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ROSARIES - MOSAICS

MINIATURES IN PORCELAIN

PHOTOGRAPHS - STATUES AND OTHER

RELIGIOUS OBJECTS - GREAT VARIETY

OF SOUVENIRS OF THE

HOLY CITY

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We undertake to get objects obtained by the Pope, to procure signatures for the Apostolic Benediction with Indulgence.

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THE ORDINATION, CHRIST THE KING 1957

## THE SITE OF ALBA LONGA

(Dott. Francesco Dionisi is an author, editor and publisher. He has devoted much research to the history and archæology of Nemi and the country round about. Some readers will certainly know his little book on the ships at Nemi entitled, 'Un romanzo archeologico—Le navi sacre di Claudio nel lago di Nemi', in which he proves, to the satisfaction of scholars, that the vessels were sacred ships dedicated to the 'Manes' of the Imperial family. The subject of the following article is treated fully in a book which he will shortly publish, 'Verso la scoperta di Alba Longa', and which will certainly interest an even wider public. He is also working on questions relating to the Etruscans, the religion of the prehistoric inhabitants of Nemi, and the villa of Julius Cæsar thereabouts. We would like to express our thanks to Dott. Dionisi for the time and trouble he has taken to give us this article.)

Tradition has it that when Æneas finally landed in Italy, a white sow appeared and led the Trojans up a mountain, on which she gave birth to thirty pigs. This unusual productivity was hailed as an omen that at this spot their chief city was to be founded, though thirty years (hence the thirty pigs) were to go by before they must start building. In due course Julius Ascanius, son of Æneas, built the city, and it came to be called Alba Longa. Coming out of legend into proto-history, we know that Alba Longa was the mother-city of Rome, and was destroyed by Tullus Hostilius, the third King of Rome, in 667 B.C.

The site was forgotten during the Middle Ages. Landolfus Sagax (c. 1000 A.D.), author of a *Roman History*, said that it was

at the Twelfth Mile ; the author of the post-classical *Excidium Troiae*, wrongly interpreting *Aeneid viii*, 46, believed the city to have been on the Tiber, between Rome and Ostia. From the first days of the Humanistic Revival in Italy, scholars have argued about its position. Here is a summary of the principal theories :

1. *Where Albano Laziale now stands.* This has always been the tradition of the Albanesi, and it found support in Flavio Biondo in 1444, Pius II in 1463, and Heinrich Schliemann in 1874.

2. *On the level ground immediately above Palazzola (on level of the sforza—our playing-field) :* Philipp Klüwer of Danzig (early seventeenth century).

3. *On the ridge running round the lake from Castel Gandolfo to the site of the Capuchin monastery at Albano :* Lucas Holstein of Hamburg, a few years after Klüwer. His theory has been taken up by several distinguished scholars of our own day, notably Giuseppe Tomassetti, Thomas Ashby and Giuseppe Lugli. (Cf. Dr Ashby's articles on Palazzola in *THE VENERABILE*, April and October 1924.)

4. *On the level ground immediately above Palazzola (as in 2.), and going round the lake to the Capuchin monastery—possibly even as far as Castel Gandolfo :* Athanasius Kircher, 1662.

5. *On the site of the house and garden of Palazzola itself :* Giovanni Antonio Ricci, 1787.

6. *On the ridge that runs from the hill called Costa Caselle (S.E. of Marino) up to a point 2.5 Km. along the Via dei Laghi, above the large cave of Battiferro :* Sir William Gell, c. 1834 ; W. Abeken ; A. Schwegler.

7. *On the site of Palazzola, and running thence along the ridge to Costa Caselle :* Antonio Nibby, 1837.

8. *On a prehistoric lake which he believed to have existed on the Prato della Corte :* Michele Stefano De Rossi, 1868.

9. *On a narrow, level strip running under the N.E. ridge of the crater of Lake Albano :* Heinrich Nissen, 1902.

10. *On the western slopes of Monte Cavo, stretching from the site of the Madonna del Tufo to Palazzola :* tradition held in Rocca di Papa.

11. Some people of Albano and Castel Gandolfo now think that Alba Longa is to be found at the bottom of Lake Albano.

One criticism can be made of all these theories : they do not tally with the descriptions given by the most authoritative writers of antiquity. The geographer Strabo and the author of the *Origo Gentis Romanae* both state quite explicitly that Alba Longa was founded on *Mons Albanus*. Strabo, who is always precise in his references and is careful to distinguish between 'at the foot of Mt Albanus' and 'on Mt Albanus', says 'Ascanius founded Alba on Mt Albanus, which is as far from Rome as is Ardea'.<sup>1</sup> The *Origo Gentis Romanae* says : '*Ascanius . . . circumspexit diligenter finitimis regionibus, speculatus montem editum, qui nunc ab ea urbe, quae in eo condita est, Albanus nuncupatur, civitatem communiit*'.<sup>2</sup> The city after which Mt Albanus was named was Alba Longa, so evidently the city he means here is Alba Longa.

Servius implies the same in his Virgilian Commentary : note in particular his commentary on *Aeneid* xii, 134 sqq., where Virgil says that Mt Albanus was, in *Aeneas's* time, without 'name, honour or glory'. Servius identifies this honour, name and glory with that due to both the mountain and the town.<sup>3</sup> The connexion between the two was so close for Servius, that we must surely conclude that the town was actually on the mountain. This topography is confirmed elsewhere, Servius repeating the legend of Fabius Pictor that the Trojans had followed a white sow *to the mountain where Alba was later built*.<sup>4</sup> This must be Mt Albanus—the very name is derived from the city built upon it.

We find an apparent contradiction when we turn to the evidence of Livy. In one place<sup>5</sup> he describes Alba Longa as *sub Albano monte*, not *in Albano monte* ; but if we compare this with other passages dealing with the same subject, it becomes obvious that his *sub Albano monte* does not mean 'at the foot of Mt Albanus'. If he had wished to say that, he would have used, as he does elsewhere, the more exact *sub radicibus Albani montis*.<sup>6</sup> In any case, Livy emphasises the lofty position of the city in other passages. When relating the flight of the Gauls in 404 A.U.C. (c. 350 B.C.) from the *ager Latinus* where they had been encamped, he says they fled for their lives towards the Alban acropolis '*quod editissimum inter aequales tumulos occurrebat oculis, arcem Albanam petunt*'.<sup>7</sup> This 'high acropolis' where the Gauls sought shelter was of course up in the Alban hills, for Livy goes on to say that they were forced by the severe cold to come down to the coastal plain.<sup>8</sup>

If you look up at the Albans from down in the plain, it becomes apparent that Livy's 'high acropolis' was well up on the western side of Monte Cavo. The hill rears up, majestic as old Olympus, looking higher than the surrounding peaks 'of equal height among themselves' ringing the crater of the lake. (By the expression 'Alban acropolis' Livy was not implying that there was still an acropolis on Mt Albanus in 350 B.C. He merely wished to indicate the place where Alba had once stood.)

In yet another passage Livy relates how, in 414 A.U.C., rebel Roman soldiers built a fortified camp 'under the ridge of Alba Longa' ('. . . *in agrum Albanum perveniunt, et sub jugo Albae longae castra vallo cingunt*').<sup>9</sup> We can infer from this that Alba arose, not at the foot of the mountain, but higher up under the peak. This *jugum* may be identified with the *dorsum* of the mountain mentioned in the following: '*novam ipse [sc. Ascanius] aliam [urbem] condidit, quae ab situ porrectae in dorso [montis] urbis longa Alba appellata*'.<sup>10</sup> So the phrase *sub Albano monte* must mean that Alba Longa was built, admittedly under the highest point of the mountain, but definitely upon the mountain, on a feature Livy calls a '*dorsum*'. This logical explanation smoothes out all disagreement with the writers who place Alba *in Albano monte*: since the *dorsum* on which the city was founded was part of the mountain and yet under the summit, it could just as well be called '*sub Albano monte*' as '*in Albano monte*'.

Juvenal, in his Twelfth Satire, does more than confirm this topography:

'. . . *tum gratus Julo,*  
*Atque novercali sedes praelata Lavino,*  
*Conspicitur sublimis apex, cui candida nomen*  
*Scrofa dedit (laetis Phrygibus mirabile sumen)*  
*Et numquam visis triginta clara mamillis.'*<sup>11</sup>

Juvenal says then, that after using their temporary capital at Lavinium for the prescribed thirty years, they finally went up to the *sublimis apex* shown to them by the white sow and founded their city there. It took its name, says Juvenal, from the *alba scrofa*, and of course the mountain would be named after the city. (This is the traditional account of the city's origin, and of the origin of its name.) So for Juvenal too, the city was high up on the mountain. It could not have been the

very top, however, because (a) the sacred grove of Jupiter was there, and (b) there was not enough room. At the same time, 'sublimis apex' could hardly refer to somewhere much below the top.

It must be stressed that Juvenal is not relying on the testimony of others. Like Livy, Strabo and, as we shall see, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, he has first-hand knowledge of the country he describes. Juvenal especially knew the *dintorni* of Rome very well indeed, as his Satires witness.

The evidence we have considered so far, then, shows that Alba was built on Mt Albanus, and high up on it. This tells against the theories that put it on the other side of the lake, and even those that put it at Palazzola: one cannot say that Palazzola is a 'jugum', a 'sublimis apex', or an 'arx editissima'.

This siting of Alba Longa below the summit, but definitely part of the *massif* of Mt Albanus is again confirmed by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who says that the lofty mountain of Jupiter Latiaris overlooked the city of the Albani.<sup>12</sup> However, in another passage he says something which seems to involve a very different topography: 'Ἡνίκα δ' ὀφκίζετο, πρὸς ὄρει καὶ λίμνῃ κατεσκευάσθη τὸ μέσον ἐπέχουσα ἀμφοῖν.'<sup>13</sup> This is open to several interpretations, but a typical and fairly usual one is that of Æmilius Portus, who renders it: 'Quum autem conderetur, aedificata fuit juxta montem et lacum, ita ut horum medium spatium occuparet'.<sup>14</sup> This has encouraged those who would place Alba Longa on Palazzola shelf or thereabouts, for this is more or less midway between mountain and lake.

However, it is impossible to accept Portus's version. Very briefly, these are the main arguments against it:

(a) As Portus has it, the clause 'ita ut . . .' is an explanation of the first clause 'aedificata fuit . . .' But the grammatical form is that of a consecutive clause, and we would expect 'medium spatium occuparet' to follow necessarily from 'aedificata fuit juxta montem et lacum'. But in fact it does nothing of the kind: it could just as well follow that the city was in part by the lake, and in part by the mountain, but left a space between the two parts.

(b) The vagueness and confusion of thought that would be involved in Portus's version makes it a very unlikely one. In other passages, when Dionysius is describing places of much less importance than the mother-city of Rome, he is far more precise—e.g. he describes the position of Ostia thus: 'The city



was built on the space between the Tiber and the Tyrrhenian Sea'.<sup>15</sup> There is no clumsy verbiage about 'near the river and near the sea, so that it occupied the space between'. If he can be so clear and concise in one passage, why not in another, where clarity was so much more important?

(c) According to Portus, the city took up the whole area between mountain and lake. This is a very large area indeed—extending from the Cavo road down to the lakeside! Now, the population of Alba could not possibly have been so great as to occupy all this space, even at its maximum in 667 when Tullus Hostilius destroyed it; to imagine that it was of this size 'at the time of its foundation' is absurd. As a matter of fact, Livy and Dionysius both imply that Alba was about the same size as Rome itself in the seventh century B.C.;<sup>16</sup> and we know that the Rome of that time was only a very small town.

(d) No other reputable historian has put Alba on this site, and Dionysius is a most conscientious and reliable historian with first-hand knowledge of what he describes. He had been in Rome for twenty-two years, and would certainly have visited the sacred shrines of the Roman *Lares*, at least at the time of the annual processions there. In any case, he goes on to describe the neighbourhood in such terms that he must have seen it for himself: 'These [mountain and lake] were the bulwarks of the city, making attack upon it very difficult, for the mountain is very high and massive, and the lake wide and deep. Through sluice-gates which can be raised, water runs down into the plain, and men can take as much as they please. From below the city the fields stretch away, remarkably fertile, giving generous crops of all kinds, second to none in the whole of Italy. The chief product is Albano wine, which is sweet, well-coloured and of a quality superior to all others except Falernian.'

Portus's translation can be got out of the Greek, of course, but it involves us in such difficulty that we must seek another rendering if there is one available. There is; and it is one which avoids all discrepancy with other writers of antiquity:

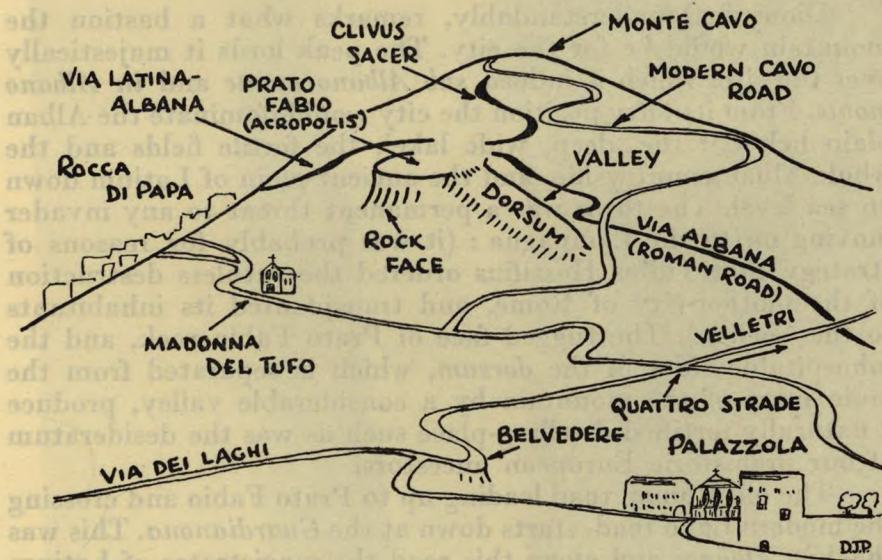
*'At the time of its foundation, [Alba] was built [both] on the mountain and [also] above the lake, thus dominating the space between [mountain and lake].'*

This version is quite admissible grammatically: πρὸς + dative can mean 'near', but it can also mean 'in', 'on' or 'above'. (Dionysius himself uses πρὸς to mean 'on' in his *History* (xi, 40)—πρὸς Ἀλγιδῶν, to describe where some Romans had been encamped.

He refers to this position elsewhere as ἐν Ἀλγιδῶν). ἐπέχουσα can mean 'occupying', but it can equally well mean 'dominating'. Further, it is clear and concise, and involves a topography that is at once more probable in itself and in agreement with other classical historians.

The following citation from Dionysius seems to go against this interpretation: ὄρος ὑψηλόν, ὃ τῆς Ἀλβανῶν ὑπέρκειται πόλεως.<sup>17</sup> ('The high mountain that overlooked the city of the Albani.') It is certainly this passage that has led all the translators of Dionysius astray. On our interpretation, however, the meaning is quite clear: Alba was not at the very top of Mons Albanus, so the peak indeed 'overlooked' the city.

