

Petre, of very large dimensions, in depth from about three to six feet, and floored and lined with tiles. Close by are a graceful and comfortably constructed pavilion and dressing-boxes, and altogether the arrangements are perfect of their kind.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the whole of these beautiful buildings are from the designs of Messrs. Hansom and Dunn, of Newcastle and London. Beside Edward Hansom the writer sat for many years in that older portion of the buildings designed by the father of the one who is to-day become the distinguished architect and the designer of our subject, and of many other graceful buildings in England.

We have little more to add, except to regret that we have been obliged to substitute this crude sketch for a more reliable article. The latter we hope to give in succeeding numbers, with some account of the buildings and other designs which have been from time to time suggested, considering them in detail both from the exterior and interior, and continuing to present to our readers views of the different portions on a reduced scale similar to that which we have in this number the pleasure of bringing before them.

THE FOURTEENTH CENTENARY OF ST. BENEDICT AT MONTE CASSINO.

THE present age seems to be the age of centenaries. Great personages who have passed away a hundred or several hundred years ago, are brought forward, their memory is renewed, and in some sort of way they are made once more to live amongst us. Shakespeare, O'Connell, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Camoens, and others have thus been *fêted*, and their friends or followers have rejoiced at an occasion of showing their love and loyalty to the objects of their admiration. We have the authority of the "Saturday Review," not usually very sympathetic in our regard, that if anyone ever deserved such a tribute, it was the great Patriarch of the Monks of the West, the founder of the grand Benedictine Order, which has one of its homes in our own Monastic College of Downside. St. Benedict was born in the year of our Lord 480, and thus the fourteenth centenary of his birth occurs in our present year, 1880. The thought of celebrating his festival this year

with all possible solemnity, and of drawing together Abbots and other representatives of the Order to the parent house of Monte Cassino, originated with the Abbot Boniface Wimmer, of St. Vincent's in Pennsylvania, President-General of the American-Cassinense Congregation, who sent round upon the subject a circular letter to the various Superiors of the Order throughout the world, and whose proposal met with universal approbation. The first proposal was that on the feast of St. Benedict, which by the rubrical requirements of this year occurs on Tuesday in Low Week, April 6th, there should be a gathering of Abbots at the arch-monastery of Monte Cassino, the birth-place of the Order, and the burial-place of its glorious Founder. This suggestion was made and adopted in the year 1876, so that some four years were employed in organizing the meeting, and in preparing the Abbey for the grand celebration. Funds were necessary, as the Abbey is in a state of great poverty, having been despoiled of its land and revenues by the usurping power which for some few years past has ruled in Italy. One great feature was to be the consecration of the Tower, the oldest portion of the building, where St. Benedict lived, wrote his Rule, saw his wonderful visions, and died. The Tower was in a ruinous state, and it has taken more than three years to fit it for the holy purpose for which it was to be destined. From every country contributions were sent, but scarcely adequate to the exigencies of the occasion. Our late Holy Father, Pius IX., of sacred memory, had a few months before his death, by a Brief dated August 31st, 1877, granted special indulgences to the use of a new Benedictine Medal struck in honour of the centenary solemnity, and also to those who should visit the Basilica and Tower. Upon the accession of the present Pontiff happily reigning, Leo XIII., he graciously encouraged the proposed celebration, sending his Apostolic Blessing to all who should attend at the Abbey of Monte Cassino on Tuesday in Low Week, and granting the very special privilege that on the two previous days, even though they were Low Sunday and the Feast of the Annunciation, a solemn Votive Mass of St. Benedict might be celebrated in that same venerable Abbey. But as it was found impossible for Abbots from a distance to attend, unless they started from their monasteries before Easter, and thus might be pursuing their journey, and be separated from their communities during Holy and Easter Week, a petition was addressed to the Holy Father that each Abbey or Church of the Order might have the same privilege, and observe the solemnity

in the midst of its own faithful attendants. This was granted, and of course its consequence was, that though the Centenary Festival was more widespread in its celebration, the meeting at the arch-monastery was but limited. On this account another request was made of the Holy See, that a second Triduum should be observed at Pentecost, that the Tower Church should then be consecrated, and that the wished-for general meeting of Abbots, &c., should then be realized. This petition was readily acceded to, and hence the double meeting which I had the honour of attending, and which I now have the pleasure of recording.

