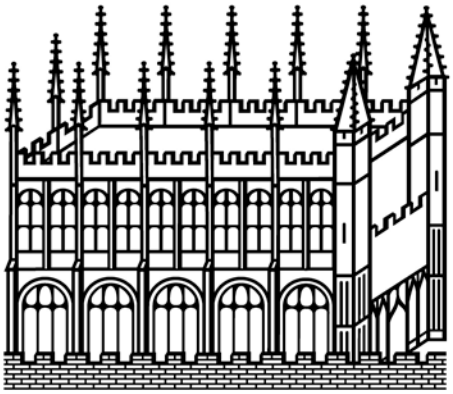

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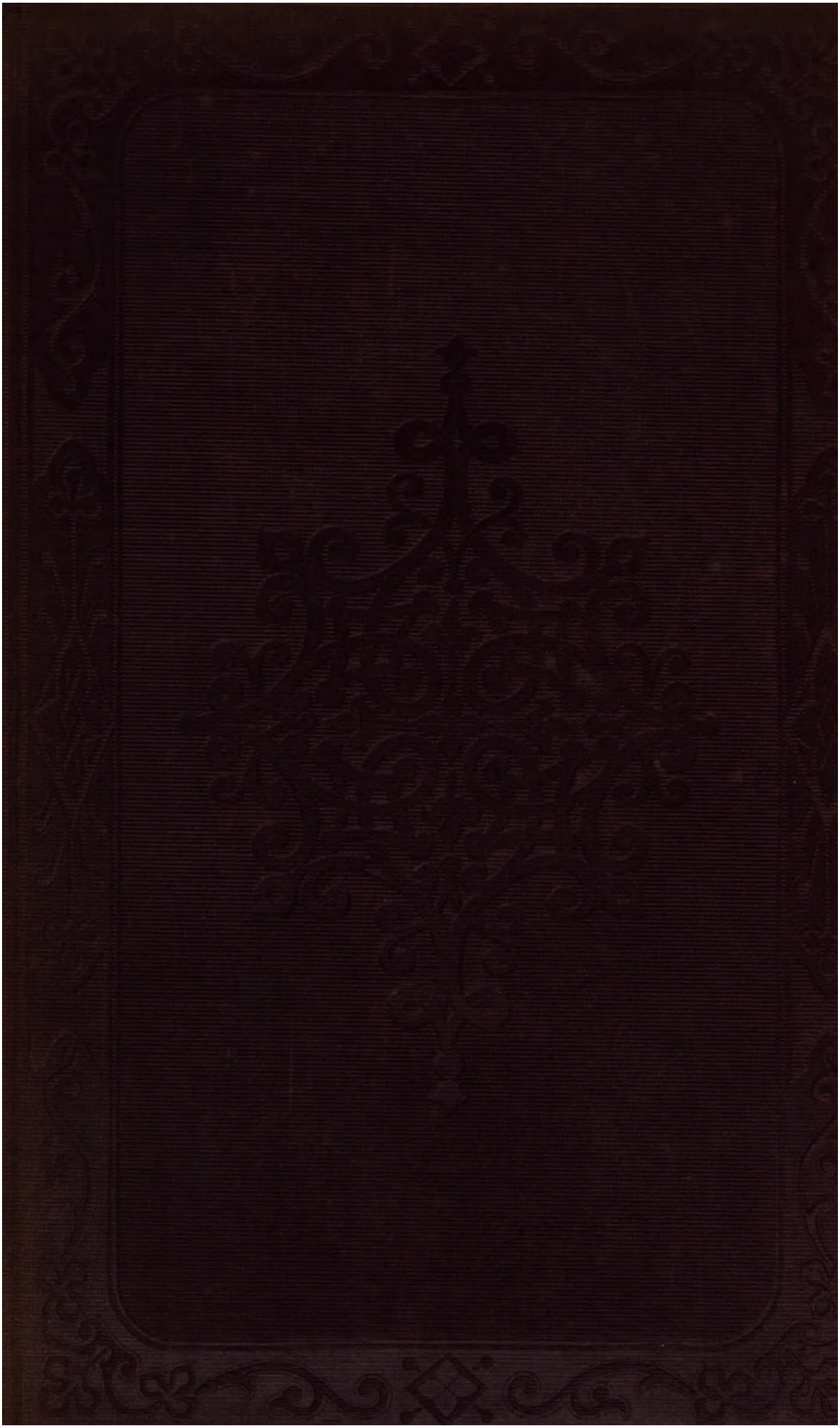

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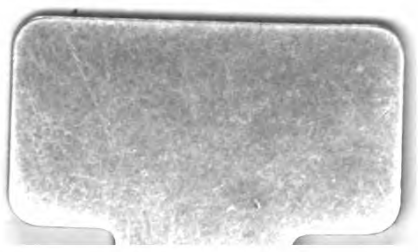

SECRET PLAN OF THE JESUITS.

THE JESUIT CONSPIRACY.

THE SECRET PLAN

OF

THE ORDER.

DETECTED AND REVEALED BY

THE ABBATE LEONE.

WITH A PREFACE BY

M. VICTOR CONSIDÉRANT,

Member of the National Assembly of France, and of the Municipal Council of the Seine.

TRANSLATED, WITH THE AUTHOR'S SANCTION, FROM THE AUTHENTIC FRENCH EDITION.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In putting forth a publication like the present, the authenticity of which will undoubtedly be strongly contested by those who are interested in so doing—one, moreover, which does not belong to the class of writings emanating from the Societary School, and which I edit in my own individual capacity, I am bound to accompany it with a testimonial, and with some personal explanations.

I.

I had long been aware of the existence of the *Secret Plan*, of which I had received accounts from many of my friends in Geneva. Their esteem and affection for M. Leone were of a very warm nature. They spoke of him in terms that excluded all suspicion of fraud. The objects too of his constant studies, the elevation of his ideas, and his religious labours in the *Edificateur*, indicated a man of serious character, loving goodness, and pursuing truth with natural and sincere ardour. Notwithstanding all these grounds for a favourable prejudice, I confess that I could not bring myself to believe what had been told me of the *Jesuit Conference*.

Visiting Geneva in September, 1846, I heard the *Secret Plan* much talked of, and on all hands I received the most positive assurances of M. Leone's good faith. Among those to whom he had made complete disclosures—and there were a great number of such persons—I did not meet with one who was not convinced of the authenticity of the *Conference*, and of the narrator's veracity. Nevertheless it was not until I had had some very serious conversations with men whose perspicacity and good sense it would have been absurd in me to disregard—men who had long held intercourse with M. Leone, and frequently heard his manuscript read—that my incredulity was shaken.

I felt, indeed, that after all I was infinitely less competent to decide in the matter than those whose judgment upon it was opposed to mine, and that not having seen the documents or conversed with the witness, it would have been presumptuous and irrational in me to settle dogmatically that they were wrong and that I was right. I therefore suspended my judgment, and abstained from forming any positive opinion on the subject.

It was in Paris, towards the close of 1846, that I first saw M. Leone. I scarcely spoke to him about his manuscript, for which I was informed he had found a publisher. I awaited the appearance of the work to become acquainted with its contents.

I must confess that at that time I did not believe much in the Jesuits, and therefore I was disposed to

attach but little importance to the publication of the *Conference*. It had always struck me that the public did the Jesuits too much honour in giving themselves so much concern about them. I believed indeed that the order was deeply committed to very retrograde ideas, but I did not give it credit for the activity, profundity, or Machiavellian ubiquity generally imputed to it. In a word, to use a phrase that accurately expresses what I then thought, I calculated that at least a discount of from sixty to eighty per cent should be struck off from the current estimate respecting the Jesuits.

As for their obscurantist and retrograde conspiracy, I thought it of no more account against the development of human progress and liberty, than the barriers of sand raised by children against the tides of the ocean. And even now, though enlightened as to the character and intrinsic power of the celebrated Company, I still persist in that opinion; for, however strong the arms that raise it, the anti-democratic barrier is still but a rampart of shifting sand, incapable of stopping the rising tide: at most it can but trouble the clearness of the foremost waves.

II.

By-and-bye M. Leone was a more frequent attendant at our weekly conversations on Wednesday at the office of the *Démocratie Pacifique*. He spoke to me of a work on which he was engaged, and appointed a day on which to read me a copious exposition of the

argument. I listened to it with the liveliest interest, and was deeply impressed by its contents. They related to the publication of extremely important documents, stamped with the highest ecclesiastical sanction, absolutely authentic beyond all cavil, and formed to shatter the coarse and oppressive carapace of the Catholic Theocracy,* and place in the most shining light the democratic and humanitary Christianity of the gospel, and the fathers of the first three centuries. It is the lamp that sets fire to the bushel.

The publication of this work, resting on the most solid bases, and of a theoretic value altogether superior, appeared to me most important. The Introduction

* THEOCRACY. Excepting the rigorously defined terms used in mathematics, almost all words in the language have very diverse meanings; yet with good faith and some intelligence a mutual understanding is always possible.

But to avoid every false interpretation of the word *Theocracy*, which occurs frequently in the preface, I declare that both therein, and in the rest of the work, it is employed in its historical signification, and not at all in its grand and beautiful etymological sense.

Theocracy, in its historical import, is the usurpation of the temporal government by a caste or sacerdotal body, separated from the people, and exercising political, social, and religious despotism. For this Theocracy religion is but a means, domination is the end.

The etymological meaning of the same word is, on the contrary, the *government of God*, the coming of that reign of God, which Jesus commands us to pray for to our heavenly Father, and to establish amongst us; that is to say, the ideal of government here below—democracy, evangelically, harmoniously, and religiously organised. In this sense, far from repudiating Theocracy, no one would desire it more ardently than I!

was complete, and was about to be published separately in one volume, for which I was making the necessary corrections, when Leone received from one of our common friends in Geneva intelligence of a breach of confidence committed by his copyist, and the advertisement of the approaching publication of the *Secret Plan* in Berne.

On receiving this news, the details of which are given in the subsequent introduction, Leone changed his plans. He begged me to lay aside the first work, and immediately publish the *Secret Plan* in Paris, so as if possible to anticipate the necessarily faulty, truncated, and wholly unsubstantiated edition that was about to appear in Switzerland. But the notice he had received was too late, and ere long he had in his hands a copy of a bad edition, containing a part only of his MS., printed at Berne, without name or testimonial, and which in its anonymous garb—the livery of shame—did not and could not obtain any general notice. Thenceforth Leone's solicitude was not so much to hasten as to perfect the publication which was already in the press, and to make the third part (corroborative proofs), which is entirely wanting in the Berne edition, as complete as circumstances could require or allow.

III.

At that period there no longer remained any doubt in my mind as to the authenticity of the *Secret Conference* and Leone's sincerity.

To suppose that his story was a romance, the *Conference* a lying fabrication, and that Leone made me at once the dupe and the accomplice of a calumnious hoax, it would be necessary to esteem him the vilest and most despicable of men, considering the mutual relations that had grown up between us. But those relations had fully justified in my eyes the high estimate which our common friends in Geneva, who had known him long and intimately, had formed of his integrity, high-mindedness, and goodness of soul. I therefore declare, that if the circumstances detailed in the following narrative present to the reader's eyes an extraordinary character and a romantic appearance, calculated to stagger his belief, I for my part would regard as a still more inexplicable mystery, the quantum of baseness, and the power of fraud, which Leone must have been endowed with, in order so long to beguile the attached friends he had found in Geneva and Paris. Leone has given us such strong positive proofs of disinterestedness, single-minded sincerity, and incapacity to play an assumed part, that far from ascribing to him the faculty of mystifying and duping others, those who know him see in him, along with an unswerving devotedness to principle and truth, one of those natures which, while they preserve in mature age the confiding simplicity and sensibility of early youth, are much rather themselves exposed to be deceived every day.

IV.

But the guarantees afforded by the character of the witness are not the only motives that have convinced me of the authenticity of his testimony. Thousands of proofs, incidents of conversation, questions put at long intervals on delicate points, and imperceptible circumstances of the drama, have always resulted in an agreement so exact, positive, and formal, that truth alone could produce such perfect coaptation. One example will be sufficient to explain the nature of the proofs I am now alluding to.

Among other points in the narrative, it had struck me as an extraordinary and quite romantic circumstance, that, when the young neophyte entered the rector's apartment in the convent of Chieri, and took for his amusement a book from one of the library shelves, he should have found in the very first instance, behind the very first book he laid his hand on, the registry of the *Confessions of the Novices*, and again, immediately behind it, that of the *Confessions of Strangers*, and the rest. I had often reflected on the singularly surprising nature of this chance, and I had intended to mention my perplexity on this subject to Leone. Now it happened one morning while I was writing, and while he was conversing near me with other persons to whom he was relating his adventure, I heard him say, in the course of a narrative delivered with all the precision of a very lively recollection, "I laid my

hand on the *first* book on the library shelf." This trivial detail, which was not in the first manuscript, and which Leone thus gave, unasked for, in the course of a recital the animation of which vividly recalled the scene to his memory and made him describe all its circumstances, explained to me in the most natural and satisfactory manner a thing which had previously appeared to me in the light, not indeed of an impossibility, but of a serious improbability.

This example is enough to show the nature of the counterproofs I have mentioned; and so great a number of similar ones have occurred to me, in the infinite turns and changes of conversation, during the four or five months I have been led to apply myself, often for several hours daily, to the correction of Leone's manuscript and proofs, that for my own part, independently of the arguments drawn from the character of the man, they are enough to erase from my mind all doubt as to the veracity of his tale. The utmost skill in lying could not produce a tissue always perfectly smooth in its most delicate interruptions. Imagination may, no doubt, very ingeniously arrange the plot and details of a fiction; but if at long intervals, in the thousand turns of conversation, and without letting the author perceive your drift, you make him talk at random of all the details which the story suggests, then certainly if the web is spurious you will discover many a broken thread. Now, this web of Leone's I have examined with a microscope for months together

in every part, and I have not been able to detect in it one broken thread or one knot. I have no doubt, therefore, if the authenticity of the narrative become the subject of serious discussion, that the narrator will rise victorious over every difficulty that can be raised up against him; for I do not think that he can encounter any stronger or more numerous than I myself and some of my friends have directly or indirectly set before him.

V.

I will now examine considerations of a third kind, which have this advantage over the preceding ones, that they can be directly appreciated by everybody—for they are derived from internal evidence.

I say, without hesitation, that to me it is not matter of doubt that every cool impartial person, who has some experience of the affairs of life and of literature, and who shall have read very *attentively* the speeches in the *Secret Conference,* will recognise in them the distinct stamp of reality.

It seems evident to me that these speeches cannot be the produce of a literary artist's imagination: the imitation of nature is not to be carried to such a pitch. Certainly, it is not a young man, a young Piedmontese priest, though endowed with talent, sensibility, imagination, and good sense, who could have produced such a work. To this day, though his intellect is much more mature and his acquirements considerably

enlarged, I do not hesitate to declare Leone quite incapable of composing such a piece. I go further and assert, that there is not one among all the living writers of Europe who could have been capable of doing so. There is in those speeches a mixture of strength, weakness, brilliancy, a variety of styles and views, a composite of puerilities, grandeur, ridiculous hopes, and audacious conceptions, such as no art could create.

Yes, they are surely priests who speak those speeches—not good and simple priests, but proud priests, versed in a profound policy, nurtured in the traditions of an order that regards itself as the citadel and soul of Catholic Theocracy—whose gigantic ambition, whose hopes and whose substance, it has gathered up and condensed; an order whose constant thought is a thought of universal sway, and which ceases not to strive after the possession of influences, positions, and consciences, by the audacious employment of every means. Yes, those who speak thus are indeed men detached from every social tie—emancipated from every obligation of ordinary morality—reckoning as nothing whatever is not the Order, in which they are blended like metals in the melting pot; the corporation, in which they are absorbed as rivers in the sea; the supreme end, to which they remorselessly sacrifice everything—having begun by sacrificing to it each his life, his soul, his free-will, his whole personality. Yes, those are truly the leaders of a mysterious formidable initiation—patient as the drop of water that wears

down the rock—prosecuting in darkness its work of centuries over the whole globe—despising men, and founding its strength upon their weakness—covering its political encroachments under the veil of humility and the interests of Heaven—and weaving with invincible perseverance the meshes of the net with which, in the pride that is become its faith, its morals, and its religion, it dreams of enclosing Kings and Peoples, States and Churches, and all mankind.

History demonstrates that it is the nature of all great human forces, material or intellectual, military or religious, individual or corporate, to be incarnated in a People, an Order, an Idea, a Religion, or to have borne mere names of men, such as Alexander, Cæsar, Mahomet, Charlemagne, Hildebrand, Napoleon, &c.; it is the nature of all these great forces to gravitate by virtue of their inward potency towards the conquest and unity of the world.

It is a phenomenon likewise proved by history, that hitherto the laws of ordinary morality—the duties considered by practical conscience as the imperative rules of men's individual relations—are drowned and annihilated in the gulphs opened by those vast dominating ambitions, which substitute the calculations of their policy and the interests of their sovereign aim for the rules of vulgar conscience. At those heights in the subversive world in which humanity is still plunged, men are soon considered by those ambitions which work on nations and events, as but means or obstacles.

Now, the Theocratic genius, founding its domination on the alleged interests of God—covering them with the impenetrable veil of the Sanctuary—marching with the infinite resources acquired in a long practice of confession, in a profound study of the human heart, and in the arsenal of all the seductions of matter and mysticism; taking for the auxiliaries of its inimitable design human passions, obscurity, and time;—the Theocratic genius—if, with a deliberate consciousness of its aim, it has constituted itself a hierarchical militia, detached from all ties of affection—must necessarily carry to its maximum of concentration and energy that politic spirit before which persons and the morality of actions disappear, and which retains but one human sentiment and one moral principle—that of absolute devotedness to the animus of the corporation, to its aim and its triumph. And who, then, save eight or ten of those strong heads among the higher class of the initiated—those politic priests, those brains without heart, puffed up by the defeat of the modern spirit (1824), intoxicated by a recent triumph, and by the perfume of that general Restoration which had already given them back a legal and canonical existence, and the favour of the governments of Italy, France, Austria, &c.—who but such men, taking measure at such a moment of their forces for conquest, could have held such language?

VI.

There are mad flights of pride so delirious, that no imagination could invent them. To set them forth with the fire, brilliancy, and energetic audacity, they display in a great number of passages in the *Secret Conference*, the Word that speaks must itself be wholly possessed by them. That sombre and subterraneous profundity—that laborious patience, proof against the toil of ages—that sense of ubiquity—that absolute devotedness to a purpose whose fulfilment is seen through the vista of many generations—that absorption of the personal and transient individual in the corporate and permanent individual—and above all, if I may so express myself, that transcendant immorality, which all stamp upon the *Secret Conference* the character of a monstrous and insane grandeur; these are surely the tokens of a paroxysm of *subversive unitism*, such as could only be manifested, the moment after a European resurrection and victory, by Policy and Theocracy allied in an Order self-constituted as the occult brain of the Church, and the predestined supreme government of the world.

And truly, when we reflect on the organic virtue of that theocratic power, which feels itself immutable amidst the vacillations of the political world, we are constrained to own, that such is the nature of its means, such the temper of its weapons, that it might with more reason than any conqueror, or even than

any people, aspire to universal dominion, if instead of seeking to cast back the nations into the past, and to plunge mankind again into the night of the middle ages, a thing which is purely impossible, it had undertaken the glorious task of guiding men towards the splendours of freedom and the future. That Order, which for many a century has braved kings and nations—which neither the decrees of princes, nor the bulls of popes, nor the anathemas of the conscience of nations, nor the terrible wrath of revolutions, have been able to crush—whose severed fragments reunite in the shade like those of the hydra—that Order, everywhere present and impalpable, which feels itself living, with its eternal and mute thought, in the midst of all that makes a noise and passes away—that Order, on comparing itself with those governments whose vices, corruption, and caducity, would make them pliant subjects for its crafty magnetism—must certainly have conceived through its chiefs the plan developed in the *Secret Conference*, and none but the initiated could have given to that plan the profound, eloquent, and impassioned forms, which that grand folly there assumes. The fumes of pride have mounted to the brain of the mysterious colossus, and he has failed to perceive that his feet are of clay, and that the inevitable flood of the modern spirit is reaching them and washing them away.

Boundless ambition, a mighty organization, indomitable perseverance, and absolute devotedness, all

directed to the attainment of an impossible object, an absurd chimera pursued by a transcendent system of means as immoral as they are puerile—such are, in brief, the characteristics of that modern incarnation of Theocracy which is called Jesuitism.

VII.

I am not the only person who has remarked a strange form that frequently recurs in the speeches of the reverend fathers of the *Secret Conference*, namely those harangues to imaginary auditors, of which they almost all present specimens, or fragments, in their addresses to their colleagues. There are some to whom this form seems extraordinary and unnatural. Extraordinary I own it is, but as to its being unnatural, the circumstances and the men considered, I am quite of the opposite opinion.

Men who for fifteen, twenty, or thirty years, more or less, have been in the daily practice of public speaking, whose incessant task is proselytism, the seduction of consciences, the propagation of their policy, the conquest of souls, and who when met together to concert and mutually make known their means of action and their modes of proceeding, are glad to display each his own individual skill, such men would naturally have recourse to the form of communication in question. On reflection, then, it is evident that this singularity is perfectly natural in the special case in which it occurs. The more improbable

it seems in an abstract point of view, the more strongly does it argue in favour of the authenticity of the *Conference;* for most assuredly the idea of putting all those numerous harangues into the mouths of the reverend fathers would never have occurred spontaneously to one who should have sat down to compose a fiction. The thing is one of those which we can account for when they are done, but which we can hardly imagine beforehand. Leone himself has never, so far as I am aware, given the explanation of the matter which to me appears so simple. The answer I have heard him return to objections of this kind has always been, "I can only say that the thing was so."

VIII.