Basing ourselves on the combined witness of these writers, we look at the Alban hills and find only one place that fits their descriptions. This is shown in the photograph, and in the sketch below:



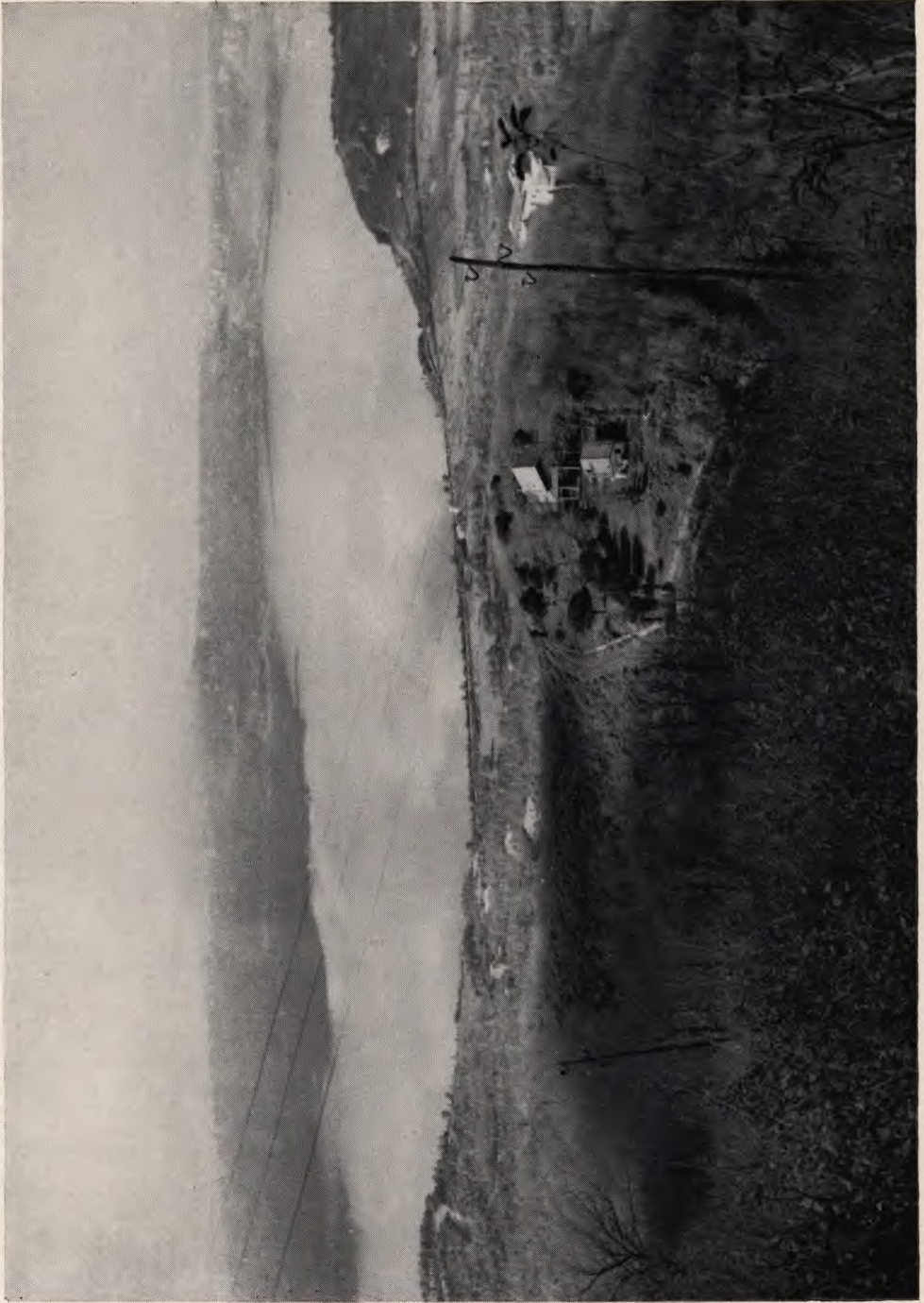
If you go up Cavo by the old Roman road, you come to an open space with a modern villa on your left; to continue up to the summit you have to take a sharp turn right and scramble up a steep slope; the road you have just left descends towards Rocca di Papa. This flat, open space is called Prato Fabio: it

can be seen quite clearly from the top of M. Cavo as a tongue of land jutting out in the direction of Rome. The Rome end of it is a sharp precipice roughly overlooking the Madonna del Tufo. It is 810 m. above sea-level: i.e. about 150 m. below the summit. Running down from Prato Fabio towards the lake is a long, flat-topped mound keeping approximately parallel with the Roman road. The mound is about 300 m. long.

Prato Fabio itself must have been the site of Livy's 'high acropolis', and the city must have extended from here along the mound—thus giving rise to the epithet '*Longa*'. This mound, or *dorsum*, would be the same as that mentioned by Livy in '*ab situ porrectae in dorso . . .*' and must be identified with his '*jugum Albae Longae*'. We can also identify this feature with the *collis* of Alba mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, and with the *sublimis apex* of Juvenal's Twelfth Satire (see above). A city could easily have been built along this mound: there is no topological objection.<sup>18</sup>

Dionysius, understandably, remarks what a bastion the mountain would be for the city. The peak lords it majestically over the site, which is indeed *sub Albano monte* and *in Albano monte*. From its lofty position the city would dominate the Alban plain below,<sup>19</sup> the 'deep, wide lake', the fertile fields and the whole Alban countryside, and the ancient plain of Latium down on sea level. The town was a permanent threat to any invader moving on to the Campagna: (it was probably for reasons of strategy that Tullus Hostilius ordered the ruthless destruction of the mother-city of Rome, and transplanted its inhabitants to the Coelian). The rugged face of Prato Fabio rock, and the inhospitable sides of the *dorsum*, which is separated from the main mass of the mountain by a considerable valley, produce a naturally fortified dwelling-place such as was the desideratum of our prehistoric European ancestors.

The old Roman road leading up to Prato Fabio and crossing the modern Cavo road, starts down at the *Guardianona*. This was the *Via Albana*, and along this road the magistrates of Latium would go '*ad summam Albanam*', as Lucan says:<sup>20</sup> i.e. to the acropolis at the top of the town. This was the road that Julius Caesar used when he mounted to the acropolis the Romans had destroyed and stood, like Nemesis, gazing upon the city of Rome. This descendant of Julus Ascanius, the founder of Alba Longa, had thrust Pompey from Italy, and now, away on the horizon, *alma Roma* was trembling at his approach.<sup>21</sup>



PRATO FABIO AND 'DORSUM' FROM ABOVE

On the plateau of Prato Fabio the *Via Albana* crossed the *Via Latina-Albana*, now completely vanished (though Kircher found traces).<sup>22</sup> From this crossroads the *Clivus Sacer*, *Sacra Via* or *Via Triumphalis* ran up to the summit: along this road the sacred or triumphal processions wound their way up from the acropolis to the temple of Jupiter Latiaris. Cæsar attended the *Feriae Latinae* in this temple, came down the *Clivus Sacer* to the ruined acropolis, and went on into Rome where, Plutarch tells us, some dared to hail him as King.<sup>23</sup>

The *Via Albana*, the *Via Latina-Albana* and the *Clivus Sacer* were constructed by the Romans, in all probability following the route of the earlier roads made by the Albani. The convergence of these roads on to Prato Fabio is another indication that Alba Longa was to be found there.

Jupiter Latiaris ruled over the summit of Mons Albanus; here were his sacred grove and shrine. If we place the city a little below the top, the Father of the gods will appear to us truly an '*Iliacæ numen quod praesidet Albae*'.<sup>24</sup> Lucan is right in placing the supreme deity on Alba's mountain:<sup>25</sup> we are reminded of Valerius Flaccus's majestic picture of Jove, seated on the heights of Alba, calling back the virgin Diana Nemorensis as she lingered in far-off Tauris.<sup>26</sup>

We must emphasise that the evidence of the more reliable ancient writers is from first-hand experience. They would know the exact position of the city: Roman shrines had been erected on the site of Alba Longa and dedicated to the Alban gods. Statius writes that the *Lares* of Alba were preserved and honoured in the deserted site;<sup>27</sup> Juvenal remarks that in his day, although Alba was no more, it still kept the 'pure Trojan fire' and still venerated the '*Vesta minor*' of Alba.<sup>28</sup> Lucan, more informative, says that in his time the Phrygian fire still blazed on the altars of the *Lares* of Æneas kept at Alba, and that Julius Cæsar paid homage to the Alban gods '*in sede priori*'.<sup>29</sup> The testimony of Livy, Dionysius, Juvenal and others, who had lived for many years in Rome and would surely have had occasion to visit these shrines,<sup>30</sup> has therefore the value of direct evidence. And if we consider the realism and fullness of Livy's description, and the evocative effect of Dionysius's meticulous attention to detail, we cannot think that historians of such standing were relying on books alone.

(Now that we have established with some probability the site of the city, we can mention a fact which may be very

significant. If you go to the Belvedere 2.5 Km. along the Via dei Laghi, and look up at M. Cavo, the rock of Prato Fabio and the attached *dorsum* stand out quite plainly. The wish does not have to father the thought to see in these a distinct likeness to a pig: Prato Fabio looks like the head and jowl, while the *dorsum* resembles its body, lying along the hillside. Is this the true origin of the white sow legend? The colour white may be an attempt to explain the name 'Alba'; while the thirty pigs probably symbolise the thirty colonies founded from Alba. Messala Corvinus says that the colloquial Latin for a sow was 'troia'—the word still exists in Italian. This would be a homonym for Troy, Ascanius's mother-city.)

As a matter of fact, the evidence of writers of antiquity is at present our only means of deducing the position of Alba Longa. We must give up all hope of finding the walls of the city: the place was destroyed, tradition says, in the first half of the seventh century B.C. when, most modern scholars agree,<sup>31</sup> cities in Latium were not yet defended by walls. Pliny says the Albani '*periere sine vestigiis*'.<sup>32</sup> Again, the necropolis of Alba has yet to be discovered. It cannot be the one found at Pascolaro, because other more ancient tombs have been excavated elsewhere in the Albans.<sup>33</sup> Alba Longa, the parent-city, must of course contain the oldest of all.

The area of the acropolis and *dorsum* on which Alba stood is about 30,000 sq. metres. On this space some 1,200 straw or bracken-built huts could have been fitted, similar in form to the hut-shaped burial urns which have been found in necropolises dotted about Latium. About 8,000 people could have lived in this hut settlement.

Increase in population forced the Albani to come down the mountain and to colonise, in the first place, the slopes around the lake; later they spread all over Latium. Those at the lakeside still called themselves *Albani*, in all probability; those at Bovillae were known as *Albani longani Bovillenses* even in Imperial times.<sup>34</sup> It is very likely that even the settlements down on the plain were considered to be within the boundary of Alba Longa. We can agree with Dionysius then, when he says that there was a second settlement nearer the lake; but not when he says that it was founded *at the same time* as the town up on the mountain, because other writers have put the original city exclusively upon the mountain.

From the southern side of Prato Fabio the *dorsum* runs down at a gentle slope towards Palazzola. We may presume that the second colony described by Dionysius was on the upper level at Palazzola. In support of this we may consider its lovely surroundings, worthy of the seat of the Alban kings, who began their rule from near the lake.<sup>35</sup> And the mother-city was still no great distance away, on the *dorsum*.

There is an equally strong case, however, for putting this second settlement across the lake at Castel Gandolfo. The term '*arx Albana*' as used by Juvenal, Tacitus and Martial might refer to this site,<sup>36</sup> and one has to admit that the expansion must have been towards Rome, across the territory known as *Albanum*. Even in Imperial times, this was the name given to the country between Aricia and Bovillae. The altars of the Albani, *populi Romani sociae et aequales*, must have been on the eminence where Castel Gandolfo now stands, near to Bovillae down on the *Via Appia*. The sacred groves and tombs of the Albani would be here, later to be dug up, broken into and violated by Clodius.<sup>37</sup> The presence here of these sacred groves, altars and tombs leads one to believe that the ancients, while realizing that the original Alba Longa was the city on Mt Albanus, thought of the settlements round the lake as forming part of the mother-city.

There is no gainsaying the view that Alba Longa was on Monte Cavo, but we can yet call other facts to mind. It is only by agreeing with the classical authors who are our witnesses that we can explain how the priest-kings of Alba Longa, representatives of the will of Jupiter Latiaris, were heads of a League that had its sanctuary in the grove on the summit of the Alban mount.<sup>38</sup> Since this grove belonged to Alba and was close to it, no one could challenge the jurisdiction of the Alban kings over the sacred wood.

Our placing of Alba Longa on Prato Fabio and the *dorsum* adds strength to the view of modern philologists that the word 'Alba' comes from the primitive Mediterranean word for 'rock' or 'hill'. It is connected with the thematic root *\*alb-*, *\*alp-*, and with the Basque *albo* meaning 'mountain'. (One should note that even among the ancients there was the belief that 'Alba' did not come from the 'white sow' but from the site itself: cf. Servius, '*ab omine albae porcae repertae vel situ civitatis*'. This may, of course, refer to the strange configuration in the rock, noted above.)

For the archæologist, however, etymological arguments are not enough, and actual discoveries are needed to provide more tangible evidence. It is most likely that the original Alban necropolis will be found on Monte Cavo, and we may well unearth the foundations of the prehistoric huts on the *dorsum*.

If this project meets with success, the historian and archæologist will be able to bring to mind more realistically the sacred processions and the triumphs that took place on *Mons Albanus*. In the not too distant future we may be able to evoke with greater accuracy that picture of Cæsar praying to the Trojan *Penates* on their own altar, amid the incense and the flames of the 'pure fires of Troy'. As Lucan has it :

*'Gentis Juleae vestris clarissimus aris  
Dat pia tura nepos et vos in sede priori  
Rite vocat : date felices in cetera cursus.'*<sup>39</sup>

FRANCESCO DIONISI.

<sup>1</sup> Strabo—*Geograph.* v, 3, 2. Elsewhere, he describes places with great precision—e.g. the cities of Beroa and Acrothous (op. cit. vii—*Fragmenta Palatino-Vaticana*, 26 and 33). It is interesting to note his reference to the distance of Alba from Rome. Ardea was sixteen Roman miles from Rome, so Mt Albanus—and therefore Alba—were the same. This casts doubt on the theories that place Alba at Castel Gandolfo or Albano Laziale, which are respectively fourteen and fifteen miles from Rome (v. Note 36 below).

<sup>2</sup> *Origo Gent. Rom.*, 17.

<sup>3</sup> Servius—*Ad Æn.* viii, 43. Cf. his note on *Æn.* xii, 134-5: '*In Albano res divina a jure triumphantibus fieri solebat; scilicet quod Alba patria populi Romani habetur; unde omnis origo Romana; propter quod Albanique patres: et Juppiter Latiaris antiquissimus est. Ergo montis huiusce gloria, quod patria populi Romani esse dicatur; honos vero rei divinæ, quæ ibi a Romanis fieri consueverat: nomen quis ignorat a longa Alba tractum?*' For the use of *in Albano* instead of *in Albano monte*, see Dion Cassius—*Hist. Rom.* xxxix, 30; xlv, 4; xlvii, 40; liii, 32.

<sup>4</sup> Diodorus Siculus—*Biblioth.-Reliquiæ*, vii, 3. Dionysius of Halicarnassus (*Early History of Rome*, ed. Paris 1886) and others tell how the white sow led Æneas up to the hill of Lavinium.

<sup>5</sup> Livy—*Ab Urbe Condita* i, 3. Cf. Appian—*Hist. Rom. (Excerpt. Anon. Byzant.* p. 15. Teubn., Lipsiæ 1939).

<sup>6</sup> Livy—op. cit. viii, 8: '*haud procul radicibus Vesuvii montis*'; viii, 10: '*sub radicibus montis*'; ix, 37: '*sub Ciminii montis radicibus*'; xxi, 41: '*in radicibus Alpium*'; xxviii, 15: '*in radicibus collium*'; xxxiv, 28: '*sub radices montis*'; xxxviii, 19, 20, 23: '*in radicibus montium; sub ipsiis radicibus; circa radices montis, etc.*'

<sup>7</sup> Livy—op. cit., vii, 24.

<sup>8</sup> Livy—op. cit., vii, 25.

<sup>9</sup> Livy—op. cit., vii, 39.

<sup>10</sup> Livy—op. cit., i, 3.

<sup>11</sup> Juvenal—*Sat.* xii, 70 sqq.

<sup>12</sup> Dion. Halic.—op. cit., iv, 49.

<sup>13</sup> Dion. Halic.—op. cit. i, 66.



<sup>14</sup> Dion. Halic.—op. cit. (*Æmil. Port. interp.*, Parisiis 1588). Variants are found in other translations, including those of Lapo Birago of Florence (ed. Tarvisii 1480), Francesco Venturi of Florence (ed. Venice 1545), and Friedrich Sylburgius (ed. Hanover 1615).

<sup>15</sup> Dion. Halic.—op. cit., iii, 44.

<sup>16</sup> Dion. Halic.—op. cit., iii, 33; Livy—op. cit., i, 30.

<sup>17</sup> Dion. Halic.—op. cit., iv, 49.

<sup>18</sup> Diod. Sic.—op. cit. Eus.—*Chron.*: ‘*Praeterea superadditam appellationem “Longam”, nempe, idcirco quia parum in latum patens, in longum magnopere diduceretur*’.

<sup>19</sup> Livy—op. cit., iii, 7.

<sup>20</sup> Lucan—*Bellum Civ.* iii, 87.

<sup>21</sup> ‘*E’ stata ritrovata la villa nemorensi di Cesare?*’ ‘*Historicus*’, *Osservatore Romano* 27 Oct. 1957; Lucan—op. cit. iii, 87–88.

<sup>22</sup> A. Kircher—*Latium* ii, 3 (Amsterdam 1671). Kircher held that an ancient road from Hannibal's Camp ran up to the top of Cavo. Last year, during the widening operations on the Via della Costarina (which I think follows the route of the Via Latina-Albana) there were found two parallelepipeds of stone—clearly foundation blocks—and several polygonal pieces of rock, all belonging to a road long disappeared. The two blocks have been placed at the beginning of the road that turns from here round the perimeter of Prato Fabio; the other stones have been thoughtlessly broken up. A post still in position at the meeting-point of the Via Albana and the Via Latina-Albana clearly shows that the vanished road went northwards. Perhaps it is this road that Tibullus means in *Carmin.* i, 7, 57–8:

‘*Nec taceat monumenta viae quam Tuscula tellus  
Candidaque antiquo detinet Alba Lare.*’

Cf also Thos. Ashby, Vol. III, p. 395—*Papers of the British School at Rome.*

<sup>23</sup> Plutarch—*Vitae Comp.*: C. J. Caesar 60. Cf. Suetonius—*Divus Julius* 79; Dion Cassius—*Hist. Rom.* xliv, 4, 9.

