talented actor-singers, Mr. Smith and Mr. J.Park, excelled themselves on this occasion and demonstrated finally that Shakespear's tragedies only need a little judicious editing in order to become popular with the laughter-loving public of to-day.

1. Orpheus.	*Jemima.*	
2. Song. . .	*Harlequin*	B. Cunningham.
3. Song. . .	*Questo, Quella* (" *Rigoletto* ") .	J. Campbell.
4. Recitation.	*Selection from " King John "* .	Rev. J. Cunningham.
5. Song. . .	*Policeman's Song* (" *Pirates of Penzance* ")	C. Morson.
6. Pianof. Solo	*Nocturne* (Chopin)	C. Talbot.
7. Song. . .	*My Prayer*	J. Cahalan.

8. *MACDAGGER; OR, BLOOD WILL HAVE BLOOD:*
A Melodrama with Lyrics, speeded up from the Elizabethan.

Macdagger, a respectable but needy bourgeois .	J. Park.
Mrs. Macdagger, a needy but ambitious bourgeoise	R. L. Smith.
Sir Giles Macdagger, Bart., O.B.E., a fabulously rich uncle	J. Halsall.
Ghost of Sir Giles Macdagger	
Maid.	B. Strudwick.
Detective	A. Ibbett.
1 Policeman	J. Moore.
2 Policeman	T. Lynch.
Chorus of Foul Fiends	W. Kelly. L. Wilkinson. T. Marsh. J. Campbell.

7th. *Saturday.* Benediction at S. Andrea della Valle. We provided the *assistenza* and singing.

8th. *Sunday.* High Mass at the Little Sisters of the Poor.

10th. *Tuesday.* The Emir of Afghanistan, wearing a sort of fez with a plume, was to be seen in the Corso driving with the King of Italy.

14th. *Saturday.* Philosophers' *menstrua,* in which Mr. Talbot figured as *arguens.*

This scholastic item reminds us that we have as yet said nothing about the new *ripetitori,* Dr. Schwamm (Theology) and Dr. Lotz (Philosophy), who took up their duties here at the beginning of the academic year. Both have proved themselves highly competent, as was only to be expected of the pundits of the German College. It was a little staggering, though, to find that the Rector, entering into the spirit of the thing, had actually provided forms, in size and appearance something like our laundry lists, for the names of the combatants and their theses in the weekly repetitions. *Echtpreussisch,* what?

15th. *Sunday.* Benediction at S. Maria Riparatrice. The celebrant was Cardinal Cerretti.

16th. *Monday.* Mr. Butterfield read a treatise at the Academy of Moral Theology on "The Use of the Voice in the Recitation of the Divine Office."

21st. *Saturday.* Marks the inception of a new and remarkable society—the Mezzofanti Society, a report of whose activities will be found on another page.

22nd. *Sunday.* More distinguished guests: Gen. Sir C.E.Pereira K.C.B. to dinner, and Sir John O'Connell K.C.S.G. to supper.

27th. *Friday.* Feast of Our Lady Queen of Prophets at the Church of St. George of the English Sisters.

31st. *Tuesday.* Mr. Delany put up a gallant defence from the rostrum at ths Theologians' *menstrua.*

FEBRUARY 5th. *Sunday.* A thrilling film—*L'Accusatore Silenzioso.*

9th. *Thursday.* Football match at Mondragone. Those who insist on the score may look for it under its proper rubric. The eleven non-combatants who accompanied the team to give moral support are said to have enjoyed themselves greatly.

A new type of super-bus, larger than anything yet conceived by the human mind in the way of street transport, has recently made its appearance in the alleys and by-ways of Rome. As it barges its way among lighter craft it reminds one of a whale that has accidentally found its way into a basin of goldfish. Similarly the new trams, instead of being linked together in twos after the old style, have each the dimensions of two and gleam with massive steel armour. It is thought that the authorities have decided to solve the traffic problem by the simple expedient of either frightening or crushing pedestrians off the streets.

15th. *Wednesday.* Bishop Keatinge dined with us in passing through Rome.

16th. *Thursday.* We record with gratitude that *giovedì grasso* did not pass unnoticed in the kitchen.

19th. *Sunday. Il Segno di Zorro*—another breathlessly exciting film from the wildest West.

20th. *Monday.* The Shrovetide *gite* to the usual places — Tivoli, Viterbo, Genazzano, even the Seven Churches. Monte Gennaro was once more conquered, and one party fell in with a merry band of their Gregorian professors on picnic by the waters of Bracciano.

21st. *Tuesday.* The Theologians gave a concert. *H.M.S.* stands for H. M. Stanley and is, of course, a fantasia on that egregious explorer's delightful work, referred to above.

1. Pianof. Duet.	*Le Régiment* (Eilenberg) . .	D. Crowley. R. Nicholson.
2. Fairies' Chorus. Druids' Chorus.	*"Iolanthe"* (*Welsh Song*)	The Nightingales.
3. Recitation . .	*Faustus's Dying Soliloquy* . .	J. Howe.
4. String Trio. .	*Romance* (Mozart)	E. Wake. J. Heenan. F. Shutt.
5. Song. . . .	*The Egg*	A. Ibbett.
6. Sketch. . .	*H.M.S.*	
	Stanley	J. Howe.
	Frank Pocock	L. Coyne.
	Mtesa	J. Moore.
	Mtesa's Mother	W. Sewell.
	Katakairo	E. Wake.
	Warriors, Servants, Retainers and Courtiers	W. Butterfield. A. Ibbett. J. Heenan. L. Jones.

Here, on the threshold of Lent, we pause and wipe our brow, leaving our companions to make a little more history before we resume the never-ending record of tears and laughter.

B. W.

PERSONAL.

We must offer our most respectful congratulations to Cardinal LÉPICIER upon his elevation to the Sacred College. His Eminence is an old friend of the Venerabile, and in a variety of ecclesiastical capacities, according as he has ascended from one dignity to another, has often graciously addressed the Literary Society. Dare we hope that he will condescend yet again? If he would not allow a purple *zucchetto* to prevent his talking to us about India, perhaps he may not consider the dignity of scarlet any insuperable obstacle to his telling us of his latest experiences in Abyssinia.