It certainly cannot be said that there are not, in the preliminary narrative, or in the *Conference* itself, points as to which Leone has clearly perceived the difficulty of overcoming public incredulity. He has even debated with himself whether he should not suppress certain passages of the conference, knowing very well that they would prove stumbling-blocks, and that many persons refusing to believe them, might very probably reject all the rest along with them. Finally he resolved to set down everything he had heard with the most scrupulous fidelity, and in my opinion the has herein done wisely, notwithstanding the inconveniences resulting from such a course. Sound critics will see in the fact an additional evidence of

truth. They will say to themselves that were Leone an author instead of a narrator, he would have taken good care not to leave in a work, not hastily put forth, matters which he must have been well aware would appear incredible.

In like manner, if his story of the circumstances by which the *Secret Conference* was disclosed to him were a fiction, would it not have been very easy to make that fiction more probable ? Tale for tale, there might have been devised a score that on the whole would have been much simpler and would have presented much fewer of those apparent difficulties on which common objectors tenaciously fasten. No; and as Leone is far from being a fool, I say (and for proof I might appeal to circumstances, such as the daring resolution he adopted at the very moment when he had been panic-stricken by a danger that still hung over him, and which he himself describes to satiety; the almost literally exact stenography of the conference; the accumulation in so brief a space of time of the two revelations, that of the secret books in the library, and that of the speeches of the reverend fathers, &c., &c.), I say for my part, instead of the veracity of the story being impugned by its improbability, that very improbability is a pledge of veracity.

IX.

I conclude with an observation. Leone gives with exact details the narrative of his own life at the

periods which have reference to the event of which he speaks. It is incontestible that he entered the monastery of Chieri with an extremely ardent, fixed, and profound determination; that he desired nothing so much as to become a Jesuit; that hopes had already been held out to him which could not but have whetted his desires; and that all at once, without any ascertained motive, he was seen, to the great amazement of everybody, flying from that monastery into which he had so eagerly desired admittance two months before, and where he had met with nothing but kindness, favour, and all sorts of winning treatment. It is certain, then, that he received some terrible shock in the monastery. The fact is attested by his flight, his subsequent illness, and his sudden abandonment of that Jesuit career which had been so much the object of his ambition, while at the same time he did not quit the clerical profession. This mysterious revolution, the meaning of which he could not then explain to any one of his friends or relations, and of which his old mother, who now lives in Paris, did not know the cause until the death of the head of the family allowed Leone to quit Piedmont—this revolution was certainly the effect of some extraordinary and formidable adventure, some sudden revelation, some appalling burst of light; for him, whom it had befallen, it was decisive of the whole bent of his life, and made the study of all that pertains to Jesuitism thenceforth his principal occupation.

In fine, the facts relating to all the circumstances

which form in the narrative the envelope, as it were, to the SECRET CONFERENCE, are of public notoriety in Leone's native land, and he narrates them publicly, mentioning names, places, dates, facts, and persons. Something most extraordinary, unknown to the Jesuits themselves, who were unable to account for his flight, must have perturbed his being, altered his health, and effected a total change in the bent of his mind and his ideas; and for my part I doubt not that the publication now made by Leone, is the true and sincere explanation of that mysterious point.

X.

I will now say a word as to my co-operation in Leone's publication, because, independently of what I have already made known, there was in this matter a circumstance which has strongly corroborated my conviction.

Leone as yet writes French but very imperfectly, so that I have been obliged to revise his whole manuscript, pen in hand, before sending it to press. Now I found an enormous difference as to style between the *second part* and the others. In the *Secret Conference* Leone was supported by the text, and often by the solidity of the speeches, which he had only to translate, and here he left me hardly anything to correct; whenever there was any awkwardness or ambiguity of expression, I had only to turn to the Italian text and find a more exact translation for the

passage. In this part of the work his French manuscript has only undergone slight modifications in a few passages.

In the other two parts (the first especially, for the third consists chiefly of extracts), I have had much more to do than I could have wished, and frequently whole pages to rewrite completely. The difference was so marked that it was impossible for me to retain the least doubt as to the duality of the sources whence it arose; and notwithstanding our conjoint labour, there still remains such a discrepancy between Leone's style and that of the *Secret Conference*, that the least observant reader will easily recognise a diversity of origin. As an example, I will particularly invite attention to the reflection with which Leone closes the *conference*, and which begins thus (see end of the second part), "*By these words, the echo and confirmation of others not less presumptous.*" When we came to this passage in the course of our revision, Leone said to me, "Is it worth while, think you, to let that reflection stand?" "By all means, my dear friend," I replied with a smile, "let it stand. We must not think of suppressing this precious *naïf* reflection with which you, as a narrator, have quite naturally closed your report of the *conference*. There is, if you will allow me to say so, between your summing up and that of the president, paragraphs xix. and xxi., which precedes it, so enormous, so colossal a difference, that I know no more glaring proof of the authenticity of

the conference, and of the impossibility of your being its author. How pale and weak is what you say in comparison with the language of the general of the the Order! How much does the expression of your sentiments on Jesuit ambition sink below the Word of the Company, the living incarnation of that ambition? The contrast seems to me so important, that far from suppressing your lines, you must forthwith grant me permission to repeat to the reader what I have just been saying to you."

And indeed whoever compares the grandiloquent language of paragraph xix. and the concluding words of paragraph xxi., with Leone's final reflection, will, I think, admit with me that the latter is merely a narrator, and will own how far *external passion*, if I may be allowed the expression, falls short of *internal passion* in the expression of a sentiment. To body forth the theocratic will and purpose with those traits of fire that flash every moment from the pen of De Maistre, and often from the lips of the fathers of the *Secret Conference*, the writer must himself have raised an altar to theocracy in his soul, and have long kept up, upon that inward altar, the sombre fire its worship demands. Although it does not always show with equal brilliancy throughout the conference, every attentive critic will easily distinguish the language of the initiated from that of ordinary men.

XI.

Let me recapitulate.

In this affair I have examined the elements of the cause like a juror.

The character of the witness, my scrutiny into the circumstances of his story, and my study of the subject in itself, have left no doubt upon my mind as to the authenticity of the revelation, and I declare, on my soul and conscience, that I BELIEVE LEONE TO BE PERFECTLY FAITHFUL AND SINCERE.

Now, whereas I should deem it odious to make use, even against Jesuitism, of fraud and calumny, I have held it no less obligatory upon me, in the actual state of things, convinced as I am of the reality of the Jesuit plan, to assist Leone, who had been unable to find a publisher, in laying it before the public. This seemed to me a personal and conscientious duty.

When I came to the determination to edit the manuscript, the Jesuits were exhibiting in Switzerland what they were capable of. They tried every means to bring about there an intervention of the anti-liberal powers—a coalition into which the French government monstrously entered. Instead of conjuring civil war by a voluntary retreat, those pretended disciples of Jesus were seen artfully kindling the fanaticism and rancour of the abused populations of the Sonderbund, and doing all in their power to provoke a bloody conflict. Their aim was to recover, *by means of an intervention*, the

ground taken from them in the cantons and the diet by the progress of free ideas. They spared no effort to produce that odious result, which happily they failed to accomplish.

Moreover, it is well known what has been and what is still the part played by them in Rome, and what a weighty obstacle they are to the liberal intentions of the great Pontiff, who at every step in advance encounters their occult and potent influence. The publication of the *Secret Plan* will serve to unmask them. Their whole strength consists in the mystery in which they shroud themselves; let their projects be exposed to daylight, and the charm will be broken. These darksome and malignant associations are like the phantoms of the night that vanish the moment they are touched by one ray of sunshine.

I have said wherefore, and how, I came to take upon me the editing of this book, although certain of Leone's tendencies are not always perfectly in accordance with mine. The main thing for me in this matter has been to aid in unveiling that odious conspiracy (in which many still hesitate to believe, and I own that I was for a long time among the number) which has for its defined and specific end the re-establishment of darkness and despotism, and for its means the deliberate and conscious employment of the most abominable of lies—religious lying.

Those who may refuse to consider the *Secret Conference* as anything but a romance, cannot at least deny

that the romance is perfectly historical. The *third part* contains an assemblage of proofs putting this point beyond all cavil. The gospel is the code of human freedom and dignity; some would make it a code of brutification and slavery, or rather they would stifle the rays of light and love that beam from it, and substitute a despicable fanaticism for the spiritual and democratic religion of Jesus. They will not succeed in their design; but to insure the defeat of the theocratic conspiracy, the friends of progress and freedom must bestir themselves.

Catholicism is a great religious institution. It is necessary to the development of that living institution that the hierarchy which governs it be renovated and retempered in the living sources of the gospel. The first steps which the pontiff, who now wears the tiara, has made in the way of progress and liberty, are a capital revelation for Catholicism. *To be or not to be.*

Christianity is immortal. A religion which is summed up in these words, "Love one another, and love God above all things," cannot die out from mankind; for every progress of humanity is but a new and fuller unfolding within it of Christianity, that is to say of love and liberty. But the future destiny of the catholic institution, which is a government, now depends, like that of all other governments, on its reconciliation with the spirit of the gospel, which is the spirit of humanity.

The catholic government is still aristocratic and

despotic. Let it emancipate its serfs! let it recognise the rights of the secondary clergy and guarantee them; let it put itself in harmony with the sentiments of the primitive church, and strive to free the world instead of employing itself in the old work of oppression. Christianity is young and radiant; Theocracy is decrepid: let Roman Catholicism choose between the two. Any long delay would be perilous.

The Jesuits are the janissaries of theocratic Catholicism. The pope of Islam has perhaps shown the Catholic pope in what way a serious reform should be begun.

LONDON, *Jan. 27th*, 1848.

VICTOR CONSIDERANT,
The Editor,
Publisher, Member of the General Council of the Seine.

P.S.—PARIS, *May 28th*, 1848.—Since I wrote the above Preface to Leone's narrative in London, and at the moment when the work was about to appear simultaneously in England, France, Belgium, and Germany, the Revolution of February changed the face of things. The party of oppression, favoured by the impious alliance of the French government with the absolute courts, has been miraculously overthrown; the Jesuits themselves have been expelled from Rome.

Let us not be deceived, however; the battle is not won; peace and liberty are still far from being solidly established in the world.

Peace, liberty, complete reciprocity *(solidarité)*, and universal brotherhood, will only be realised by the definitive incarnation of the spirit of the Gospel in humanity. The work now before us is to make a democratic and christian Europe, instead of the aristocratic and, socially speaking, heathen Europe, which was yesterday official and legal. The question is far more religious and social than political. It is the era of practical Christianity which we are called on to inaugurate.

Hence, though Leone's publication now no longer possesses the character it would have had in the very heat of the strife, before the Revolution, it nevertheless retains its value. It will serve the good cause by exposing the designs of the bad cause; it will help the development of the true Christianity, democratic Christianity, by exhibiting in its odious nakedness the pseudo Christianity, the Christianity of the profit-seekers, of Theocracy, of Despotism.

The two parties must be accurately segregated: on the one side daylight, on the other darkness.

The subordinate clergy, whose condition in France is an actual civil, political, and religious thraldom, has respired the air of freedom with hope and love. Let the Republic give it a democratic constitution—let it restore to it the rights and guarantees of which it cannot be much longer despoiled—and it will soon have made its conquest. The subordinate clergy begs only to be released from the yoke. It groans beneath

superiors who are imposed upon it, and whom it fears; whereas it ought to elect and love them. Let us emancipate the sacerdotal people; set it free, and the oppressive and shameful doctrines of Jesuitism will find in it their most formidable antagonist.

It is time that this be done. It is time that the ecclesiastical people communicate with the lay people in the sentiments of modern life and modern ideas. It is idle now to think of conserving dead interpretations. Society is athirst for liberty, equality, and fraternity: it is time to return to the holy source, and recover the liberating import of Christianity.

Providence had committed an august mission to the Church: to perpetuate Christ's teaching, to render him for ever living on earth, preciously to preserve and to realise daily more and more the gospel principles of unity, charity, and universal brotherhood. Instead of accomplishing this task, the theocratic spirit has striven to efface from the Church the traces of Him who had founded it—to filch away the liberal meaning of his instructions—to paralyse the intellectual life—and, in a word, to make mankind a flock of brutes, to be shorn by the Princes of the Church and the Princes of the World.

Disowned, let us hope, by the mass of the clergy, this theocratic spirit will soon be constrained, finally and for ever, to give up Europe to the genius of the new times, reconciled with the most sacred traditions of humanity. The moment is come for the Church to

repudiate all fellowship with a sect which has led it astray from its proper path, and to regain the ground it has lost in the confidence of men, by actively furthering all truly christian works—that is to say, all works of social and intellectual amelioration.

The Revolution of February has opened a magnificent field for the Church; the problem now to be solved is THE CONSTITUTION OF A CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. For eighteen hundred years has Christianity been preached to men;—how to incarnate it in society is now the problem. Political society itself invokes the Gospel formula, taking for its motto those three christian words, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!* Let the subordinate clergy and the liberal bishops, casting off the anti-christian and anti-catholic traditions of Jesuitism, press forward, full of faith, hope, and love, in the path which is opened to them. The mission of true Christianity is now to found universal Democracy.

The Pope has expelled the Jesuits. It remains for him to reinstal the Papacy in its spiritual and catholic functions by abdicating all temporal authority. It is its temporal interests that have corrupted the Church.

So long as the head of the Church shall remain *King* of the Roman States, the Catholic Church will be nothing but a Roman oligarchy. It must again become a spiritual and universal democracy; and its general councils must proclaim to the earth the true

sense, the liberating and emancipating sense, of the Scriptures.

A sincere return to the democratic spirit of the Gospel; a rupture of that simoniacal alliance which odiously perverted a religion of freedom and fraternity, making it into a yoke of oppression for the benefit of all who use up nations for their own profit; a formal repudiation of the feudal, theocratic, obscurantist, and Jesuitical spirit: such is the price at which the salvation of the catholic institution is to be secured.

V. C.

PP.S. *July* 10*th*, 1848.—Events follow upon each other with such rapidity that every day produces in a manner a new situation.

The day after the Revolution of February, the Republic was accepted by all in France. Louis Philippe left behind him neither affection nor esteem, nor roots of any sort. Rejoicing in his fall, the legitimists said to themselves that the time of monarchies was passed, and gave in their adhesion on all sides to the republican principle, the government of all, by all, and for all.

The grand and vast idea of universal union found in the language of Lamartine an utterance full of brilliancy, elevation, and authority.

Unfortunately, narrow categories, language of injudicious violence, and conquerors' airs, calculated to lead to the belief that the immense majority of the

French citizens, who were *republicans of the morrow*, were about to be governed as conquered populations by the *republicans of the eve;* all those violences of speech and demeanour, which had not even the logic of the strong hand in their favour, produced serious reactionary ferments in the country. The huge folly of postponing the elections considerably diminished the democratic element in the National Assembly, which instead of feeling itself united, confident, and strong, was from the very outset uncertain, distrustful of itself, irresolute, and divided.

Hence the critical situation in which we now behold the republic and society.

A deliberately reactionary party, which would not have existed, had not its creation and development been provoked as if on purpose, is rapidly organising. It is turning to its own account material interests, the nature of which it is to be blind, blind and violent egotisms, and the resuscitated hopes, enterprising and intriguing, of the various dynastic factions and of the theocratic faction.

All these elements constitute a formidable coalition, in which intrigue is organising the resistance of those interests which it can so easily mislead and impassion.

The Jesuit element, that mysterious army at the service of obscurantism, despotism, and social retrogradation, has thus suddenly found allies in those who but yesterday fought against it.

Under the restoration it had on its side in France only the party of the emigration.

Under the monarchy of July it had indeed enlisted among its allies the official and satisfied bourgeoisie, which entered into covenant with it in its retrograde tendencies. M. Guizot and his rotten majority supported the general tendencies of Jesuitism, and formally yoked themselves to its cause, by pledging the policy of France to the service of the Sonderbund.

To-day, a new stratum of French society has passed over to the enemy, to the fear of progress and of democratic and social principles—a stupid and fatal fear, for interests can only be saved by their alliance with sentiments and principles. This new retrogression is authenticated by this token, that M. Thiers—who is what is called a tactician, a practical man, a man of manœuvres—and his organ the *Constitutionnel,* have, with brazen fronts, gone over to the party of which they had long been the bugbears.

M. Thiers, moreover, maintained a few days ago, in a committee of the Assembly, amidst the applause of many liberals of yesterday (liberals now entrusted with the task of founding the *democratic* republic), "that it was very dangerous to develop the instruction of the people, because instruction led infallibly to communism."

The anti-democratic coalition is bound up with the National Assembly, and the compact is signed between all the parties of the past.

Out of doors the movement is being organised by the insidious arts employed to terrify and blind the most legitimate interests.

Furthermore, the re-actionists will rapidly use up all the men of the revolution ; then, when the industrial and commercial crisis shall have passed away, they will again repossess themselves of the powers of the state, and with the help of all the confederated enemies of liberty and progress, they will re-establish society on its OLD PRINCIPLES, "*the mischievous nature of the new principles being definitively proved by the evils which their invasion has for sixty years let loose on the modern world.*"

That is the plan.

It is a general coalition of all fears, all egotisms, and all intrigues, against the legitimate and regular development of democracy.

This is literally the very same purpose as that aimed at by the Company of Jesus ; accordingly, the alliance has been already concluded with the *political* representatives of the Company.

V. C.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

THERE is no one but has devoted some attention to the reappearance of the too famous Company of Jesus on the European stage. Many have rejoiced at the event; a greater number have beheld it with deep sorrow or irritation.

To say the truth, there were various reasons why a fact of this nature should interest governments and nations; for if ever the aim of that audacious Order could be achieved, every right and every liberty would be at an end. I do not think I exaggerate in expressing myself thus; on the contrary, I am strongly persuaded that those who read the disclosures made in this work will share my opinion.

Let me be permitted, in the first place, to enter into certain personal details, before I proceed to initiate the public into the secret I am about to divulge. I will be as brief as possible.

In 1838, I voluntarily quitted Piedmont, my native country, went to Switzerland, and settled in

Geneva. At that period nothing yet presaged the ascendancy which the Jesuits were soon to obtain in the affairs of that republic, and the troubles in which their intrigues were to involve various other parts of Europe. Yet I did not hesitate to say openly to a great number of persons what there was to be apprehended in that way. I was not believed. My predictions were universally regarded as dreams. In vain I repeated to them that I possessed proofs of the invisible snares and most secret projects of the Company. A contemptuous smile was the answer to my words.

Gradually the face of events was changed, and the first symptoms of the Jesuit influence began to show themselves in Prussia.

Every one knows the commotion caused by the question of mixed marriages raised by the Archbishop of Cologne, and his ultramontane pretensions. A powerful party, and celebrated writers, Görres among the rest, declared themselves the prelate's supporters, and undertook the defence of doctrines which had long been considered dead. At the same period, pompous announcements were made of the conversion of princes and princesses, high personages of all kinds, learned men and artists. Such events were talked of with amazement in every company.

I happened to be one evening at the house of Mr. Hare, an Anglican clergyman, when a number

of distinguished foreigners were present. The conversation ran exclusively upon the subject of these brilliant conquests, and everybody strove to invent some hypothesis on which to explain them. From what was stated of several of the converts by those who knew them personally, it was inferred that the real motive of their change was not precisely of a religious nature. I declared that the conjecture was not erroneous; and I was thus led to lay before the company present the course of circumstances through which I had become in a manner an INITIATED JESUIT.

A person who took part in the conversation, and who was travelling under the title of count, expressed a strong desire to see some portion of the SECRET PLAN, which had been mentioned. At his request, I called on him next day, and read him certain pages of the manuscript. He listened with great attention, seemed very much struck by some passages, and owned to me *that at last he could explain to himself many enigmas.* He asked me to let him keep the manuscript for a day, in order that he might study it more at leisure. This I declined; and then *he made known his name.* He was a prince nearly related to the royal house of Prussia. I persisted, nevertheless, in my refusal, though he offered me his support, and even made me some tempting promises.

The prince, somewhat to my surprise, requested

me to give him a French version of the *Secret Plan*, that he might, as he said, have it translated into German. He recommended me to observe *the greatest discretion*, and insisted that I should not compromise *his name*. I was to deal only with his son's tutor on the subject. Furthermore, it was arranged that I should subjoin an essay on the question pending between the cabinet of Prussia and the Holy See, wherein I was to demonstrate that the attempts made by various prelates, especially their attacks upon the university system of education, and their growing audacity in enforcing the old maxims of Rome, were not a purely local and fortuitous manifestation, but a fact closely connected with a vast conspiracy, pregnant with danger to all the powers.

I set to work, and wrote an account of all the strange incidents through which I had become an invisible witness of the occult committee in which the Jesuit plot was concocted. As soon as I had finished the translation of the plan itself, which I sent off by instalments, and just as I was about to enter on the conclusion, I was desired to stop short—the pretext alleged being the death of the King of Prussia, which had just occurred. I had even a good deal of trouble to recover the copy I had sent.

I was soon surrounded with people who obtruded their advice upon me; telling me, that if aid was not afforded me towards publishing, it was for my own

sake it was withheld; that I ought to beware how I braved a society known to be implacable—a society that had smitten kings. "Who are you," they said to me, "to cope with such a power, and not fear its numerous satellites?" Then, gliding into another order of considerations, they would say, "Nothing can be more dangerous than to initiate the people into such mysteries. It is enough that they should be known to those whose position authorises and enjoins them to frustrate an ambition, which is the more enterprising and mischievous inasmuch as religion and blind multitudes serve it as auxiliaries."

These observations would have had less influence over me, had they not derived weight from the increasing anxieties of an aged and timid mother. Besides, my existence then depended on families who would have been deeply offended by a publication of such a nature. All this embarrassed my projects; and eager as I had been on my arrival to send the *Secret Plan of the Jesuits* to press, my many disappointments led me to postpone its publication indefinitely, though I could not conceal my disgust and despondency.

During all this time the influence of the Jesuits had augmented, and the liberals were beginning to regard it with apprehension. People came to me with all sorts of solicitations; and so, notwithstanding my many disappointments, I was constrained, in a manner, by events and entreaties, again to make ready for the press this long-retarded work.

But other obstacles again delayed it, for everything seemed to conspire against an enterprise for which, in a great measure, I had voluntarily expatriated myself. The persons with whom I had come in contact for this business sought only their own interest, and wished to place me in such a position as would have entailed on me all the annoyances and dangers of the publication without any of its advantages.