<sup>24</sup> Lucan—op. cit., v, 400.

<sup>25</sup> Lucan—op. cit., i, 198.

<sup>26</sup> V. Flaccus—*Argonaut.* ii, 304–5.

<sup>27</sup> Lucan—op. cit., vii, 394; ix, 988–9; Statius—*Silvae*, iv, 5, 2.

<sup>28</sup> Juvenal—*Sat.* iv, 60–1.

<sup>29</sup> Lucan—op. cit., ix, 988–90; 993.

<sup>30</sup> The annual celebration of the *Feriae Latinae* would afford ample opportunity of visiting the shrines at Alba. All the magistrates of Rome and Latium took part, together with a great gathering of people. The ceremonies took place on Mt Albanus, from whose peak they would be able to see the site of Alba.

<sup>31</sup> The earliest walls in Latium date only from 600 B.C.

<sup>32</sup> Pliny—*Nat. Hist.* iii, 5.

<sup>33</sup> U. Antonielli—*Appunti di Paleontologia laziale* (*Bollett. di Paleont. Ital.*, Roma 1924). After the appearance of this article, Ashby (*The Roman Campagna in Classical Times*, London 1927) admitted that discoveries of prehistoric tombs elsewhere on the lakeside have cast doubts on the theory identifying the necropolis at Pascolaro with that of Alba Longa.

<sup>34</sup> *C.I.L.* xiv, 2409. Eutropius says that the Albani lived at the Twelfth Mile and refers, wrongly, to the site of Bovillae. Bovillae was at the Thirteenth Mile along the Appian Way, and only the burial ground extended as far as the Twelfth Mile. The walls, made of *lapis Albanus*, can still be seen beside the Via Appia between the 22.150 and 22.300 Km. stones.

<sup>35</sup> Dion. Halic.—op. cit. i, 71. G. Zonara—*Epitome* vii, 1. In a MS. dated 8th February 1269 (v. Ashby, *The History of Palazzola*, THE VENERABLE, Vol. II, No. 1) we are told that between the monastery of Palazzola and the castle of Malaffitto there ran a trench called the *Fossa Albana*. This was doubtless to defend the ledge of Palazzola in prehistoric times. If this trench was an earthworks to defend Alba, it is logical to presume that the upper level of Palazzola was an integral part of the town. This is very probable, because even in ancient times there was an abundant supply of water at Palazzola, which would lead the Albani to build there. They certainly lived there for a time.

<sup>36</sup> Tacitus—*Agricola* 45; Martial—*Epigr.* ix, 102, 11–12; Juvenal—*Sat.* iv, 145. Martial says that Domitian's villa was on the site of the *arx Albana*, and was six miles from a shrine dedicated to the Emperor on the Via Appia (loc. cit., lines 1, 2, and 12). This shrine was eight miles from Rome, so if Martial is correct the Alban acropolis would be fourteen miles from Rome. Castel Gandolfo is in fact fourteen Roman miles along the Via Appia, and Domitian certainly had a villa at Castel Gandolfo; so the opinion has been formed that Juvenal, Tacitus and Martial refer to an acropolis at Castel Gandolfo. Thus it is logically deduced that the original acropolis of Alba Longa was at Castel Gandolfo, not on Monte Cavo. This opinion seems to be confirmed by archaeology (cf. *C.I.L.* xiv—*Ager Albanus*: Giuseppe Lugli—*La villa di Domiziano sui Colli Albani*, Rome 1918).

On the other hand, leading authorities agree that the *arx editissima* of Livy cannot be at Castel Gandolfo: his acropolis was sixteen miles from Rome. Similarly, Dion Cassius (op. cit., lxxvii, 1)

says Domitian chose the highest point at Castel Gandolfo 'as a kind of acropolis' and does not remark, as one would expect, that there had been one there in fact. Strabo (op. cit., v, 3, 2) implies that Alba was sixteen miles from Rome. So does Dionysius of Halic. (op. cit., i, 79). What is the solution?

Near the inner side of the modern concrete wall on Prato Fabio are buried the remains of some Roman construction. Unless properly organized excavations are made, it will be impossible to decide whether they are the ruins of a shrine dedicated by the Romans to the Alban gods, or the remains of a Roman villa. Pirro Ligorio and Kircher say that a temple of Venus was here; but I think that if they are the remains of a temple it will be of the *Lares Albani*, built upon the site of the acropolis of Alba Longa. Julius Cæsar would then have come to this spot to worship the Alban gods 'in sede priori'.

If, however, they are the remains of a Roman villa, it is likely that it will be an extension of the Imperial villa of Domitian. There would then be a villa on the Castel Gandolfo side of the lake, as archæology seems to show, and a kind of summer house on the Cavo side, on Prato Fabio. The climate here would be more bearable than at Castel Gandolfo, and the Emperor could command a fine view of the sea and both lakes: it would be impossible to see all of them from Castel Gandolfo (cf. Martial himself—op. cit., v, 1—2:

'Hoc tibi, Palladiae, seu collibus uteris Albae,  
Caesar, et hinc Trivium prospicis, inde Thetin.'

'Trivia' presumably refers to Lake Nemi, the *speculum Dianae* sacred to the goddess under the title of *Trivia nemorensis*; but by 'Trivia nemorensis' Martial may be meaning the whole of the wooded region.)

If Domitian had a villa on Prato Fabio, we are only left with the difficulty of Martial's mileages. If we allow for a mistake on Martial's part, and substitute 'eight' for 'six', the *arx Albana* of Juvenal, Tacitus and Martial would be the same as that of Livy, Strabo and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. Prato Fabio could certainly be numbered among the '*colles Albae Palladiae*' or '*Troianae*' of Martial. (*Epigr.* v, 1, 1; Statius—*Silvae* iii, 1, 61; iv, 2, 65; v, 2, 68. This subject is dealt with more fully in my *Verso la scoperta di Alba Longa*, to be published shortly.)

<sup>37</sup> Cicero—*Pro Milone* 31, 85.

<sup>38</sup> According to tradition, these are the successors of Ascanius up to the time of Romulus: Silvius, Ænea Silvius, Latinus Silvius, Alba Silvius, Atys, Capys, Capetus, Tiberinus, Acrota. Allodius, Aventinus, Proca, Amulius, and Numitor.

<sup>39</sup> Lucan—op. cit., ix, 992-4.

## ROMANESQUE

### 62—NIGHT NOISES

'*La chiave è caduta sulla strada*'—these or similar magic words take us to a world where every night an operetta is performed before an unwilling audience. Balconies delight the imagination in the city of Tosca, and each window can be, at a suitable time, a charm'd magic casement after its own manner. But at a moment just after one o'clock in the morning the romantic side of the situation becomes overcast. We remain insensitive to the spell of such names as Lidia or Candida when their owners are summoned to the shutter by Gigli's loudest understudy, the homecoming husband, waiting in the street below. The key falls at the seventh summons and Prince Charming bends down and gropes myopically over the cobbles :

'*Aaoh !*'

'*Che c'è ?*'

'*Dov'è ?*'

'*Laggiù.*'

'*Non la vedo.*'

Then the lady retires. It is raining.

'*Aaoh !*'

The lady reappears, sour, and the pageant continues. Perhaps we are lucky to be in the audience, luckier than the actors. At least we are in bed.

Night noises in Rome are really a social event, following a fairly well-determined plan. Candida and the pseudo-Gigli are very representative. Occasionally the even tenor of the proceedings may be upset by an interloper. A student of one Roman College with a very good seat in the stalls for the nightly performance went shopping one day, and the following night when the local prima donna let drop her latch key he threw

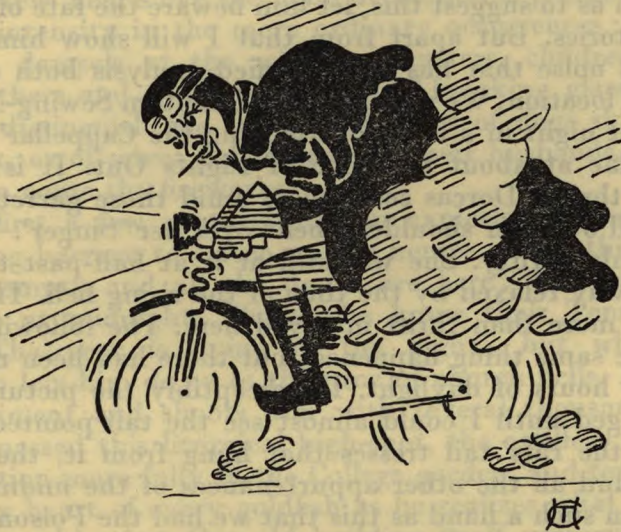
down thirty-six others at the same time. I believe it was the last performance of the season, but one for which there ought to have been an extra charge. Interruptions of this kind from the audience are uncalled for : the show will go on very well with its own supporting cast of subsidiary noises. Do not suppose that every husband has a door with well-oiled hinges to enter. No, more likely he will have to open shop to the accompaniment of a full roll of sonorous steel shutters. And will he pass in without the welcome of dogs, the crying of babies newly awakened, or babies still watching television ? How many cats have been waiting for this moment of the opening of the door, the removal of the only obstacle to close combat ? The night is young, it is still several minutes before morning is ushered in by the powerful diesel lorry backing down the narrow street.

This brings us to the study of the Nocturnal Combustion Engine, with special acoustical adaptation, guaranteed to give fresh hope to those who fear they are becoming hard of hearing. There may be argument about what gives Roman transport its right to be considered as a specifically night noise : is it the stillness of the air, the echo of the streets, or just the imagination of the listener ? I leave aside the tempting suggestion that all vehicles are fitted with a special de-silencer during the hours of darkness. The man at the end of the corridor is back in his room, the floor has ceased to vibrate with his footsteps (we felt he could have walked *back*), and all is peace.

It is then that we first notice the Sound.

During the day the mind was relaxed, comfortably impervious to the lecturer's demands for concentration. Now it is tense, alert. We analyse. It is a sound with a raw, scratching effect : the kind that would come from the mouth of the Supercortemaggiore monster. It is a motorised bicycle. The echo is opening out now. It must be in the Farnese. The Demon Rider is heading straight for us, doubtless stroking his waxed moustaches with one hand and chuckling under his breath. From the urgency of the noise we should say he was driving dangerously fast, but from the time he takes to approach we remember that his machine is the kind that covers the least amount of ground with the greatest possible *éclat*. Now he is going past the College—no, *now* he is going past the College—he is *still* going past the College. He is at full throttle : the Monserrato writhes. Now there is a fall in the pitch of the engine, and we are grateful to Dr Doppler for what he has said about the

distinctive noise of something that has gone past. It is the beginning of the long ending. We lose trace of the machine's exact whereabouts because another calculation has now become imperative: can we hear the sound as far into the distance as we could when it was approaching? Also, how far away will it be when we can no longer hear it? It is consoling to think of which particular line of houses will be suffering when we are enjoying the blessed respite before the second round. There will,



'... the Demon Rider ...'

of course, be many rounds: have I not said that night noises in Rome follow a determined plan? Naturally the demon may get his brother to take over for the next one.

Who would have thought that the main route from Naples to Genoa passed through the Piazza di Santa Caterina della Rota? And that there would be a ten-minute halt for heavy traffic at this precise spot at 3.30 a.m., with engine left ticking over so that the conversation with Zio Gigi at the bicycle shop can give the lungs their much needed exercise? '*Lente, lente, currite noctis equi!*' When Peppone brings out his motor-bike we know it is five o'clock and the night's entertainment is nearly over. How kind of him to prepare us well in time for the rising bell lest we should be caught unawares. He takes a lot of trouble: there is a 'Sveglia' shutter with special attachments to prevent it going up all at once, and the bike itself is proof

against starting at the first kick. Peppone leaves suitable intervals between noises by inspecting the carburettor or going back inside to fetch his gloves. We hope he reaches his cabbage patch in the Abruzzi mountains before midday.

Perhaps it will be said that there is nothing specifically nocturnal about these noises : the change from the daytime is all on the part of the listening subject, and there is no *mystique*, much less mystery about machines at night. If anyone should be so brash as to suggest this, let him beware the fate of sceptics in ghost stories. But apart from that I will show him a most mysterious noise that has so far defied analysis both as to its nature and location. We will call it the Phantom Sewing-Machine. On my first night in a room overlooking the Cappellar' I heard this machine at about the time of Lights Out. It is easy to imagine a thrifty Dorcas somewhere amid those garrets with a black shawl over her shoulders, bent over her 'Singer'. This one was certainly thrifty. She was still at it at half-past two, and had in no way relaxed by the time of the rising bell. There was something more than thrift involved here. The following night exactly the same thing happened, but there had been no sound during the hours of daylight. Imperceptibly the picture in my mind changed until I could almost see the tall pointed hat on her head, the rats'-tail tresses that hung from it, the stringy black cat and all the other appurtenances of the midnight art. Was it from such a hand as this that we had the Poisoned Shirt of the fairy tale, or for that matter the Emperor's Clothes ? On comparing notes with others in the rooms that faced the same way as my own, the picture became more mysterious. Only the most log-like had heard nothing, some thought the noise was a sewer at the Montoro end of the buildings, others a cement-mixer near the Farnese. The noise still persists and the final solution still awaits discovery, but you may be sure there is a Plan behind it.

The Cappellar', to give it its due, is represented by many other sounds besides this one : some of them are even musical. There are in this part of the world, besides three of four Mesdames Butterfly who perform throughout the day, especially on Sundays, a number of old gramophones with a distinct flavour of the 'twenties. They are more popular than the radio and have a much more exclusive repertoire. Of the fifteen records that exist between them, only five are suitable for the summer-night dances which take place on a flat roof between the sky-

lights. These five have about them a perennial quality. Their names may not be known but their themes are imprinted on the souls of half the students who pass through the College. If any of these contribute popular chant to the liturgical movement, we may meet our old friends again.

But this is not the noise for which the Cappellar' is really famous, the noise that insists on a hearing from the entire neighbourhood albeit once a year.

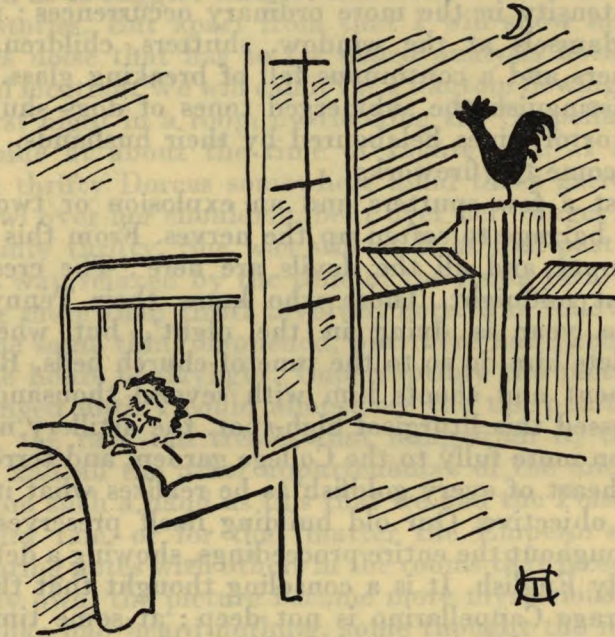
On New Year's eve the main attraction is prefaced with an unusual intensity in the more ordinary occurrences : returning revellers, damsels at the window, shutters, children, ranting grandmothers and a continuous fall of breaking glass. We can scarcely distinguish the submerged tones of dogs shut out for the night, or of wives belaboured by their husbands.

Then come the fireworks.

At first a few sputters and an explosion or two, then a thickening barrage to soften up the nerves. From this point on 'Hell is empty and all the devils are here'. The crescendo is complete at midnight. Those who know their Tennyson will recall 'The year is dying in the night', but whereas the Victorian lets him do so to the tune of church bells, Rome cuts the sentiment and shoots him with several thousand bullets. Having passed this liturgical high-spot, the artillery now turns its attention more fully to the College garden, and terror strikes the chilly heart of every goldfish as he realizes what it is to be a military objective. Our old building itself preserves a stony silence throughout the entire proceedings, showing a detachment that is truly English. It is a consoling thought that the pocket of the average Cappellarino is not deep : at some time during the early hours the supply of ammunition must inevitably be exhausted. The battle-weary student on this side of the College relaxes as he reminds himself that it is those on the Monserra' who will bear the chief brunt of the humorists tramping the streets at half-past four.

Night noises are not all unpleasant. Some of them have a genuine aesthetic appeal which is marred only by the fact that the audience is not feeling disposed to listen. There is for instance the good lady who leans out of the Cortile window of the third flat up, and sings the Londonderry air, with chorus from Auld Lang Syne, in Italian, half an hour after Lights Out on a late spring night. It is true that the Cortile makes an excellent sound box, and the lady has a gentle soothing voice . . .