Although on another page will be found a special article about the Rector's appointment as Apostolic Visitor to a vast tract of Africa, we cannot omit mention of his name in this column. Bishop HINSLEY (1890–1894) has dealt with so many different types since he came to rule the College, both within and without its walls, that we have no fear of his failing to establish contact with the characters and mentalities he will meet in the Dark Continent. Nor would we be insensible to the honour done him and the trust reposed in him by the Holy Father. But we fervently hope that this mission to the waters of Tanganyika and beyond may not inspire his Lordship with the *wanderlust.*

To the happily reigning Rector of Oscott College, Mons. Charles CRONIN, D. D. (1890–94), we also tender our heartiest felicitations on the occasion of his promotion to the rank of Protonotary Apostolic. Having been a Vice-Rector for a considerable space of time at the Venerabile, he is naturally well known to more than one generation of Romans, and his fame is passed down to us as having been a very successful archivist. Monsignor Cronin was made Privy Chamberlain in 1907, and Domestic Prelate in 1914, when he returned to England as Chancellor and Chief Diocesan Secretary to the Birmingham Diocese. At the same time he was professor at Oscott College. He still fills a variety of positions, being President of the Seminary, Vicar-General, and Canon Theologian in the Chapter.

Monsignor HEARD'S (1913–1921) promotion to the rank of domestic prelate is, we understand, *ex officio*. But that does not make it any the less a matter for congratulation: rather it is one more proof of the importance of the work to which he has been nominated. No English priest could have been better fitted for this difficult post, as he combines with a galaxy of indispensable degrees the invaluable experience of having worked with the late Monsignor Prior. We can only reiterate our best wishes for the success of this latest Auditor of the Sacred Roman Rota.

Canon Richard ILES (1907–1914) is, we believe, the only Venerabilino on the Chapter of Clifton. Our pleasure at his appointment is therefore increased by the knowledge that the College is now represented among the Canons of the West Country. Would that more students came from that historic district!

We fear that we may be late in recording Canon KENNY'S (1893-1900) nomination to the Chapter of the Archdiocese of Liverpool, since we have only heard of this well-merited honour *in facto esse*: the *fieri* escaped our vigilant reading of the *Universe*. Canon Kenny has had long experience both of mission life and teaching, and should find no difficulty in coping with the tasks incidental to any office that may be thrust upon him.

Another elevation is that of Canon CATTERALL to the Lancaster Chapter. A student of the Beda while it shared our roof, he evidently retains his love for Rome and the walls that housed him here, for he came to dinner while on holiday during November, and the house was later beholden to him for the generous gift of free smokes. We are almost afraid that mention of this makes our congratulations sound mercenary.

A fourth Canonization is that of Doctor (hitherto) O'LEARY (1897–1901) who thus adds to our strong *rappresentanza* in the Shrewsbury diocese. Canon O'Leary was out in Rome comparatively recently, when he had the misfortune to end his visit in hospital; but we sincerely hope that this recollection may not deter him from repeating the Roman holiday.

We end our lengthy list by recording the conferment of an honorary Canonry on Dr. Edward K. BENNETT (1888–1893) Rector of the Sacred Heart Church, Liverpool, who is now a hale sexagenarian. He is also an author—wherefore his kinship with the Magazine is closer. We congratulate him. Naturally it is a source of great gratification to see past students of the Venerabile rising to these positions of dignity and responsibility. Now that our numbers are much greater, we are not imprudent in expecting still more. May God give the increase!

Four Jubilees in the last year or so also give us great hopes for the future. To the *doyen* of the English Episcopate, Bishop Lacy (1864–68), we offer most cordial congratulations on his attaining his sixtieth year as a Priest. Few of us can hope to equal or outdo this, nor dare we think of the other record that he has set—namely, forty-eight years' tenure of the episcopal office. Our one other wish for him is that he may be spared to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his episcopate, which will occur in two years' time. Therefore—*ad multos annos*!

Of the silver jubilarians, Canon Joseph TYNAN (1896–1903) has worked hard and successfully in the Archdiocese of Westminster. Doctor O'HANLON (1896–1903) is well known outside the diocese of Birmingham for his devoted work as Secretary to the Roman Association, a post from which we regret to see he has retired this year. Father Nazareno CURMI (1898–1904) said his first Mass in the College Church on the fourth Sunday in Advent, 1902. Despite his relative isolation in Malta, no more devoted son of the Venerabile could be imagined, and his visits to Palazzola are become annual pleasures. The only pity is that he usually arrives late in the autumn when the weather has broken. To all these jubilarians *Deus det longitudinem dierum.*

Two of our number who have left quite recently have already occupied important posts. Doctor GRIFFIN (1921–1925) has been nominated Secretary to the Archbishop of Birmingham, and Doctor E.J. KELLY (1920–1927) Treasurer to the Diocese of Menevia. The *Venerabile* offers its congratulations to these apostles of efficiency.

Mr. CREGG (1920–1927)—precedent binds us to the *Mr.* on our first reference to one who has just left the fold—profited by his unexpected sixth summer at Palazzola to achieve the doctorate which his health had prevented his taking in June. It was not only because we thus secured the traditional free smokes that he deserves our warmest praise, but because he is to be numbered in the ranks of those famous Englishmen who have refused to acknowledge defeat. We refer, of course, to his health: not to any exam in the first session since he sat for none. Doctor Cregg—for this is the second reference—is now teaching philosophy at Oscott.

Two Venerabilini have visited the College since we returned to Rome. Canon KING (1899–1904) was only able to put in a hurried appearance on two evenings, but we had the great pleasure of seeing Doctor GODFREY (1910–1917) in the house for the latter part of the Christmas vacation. He had sufficient confidence in us to bring with him two colleagues from Ushaw: we can only assure him that we appreciated the compliment.

The Senior Student handed to GIUSEPPE the fruits of the collection

made on his behalf among past and present students on October 22nd, the actual anniversary of his assuming the College livery twenty-five years ago.

THE ROMAN ASSOCIATION.

An annual meeting of the Association took place at the Palace Hotel, Birkdale, Southport, in June—the Editor, who was then in the home country, being invited as a guest. The late seventh year, numbering fourteen, were submitted for election, and we suppose that they are now officially " old students ".

A change was made in regard to the future scholarship examinations by the adoption of the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Higher Certificate Examination (Group 1).

It was also recommended that the Association should accept the estate of the late Provost O'Toole, the income of which will go to form another scholarship for the Venerabile under the name of the " O'Toole Scholarship ".

The Magazine expresses our gratitude for the gift, and congratulates those who have been elected to the active ministry of the Association.

THE VENERABILE.