The Genevese government increased my perplexities by its persecutions. That government of *doctrinaires,* or Protestant Jesuits, so deservedly overthrown last year, conducted itself on narrow, egotistical principles, and was particularly captious towards strangers. I was several times summoned before its police on the most futile pretexts. Unable to prove anything against me, they took upon them to judge my intentions; interpreted my religious and democratic ideas as a crime, and strove to intimidate me with threats of dire calamities. On my part I ventured to predict for that intolerable government a speedy and ignominious fall. At last I was ordered to quit the country within the briefest space of time, without any cause being assigned to justify that arbitrary measure. Thus a final stop was put in Switzerland to the publication of my work, which had already been rendered so difficult by all the obstacles I have mentioned.

II.

When I came to Paris in 1846 I had no thought of making fresh attempts, more especially as I was told I should have great difficulty in finding a publisher. I applied myself to the composition of a work, now in a great measure completed, founded on documents of unquestionable authenticity, and which I should even have wished to print before the *Secret Plan*, as fitted in every respect, by its important revelations, to secure to the latter the most solid basis in public opinion. But when I was about to publish it, I received from Geneva a letter informing me of a monstrous abuse of confidence. The person I had employed to transcribe my manuscript of the *Secret Plan* had copied it in duplicate. He had put the second copy into the hands of a society, which, strange to say, had been formed for the express purpose of trafficking in this robbery. The excuse they offered was, that since I had during so many years divulged the secret plan of the Jesuits, the thing had become the property of the public. Moreover, as I had transcribed it surreptitiously, it did not belong to me, but was free to be used by anybody. It will scarcely be believed that the spoiler even went so far as to dictate the terms of a bargain to the despoiled, and to add irony to impudence, since the work had been printed several days before in Berne, as witness a copy

sent me. The insolent letter he wrote me deserves to be known.*

What! the very persons who profess themselves such uncompromising enemies of the Jesuits, do not themselves refuse to act on the maxim that "the end justifies the means." But what has been the result of their spoliation? That it has been of no manner of advantage to them. What confidence, indeed, would there be in a paltry pamphlet, without name or warrant for its authenticity? The work, too, they published was but a shapeless abortion, a rough draft of a translation, very imperfectly collated with the

* Here it is :—

"GENEVA, *Sept.* 7, 1847.

"SIR,

"After having so long played with us, it is extremely surprising that you now protest against the publication of a work containing essentially the disclosure of speeches captured without permission by your ears, or rather *by your eyes*, in 1824.

"This protest is the more astonishing after your having yourself communicated those speeches to hundreds of persons, so as to make them be regarded as common property.

"Though I consider your protest as insignificant, and as a thing which at most can only result in giving you trouble and making you spend money uselessly, yet on the other hand, since my object has been *attained*, and since it is from public motives and not for any private interest that I have done so, I now offer to treat with you on the following terms :—In case you desire to become the proprietor of this publication, I consent thereto, on condition that you immediately furnish the necessary securities for the complete payment of the printer and of the incidental expenses. I have the honour to salute you.

F. ROESSINGER.

original, and what is worse, truncated, slovenly, incorrect, and swarming with mistakes. The edition I put forth is rigorously exact and scrupulous; I have long and minutely scrutinized it, and it has been re-corrected under the eye of guides who have helped me to convey in French the full force of the original, which is often hard to translate. I have subjoined to the *Secret Plan* elucidations of great importance, and I have related the circumstances through which it has come into my possession. Finally, I have brought forward counterproofs of various kinds, all drawn from authentic sources, in support of the essential views and ideas developed in the plan.

The publication put forth by my spoliators is the more blamable, inasmuch as the manner of its execution has been such as to compromise the fundamental document. For, I repeat, what authority can it have without my co-operation, without my name, and the corroborative proofs that accompany it in the present volume? Is it not a culpable and shameful act to put in jeopardy a matter of such moment? If they were actuated by no sordid motives, why did they not apply to me, and offer me the means of giving publicity to my manuscript in the way necessary to secure its full effect? In acting with such bad faith, did they not expose themselves to see the blow they designed for Jesuitism turned back upon them to their confusion? What was to prevent me from annihilating the result of their manœuvre? Was it not in my power utterly to

discredit the story, by attributing it to a freak of my youth?

I will say more. What they have done has put me in a position, from which it rested only with myself to derive profit, by proving by letters, ante-dated a few years, that my design had been to play off a hoax.

III.

Those who have at all reflected on the Order of the Jesuits, who have studied its history, and have had a near view of its workings, will by no means be surprised at its profound artifices and superb hopes. Do we not see it at this moment in France become the guide of the bishops, and giving law to the inferior clergy. M. Henri Martin thus expresses himself in a remarkable work recently published:

"The clergy, in its collective action, is little more than a machine of forty thousand arms, impelled by its leaders against whomsoever they please, and those leaders themselves are pushed forward by the Jesuit and neo-catholic congregations."*

Well-informed clergymen have assured me that the Jesuits were never so well seconded and supported as they now are. The establishments dependent on them are very numerous, and increase daily. Their resources are prodigious. A letter addressed to the *Siècle* thus speaks of their progress. Such a letter serves well to

* De la France, de son Génie et de ses Destinées. Paris, 1847, p. 92.

corroborate what is contained in the *Secret Plan.* I will quote the greater part of it :—*

"The hill of Fourvières, which commands Lyons, on the right bank of the Saône, is a sort of entrenched camp, wherein all the bodies of the clerical militia are echelonned, one above the other, in the strongest positions; thence they hold the town in check, like those formidable fortresses which have been built to intimidate rather than to defend it. The long avenues that lead to Fourvières and the chapel that surmounts it, are thronged with images of saints and *ex voto;* and but for that industrious city which unfolds its moving panorama below your feet, you might fancy yourself in the midst of the middle ages, and take its factory chimneys for convent spires.

"The exact statistics of the religious establishments of Lyons, with the number of their inhabitants and the revenues they command, would form a very curious book; but the archbishopric, which possesses all the elements of those statistics, is by no means disposed to publish them. The clergy, since the severe lessons given it by the July event, likes better to *be* than to *appear;* its force, disseminated all over France, and not the less real because they do not show themselves; and it can at any moment, as occasion may arise, set in motion that huge lever, the extremity of which is everywhere, and the fulcrum at Rome.

"Now, the soul of this great clerical conspiracy, the

* December 17, 1847.

vital principle that animates it, *is the Jesuits.* Every one knows the well-grounded dislike with which this able and dangerous order is regarded from one end of Europe to the other. Yet it must be owned that in it alone resides all the life of Catholicism at this day; and the clergy would be very ungrateful if they did not accept these useful auxiliaries even while they fear them.

"All France knows that famous house in the Rue Sala in Lyons, one of the most important centres of Jesuitism. At the period of the pretended dispersion of the order, that great diplomatic victory in which M. le Comte Rossi won his ambassador's spurs, the house in the Rue Sala, as well as that in the Rue des Postes in Paris, dispersed its inmates for a while, either into the neighbouring dioceses, as aide-de-camps to the bishops, or as tutors in some noble houses of the Place Bellecour; but *when once the farce was played out*, things returned very quietly to their old course, and the Rue Sala, at the moment I write, is still with the archbishopric the most active centre of politico-religious direction.

"That activity is principally directed upon two points; by means of the brotherhoods *(confréries)* it reaches the lower classes, whom the clergy drills and holds obedient to it; by education it gets hold of the middle classes, *and thus secures to itself the future by casting almost a whole generation in the clerical mould.* Let us begin with the brotherhoods. We

will say nothing of those that are not essentially Lyonnese, and whose centre is elsewhere, though they possess hosts of affiliated dependents here. We will merely mention by name the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, whose centre, next after Rome, is Lyons, and which alone possesses a revenue of four millions and a half of francs. But the most important, the one which draws its recruits most directly from this industrious population, is the Society of St. Francis Xavier. Its name sufficiently indicates to what order it belongs; it is Jesuitism put within the reach of the labouring classes, and you may recognise it by the cleverness of its arrangements. The workmen, of which it consists almost exclusively, are disposed in sections of tens, hundreds, and thousands, with leaders to each section. The avowed purpose of the society is to succour invalid workmen, who, for a subscription of five sous a-month, or three francs a-year, are insured medical aid and twenty-five sous a-day in sickness. Such are the outward rules of the society; but in reality its design is clerical and legitimist: the two influences are here blended together in one common aim.

"Another and perhaps more dangerous means of action is the vast boarding-school which the brethren of the Christian schools, under the supreme controul of the Rue Sala, have established at Fouvrières. This gigantic establishment, which can accommodate upwards of four hundred interns, was founded about eight years ago in defiance of all the universitary laws. Its object,

which is distinct from that of the small seminaries, is to give young men of the middle and inferior trading classes a sort of professional education, comprising, with the exception of the dead languages, all the branches taught in colleges. The complete course of study embraces no less than eight years. In this institution, as in all others of its kind, the domestic arrangements are excellent, and the instruction indifferent, being imparted by the brethren. Masters, fit only to teach little children their catechism, instruct adults in the highest branches of rhetoric, philosophy, and the physical and mathematical sciences. In consequence, too, of the continual removes of each of the brethren of the doctrine to and from all parts of France, any able professors who may have been formed in Lyons are soon appointed directors in some other town; and the system of teaching in the institution, however high in appearance, does not in reality rise above a very humble level.

"The annual charge is as low as possible, not exceeding 550 francs, which barely covers the indispensable expenses. This low rate of charge, aided by the all-potent influence of the confessional over mothers of families, attracts to the institution multitudes of lads of the middle class. As for the children of the poor, they belong of right to the schools of the doctrine—the primitive destination of the order, and one in which it can render real services. But this is not all: one of the centres of the Christian schools being placed

at Lyons, there was requisite a noviciate house; and the order has just procured one, by purchasing for 250,000 francs a magnificent property at Calvire, within a league of Lyons. The vendor allowed ten years for the discharge of the purchase money; but the whole was paid within eighteen months; and a vast edifice, capable, when complete, of accommodating more than four hundred resident pupils, has risen out of the earth as if by enchantment. The estimate made by the engineer who directed the works, and who is a member of the society, amounted, it is said, to a million and a half of francs, and it has been exceeded.

"As for the lesser seminaries, of which there are many in the diocese, we will only mention that of Argentière, which contains five hundred pupils, and that of Meximieux, which has two hundred. Hence we may form an approximate idea of the immense action on education exercised in these parts by the clergy, *in flagrant contravention of the university laws and regulations.* The low charges of their institutions, not to mention many supplementary burses, give it the additional attraction of cheapness; and for those very low charges (about 400 francs) the Jesuit schools are supposed to afford their pupils instruction in all those branches of knowledge, Greek and Latin included, which are taught in those *gulphs of perdition* which are called Colleges.

"On the whole, we may reckon at the number of one hundred the religious establishments intended

whether for the education of both sexes, or for the relief of the distressed. All the suburbs of Lyons have their nunneries; and monastic garbs of every form and colour swarm in the streets. The Capuchins, however, who were formerly found there, have migrated to Villeurbonne; and the Jesuits, jealous of any rivals of their supremacy here, are said to have purchased their retirement at the cost of 900,000 francs.

"If you are astonished at the immense sums which the clergy here dispose of, recollect that one individual, Mademoiselle de Labalmondière, the last scion of a noble family, has left the church a sum of ten millions, of which the archbishop has been named supreme dispenser. Through the confession, by means of the women, and by all kinds of influence direct and indirect, the clergy keeps the whole male population in a state of obsession and blockade. A trader who should revolt against this influence would instantly provoke against him the whole clerical host, *and would be stripped of his credit and put under a sort of moral interdiction that would end in his ruin.* The university, which possesses at Lyons some distinguished men, a brilliant faculty, and an excellent royal college, is put in the archiepiscopal index; and what here as elsewhere is called *freedom of teaching*, that is to say the power of taking education entirely out of lay hands and committing it to corporations, is the object of all the prayers of pious souls here, and of all the combined efforts of the archbishopric and the Rue Sala."

IV.

The Jesuits have shown themselves in their true colours in Switzerland, where, merciless as ever, they chose rather to provoke the horrors of civil war than to yield, as the christian spirit enjoined them. They have thereby augmented the hatred and contempt with which they are regarded on all sides. So sure were they of victory, that in their infatuation they disdained to take the most ordinary precautions.

"Apropos of the Jesuits," said the Swiss correspondent of the *National* at that period, "it will be well to give you some account of the documents which most deeply compromised the reverend fathers and their allies both in Switzerland and in other countries. It will be seen whether or not the presence of the order is extremely dangerous to the countries that afford them an asylum.

"In the first place, there has been discovered at Fribourg a catalogue in Latin of all the establishments which the Jesuits possess in a portion of France and Switzerland, with a list and the addresses of all the persons connected with them. I have sent you two numbers of a Swiss journal in which there is an abstract of this catalogue, drawn up with the greatest care. You will perceive from it that the Jesuits' houses have greatly augmented in number in France, since the pope made a show of promising M. Rossi and M. Guizot that they should have no more establish-

ments in your country. The chambers will see how their demands have been derided. France will learn how she is duped, and what is the occult power that rules the government. For proof of all this, I refer to the analysis of the famous catalogue, which you will not fail to publish.

"There are two other documents, which you can see in the *Helvétie* of Dec. 18. The first is an address of two Fribourg magistrates, the president of the old great council, and a councillor of state, who humbly prostrating themselves at the feet of the Holy Father, recommend M. Marilley for bishop of the diocese, carefully insisting on the fact that he is most favourable to the order of the Jesuits. Now that prelate, a consummate hypocrite, *had been at war with the society, and gave himself out for a liberal.*

"The other document is still more curious and instructive. It is an address from the deaconry of Romont (Canton of Fribourg) to the apostolic nuncio at Lucerne, dated Dec. 20, 1845, and recommending the same Marilley, a parish priest expelled from Geneva, to the pope's choice as bishop. The clergy of the deaconry, labouring hard to refute one by one the calumnious accusations directed against their *protégé*, prove that M. Marilley by no means deserves the epithet of liberal; that he is not even *a little liberal;* and that far from being hostile to the reverend Jesuit fathers, he has given them authentic testimonies of his special veneration and esteem. The most remarkable

passages of the address from the deaconry of Romont are those relating to politics. Speaking of the Catholic association, of which, like almost all the clergy of the diocese, M. Marilley was a member, his protectors say, 'In 1837 this association wrested by its influence the majority in the grand council from the radicals, who were threatening among other things to dismiss the reverend Jesuit fathers from the canton. So the conservatives owe to this calumniated association their majority and their places, and the reverend Jesuit fathers owe to it their actual existence in Fribourg.'

"Further on, with respect to the old doctrinaire conservative government of Geneva, the address says, 'Geneva does not choose to be either frankly conservative, because it is Protestant, or openly radical, because its votes are swayed by its material interests, and by the potent suggestions of Sardinia and France.' Other passages manifest the *close alliance* of the Jesuits and of the conservatives, *both protestant and catholic.*

"A fourth document is the report of an inquiry made in Fribourg by order of the provincial government as to the reality of an alleged miracle attributed to the Virgin Mary. A priest and other witnesses had deposed that a soldier of the landsturm, who wore one of those medals of the *Immaculate Virgin* of which I have told you, had been preserved, on the night of Dec. 7, from the effect of a ball which had struck him on the spot covered by the medal. The whole is attested by Bishop Etienne Marilley. Now

the inquiry has rendered the imposture clear and palpable; the knavery of the bishop, the priests, and the Jesuits is laid bare. The matter of this inquiry will assuredly acquire great publicity.

"The Valais is not less rich in revelations than Fribourg and Lucerne. The federal representatives have in their hands all the official documents and the correspondences respecting the Sonderbund and the late military events, among others an authentic deed proving that Austria made the League the present of three thousand muskets which you know of. These documents contain proof that the League was a *European affair*, and that the purpose was to establish in Switzerland the forces of ultramontanism and the centre of re-action; that what was designed was not an *accidental association, and a defence merely against the attacks of the free corps*, but a *permanent* League, and a dissolution of the Confederation in order to the reconstruction of another which should be recognised, supported, and ruled by foreign diplomacy.

"We have not exhausted the stock of documents. Fresh ones are discovered every day."

V.

Enough so far to raise a corner of the veil. The plot is seen in action just as it is laid down in the *Secret Plan*, with which the reader is about to be acquainted. Its scope, we perceive, is formidable. Every means is welcome to its concocters that can

forward their success. Their journals, especially the *Univers*, strangely mistaking the age, have promulgated plenty of miracles to sanctify the cause of the Jesuits in July. Their abominable fraud has not been able to remain concealed; the press holds up its perpetrators to contempt. Here then we have it proved for the thousandth time, that this order, continually urged by infernal ambition, meditates the ruin of all liberty, and by its counsels is hurrying princes, nobles, and states to their ruin. It is its suggestions that petrify the heart of the King of Naples, in whose dominions one of the members of the Company has been heard preaching the most hideous absolutism and blind obedience, as the most sacred and inviolable duty of the multitude. This is their very doctrine; and when they preach a different one, it is but a trick, and is practised there only where they lack the support of despotism.

Lastly, let us hear the captive of St. Helena expressing his whole opinion of this order. But be it remembered in the first place, that it is not for the sake of right and reason Napoleon declares himself an enemy to Jesuitism. He feared reason; right he deemed a thing not to be realised; and as for liberty, he could never comprehend it. "Louis XIV.," he exclaimed, "the greatest sovereign France has had! He and I—that is all."* He even thought that the people should

* Récits de la captivité de l'Empéreur Napoléon à Sainte Hélène, par M. le Général Montholon. Paris, 1847, t. 2, p. 107.

not be allowed the Bible.* "In China," said he, "the people worship their sovereign as a god, *and so it should be.*"† Now, he felt strong enough, as he says, to make the pope his tool, and Catholicism a means of his power. He liked the latter, because it enjoins men to distrust their reason and believe blindly. "The Catholic religion is the best of all, because it speaks to the eyes of the multitude, *and aids the constituted authority.*"‡ In another place he says he prefers it because "it is an all-potent auxiliary of royalty."§ He admitted all sorts of monks, and thought he could make something of them, *except the Jesuits.* On his rock he speaks of them with nothing but abhorrence, and is convinced that he could not resist them with more profound or more decisive means than their own; and that wherever they exist, such is the force of their stratagems and manœuvres, that they rule and master everything in a manner unknown to everybody.

"But," says he, "a very dangerous society, and one which would never have been admitted on the soil of the Empire, is that of the Jesuits. Its doctrines are subversive of all monarchical principles. The general of the Jesuits insists on being sovereign master, *sovereign over the sovereign.* Wherever the Jesuits are admitted, *they will be masters, cost what it may.* Their society is by nature dictatorial, and therefore it is the irreconcilable enemy of all constituted authority.

* Récits de la captivité, &c., t. 2, p. 159.

† Ibid, p. 269. ‡ Ibid, p. 62. § Ibid, p. 174.

Every act, every crime, however atrocious, is a meritorious work, if it is committed for the interest of the Society of Jesus, or by order of the general of the Jesuits."*

VI.

The first step in the reform of Catholicism is the absolute abolition of this order: so long as it subsists it will exert its anti-social and anti-christian influence over the Church and the Powers; and so long as the Church is filled with the hatred for progress which that order cherishes, it will only hasten its own decay, and its regeneration will be impossible.

* Récits de la captivité, &c., t. 2, p. 294.

SECRET PLAN OF THE JESUITS.

PART I.

NOVITIATE AND ECCLESIASTIC CAREER.

I.

At the age of nineteen I had formed the resolution of entering the church, and was finishing my studies at the Seminary of Vercelli. I usually passed my vacations in the company of Luigi Quarelli, arch-priest and curé of Langosco, my native place. Incited by an eager thirst for knowledge, I had, in the course of a few years, completely exhausted his library; and often did this worthy man repeat to me, that so far from learning being of any use to me, it would more probably be an obstacle to my advancement in the church. He now began to speak to me of the Jesuits. The power of this order, its reverses, its recent restoration, the impenetrable mystery in which it has been enveloped since its origin, all contributed to exalt it in his eyes. According to his account, none were admitted into it but such as were distinguished for intellect, wealth, or station. He spoke of it as the only order which, so far from repressing the native energies of the mind, or the tendencies of genius, did actually favour them in every way. This assertion he substantiated by many striking examples.

The impression made on me by these conversations was exceedingly strong. Young, inexperienced, and dazzled by statements which taught me to regard Jesuitism as the only resource of a noble ambition, I longed for nothing so much as to be received into the order. Neither the thought of abandoning my parents, nor that of the severe trials to which I must subject myself, could, in any way, divert me from my purpose.

The curé scrupulously examined my resolution, and the result being satisfactory, he wrote to Turin, to Father Roothaan, then rector of a college of the society in that town, and now general of the Jesuits. The rector, after having made the customary inquiries respecting me, intimated that I might repair to the capital, and undergo the preliminary examinations.

I therefore took my departure. When I presented myself to him, he conversed with me for some time, and with great openness and affability. At first, his object appeared to be merely to acquaint himself with the extent of my acquirements, but by degrees he led me on insensibly to make a general confession, as it were, of my whole life.

I will not here attempt to retrace the details of this conversation. It would be difficult for me to convey an idea of the consummate art employed to sound a conscience, to descend into the very depths of the inmost heart, and to make all its chords resound, the individual remaining, all the while, unconscious of the analysis which is going on, so occupied is he by the pleasant flow of the conversation, so beguiled by the air of frank good-nature with which the artful process is conducted.

I have retained but vague and disjointed recollections of

all these subtle artifices. One portion of the conversation, however, imprinted itself so deeply in my memory that I will repeat it, in order to show under what point of view the present chief of the Jesuits had already begun to regard the mission and aim of his order.

"And now," said he, after having examined me, "what I have to communicate to you is calculated to fill you with hope and joy. You enter our society at a time when its adherents are far from numerous, and when there is, consequently, every encouragement to aspire to a rapid elevation. But think not that on entering it you are to fold your arms and dream. You are aware that our society, at one time, flourished vigorously, that it marched with giant steps in the conquest of souls, and that the cause of Christ and of the Holy See achieved signal victories by our means. But the very greatness of the work we were fulfilling, excited envy without bounds. The spirit of our order was attacked, all our views were misrepresented and calumniated, and as the world is always more ready to believe evil than good, we came, ere long, to be universally detested.