The Abbey of Monte Cassino stands upon a high mountain at a distance of a little more than half-way between Rome and Naples, it being to the station of San Germano at the foot of the mountain four hours' journey from Rome, and three hours' from Naples. The station next before San Germano is Aquino, known in classical history as the birth-place of Juvenal, but of far greater celebrity now, as being illustrious by the birth of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas. Some time before reaching the grand old Abbey, it is to be seen on its high mountain-top, towering over the neighbourhood, and by its position commanding, as it so well deserves, reverence from all who see it. It was a formidable prospect, that of having to scale such a mountain; but, like the Scale of Perfection, it demanded a good and determined will, and in that I felt I was not wanting. I had come all the way from England for this purpose, and I was determined to go up the hill "like a man." The Abbot had sent down from the Abbey mules and donkeys to help up the passengers, and to bear their luggage. No carriage can go up the hill: the ascent is too steep and rough. Several of us had arrived by the train, and we all set vigorously about our work of ascending. Our luggage was strapped on to the backs of donkeys, and to the mules was reserved the more honourable task of conveying the human burdens. I must confess to not being much of an equestrian, but as I was told that walking up was out of the question, I had nothing to do but mount the beast set aside for me, and trust in Providence for the rest. My difficulties were threefold: the first was to get on, the second to keep on, and the third to get off again at the end of an hour's ride. But "All's well that ends well," and it ended well with me, and I found myself safe at last at the Abbey gate. What a grand place it is, and how well does its position represent the spirit and courage of our Holy Father! Looking into the far future, he knew that his Order

was destined to influence the whole world, as it has done, and so he chose a position from which he saw the whole world lying at his feet. The interior life of the Abbey manifests, that notwithstanding the oppression of which it has been the victim, there is an active spirit which no oppression can crush out. The community is not large, about thirty in number, for they have not been able with their limited resources to support more. There are about 120 boys under their care, divided into two distinct departments—namely, the *Collegians*, who are young gentlemen of the higher families of Italy, and the *Seminarists*, who are of a lower position, and pay a lower pension. These latter all wear the Benedictine habit, and attend many of the choir offices. The two departments occupy totally distinct quarters in the large building, and meet only in the Church and Refectory.

In describing the building, I must begin with the Church. It is large, exceedingly rich, and beautiful. Augustus Hare, in a very favourite book of travellers in Italy, called "*Days near Rome*," does not hesitate to say of the Church of Monte Cassino: "It is of the most extreme magnificence, exceeds St. Peter's, and rivals the Certosa of Pavia in the richness and variety of its marbles." To us Englishmen it may seem at first to be too highly decorated; but the style of its architecture, classic Italian, requires colour. But when you come up close to each substantial pillar separating the nave from the aisles, and find that what we should think is paint, is inlaid marble, you cannot help being struck at the skill, labour, and patience which have brought such a work to such perfection. And all this too, remember, is not in the centre of a city, but on the top of an almost inaccessible mountain. The choir is behind the high altar, and contains eighty stalls in rosewood and mahogany of most exquisite workmanship. The organ is at the end of the choir, the extreme east end of the church, and is said to be one of the finest in the world. Under the high altar reposes the body of St. Benedict, towards which the monks have constantly to turn during the office, as if he were still amongst them, joining in the Psalms which he loved so well when upon earth. In the same tomb reposes his twin-sister St. Scholastica, for an inscription on a black marble tablet records that, "Benedict and Scholastica, born at the same time upon earth, and departing at the same time for heaven, here have their mortal remains preserved together unto eternity." The sacristy itself would form a large chapel; it is almost as rich in decoration as the church, and contains a treasury of holy relics,