The inexorable approach of that hour's agony *ad lauream* has again robbed the *Venerabile* of able and devoted workers. The Secretary, Mr. Crowley, will be a deeply felt loss for many a number. With unique insight he wormed his way into the soft places of the Salesians' affections, and if anyone could keep them to the dates they promised, it was he. Moreover, first of all the Secretaries, he worked out a system by which he could tell at a glance which numbers had paid for themselves and which had not. The intricacies of this mathematical *tour de force* are quite beyond the comprehension of the literary gents upon the Committee. They can only record their admiration and their regret that so great a mind should now have to occupy its idler moments with the whimsicalities of a Hebrew *shewa mobile.*

Being *laureandus* too, our special correspondent in the world of archaeology has had to tender his resignation: so it is high time we revealed the energy, accuracy and erudition behind the initials of G.S.F. as belonging to Mr. Ford. For his patient search after the erra-

tic burrowings of archaeologists it is impossible to express our admiration. His able articles have always contrived to interest the Philistine as well as the expert, and have kept up to date not a few of us who live in classical Rome but are not of it. The Magazine Committee wish especially to thank him for the vast amount of work he has so unselfishly saved them, and to condone with his successor who is faced with such a standard to maintain.

At the moment the Committee is composed as follows:

Editor: Mr. SMITH. *Secretary*: Mr. HALSALL.
Sub-Editor: Mr. GARVIN. *Assistant Secretary*: Mr. DUGGAN.
Without portfolio: Mr. WRIGHTON.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

In the year 1900 the MS. volume entitled *Summa contra Diabolum* was seen by the writer of this letter in the common room of the English College. Has anyone seen it since then?

If by inadvertence it was packed up with the volumes of manuscript notes which some *laureatus* took home with him, could it not be found even now by that student of Demonology and returned to its rightful home?

If it should be found, let it be sent in a registered parcel to the Editor of the *Venerabile*, 45 Via di Monserrato, Roma 16, and no questions shall be asked.

One thing one would like to know: who was author of this "learned" treatise?

Yours &c.,

ST. GEORGE KIERNAN-HYLAND.

PS. — Please, sir, (my hand in the *bocca della verità*) I did not take the book.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges: *The Lisbonian, The Ushaw Magazine, The Oscotian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Douai Magazine, The Upholland College Magazine, Pax, The Downside Review, The Ratcliffian.* He also expresses his thanks to the publishers of the *Chesterian* for copies of their excellent periodical, and for Mass music.

THE LIBRARY.

Last November the third room of the Library was completely catalogued: which means that we have now a convenient and up-to-date catalogue for the following sections—Canon Law, History, Biography, Archaeology and Travel.

The catalogue has been drawn up on the sheaf system. This system is the one adopted at the Vatican Library, and is the best combination of the book-system and the card-index one. The sheaves are neatly bound in stiff dark green covers with flaps, which enables the user to find the book required in the minimum of time.

Dr. Rheinthaler is now at work in the second room of the Library, and hopes to have it fully calalogued by May. At the suggestion of the Rector a committee of six librarians has been appointed to assist in checking and verifying the tabulation. In addition to this many books have been stamped, and labelled with the number of bin and shelf. This is the final work, and as we are proceeding apace we have every hope of seeing the work of the Library completed in the near future.

We are grateful for the following:

The Dialogue of Sir Thomas More concerning Tyndale, edited by W. Campbell. Presented by Cardinal Gasquet.

In the Morning of Life, At the Parting of the Ways, and *We Preach Christ Crucified*, presented by the author, Rev. Fr. Lucas, S. J. Gifts of books from Marchesa Ciccolini and Mrs. Lehane.

J. D. *Librarian.*

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The inevitable silence which falls on the College in May remained firmly lodged in the Literary Society, long after it had been routed from every other corner of the house. Palazzola, the kindly nurse of all other arts, had no thought for the Literary Society; and in Rome, until Christmas, every moment was claimed by a ruthless concert-committee. Hence, though one swallow does not make even an Indian summer, the solitary note which pierced the gloom between May 1927 and January 1928 was very welcome. Our fairy-prince was Dr. Arendzen who came on December 6th and broke the spell. His subject, "The Human Appearance of Our Lord," was of absorbing interest.

His scholarly and enthusiastic treatment of it repaid us for the long period of desolation.

The new year has shown a marked improvement in the health of the Society. The meetings have been regular and unfailingly interesting; there is actually a "waiting-list" of future speakers; and, best of all, there is an increase of activity amongst the members themselves. Two papers have already been read from within the house, and there are several more to come. As these are in some sense the most pleasing and honourable features of the session, they shall be mentioned first. Mr. G. Pritchard began it, on February 12th, with a paper on "St. Edmund of Canterbury,"—a living account of his life, an excellent picture of his times, and an essay of no small literary merit. A fortnight later Mr. J. Heenan addressed us on "Timidity and Truth," an intriguing title, not belied by the stimulating, thoughtful, and very sane address which it advertized. Taking our visitors in retrospect, the last was Major-General Sir Cecil E. Pereira who gave us a delightful talk on his "Experiences." As these reminiscences carried us for the most part "through the dark continent" they had an unusually mordant interest for us; and not least appreciated was a *true* story which H. M. Stanley did not include in his diverting narrative. Sir John O'Connell fascinated us no less with his paper on "Art, the Handmaid of Religion," and elicited many excellent resolutions from some of the future church-building pontiffs of England. Fr. Benedict Williamson, our first visitor in the new year, addressed us, in spite of ill-health and at very short notice, on "The Present Position of Religion in Europe." The subject inevitably led him to concentrate on the part of Europe which concerns us most, our own country. The society has seldom been so captivated by a speaker as it was by the eloquence of Fr. Benedict. He gave us of the best of his wide experience, sound judgement and undoubted artistry.

This record, though short, covers a period by no means dull and lifeless in the society's history; and it marks, we trust, the beginning of a new span of life which will be signalized by the number of members who will delight the hearts and enlighten the minds of their φίλων ἑταίρων by contributing a paper. One of the best symptoms of vitality in the society is the number of really penetrating questions which each paper has evoked. Our visitors are always kind enough to submit to this scrutiny, and often the answer to a question has proved as illuminating as the whole of the preceding address. It is pleasing to be able to add that the questions asked of our own members are no less searching, and their answers no less adequate and to the point.

T. D. *Sec.*

THE GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY.

It is fully admitted that the Debating Society has not been particularly flourishing during the last few years. Whether it is because of the uncongenial meeting places or the natural effect of the introduction of many new societies, the attendance at the debates has been steadily declining and at the end of the last session was but fourteen or so. This compares unfavourably with, for instance, the 1923–4 session, when a minimum number of 21 at one debate was considered a startling affair.

With this in mind, the members at the end of last year's session decided to hold a supplementary debate, and this duly took place on May 2nd of last year. The subject was the desirability of English Seminaries having "villas" in which the vacations should be passed. The debate left nothing to be desired—except in numbers! Eleven members only voted. Ten made speeches. Undaunted, the members determined to do a thing which had not been done before—to hold a Palazzola Session. True, it was possible owing to *gita* absences to hold only one debate, but eleven members came and everybody made a speech in a real debate which lasted longer than the usual Roman debates, and, in the end, the society nobly refused to believe in the decay of Western civilization.