"Thus, we, the Society of Jesus, were doomed to undergo the same trials as our Divine Master. We were loaded with insults, we were driven from every resting-place. Monarchs and nations entertained with respect to us but one common thought, that of sweeping us from the face of the earth. Humiliated, insulted, buffeted, crowned with thorns, and bearing the cross, we also were doomed to suffer the death of ignominy. There was not wanting even a Caiaphas* to sign our sentence with his own hand; and the chastisement with which he was soon after visited by the

* Allusion to Clement XIV. (Ganganelli.)

just judgment of Heaven, gave rise to a last calumny against us, which crowned all the others. Our last struggle was ended; we died—but though dead, the powerful still trembled at our name. They made haste to seal up our tomb, and they set over it a vigilant guard, so that there might not be the faintest sign of life beneath the stone which covered us.

"But behold what became of the potentates themselves, during our sleep of death! Day by day they were visited by chastisements more and more severe. The world became the theatre of direful troubles and terrible catastrophes. A giant threaded *(infilzava)* crowns upon his resistless sword, and monarchs were cast down in the dust at his feet. But the moment of terror soon arrived, in which Almighty God broke the sword of the man of fate, and called us from the sepulchre. Our resurrection struck the nations with astonishment; and now we shall be no more the sport and the prey of the wicked, for our society is destined to become the right arm of the Eternal!

"Thus, a new era is opening for us. *All that the church has lost* she will regain through us. Our order, by its activity, its efforts, and its devotedness, *will vivify all the other orders, now well nigh extinct.* It will bear to all parts the torch of truth, for the dispersion of falsehood; it will bring back to the faith those whom incredulity has led astray; it will, in a word, realise the promise contained in the gospel, that all men shall be one fold under one Shepherd.

"Henceforward, then, no more disasters; the future is wholly ours. Our march will be victorious, our conquests incessant, our triumph decisive.

"But, once more, do not expect to walk upon roses; it is right that I should warn you of this. The mission

which our society imposes on itself is a stern one. We do not (it is important that you should know this), we do not aim only at restoring their ancient empire to *some fragments* of truth, but at restoring it to the *whole Catholic truth.* Thus, there is no pride or pretension that our order does not ruffle and wound: whence result all sorts of accusations, which we must support with courage. Bear in mind, when once the hand is laid to the plough, the only thought must be how to run the furrow straight. *Macte animo*, then, look not backwards. You can do much. Besides, I think that the more you become penetrated with the spirit of the order —if God, as I trust, grants you the grace to become one of its members—the more energy you will feel in yourself for the task which the superiors, and not human caprice, will assign you. Your superiors alone must be judges of this, for God always especially directs them, in order that each one, remaining at the post which is suitable to him, may most usefully co-operate in the great work, namely, the raising up of the church, the salvation of the world, and the union of all sects and parties under the authority of him who, as the representative of God himself on earth, cannot but act in the interest of all, ON CONDITION, HOWEVER, THAT ALL CONSENT TO OBEY HIM."

II.

This discourse, which I have considerably abridged, excited my imagination, filled me with new thoughts, and awakened in my heart an ardent faith. My visit to Father Roothaan, his engaging countenance, the unctuous

phrases that flowed abundantly from his lips, the singular address he displayed in rendering his conversation always full of interest—all this had soon subjugated me most completely to the Jesuits.

The reader may imagine what I felt on the occasion of this memorable interview. I was at the age of enthusiasm, the age in which all our faculties spring with undivided purpose towards their aim, whatever it may be. My mind had remained till then absorbed in a sort of half slumber. Transported—inflamed for a cause which I believed to be that of God himself, my sole aspiration was to pronounce the vows which were to bind me to it for ever.

On learning my decision my father was struck with the deepest sorrow : nor can I describe the distress of my poor mother ; but though the strong affection I felt for her had always given her a great influence over me, this time her prayers could not change my determination. Luigi di Bernardi, a man of uncommon worth, a priest, anti-monastic on principle, by whom I had been early initiated into all that is manly, austere, and sublime in the annals of Greece and Rome, exerted all his energy and all his knowledge to change the bent of my mind. All his efforts failed to shake my resolution, though my gratitude and my respect for him were boundless. Many friends also beset me, and added additional gloom in the appalling pictures which several persons had already traced to me of the order of the Jesuits. But in all this I saw nothing but pure malevolence, or stratagems devised to change my resolution.

At length my father declared that I should never have his consent.

The arch-priest Quarelli, grieved at our approaching separation, was obliged, almost in spite of himself, to make use of an argument which he knew would be decisive with my father and mother, both overcome with anguish at the thought of losing their only child.

He told them that everything proved the irresistible force of my vocation, and that my internal struggles were no less cruel than theirs; that it was absolutely necessary to obey the voice which called me, under pain of warring against God himelf. He reminded them of Abraham, and of his willingness to sacrifice his only son. "Besides," continued he, "perhaps he will not be entirely lost to you: perhaps God will permit that you shall embrace him sometimes before your death. You cannot live in peace with your conscience unless you consent, and, be well assured, the reward that awaits you at your last home will be equal to the greatness of your sacrifice; while, on the other hand, how deep would be your remorse if you persisted in refusing to God that which he asks of you!"

To talk thus to my parents was to attack them on their vulnerable side. Though they were most deeply afflicted, they consented at last to bid me farewell. My father was unable to pronounce a single word; my mother was almost overwhelmed by grief.

Just at this time Father Roothaan wrote thus to me:—

"Dearly beloved son, I trust that you will follow up your holy vocation in such a manner that we may never have to repent—you, of the resolution you have taken; I, of having proposed you; the superiors, of having accepted you. Your eternal salvation, your solid religious perfection for the greater glory of God, are and ought to be the first

and principal motive for which you desire to enter into the company. You will need all your courage, as I told you, when you come to me for examination. In order to be a good and a true Jesuit it is indispensable to possess a strong heart, and to be ready not only to labour much, but to suffer much—aye, even unto death!—to be persevering in humility, in obedience, in patience, seeking only God, who will himself be *merces vestra magna nimis.* Therefore, *confortare et esto robustus.* In giving yourself up to the order you place yourself in the hands of Divine Providence! Confide yourself wholly to Him, and He will conduct you safely to port! Under His protection we may sing whilst we steer!

"Hasten your preparations so that you may present yourself here in September,* and I will send you immediately to Chieri, that you may there lay, in the novitiate, the solid foundations of a truly religious and Jesuitical life."

A few days afterwards I received from him another letter, in the following terms:—

"Now, then, you may at once enter the novitiate. Such is the purport of a letter of yesterday's date, sent me by the father rector of Chieri. Call at St. François-de-Paule, in Turin; if I am not there, you will find me at Chieri, where the novitiate is. As to the manner of proceeding to Chieri, you will be informed of it here, at St. François-de-Paule. Pray for me to the Lord.

"Yours most affectionately in Christ,

"JOHN ROOTHAAN,

"of the Society of Jesus."

* *Sic*, although the letter was dated the 2nd September (1824.)

III.

I set out accordingly. On my arrival, they placed in my hands the rules which related to this first phasis of my new existence. I was immediately initiated into the exercises of Saint Ignatius, and of other saints—all Jesuits. It is by this sudden and complete immersion of the soul that they acquire their unlimited power over so many young men, unarmed by experience, and totally without defence, from the unreflecting enthusiasm which belongs to their age.

The most profound silence, rarely interrupted even by whispers, reigned in this abode, which was however not destitute of material comforts. The *guardian angel* (for this is the name given to the father attached to each novice) was accustomed to close the shutters of my windows, in order that I might remain as much as possible in obscurity. Thus seated, in partial darkness, he reasoned aloud on the world, on sin, and on eternal punishment. Conformably to one of the rules of the founder of the society, he designated those who do not submit in all things to the decisions of the church, as an army of rebels, angels of darkness, whom Satan inspires and governs, and against whom battle must be waged, until the day of final victory by the army of the faithful, led on by those angels of light and chiefs of the sacred militia, the Jesuits. As for the enemy's camp, he spoke of nothing in it but its reeking pestilence and corruption.

The indispensable complement of these private and daily

discourses is weekly confession, comprising an avowal of every affection of the heart, every sentiment of the mind, and even of one's dreams. This is the plummet-line always kept in hand by the superiors, and by means of which they ascertain what is passing in the very depth of their pupils' consciences. The miracles of all sorts with which the heads of the latter are filled are all invented in order to rear upon supernatural bases a structure of absolute and blind obedience. Under such a system, wherein there is neither conversation, nor reading, nor devotional exercise which has not been elaborately adjusted by a mysterious power, in such a manner as to take possession of both the understanding and the heart, each individual who has been wrought upon during a sufficient time, comes at last to consider himself religiously bound to the total surrender of his own will.

For myself, I felt my own personality daily diminishing, and I blessed this progressive self-annihilation, and recognised in it the sign of my salvation.

The subject most peculiarly dwelt upon, during my confessions, was the affection which still bound me to the remembrance of my friends and relations. I was constantly told that it was my imperative duty to tear asunder these bonds of affection, and stifle these remembrances: their complete immolation was represented to me as the most sacred of triumphs. To devote myself entirely to the order, was the sole object prescribed to me. As long as there existed within me the smallest trace of self-will, or of earthly affection, there would be something remaining of the "old man" which was finally to be absorbed in the Jesuit. I was by no means astonished that they should

thus seek to convert me into a new being, for I truly believed that the more I should identify myself with the society the more I should belong to God; and in this deadening of every feeling which might stand in the way of my entire dedication to the order, I perceived nothing but a just and reasonable consequence of its directing principle: "that the fewer ties we have with all that might distract us from our purpose, the more will be our power to persuade others to acknowledge that authority which it is the mission of the Jesuits to proclaim, as the only one upon earth which is not subject to error."

IV.

Thus far, all went on well. However laborious it might be, I subjected myself resolutely to the *probatoria* (the probation which precedes the novitiate). Not that I was exempt from anxiety and sorrow. Far from it. In hours of deep depression and anguish, my thoughts recurring to many a beloved object I had just forsaken, and feeling that my heart was empty, my mind perturbed, my soul sinking within me, and even my imagination, hitherto so free, enchained, I confess that I shrank back with terror and repented. Never, however, even in those gloomy moments, did the idea of renouncing the society seriously take possession of me. The fact is, there was not a particle of all I had heard from Father Roothaan, but what I believed to be true, noble, holy, and more worthy to be followed than anything else on earth. Moreover, when these mental struggles beset me, I was told that those very persons who

had sustained the like, had afterwards made themselves the most distinguished in the order for their zeal; and that far from regarding such things as proofs of a want of vocation, I ought rather to behold in them a mark of Divine election. "By and by," they told me, "when your studies shall have been completed, the immolation of the 'old man' accomplished, and your special vocation determined, you will only have to unfold your wings without fear of any impediment to your soaring flight."

This sort of language cheered me, and it is probable that I should have grown more and more attached to the society, that I should even have become one of its most devoted members, but for the incidents which I am about to relate.

V.

My too intense application to the subjects of a gloomy devotion, and the utter solitude of the *probatoria*, had broken down my spirits and my health. The first complaint I made, immediately procured me the indulgence of meat on a fast-day; and, when I would have refused this favour, it was in vain that I alleged the trifling nature of my indisposition. My *guardian angel*, Father Saetti, of Modena, solemnly replied to me that I ought to take especial care of my health, that I was called to be a labourer in the Lord's field, and that it was by no means the intention of the church to exact too much of those who, having torn asunder all the bonds of the flesh and of the world, delivered themselves up to her with devotedness.

Every morning, fasting, they obliged me, in spite of

my extreme repugnance, to drink a sort of mulled wine, rather thick, and of a singular flavour, which had the effect of producing, during the whole of the day, a species of torpor which I had never before experienced. In vain I refused this potion; all I could obtain was the permission to begin with small doses, until I should become accustomed to it.

At length, fatigued by long poring over ascetic books, and by the meditations which I was required to make again and again for hours on my knees, without any support, and being tempted by the fine autumn weather to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the sunshine, I begged my *guardian angel* to ask permission for me of the rector to walk for a few moments alone in the garden. "You have only," he replied, "to go to him and ask this permission for yourself; you may be certain he will grant you whatever favour is in his power."

It was not, however, until two days afterwards that, excited by the splendour of a day more than usually beautiful, I resolved to make my request.

It was in the afternoon. I quitted my chamber, and went to the rector's apartment, the door of which I found open, although the rector was absent. This circumstance surprised me not a little, as among the Jesuits everything is conducted with the most exact regularity.

As the novices never address the superior, who has the direction of the novitiate, otherwise than by his title of rector, I am unable here to designate him by his name; but nothing would be easier than to know it by ascertaining who was the Jesuit father occupying the direction of the novitiate house at Chieri in the month of September, 1824.

This father was without any austerity of manner. I

had every reason to be gratified by his kindness to me, and separated as I was from all those whom I had loved, I began to feel some attachment for him. From my first entrance into the house, he had even admitted me to a considerable degree of familiarity, with a view, no doubt, to insinuate himself into my confidence, all of which, indeed, he was in a fair way of obtaining. But the familiarity to which he had accustomed me had, on this occasion, a result very unfortunate for his speculations. If he had treated me with that reserve which intimidates and keeps at a distance, I should never have presumed to enter his apartments during the absence of the master, to go from one room to another, and to allow myself to do what I am about to relate.

VI.

I entered, then, the opened door, and perceiving nothing unusual in the room, except a small table, covered with bottles and glasses, in the right-hand corner, I supposed that the rector's absence was momentary, and that he would presently return. For want of something to do, I sauntered with a sort of lazy curiosity into an adjacent chamber, where a small library immediately attracted my attention. Impressed as I was by the holy maxims which were daily repeated to me, and above all by those solemn words which began and closed every conversation—*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*—how should I have doubted but that I was dwelling among angels? In fact, it is impossible to imagine anything more touching than the generosity with

which the fathers attribute to each other the rarest virtues and the most astonishingly miraculous of powers. I was not far, indeed, from believing implicitly that I was an inmate of a place peculiarly favoured by a constant communion with Heaven.

It was impossible, then, that I should for a moment conceive the thought that the rooms of the rector of a novitiate, who, as my confessor, was ever exciting me to a life of purity and elevation, should contain any books but those of piety and holiness. Weary as I had grown for some time of incessantly reading the exercises of Saint Ignatius, and incited by an irresistible desire to turn over some other leaves than those, I raised my hand to a shelf of the library, and joyfully seized a volume. To my surprise, I perceived a second row of books behind the first. Curiosity impelled me to take down the volume which had been concealed by the first I laid hold on. The name of the author has escaped my recollection, but it was, I think, a philosopher of the last century. I should have looked at it more deliberately, had not a third row of books, behind the second, struck me by the peculiar style of the binding. What was my astonishment when this title met my gaze, "CONFESSIONS OF THE NOVICES!" The side edges of the book were marked with the letters of the alphabet. Could I do less than seek for the initial of my own name?

The first pages, written, probably, a few days after my arrival, contained a rough sketch of my character. I was utterly confounded. I recognised my successive confessions, each condensed into a few lines. So clear and accurate was the appreciation given of my temperament, my

faculties, my affections, my weakness and my strength, that I saw before my eyes a complete revelation of my own nature. What surprised me above all was the conciseness and energy of the expressions employed to sum up the characteristics of my whole being. The favourite images I found in this depository of outpourings of all sorts from the heart of ingenuous youth, were borrowed from the materials used in building—hard, fragile, malleable, coarse, precious, necessary, accessory; a sort of figurative language which has kept fast hold on my memory. I only regret that I could but glance with the rapidity of lightning over the pages that concerned myself; yet this glance sufficed to reveal to me the object of such a work. An idea may be formed of it from the passage I am about to cite, and of which I have retained an indelible remembrance.

"The amount of enthusiasm and imagination with which he is endowed," said the text, "might in time be made very useful in varnishing our work. His want of taste for the *grotesque (sic)* in religion* will do no harm, but it proves that his talent must be employed in recommending and exalting, to the more delicate consciences, all that is pure and ennobling in religion. He would spoil all if we were to let him set to work on the clumsier parts of the edifice; whilst he will greatly aid its advancement if he is

* Father Saetti, knocking at my door one morning, according to his custom, I did not immediately open it. "Why this delay?" he asked me. I replied that I could not open the door sooner. He then reminded me that, in all things, the most prompt obedience was the most perfect; that in obeying God we must make every sacrifice, even that of a moment of time. "One of the brethren," he continued, "was occupied in writing, when some one knocked at his door. He had begun to make an *o*, but he did not stay to finish it. He opened

employed exclusively in the more delicate parts. Let him be kept, therefore, in the upper regions of thought, and let him not even be aware of the springs which set in movement the vulgar part of the religious world.

"It is important that he should always have near him, in his moments of depression, some one to cheer him with brilliant anticipations. But should his ardour, on the contrary, lead him too far, some discouragement or disappointment must be prepared for him, in order to mortify him and keep him in subjection."

Not an atom of what I had, as a matter of conscience, revealed to my *guardian angel*, or confessor, was omitted in this register. When I recollect what sweeping inductions were drawn from the trifles which I had considered myself bound to communicate, I cannot wonder that such a system, so based on profound study of character, pursued with so much assiduity and constancy, and applied on so vast a scale to individuals of every age and every condition, should place in the hands of the Jesuits an almost infallible means for attaining the end which they have proposed to themselves, with such extraordinary determination.

It may be imagined what were the reflections aroused within me on the discovery I had made. In an instant I

the door, and on returning to his seat, he found the *o* completed, and all in gold! Thus you see how God rewards him who is obedient." I received this story with a burst of laughter, at which he appeared much scandalised. "What!" he exclaimed, with an alarmed face, "do you not believe in miracles?" "Most certainly I do," replied I; "but this one is only fit to tell to old women."

This was, no doubt, repeated to the superior, and gave rise, I imagine, to the secret remarks quoted above.

recalled all the sinister statements which had been made to me respecting this celebrated society. But none of these thoughts had time to fix themselves in my mind, so eagerly was I incited by the desire to know more. Agitated, carried away, by a dizzy curiosity and an increasing anxiety, I seized a volume entitled, *Confessions of Strangers.* I hastily glanced over a few lines, here and there, and the small portions that I read induced me afterwards to believe, that everything in this order is done conformably to the rules of the little code, known by the name of *Monita Secreta*, or *Secret Instructions.* It was, in fact, a collection of notes upon persons of every class, of every age, rich men, bachelors, &c. Here again were circumstantial details—propensities, fortune, family, relations, vices and virtues, together with such anecdotes as were calculated to characterize the personages. It is only in cases of exception, as I have since learnt, that a Jesuit remains long in the same place. If he be allowed to continue his sojourn there, it is only when the superiors are convinced of the incontestable utility of the influence which he exercises. Whenever a Jesuit, particularly one of moderate abilities, has used up the resources of his mind in any particular place, and when he seems to have nothing new to produce, the regulations of the order require that he shall be replaced by another who may, in his turn, be remarked and admired for a longer or a shorter time. In these frequent changes there is another advantage: the new-comer, entering upon the sacred office of his predecessor, as soon as he has learnt the names of the persons who choose him for the director of their conscience, can, by means of the *Register of Confessions*, furnish himself, in a few hours, with all the

experience acquired by his colleagues. This artifice endows him with the infallible power of surprising, confounding, and subjugating the penitents who kneel beside him; he penetrates them most unexpectedly, and, in a manner unprecedented, introduces himself into the most hidden folds of their hearts. It cannot be told with how much art the Jesuits profit by the astonishment they thus excite, and how adroitly they turn it to the advancement of their work. Thus, I have met with rich bigots, old men, and often with young persons of the weaker sex, who boldly maintain that the greater number of these reverend fathers are actually endowed with the spirit of prophecy.

VII.

I was, meanwhile, disposed to make further and bolder researches. The book which I next opened was a register of *Revenues, Acquisitions, and Expenses.* In my feverish impatience I soon quitted it for another, entitled, *Enemies of the Society.* At this moment I was interrupted by a noise which I heard, and scarcely had I time to replace the volumes I had disturbed, when I distinguished the sound of numerous approaching footsteps, as if several persons were about to enter the apartment. Then only I began to feel the danger of my presence in the closet.

Until then I had been wholly absorbed, and hurried along, as it were, by a whirlwind. But the discoveries I have related proved to be but the prologue to a drama infinitely more serious, and which I am about to retrace.

As soon as I was aware that the rector was returning,

along with several other persons, I held a rapid debate within myself whether I should leave the inner room, and cross the other in their presence, or remain hidden as I was. But, in order to render my narrative more clear, I ought here, perhaps, to relate a fact which can alone explain why I had found the door of the apartment open. I learnt afterwards that a rich nobleman and courtier* had come to pay a visit to the Jesuit fathers at Chieri. I had myself a few days previously heard a rumour of the expected arrival of some fathers from a distance. At this period, the Jesuits were beginning to plant some roots in Piedmont, of which they meditated the conquest; and I doubt not that the superiors of the society resident at Chieri wished to offer a flattering reception to this high personage. Their conversation had, probably, run upon the work which they proposed to undertake in that country. I understood, at least, from some of their expressions, that they congratulated themselves on having interested their noble visitor, and trusted that they had acquired in him a powerful supporter. There seems every reason to suppose that the fathers, desirous of pleasing him, had, in their excess of politeness, accompanied him to his carriage, where the conversation and the parting compliments had been prolonged more than a quarter of an hour, whilst it had occurred to no one amongst them that the door of the rector's apartment was left open.

What might be the number of the fathers I cannot

* The Marquis of Saluces, brother of the Count of Saluces. I had not named him in the manuscript which has been stolen from me. My plunderers have added, in their Berne publication, a verbal indiscretion to their actual theft.

exactly report. To judge from the noise of voices, there might be at least eight or ten of them.