amongst which is a large piece of the true Cross, and two of the Thorns from the holy Crown. There are two libraries, containing together about 40,000 volumes, many of the earliest specimens of typography. Besides these, there is a separate department for archives, in which are most carefully preserved some of the most valuable manuscripts in the world. One, on parchment, is declared by competent authority to be anterior even to the time of St. Benedict, having assigned to it the date, *circa* A. D. 420. An interesting feature here is the book in which visitors enter their names. I came across the name of Cardinal Newman, dated September 6th, 1847. Besides writing his name, he adds: "O Sancti Montis Cassinensis, unde Anglia nostra olim saluberrimos Catholicæ doctrinæ rivos hausit, orate pro nobis jam ex hæresi in pristinum vigorem expergiscentibus." Mr. Gladstone, who spent some days here in 1866, and who took great interest in the welfare of the Abbey, writes: "Floreat. W. E. Gladstone;" and to his signature is appended that of the Marquis of Lorne. The infidel Rénan wrote then what probably he would not write now: "Unum est necessarium. Maria optimam partem elegit. E. Rénan, Feb. 1850." Longfellow's name also occurs, with four lines of poetry. There is also in the Abbey a large printing establishment in constant use; a chromo-lithographic and a photographic department. They have also in the Abbey their own post-office and telegraphic-office.

The part of the Abbey which was especially prepared and decorated for the grand occasion which I am now describing, and which was the centre of the grand Pentecost Celebration, is the Tower. Here St. Benedict, as I have already stated, lived. The room is shown, and the window from which he saw the soul of St. Germanus of Capua, and afterwards his own sister, St. Scholastica, passing to heaven. The decorations of the Tower have been carried out with great care and taste and perfection by some members of the Benedictine Abbey of Beuron, suppressed by order of Count Bismarck. It is said that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Certainly the world below Monte Cassino does not know how the good monks above them labour, and angels alone know how they live. So poor themselves, yet they always have wherewith to prove their hospitality, and about two hundred poor persons each day obtain relief at the Abbey gate. But St. Benedict seems to be ever supplying them, as he once supplied his own community when on the point of starvation. The kind, gentle, forbearing manner in which they

deal with the poor pilgrims is very edifying. They are allowed to wander about the cloisters and corridors of the Monastery—the men at least—as if it were their own home. In the Church no place seems shut against them; and whilst Divine service is not going on, they wander through the Chancel and Choir to pay their devotion at the tomb of the great Saint, who reposes at the back of the high altar. During the nights of these great celebrations the men found their sleeping-place in the corridors near the Church, the women got refuge in adjacent outbuildings.

The first great Triduum solemnity on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of April was presided over by Cardinal Bartolini, a learned archæologist and historian, and a most devoted friend to Monte Cassino. He attended as Legate of the Pope, and was treated with all princely honours. Besides His Eminence, there attended the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, O.S.B., who enjoys, by right of his office, all the privileges of a Cardinal; also the Archbishop of Catania, O.S.B., the Bishop of Veroli, the Bishop of Arras and Boulogne, the Bishop of Nissa, and six mitred Abbots. This was but a limited attendance in comparison with our great Pentecost gathering, which I shall have soon to detail. The Matins and Lauds were sung each morning at three o'clock: High Pontifical Mass each day at nine o'clock: Pontifical Vespers at four o'clock, and Compline and Benediction at seven o'clock. Thus the day was well filled up; but the community had dedicated these days in an exclusive manner to ecclesiastical services, and they did their work well and thoroughly. The decoration of the Church was grand and striking in the extreme. It was lighted throughout by pendant chandeliers, each bearing some eight large wax candles, and the brilliant effect was such that when the procession entered, many could not restrain their feelings, and exclaimed, "Il Paradiso." What adds very much to the beauty of a ceremonial is a large attendance of the faithful, and that was by no means wanting. The spacious Church was crowded and packed tight from the Sanctuary rails to the extreme west door, and there were more outside than inside. Probably there were about 12,000 pilgrims present, most of them very poor, but very many of them in their quaint national costumes in bright colours, adding beauty and picturesqueness to the scene. When, on the last day of the Triduum, which was the Feast of our Holy Father St. Benedict, the Apostolical Blessing was to be given, all were ordered out of the Church into an immense quadrangle. That, with the arcade above it and the roof of the Abbey, were soon crowded, and there was