When we were settled again in Rome the first debate of the new session took place, a very cheerful meeting on whether flying the Atlantic ought to be forbidden by the State. The society decided to let people drown themselves as they pleased. In later debates popular propaganda was judged more valuable than intellectual propaganda in converting England. A definite solution to the Roman Question was not considered feasible at the present moment. Beauty was held to be a greater asset than Brains in this world—a mild revolt, this!—and the present-day spirit was not proved prejudicial to Poetry. An exceedingly keenly debated motion dealt with the effect which the disestablishment of the Church of England would have in the conversion of England to the Catholic Faith. The President's vote was needed to settle the question.

A word must be said on certain changes in the rules. It was thought desirable to cut down the ten minutes allowed to each of the principal speakers and to allow them eight minutes. All other speeches were fixed at four minutes each. This means that sixteen speeches are needed for a two-night debate. The system has its disadvan-

tages, but the members have responded well and are giving the new arrangement a fair trial. At the time of writing, the new rules are still in force. Whether they continue or not, remains to be seen.

A pleasing feature of the debates is the greater facility of speech which has been shown. Speaking from notes is now almost unknown or unnoticed; Greek, Latin, French or German tags are little used; and sometimes there runs through the discourses a little of the fiery vein of eloquence, borrowed perhaps from our "little brother," the new-born Mezzofanti Society (a lusty child), to whom we have lately been introduced.

W. S. *Sec.*

SOCIETAS MEZZOFANTIANA.

Cum iamdudum, sive ad scholam sive ad palaestram respicias, in rebus non adeo secundis versati simus, unum hoc profecto superest quo nostri homines glorientur, vires suas in condendis atque alendis domesticis societatibus nullatenus defecisse. Quid societates commemorem litteratorum, oeconomicorum, quid sodalicia disceptatoria, contionatoria, ne ἑταιρίας dicam Graecizantium? Singularis ergo plane ille ingenii fuit qui in tanta silva societatum unam adhuc intemptatam excogitare potuit — Societatem scilicet Mezzofantianam, quae hunc sibi finem praestituit, " ut socii contionando ac disceptando se exerceant in linguis maxime sibi necessariis Latina, Italica, Gallica. " (Ita Constitutiones).

Ac re vera quidem, veluti vota potestatum praeoccupantes, quae nuper per Eminentissimum et Reverendissimum Cardinalem Secretarium Sacrae Congregationis de Studiis se nolle significarunt ut ullus ex Anglorum Collegio sermonum Latini Italique imperitus Urbe decederet, ecce duo adulescentuli θεσμανεῖς sodalicium conceperant in quo iis ipsis linguis disputaretur. Quibus, cum imprimis non parvi negotii esset suis persuadere se rem agere seriam, tandem hoc scopulo superato omnia mire processerunt. Nuntiatum certo die factum iri experimentum: statim aula communis vacuefacta praeter unum constantissimum circulum, qui perituram ac vix non exstinctam, ut aiebant, vitam communem magno clamore deflebant. Disceptantibus interim qui convenerant, ingeniorum acumen optimum dedit nascenti societati auspicium futurorum. Actum deinde de constitutionibus, de adpellatione statutum, praeses et a scriptis designati. Tandem a. d. iv. non. Feb. primo habitu conventu relatoque " Anglorum indoli grave mendum accedere ex animi levitate " sententia sociorum suffragiis improbata est. Ex quo die usque adhuc semel

tantum conventum est ob temporis exiguitatem: in utraque tamen disceptatione frequenti consessu egregie lepideque dictum est unaquaque lingua, ita ut de hac minima natu multarum Venerabilis Collegii societatum spes concepta sit magna.

B. WRIGHTON, *Praeses.*
R. GOWLAND, *A scriptis.*

FOOTBALL NOTES.

The season opened with a number of most pleasant games at the Villa—games which for the enthusiasm and skill which they revealed gave promise of an enjoyable season to come, and which even gave the Committee secret hopes that Christmas might possibly bring them that long overdue victory over the Scots. But yet once more the story is one of shattered hopes. For the Scots carried off the annual match by 4 goals to 1. Nor can we this year in fairness claim that we had our share of the play, and that had the gods known more of justice a drawn game would have been ours. For after beginning well and raising high the hopes of our camp, we gradually fell off before the more methodical and skilful play of our opponents. The first quarter of an hour saw some very exciting play in the Scots' goal area. On one occasion the ball was driven goalwards, struck one of the Scots players and was passing over the line at the foot of the post when their keeper hurled himself across the goal and scrambled the ball into safety. Had a goal then fallen to our lot... But it did not, and it was after clearing their lines on that occasion that the Scots settled down to their game. Half-time saw them leading by one goal to nil. Change of ends brought them two more goals. But we then rallied and scored our only goal. J. Slater, our inside right, was the scorer, and he thus has the distinction of having scored the first goal against the Scots since J. Garvin scored in 1923 (which goal by the way won the match that year). The Scots then obtained a fourth goal, and so the game ended with the Scots deserving winners. The match was played upon the old ground at the Madonna del Riposo before a formidable crowd of ecclesiastics among whom were the Superiors of the Scots College and our own Vice-Rector. The teams were as follows:

Scots College: Messrs. Keer; Cassidy, McKenzie; Heaney, McCaffery, McFarlane; Watters, Harvey, Boyle, Higgins, Scullion.

English College: Messrs. Wilkinson; Talbot, Delany; Kelly W., McGee, Halsall; Carey, Slater, Campbell, Gowland, Weldon.

The Scots' goals were scored by Boyle (2), Harvey and McGee (own goal).

But one cannot conclude one's account of the Scots' match without giving a word of praise to Mr. Wilkinson, who, though moved at the last moment from outside right to goal, played a splendid game and often prevented the Scots from adding to their score.

Since Christmas we have played a match with Mondragone, the Jesuit college at Frascati, losing by 4 goals to 2. We have also had a game with the past pupils of the Christian Brothers, winning by 2 goals to 0.

Games in Pamphili have perhaps not been as well patronized as in years gone by. One at times feels the absence of the stalwarts of 1919 and 1920, and one longs for the days when instead of having to persuade people "to make up the number," one had the comparatively easy task of merely crossing off the supernumeraries. One is now having to recognise the increasing claims of Rugby, for first year men nowadays are as a rule either players of Rugby or players of nothing. Hence it is that since Christmas we have had a couple of games of Rugby, characterized perhaps by the robustness rather than the skill of the play.