Then there was the College Owl, all three of him. His times were five and twenty past ten at night and five past five in the morning so that you were never taken by surprise. His efforts to conjure up for us a nostalgia for the old barn in the home field were entirely unappreciated. A merciless hunt was set on foot to clear all the attics and wire them against his occupation. A fine cockerel once heralded the dawn from a loft somewhere above the Nuns' quarters, to be answered by another from the Via Giulia, a magnificent evocation of Chaucerian countryside.



‘... not disposed to listen ...’

And yet he never received his bouquet, due to the trifling circumstance that he never performed after four o'clock in the morning. How many are there who can really enjoy the nightly chortle of the nesting swift, the gobble of the turkey stranded on the tiles?

Horace liked to sleep to a background of falling water and so the fountains at his villa were numerous. It is like this with us. It is true that they are not all fountains that we hear during the night, but what of that so long as the water is running or falling or bubbling? A tank outside the rooms on St Joseph's corridor also has its playful periods. It will gurgle most provokingly for hours on end if not attended to, with just



sufficient melody to prevent the ear having the regularity of sound over which sleep can triumph. Even when attended to, it will still have its little game, as Medi will tell you : he has bathed unexpectedly in its waters. Perhaps the only night water of ours that Horace would tolerate is the small fountain in the goldfish pond. In the summer heat with the window open, and perhaps the door as well if the mice hold off, this gentle sound is allowed to penetrate into the stillness of our sleeping places. One must remember however, that when conditions are right for this small sound to be heard clearly, they are even more right for all the other raucous noises.

Mice have managed to intrude on to the page and cannot now be dismissed without the attention due to them. Mice in a Romanesque ? What Roman qualities have they ? Be that as it may, they are an authentic part, a not-to-be-overlooked part, of the Roman Night. In any case mice that can survive the hungry interest of the ubiquitous and utterly villainous Roman Cat cannot be other than true Roman Mice. Leave your door open for a moment after dark and the creature is in, waiting until you are completely settled before he begins his entertainment. When first you awake you are reluctant to admit his presence. You move, he is silent. Like the unfortunate sleeper in Edgar Allen Poe you think of a hundred and one noises it might have been, noises that do not involve getting out of bed to indulge in the doubtful pleasures of the chase. You are silent, he moves. A very small noise, of course, but just enough to disturb you, and a promise of more to come. The intelligent Roman Mouse likes waste-paper baskets. This is where you shook the crumbs of your morsel yesterday and for several days previous. If you are quite silent for a long period he will really begin, twisting, turning, burrowing, laughing quietly to himself all the while. It is best to let him do this straight away. It will have to begin sometime. There are several ways of dealing with this situation. The only effective one is to remove the waste-paper basket into the corridor. If you do anything else you will almost certainly become someone else's Night Noise. Some people prefer to prepare for the intruder beforehand. There is, of course, the ordinary mouse-trap, but to buy one of these is to admit that you have been terrorized into taking permanent measures. A more ingenious method is to balance a ruler on your desk so that it extends over a bucket of water. Put a piece of cheese on the overhanging end of the ruler and wait for the mouse to walk the plank. This may not work.

Mice have been known to seize the cheese and escape. The Roman Mouse is an acrobat—but perhaps you forgot to put any water in the bucket.

From mice to cats is a very short leap, though it is usually done the other way about. The Cat is a central figure of the Roman Night, the hero for whom it was fashioned. During the daytime the Roman Cat is dignified, demure, self-effacing even. You see him sitting soberly on guard for hours in the door of the *drogheria*, his tail curled neatly over his toes. He also loves crouching beneath cars, where the rest of the traffic cannot reach him. I have even seen one or two that have allowed themselves to be taken for walks on a lead in the Borghese Gardens. The vast colonies of the Trofei di Mario in the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele on the Esquiline, of Trajan's Forum and the other Roman remains walk about on their best behaviour in the sunlight. But when the moon is up, what a transformation! Feline Mr Hydes prowl around on every roof top in search of uninhibited pleasures, while down below the old bruisers bring back the days of the gladiators. The fact is that the Roman Cat has never thrown off the paganism of the age of Nero and Domitian. You may see him wearing a moral look by day, but by night it is the old Rome of bread and circuses. The cries that you hear as you are trying to sleep are in a direct line from the cries that overcame Alipius as he closed his eyes in the Colosseum of the fourth century. They crave blood. If these cats could show thumbs they would always be turned down. At an hour of the night when human nature can make no effective protest except the occasional jug of water, the cat is master of Rome. The sleeping Christians are again the victims of persecution.

One could go on cataloguing Night Noises indefinitely. To do so would be to encourage insomnia and eventually a mental breakdown. Therefore we will call a halt here while still short of the psychopathic ward. We will cling to the safety of that school which considers Night Noises significant only when they disturb or prevent sleep. In most instances the honours rest with those who do not hear them. Now and again it pays to hear one, particularly the insidious patter of the scirocco rain blowing straight across to the other side of the room through the wide open window. For myself I do not envy the man who can hear the Monserra' ghost or distinguish between the sounds of different types of mosquito :

'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter.'

THOMAS CURTIS HAYWARD.

## GOATS AMONG THE SHEEP

Between the years 1871 and 1900 there lived in Rome a pair of English maiden ladies from Hitchin. They were sisters, and their name was Lucas : the Misses Anne and Matilda Lucas. Nearly forty years after leaving Rome, Matilda Lucas dedicated to the memory of her sister Anne a volume of selections from her own Roman letters entitled *Two Englishwomen in Rome*.<sup>1</sup> These letters present us with a vivid and interesting picture of almost every aspect of life in late nineteenth-century Rome, as seen through Protestant spinster eyes. The sisters were a lively and hospitable pair, who moved in good society both clerical and lay ; and Matilda's letters, racy and direct in style, record with accuracy the personalities, events and gossip of the first three decades of post-papal Rome.

Did the Lucas sisters ever find their way into the English College ? The answer, happily for readers of this article, is 'yes'. That they visited the College at least once we know from the published letters ; and it is quite probable that this was not their only visit. The occasion which brought them to the College was the consecration of Bishop Patterson by Cardinal Manning in the College chapel on Sunday, 9th May 1880.<sup>2</sup> This was not the first time the Lucases had seen the Cardinal, for

<sup>1</sup> *Two Englishwomen in Rome 1871-1900* by Matilda Lucas. Methuen, London 1938. The writer gratefully acknowledges permission granted by Messrs Methuen to quote from this book. Cf. also *THE VENERABLE*, Vol XIII, No. 4, pp. 270-1.

<sup>2</sup> The *Catholic Directory* of 1881 states that Bishop Patterson was consecrated on 10th May. Miss Lucas, though she does not give the date, leaves no doubt that in her opinion the ceremony took place on the *Sunday* before 16th May—i.e. on 9th May. James Laird Patterson (1822-1902), Bishop of Emmaus and Auxiliary of Westminster, had been Wiseman's *caeremoniaris*, and his agent in Rome. From 1870-80 he was President of St Edmund's.

they had been present at his taking possession of San Gregorio five years before. There is a letter which describes the Cardinal's installation, and another containing an account of the sisters' visit to the College, a visit which culminated in a personal interview with the Cardinal himself.<sup>3</sup> These two accounts of Manning are complementary, revealing him as he appeared both in public and in private. The first letter is of interest also as a description of the historic occasion of Manning's taking possession of his titular church, while the second affords a fascinating insight into some aspects of life at the College at that time, seen from an unusual viewpoint.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, 1st March 1875, the 'Two Englishwomen' were taken to the church of San Gregorio by their friends, Colonel and Mrs Bowen. They arrived early, but had no reason to regret this as the church was soon filled with a great crowd of English people, including a group of Anglican parsons. The ceremony of installation began with a procession round the church, 'Cardinal Manning looking very imposing in his new robes. He wore a scarlet biretta and cassock, a white jacket [*sic*] trimmed with very deep lace, a girdle with a gold tassel, and a most gorgeous scarlet silk cloak with a train yards long.' Describing his personal appearance, Matilda continues: 'The Cardinal looks very thin and ascetic . . . He has a very fine face, with a rather sad expression.' Behind him in the procession walked Mgr (later Cardinal) Howard, whose military bearing (he had been in the Guards, and had led the funeral procession of the Iron Duke) greatly impressed the sisters.<sup>4</sup> The procession over, the Cardinal took his seat under the crimson canopy to be 'read in' by Mgr Cataldi. Matilda notes that Manning was referred to in the brief as '*Henricus Edwardus*' formerly *Schismaticus*, and that Cataldi pronounced his name 'Manninger'. Next the Cardinal received the homage 'of the four abbots of the Augustan convent belonging to the church' and of the monks. When they had done, the Cardinal spoke a few words to them in Italian, and then rose and gave the congregation what Miss Lucas describes as 'a most impressive

<sup>3</sup> These letters are dated 14th April 1875, and 16th May 1880, respectively.

<sup>4</sup> The sisters saw Cardinal Howard several times at ceremonies and would very much have liked to meet him. But when the opportunity arose they thought it would be 'objectless as we are Protestants, and a shame to bother him'. They nevertheless had many other acquaintances among English, Italian and French ecclesiastics, and gave clerical tea-parties to which they invited such eminent personages as Mgr Stonor, Stanley of Alderney, Campbell (Rector of the Scots), Cataldi (papal Master of Ceremonies), and Auge (late Chaplain to the Papal Zouaves), Fr Doyle, the Grand Penitentiary, and the famous singer, Fra Giovanni del Papa.

address' in English. 'He began', she continues, 'by saying that he was sure it was not curiosity which had brought us there, at which I took down my eyeglass. He then went on to speak of St Gregory and Augustine and of his being the first Englishman who has ever been made Cardinal of St Gregory.'<sup>5</sup> Of course he saw that at least half of those present were Protestants, so he was careful to say nothing illiberal, and spoke of our object being the same in spite of different opinions. His manner was extremely dignified, and yet so sweet that it made a great impression on us.' After the address 'there was a little singing, and the Cardinal himself intoned part of the service in such a weak, croaking voice that it was painful to listen to. After it was over, many people stayed outside to kiss his hand as he came out. He left next day for England.'<sup>6</sup>

Among the many friends of the Lucases in Rome was the Countess de Barral, 'a charming and very interesting woman' who had been lady-in-waiting at the Court of Louis Philippe. It was with the Countess that the two sisters went to the English College for the consecration of Bishop Patterson. The three ladies were 'admitted by the magic name of Cataldi' who had just been made Prefect of Ceremonies by Leo XIII, and took their seats in the College chapel. Among the guests were Lady Herbert of Lea, Lord and Lady Lennox 'and other Catholic grandees'. Manning was the consecrator, and he was assisted by two other bishops. The Master of Ceremonies was Mgr Cataldi. The sisters were not able to follow the service throughout as they had no book, but they noticed that the mitre did not fit the new bishop, and that it had to be 'rammed down' to prevent it falling off.

After the ceremony the company adjourned to the refectory to partake of an 'elegant breakfast'. The two ladies were, as Protestants, somewhat uneasy about intruding, and in particular objected to pushing and being pushed. Like Macaulay before them, they 'looked into the refectory' which he had described as 'much like the halls of the small colleges at Cambridge in my time—that of Peterhouse, for example—and smelling

<sup>5</sup> The Cardinal went on to prophesy: 'Never hereafter shall any other Englishman, in all human probability, at least, obtain as Cardinal this same title'. (Purcell's *Life of Manning*, Vol. II, p. 533). Manning was in fact succeeded in the title of San Gregorio by Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Griffin.

<sup>6</sup> Miss Lucas asserts, presumably reporting the gossip of the English community, that the ulterior object of Manning's visit 'was not to be made Cardinal, but to consult with the Pope about a new answer to Gladstone'.

strongly of yesterday's supper, which strengthened the resemblance'. Yet in spite of these honest Cambridge overtones the ladies 'would have given anything to turn and flee'. Nevertheless the Countess was able, though with some difficulty, to persuade them to stay. There were over a hundred people present in the refectory including the students.<sup>7</sup> At the head of the centre table sat the Cardinal in his scarlet, surrounded by a 'bevy of bishops in purple', Bishop Patterson, one presumes, occupying the place of honour. The ladies were welcomed by the Rector, Dr O'Callaghan. 'The English Rector', writes Matilda, 'who in spite of his name is *not* Irish, and who is rather severe at times, was most polite, and even ventured a small clerical joke, saying when Anne and I returned as students, we should know our place at table.'

The breakfast was like an Italian wedding-breakfast, and consisted entirely of sweets. 'First chocolate and one kind of cake, then coffee and another, and a third, iced drinks, and a fourth and last of all a dish piled up with the most delicious bonbons.' The sweetmeats were handed round by the servants of the various ecclesiastics, the most notable being Cardinal Manning's servant, Newman, who had also been Wiseman's manservant. He was 'a great character' who interested himself openly in the conversion of Protestants. Nor was he the only one to be so interested, for when the sisters went out into the corridor after breakfast they were greeted by a recent convert who beamed with pleasure at seeing the two of them on Catholic ground. Anne Lucas could not resist remarking coyly 'You see two poor goats have got in', to which he replied with unction, 'I think you will not remain goats for long'. 'Yes, we shall', was the tart rejoinder, 'for we think the goat is the more intelligent animal.'

The company remained standing about talking in the corridor for some time, and Matilda and Anne made the acquaintance of Lady Herbert of Lea, who came up to talk to them. When Matilda mentioned their difficulty in following the service, she told them how sorry she was that she had not brought another book for them. At that time the sisters did not know who

<sup>7</sup> The Misses Lucas had already come across the students of the English College in St Peter's on the occasion of the lying-in-state of Pio Nono. The crowd was being prevented by the soldiers from entering the church by the Sacristy, when 'suddenly Bishop Clifford, in purple gloves and gold chain, fought his way through the crowd . . . Behind him came a long string of the English College priests, taking hold of each other as if they were playing horses and saying, "The English College must get through".'

she was, but they were completely charmed by her looks and manner. But the highlight of the day was yet to come. An interview had been arranged for the Countess de Barral with the Cardinal himself. The Misses Lucas, as guests of the Countess, were to be included in the interview.

There was a stir in the corridor when it was known that the Cardinal was coming down from the Superiors' quarters. When he appeared at the foot of the stairs, now in *abito piano* but still wearing scarlet stockings, 'the faithful rushed to kiss his hand in the corridor, and then the Countess, Anne and I were shut in alone with him in the parlour'. 'The Countess advanced first and kissed his hand, and so did Anne and I, for, whatever we think about his creed, no one can help feeling great personal admiration for the man.' On this occasion Miss Lucas describes Manning thus: 'The Cardinal is so thin that he is almost a shadow. The expression on his face is very sweet, but very firm. His cheeks have a very hollow depression, and he has a nervous twitch. His speaking voice is very pleasant, but he cannot chant well.' 'Whilst the Countess talked to him' the Cardinal 'evidently took in with his penetrating eyes' that the two Englishwomen were Protestants. He spoke to them, saying he had seen them before, and, when they rose to go, shook hands 'very kindly', talked to them about a mutual friend, and then took leave of them with a 'Good-bye. God bless you both.' The three ladies left the College well pleased with their interview, and the Countess drove the sisters home.

Having spent so much of Sunday morning at the English College the Misses Lucas took care to make up for 'past omissions' and, we may add, for the excessive Catholicity of the morning, by attending their own church in the afternoon. That done, there still remained one doubt which, undispelled, might mar the memory of a pleasant day: should they have allowed themselves to be persuaded to attend the 'bishop's breakfast?' They made enquiries, and Matilda was able to round off her letter home with satisfaction: 'We find it was quite the right thing to do to stay to breakfast. All those present were expected to stay.'

BERNARD TREVETT.

## NOVA ET VETERA

### ROBERT DORMER AND THE VENERABILE—

The Cavalier lay, mortally wounded, on the Newbury battlefield in 1643. The King's Surgeon dressed the wound, and Robert Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon was carried to a tent, where he fainted with the pain. He awoke to find a priest bending over him. On hearing that he was a Jesuit, the young Earl (he was 33) spoke of the kindness he had received, although a Protestant, from the Society in Rome; how he had been entertained by Fr Vitelleschi, the Jesuit General, and sometime Rector of the English College. He had been entertained at the Collegio Romano with 'literary exercises' by the students, and had dined at the Venerabile. (The Earl had gone on a Grand Tour in 1634, which had taken him to Constantinople. Both on his way out and on his return, he had dined at the College: '*Excepti fuerunt in Collegio Venerabili pro gradu suo illust. Dnus Comes di Carnarvon, Dom Gualt. Montague, Wm. Berkeley cum uno alio Comite Gallo*' (*Pilgrim Book*, 3rd January 1634.) On 24th November we are told '*Ills. Ds. Comes di Carnarvon reditus Constantinopoli [invitatus?] est ad prandium cum Do. Wm. Berkeley et exceptus pro gradu suo*'. The Rector at the time was Fr Thomas FitzHerbert S.J., who might have been known to the Earl, as he was a great friend of the Duke of Feria, the Earl's second cousin.)