As to myself, my perplexity may be better conceived than described. I was bewildered. What was I to do? Remain? But every moment I might expect to be discovered, and then! Should I open the door, and break in upon their eager conversation? But I was too much agitated, too much oppressed, by what I had just read; besides, what I had already overheard of their projects, their eager animation, and the freedom of their speech, all terrified me. I trembled at the bare idea of encountering their inquisitorial gaze. A fearful reaction had instantaneously taken place within me. The Society of Jesus was suddenly revealed to me in darker and more repulsive colours than those under which it had formerly been depicted to me. Confounded, paralyzed, and utterly unable to come to any determination, I remained motionless. . . . Far from being fatal to me, this loss of time was the circumstance which saved me.

VIII.

Whilst they were thus conversing together with considerable vehemence, all on a sudden, as if they had disappeared, the noise of their voices ceased, and a dead silence ensued. An electric shock could not have produced a greater revulsion of feeling than that I experienced; and the door of the room, in which I was, being a little open, as it had been from the first, my very pulses seemed to stand still during this pause.

Yet were I again to be submitted to such a trial, I know not whether I should again be capable of the resolution which then rose within me. I was composed, as it were, of two beings. I felt, at the same time, all the timidity and all the rash boldness of a child. A sort of fascination inspired me with a daring thought, leaving me at the same time perfectly aware of the danger of my situation. Others may be able to explain this mystery; for myself, I only state what occurred to me. I tell what I dared to attempt, and what I effected, without seeking to conceal the terror by which I was shaken during its execution, and which left an impression upon me that lasted more than a twelvemonth. Certain it is that I soon experienced, in the midst of my trembling fears, a sort of boyish exultation, a feeling of joy and triumph at the idea of being initiated into secrets, the mysterious and awful nature of which I was led to infer from the revelations of the library, the words which struck my ears, the opinion I had conceived of the power of the Jesuits, and the remembrance, which these circumstances so vividly recalled, of all that I had heard in their disfavour. But let me not anticipate.

Up to this time, I had been endeavouring to collect all my courage, in order to present myself before the assembly, and attempt to go forth, excusing myself to the rector, if, as was most likely, he should interrogate me; and, probably, I should have finished by taking this step, had the confused conversation continued much longer. The sudden silence, the idea that I was discovered, put an end to the resolution I was about to take. At the very moment when I expected to see the door opened, the incident which

took place changed my situation, and rendered it critical in the last extreme. At the first words I heard, and which I am about to relate, I felt with terror that I was, in fact, witness of a council which held up before me the two grand perils between which I had to choose. But the danger, if I presented myself, was immediate though unknown, whilst it seemed to me that in temporizing there was some chance of safety. This latter plan, too, was the easier from its inaction; it left me a ray of hope that I might yet escape undetected, and I remained therefore motionless, awaiting my fate. I will now relate the words which almost immediately broke the awful silence.

I do not profess to give with literal accuracy, in each expression, the allocution of the Jesuit who filled the office of president on this occasion; but I pledge myself that the sense is faithfully and accurately reported: the words, which in a moment so grave, and in the midst of such profound attention, fell slowly and emphatically on my ear, remain indelibly imprinted on my memory.

"You will excuse me, dear brethren"—(an imperative gesture of the president himself had doubtless produced the silence which had been so startling to me)—"you will excuse me if I thus interrupt you. You are aware that we have no time to lose. To-day, as already resolved, we will enter into a general view of the interests and the plan of action by which our society is at present to be guided. Hitherto our discussions have related only to local affairs. We must now define the principles which are, henceforward, to regulate our conduct. The men with whom we have now to do, are totally dissimilar to those of past times. The plan which we are now to lay down must be calculated to meet

present as well as future obstacles. And shall not we," he added, with a tone of concentrated haughtiness, "with our united efforts, be able to do as much as—nay, more than was done by one single man, in a few years, to the astonishment of the whole world? Hold yourselves ready then, you who have sufficient understanding to throw light upon the important questions which we have to resolve.

"You have, before your eyes, the list of those points which form our chief object.

"What is most important for us is, that our materials should augment, and that a book be ultimately made from them—I will not say a large book, but such a book, as may become, though small in volume, a vast fund, wherein shall be concentrated the experience of thousands, for the benefit of all those whom we shall initiate into our work. For you all know that since quiet is restored, and the genius of war is fettered, the mind of every nation is at the disposal of him who shall most adroitly take possession of it.

"But let us not deceive ourselves. However good our old swords may be, yet seeing the struggle which awaits us, it is not enough to sharpen them; we must above all things modernize them.

"We must first decide, then, what course to follow with the multitude who have been bewildered and fascinated by such fine-sounding words as 'right,' 'liberty,' 'human dignity,' and so forth. It is not by straightforward opposition, and by depreciating their idols, that we shall prevail. To prepare for men of all parties, whatever may be their banner, a gigantic surprise, that is our task. *(Creare a tutti i partiti, qualunque sia la lor bandiera, una gigantesca sorpresa, ecco la nostra opera.)*

"Let our first care, therefore, be to change, altogether, the nature of our tactics, and to give a new varnish to religion, by appearing to make large concessions. This is the only means to assure our influence over these moderns, half men, half children.

"We will first, then, take a review of the arsenal of our forces. The present meeting shall be the pregnant mother of our future proceedings *(séance mère)*, wherein we will concentrate all the ideas we have formed upon the epoch, so as to turn them to the aggrandisement of the church. Here are the minutes of the three preceding meetings, which you may all consult at your leisure. Broad margins have been left in order that you may note down your reflections, your rectifications, and even your objections, should such present themselves to your minds; and above all, your new views on the difficulties we shall encounter, and on the best means of vanquishing them. In this manner we shall become more and more enlightened on the grand design of our order, and on the course which will most promptly and most surely accomplish it.

"Bear ever in mind that our great object, in the first place, is to study deeply and bring to perfection the art of rendering ourselves both necessary and formidable to the powers that be."

IX.

It almost took away my breath to find the worst that had been told me of the Jesuits thus suddenly and unexpectedly confirmed by what I had just read and heard.

To open the door now, and to present myself before them, would have been the act of a madman. All that remained for me was to decide what I should do if I were discovered; and I thought my only possible resource, if I heard them approach the door, would be to stretch myself on the ground as if I were in a fit. I felt, in fact, as if I were on the point of being precipitated headlong down a precipice.

A salutary diversion drew me out of this state of extreme anxiety; there was a movement and a sound of chairs; they were evidently taking their seats at the table. Here was a respite! I breathed again. The person who had already spoken now uttered, in a simple and familiar tone, the following words, which suddenly inspired me with the feelings and the resolution of which I have spoken above.

"I should wish," said he, "that nothing should be lost of what we are about to say. I desire exceedingly that all our ideas may be committed to writing, so that others may have opportunity to criticise, develop, or improve them. Let us, therefore, deliver them clearly and deliberately, in order that our friend the secretary (*l'amico nostro, il secretario*) may lose nothing of what is said."

To hear this, to observe near me a small table furnished with writing materials, and to resolve to play myself the part of secretary, was the work of an instant.

From the commencement of my studies, first from caprice, and afterwards with a special motive, I had invented for my own use a system of abbreviations in writing. I had only thought, at first, of procuring myself a little leisure during the dictation of the lessons, and thus being able to amuse myself, with all the vain-glory of a schoolboy,

in watching my fellow-students painfully writing down what I had long since finished. The indulgence of this diversion sometimes, indeed, induced the professor to require me to prove, by reading the dictation, that I had really written it. But I afterwards turned this species of stenography to more account, because it enabled me to enjoy furtive reading during the lessons. And the effect of it remains to this day; for, although I no longer make use of this system, I find it difficult to write without many abbreviations, so that my handwriting is, unfortunately for my correspondents, singularly illegible. Besides, those amongst the Jesuits whose native tongue was not Italian naturally spoke with slowness. Hence I had no difficulty in writing down all that was said. I was thus occupied until the close of the day; a quarter of an hour more, and daylight would have totally failed me.

I will not attempt to describe my sensations whilst thus occupied. I felt as if I had taken a prodigious leap. Still very young (I was only nineteen), simple and confiding, I was confronted, wholly unprepared, with the most daring and profound machinations which men, such as the chiefs of the Jesuits, were capable of devising. The veil withdrawn, I beheld myself face to face with one of the most mysterious powers which has ever been known to reduce to system, on a vast scale, the art of subjugating all sorts of passions—the passions of the mass, and the passions of sovereigns—to the obtaining of a fixed and immutable purpose.

Thus, scarcely daring to make the slightest movement, I was able, through the partly-opened door, to hear distinctly every word. I listened to the discourses of eight or

ten of the most energetic chiefs of the society, who, having laid aside, on this occasion, their unctuous language, and honied phrases of holiness, boldly reasoned upon sects, parties, opinions, and interests, weighed both obstacles and resources, and built up a colossal edifice of delusion, before which Machiavel would have bowed his head.

This was a rude trial for an understanding so youthful and unprepared as mine. Besides this, the singularity of my situation—listening to and writing down the words of invisible personages, whilst I knew that the sword was suspended over me by a single thread—occasioned emotions so violent, that I cannot, to this day, recal them without a nervous shudder.

My readers' own feelings, as they peruse what follows, will enable them to judge what I must have suffered.

X.

A certain impression, which I welcomed as a hope of safety and of Divine protection, seemed to come upon me, that this singular situation, which I had neither sought nor foreseen, was not the effect of chance. Besides, my occupation absorbed me so deeply, that I had sunk into a sort of calm—a calm inwardly troubled, it is true, and, as it were, convulsive. But when I perceived that the sitting was about to draw to a close, all my agitation was renewed. A deep terror took possession of all my senses; after what I had heard and what I had done, I could not look for any mercy. At the noise which followed, when all the assembly

rose from their seats, my knees knocked together, and drops of cold perspiration fell from my forehead.

Meanwhile, however much I resembled a condemned criminal whose hour of execution has arrived, I was not so wholly mastered by terror but that I had some lucid moments. I took advantage of the noise produced by their mutual congratulations to thrust my manuscripts into my stockings, and felt somewhat relieved when they were thus concealed. Afterwards, when the bottles were uncorked, and the glasses were jingled, I exerted all the little force I had left to ease my torpid limbs ; for the posture I had been obliged so long to maintain had cramped my whole frame, especially my neck and my legs. Happily, the noise was now sufficient to allow me to stretch my limbs, and let my blood return to its natural circulation.

This relief obtained, and the noise in the adjoining room having again subsided, the chief who had already spoken, addressed the following observations to his colleagues, who listened with the renewed attention which his words seemed always to command.

" Where is the revolutionist who, as soon as he becomes engaged in any plot, is not obliged to risk his fortune and his life? As for us, we have nothing of the kind to fear. On the contrary, those who load us with favours, to whom we owe these spacious mansions where we hold our meetings in perfect safety, not only confide to us their subordinates and their families, but put themselves into our hands."

These last words, uttered in a slightly ironical tone, excited an approving murmur, which induced the speaker to add:—

"But let us not trust too much to the singular advantages of our admirable position. Let us rather take extreme care to avoid the least false step, so as to arrive safely at the result of our efforts."

After these words there was an explosion of enthusiasm —toast followed toast; but nothing of the precise meaning of their noisy conversation reached me. The only words I heard distinctly were these which one of them, evidently English or Irish by his accent, pronounced in a grave sonorous voice, accenting each syllable impressively: "*Et erit unum ovile, et unus pastor.*"

Continually in fear of being discovered, I expected every instant to see the joyous scene of which I was the unknown witness, change into a scene of death. I looked anxiously around me—not a corner where I could conceal myself. I heard the rapid beating of my heart; my fate seemed darker than the night whose approach rendered my thoughts still more gloomy. What a position! I at once desired and feared a change, whatever it might be. I desired it, that I might be released from such cruel constraint; I feared it, for what might befal me! All at once a fortunate accident roused me from my stupor—the house bell rang. I heard these words, "Come, let us to supper;" followed by these others, "We have earned one, and a good one too."

XI.

As soon as I could make out that they were moving to the door and were really going, I was seized with an agita-

tion of quite a different nature from that which I had endured before. I cannot possibly express what I felt at this moment, when, listening attentively, I acquired the certainty that the room was becoming empty. It seemed to me that an overwhelming weight, which had oppressed me during half the day with a mysterious terror, was instantaneously taken away, as it were, by an invisible hand.

Thenceforward, full of courage, I did not doubt that God had assisted me till then, and that he would continue to assist me.

As soon as the sound of retreating steps had completely died away in the corridors, I crept softly into the apartment. Even there I could not help casting a look on the table round which the assembly had been seated. The temptation was too strong for my curiosity not to overcome my fears. The first thing that struck me was some great books in the form of registers, with alphabeted edges. The sight of them explained to me a noise I had heard at the moment when the Jesuits entered. However, no use had been made of these books during the conference.

Although at that hour I could scarcely see to read, yet I would not lose the opportunity of casting a rapid glance into these volumes. I found that they contained numerous observations relative to the character of distinguished individuals, arranged by towns or families. Each page was evidently written by several different hands. Beside these enormous volumes, I saw three unbound manuscript books, two in Italian, and one in French, all thickly set with marginal notes. If I had not been tormented with strong apprehensions, I could have employed

some precious time in looking through this mass of writings. But I had incurred peril enough, and however great the attraction, it was necessary to resist it, and depart without more delay.

XII.

What activity in this order!—what power of combination!—what boldness of views!—what fecundity of means! But also, what pride to imagine it possible, even with all these appliances, to delude, ensnare, mystify, and quell this rebellious age, which becomes each day more clear-sighted to comprehend these plans, and perceive the definitive object of these manœuvres.

Jesuitism, indeed, has long lain under the most terrible suspicions.

Fra Paolo Sarpi, a man of great capacity, of consummate experience, a monk himself, and who, during a long life, had studied this amphibious sort of corporation (for it does not declare itself decidedly either ecclesiastic or monkish), calls it in his usual laconic language, "The secret of the court of Rome, and of all secrets the greatest."

"Of all the religious orders," said likewise the formidable Philip II., "that of the Jesuits is the only one which I cannot in the least comprehend."

At the present day this society continues to be an enigma, but its meaning is on the point of being found out.

One day during the last few years I opened the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, and great was my surprise on

finding there details very similar to those which I have just recounted, and of which, as I have already said, I made no mystery on my arrival in Switzerland. It is, nevertheless, possible, that the information contained in the following lines proceeded from another source: —

" The provincial houses correspond with those of Paris ; they are also in direct communication with the general, who resides at Rome. The correspondence of the Jesuits, so active, so varied, and organized in so wonderful a manner, has for object to furnish the chiefs with every information of which they may stand in need. Every day the general receives a number of reports which severally check each other. There are in the central house, at Rome, huge registers, wherein are inscribed the names of all the Jesuits and of all the important persons, friends, or enemies, with whom they have any connexion. In those registers are recorded, without alteration, hate, or passion, facts relating to the lives of each individual. It is the most gigantic biographical collection that has ever been formed. The conduct of a light woman, the hidden failings of a statesman, are recounted in these books with cold impartiality ; written with an aim to usefulness, these biographies are necessarily genuine. When it is required to act in any way upon an individual, they open the book and become immediately acquainted with his life, his character, his qualities, his defects, his projects, his family, his friends, his most secret acquaintances. Can you not conceive, sir, what paramount practical advantages a society must enjoy that possesses this immense police register which embraces the whole world ? It is not on light grounds I speak of these registers, it is from one who has *seen* this collection, and who is perfectly

acquainted with the Jesuits, that I derive my knowledge of this fact. It suggests matter for reflection for those families who give free access to the members of a community in which the study of biography is so adroitly cultivated and applied."

I was forced, though with regret, to quit the table; besides, the darkness prevented my reading profitably. I was under no difficulty about leaving the room; I knew that the door opened on the inside, and that I should only have to shut it gently to reach the corridor. I thought it best not to go to my room, as it must have been shut up during my absence. What I most dreaded at that moment was to meet any one, for I was convinced that during this absence of half a day I had been anxiously sought for. The best expedient I could think of was to go and place myself in a latticed pew in the church, in which I attended mass every day accompanied by my *guardian angel.*

XIII.

Alone there, and in some degree safe, I had leisure to feel the full effects of the fatigue of body and mind I had endured. All my ideas had in fact undergone a complete revolution, which, had it been effected slowly, would not have had the serious consequences of which I am about to speak; but it had taken place with extraordinary violence; the tree had been torn up suddenly by the roots and cast upon the furious waters of a torrent. I will not attempt to describe such a situation; at times I appreciated the event in all its

reality; at others the burning of my brain was such that I did not doubt I had been the sport of some Satanic vision; I was present once more at the scene which I had witnessed, but it was now so exaggerated that I fancied I heard spectres or demons conversing together.

Under a load of such different impressions of fear, of astonishment, my intellectual and moral strength broken by toil and constraint, after having yielded myself up to a maze of gloomy and agonizing thoughts, it was a good thing for me that I sank into a deep sleep. It must have been about nine or ten in the evening, when I was suddenly awakened by some one shouting out my name. Mechanically I came out of my pew, and was still rubbing my eyes when I know not how many fathers came round me.

I was instantly overwhelmed with questions. I was obliged to pause some moments to collect my ideas; and then I could find nothing better to say than that I had felt unwell—that everything fatigued me—that the slightest noise tortured me—and that I had retired there to be alone.

But all this was far from satisfying them. Father Saetti remarked, that not only he had been where we then were, but that he had knocked at every door, even at that of the rector, without being able to find me.

In fact, during the meeting I had heard the door open; and so long as the whisperings lasted, and until it was shut again, I had felt a cold shudder run through my frame.

I replied, therefore, that it was true I had not been constantly there; that I had been absent for a quarter of

an hour or so, and I mentioned a place to which I had been obliged to go.

The embarrassment manifested in every word I spoke increased their suspicions. The fathers, irritated rather than appeased by my replies, continued, under different forms, to repeat the same interrogations.

The *guardian angel* took the trouble to inform me, in an ill-humoured tone, that at first he had believed I had gone to make my request to the rector, but that my absence proving so long, he had changed his opinion. And as though he feared being accused of negligence, he justified himself in an eager and serious tone.

"It was impossible for me to suppose," said he to the rector, "that even if you had received him you would have kept him so long—above all to-day, when, on account of the meeting, you had told me there would be no reception. It was only after having been more than once to inquire of the porter and of the lay brothers, after having importuned everybody, that I began to suspect he might have run away. It was then at the risk of disturbing your meeting, not knowing what to do, I came and knocked at your door. Before supper, I hastened to inform you of his disappearance, and, had it not been to obey you, I should, for my own part, have judged it perfectly useless to go calling him through the corridors as I have just done. I can scarcely believe my eyes at seeing him there now."

There would have been no end to all this, if, wearied with so many questions, and making a bold effort, I had not begun to complain bitterly, groaning out that they tortured me, that I was exhausted with suffering, that I was dying.

An aged father, whom I recognised by his voice as one of those who had spoken during the meeting, suddenly cut short these puzzling interrogatories. "Let me see," said he, taking hold of my hand and feeling my pulse, whilst the rest stood keenly watching me in silence; then, after a few moments of serious thought, "Poor lad!" said he, "he is in a burning fever. To bed with him immediately! let the physician see him at once; I never in my life saw any one in such violent agitation; he is in a tremendous fever." This was sufficient to put an end to their suspicions.

XIV.

My first care, on being conducted to my room, was to endeavour to undress without assistance. I contrived, not without difficulty, to lay my stockings aside without any other person touching them. The physician, who soon arrived, confirmed the opinion already pronounced on the serious nature of my attack.

Wholly engrossed by the secret in my possession, as soon as I was left alone, notwithstanding the darkness and the deplorable state I was in, I opened the edge of one of my waistcoats with a penknife; I then took my manuscripts, reduced them into small squares, and placed them carefully within the lining, so as to make no show that could betray their existence. I was obliged, however, to defer till the morrow the task of stitching up the waistcoat.

When my health was in some degree restored, and I

had recovered my composure, I communicated to the rector my determination to discontinue my studies for the novitiate. In this I was guilty of signal imprudence, and from that moment my intention of quitting the establishment was represented to me as an inspiration of the devil. The pertinacity with which they strove to detain me, against my will, was so much the more odious to me, as they protested that all they sought was the welfare of my immortal soul. I found myself compelled some time longer to champ the bit in silence.

The day of confession arrived. I had hitherto obeyed a rule which prescribed that the penitent should reply aloud to the questions of his confessor—a more efficacious means, it was said, of advancing in humility and of rendering the act of confession meritorious. This time I paid no attention to it. The rector remarked this, and severely reprimanded me. The fact is, that he never failed on the Saturday evening to place his chair against that very door which, on the day when I took my notes of the sitting, had remained partly open, and he seated himself in such a manner that my voice was necessarily directed towards the door. I was, meanwhile, kneeling on a sort of footstool, and my face nearly touched his. The knowledge I had acquired had rendered me suspicious. The care which he took to exhort me to speak louder, whilst the usual custom in confession is to whisper, called my attention to the door which was in front of me, and I examined it as carefully as my situation would permit. I perceived that it was slight, and composed of a number of narrow battens, with many small interstices between them. Of course, in my new frame of mind I

could not help supposing that some mystery was hidden behind that door—that, perhaps, on the same spot where I had written down the proceedings of the meeting, on that very table, so well furnished with writing materials, a secretary took notes of all that was weekly elicited, by questions cunningly contrived so as to search out the inmost hearts of young men who would have scrupled to dissemble, in the solemn act of confession, even their most fugitive thoughts.

XV.

Let me now give an account of the contrary effect which was produced on me, in my present state, by those very things which had previously wrought upon me, as it were, by fascination.

The devotional books I was made to read, the sighs and lamentations I heard uttered for the multitude of souls whom the world beguiles and corrupts, and, above all, these maxims, " That it is only by sacrificing our inclinations that we can advance towards perfection; that inferiors ought to listen to their superiors as if God spoke by their lips ; that when we have become as a wand, or as a lifeless body in their hands, then only we have attained the height of obedience; and that this short life cannot be better employed than for the triumph of the church, and in seeking to bring all to her." These books, these sighs, these maxims appeared to me as nothing else than the means of an abominable deception.