One rather distressing feature of the season has been the attitude of the authorities in Pamphili. Our pitch there is becoming more and more bare of grass every year. Public opinion assigns as the cause, not our own weekly games, but the fact that the *ragazzi* who now fill the *pratone* to overflowing continue playing right through the summer months, thus giving the ground no chance of recovering. The authorities however seem to think that we are to blame, and hence whenever the ground has been at all wet (and it was often so before Christmas) the *custode* has refused to allow us to play. Nor have appeals to the steward been more successful. But now that spring is here and the ground is hardening we should have no further difficulty.

For balls and other gear this season we are indebted to the kindness of Drs. R. Earley and J. Masterson, to whom we send our thanks and assurances of appreciation.

R. Gowland, *Captain.*

OUR BOOK SHELF

The Sure Way of St. Thérèse of Lisieux, by Fr. BENEDICT WILLIAMSON. Kegan Paul, London, 1928. Pp. 250, 10/6.

No book about St. Thérèse will ever be the same as her own *Autobiography*, to which God has given an extraordinary power of drawing the heart. Its power grows with each reading, but nevertheless we are certain that Fr. Benedict's book must greatly hasten it. *The Sure Way* sees in the *Autobiography* a call to perfection addressed to all people, whether religious or seculars, layfolk in the single or in the married state, and sets out to remove a great obstacle to its success—namely a superficial understanding of it. Fr. Benedict, who is far from writing an abstract essay on St. Thérèse but delights in reminiscences personal and otherwise, quotes Fr. Herman Walmsley S. J. for saying: "The first time I read her book I thought 'how simple she is'; when I read it the second time I said, 'how profound she is!'." Moreover, who has not heard it said that her book is too "sugary," and that her popularity is due mainly to her good looks! Fr. Benedict meets all this, and sends the reader back to the *Autobiography* with a new alertness. He first of all points out what, by reason of its nearness to our own times, may have escaped many: that St. Thérèse is now engaged on a great Mission, which began with the first printing of her *Autobiography*. Her Mission is nothing less than that of making God loved as she loved Him, and of teaching her Little Way to souls. This Little Way is the Way of Love and Abandon, and it is a Sure Way—attested by its success in her own case, by the unparalleled number of miracles after her death, and by its irresistible appeal to the whole Church. It is for all states of life, for there is only one kind of sanctity, one kind of union with God by grace; as she herself says: "Sanctity does not consist in this or that practice, but in the disposition of the heart, which makes us little and humble in the hands of God, conscious of our feeb-

leness, yet confident to audacity in His goodness." Which is but another way of describing her Little Way of Love and Abandon. For the rest of the book, Fr. Benedict explains all that this Sure Way contains, and lays stress on what the casual reader might by a fatal mistake think insignificant. We mention here three main points.

In the first place it is the Sure Way of *Love*. People of restrained disposition are inclined to suspect St. Thérèse of extravagance in her expressions of love, or to be depressed at the apparent ease with which she loved God from the very first. But the explanation of such a special love is a special grace, a " wonderful beholding " or " look " granted in some way by God, after which for that soul " Jesus, from being a great fact, becomes the one sole reality. " Fr. Benedict's description of the coming of love (treated also more fully in his *Triumph Of Love*) seems to us of great value, and likely to give real encouragement to those who, struck with the beauty of St. Thérèse's love, yet feel it to be utterly out of reach. Because the grace of that " looking " will be granted (in varied degree) to all who seriously ask for it; and God having made man for no other end, wishes all to reach that union by love which is perfection: " Be you therefore perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect! "

The second point emphasised by Fr. Benedict is that the Sure Way is the Way of *Abandon*. And indeed this calls for explanation, since the English word by no means translates the French *l'abandon*. Abandon does not here mean a mere acceptance of God's Will, but a very active and joyous embracing of all the details of the day as a token of the desire to " love Jesus unto folly. " This disposition supposes a love and faith which sees God's Will in all that happens, and for St. Thérèse it was her " only guide " to further growth in love. Surely there is nothing in this which is the monopoly of any particular state of life.

Lastly, another matter of some importance brought out is the place of *Penance* in the Sure Way. Though St. Thérèse early realised the vast superiority of spiritual over corporal penance, yet she was not without a certain admiration for those Saints who practised *extraordinary* corporal penances. But she felt that their style of warfare was less compatible with that of Love and Abandon, where the arms are mainly hidden and spiritual. It is therefore quite true that the Little Way is not a call to extraordinary penances. But St. Thérèse, in addition to an heroic self conquest and restraint, practised the *ordinary* penances of *Carmel*—which, among other things, include fasting and the discipline. And Fr. Benedict rightly insists on this point, because it is certainly unnoticed or underestimated by many. Yet (we gather)

when all this has been said, it remains true that, if the Sure Way were to be described in one word, it should be called the Way of Love, and not of Penance, because beyond doubt Love and Abandon are the keynote of it, and all other things are of necessity there only in so far as they are required for harmony.

Fr. Benedict's book is unusually pleasant to read, for he lets *Petite Thérèse* live in it through continual quotations from her *Autobiography*, and through the record of a number of striking happenings since her death. Nor is the author afraid to mention things of his own experience. Also *The Sure Way* has three beautiful chapters on the special message of the *Autobiography* to those in the Religious State, in the Priesthood, and in the Christian Family. Hence it satisfies one with the fullness of the picture it paints, and for this reason we think it one of the best books yet written on St. Thérèse of Lisieux.

J. M.

A Commentary on the Psalms by the Rev. T. E. Bird. D. D., Professor of Sacred Scripture, Oscott College, Birminghan. London, Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 1927. Vol I. pp. xiv, 469; vol II. pp. viii, 427. 25s.

It is with a certain pride that the Venerabile welcomes this book by one of her alumni, who scarcely more than a decade ago dwelt within the walls of *Alma Mater*. The mind travels back a hundred years to connect this achievement with the first fruits of the genius of another distinguished son: Wiseman's Horae Syriacae, published in 1827. But while Wiseman devoted his powers to a work of abstruse erudition, suited only to the cultivated taste of the learned, Dr. Bird has written for the benefit of all who read the Psalms and particularly of those who are bound to a daily recitation. He offers to "fellow-priests and ecclesiastical students" an introduction to the Psalter and an English translation, which is an almost literal rendering of the Vulgate, together with a critical apparatus in his *observations*, and a few notes on the history and meaning of each psalm, calculated to facilitate an intelligent and devout performance of the *opus Dei*.