The King came into the tent, and asked the dying Earl if he had any last favour to ask. There was just one thing, he replied: would the King guarantee that the Earl's son be



brought up a Catholic? He himself had been baptized a Catholic and brought up as one until his father's death when he was nine years old. Owing to a ruling of James I, he had then been sent to Eton and brought up a Protestant, as a ward of the Crown: he was the first non-Catholic in the family.

The Jesuit reconciled him to the Church, and he received the Last Sacraments 'with great sentiments of piety'. The priest, who had just arrived from Belgium, had been brought in by the Earl's brother-in-law, the Marquis of Worcester, who was a devout Catholic. This priest may have been John Huddleston S.J. (*alias* Dormer), the Earl's cousin, who had been a student at the Venerabile from 1617-24, because the Jesuit who reconciled him seems to have been a cousin of the Marquis of Worcester's wife.

As a child, Carnarvon had had as his tutor Fr Francis Young S.J., who had also been a student at the College.

#### OBITER DICTUM

*'Quando il Wisman [sic] era semplice prete, si diletta di lingue orientali, e le rendeva utili alla illustrazione della Bibbia. Promosso poi a gradi superiori e al cardinalato abbandonò quella generazione di studi, no pose più mano al secondo volume, che prometteva, restò questo isolato, e si avvisò meglio di scrivere il romanzetto della Fabiola, che rompersi il capo con orientali radici.*

*Michelangelo Lanci.'*

(Written on fly-leaf of *Horae Syriacae*.)

## COLLEGE DIARY

**JUNE 30th 1957, Sunday.** The previous diary ended with the observation that Rome was 82° in the shade. To-day there is no shade, and the city wilts in an overpowering heat. Even the Vespas seem subdued, and a stifling scirocco fails to stir the thesis sheets which lie discarded, dog-eared and slowly browning, on the M.C.'s table. Indeed, the only breeze is provided by the sacristans as they flap around their villa trunk . . .

The Senior Student and his Deputy began their Priesthood Retreat this evening.

**JULY 2nd, Tuesday.** The Scholastic Year is over: Denzinger has been returned to his shelf, the last minor has been distinguished, and all have paid their farewell visits to the examiners—saying, we trust, *addio* and not *arrivederci*. Trunks, cases and a mysterious crate bearing the legend '*fragile : questo lato su*' are being loaded on to Enzo's truck, where they will be kept in place by the weight of a piano, perched on top and secured with string. And so, to shouts of '*auguri*' and '*buon divertimento*' from the Monserra' garage-owner, we leave the heat of Rome for the comparative cool of the Villa.

**3rd Wednesday.** Diplomatic relations have been established between Fritz and Pluto, our latest canine acquisition. Together they make depredations on the lizard population of Lazio and on any visitor who is not wearing a cassock.

**4th Thursday.** The process of 'settling in' is not yet complete. First—sorry, Second—Year are being shown the charms of Palazzola, while the older campaigners are re-visiting the haunts of other summers. First among these is, of course, the tank, which now has a pleasant, blue appearance, witness to the hard work put into cleaning it before our arrival.

Nature has preserved her sway over the *sforza*, however. Readers of the last issue of the Magazine will remember the *cris de cœur* from Cricket and Golf Secretaries as they contemplated the waving grassland. The Tennis Court still wears the blanket of straw laid down before winter. A

small crop of grass is thriving at one end ; but on the whole the court is in good trim.

7th *Sunday*. *Prosit* to Mr Rand and Mr Tweedy, who were ordained priest this morning by Archbishop Traglia, in the chapel of the International College of the Sacred Heart.

8th *Monday*. First Masses. We welcomed relatives and friends of the new priests to lunch. Caffè and liquori were taken in the cloister as a Force 8 gale was blowing on the terrace.

9th *Tuesday*. History was made—or perhaps un-made—when it was announced to-day that there would be no opera this Villa.

The House was saddened to-day to hear that Mgr Macmillan, the previous Rector of the College, had died on Tuesday. *Requiescat in Pace*. In the evening, the Rector departed for England. He will sing a Solemn Requiem Mass for Mgr Macmillan in the pro-Cathedral of Liverpool on Friday.

11th *Thursday*. Two priests from Malaya, Frs Louis and René Ashness, are staying with us, and apparently enjoying the sub-tropical weather, which has reduced most of us to deck-chair level. The heat combined perhaps with a tendency to ignore the salutary warning emblazoned above the refectory door—*'mangiare adagio, e masticare bene'*—has laid low some eleven members of the House with a mysterious malady, dubbed by the nuns *'disturbi dello stomaco'*. Most of the patients made a remarkable recovery in time for

14th *Sunday* and the Sagra del Porco at Ariccia. None of the outer Castelli is renowned for its beauty, cleanliness or pro-clerical sympathies, and Ariccia is surely the outermost of them all. Five kilometres over rough country seems a long way to go for an *etto* of dubious pork which, like you, seems to be feeling the heat. But, like Tusculum and the Faete sunrise, the Ariccia festival should be done once, if only to have a good view of the fireworks as you run back to Benediction.

16th *Tuesday*. In recent years the frequent gatherings at the Hermitage have been very popular. This evening a group of thirty or so attended the 'Palazzola Festival of Musicke and the Artes', and were regaled with an entertainment ranging from Chaucer via Shakespeare and Trollope to Housman and Noel Coward. Lest this cultural macédoine proved too rich for palates more accustomed to the homely logic-chopping of scholastic manuals, tea à la Russe was served by the sponsor. Someone in First Year actually claimed to like it !

18th *Thursday*. Cricket, I should have mentioned, began some time ago. This was forcibly brought to our notice this evening when Third Year Philosophy challenged the Rest. Having dismissed their more seasoned opponents for 39 by means of some adroit leg-breaks from their Captain and maladroit umpiring on the part of their 12th Man, they were fortunately put out for a mere 31. Had the result been otherwise, I fear the Tank might have been rather crowded before supper . . .

23rd *Tuesday*. The Villa Public Meeting was begun and finished after lunch.

27th *Saturday*. Normally, the visit of the Embassy Cricket XI is fraught with all manner of perils. To-day, having survived Pluto's reception, they were led out to play in a hot sun rather soon after lunch, and then met the problem of the field itself. This is in much better shape now, since the scythes kindly provided and even more kindly manipulated by the Vice-Rector have removed the more extravagant growths: but it is still a disconcerting experience to the newcomer. Despite all this, and despite the fact that we won the toss, the Embassy made a very close fight of it, and eventually lost by only 33 runs.

AUGUST 1st *Thursday*. The Propaganda Cricket team included several West Indians, thirsting to avenge their Test XI's defeats in England. They did—by 59 runs.

5th *Monday*. Our Lady of the Snows, and feast of the dedication of the Villa church. High Mass was sung by the Rector, who returned from England two days ago. To lunch: Mgri Heard, Rae and Ashworth, and Frs Morris, Chapman and Barry.

7th *Wednesday*. A Garden gita. Mass was said on Tusculum at an early hour this morning. Diarists would, no doubt, be very welcome on these occasions, but they never seem to be there—nor on Faete, to see the sunrise—nor on the Via Appia Antica at 4 a.m. on an October morning—nor anywhere else where there are boots to be worn and packs to be borne. Nor do I blame them.

8th *Thursday*. Rumours were circulating that the new Bishop of Leeds had been appointed. Speculation was rife—but no one was surprised to read in the 'Osservatore' that Dr G. P. Dwyer, Superior of the C.M.S., was the new Bishop-elect. The Rector sent a telegram of congratulations on behalf of the College.

11th *Sunday*. '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*' Bands of *vigili* have been patrolling the lake shores recently to report and deal with outbreaks of fire. One of them, so the story goes, dropped a match and started a merry blaze about half-a-mile from the Villa.

12th *Monday*. Insomnia has its uses: one sufferer was counting sheep in the Old Wing last night, when he caught the unmistakable whiff of burning sforza. Helped by Fritz and Pluto, he roused the Rector and most of the castelli. The fire began on the Albano path beyond the tank and spread up the cliff face to the sforza. Soon the terrace was thronged with students in a variety of motley garb, bleary-eyed *vigili* crying for water and tripping each other with lengths of hose, Superiors organizing bucket-gangs—and the inevitable assortment of dogs. This gallant band surrounded the fire and attempted to subdue it by various means: some threw water on it, others beat it with spades, pelted it with earth and stones, or shouted at it. Water was pumped from the Redemptorists' swimming pool, and some from our own tank, which was fortunately too far down the hillside to be

of much use. At this the fire meekly surrendered, while the nuns fervently told their beads below and the Rector moved about plying the *vigili* with sandwiches and cigarettes.

The villa had a somewhat singed appearance this morning. But what caused the fire? Spontaneous combustion? A Roman picnic party or, as someone suggested, glow-worms? Speculation was cut short, however, when it was announced during lunch that there was a further outbreak. This was eventually controlled, and a small party mounted guard over the remains. There were no more fires to-day fortunately, since the only liquid to hand was beer provided for the fire-fighters on the Vice-Rector's account from the Via dei Laghi kiosk.

15th *Thursday. The Assumption.* The Rector sang High Mass in the parish church of Rocca di Papa. The traditional procession followed in the traditional heat. Even the scarlet and gold banners sported by a parish confraternity tended to wilt. The band, however, was unaffected, and stolidly *oom-pahed* its way along our '*ridenti sentieri di Giuda*' with its usual aplomb. The Parroco's vermouth was as welcome as ever and prepared the way for an excellent lunch, followed by caffè and liquori on the terrace. The guests included Sir Marcus Cheke, Bishop O'Connor (Rector of the American College), Mgr Rae and Ashworth, Frs Morris and Berryman.

19th *Monday.* Since there is no opera this year, that favourite stand-by of the Diarist is removed. Descriptions of lordly figures exhorting the 'lower middle classes' during cortile practices are out this year. Likewise unsubtle speculation as to the net weight of the Bridesmaids' Chorus and remarks about the lyrical tenor, who proclaims in a rich Cork brogue that 'in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he remains an English-MAN (pom pom)'. *Pinafore* was the opera scheduled for performance, but when Dick Deadeye spends his days reading *Insight: a Theory of Knowledge and Understanding* on the terrace, and Captain Corcoran plays Creole love-calls on his clarinet, what can a diarist do?

21st *Wednesday.* We were very pleased to welcome Dr Dwyer, Bishop-elect of Leeds, this evening.

23rd *Friday.* A party of Young Christian Workers led by Bishop Petit and Mgr Reynolds disembussed at the Villa this evening. After a tea worthy of the occasion, they alternately played cricket on the *sforza* and tried to indoctrinate their future clergy in the spirit of the Y.C.W. movement. They were sped on their way at 8 p.m. with a rousing *Ad multos annos*.

24th *Saturday.* Almost half the College complement is in Rome to-day, ushering some 11,000 members of the Y.C.W. around the city.

26th *Monday.* We heard to-day with deep regret of the death of Mgr Ronald Knox. *Requiescat in pace.*

Bishop Petit is staying with us for a while.

27th *Tuesday.* Start of the long gitas.

29th *Thursday.* The Parroco of San Lorenzo came to supper.

SEPTEMBER 7th *Saturday*. After lunch, parties of returning *gitanti*, bronzed, bedraggled and broke, began drifting in from the direction of Rome.

8th *Sunday*. The morning after the week before. Everyone except the people who walked to Subiaco is looking fit and healthy after his ten days' spree. The threads of pre-gita life were picked up again to-day: a seemingly endless tennis-tournament struggled through yet another round and, of course, *Insight* spent another evening on the Whiggery.

9th *Monday*. Fritz was bitten by an adder this evening. Both are reported to be doing well. While Fritz was being treated, the snake managed to survive a belated counter-attack with air-rifles and cricket-bats.

10th *Wednesday*. 'Operation Fritz' is proving successful. Although his swollen jowl and the woebegone expression which accompanies it give him the appearance of a shrunken bloodhound he is, quite literally, twice the dog he was. He should be well again in a day or two and back at the lizards.

11th *Wednesday*. A day gita, and Anzio sees yet another British invasion. This time, the only casualties were several sun-scorched shoulders and your Diarist, who missed the bus back to Albano.

12th *Thursday*. The visiting season is upon us, a sure sign that the end of the Villa is in sight. To-day we were royally entertained at the Scots Villa, with its mouth-watering view of acre upon acre of choice vineyard.

14th *Saturday*. 'The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils'

—so say P. G. Wodehouse and Shakespeare. But the opposite seems to hold at Palazzola, for all the spoiling is done by the musicians: the automatic pianist, for example, who winds himself up after breakfast and ploughs through 'pops' till lunchtime. When he shows signs of running down, two willing helpers take their stand on either side of him—and the result is a three-part disharmony. Elsewhere in the College, the odd clarinet drools quietly to itself in a corner, and an accordion sends transatlantic strains winging around the cortile. At the other extreme, groups of the aesthetic and long-haired, resenting this organized breach of the peace, huddle in the Library and console themselves with Gelineau psalms. Perhaps, on reflection, it is just as well there is no opera this year . . .

18th *Wednesday*. H. E. Sir Marcus Cheke, British Minister to the Holy See, came to lunch, accompanied by Mr T. F. Higham, the Oxford Public Orator. The Rector welcomed the guests briefly in the mother tongue, and then called on the Senior Student, who delivered a striking oration in faultless *bocca Gregoriana*. Mr Higham's witty reply was a delicate blend of Ciceronian polish and Oxonian urbanity—and afforded us some inside information on the hidden life of one of the College's ex-Oxford men. The speeches are reported at the end of the Diary.

19th *Thursday*. A band of youthful *porporati*, observed advancing down the Via dei Laghi at 10 a.m., proved to be the Scots, paying us a return visit.

21st *Saturday*. Fr Alfred C.P., is spending the week-end with us. The new Rome Correspondent of *The Times* paid us a fleeting visit this afternoon.

*Prosit* to Messrs Murtagh, Davis, Moakler and Downey who received the diaconate this morning.

25th *Wednesday*. A gita day. The Villa 'hearties' set off at dawn and cruised round all the Castelli.

26th *Thursday*.—To-day, one of them played tennis; but another was espied on the Whiggery reading *Introduction à la Vie Dévote* in carpet-slippers.

27th *Friday*. A whist-drive, in aid of the College Mission Group's adopted Indian seminarian, was held in the Common Room after supper. Several guests, including Archbishop Grimshaw, took part, but unfortunately were neither successful nor unsuccessful enough to win prizes. These were presented by Archbishop McGrath, who observed that while whist is not really a part of the Apostolate and ends do not justify means, nevertheless *finis coronat opus* and the cause was a worthy one.

30th *Monday*. *Chi Lo Sa?* appeared to-day, with a cover painted by Archbishop Grimshaw.

OCTOBER 1st *Tuesday*. The final gita of the *villeggiatura* ended for most people in Frascati and a cloudburst. October Devotions began this evening.

2nd *Wednesday*. The last day of the Villa. This morning's thunderstorm abated in time for each to make his farewells to his favourite castello. The College version of *Sous les Ponts de Paris* and other current libels were rendered by firelight on the Whiggery, accompanied by hot wine and the more portable sections of the Skiffle Group. After supper, Archbishop Grimshaw presided over *Auld Lang Syne* in the Common Room, and another pleasant Villa ended on a happy, if somewhat discordant, note.

3rd *Thursday*. '*Vanum est vobis surgere ante lucem*' says the (New) Psalmist, but his words go unheeded by a score of the hearty and hob-nailed who rise at 3 a.m. for the annual march on Rome. As the noise of their passage fades, the older and wiser brethren turn over in their beds and with a murmured '*ognuno a suo mestiere*' settle down to await the six o'clock bell.

4th *Friday*. A band of healthy and hefty young men, bearing little resemblance to the lean and haggard *Licentiati* who left for England in June, arrived in time for supper with no less than sixteen new men in tow. Six members of the O.N.D. put in a more independent and leisurely appearance.

5th *Saturday*. The individual personalities of First Year have now been hidden under the anonymity of the cassock, and no doubt it will be some time before we can tell them apart again. Gallant sorties are already being made to the station and *dogana* on their behalf, to reclaim that portion of their luggage which has survived the journey. Back in the College, life has yet to settle into the even tenor of its way. The 'North-West Passage', formerly Raniero's flat, has been converted into students' rooms, and seems to contain all mod. cons.—including a private telephone and an even more private exit to the cortile. Elsewhere, several rooms are being decorated by their owners: pools of distemper on the Forty-Four and an all-pervading smell of paint will, we hope, be atoned for by the results.

6th *Sunday*. Fr Rope returned this afternoon from England. In the evening, the remaining gaps in the O.N.D. were filled by Mr Lightbound and Mr Ashdowne.

7th *Monday*. We began the Autumn Retreat, under the guidance of Fr Leonard Boyle o.p.