Nothing annoyed me so much as the pains they took

to embue my gait, my gestures, and even my looks with a certain air of austerity, and to prune my habitual language of certain free and artless expressions, with a view to impose others upon me, of a honied, specious, and sanctimonious nature. To meditate for ever, in such a place as this, on the eternity of punishment, everlasting felicity, and the duty of putting off the old man and putting on the new, and to pass the beads of a chaplet daily through my fingers, were exercises incompatible thenceforward with the new life which I had received in that very place. But what consummated my disgust was to be compelled to participate in conventional groanings, and in a pious loquacity of which it is impossible to form an idea. How, indeed, could I have continued to be at all deceived as to the nature of these practices? I was now aware of their purpose. They hoped, by means of all their trash of hollow and heartless prayers, their fictitious ecstacies, and chimerical communion with God, to galvanize my imagination, to suppress a portion of my being, and by marring my reason to obscure and mutilate my understanding, so that they might at length become its absolute masters.

The traces of the crisis through which I passed have been so profound, that no religious phraseology, however grand, has ever since been able to impose upon me. So far from being, in my estimation, a warrant of solid piety, a profusion of set phrases induces me rather to inquire whether it is not employed as an instrument of political views, or of self-interested speculation. I have become more and more averse from that heavy formality which almost everywhere stifles the fruitful principles of the gospel; and I have good right to disapprove of and detest

it, since I early encountered the most venomous of reptiles under its thick foliage. I know, indeed, of no better rule for judging of men and things than that given by Jesus: "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, nor an evil tree good fruit. By their fruits ye shall know them."

Convinced that the rector would never cease to oppose my departure, I matured a project of flight, and I chose for its execution what I thought the most favourable hour of the afternoon. I went immediately to the very hotel at which, a short time before, I had dined with the arch-priest, the day of my entrance into the novitiate. From thence I sent to the establishment for whatever belonged to me. One of the fathers immediately came to me, and exerted all his eloquence to convince me that I had committed a heinous fault; but it was in vain he protested that salvation is scarcely to be attained by those who mingle in the world's ways, whereas if we die in the society it is assured to us, according to the promise of St. Ignatius—I was no longer the man to give heed to such fables. Abstaining from all imprudent disclosures, and avoiding every symptom of rancour, I at length dismissed my persevering visitor, and now I thought only of returning to my parents. A physician, whom I found it necessary to consult, advised me to avoid the motion of a carriage, and to travel rather by boat upon the Po. It is astonishing how the eager desire to quit this place, and the joy of breathing the free air, took away all feeling of the indisposition under which I was still labouring. But scarcely had I proceeded six or seven leagues by water ere my illness increased so much, that when I was landed at Casala I was considered to be in danger. I was therefore compelled to remain at

that place until I was able to be removed to Langosco, my native town.

Amidst so many trials it was, however, a consolation to me that throughout this perilous affair I had avoided the worst of all evils, that of betraying myself. In the height of the fever, brought on by all I had gone through, every word I uttered had some confused reference to the meeting of which I had made a minute. I had to strive against this tendency of my disorder, and so great was the struggle, that I suffered from the effects of it for more than a year. The strangeness of the event, and the fear of betraying my own share in it, had deranged my whole being.

XVI.

It is important that I should touch upon other annoyances to which I was subjected as soon as it was known that I had left the Jesuits. No one was more visibly hurt at my abandonment of the novitiate than was my former friend the curé. My brief abode at Chieri, my escape, the complaint against me addressed to him by the superior, and, more than all, my extreme reserve with the Jesuits, from whom I declared, however, I had never experienced anything but good treatment—all these things were to him totally inexplicable. Those who compared my former enthusiasm with my present icy silence, accused me of inconsistency, and harassed me with questions; and the necessity under which I was placed of answering evasively, contributed not a little to make it appear that I was in the

wrong. But the greatest grief I felt on this occasion was that he who had hitherto loved me as his son, so that we could not pass a day without seeking each other's society, now shut his door against me, declaring, with indignant severity, that for the future he would have nothing to do with me. This was my old friend the curé. And in fact he had witnessed in me so much resistance overcome, so many sacrifices made, so many ties, and those the dearest, broken, that he could not but consider my vocation as a strong and decided one. It appeared unpardonable in his eyes that I should have no reason to allege for the suddenness of the change, none to justify my flight; and nothing could exasperate him more than the utter apathy I showed with regard to the Jesuits, after having been one of their most ardent admirers; an apathy which I could not disguise, although it rendered my conduct still more enigmatical. All this kept us asunder during several years, and even when our reconciliation at last took place, he could not refrain from treating me as inconstant, unreasonable, flighty, and paradoxical. In fact he only consented to receive me again on condition that not a word should be said on all this affair.

XVII.

I will now give an idea of the conduct which I was obliged to adopt, in order to make my way in the clerical world. I pursued my theological studies, and very naturally the pages I possessed were the frequent subject of my meditations. Instead of being influenced by official

instruction, I soon became sensible that, in my case, it only served as an antidote against itself. I thus preserved my thoughts from pursuing the common track. But a crowd of reflections were awakened within me on all that I saw, and these I was absolutely forced to suppress. To form an idea of what all this cost me, it would be necessary to make a close acquaintance with life in a seminary.

Reciprocal mistrust is the first lesson taught there; servility is recommended as the height of virtue; espionage is noble, everything is pardoned to him who practises it, whilst the greatest implacability is shown towards him who dares to call it a base occupation. The doctrine of pride is also carried to its greatest height in the opinion which the priest is taught to form of his own dignity. He is told to consider himself as no less superior to the laity than man is to the brute. He is told that he must not be familiar with the people; that he must maintain a certain distance in order to be the more imposing, and the better to inculcate the superiority of the church, or (which comes to the same thing) of the clergy. The students in these ecclesiastical establishments, almost all of the poorer classes, shrink from no sacrifice, because they are sustained by the hope of improving their condition. Yes, all that is sought, with such concentrated eagerness, under the semblance of this plausible mechanism of worship, is, in plain truth, a position more or less brilliant—a trade, in fact, by which to live. Such is the mainspring of this machinery, and it does not fail to keep all in movement. And to say the truth, whoever has eyes to see and ears to hear, can feel no doubt that this is the means employed to influence, modify, transform, render subservient, or stifle, if need be, opinions,

ideas, and systems. So that the greater number of young men, who are brought by instruction to admit these ready-made convictions, and who are incapable of a free and magnanimous resolution, easily lend themselves to certain functions in the Catholic hierarchy, and each works at his appointed hour, and in his appointed place, with surprising readiness and regularity.

When my eyes had once begun to penetrate all these combinations, and their unavoidable results, I perceived within myself symptoms of another revolution. Every amusement was insipid to me; and my soul, early awakened, and yet imprisoned in a little world, an epitome of all that is stirring in the great world, set itself to work secretly to discuss a multitude of questions, delicate in their nature, and difficult to solve. I was in a situation every way exceptional. I was like a person who is placed behind the curtain during a scenic representation, and who witnesses the play of the wires. Thus, the pomp and show of religion, its fêtes, liturgies, solemnities, and devotional practices, inspired me with nothing short of repugnance. But forced to submit to circumstances, with my eye fixed upon a multitude of figures, and on the concealed springs which put them in movement, I shrank, pensively, within myself. This, however, I will say, that notwithstanding all the obligations which I felt were imposed upon me by my situation, neither the sermons at chapel, nor the weekly gymnastics to which I was forced to resign myself, in order to be one of the actors in the insipid exhibition of high mass, nor the act of confession and its monthly certificates, nor all the constraint imposed by constant espionage, operated in the same manner upon me that it did upon

others. It roused within me a rebellious feeling, instead of rendering me docile to receive the common stamp.

Alone, as it were, amongst a great number of fellow-students, almost unconnected with them, on account of my eccentricity and isolation, I was compelled to have recourse to whatever change or occupation I could procure, in order to render my situation supportable. I ransacked all the works that came within the limits of the prescribed rules, in the hope of appeasing my thirst of knowledge, and for want of larger resources, my mind was absorbed in reasoning and reflection. I deeply studied (and this was the source of much reproach to me) a Latin Bible, divided into small volumes, one of which I always had about me. Meanwhile the orchestra poured forth its anthems, the altar shone resplendent with gold, the bishop enthroned himself with his scenic adornments; they knelt, they bowed, they waved the censers, they chanted, they stunned the ears, and dazzled the eyes; whilst I, in order to detach myself, as much as possible, from all this mechanical mummery, gladly abandoned my seat at the feast, always furnished on days of extraordinary ceremony, to those who were well contented to take my place; that is to say, to any of those beings as fond of these ceremonies as they were stupid and greedy.

My antipathy for these material forms of worship became generally perceived, and produced considerable scandal. I felt, meanwhile, an increasing ardour in the study of the Prophets and of the New Testament, in order to acquaint myself perfectly with the type of doctrine and the plan of redemption which they contain. If I consented, from time to time, to play a part in the numerous

exhibitions which are indispensable in every grand Catholic solemnity, I did it with so bad a grace, and with such evident repugnance, that my fellow-actors were both amused and angry; so extremely susceptible are priests in all that relates to their ceremonies.

Such was the effect upon me of the event which I have related; and I was compelled to maintain a daily and hourly struggle with the desire I felt to communicate it. Notwithstanding all my reserve, however, involuntary glimpses of revelation from time to time escaped me, like flashes of lightning, and excited surprise and alarm in some for whom I had the greatest respect and love; so that they began to look upon me as an inexplicable anomaly, and I became convinced that my only hope of safety was to preserve the most rigorous silence.

XVIII.

My studies being terminated, I applied for ordination. And now I was made sensible of the obstacles I had to expect. I observed in all those who directed the seminary, not excepting the rector himself, a determination to stop my progress. I begged of them to inform me what were the motives of their refusal, and to say in what my conduct had given them offence? They replied, that I had no taste for religious ceremonies, and that, consequently, I had no vocation for the church; that I read too much, and that they could not understand me. As they persisted in their refusal, a canon, highly placed, who had long been my confessor, a man of a singular and complex character,

procured me an introduction to Grimaldi, archbishop of Vercelli. When I represented to him the deplorable ignorance and the scandalous immorality of many of the pupils of the seminary, who had been received into holy orders by the influence of certain personages, and even by that of certain ladies, whilst those who were questioned as to my conduct had not a word of reproach to bring forward, he was obliged to intrench himself behind a custom which exists of never accepting a candidate who is opposed by his superiors.

I recount these details in order to show that the superiors with whom I had to do were unable to comprehend my character. They were anxious to interdict me from ever entering into the Catholic sanctuary; but they were unable to find an effectual pretext. The archbishop owned himself, at length, dissatisfied with mere suspicions, vague accusations, and gratuitous assertions of the difficulty of ascertaining my tendencies.

One of the many proofs I could furnish, that the singular secret of which I was possessor influenced all my views and directed all my proceedings, is, that as soon as I had succeeded in obtaining ordination, I took my departure for Turin.

In one of the intervals of the secret conference, during which the Jesuits relaxed themselves by a little familiar conversation, I had heard the theologian Guala spoken of as an ecclesiastic very serviceable to their plans. No sooner, then, was I at liberty to pursue my own projects, than I endeavoured to procure an introduction to him. He instructs a chosen band of young priests, in the capital of Piedmont, whom he trains up for confessors,

and he conforms, in all things, to the views of the Jesuits, whom he considers as models of perfection. His morality is theirs.

XIX.

What most struck me, on my entrance into this congregation, was the chief himself. Small of stature, of great activity, with a most penetrating eye, inflexible with the little, and supple with the great, I beheld him every morning besieged, both at his own residence and at the confessional, by the most influential and the most distinguished persons of both sexes whom the city possesses.

Every week, at an appointed time, priests, young and old, crowded into a vast hall, and a conference took place, in which this theologian and his colleagues, all spiritual directors of the highest families, conducted the discussion of cases of conscience. For myself, all my attention was applied to study the tactics employed to furnish young confessors with rules not only different, but absolutely opposed to each other, and to teach them how to use them. I acquired also the clearest conviction that the supreme art of the confessional is, to utilize for the church, that is, for the clerical hierarchy, sins and crimes of every species. Casuistry, like a Proteus, for ever displayed itself to my eyes under varying colours. The waving willow branch is not more flexible than are these doctors in their principles of morality.

Every young priest is at liberty to play, by turns, the part of confessor and that of penitent. In the latter case,

assuming the character of bigot or libertine, or acting the part of statesman, marquis, countess, or man or woman of the lower classes, he simulates the passions and adventures of all ages, sexes, and conditions. I listened with particular attention to the mentors, aged men of great experience, when they corrected the apprentice-confessors; not a word did I suffer to escape me of the many which revealed, in all its sinuosities, contrasts, and searching subtleties, all subservient to views of interest and domination, the nature of the language which they were to employ with the several classes of society.

But it is from a number of anecdotes, from conversations, from words let fall in public, or confidentially, from manuscripts which were only confided to trustworthy persons, that I acquired the certainty that the hidden designs of the Jesuits are executed by the aid of a multitude of adherents, who are entirely ignorant of the power that acts upon them, but are governed by others, who appear to know something of it, but in different degrees.

This same theologian, who had at his disposal benefices small and great, from the humblest offices up to mitred ones, succeeded, with great skill, in presenting himself to my selection when he learned that I was engaged in the choice of a confessor. My confession, genuine at first, was soon changed into a sort of conversation that had no relation to it, as a religious act. He, nevertheless, required that, every Sunday, the priests whose director he was should not fail to kneel before him at the hours when the church was most crowded: it is not difficult to guess the motive for such an exhibition.

He little suspected, however, that instead of studying

me, as he proposed, he was giving me ample and continual subject for the study of himself.

Everything had, indeed, concurred to enable me gradually to penetrate the system which was carried on. I was not imposed upon by the numerous equipages which crowded round his door, and by the assemblage of persons of consequence, and ladies of rank, who waited upon him.

In this place, where the Jesuits, thanks to their devoted auxiliary, train up the clergy according to their views, I was more successful in my researches than I could have hoped. I was even so fortunate as to surprise miracles in their very germs—to learn how they are wrought up and brought to perfection—how they are introduced on the scene, and used as a lever for the accomplishment of ulterior projects.

I might have established myself in this congregation, and have counted, if I had chosen to make my court to him, on the credit of so powerful a protector. He did all in his power to inoculate me with his own ideas; but quackery, which in general deserves only contempt, ought to be more than despised in the church. An attendance of one year on this able and wealthy casuist, was enough to enable me to appreciate not only himself but his troops of adorers.

I now determined to quit this place, in order to pursue my investigations on a larger scale. I therefore abstained from returning, with the others, at the end of the vacation.

XX.

I will not conceal a strong temptation, which, for a while, diverted me from the path I had laid down for myself.

Seeing the rapid elevation of certain individuals of wretched abilities, who seemed to defy me as incapable of rivalling them, I was more than once on the point of making use of the secret of the Jesuits, as a sort of itinerary, in order to arrive, by a shorter way, at a respectable position in the ecclesiastical career.

This temptation did not last long, though I was often taken hardly to task by my father and his friends, sometimes because I devoted myself to the study of the bible and of the fathers of the church (a study which, I was assured, would be without any utility either immediate or remote); sometimes because I had declared my fixed determination never to aspire to any appointment or any honour whatsoever. Thus circumstanced, I felt that I must renounce my design of future expatriation, or make up my mind not to shrink from any kind of mortification. Happily for me, as my ardour increased to explore the foundations upon which Catholicism is built, my eyes became gradually opened, and I discerned more distinctly in what a mass of dogmatical, moral, and historical errors I had been brought up. This led me to conclude that it was not only a small portion of the Catholic hierarchy, as I had previously supposed, whose infection was dangerous, but the whole hierarchy itself, which, by its doctrines and by its aim, perverted the precepts of Christ, and pursued a course entirely repugnant to

His teachings. And, in good truth, although the Catholic church, inscribing in its calendar, and in the breviary of its priests, the names of the doctors of the first six centuries, constitutes them—(strange fiction!)—the columns of the church, declares them its organs, and worships them as its saints, we may, nevertheless, boldly affirm, when we know these fathers more intimately than by their names, and when we have weighed their writings, that they all, one after another, bring their portion of gunpowder and place it under the edifice of degenerated Catholicism; and in such abundant quantity, that there is a thousand times more than enough to blow up the whole and reduce it to dust.

XXI.

The examination which I thus made naturally inspired me with the desire to make another, equally useful and important.

I desired to know all that passed in other seminaries, in the different brotherhoods, in the cloisters, in the houses of the curés, but above all, in the dwellings of the superior clergy. Thus, there is no labour which I was not willing to undertake in order to penetrate all the springs and all the combinations by which, even in our times, though it be not in the same manner as formerly, the Catholic organization can boast of being endowed both with a boundless elasticity, and an inflexible rigidity that no other has ever possessed, or perhaps ever will.

On this account, I do not, therefore, regret the pains I took.

I could not, however, fail to perceive that, in consequence of the social condition of my country, I should at last become exposed to unpleasant consequences, should the least suspicion be entertained as to the twofold direction of my inquiries. I thought it necessary, on this account, to carry on, under a literary veil, my dogmatical and historical researches, and above all, those which I carried into the the domain of contemporary religion. I have always had an inclination for poetry and the fine arts. Availing myself therefore of this tendency, I let it be generally understood that the cultivation of letters was my ruling passion. This expedient, far from being an obstacle to the exploratory work which I had undertaken, furnished me, on the contrary, by the intercourse it procured me with persons of all classes, with numberless opportunities of appreciating the progress of the occult ideas of the Jesuits, whilst I seemed to be amusing myself with matters of trivial import.

Monks of every hue came frequently and eagerly to visit me, for sake of the sermons which I dictated to them. Assiduous reading of every kind had rendered this sort of improvisation easy to me. These men were open-mouthed beyond all conception, and they made me the depository of all they knew. Good easy men they were for the most part, but never having passed the bounds of monkish instruction, they were profoundly ignorant of the true nature of the system by which they were passively swayed. Each of them, in fact, might be regarded, in his degree, as a compendium of what passes within the cloister, and of the doctrines which are there taught.

I strove to make myself acquainted with the methods prescribed to them in order to become good confessors.

Some of the oldest, and the most noted for strictness in the confessional, told me what strange concessions are made by the Jesuits to certain consciences; and their anger was sometimes aroused when they related to me the efforts, too often useless, which they were forced to make against such a powerful means of seduction.

In this manner I gradually acquired clearer views, not only as to the Christian scheme, but also as to that no less mysterious enigma, the purpose of modern Catholicism. I saw it unfold itself by degrees, and I became convinced that both in the secular and regular clergy, and in the higher and lower classes of society, a metamorphosis was taking place in accordance with the views of the Jesuits.

How many phrases of the secret conference, which had appeared to me as mere momentary ebullitions, and flights of Utopian hyperbole wholly out of place in times like ours, recurred forcibly to my memory when facts themselves came forth as commentaries upon them! As yet unlearned in the complication of human affairs, I had long regarded as impracticable the mode of action which the Jesuits had proposed to themselves in their secret meeting, in order to get the mastery over both people and aristocracy, by bringing them under the influence of the most opposite doctrines. But experience, acquired in the world of the great and in the world of the little, convinced me that I had been mistaken in classing this method amongst chimerical conceptions.

XXII.

I frequently had occasion to appreciate the incomparable talent displayed by the Jesuits in making tools of young girls, silly women, domestics, devout ladies, and old men, towards the accomplishment of unlooked for results. However small may be each success they obtain, they use it to obtain greater still. How often have they, by means of such instruments, overthrown their surprised and astounded adversaries.

How many individuals, left stationary notwithstanding their capacity, and witnessing with irritation and disgust the rapid and unmerited elevation of others to honourable and lucrative appointments, have I seen at last enrol themselves among the adherents of the Jesuits! This miracle is followed by another. As no one likes to keep up an incessant struggle with an obstinate and vigorous enemy, the rage by which they were tortured up to the very moment when they yielded, becomes appeased; their secret feelings of scorn and hatred die away, and at last they grow zealous for a cause which formerly inspired them with indignation. Thus, the secret of this society consists in subduing, either by caresses or by the weariness of useless resistance when caresses have failed, the more enlightened of the *middle classes*, and in threatening them *in their means of existence.*

The influential classes, under the persuasion that their interests can nowhere be safer than in the hands of the Jesuits, place them there, little suspecting the marvellous skill with which they change the very favours which are

bestowed upon them into so many springs to advance a cause whose success would be followed by the ruin of those classes themselves.

The following are the conditions—few, indeed, but peremptory—which they take care to enforce in every country where they are favoured by the government.

They insist that people shall confess to them, and participate as frequently as possible in the festivals of their churches; that they shall augment the number of their adherents, become children of Mary, praise the order always and everywhere, and stick at nothing in order to be useful to it. It is only on these terms that their protection can be obtained.

All who know the mask it was necessary to assume, in France, under the fallen dynasty, in order to assure success in any career, have no need to be told these things. Besides, do not the apologists themselves of the Jesuits avow that the latter have always possessed, in an inconceivable degree, "the art of spreading and accrediting the ideas which are subservient to their views, and that of compelling the great ones of the earth to concur in the execution of their projects."*

XXIII.

It was with great unwillingness that I resigned myself to remain in a country where I witnessed the daily in-

* *La Verité sur les Jesuites, et sur leurs Doctrines*, p. 73.

creasing triumph of dissimulation and hypocrisy. Had not my presence been necessary to my father, whom it would have been criminal to forsake in his almost continual state of infirmity, I should have gladly made every sacrifice in order to escape the spectacle of the abject servitude to which the clergy was already reduced, and which the laity was beginning to partake. I waited with a feeling like suffocation until I should be free. No sooner, then, had the death of my father taken place, than I made the necessary preparations to expatriate myself, taking care, meanwhile, that no one should suspect my real intentions.

I determined, however, to take a last farewell of my friend the curé, and of the instructor of my early years. Each of them, the more tenacious as he was entirely ignorant of my views, blamed my aversion for an advancement in the church, which was the object of so much eager ambition to others. When I announced to them that they would, in all probability, see me no more, they deplored what they were accustomed to call my inexplicable obstinacy.

The singular determination which I took drew upon me, still more than my retreat from the Jesuits, the reproach of inconsistency.