To estimate this commentary from the exegete's point of view does not fall within our scope. The author endeavours to place a difficult subject within the grasp of the uninitiated, and it is from this standard that it must be judged. We do not on that account wish to slur over the very wide learning displayed; in fact a successful popularization is a sign of greater rather than lesser ability. Sound exegesis and philology are the foundation of all biblical commentary, and such

deep study is the privilege of a few, but Dr. Bird has set forth the fruits of his own study in form acceptable to the general public. His explanation excels in brevity and clarity: two cardinal virtues rarely met with among exegetes. How often has one groaned under a tiresome prolixity, which devotes pages to explaining the obvious and to a minute analysis of adversaries' opinions, which contribute little to the understanding of the text. It is enough in many cases to suggest the meaning by a single word or phrase, and to credit the reader with the average intelligence required to see the inference.

The fear expressed in the preface that the tone of the book will be considered reactionary is perhaps well-founded. But those who appreciate the divine wisdom of the Holy Scripture and the infallibility of its authentic interpreter, will rejoice in the effective snub administered to the aberrations of some modern critics. Where historical evidence is weak and incomplete, Dr. Bird is not afraid to confess ignorance with that humility which becomes the true scholar; he takes a firm stand on the tradition which centres in the Rock of Peter, and discards the unfounded and often malicious guesses, which will pass into ridicule almost before they are properly understood. We like to think that the influence of a Roman education is seen here.

In the introduction we especially like his treatment of the imprecatory psalms, which must create a difficulty for the uninitiated reader. Bearing in mind that the Psalter is of divine origin, we cannot say that the same Holy Spirit who in the New Testament has taught man to love his enemies, can have taught David to hate his enemies in the Old; nor are we satisfied with that juggling which tries to place all the curses in the mouths of David's foes. These explanations fail to satisfy or rather increase the difficulty, for we can admit no inspired teaching in the Holy Scripture which is contrary to the sanctity of God. But following St. Thomas, and taking these maledictions as purely prophetic and not human at all, we have a solution which at once satisfies the mind and emphasizes the divine authorship of the Psalms.

In his arrangement of the Psalter the commentator follows the Vulgate enumeration, giving the Hebrew numbers in brackets afterwards. This appears preferable in every way, seeing that it is by no means certain that the Massoretic arrangement is correct in every case; it seems quite useless pedantry to insist on what is most confusing to those who are accustomed to the traditional arrangement of the breviary. But having followed the Vulgate in his headings, we cannot think what persuaded Dr. Bird to revert to the Hebrew numeration in the references in his *observations*. There is no clue to the puzzle, and it is left to the ingenuity of the reader to fall into the anomalous

system, after he has been disappointed by several inapt references. The rendering of most of the psalms is most clear and helpful, and many a priest will be grateful to the author for his treatment of Ps. 67: *crux ingeniorum et interpretum opprobrium*; but the exposition of Ps. 118 is not so satisfactory, and this is the more regrettable, since it is recited so often. It is true that the best scholars have rejected all attempts to find a regular sequence in the various topics; but nevertheless several verses are linked together in sense, and it would be a great help if this were made clear in the translation. The saints have found great delight in this beautiful psalm, but it is most discouraging to the busy man to be confronted with a solid block of 176 verses, his slow intelligence needs to be helped, and if you will, spoon-fed, by divisions and sub-titles. Even if the literal sense of a verse had to be strained slightly or neglected, it would be tolerable if a leading idea could be given for each alphabetical stanza, for it would help a devout recitation considerably.

These are but minor blemishes in a work that is in the main most excellent; there can be no doubt that the author has sucessfully attained the object he proposes in the preface: to assist in a devout recitation of the Divine Office. This commentary rests on sound scholarship and is most sober and devotional in tone. It is adapted both to the serious student and to the more busy man who cannot delve deeply, but who seeks to understand his breviary: those who lack the time or the inclination to attend to the critical apparatus, can leave it alone and fully enjoy the rest. And we may even venture to suggest that an abridged edition, minus the critical observations, would be very acceptable to many who are repulsed by the two bulky volumes.

G. S. F.

God and Ourselves. By the Rev. W. Godfrey D.D., Ph.D. Herder, St. Louis, 1927.

The scope of this series of conferences is adequately described by its sub-title, "Some Thoughts for all Time." And it is all that it claims to be. This is praise enough for any book, but a word as to details. For the most part the usual subjects have been chosen (the Love of God, Faith, Sin, etc.). The reader who seeks novelty should look elsewhere, for here the spirituality might be described as patristic. But there are other chapters dealing with rarely discussed but all-important matters. Thus we are reminded of our utter dependence on the Holy Ghost—the most neglected Person of the Holy Trinity! His indispensable action in our souls is aptly compared to his ordering of the new-born universe. "In the beginning the Spirit of God brooded

over the waters, and from Chaos and darkness there came a glorious order and light." Similarly it is refreshing to read of the Angels. How many of even the most devout give to these powerful friends of God a place in their lives and affections? Having cited St. Thomas to prove that these spirits cannot know our intentions, the author suggests this most practical resolve: "To make the Angels, and more particularly our Guardian Angel, the sharers of our hopes and fears. For though our eyes do not behold him—yet let us remember he is a person who is always nigh to us—whose intellective glance falls like a ray of most pure light on the affairs of the world and the individual soul."

But this quotation besides revealing the valuable thought in the book hints at its literary shortcomings. The writer is at his best when using a simple, unadorned style—consequently the ocasionally extravagant phraseology is regrettable. It is particularly natural to strive for effect when treating of sublime subjects, but in plain talks such as these it comes to the reader as a surprise, and a disappointing one. We have a remarkably realistic painting of the *Via Crucis* all but spoiled when, arrived at Calvary, the author forsakes plain but eloquent diction to show our Divine Lord "lying on a rough wooden structure of transverse bars"!—a technically accurate but inelegant description of the Cross. The same idea is apparent in the tendency to end a chapter either in the Eternal Mansions or, at least, with a rhetorical conclusion more befitting a sermon than a conference.

But having said this we can find nothing but praise for the little book. There is no extravagance of thought. The method employed throughout is the *via ratiocinii*. The author does not propose a resolution merely because it is attractive but because he has proved it to be eminently reasonable. Then for priests this volume has a further attraction in that it contains many valuable extracts from the Fathers, together with a good commentary on much-quoted Scripture texts.

But Dr. Godfey's effort will be appreciated by others besides priests. It is not so much a book for anybody as a book for everybody.

J. C. H.

The Roman Campagna in Classical Times by Thomas Ashby, D. Litt. 1927. Benn, 21/.