13th *Sunday. Feast of St Edward*. The Retreat ended with the *Te Deum* after Mass. Before the haloes had had time to lose their lustre, Bishop Restieaux celebrated Pontifical High Mass and, in the afternoon, gave Pontifical Benediction. The guests at lunch were Bishop Restieaux, Abbot Williams o.s.B., Mgr Heard, Mostyn and Ashworth, Fr Alfred c.p., Frs O'Leary and O'Meara, and Major Utley. During coffee and liqueurs, the Retreat and lesser subjects were discussed by tongues wagging freely after their five days' stillness. In the evening, the Film Committee began their year's work rather inauspiciously with an Italian 'short' which broke down, snapped and tied itself in knots until it was abandoned. But all was forgiven when Belinda Lee and Benny Hill appeared in *Who Dunnit?* a lightweight comedy lacking somewhat in dramatic coherence, but very funny none the less.

*Prosit* to Messrs Michael Bowen and Brian McNamara, who have been appointed Senior and Deputy Senior Student respectively for 1958-59.

15th *Tuesday*. His Lordship Bishop Restieaux left us this morning.

The academic year opened with High Mass at Sant' Ignazio. In the evening, the traditional *Solemnis Instaurationis Studiorum* was held at the Gregorian under the presidency of Cardinal Pizzardo. Sir Marcus Cheke attended, and saw a budding young Logical Positivist in our Third Year Philosophy receive a silver medal for his achievements of the previous year—an incident which did not pass unheeded in the Common Room floor-show after supper.

16th *Wednesday*. '*Docetur: incipiunt disciplinae principales et auxiliares.*' First Year emerged after their morning's ration of Minor Logic with a bewildered air. Ceremonies' practices, bouts of candle-cleaning and the like have already taken their toll, and those sixteen fresh young faces are hardening into lines of experience and wariness.

Rumour has it that Fr Buckley, in addition to all his other duties, has accepted an appointment as lecturer in Philosophy at the Beda College.

20th *Sunday*. Messrs Murtagh, Davis, Moakler and Downey began their Priesthood Retreat in the secluded atmosphere of SS. John and Paul's this evening.

23rd *Wednesday*. His Grace Archbishop King arrived this evening. Fr Joseph Murtagh, brother of one of the ordinandi, came to supper. Mr Bradley departed to begin his Diaconate Retreat.

27th *Sunday. Feast of Christ the King*. We congratulate Messrs Murtagh, Davis, Moakler and Downey who were ordained priest this morning, Mr Bradley who was ordained deacon, and Messrs Moore and Noel of the Beda who received the subdiaconate and tonsure respectively. This



ordination was a truly memorable one, for it was performed in the College church by Archbishop King. Our warmest thanks are due to the Archbishop for making this occasion possible and, we sincerely hope, for creating a precedent for future years to follow. Lunch *in famiglia* was in honour of the Archbishop, who was enthusiastically toasted during coffee and liqueurs. Replying to the toast in a most entertaining speech, he assured us that this was his last visit to Rome ; but as he has said similar things on two previous occasions, we sincerely hope to see him again soon.

28th *Monday*. The new priests said their first Masses this morning. We welcomed their relatives and friends to lunch, and the refectory bore an air even more festive than is usual on these occasions.

31st *Thursday*. Farewell to Archbishop King, who left for England this morning.

Two feast days sandwiched between a Thursday and a Sunday make this week agreeably Greg.-free. To mark the occasion, the College Football XI defeated the Spanish College 4—2, after being two goals down at half-time. In the evening, the Mezzofanti held one of its all too rare sessions. The programme ranged from an Alpine ditty telling of a *Capitano* and his lugubrious *testamento* to 'One Man Went to Mow' sung in Swahili.

NOVEMBER 1st *Friday*. *Feast of All Saints*. High Mass was sung by Mr Davis, one of the newly-ordained priests. To lunch : Abbot Williams o.s.B., Mgri Heard and Ashworth, Fr Alfred c.p., Fr Copleston s.j., and Major Utley.

In the evening, the film *Stop, You're Killing Me*, based on a short story by Damon Runyon, received only faint praise.

Night prayers were said in a somewhat macabre atmosphere, as the catafalque with its black and gold drapings stood in the aisle in readiness for to-morrow's function.

2nd *Saturday*. *All Souls' Day*. The Rector sang a solemn Requiem Mass. A minor cloudburst after lunch deterred all but the most hardy and waterproof from venturing forth to the Campo Verano for the traditional visit to Bishop Giles's tomb.

The Rector provided us with a very generous tea, in honour of his birthday.

3rd *Sunday*. Mr H. A. F. Hohler, British Minister to the Quirinal, came to supper, and later gave a fascinating talk to the Literary Society on 'Soviet Russia'.

7th *Thursday*. Some two thousand priests and students attended a Requiem Mass sung by the *Rector Magnificus* at Sant' Ignazio for the deceased professors and students of the Gregorian.

After supper, the Wiseman Society achieved a record attendance at a paper entitled *Sacrificium Laudis : some observations on the Canon of the Mass*.

10th *Sunday*. Day of Recollection. The conference was given by the Vice-Rector.

11th *Monday*. Together with students from the Scots and Beda Colleges, we attended a Requiem Mass at San Silvestro for those who died in the two world wars.

12th *Tuesday*. Three frigates of the Mediterranean Fleet put into Civitavecchia two days ago. To-day we played them at rugby, and managed to run up 31 points before the sailors found their land-legs. The Navy team returned to the College in the evening, and after a tea worthy of the occasion were entertained in the Common Room for an hour or two.

13th *Wednesday*. Another group of sailors was invited to lunch to-day. After being shown some of the sights of the city in the afternoon, they returned to tea and gleaned some inside information on the clerical profession during an enjoyable session in the Common Room.

14th *Thursday*. The Rector sang a solemn Requiem Mass for Mgr Macmillan.

After an early lunch, the College spent an afternoon at (or near) the Villa.

18th *Monday*. The annual book-auction took place in the Common Room after lunch to-day. Note that the term 'book' is to be widely interpreted, for it applies not only to the Collegio Romano manuals printed at the turn of the century which always turn up on these occasions, but also to discarded football-boots, thermos-flasks, picture-frames, and an assortment of *zims*, ancient and modern.

25th *Monday*. *Feast of St Catherine*. '*Id quod, unumquodque tale, et illud magis*' said the sage to himself; and how right he was. But two swallows do not make a *Summa*, and philosophers need an occasional *pranzone* to keep their intellectual appetites up to the mark. This was provided for them to-day, on the feast of their patron saint. First Year have been on the premises for some time now, I am told, and so during caffè and liquori the fact was officially acknowledged. We offer a very warm welcome to Messrs Dearman, Wilcox, Coote, Bennett, Hodgson, Hatley, Ibbett, Oura, Butler, Newns, P. W. Jones, Sharratt, Tuck, Tully, McGarry and Corley.

The traditional three speeches from First Year were delivered, and the tradition was enhanced with a display of rhetorical staying-power which forebodes long sermon-classes in a few years' time.

In the evening we assisted at Benediction in the church of Santa Caterina della Rota, surely the most attractive outside function of the year. Back to supper—and the Philosophers' Concert, which was a resounding success. The producers deserve the highest praise for the enterprise and originality they showed in disregarding the old and rather worn-out formula for these concerts. The result was an evening of surprises—all of them pleasant.

## PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1957

## FIRST YEAR SONG

## REVUE

## LOW TV.

1. *Introduction* . . . Messrs Budd and Hine
2. *Piano Recitals* . . . Messrs Parker, Daley, Hine,  
Dearman, Butler
3. *'Ireland Calling'* . . . Messrs Pring and Sharratt
4. *'The Plumbers'* . . . Messrs Daley, Dumbill,  
Ellwood, Hathaway
5. *'Social Survey'*  
*Hospital* . . . Messrs Daley, Dazeley, White J.,  
Budd, Ibbett, Tuck, McGarry  
*Hotel* . . . Messrs Daley, Cooley, O'Loughlin,  
O'Sullivan, Hatley, News
6. *Ballet* . . . Messrs Budd, Allen, Coote
7. *'Social Survey' (cont.)*  
*The Barber's* . . . Messrs Daley, Tucker, Cane,  
Chestle, Bennett, Tully, Corley
8. *Topical Sketch*

## THE MOONIES

Messrs Daley, Papworth, Cunningham, Creasey,  
Richardson, Lethbridge, St Aubyn, Pring, White J.,  
O'Neill, Hine, Wilcox, Oura, Butler, Jones P. W.

- Announcers* . . . Messrs Coote and Butler  
*Producers* . . . Messrs Parker, Papworth, Dazeley,  
Lethbridge, O'Loughlin, Chestle  
*General Producer* . . . Mr Parker

26th Tuesday. *Feast of St John Berchmans* and a *dies non*. The Gregorian *Vita Nostra* society sponsored the annual *Matricola* concert in the evening. Half-hearted suggestions that we should continue *Macbeth* where we left off last year were disregarded, and the College *Vita Nostra* faction confined its activities to organizing refreshments.

Some thirty lucky people were invited to a private showing of *I Dieci Commandamenti* at the Paramount Company's studio in the Via Bissolati, and were suitably impressed by the lavishness of Mr De Mille's production. Inevitably someone complained that the story was spoilt for him because he had read the book.

27th *Wednesday*. Music lovers and patriots were equally satisfied when they visited the Teatro Argentina this evening, and saw Sir John Barbirolli conduct the Orchestra dell'Accademia di Santa Cecilia. The performance was a notable one, and achieved a sensitiveness all too rare in the Academy's concerts.

In the College, the riot of entertainment continued when the Wiseman Society heard a learned disquisition on *Insight: a Theory of Knowledge and Understanding*.

DECEMBER 1st *Sunday*. *First Sunday of Advent*. Purple vestments and the postponement of the Martyrs' Feast until to-morrow.

To supper, Mr Peter Nichols, Rome correspondent of *The Times*, who later addressed the Literary Society on '*Writing for the Press*'.

2nd *Monday*. *Feast of the College Martyrs*. High Mass was sung by the Rector.

To lunch: Sir Marcus Cheke, Mr Paul McGuire (Australian Minister to the Quirinal), Bishop O'Connor, Mgr Heard, Clapperton and Duchemin, Abbot Williams O.S.B., Mgr Ashworth, Fr Morris O.S.M., Fr Anstruther O.P., Fr Dyson S.J., Fr Copleston S.J., Fr Risk S.J.

Mr Garey very generously provided the College with a film—*Twelve Angry Men*. It was a tense, gripping drama, and fully appreciated by an audience which included Abbot Williams, Mgr Ashworth, and Mr Garey himself.

3rd *Tuesday*. *Feast of St Francis Xavier* and consequently a *dies non*. A football match against the German College ended at 8 goals to 2 in our favour.

4th *Wednesday*. The unwelcome news of Fr Rope's imminent departure was noised through the College some time ago. As a small mark of appreciation of his devoted service to the College over the last twenty years, the students presented him with a zimarra—a garment and a gesture which, he said, covered him with 'warmth and confusion'.

5th *Thursday*. 'Ye vig'rous swains! While youth ferments your blood  
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood  
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset . . .'

—and so on, for there is a gita to-day. Fashions in gitas, as in most other things, vary considerably. The urge to swing gaily along mountain tracks with a paratrooper's pack afflicts many of the younger brethren at present, while others prefer the more spiritual atmosphere of Casamari, or Ostia Antica with its air of genteel decadence. To-day, one camerata which should have known better found itself marooned on Semprevisa, or somewhere equally lofty and cold, and did not return until 10.30 p.m.

8th *Sunday*. Day of Recollection. Fr Alfred C.P. gave the conference. H.E. Sir Marcus Cheke was our guest at supper and later in the Common Room, where he addressed the Literary Society on *Portugal and Salazar*.

9th Monday. *Transferred Feast of the Immaculate Conception.* High Mass was sung by the Vice-Rector. The guests at lunch were Fr Morris O.S.M., Fr Tindal-Atkinson and Fr Anstruther O.P., Mr Teeling M.P., and Mr Tom Morris.

11th Wednesday. '*L'Asiatica si debella  
Con pastier' e sfogliatella.*'

—as one advertisement had it. But the infirmarians are old-fashioned, and continue to place their trust in aspirin. As the College's twenty-ninth victim of Asian 'flu takes to his bed, the score in aspirins consumed over the last three weeks reaches new and giddy heights.

12th Thursday. Second Year Philosophy, suitably caparisoned, are acting as waiters in the refectory to-day, as three of the servants are suffering from 'flu. Three of the four Christmas producers have also been laid low, and the fourth is looking wan and pale.

15th Sunday. To lunch, Fr Alfred C.P., and Frs Tindal-Atkinson and Anstruther O.P.

21st Saturday. 'How charming is divine philosophy!  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets . . .'

None the less, the prospect of the Christmas vacation, which begins to-day, is a pleasant one.

Congratulations to members of Second Year Theology who received First Minor Orders from Archbishop Cunial at the Chiesa Nuova this morning.

22nd Sunday. Fr Pears was our guest at lunch.

23rd Monday. A long, long trail of holly-sprigs and pieces of stage marks the much-trodden route from cellar to Common Room. To the bronchial strains of the old gramophone, holly-chains are twisted together and draped here and there about the Common Room. While stage-men juggle with flats and back-cloths, the pantomime producer executes a tentative *pas seul* on the apron stage, ladders totter and sway, and the electricians lay wire entanglements for the feet of the unwary.

24th Tuesday. While the rest of the House joyfully gets into the spirit of Christmas, the staff of *Chi lo Sa?* pace their improvised office and undergo fearful torture in their attempts to be bright and cheerful. Who can turn out quips and cartoons at a time like this, muses the Editor. Threnodies, perhaps, or even epitaphs. Luckily this state of things does not last long, and the stuff is soon rolling off the production line once more.

25th Wednesday. *Christmas Day.* Matins, Midnight Mass and Lauds were sung with unwonted *brio* to usher in yet another Christmas. There were all the usual ingredients, from carols and *Chi lo Sa?* by firelight to

lunch *in famiglia* with its popping corks and monsignorial plum pudding.

At five o'clock on a Christmas afternoon, the College is always contentedly comatose after its exertions of the night before, mellowed with festive fare, and in just the right frame of mind for the

### CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1957

#### CAROL

A Virgin most pure (*arr. Imogen Holst*)

#### PANTOMIME

#### JACK AND JILL

|   |   |        |                                |               |
|---|---|--------|--------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>Sorcerer</i>                             | . | .      | .                              | Mr Linares    |
| <i>Witch</i> (Step-mother to Jack and Jill) | . | .      | .                              | Mr J. White   |
| <i>Galahad</i>                              | . | .      | .                              | Mr Hathaway   |
| <i>Elf</i>                                  | . | .      | .                              | Mr Mooney     |
| <i>Jack</i>                                 | . | .      | .                              | Mr Richardson |
| <i>Jill</i>                                 | . | .      | .                              | Mr Papworth   |
| <i>Princess Rosabel</i>                     | . | .      | .                              | Mr Sharratt   |
| <i>Anaesthesia</i> (her Nurse)              | . | .      | .                              | Mr Grimshaw   |
| <i>Harvest Fairy</i>                        | . | .      | .                              | Mr Rice       |
| <i>General</i>                              | . | .      | .                              | Mr O'Neill,   |
| <i>Soldiers</i>                             | . | Messrs | Davis, McNamara, Dazeley, Tuck |               |
| <i>Hans</i>                                 | . | .      | .                              | Mr Burke      |
| <i>Don Pedro</i>                            | . | .      | .                              | Mr Buckle     |
| <i>Lien-tuw-Tsied</i>                       | . | .      | .                              | Mr Hine       |
| <i>Vladimir</i>                             | . | .      | .                              | Mr Cooley     |

Pianist : Mr Dearman

Producer : Mr Murphy, assisted by Messrs Burke and Buckle

26th *Thursday*. It was once 'traditional' to hold a football match on the morning after Christmas. This pious custom is now forgotten, which would seem to indicate that the College is less 'British' these days, though possibly more human. At all events, most people preferred to take their exertions vicariously with Dirk Bogarde in *Ill Met by Moonlight*.

27th *Friday*. *St John the Apostle*. To-day's lunch was in honour of Fr Rope, who is leaving us shortly. During *caffè* and *liquori* the Rector proposed a toast to Fr Rope, and a rousing *Ad multos annos* caused our Victorian predecessors to shake in their frames on the Common Room wall. Fr Rope's reply was one of his very best. There is little need to assure him of our gratitude for the devoted service he has given to the College over the years, or of the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. With his departure we have lost a dear friend, and Rome will not be the same without him.

*Anastasia* was this evening's play, and the College stage can rarely have seen a more able performance. The play is not an easy one for amateurs

to perform, for it has a finely balanced dramatic quality which the slightest exaggeration in acting or production would spoil. All the more credit to the producer and his cast for providing a performance of absorbing interest and the greatest satisfaction.