that kind of murmuring noise, like the rush of many waters in the distance, which is always an accompaniment of a great crowd. But when the stentorian voice of Monsignor Cataldi, the Papal Prefect of Ceremonies, commanded that all should be silent and kneel down whilst the blessing was given, there ensued at once a dead silence, every knee was bowed, and the voice of the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, who pronounced the blessing, was heard throughout the multitude. Cardinal Bartolini was to have given the blessing, but was indisposed, and special faculties were sent from Rome, substituting the Prince-Archbishop in his stead. I need not dwell further on this first grand Triduum; for grand as it was, it was quite eclipsed by the glorious solemnity observed at Pentecost.

The great Pentecost gathering was indeed worthy of the Order, of the place, and of the cause which brought it about. Monte Cassino seemed to be turned into Mount Sion, and from almost every nation under the sun, the children of St. Benedict came to cluster around their Father's tomb. Cardinal Pitra, O.S.B., the well-known and most learned librarian of the Vatican, was on this occasion specially delegated by the Pope to preside in his name at the glorious solemnity, and was received at the Abbey on the day before Whitsun Eve with all the honours of a Papal Legate. Besides His Eminence there were present four Archbishops, seven Bishops, and forty Mitred Abbots. Six of these last were from Austria, six from Germany, some from France, Belgium, Switzerland, Portugal, three from America, two from India, and two from England—the present writer being one, and the other the good Cistercian Abbot of Mount St. Bernard's, in Leicestershire. Several also were from Italy. Amongst the Bishops was our own Bishop of Clifton, and Australia was represented by the Bishop of Adelaide. Father Jerome Vaughan, the Prior of Fort Augustus, also attended. There was a very large attendance of other Clergy also; for, upon asking the Sacristan one evening how many Masses had been said that morning, he told me that there were just two hundred. The first grand function was the first Vespers of Whit Sunday, sung at four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon. Cardinal Pitra presided at the throne, and the Prelates in red copes and white mitres to the number of fifty and more, occupied seats on each side of the Altar. The entrance of this Procession into the Church was exceedingly imposing, and very few can ever have seen anything to equal it. The Vespers, always a very favourite part of the Divine Office with Benedictines, were sung magnifi-

cently, as they were on each day of this splendid Pentecostal Tri-duum. A choir of about 120 voices on each side, including the boys, with their fresh, well-trained voices, gave to the beautiful Psalms an effect seldom allotted to them; and when both choirs sang together, as at the Gloria Patri at the end of each Psalm, the effect was unusually grand.