A twofold permission was necessary for my departure. I went to Vercelli, where I presented myself to the Lord Archbishop d'Angennes, who gave me an invitation to dinner. As some ostensible motive for my departure was necessary, I informed him that I was about to place myself as instructor in an English Catholic family. Whereupon he gave me, of his own accord, a letter of recom-

mendation to the police, so that there might be no difficulty as to their granting me a passport.

I must here remark, before I take leave of this epoch of my life, that belonging as I did to that portion of the clergy which was reputed liberal, I should have paid dearly for my principles had I committed any one tangible indiscretion; for there is nothing in that unhappy country which is attacked so mercilessly as new ideas, whether religious or political, more particularly when they are professed by ecclesiastics. I was, however, sufficiently fortunate to quit Piedmont without having become the object of any persecution, or even disapprobation.

XXIV.

No sooner did I find myself in the beautiful land of Helvetia, than the recollections which belong to it crowded on my mind. I thought, in my simplicity, that I should now find but one standard, and all hearts universally devoted to liberty—to that liberty which the gospel proclaims and consecrates, and of which it is the great charter to the human race.

But, as I have already hinted, a number of facts concurred to open my eyes speedily to a state of things which I had been far from anticipating. The explanations given in the introduction render it unnecessary that I should enter here upon the details of my sojourn at Geneva, upon the disappointments which there awaited me, and upon the lectures on the *Secret Plan of the Jesuits* which I had

occasion to deliver to a number of persons there. Amongst the reflections suggested by these lectures, there is one which I consider worthy to be noted.

It was observed to me, that the father of whom I have already spoken, he who opened the conference by an address to his colleagues, expressed himself like one having authority. He evidently took the lead, and all the others showed much deference for him. His expressions and his deportment would seem to indicate that he was himself the restorer of the occult society, and that he directed it as chief mover; for neither did his language nor that of the others give the slightest indication that he was in any way dependent on any superiors.

It thus appears probable that the president of the meeting at Chieri was the general of the Jesuits.

Now, at this period, the general of the order was no other than Father Fortis, the same who, when Pius VII. conceived the project of introducing some innovations into the articles of the Jesuitical constitutions, repeated these memorable words, "*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*"

It is to this reply, first addressed to Clement XIV. by Father Ricci, general of the company, that Archbishop de Pradt alludes, when, recapitulating his ideas on this invincible society, he thus expresses himself:—

"Heavens! what an institution is this! Was there ever one so powerful amongst men! How, in fact, has Jesuitism lived? How has it fallen? Like the Titans, it yielded only to the combined thunderbolts of all the gods of the earthly Olympus. Did the aspect of death damp its courage? Did it yield one step? *Let us be what we are*, it said, *or let us be no longer.* This was truly to die

standing, like the emperors, and according to the precept of one of the masters of the world."*

Before I close this portion of my history, I ought, perhaps, to reply to certain scruples.

The double case of conscience to which I am about to refer, has been discussed in those ecclesiastical conferences of which I have already had occasion to speak, as means of forming the apprentices to the confessional.

Supposing that some one knows, either by private intelligence or as an accomplice, that there is a plot to set a town on fire, may he, notwithstanding his oath of secrecy, give information to the authorities, in order that they may take the necessary measures of prevention? Would it be lawful for the confessor, who might be informed of the fact, to take, notwithstanding the sacramental seal upon his lips, the needful steps to prevent so great a catastrophe?

Supposing that a conspiracy existed, the success of which would bring ruin on a kingdom, might it, in spite of all imaginable oaths to secrecy, be revealed by a conspirator, or by the confessor himself? Yes. I have heard it laid down by the most profound casuists, that where the general good is in question oaths are in no way binding in such cases as these.

Now, besides that I am bound by no promise, I may boldly affirm that it is not an individual that is here at stake, or a town, or a kingdom, but the far more important interests of civilization and of the gospel itself, which is alone able, by the force of truth, to transform this vicious civilization, and to substitute for it that Kingdom

* De Pradt, *On Ancient and Modern Jesuitism*, quoted in the pamphlet entitled *La Verite sur les Jesuites*, p. 271.

of God whose coming we daily invoke in our Christian prayers.

I may, I think, safely add that there is not a single person placed in like circumstances with me, who would not have been, like me, impelled by the force of a multitude of incidents, whose rapid succession left me not a moment for reflection. Embarrassment, agitation, indecision, terror, by turns incited and restrained me, and compelled me to act like a man whose eyes are blindfolded, and who knows not whither he is going. In fact it was impossible for me to act otherwise than as I did; and I will add, in order to conceal nothing, that it would have been equally impossible for me afterwards to resist the yearning I constantly felt to search into everything that had the slightest connection with those Jesuitical revelations which were ever present to my mind. What I am, intellectually and morally, all my researches and all my ulterior labours, all the materials which I possess—my whole life, in short, resolves itself into the sudden and terrible enlightenment which so early flashed upon me, and which communicated to all my energies an irresistible impulse.

It might be objected that it would be more prudent, on my part, not to provoke, by the publication of this secret, irreconcilable hatred, and perhaps, even revenge. But have I not undergone the most painful sacrifices in order to keep myself free and independent? When the Almighty had released me from the only tie which bound me to my country, did I not quit it solely with a view to render public that which I had rigorously abstained from communicating even to my most intimate friends, from motives of prudence, and from well-founded fears? And when I arrived in Switzerland, did I not pass for a vision-

ary when I began to announce the plots which the Jesuits were ripening, and the dangers which were about to arise?

And now, perceiving, to my great surprise, that on one side a reaction is already taking place, and that, on the other, a certain class of interests, either from blindness or irreflection, is inclined to mix itself up with the interests of the Jesuits, little aware of the nature of the allies it seeks, or of the fate which attends all who make common cause with them, I feel more urgently than ever that this publication is incumbent on me.

XXV.

A phenomenon to which I am bound to call attention, because its immense importance is not sufficiently appreciated, is the alliance, which is now more firm than ever, between the high clergy and Jesuitism. I say, that neither its extent, nor its consequences, are sufficiently apprehended. And yet, who will deny that it has been the character of Jesuitism from its origin to its suppression, as Clement XIV. attests, continually to foment in the bosom of universities, parliaments, clerical bodies, and religious corporations, a succession of discontents, divisions, quarrels, and discords?

The remarks contained in the following extracts from an anonymous pamphlet, published at Geneva, seem to me to have been called forth by the knowledge of a *Secret Plan*, already divulged in that place.

"All around us," says the author of the pamphlet, "far and near, in Switzerland, in Germany, in England,

and more particularly in France, Catholicism, which had for some time bowed its head beneath political storms and warlike operations, now rises up, more hostile, more threatening than ever, and boldly proclaims its design to extirpate from the bosom of Christianity what it calls the heresy of the Reformation.

"In particular, an association founded by a curé of Paris, for the conversion of heretics, under the title of *Congrégation du Sacré Cœur de Marie*, has obtained the sanction and concurrence of all the Romish clergy. Humble and obscure in its origin, it has risen, in an incredibly short space of time, to colossal proportions, its adherents now amounting to 2,000,000. These are disseminated through all the countries of the globe, and have taken a vow to co-operate in person and in purse in the propagation of Catholicism. They spare neither publications, nor intrigues, nor money, nor even miracles, in order to gain their end. The gazette of the Simplon informs us, that the contributions of the two cantons of Valais and Soleure alone, have amounted this year (1842) to nearly 900,000 French francs. It is easy to imagine what might be done with such resources, could money create faith.

"Geneva could not fail to be one of the most attractive points to the Congregation, and in this place, in fact, it numbers many active associates. The rapidity with which the Catholic population daily increases within our walls, is, without any doubt, the fruit of this association, and already the foreign press proclaims this triumph.

"A wind," continues the same pamphlet, "has blown from Rome, even over those writers *who have hitherto remained most indifferent to religious interests;* it is impos-

sible not to recognise, in the malevolent absurdity of those attacks, which are renewed again and again, and almost word for word, the result OF A VAST CONCERT, in which the *hired* performers obey, WITHOUT PERHAPS BEING AWARE OF IT, the powerful and concealed instrument which gives them the key, from behind the curtain of the Alps."

It is, then, an acknowledged fact that there exists a vast concert, in which the paid performers obey, almost unconsciously, the powerful and hidden instrument which gives them the key, from behind the curtain of the Alps; and it is even admitted that the many attacks we witness, far from being the effect of chance, are, on the contrary, evidently made with a view to *certain* remote projects. But who is there that cares to investigate the nature of these remote projects, and the means which may be employed to realize them?

All however agree in attributing to the Jesuits an extraordinary political influence. It is generally admitted that boundless power, absolute supremacy, is the object of their ambition. Their rule of action, that "the end justifies the means," is become proverbial. And who doubts that the end so sought is evermore this same boundless power and supremacy?

The progress of this order being known and acknowledged, it would be folly not to suppose that it has abundantly provided itself with baits of every description, in order to secure such an immense number of co-operators of all classes and parties, even those the most opposite by nature.

And yet, no one has ever come forward with a view to

investigate the means which the Jesuits are so industriously employing for the accomplishment of their ends. It is however easy to understand that the vast and formidable association, described in the above extract, is destined to be employed as a powerful lever, and to be directed, as time shall serve, to different points.

If this *Congrégation du Sacré Cœur* did not ultimately connect itself with the plan about to be exposed, we might have refrained from here quoting a fragment of its regulations, published in several journals. But the *Siècle*, after having examined not only the bases upon which it stands, but also its tendencies, thus accurately defines it:—

"An *occult* government, organized in a hierarchical manner, to the furtherance of a political and religious reaction."

It was impossible that the regulations of this new corporation should long remain a secret; once discovered, they were soon published. The following are among the articles:—

"It is not only in its object that the *Catholic Association* differs from the work of Catholicism in Europe, but also in its mode of existence, and in its means of action. Its hierarchical organization will not be determined for the present. Divine Providence will counsel us in this matter!"*

"The general assembly to be the principal instrument of the association—

"It would represent, in a certain degree, the institution of the cardinalate. It would serve as intermediary between

* Chap. V., *De l'Organisation hierarchique*, p. 34.

the central directory, and the inferior grades of the hierarchy.

"*The greatest discretion is recommended to the members of the Catholic Association*, no one of whom shall ever reveal, on his own authority, directly or indirectly, to any person whatsoever, the *existence*, the *means*, or the *rules* of the association." *

"As the association has absolute need of pecuniary resources, in order to pursue its end, and fulfil its object, one of its fundamental rules is the existence of an annual subscription, levied upon each member, the amount of which shall, each year, be fixed by the chapter." †

"Every novice admitted into the association shall swear *to combat to the death the enemies of humanity*. His every day, his every hour, shall be consecrated to the development of *Christian civilization*. He has sworn eternal hatred to the *genius of evil*, and has promised ABSOLUTE AND UNRESERVED SUBMISSION to our Holy Father THE POPE, and to the commands of the HIERARCHICAL SUPERIORS of the association. The director, on his admission, has ejaculated, 'We have one soldier more.'" ‡

These words suggested the following reflections to another journal:—"We are, therefore, warned. A crusade is organised; it has its secret chiefs, its avowed purpose, its trained soldiers."

The work is, as yet, scarcely begun, and the chiefs of the league consider themselves already sufficiently strong to

* Chap. VI., *De l'Organisation hierarchique*, p. 37.

† Chap. VI., p. 38.

‡ Chap VI., p. 42.

address the government in the terms which one power employs towards another. What will they do when their strength shall have increased?

See how the editor of the *Univers*, a paper known to be the organ of the bishops of France, begins a letter which he addresses to the Minister of Public Instruction :—

"This year, sir, you shall have no vacation; nor shall your successor, next year, God willing: for the Catholics will allow no intermission to the war which they are determined to wage against *instruction by the state.*" *

The same letter concludes in these terms :—

"If you know the hour of our defeat or of our degradation, secure your treasures. *Down goes all when we are no more.* Twenty empires sleep in the graves which they had dug for us."

I am inclined to believe that most of the writers who in our day profess to uphold the cause of Catholicism, derive their inspiration in various degrees from the spirit of the famous Company.

XXVI.

To revert to the occult plans which I expose to the public, I have only to entreat that this matter be not lightly examined. Now to judge it with sagacity, demands some acquaintance with the mass of writings with which the advocates of monastic institutions and of the

* *Liberté d'Enseignement*, letter to M. Villemain, Minister of Public Instruction, by L. Veuillot, editor of the *Univers*.

Jesuits have inundated us. Such a course of reading could not fail to convince every candid mind that there really exists a secret understanding to propagate, in a devout and pathetic tone, the most unworthy falsehoods. In fact, the religious orders would have us believe that, setting aside a few weaknesses incidental to human nature, their mission has ever been one of pure beneficence. All the calumnies which have been directed against them have sprung from heresy and impiety, actuated by jealousy and rancour. Consequently, if nations would seek to emerge from the factions and troubles which agitate them, they must repent of their ingratitude and return to their ancient saviours; "for," say they, "as long as the disastrous principle of free inquiry was unknown, and men suffered themselves to be guided by the principle of authority, all was harmony and peace; but once the principle of infallible authority was assailed, the whole world became the theatre of all sorts of evils and disorders." What incredible efforts have they not made to prop up this gigantic falsehood!

Even a cursory inquiry into these manœuvres and artifices, can hardly fail to manifest that the prime mover of all this wonderfully assiduous labour is a power which works in secret, which combines all the subordinate movements, which chooses and applies its means according to circumstances; and which spares neither flattery nor bribes in order to enrol in its service those individuals, whether writers or men of action, who may be able to aid the work.

I do not conceal from myself all that I have to fear in thus rending the veil which has been so carefully drawn to

conceal projects, the extent of which, I verily believe, is unknown to the mass of the Jesuits, as well as to the bishops, the cardinals, and the pope himself. But, God is my witness that the motive which animates and sustains me is the desire to prevent a mistake fostered and propagated by the most Machiavelian policy, and which would entail the direst calamities on human society.

I submit to men of cultivated understanding, who can reason and judge impartially, the secret conversations I am about to relate. Especially do I refer the matter to those who have studied not only the art by which the Roman theocracy has raised itself to so high a degree of power, but also the writings, the tactics, the acts and achievements of that order, which has, since its establishment, been the most subservient to its despotism. If my readers keep themselves free from the influence of a preconceived system, and from the prejudices of their position, whatever it may be, I doubt not that they will discern, on a cool examination of the whole plan, that it is redolent throughout of the most subtle and profound spirit of Jesuitism.

I can, indeed, have no dearth of materials to dissipate all uncertainty, and these I owe to the ardour of investigation of which I have already spoken, and which was constantly inciting me to investigate every incident which had the slightest bearing upon Jesuitism. But what has most astonished me has been this: to find in books and journals, the organs of conflicting opinions, not only isolated ideas, but series of ideas, closely identified, both as to style and subject, with those of the meeting, as it is about to be described; and this identity is so striking, that I ask myself:

Must not these books and articles be the work of individuals belonging to the knot of the initiated, or, at least, to the league? If it has not been in my power to collect a sufficient number of facts to give to the *Secret Plan* which I am publishing an irresistible character of authenticity—for, after all, every one knows that conspiracies of this nature, being destined to remain a mystery, never transpire but by some remarkable chance;—yet, in the impossibility of fulfilling conditions which are, in fact, *inadmissible*, I cannot suffer to escape me the only kind of proofs which, in such a case, it is reasonably permitted to require.

These proofs will, then, be brought forward in the latter part of this work, and those readers who will take the pains to examine them will know how to place a just value on the language which the Jesuits and their official apologists have borrowed from the true advocates of progress—a language which they are now employing with singular audacity. It will be proved by irrefutable arguments that *civil and political equality, freedom of worship, of education, and of association,* are in their hands weapons of war, and nothing more.

XXVII.

It was at the time of restorations of all sorts that Jesuitism also was restored. At the period when the Holy Alliance was formed, the pope determined that he also would create a rampart for himself, against the encroachment of new ideas; he therefore evoked, from the depths of its mysterious retreats, the most skilful and enterprising of

orders, that he might by its aid unite and consolidate not only all the orders, but the clergy of different countries, and the episcopacy, in a Theocratical Holy Alliance, of which the object would be not less fatal to the people than to the governing powers themselves.

"Pius VII.," as M. Henrion remarks, "at length recovering his liberty in 1814, recalled the religious orders to more active life. They have, subsequently, sent out new ramifications into many countries, and the venerable tree, which had been cut down nearly to the ground, shoots forth new branches, and is already adorned with abundance of foliage, which gladdens the eyes of Christians. In France, the change which took place in our political system in the month of August, 1830, having consecrated, in an especial manner, the *liberty of association*, there is no doubt that the monastic state will speedily rise up from its ruins."*

There will be no stability, according to the same writer, there will be no repose for society, if it refuses anew to be directed by monastic institutions. These would naturally range themselves under the leadership of Jesuitism. How should it be otherwise? Does not this order hold in its hands the plan of battle? Does it not train the combatants? Does it not direct them to the point to be attained? Why, otherwise, has the education of your youth been confided to the Jesuits? Why have they alone been judged worthy to initiate the clergy in the art of confession?

"It is impossible," continues their apologist, "that the Company should not know how to take its stand, and to adapt itself to the exigencies of the present state of things,

* *Histoire des Ordres religieux.* Paris, 1835, vol. ii., p. 125.

that it should not know how, *as formerly*, to become popular by answering to the true wants of the period."

The Jesuits make one promise which is very singular, that of "acting only in the face of day, lest suspicious and impious men should mistake for intrigue the *pious subterfuges* and the sublime secrets of humility." What, indeed, could be more excellent than the work which they propose to accomplish? To extirpate the genius of evil! to lay the foundations of Christian civilization! But this is only to be done on condition that the people deliver themselves, bound hand and foot, to the Company of Jesus.

We find in the same author the following reflections:—

"In the moral world evil never walks abroad without its attendant good; and it is very favourable for the Jesuits that they should have been restored in 1814, at a period when the people, delivered from a long-standing European war, remained a prey to principles equally false in religion and politics. The crisis came; and it could be nothing short of divine inspiration which suggested to Pius VII. the thought of rallying around the apostolic throne a society so formed to trample down error.

"It was not, however, until 1823" (a date to which I call particular attention) "that the Roman College, which had passed into other hands since the fall of the Jesuits, was restored to them by Pope Leo XII. Several towns in Italy, the Duke of Modena, *the King of Sardinia*, and Freiburg in Switzerland, also welcomed the members of this reviving company. The King of Spain restored to them all their property, houses, and colleges, which had not been sold. In France they opened establishments for public instruction

at St. Acheul, Dôle, Bordeaux, &c., &c. Francis II. received them in Gallicia, where they devoted themselves to instruction in the colleges of Tarnopol, Starzawiz, and Janow, and to active missions elsewhere. The company possesses colleges in England also, and in the United States of America."

M. Henrion, the friend and confidant of the Jesuits, doubtless knows, as well as any one, what is the end which they propose to themselves; and in one single line he thus betrays it:—"It is," says he, "the annihilation of a double class of principles to which the people are a prey—principles equally false in religion and in politics."

They would then destroy all the ideas which the French revolution has bequeathed to the world; in other words, they would abolish free inquiry, in order to bind every conscience with the chains of Catholic authority; they would strike down the principle of liberty, the source of all justice, in order to build up again the tyranny of times gone by.

XXVIII.

I deem it important here to bring forward a fragment of the text, too little known, of the bull by which Pius VII. restored the Jesuits in 1814. This pope, whose spirit, happily for humanity, the accession of Pius IX. has banished from the Vatican, declared that the Jesuits were indispensable to the safety of the world and to the well-being of the nations, and that he considered he should be

neglecting one of his most urgent duties if he suffered the church to be longer deprived of their aid. He goes even further, and declares that they alone are competent to direct the faithful, the inferior clergy, and the bishops themselves. In short, he constitutes and consecrates them as the indispensable rowers of the mysterious Bark, the title by which the popes are accustomed to designate the Catholic church.

And lastly, in order that nothing may be wanting to an apotheosis so extraordinary, Pius VII. proclaims, in the face of nations, that under their guidance the bark of Catholicism will assuredly be saved, whilst without their care and protection it must inevitably founder.

Had we not then abundant reason to affirm that everything contained in these avowals is of immense importance, and calls for the closest attention?

And yet, so far from having allowed myself to exaggerate, I have closely paraphrased the following words, extracted from the bull of Pius VII., *Sollicitudo omnium ecclesiarum:*—

"We should believe ourselves guilty," it is there stated, "of a very heavy offence before God, if, amidst the many pressing wants under which the *public weal* is suffering, we neglected to bring forward for its use the salutary help which God, by a singular providence, has placed in our hands."

And whom has he selected to bring to the *public weal* this salutary help?

The Jesuits!

"On account," adds this same pope, "of the waves which continually toss the bark of Peter, he should esteem

himself as highly culpable, if he rejected the *robust and experienced rowers* who offer themselves to him to quell the force of these ever-threatening waves."

And the simple and significant reason which he gives is this:—

"That it may not be SWALLOWED UP in INEVITABLE shipwreck."

END OF PART I.

PART II.

THE SECRET CONFERENCE.

It will be as well, before giving the account of the *Secret Conference*, to make some observations which may tend, as far as possible, to compensate to the reader for the want of what the tone and manner of the living voices have left for ever present to my memory.

I will first remark, that the list mentioned by the chief, and in which were set down the special points to be discussed, proves that everything in these meetings was arranged in the most precise manner.

If the reader carefully considers each discourse, he will perceive that each person has his own peculiar and distinctive style. The voices of the several speakers served me, instead of their faces, to know them one from the other; each one had peculiarities which I have not forgotten.

One of the fathers, the second who spoke, and whom I heard no more afterwards, surprised me by a most singular pronunciation. I had never heard a voice so slow and smooth, and oily. At the same time, no other speaker was more prolix and diffuse, yet he was listened to with the greatest attention. He was almost the only one who occupied himself exclusively with the people, showing by

what baits it may be taken. Between this phlegmatic orator and all the others the contrast was striking; it was only at rare intervals that he became a little excited. At last, however, when he communicated a dialogue of one of his penitents with a companion, entirely to the honour of the Jesuits, he expressed himself with such unexpected animation as elicited a burst of merriment and great applause.