To say that Doctor Ashby has written an account of the history and antiquities of the Campagna Romana is to give a guarantee of its excellence. This book reveals its author's truly amazing classical scho-

larship: in research and in knowledge of the Campagna he stands with Lucas Holste. Giving a rapid survey of the classical topography of that Campagna which includes the Alban Hills and a large portion of Southern Etruria, it is pre-eminently an ideal book of reference. Each of the twelve ancient roads, each object of classical interest along the way is identified and briefly described: the history of each is outlined and anything of special architectural note also indicated, such as the Piazza d'Oro of Hadrian's Villa, "where so many problems relating to the construction of the dome find their first solution."

From this architectural point of view, the description of several features in the Villa of Sette Bassi well deserves quotation. "All this side of the villa was supported by a most complicated system of vaulted chambers, in which we get the earliest cases known to students of architecture of the intersection of ribs of tiles to form a cross vault. Rivoira, in his *Roman Architecture*, has rightly insisted on the importance of this phenomenon in all the subsequent history of vaulting, and its influence on the architecture of the Middle Ages. Another new feature is the existence near the great hall of a large apse with external butresses, which also creates a precedent in architecture. There is a window in the centre, and one can see that the architect originally intended to have added another on each side, but changed his mind as the building progressed. Such alterations of plan are very common in Roman buildings, and are interesting as showing the manner of procedure adopted. Yet another point of interest in this villa is the frequency of small light shafts, due to the great height of the building and the concentration of its various parts, which are a distinctly modern feature." It is somewhat staggering to find in one building the beginnings of such diverse beauties as a Romanesque vault, the glorious exterior of Notre Dame's Choir, and the lighting system which pierces the masses of an American sky-scraper.

The introductory chapter, in which are outlined chiefly the geology, general history and economics, is most interesting and clear. The whole book is remarkable for its condensation. There are no long discussions on particular points, but reference is given to the best authorities on each. A comprehensive bibliographical note, plentiful illustrations and a map all combine to make this a thorough, clear and learned description, invaluable for the identification of the classical antiquities of the region.

We have described this book as one of reference: therefore it belongs to the class which is most often taken out of one's library, read and re-read. But our description must also contain a note of regret. Doctor Ashby, better than any man alive, could have written a work

on the Campagna, which without losing in scholarship would yet have appealed to a larger audience than the book under discussion ever will: and first, because he presupposes far too much knowledge on the part of his reader of Roman villas and villa life. A general sketch on this subject is really necessary to the understanding of much he has written, and in his hands it would have made fascinating reading.

Secondly, because although so consistently full, his work yet remains fragmentary. We are quite aware that we tread on thin ice, that the modern looks with suspicion on the scientific value of any book that does not view its matter piecemeal. Doctor Ashby has evidently been impressed by Jerome K. Jerome's American friend, whom he quotes, " a cultured gentleman, who obtained a more correct and satisfying idea of the Lake District from an eighteenpenny book of photographic views than from all the works of Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth put together. " But we refuse to be comforted. Doctor Ashby is too modest, and we can only assure him that we would rather have the fruit of his knowledge than possess all the postcard wealth of Alinari. Although, perhaps, " that peculiar fascination of the Campagna di Roma is not capable..... of being reduced to precise terms, " yet no one might approach so near as Doctor Ashby to presenting and interpreting the unity of what is in fact most definitely one. And this no quantity of detail can of itself achieve. He has confined himself too rigidly to the archaeological, he whose knowledge of *all* things Roman amazes and delights. He himself has put on record his deep appreciation of the Campagna studies of Turner, Claude and J.R. Cozens. But we find that he has neglected this and other possible developments of his subject. Most of all we could have wished for some historical synthesis of the plentiful material in this excellent book. From this point of view, at least, we feel we have lost the classic that Doctor Ashby could have given us.

He may reply that word-painting and the Campagna are two incompatible things. We agree. But the virile description of its finer parts, which he himself achieves with such distinction (witness the first seven pages of the introduction), is not word painting, it is better: it is penetrating. And such an interpretation, had he consistently given it, would have been a joy to those who know the Campagna—*coelum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt*, he aptly quotes—and an inspiration to those who do not.

The Campagna is most tenacious of its essential unity. When its unique natural beauty is disregarded, it becomes the " poudreuse plain " of Joachim du Bellay. When its history is not felt, the merely beautiful lacks depth and significance. Archaeology necessarily works with

history, else would the Campagna ruins be but "un grand amas pierreux." If its beauty or its monuments or its history be lost sight of, we do not see the Campagna steadily nor see it whole.

W. K.

Roma Sacra: Essays on Christian Rome by WILLIAM BARRY D.D. Longmans London 1927. 10/6.

This book has attempted that most difficult of tasks, sustained appreciation. Mediocre talent can criticise, but enlightening appreciation in a vast field demands genius in order to succeed. Despite a strong dislike of superlatives, we must in justice concede the title to Monsignor Barry. He does not so much interpret as enter into the points of which he treats. Interpretation leaves both writer and listener outside. There is no doubt that Monsignor Barry has penetrated such diverse characters as Dante, St. Jerome, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Ignatius Loyola. Moreover, he usually succeeds in taking us with him, and if we are sometimes tempted to dispute his verdict it is because he has brought us where we can see for ourselves.

Over and over again he shows an amazing flair for generalisation. His pages are busy with illuminating sentences: "Every Christian talks Hebrew when he prays, Greek when he philosophises, Latin when he goes to law." Toledo lives in the phrase, "the royal dowager of Spain." St. Jerome's task was the putting of Hebrew "into a Latin toga." Aquinas becomes the "editor-in-chief" of Catholic doctrine. But quotation defeats its own object. Here more than ever is the context a necessity, for of what use the light without the surroundings it illuminates?

Everywhere we find compelling summaries of history. "Greeks in their hatred of mystery, trained by Aristotle to logic and its demand for plain terms, were led by Arius and Nestorius to deny Christ as He is revealed in the New Testament. Alexandria, that is to say Egypt, became monophysite in its passion for ecstatic enjoyment of God." And how many volumes on the Papal Monarchy have understood its story as do these few phrases? "In whatever degree civilisation is equal to its own ends, strictly human and temporal, the Church is set free from tasks which it had undertaken only because 'caritas Christi urget nos,'—there was no other way of getting them executed....The Papacy fostered art and science, interposed in secular government, decreed war against the infidel. But there is no revealed system of politics, no science in the Bible, no style of architecture, no economic pattern to which we are bound in detail as Christians....When society is able and willing to serve itself, the Apostle gladly turns to his own work, the propagation of religion pure and undefiled."