Whit Sunday was just such a day as could be desired for such a solemnity: the weather was brilliantly fine, and everything seemed to look its very best. Streams of pilgrims came up, bravely scaling the difficult ascent, singing on their way, bearing crosses, and stopping to commemorate each sacred spot, marked by an oratory or a crucifix, where St. Benedict himself had rested, where he had bidden farewell to his sister, or had achieved one of his numerous miracles. Matins and Lauds were sung at a very early hour, and at the Benedictus at Lauds the Altar and Choir were incensed by the Abbot and attendants, as is done at the Magnificat in Solemn Vespers. Pontifical Mass was celebrated at nine o'clock by Cardinal Pitra, preceded by Tierce sung in the Chapter Room, whilst the vesting of the prelates was going on. The procession before High Mass was as follows:—First marched the Thurifer with the bearer of the Processional Cross, and the attendant Acolytes; next followed all the students, in surplices of exquisite neatness; then the Community and others of the Clergy who were not dignitaries; after these came twenty Canons in red chasubles, then forty Abbots, twelve Bishops and Archbishops, all of these, fifty-two in number, in red copes and white mitres; afterwards the Deacons and Subdeacons of the Throne and the Mass, the Assistant Priest, and, lastly, the Cardinal, under a rich canopy, with its bearers in full court-dress. The Church was brilliantly lighted up, and, as the procession moved on, the Abbey bells rang forth melodiously, and on entering the Church the splendid organ rolled in its rich tones, and so the grand function was inaugurated. Soldiers were present to keep back the densely-packed crowd, in order to keep a clear space for the passage of the sacred ministers, and all was conducted with ecclesiastical and even military order and exactitude. Dom Jerome Vaughan, Prior of Fort Augustus, who was the Deacon of the Mass, sang the beautiful Cassinese Benedictine Gospel chant, so well known and so justly loved at Downside—his clear, loud, high tenor voice ringing throughout the large Basilica. The Abbot Zelli, of St. Paul's, President-General of the Cassinese Congregation, preached an eloquent and spirited sermon in honour

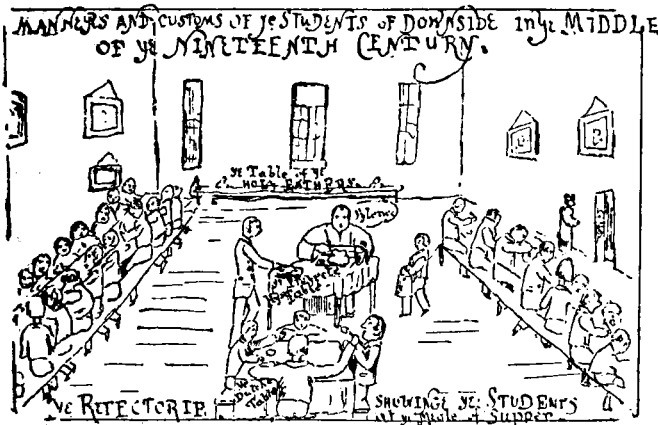
of our Holy Father, and showed how through his children he perfected everything that he touched in spiritual matters, in ceremonial, in labour, in literature, and in art. The Apostolical blessing was again, as on the previous celebration, given out of doors, and the numbers who had come to receive it were beyond all calculation. In the course of the afternoon the Abbot received a telegram from Rome, in which the Pope assured all present that he was with us in spirit, and again sent his blessing to all.

On Pentecost Monday all was again observed with the greatest solemnity. The Archbishop of Palermo pontificated at the High Mass, *coram Cardinali*; the Bishop of Nissa preached; and at the Solemn Vespers the Archbishop of Rheims pontificated. Tuesday was the crowning day of the solemnities, the day set apart for the consecration of the Tower, now used as a Church, with seven altars. Notwithstanding the fatigue incident upon the labours of the two previous days, all were up at the earliest hour, for there was a great deal to be done, and not a moment to be lost. At half-past five in the morning a beautiful military band came marching up to the Abbey gate, and paraded through the cloisters and corridors, sounding the *réveil*, and woe to any that were tempted to slumber on such a morning! The ceremony of the consecration of the Church commenced at seven o'clock, and at that hour the Cardinal and six other Prelates were ready for their honourable task, each having an Altar to consecrate. The most striking part of this very grand function, probably hardly ever done more effectively than on the present occasion, was the Procession of the Relics from the place where they were reposing during the night, to the new home prepared for them. The shrine containing these Relics was borne on the shoulders of four Priors, the four corner cords being held by four mitred Abbots. Then followed the other Abbots and Bishops in cope and white mitre, next the six consecrating Prelates in gold mitres, and lastly the Cardinal in a precious jewelled mitre. The procession moved through the cloisters, and directly the Cardinal left the Basilica whence the Relics were being borne, the military band broke out into a triumphant march, and accompanied the Prelates to the entrance of the Tower. The effect was most grand and thrilling. Seven Abbots were set apart to say the Missæ Novellæ on the newly consecrated Altars, and Abbot Wimmer, President-General of the American Congregation, pontificated in the Basilica. The ceremony of the Consecration, which had commenced at seven o'clock, ended at one o'clock, having occupied