## ST JOHN'S CONCERT, 1957

CAROL

God rest you merry, Gentlemen (*arr. Vaughan Williams*)

## ANASTASIA

By Marcelle Maurette

|                                  |   |   |   |                   |
|----------------------------------|---|---|---|-------------------|
| <i>Boris Chernov</i>             | . | . | . | Mr Ashdowne       |
| <i>Piotr Petrovsky</i>           | . | . | . | Mr Lethbridge     |
| <i>Counsellor Drivinitz</i>      | . | . | . | Mr Tully          |
| <i>Irina</i>                     | . | . | . | Mr Ellwood        |
| <i>Prince Bounine</i>            | . | . | . | Mr Curtis Hayward |
| <i>Sergei</i>                    | . | . | . | Mr Bennett        |
| <i>Anna Broun</i>                | . | . | . | Mr Hately         |
| <i>Charwoman</i>                 | . | . | . | Mr Allen          |
| <i>Sleigh Driver</i>             | . | . | . | Mr McGarry        |
| <i>Dowager Empress of Russia</i> | . | . | . | Mr Brewer         |
| <i>Baroness Livenbaum</i>        | . | . | . | Mr A. White       |
| <i>Prince Paul</i>               | . | . | . | Mr Lightbound     |

Produced by Mr Wigmore

29th Sunday. *Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury*. High Mass was sung by the Rector.

At lunch, the Superiors' table was graced by a most distinguished gathering, which included H.E. the British Ambassador, H.E. the British Minister to the Holy See, and H.E. the Australian Minister to the Quirinal.

Quarant' Ore began this evening with High Mass sung by the Vice-Rector.

30th Monday. Farewell to Fr Rope, who left by carrozza for the station this morning. We wish him every happiness back in his native land.

31st Tuesday. In the evening, the end of Quarant' Ore with the Mass of Deposition.

After supper more Dirk Bogarde, this time in *Doctor at Large*. And so to bed, but not to sleep, for

'At length a universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused  
Borne through the hollow dark assaults the ear  
With loudest vehemence . . .'

It is New Year's Eve.

JANUARY 1st 1958, *Wednesday*. Greetings to all those readers who have persevered so far. *Coraggio*, the end is in sight.

Mrgri Heard and Ashworth, and Frs Dyson and Copleston S.J., were our guests at lunch to-day. In the evening, the second of our Christmas plays, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, was performed. Doubt had been cast on the wisdom of this choice since the play was already well known to most of the audience, but all fears were quickly dispelled in a performance which made the most of what is probably Wilde's wittiest play. A very enjoyable evening.

### NEW YEAR'S CONCERT, 1958

#### CAROLS

Rejoice and be merry (*arr. Imogen Holst*)

Lord Jesus hath a garden (*arr. Imogen Holst*)

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

By Oscar Wilde

|                               |   |   |   |               |
|-------------------------------|---|---|---|---------------|
| <i>John Worthing J.P.</i>     | . | . | . | Mr Russell    |
| <i>Algernon Moncrieff</i>     | . | . | . | Mr Coote      |
| <i>Canon Chasuble</i>         | . | . | . | Mr Budd       |
| <i>Merriman</i>               | . | . | . | Mr Corley     |
| <i>Lane</i>                   | . | . | . | Mr Wilcox     |
| <i>Lady Bracknell</i>         | . | . | . | Mr Steele     |
| <i>Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax</i> | . | . | . | Mr Butler     |
| <i>Cecily Cardew</i>          | . | . | . | Mr O'Sullivan |
| <i>Miss Prism</i>             | . | . | . | Mr Trevett    |

Produced by Mr Needham

2nd *Thursday*. When the University announced a fortnight ago that the Christmas vacation was to be extended, hope rose in every clerical breast. Now it was realized that the extension was for one day—a Thursday. Still, the annual Fair Night, postponed from New Year's Eve on account of Quarant' Ore, brought the holiday to a lively close.

To supper, Fr M. O'Connor of the Catholic Missionary Society.

3rd *Friday*. The Gregorian welcomed back its 3000-odd sons this morning, and the scholastic grindstone began to turn again. Few noses are applied to it with any determination as yet, for it is only the ninth day of Christmas and the festive season is still with us.

6th *Monday*. *The Epiphany*: a day which seemed far distant on 30th June, six months and about twenty pages ago. Now it has come, and there is still that odd half-page to fill before the Editor gets busy with his red pencil. There is no opera this year to bear the brunt of the Diarist's last broadside; instead, a lunch reminiscent of Christmas and a performance of Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution*. Abbot Williams, Mgr Ashworth, Fr Morris, Fr Alfred and Fr Copleston were our guests at both events, and saw a fitting end to Christmas. The play began quietly, but



soon quickened its pace with the entry of the hero—or rather the villain, as he later turned out to be. The plot was vintage Agatha Christie, and on that count no more need be said. The acting throughout was good—at times excellent—and the sets were quite ingenious. A word of praise for the efforts of the stagemen would not be out of place here. Their lot is an unenviable one, and rarely does a producer, or anyone else for that matter, approach them with a blessing on his lips. Doubtless they derive satisfaction from creative expression—the reward of every artist—but a little bonus in the way of appreciation must be very welcome at times.

## EPIPHANY CONCERT, 1958

## CAROLS

Lord Jesus hath a garden (*arr. Mr A. White*)  
 Mary's Boy Child . . . . . Jester Hairston

## WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION

By Agatha Christie

|                                  |                |
|----------------------------------|----------------|
| Greta . . . . .                  | Mr Tucker      |
| Carter . . . . .                 | Mr Newns       |
| Mayhew . . . . .                 | Mr Thomas      |
| Leonard Vole . . . . .           | Mr Creasey     |
| Sir Wilfrid Roberts Q.C. . . . . | Mr Tweedy      |
| Inspector Hearne . . . . .       | Mr St Aubyn    |
| Romaine . . . . .                | Mr Philpot     |
| Clerk of the Court . . . . .     | Mr P. W. Jones |
| Judge . . . . .                  | Mr Parker      |
| Mr Myers . . . . .               | Mr Nash        |
| Dr Wyatt . . . . .               | Mr Lang        |
| Janet MacKenzie . . . . .        | Mr Howell      |
| Clegg . . . . .                  | Mr Ibbett      |
| Warder . . . . .                 | Mr Dumbill     |
| Other Woman . . . . .            | Mr Oura        |

Produced by Mr Walsh

After scribbling so industriously for all these months, there should be no difficulty in penning a fine conclusion. Those readers who have followed the tortuous workings of the Diarist's mind so far, who have struggled bravely through his purple passages and offered up his tentative excursions into Italian slang, deserve an ending which will send them away mollified if not content. In the next issue of *THE VENERABLE* some more able typewriter than mine will perhaps reward them as they deserve . . .

*'Hinc satias verbis . . .*

*Et modo iam somno languentia lumina claudo*

*Nam dormire meum carmina lenta probant.'*

CHRISTOPHER MURPHY.

## THE SPEECHES

18TH SEPTEMBER 1957

The Senior Student extended a warm welcome to our distinguished visitor, on behalf of a College '*Oxonienſi academiae inde ab initio multis diverſisque modis arcte coniunctam*'. Recalling the names of ſome of the Oxonians who had viſited, ruled or been members of the Hoſpice or the College, he reminded us that '*etiam hodie diſcendi cauſa inde quidam deveniunt ut domus noſtra ſemper tuae magis conſocietur*'. It gave him added pleaſure to greet this Engliſh ſcholar '*ſacro in loco quo Æneas, uti inter auctores ſatis conſtat, Albam Longam olim condidit*'. With modeſty he added '*quamvis dubitandum remaneat utrum ab ipſo fundata ſit domus noſtra, tamen nemo fortasſe dubitaret etiam pium Ænean inter maiores una cum agro empto nos accepiſſe*'.

Since we alſo had the honour of welcoming Sir Marcus Cheke, he continued '*Hac die item Marcum equitem laeti ſalutamus, carae Reginae noſtrae Sanctam apud Sedem nunc oratorem, quo in legati officio, inſignes maiores Chriſtophorum Bainbridge, Ioannem de Giglis, Ioannem Clarke alioſque ſecutus, eſti Anglorum Hoſpitiſm non iam ei, ſicut illis eſſet, ſimul cuſtodiendum ſit, tamen gratus hoſpes maioris ſemper ſpectatur*'.<sup>1</sup>

Mr Higham replied :

*Illuſtriſſime Rector, Patres reverendi, voſque Scholares Venerabilis huius Collegii—Teſte Suetonio dixit olim Caligula, cum orationem in aliquem paraviſſet, "ſtructurum ſe lucubrationis ſuae telum"; et fateor me, Imperatoris peſſimi ad exemplar, lucubrationem habuiſſe et verba ſcripto mandaſſe ut de ſcripto legerem; neque enim aut potui aut volui orationem meditari, memoriaeque committere, dum hoſpes meus ductorque humaniſſimus, Marcus Cheke, eiſque domina coniux, varia mihi antiquitatis monumenta atque artis et naturae miracula oſtendunt. Huc accedit quod ita nos Angli in lingua Latina plerumque exercemur, ut ſcribere potius diſcamus quam dicere. Credite tamen libentiſſime me reſpondere orationi quam tanta benignitate tantaque eloquentia orator veſter habuit. "Libentiſſime" me reſpondere dixi nec quia libeat mihi Latine verba componere dum ferias ago, nec quia libeat me ipſum audire dicentem; ſed quia honorificum eſt in antiqua hac doctrinae ſede hoſpitiſm accipi, et quia id mihi iam pridem in votis fuit, ut coram poſſem voſ congreſſi et colloqui coram.*

*Sunt enim plurima neceſſitudinis vincula quae nos Oxonienses—et nos praesertim qui e Collegio sumus Sanctissimae Trinitatis—cum vestra societate coniungant. Mitto quod utrisque nostrum contigit ut in loco habitemus ubi (ut sensit olim Cicero cum Athenis esset) quocumque ingredimur in aliqua historia vestigium ponimus—neque enim decet Romanam magnificentiam antiquitatesve Romanas cum rebus nostris magnitudine atque aetate minoribus componere; praetereo quod alumni nostri fide, doctrina, auctoritate praestantes in Angliam misistis, qui studiis suis vestrae Fidei homines et Oxonii et alibi corroboraverunt. Devenio potius ad res quae ad me ipsum Collegiumque*

<sup>1</sup> The full speech is reported below.

meum magis pertinent. Fuit apud nos, ut scitis, Henricus Newman, cuius ingenium, veritatem, eloquentiam omnes adhuc admirantur; qui vir, ut Scholaris itemque ut Socius, Collegii nostri sese amantissimum esse semper ostendit. Nec tamen Henrico Newman amore nostri concessit vir mihi coniunctissimus morte autem immatura nuper absumptus Ronaldus Knox, qui ioca seria pari felicitate cum audientibus vel lectoribus egit idemque Sacram Scripturam Anglice reddendo et Christianis universis maxime profuit et de ipsa translationis arte plurima invenit utilia, plurima posteris tradidit. Quid autem de discipulo meo dicam Ricardo Incedon, quem in patriam nuper remisistis pinguem et nitidum et officii obeundi studio flagrantem? Nuper, cum apud me pranderet, ita visus est sua sorte contentus ut vos tamen comites Italiamque, quasi alteram patriam, non dico desideraret, sed memoria prosequeretur gratissima; et puto eum in fontem de Trevi denarium proiecisse quo certius vos reviseret.

Postremo loco addam id quod debet esse primum—Reginae nostrae placuisse ut Collegii nostri alumnus Marcum Cheke, Regalis Ordinis Victoriani Equitem Commendatorem, ad Sanctam Sedem Pontificis Maximi legatum mitteret; quem virum coram in os laudare, ne erubescat, supersedeo. Illud autem pro certo habeo: libentissime eum apud vos festo die nuper fuisse, summaque cum laetitia vobiscum semper futurum.

Quod superest: gratias vobis omnibus et ago et habeo maximas quod me in sede hac aestiva, tot amoenitatibus circumdata, tam amico animo accepistis. Quo in loco si ipse degerem, duo poetarum Romanorum versus mihi cotidie occurrerent—unus, quem iunioribus indulgens Martialis<sup>2</sup> scripsit: “aestate pueri si valent, satis discunt”; alter, versus ille Saturnius de Naevio mortuo scriptus, quem versum florente Collegio vestro nemo iure potest iterare: “obliti sunt Romae loquier lingua Latina”.

(Full text of the Senior Student's speech:

‘Minime vero, illustrissime domine, te advenam salutamus: hic quidem, hic in Italia, Britanniam patriam vidimus—nec tantummodo; domum Oxoniensi academiae inde ab initio multis diversisque modis arcte coniunctam. Tantum igitur gaudium nostrum augetur quantum sub tectis nostris ille adest cuius intra dioecesim turres universitatis vestrae nobilissimae sese ad auras extollunt, Excellentissimus Archiepiscopus Franciscus Grimshaw. Iam enim apud maiores, Hospitio Anglorum in Urbe florente, Thomam Linacre et Ioannem Colet, inter alios, Christophorum Bainbridge et Reginaldum Pole venisse memoramus; inclytis deinde duobus ab Oxoniensibus, Gulielmo Allen et Audoeno Lewis, Collegium constitutum, gubernavit Robertus Persons; quo rectore quidam discipuli Oxonio profecti, Exoniensis praesertim nobis venerandus Rodolphus Sherwin, postea hic studia peregerunt. Saeculis dein labentibus haud scindebamur; insignes nam hospites, quorum paucos ut memorem Ioannem Henricum Newman et Gulielmum Gladstone praecipuos, saepe excepti sunt, saepe excipiendi. Quae cum ita sint, etiam hodie discendi causa inde quidam deveniunt ut domus semper tuae consocietur.

Exceptum iam Anglum inter Anglos, iterum salutem litterarum deditum studiis, sacro in loco quo Aeneas, uti inter auctores satis constat,

<sup>2</sup> X, 62, 12.

*Albam Longam olim condidit. Quamvis dubitandum remaneat utrum ab ipso fundata sit domus nostra, tamen nemo fortasse dubitaret etiam pium Ænean inter maiores una cum agro empto nos accepisse.*

*Alio ore Latine loquentes omnes consentimus, alio tu; quam ob rem nimirum nostra non omnia capis. Lingua enim Latina nobis consonat tam Deum colentibus quam studia peragentibus; lingua vero alia ac ea apud magnos rerum scriptores facundosque oratores laudata, quae tamen hisce diebus forte talis respicienda est qualis eis erat lingua familiaris, lingua forensis. Haud dubitamus quin nos verba adhibentes nova minime ore aetatis aureae uti convenires, minime argenteae; sed nonne, si verba pro tempore excogitare liceat, merito vocaretur lingua Latina aetatis atomicae?*

*Hac die item Marcum equitem laeti salutamus, carae Reginae nostrae Sanctam apud Sedem nunc oratorem, quo in legati officio, insignes maiores Christophorum Bainbridge, Ioannem de Giglis, Ioannem Clarke aliosque secutus, etsi Anglorum Hospitium non iam ei, sicut illis esset, simul custodiendum sit, tamen gratus hospes maioris semper spectatur.*

*Quibus pro tantis rebus, maxime nos decet utrumque honorifice excipere hospitem, more a maioribus huius Collegii accepto; quare grato animo canamus: "Ad multos annos . . .")"*

## OBITUARY

### THE RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR JOHN MACMILLAN D.D., PH.D

John Macmillan was born in Buenos Aires on 30th January 1899. He was educated by the Irish Christian Brothers at the Catholic Institute in Liverpool before proceeding to the Liverpool Junior Seminary, which was then at St Edward's College, Everton. During the first world war, he served in the R.N.V.R. as an ordinary seaman. We do not know much of this period of his life except that his companions nicknamed him 'Jimmy Jesus'. This may not reflect much credit on his companions but it reflects immense credit on the young seaman, fresh from the seminary. It delineates from the outset that strong piety, devotion to duty and lack of human respect which remained with him throughout his whole life and which won for him the esteem and affection of those with whom he came into contact. His companions of the mess-deck tossed boots at him when he knelt to say his prayers but he remained quite undaunted, and the nickname which they had originally given him in a somewhat blasphemous spirit, they retained in a spirit of affection.

After the war, he spent three years as Minor Professor at Upholland before being sent to Rome for his philosophy and theology. He entered the Venerable in 1922 and was selected as Senior Student of his year. One of the members of that year, Mgr Elwes, writes of him: 'John Macmillan was very intelligent and a student by nature, and I was far from being either. Perhaps it was my dire need for help in the Latin language that drew John to me—after all, he had been a Minor Prof. at Upholland; but I am quite sure that there was a far deeper reason that drew me to him, although it was he who sought and obtained permission for me to be in his room during working hours. I don't quite know how I should have fared had it not been for John's help during those first few months in Rome. To all intents and purposes, I had not done any Latin since going to Osborne Royal Naval College at the age of twelve, and lectures at the Gregorian, of which I understood literally not one word, sent me to sleep

within five minutes—or would have done so had he not been sitting beside me. I remember well, not without shame, how he taught me the meaning of the *Tantum Ergo*, which I must have sung lustily many hundreds of times without knowing at all what it meant.