Here are brilliant and welcome defences of Church Latin and of Scholasticism, wherein "Reason and Reality met in a living embrace." But we wonder how many of our readers would commend the statement, as does Monsignor Barry, that St. Thomas "places sin not so much in the will as in the understanding." The office for Corpus Christi is never mentioned in this appreciation of the Angelic Doctor, but it is surely as much a part of the man as the Summa. Francis Thompson's Life of St. Ignatius seems to us to receive greater praise than is its due. And how does the first essay fit into the general scheme of the book? Any connection we can think of is too far-fetched to justify its inclusion.

But we can only beg our readers to get *Roma Sacra* for themselves: in a review it is impossible to give any adequate notion of its contents, so rich are they, occasionally perhaps to the point of indigestibility. Everywhere they will meet with the profound judgement of an erudite scholar presented in English which puts to shame the telegraphic styles of our modern day. Here is a worthy vehicle of ripe reflexion. And the unifying idea throughout the book is the character of Christian Rome, the divinely-assisted lawgiver, which may be "dogmatic, in the sense of maintaining tradition unaltered", but is never "speculative, or fanciful, or subject to attacks of mere enthusiasm." Its methods are "judicial and moved by precedent": its acts illustrate "the reign of law." The Pope does not "profess to be an original thinker, but the guardian of a treasure confided to him", the unchanging deposit of Divine Faith. R.L.S.

La Caccia nella Campagna Romana By Cesare De Cupis. Nardecchia, Romae, MCMXXII. 10 *lire.*

With the eloquent exposition of the legal rights of the chase with which Senator Vanni, President of the *Società Cacciatori di Roma e Provincia,* has prefaced this latest contribution from the pen of Commendatore De Cupis, the normal reader will find himself out of touch. For the question is a domestic one. The interest of the publication will lie more in the first few chapters, which give a full account of the history of hunting in the Campagna—and not in its purpose, which is to show rather the reasonableness of the Roman Law in the point of this *diritto civico* as contrasted with the attitude of the German Law. The historical scene is laid in the *Agro Romano*—about which no one will doubt the author's capacity to deal—and to the subject in hand he has brought a wealthy store of wide reading and documentary research. Previous bibliography on the subject is small. Apart from Gambarale's *Dante Cacciatore,* Gnoli's *Le Caccie di Leone X,* Molossi's *Palietum,* and the work of Boccamazza, we know of no other

that expressly treats of the same subject. And it is to the author's credit that he has succeeded in presenting to his readers as a co-ordinate whole the congeries of stray facts that could only have been gathered from many varied sources. Beginning with the Council of Pavia and the first ecclesiastical canons against hunting, he passes to the Papal Courts of the Middle Ages, gives lists of the chief *cacciatori* that were in the Pope's service, and describes the chief expeditions. The following is one out of many. At the hunt which was prepared by Cardinal Alexander Farnese in January 1514, at which the Pope and eighteen cardinals assisted, "the number of dogs brought to scent the game amounted to sixty or seventy. The retinue of the Pope, which was composed of cardinals, prelates, men of letters, court buffoons, players, musicians and servants, was something like one hundred and forty. In addition to this there was the bodyguard, and such a host of other folks as to arouse one to astonishment. On some of the expeditions, it is said, the number of horsemen that took part ranged from one thousand to two thousand." The Pope of course was Leo X, who is the chief character in the book, and with him papal hunting saw its heyday. From Leo X and falcons the author proceeds to a history of the use of the gun and the arquebus, and a small chapter at the end is devoted to fox-hunting which, was introduced to the Roman aristocracy in 1842 by our own Lord Chesterfield. Eight illustrations from the Disquisition of Gio. Pietro Olina complete this most interesting volume.

The general *format* of the work is not above criticism. The reproductions from Olina which are crushed together at the end would have been far better had the author arranged them *passim* throughout the chapters, and the list of *errata* is far too long even for a first impression. With a better quality of paper we think the book would meet the merits of the subject-matter, nor would a slightly higher price be too much for the purses of those circles of society to which it is addressed.

J. GARVIN.

Apollinaris. Commentarium iuridico-canonicum. Annus I, Num. 1. Jan.-Feb. 1928.

This review is issued by the Canon Law Faculty of the Roman Seminary (the Apollinare), and has been prompted by the desire expressed by many old graduates of the faculty to have such a commentary which would keep them up to date with recent Roman decisions and opinions on matters of Canon Law. It is offered also to a wider field, to professors and jurists as a medium for expounding and discussing points of Church Law.

The first issue which is before us meets all these claims, and its

learned contents have been put forth very attractively. The recent Concordat between the Holy See and the Republic of Lithuania is given *in extenso*, while a full and instructive article on the same Concordat has been contributed by Monsignor Ottaviani. Other titles include "De Axiomate," "Ubi tumulus ibi funus" (Mgr. Maroto), "De fundamento discriminis inter privilegium reale et privilegium personale in C. I. C." (D. d'Angelo), and "De S. Ordinatione ex metu suscepta et de poenis in eos qui quoquo modo coegerint" (Mgr. Roberti).

Another section of practical use and interest is devoted to the replies given by the professors to various *dubia* addressed to them for solution. The Book Review contains reviews of the works of the present professors of the College. Another section contains extracts from other legal and sociological reviews, both Canonical and Civil, and thus the reader has the benefit of important articles in other commentaries not always easy of access. The last page contains a chronicle of University events.

The volume has been well produced, both as to the paper and printing, while its 88 pages are remarkably cheap at the price of ten *lire*. It is to be published five times a year from the Offices of the Faculty, Piazza S. Apollinare, 49. The yearly subscription is 30 *lire* for those in Italy, 50 for those outside.

In the **Commonweal**,[1] an American Catholic weekly review, for November 16, 1927 there appeared an article, "A College for Martyrs," by Harvey Wickham. He is described elsewhere in the issue as "an American journalist and novelist now residing in Rome." Certainly he has contrived to give a very readable account of the Venerabile, and as a précis it is quite masterly. We dare not quarrel with his emphasis, even if we would, for we are totally ignorant of the audience for which he was writing: though we may be allowed to query his description of the Schola Anglorum as "a true college in the medieval sense of the word." But it was a shock to find ourselves used to point a moral in the Nordic controversy! Apparently those who covet the title often do so because they think it stamps them definitely as Protestants. So they are invited to study the history of an English College which was founded to fight Protestantism, and whose sons suffered imprisonment, torture and death rather than renounce the faith of their fathers. "These men, too, were Englishmen. It was the precious ichor of their faith which, in broken and imperfect vessels and spilling much by the way, the Pilgrim Fathers brought to Plymouth."

[1] The article occasioned, in an ensuing number, a letter from the Rector dealing with the relation of the American hierarchy in the person of Bishop Walmsley with the College.

Gerente: Domenico Romualdi — Direttore: L. R. Smith.