about six hours ; but all was done with the fullest solemnity, and time was not to be taken into consideration. In the evening Vespers and Compline were said in the newly consecrated Church ; then followed a Procession through the Cloisters with a large relic of St. Benedict, after which was given solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and was sung the Te Deum, with the magnificent effect given by three hundred voices. Thus ended the most glorious Pentecost Triduum at Monte Cassino. For Wednesday morning was reserved an affectionate tribute of affection for the departed brethren, relations, and benefactors of the Order : for the blessed dead are never forgotten in Benedictine solemnities. An imposing catafalque was raised in the middle of the Church, surrounded and surmounted by candles, and the Church was thoroughly lighted up, even as it had been at the Te Deum on the previous evening, as if manifesting the will, that those who had gone before with the sign of faith, and were resting in the sleep of peace, still remained united with us in the fellowship of love, and should be sharers in our joy as well as in our prayers. The Archbishop of Naples sang the Requiem Mass, and when it was ended the work of bidding farewell began, and the guests commenced their departure from the grand, venerable Abbey.

I am afraid I have already occupied more than my share of space in our new Review. But I cannot end without expressing the feelings of joy and of enthusiasm with which all were filled on this most memorable occasion. I thought it impossible that such a gathering could be realized, and I scarcely even knew that the materials for it existed. The good old Benedictine Order, so dear to us all, has proved its vitality, as it is proving it in the good work now going on at Downside, and our other English houses. In an audience with the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., now happily reigning, immediately after our return to Rome, the Pope addressed some twenty-five of us, who waited upon him, at his own invitation, at the Vatican. After telling us of the great interest he had taken in our meeting, and how he had followed the printed programme which had been given to him of our proceedings, he spoke warmly and affectionately of the Order of St. Benedict, and invoked a blessing upon us and all the brethren, and hoped the time would soon arrive when we should once more be restored to our ancient vigour and splendour. To me personally he was good enough to say that he had heard from the English Bishops now in Rome, what good work was

being done by the Benedictines in England. One of these good works is the erection of the new monastic buildings at Downside; and my fervent hope and prayer is, that when the time arrives for the consecration of the Church, a gathering of Abbots and brethren may be brought together, which may rival, but it cannot outstrip, the splendid scene of Monte Cassino.



Few of our readers, we think, will fail to recognize with pleasure the following extract from "Mr. Pips' hys diary," reproduced with a facsimile etching on a reduced scale, from the famous and well-thumbed Debating Book of thirty years ago. To the author and artist it will bring back many a pleasant recollection. Who that has once been at Downside but has perused the original, and will welcome it again? And to those of the new generation, this and the succeeding extracts (which we propose also to reproduce with their characteristic etchings) will give some idea of "Old Downside" and the manners and customs of the olden time.

SUPPLEMENT TO M^R. PIPS' HYS DIARY.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF Y^E GENTLEMEN OF DOWNSIDE IN Y^E
MIDDLE OF Y^E NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Up betimes to go to y^e Station of Paddington on my way to Bath, whence to y^e College of S^t Gregorye y^e Great at Downside, where I was invited to spend some days. Did meet at y^e station with M^r Wagstaffe, who was to accompany me. Arrived safe at Bath, and thence did start for Downside by M^r John his coach. Many