“There was something very direct about John Macmillan. One could see it in his face—and he was very good-looking in those days. Those blue eyes, that firm jaw and straight but kindly mouth, that fine brow under a head covered then with thick black hair. It is a pity so many men go bald later on, but it is a comfort at this stage to remember our Lord’s words that “not a hair of our heads will be lost”.

“It was to the newcomers of 1922 that the chief credit is due for the re-establishment and development of the dramatic traditions of the Venerable. John Macmillan took his part in plays when asked, knew his lines perfectly; but he was no actor, and however much his looks were altered and no matter how exotically the green room artists attired him, he was always unmistakably John. Turn him into a blushing Irish colleen or a black-faced nigger minstrel, it was no use; he was always just John Macmillan through it all. He never lacked a sense of humour and could always enjoy a laugh against himself in a philosophic way. I suppose it was the genuine deep holiness of the man that formed his chief attraction to others like myself who were trying to plod in the same direction.”

While he was essentially a student with perhaps a special bent towards philosophy—he gained his doctorate of philosophy *summa cum laude*, he also took his part in all the activities of the House. There was perhaps one exception: he was not much addicted to organized sport. Nevertheless, he was a keen walker and more than one October morning saw him tramping along the Via Appia Antica on his way back to Rome after the *villeggiatura*. It is said that on one occasion, out of devotion towards the many saints and martyrs who had trod the same route, he made up his mind to walk barefooted. He completed his theology course in 1929, gaining his doctorate degree *bene probatus*, but he did not return immediately to England. His proficiency in philosophy seemed to mark him out as an ideal *ripetitore* or tutor in philosophy and therefore, with the consent of the Archbishop of Liverpool, he was appointed to this post. He must have been the first *ripetitore* actually to reside in the College for very many years. Unfortunately his stay was short-lived. In the summer of 1930, he was recalled to his diocese to take up the position of professor of philosophy at Upholland.

His nine years at Upholland, first as professor and later as Vice-Rector, seem to have been very happy ones both for himself and those under his charge. I quote from a brief appreciation written by Father Alec Jones, a fellow member of the Staff during this period: “He had not read, or had ignored, Ullathorne’s dictum that reasons must not be offered to inferiors. He would say what he wanted of the students and why he wanted it. “Rules”, he would observe, “must not be for you a challenge to a battle of wits with authority; but neither are they arbitrary blows of fate: they are reasoned and reasonable”. And when, as sometimes happens, there was little reason to be found, his loyalty would stand in its place: “You say it’s

hard? I tell you, it's meant to be hard". And even this, with its latent fallacy, would pass for reason because it came from him. He had dignity without pomposity; he was gentle, friendly and quick to smile. At the altar, he drew no attention, his movements were so sober: it was not his action but our Lord's. His love of the liturgy was an outstanding characteristic not only at Upholland but also during his years as Rector of the Venerabile. He always knew his own ceremonies perfectly, and he insisted on the same perfection in the students; and one of his greatest joys was to train them in the months before their ordination to say Mass with that attention to detail which was his.

In November 1938 Mgr Godfrey, Rector of the Venerabile, was chosen by the Holy Father to be the first Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, and Mgr Macmillan was nominated as his successor in Rome. He arrived at the beginning of February but he came to a Rome disturbed by rumours of war. The outcome of the Meeting of Munich in September 1938 had brought a temporary respite to world anxiety but unfortunately it proved a very temporary one. Before long it became obvious that steps would have to be taken to safeguard the property of the College, and in the August of 1939 the archives and the Martyrs' Picture were removed to the safe keeping of the Vatican. The declaration of war between Great Britain and Germany created a more urgent crisis, and one which persevered in intensity until the decision to leave Rome was finally made in May 1940. Mgr Grasar, who was a student of Canon Law at the time of the departure and later Vice-Rector at St Mary's Hall, has very kindly contributed the following:

'It was a great sorrow to Mgr Macmillan when the students were obliged to leave Rome in May 1940. He was at the station to see us off, and as the train moved out he stood on the platform, too sad even to look up and wave. He stayed behind, and followed us to England a short time afterwards. It was decided to re-establish the College in England, pending the return to Rome—a wise decision but beset with difficulties. A temporary home was secured at Ambleside and eventually, by the kindness of the Jesuit Fathers, the College was able to take up residence at St Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, in the autumn.

'The Hall had been derelict for a number of years and much hard work had been needed to make it habitable. There had been many problems—a teaching staff had to be found, a domestic staff, a library, furniture and so forth, so the re-opening of the College in time for the Scholastic Year was a remarkable achievement. Much still remained to be done, of course, but no one could know how long it would be before the College would return. Mgr Macmillan had to strike the balance between improving the amenities and yet keeping in mind that the stay was only temporary.

'A more difficult problem was how to preserve the spirit of the Venerabile, although so far from Rome. As the years went by, and the number of those who had known Rome diminished, the problem became increasingly difficult. Nevertheless, Mgr Macmillan was determined to preserve this spirit at all costs. The life at St Mary's Hall followed the same

pattern as that at the Venerabile, and in the programme were included items which, small in themselves, helped to keep the atmosphere of Rome. The students were not able at first to follow a University course but the same standard of studies was aimed at. Eventually the course at St Mary's Hall was approved by the Gregorian University as a degree course, and the students were able to gain the licentiate in theology.

'Mgr Macmillan looked to the past but all the time he was looking also to the future. He longed for the return to Rome and did all in his power to inspire the students with the same desire. It must be remembered that his difficulties were made heavier by illness. In 1943 he had a slight stroke, and though he took up duties again after a time, it became increasingly evident that he was a sick man. He had to curb his activities and take more rest. He was to avoid all worry, and this in circumstances which, humanly speaking, would augment his mental strain. Yet I do not recall hearing him complain, and he never gave in. I remember how well he seemed to know the students when the time came for drawing up the annual reports. And he was still bent on taking the College back to Rome when that day would come.

'At the beginning of 1946, when he proposed going to Rome to view the situation, and if possible arrange for the College's return, some may have thought him over-optimistic. In any case, the journey at that time and the whole undertaking would have tried the courage of many a man in his full health. Nevertheless he went, and thereby shortened the "exile" by at least a year. The College returned to Rome in the autumn of 1946. Mgr Macmillan had gone out earlier and was there to welcome the students. He had been spared to realize his ambition. His wisdom was now proved ; his courage had needed no proof.'

When Mgr Macmillan asked me in July 1946 if I would return to Rome as Vice-Rector, I fear I was one of those who doubted the wisdom of such an early move. However, my fears were soon put at rest. Things in Rome were very much more normal than I had anticipated. Any remaining doubts vanished when I witnessed the return of the students, and saw them settling down as though they had only been away for a *villeggiatura*. I realized then how much had been achieved by keeping the College together in England. On many occasions it must have been an uphill fight, but no matter how much effort was spent the result was worth it all.

With the College back in Rome, Mgr Macmillan seemed to acquire a new lease of life ; his health was much better and he was much more active. But cares and anxieties were not yet things of the past : no one could expect post-war Rome to be a Utopia, nor was it so. The cost of living was high, urgent repairs were necessary in the College buildings, and still more extensive repairs were necessary at Palazzola. The currency restrictions presented many problems, and often the banks were not very desirous of changing sterling. It was not surprising that all these worries began again slowly to undermine his health. Yet, in spite of all, he remained very much at the helm until his decision in the autumn of 1952 to resign the Rectorship.

During the six years I spent as Vice-Rector to Mgr Macmillan, I came to learn the excellence of his character. He was one of the kindest of men—



always calm, always gentle, never bearing the slightest resentment—a real pattern of his Divine Master. He could be forthright in condemning anything he thought was wrong, but I cannot remember a single word of personal criticism against anyone ever passing his lips. He accepted his ill-health with perfect resignation, his only regret being that he was unable to do all that he would have wished. In his humility, he never sought for or expected sympathy. When he was confined to bed, his rosary was his comfort and consolation.

I think it would be true to say that his years as Rector were among the most difficult the College has had to face since Wiseman's time. He will long be remembered in the annals of the Venerable as the Rector who was forced into exile with his students, but keeping the spirit of 'Romanità' alive during the dark days eventually led the College back, and re-established it firmly in its old home in the Via Monserrato. Surely this is a claim to renown.

When Mgr Macmillan left Rome we all hoped that, given complete rest and freedom from responsibility, he might regain his lost health. However, the Will of God was otherwise. He continued to fail slowly until his death on 9th July 1957. May the Martyrs of the College, towards whom he showed such devotion during life, intercede for him now before the throne of the King of Martyrs.

G. W. TICKLE.

*[Faint, mirrored text from the reverse side of the page, including names like 'Thompson (1950-52)', 'Rev. P. J. Moore (1946-52)', and 'Rev. M. H. Reynolds (1935-42)']*

## PERSONAL

We send our congratulations to : the Right Rev. Mgr J. Mullin (1931-38), who has been made a Domestic Prelate ; the Very Rev. J. R. Meagher (1902-09), on becoming an Honorary Canon of Liverpool ; the Very Rev. E. H. Wake (1924-31), an Honorary Canon of Southwark ; and the Very Rev. G. Roberts (1930-38), who has been made a Canon of the Northampton Chapter.

Congratulations and *Ad Multos Annos* to the Very Rev. Canon J. A. Thompson (1926-29), who kept his Silver Jubilee this March.

The following students have been ordained priest :

Cuthbert Rand and John Tweedy (both Hexham and Newcastle), on 7th July 1957, by Archbishop Traglia, in the chapel of the International College of the Sacred Heart, Rome.

Cyril Murtagh (Portsmouth), Augustine Davis (Plymouth), Paul Moakler (Brentwood) and Michael Downey (Plymouth), by Archbishop King of Portsmouth in the College Church, on 27th October 1957.

Alastair Russell (Westminster) and Bruno Bradley (Clifton), on 1st March 1958, by Bishop van Lierde, at the Dodici Apostoli.

We were very pleased to welcome the following guests to the College :

June-July 1957 : Rev. P. J. Moore (1946-53).

July : Rev. H. Reynolds (1935-42) ; Rev. M. E. Williams (1941-48) ; Revv. Louis and René Ashness (Malaya).

August : Right Rev. J. Petit, Bishop of Menevia ; Very Rev. Fr Morris o.s.m. ; Rev. G. D. Sweeney (1930-37) ; Rev. G. Mitchell (1934-38) ; Rev. B. Chapman (1937-44) ; Rev. G. Barry (1939-46) ; Rev. D. Swan (1940-47) ; Rev. M. Reynolds (Southwark) ; Rev. H. Berryman (Hexham and Newcastle).

August-September : Right Rev. G. P. Dwyer, Bishop-elect of Leeds (1926-34).

September: Most Rev. M. McGrath, Archbishop of Cardiff; Very Rev. Alfred Wilson c.p.; Very Rev. Canon Donnelly (1916-23); Very Rev. Canon Bell (Shrewsbury); Very Rev. Mgr T. G. McKenna (1934-41); Rev. J. Mullin (1931-38); Rev. A. Campbell (Shrewsbury); Rev. P. Boshell (Westminster); Rev. B. Lyons (Shrewsbury); Rev. Leonard Boyle o.p.; Rev. G. Fonseca (1944-51); Rev. J. Kennedy (1949-56).

September-October: Most Rev. F. Grimshaw, Archbishop of Birmingham (1919-26); Right Rev. C. Restieaux, Bishop of Plymouth (1926-33); Rev. M. O'Leary (1937-44).

October: Most Rev. J. H. King, Bishop of Portsmouth (1899-1904); Rev. M. O'Meara (Birmingham); Rev. D. M. Close (Portsmouth).

December 1957-January 1958: Rev. W. Purdy (1928-35); Rev. A. C. Iggleden (1933-40); Rev. W. P. Clark (1934-41).

The Senior Student wishes to thank all who have made contributions to the Public Purse.

## THE LIBRARY

Most numbers of *THE VENERABLE* published during the war are missing from the College library. If anyone has copies of these, and would be willing to present one of them to the College, the Librarians (and the students) would be very grateful indeed.

The numbers concerned are all those from April 1940 to May 1946 inclusive, except for May 1942.

If those interested would write first to the Librarian, it would save unnecessary duplication.

## COLLEGE NOTES

### THE VENERABLE

Editor : Mr Steele

Sub-Editor : Mr Trevett

Fifth Member : Mr Chestle

Secretary : Mr Chatterton

Under-Secretary : Mr Dumbill

Sixth Member : Mr Tully

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

After considerable discussion, we again decided by a small majority not to join the Gregorian league this year, and to be content with friendly matches. So far we have played twelve House games and six outside fixtures. Apart from the more important matches against the strong sides, we have tried to arrange games for an 'A' team, a nucleus of 1st XI players with a number of others who would not as a rule have a chance of playing for the 1st XI. In these less serious games it is possible to experiment with players out of their usual position. The ever-present difficulty is to find pitches—if we had one of our own, arranging fixtures would be no trouble. So far, the 'A' team has only played twice, overwhelming the German-Hungarian College 7—2, and being held to a 1—1 draw by the French on their College pitch.

The 1st team is as yet unbeaten. It began the season by defeating the Spaniards 4—2, recovering strongly after a two-goal deficit at half-time. We unaccountably allowed the Latin Americans to draw with us, sharing eight goals, having been two goals up in the first fifty-six seconds! But we only had ourselves to blame for missing at least five easy scoring chances in the second half. The North Americans succumbed to us more easily than last year, the final score being 5—2.

A team drawn from H.M. Destroyers *Alamein* and *Corunna* provided an exciting game on the superb Valco Ostiense pitch (obtained only at the last minute, mostly through the exertions of the Vice-Rector). The result, 5—2 in our favour, gives no true indication of the closeness of the struggle

or of the worth of our opponents, particularly in midfield ; and we owed our victory almost entirely to splendid last-ditch efforts by the defensive trio, and the opportunism of the forwards in front of goal.

I will leave any general remarks with regard to form until we have completed the fixture list, but I would like here to express our thanks to Sir Stanley Rous, Secretary of the Football Association, for the most generous gift of a set of England International shirts, and to Messrs O'Sullivan and Corley for the present of a football each.

TIMOTHY RICE.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL

The season has only got under way since Christmas ; before that there was just one House game. To the usual problem of finding a pitch were added the united efforts of Asian 'flu, Sunday thunderstorms and the carving-up of *campo* 7.

We had an enjoyable game against a Navy XV. As our opponents had been deprived of practice for a long period, we were able to pile up a large score. The final figure was 31—0. We were defeated by a local Italian side, C.U.S.-San Gabriele, 12—3. Our opponents fully deserved their victory, as we were by no means up to form. A match against a local Colts XV provided a very good game with a close finish. We managed to pull off a 5—3 victory.

We are very grateful to the members of other Colleges who have played in our House games or matches.

The following have represented the College this year: Messrs Lighthound, De Rosa, Tweedy, McNamara, Wigmore, Hay (*Capt.*), Buckle, Walsh, Rice, Linares, Cunningham, Creasey, Dumbill, Lethbridge, St Aubyn, Budd, Hine, Wilcox, Coote, Corley. Mr Russell has kindly acted as referee.

THOMAS WALSH.

## THE REV. DR G. WORSLEY

*The obituary of the late Dr Worsley has unfortunately to be held over until the November issue.*

*Requiescat in pace.*

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COLLEGE NOTES

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I will leave any general remarks with regard to form until we have completed the fixture list, but I would like to express our thanks to Sir Stanley House, Secretary of the Football Association, for the most generous gift of a set of England international shirts, and to Messrs Sullivan and Co. for the present of a football each.

THE  
JOHN HARDMAN  
STUDIOS

ESTABLISHED BY FOOTBALL

The season has only got under way since Christmas; before that there was just one Home game. To the usual problem of finding a pitch we have added the united efforts of Asian Sunday lunchers and the arriving-up of camps.

We had an enjoyable game against a Navy XV. As our opponents had been 5-0 down at half-time, we were able to score a large score.

U.S.-San Gabriel, 12-3. Our opponents fully deserved their victory, as we were by no means up to form. A match against a local Colts XV provided a very interesting afternoon.

We are very grateful to the following colleges who have played our Home games or matches:

The following are the names of the following:

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We are very grateful to the following colleges who have played our Home games or matches:

The following are the names of the following:

German-Hungarian College, 7-2. The match was held at the French on their College pitch.

The let team is as yet unbeaten. It began the season by losing to the Spanish, 4-1, after a two-goal advantage. We have since scored 12 goals, and have lost only one.

THE REV. DR. G. WORSLEY



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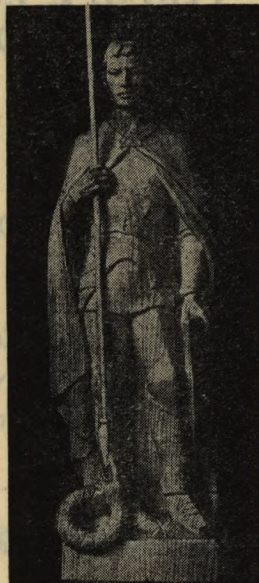
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