Another, whom I call the Irishman, is remarkable for a caustic and impetuous wit; he seemed possessed with fever. The Roman Jesuit is less vehement, but blunt and plain spoken; sometimes in a degree amounting to coarseness. The two Frenchmen exhibit a quite different character; one of them makes himself especially known by the ideas which he attacks with most eagerness, by the reminiscences his allusions awaken, and by his invariably clear and precise manner of expressing himself. The rector of the novitiate distinguished himself by a certain factitious pomp and gravity pervading all he said. He seemed made on purpose to ape wisdom, and make an exhibition of it. Father Roothaan had no occasion to be curbed from time to time, as happened, I thought, now and then to the Irishman; there was no fire, no acrimony, in the terms he employed; he expressed himself with gentleness, though occasionally with warmth; it must be confessed, however, that under his unctuous accents he conceals a propensity to violence and persecution.

There was one anomaly which I know not how to account for. The individual, whom I suppose to have been the general at that time (the same of whom I have said that he suddenly interrupted the promiscuous conver-

sation), opened the meeting with an address in very pure and eloquent terms, which my memory is far from having faithfully rendered ;* yet when all were seated and silently attentive round him, all his expressions seemed heavy, turgid, and inflated. There was something false and embarrassed in his voice. Subsequently, however, he resumed all the promptitude and facility which he had at first displayed.

Though the persons present at the conference were few, they are about to appear before the reader presenting temperaments and characters essentially different ; some impetuous, some calm, others constantly grave. And yet the kind of work which was to be common to them all, far from tending to place these different characters in prominent relief, was rather calculated to merge all their individual characteristics, and reduce them to one standard type. In fact, it is only in assemblies, where there exists an opposition of principles and interests, which gives rise to free and contradictory debates, that each one, drawn out by circumstances, shows himself under his own peculiar features. Here, nevertheless, notwithstanding the unanimity of the meeting, the genius of each appears sufficiently striking to be easily distinguished.

None but those who have seriously studied Jesuitism, in the past as well as the present, and who know its spirit and audacity, will be able fully to understand all the meaning conveyed in the least of their words, without being astonished at the pride which devours them, or at the schemes which they meditate. Yet I believe it would

* It has been seen that I have quoted this introduction only from memory.

require more than that to be able to apprehend the whole scope of their desires. It would be necessary not only to be acquainted with all their rules and their secret statutes, but with all the former discussions which led them to resume the weaving of that web of which I am about to show a few threads, and which, at the present day, must have extended immensely. It would be necessary likewise to consider the education these fathers had received, the preparatory influence to which they had been submitted, as well as the degrees through which they must have past before they could be judged worthy of becoming members of this committee which may be regarded as the last term of initiation. In fine, they were all under the empire of principles and ideas which had been discussed in the three preceding sittings, or in confidential conversations. All they did was necessarily connected with these antecedents; consequently, being ignorant of the latter, it is very possible we may mistake certain passages, or comprehend them but superficially.

Let us enter at last upon the conference. When all were seated, and silence established, the president began to speak as follows:—

I.

"Dear brethren, our weapons are of a quite different temper from those of the Cæsars of all ages; and it will not be difficult for us so to manœuvre as to render ourselves masters of all the powers already so much weakened. We need fear no lack of soldiers, only let us apply ourselves

to recruiting them from all ranks, and from all nations, and drilling them into punctual service. But let us, at the same time, be vigilant, that no one suspect our designs. Let every one be persuaded, whilst consecrating to us his labour, his gold, or his talents, that he is employing them in his own interest.

Ours be the knowledge of this great mystery: as to others, let them hear us speak in parables, so that, having eyes, they may not see, and having ears, they may not hear.

Let us labour more diligently than all who have undertaken to raise great hierarchical edifices, and let our labour be in earnest!

You well know that what we aim at is the empire of the world; but how are we to succeed, unless we have, everywhere, adepts who understand our language, which must yet remain unknown to others.

Doubtless, you have not forgotten our ancient Paraguay. It was but a very limited trial of our system, in a small corner of the globe. In these latter days, we need a new code, we who have undertaken to work so mighty a change—to make everything bend beneath the irresistible hammer of our doctrines, so that all shall become as stone, iron, gold, and adamant, for the gigantic building into which we will force all men to enter.

Let every individual, therefore, yield up an entire obedience. Let him plight inviolable vows in one sole convent; and let the pope—but a pope of our own forming—be its perpetual abbot!

No; Catholicism must no longer remain a mutilated power: has it not, within itself, means innumerable to overthrow and to raise up? Can it not re-erect itself, con-

quer, destroy, rebuild, and so *Machiavellise* itself, that the world can by no means escape it? Let us hasten our work, before the people become enlightened; as long as they remain opaque and material, we can make of them an instrument of conquest. But do you not perceive how information is already spreading? Woe to us if so many noble countries do not soon become our conquest, and if millions of men, robust and ignorant, lend us not their herculean arms to extinguish the malign star which threatens us! But the more time we lose, the more problematic does our success become.

II.

The president having ceased, the father with the soft and drawling voice began to speak:—*

Yes; let us incessantly and unweariedly propagate our doctrines amongst the *people;* warmed by the fire of these doctrines, they will become changed for us into thunderbolts to strike down these haughty kings, who, instead of inclining their heads before the church as submissive sons, do her the favour to accept her as a satellite, who is good for nothing but to save them from almost inevitable ruin.

To this people, discontented and born to suffer, let us incessantly repeat:—

* Here follows in the original the obscure and embarrassed commencement of this father's discourse. "Sopra le populazioni, sopra, di ette, unga giammai stancarcia operiamo per mezzo delle nostre doctrine; impeniouchè si è solo forti ficandole e scaliandole alle nostre fiamme che ce le cangieranno in fulmini."

"You are wretched, deeply wretched, we know it but too well; and who can deplore your lot more sincerely than we do? Do we not know that you earn your bread by the sweat of your brows; but the greatest of all your evils is that you are ignorant of their true source. Oh, did you but know this, a great step would be already made towards delivering you from the only enemy who has plunged you into this vast abyss of misery. Know then, that all your wretchedness dates from the execrable day on which a renegade monk, in order to indulge his vile passions, dared —oh, horror!—to unite himself with a nun whom he snatched from her convent.

"Ever since that time, the Almighty has not ceased to roll the waves of his vengeance over the earth; peace has taken flight; the Holy Father has, with grief and indignation, beheld his children desert the sacred portals, and heard them insolently exclaim, 'We break thy bonds, we contemn thy precepts; thou art no longer our master.' Cursed and excommunicated, they have since wandered in barren and dark places. In vain the vicar of Jesus Christ has striven to recal these miserable prodigals; delivered up to their errors and their wilfulness, they have despised his offers of pardon.

"Behold the portrait of these rebels who have rejected him whom God put into his own place to govern all things. Listen to this psalm: God asks, 'Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?' And thus God answers himself: 'The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His anointed, *saying*, Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth

in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.'

"If then the justice of God visits the earth with so many chastisements, it is that he may punish its ancient revolt. Wonder not, if to avenge himself on these apostates, and on the kings who have sustained them, he excites against them all the rage of their subjects: for you are not ignorant that during the space of three hundred years a frightful monster, the revolutionary hydra, has been unchained, and ceases not to threaten to devour them.

"O golden age of the church! O surprising miracle! who would believe it, were it not as true as it is sublime? When nothing could tame the pride of those sovereigns who crushed the poor and the weak, so strongly recommended by Jesus Christ to his vicar, he, a simple old man, extinguished with a word all this pride, as a light may be extinguished with one impulse of the breath. In those days the spouse of Jesus Christ was without spot or wrinkle. She shone as the springtide sun, which warms and makes the earth fruitful. It was not until after the days of the pretended Reformation that our holy mother beheld her children suffering from indigence and from hunger, and that she deplored her inability to help them. Alas! it is but too true that this plague was no sooner spread over the earth, than all justice, all charity, and every good thing grew less and less, in proportion as the respect for the vicar of Jesus Christ diminished. It was not thus in the days of the church's prosperity, when her fathers, her learned doctors (compared with whom the most distinguished men of the present day are but as worms), were always careful to recommend an obedience without bounds

towards the common father of the faithful, the successor of Saint Peter; and never did they pronounce his name without bending the knee. Saint Bernard, although the pope had been his disciple, never wrote to him without having first prostrated himself on the earth.

"Do you, let me ask you, show this respect each time that you speak of the vicar of Jesus Christ? No; it is but too plain, it is but too true, that the best amongst you have lost your reverence for holy things. Ah! if God granted you the grace to comprehend what it is to occupy, on the earth, the place of God himself, with what fire would you not feel yourselves inflamed; what would you not attempt and brave, in order to free your sole benefactor from the yoke of the impious! Without doubt, the Almighty could immediately effect this himself; but it is his will that your own right arms should deliver you from your enemies by a heroic victory; since the glorious good which will result from it will form the recompense of the poor and the oppressed, and of all those who groan in subjection. Do you not remember with what constancy the faithful Israelites resisted the perfidious Canaanites? Courage, my children! for you also have to take possession of a promised land, which will pour forth for you every species of delights to refresh your wearied souls! Awake! arise! unite yourselves in a fraternal bond, which will strengthen you against every obstacle, if you wish, indeed, that the future should be yours. Have you ever reflected that if the heavens are become bronze, as it were, above your heads, God has permitted it, to punish your guilty negligence. Madmen and fools that ye are! you allow that His Holiness, he who represents God upon earth, should

be held in slavery! But the finger of your heavenly Father has written the decree, that your own degraded lot shall be lengthened out as long as the degradation of your terrestrial father shall endure, he at whose feet every one who hopes for salvation ought to cast himself. In vain, be assured, does the pope seek to bless you—in vain does he raise his voice to do you justice; he is surrounded, like Christ himself, by scoffers and hardened sinners, who reject his word.

"Nevertheless, all these erring sinners are your brethren; you are not to hate them in your hearts—by no means; but it is the will of God that you should employ every means to induce them to accept of pardon, to recall them to the fold, where, when they have once entered it, the very wolves are transformed into sheep.

"Listen, listen! we will give you *spiritual* eyes.

"Where are the princes, even amongst those of our religion, who have dared, and who still dare, to concern themselves with the things of God?

"Behold wherefore the impious one has invaded the church; behold wherefore she, chained and enslaved, can neither speak nor claim obedience. The Anointed of the Lord, and the other anointed ones, his ministers, are everywhere treated without respect, and denied all authority. Their privileges are suppressed, their rightful property is torn from them, their honour is eclipsed, their character calumniated, and they are almost virtually annihilated.

"The prophecy is thus nearly accomplished. We have already long beheld the man of sin, the son of perdition—Antichrist, in a word—set up above him whom every one ought to adore and venerate. He clearly shows by his

desires, by his pride, by his persecution of the clergy, and by his insatiable ambition, robbing that which belongs to God, and trampling under foot all that is sacred and divine—he clearly shows that he sits in the temple of God, and that he would even be regarded as God himself.

"Happy the time when this crowned dragon was muzzled by the church, when strength was wanting for him to accomplish his sacrilegious ravages; but at length, alas! he has succeeded in possessing all the earth, by the aid of a troop of apostates, and by the prodigies of his infamous seductions. Behold the source of all your ills. It is from this revolt against the church that so many amongst you are unable to contract a marriage without exposing himself to a thousand vexations. Thus is verified, not only that text which foretells that Antichrist would forbid to marry, but that other which says that the faithful would be compelled to abstain from a variety of delicate meats, which God has created for all, and not for the enjoyment of an exclusive few.

"O sublime institution of Jesus Christ! O confession! source of such infinite good! It is by thee that our ears become acquainted with the miseries of those whose lot is ceaseless toil, and of their many unnatural and unjust privations. Hence it is that confession, which lightens for you the weight of so many griefs, becomes hateful to your oppressors. They would deprive you of it, because it is your solace and your refuge. By means of confession, in fact, how many directions we are able to give you, how many councils which, if you profit by them, will assuredly conduct you safely into port! By its means, how many secrets you can depose in our bosoms! secrets

which you could not elsewhere reveal without a thousand dangers!

"Poor friends! if you would only abide by our instructions, if you would consent to place yourselves, with one accord, as instruments in our hands, you would no longer have to toil for the productions of the earth, in order that others may enjoy them to your exclusion.

"But do you truly desire to erect your heads towards heaven? If you do indeed desire it, begin by enforcing respect for him without whom the poor will never be respected."

This is the language I employ with them; and after having thus indoctrinated my conscripts, I give them a history of the Crusades, rousing them by the picture of this great movement of many nations; and in order to bind them to our league, I say to them:—

"What an impulse, my brethren! What sacrifices! what martyrdoms! And yet there was not one of these soldiers of Christ who looked for any temporal advantage to himself. They had but one desire—to redeem from Turkish hands a simple stone, an empty sepulchre, and to breathe their last sigh on holy ground.

"Poor people! if you had eyes to see, you would perceive that there is now something worse than Turkish infidels to combat; something more than a simple stone to defend with your breasts. He in whom Jesus Christ continually dwells, whom he has established as his representative, he whom the angels proclaim as the doctor of doctors, the infallible, the supreme chief of all the monarchs of the universe, he claims your zeal, your arms, your devotion, and it may be, your life.

"A psalm which you often sing thus speaks to the blessed who fight for the Eternal, and destroy his enemies, root and branch: 'Be of good cheer, and singing holy songs, arm yourself with the two-edged sword, to exercise vengeance upon the heretic nations, to chastise the unbelievers, to fetter their kings and their nobles, to execute against them the judgment which is written; for such is the glory reserved for all the saints,' that is to say, for all good Catholics.

"O may these sacred sparks kindle at the bottom of your hearts! Cherish them for the great day which is, perhaps, near at hand; propagate them in the minds of your children, of your husbands, of your wives; and, finally, be assured that the day of triumph for the holy cause of God will be that in which, all your tears wiped away, you will make the very heavens resound with your shouts of joy!"

Such language as this never failed of its effect: aroused and excited by such words, the hearers almost always go forth burning with rage.

I will repeat to you a conversation which I had once the satisfaction to overhear. A penitent of ours said to his comrade—

"John, it is only the Jesuit fathers who are men; all the others are stupid fools." "How so?" "Because it is only they who can see to the bottom of things." "What! do they understand our hardships, and can they find a cure for them?" "Have I not often told you so! Go and open your heart to them, tell them everything, listen to them, and you will learn certain things. I swear to you, you will soon know more than all these philosophers who make such an uproar." "What is it they tell you, then?" "Go and

ask them yourself, and you will soon know the truth ; you will know why the world goes on so badly, and what we must do to set it to rights."

III.

It was this anecdote, related in a tone of pleasantry, contrasting strongly with that maintained during the other part of the discourse, which excited the hilarity and the applauses already mentioned. The next speaker I recognised by his voice as the rector.

Still, it is upon the great that we ought particularly to exert our influence. We ought to bring them to believe that in a period stormy as this is there is no safety for them but through us. Let us never relax in our efforts to penetrate them with the idea that they can only hope to obtain any great results by subjecting to us the consciences of their subordinates, and those of the common people, so that we, or those, at least, who follow our counsels, may wholly direct them. If they are satisfied with the service it is in our power to render them, by the discovery of secrets which our peculiar position enables us alone to penetrate, then in return (for their own sakes be it clearly understood, and if they desire a time to arrive when there shall be no more revolts and revolutions to trouble them), let them not be sparing in such praises of us as are likely to make an impression on powerful members of the Protestant body, and to lead them to conclude that we alone possess the art of consolidating governments, since it is our mission to correct whatever remained imperfect and unfinished in the middle

ages, in consequence of the fatal disputes between church and state.

But since they may object certain acts of ours which are not free from a seditious appearance, we must do all in our power to colour and disguise these acts, so that they may not be too glaring. We must give them to understand that if we act thus it is because we are intimately persuaded that the cause of evil, the bad leaven, will remain in the world as long as Protestantism shall exist; that Protestantism must therefore be utterly abolished, since inquiry in religious matters creates and propagates inquiry in other matters. The admirable order of things which (we must tell them) it is our object to establish, can only exist on condition that the people shall be forced to move round these two axes, monarchy and the church. We must prove to them that we alone, with the other orders, and the clergy (the clergy, be it understood, under certain conditions), are capable of being more effectually useful to them than all their armed forces. And why? Because compression, far from changing the heart, only inflames it the more; whereas the most violent and obstinate finish by yielding to religion, when she acts upon them with confession for her auxiliary, and ecclesiastical pomp for a bait.

Let us moreover take all possible pains to convince them that they ought not to grudge the wealth possessed by the religious bodies, or that which we are constantly accumulating, for these riches are necessary to us; without them we could execute no great enterprise.

"Weigh well," let us say to them, "weigh well the present advantages we can offer, and those still more considerable which are to follow, and you will see that

each of your favours will in the end be restored to you a hundredfold."

But what we must, above all things, endeavour to make apparent to them is this, that the ancient struggles between the church and the state are no longer possible, these two powers having learnt that there is nothing to be gained by transgressing their respective limits. From whence it follows that governments, protected by the wonderful progress of diplomacy, will be for ever secure from all abuse of anathema, and all attempts at usurpation, and may, with all confidence, leave to the priesthood the entire direction of the faithful. Besides, let governments learn that all our sacraments, confraternities, ceremonies, little books, &c., &c., are infinitely less to be feared than these pestilent journals of all sorts, which are good for nothing but to excite the worst passions; that it is infinitely more safe for the multitude to sink back into the legends of the middle ages, which will chain down their imaginations to the worship of past times; whilst, on the contrary, if we once suffer them to place a foot on the first step of the ladder, they will speedily mount to the top, and be seized with the vertigo of revolution, which immediately renders them unmanageable; they will inquire and examine, and the more they learn the more their pride and insubordination will increase. Yes, let governments admire what we are able to do with the people by means of these "Lives of Saints" and all these miracles; we are able to perpetuate their infancy until they shrink with terror from what others long for with a frenzy almost incurable.

IV.

The style of thought and imagery, and the accent of the next speaker, evidently denoted that he was from Great Britain. I shall call him the Irishman.

In my opinion (he began) we ought not always to repress certain bold tongues which mock at legends; on the contrary, it is well that there should be men who cast some ridicule on that immense apotheosis of Papacy which we are accustomed to make in Oriental language. This sort of license does us no harm, so long as it is confined to the higher classes, and remains unknown to the people: a certain tolerance on this point makes the world more inclined to trust us, and serves to lull suspicion in the minds of your gilded phantoms *(larve dorate)* as to our ultimate projects. But if this mockery went forth into open day, so as to unseal the eyes of the vulgar; or if some keen and penetrating spirit, drawing aside the corner of the veil, should point out the corrosive side of our doctrines, we must then make every effort to cover this audacious wretch with infamy, or denounce him as a dangerous conspirator, deserving of exemplary chastisement. Setting aside such extreme cases, it is rather to our advantage than otherwise that there should be here and there some cavillers at our vast dogmatic system; for whilst free course is allowed to a few sarcasms *(alcuni scherni)** on these matters, our tendencies are left unquestioned, we are allowed full liberty

* Perhaps he said *scherzi*, jests.

and opportunity to propagate our doctrines and to extend our conquests day by day.

In order to render Catholicism attractive, let us strive to enlist in her cause the foremost statesmen and historical writers of our own times. Let us employ them to deck the past in golden hues; to sweeten, for us, the bitter waters of the middle ages; and help us to captivate mankind by the most alluring promises. Who knows but the day may come when the vaunting songs of the antagonists of Catholicism shall prove to have been swan music? Let us suffer all these various labourers to go on working for us; when the evening comes we will pay them, unlike the master in the parable, in good money of the middle ages *(in buona moneta del medio evo)*—of those middle ages which, in their fervent admiration of antiquity, they now so eagerly extol.

In good truth, our times are become strangely delicate! Do they flatter themselves, then, that no spark still smoulders in the ashes round the stake to kindle another torch? Fools! all they can do is to hate us! They are far from dreaming (*d'aver sentore*, literally to scent) that we alone know how to prepare a revolution, compared with which all theirs have been, are, and will be but pigmy insurrections. In calling us *Jesuits* they think that they cover us with opprobrium! They little think that these Jesuits have in store for them the consorship, gags, and flames, and will one day be the masters of their masters!

Excuse this warmth, my dear colleagues; at another time I will enlarge upon the immediate causes which fill me with indignation, and arouse all my energies against this envious and fractious race. I will now return to the point from which I digressed.

It is highly important to us that we should seem to offer large guarantees to every class of society. To the aristocracy of Protestant lands we should thus address ourselves:—

"The Roman hierarchy alone is able to gain you the victory; but this is on condition that she finds an echo in your own souls. It is by your efforts that the people must be collected into their former fold; when safely there, the impetuous torrent will no longer ravage your domains, you will see that submission will be restored, and the bad spirit which threatens to root up and destroy all things, shall itself be rooted up and destroyed. Your fathers turned everything upside down, the remedy must be not less energetic than the evil. Call upon all those over whom you have influence to listen, and address them boldly in some such words as these:—

"'Protestantism is an aberration. It has engendered nothing but miseries and innumerable catastrophes.

"'It is a religion lopped of its members, it is not even a skeleton.

"'Catholicism alone presents a harmonious whole. Where there is no confession, no pope, no attractive form of worship to address itself to the senses, no rallying point, no all-powerful and ever acting controul, all must needs be scattered like sand. We offer ourselves to your example, as the first to prostrate ourselves before the guides of our conscience, the first to reject the apostacy of our fathers! Let it be our common task to join together what has been rent. To the great work then! Aid us! follow us!'

"In this way the mass of the people, fascinated by your words and your example, will feel their souls stirred

within them, their habits will be gradually changed, and at last with one impulse they will fall on their knees before our common mother."

Furthermore, dear friends, we must foresee all things, especially objections, that we may be ready to answer them off-hand, and without hesitation; for we can never succeed unless we have first, individually and collectively, made ourselves thoroughly conversant with our subject in all its bearings. Let each of us, therefore, hold himself bound to note with scrupulous fidelity, not only the arguments which are brought against us, but also the nature of the interests, fears, desires, and even the mixture of ideas, serious, extravagant, or mystic, which are arrayed on the other side; so that our answers, and our manner of considering their ideas, may astonish and bewilder them, and thus lead them captive to our cause.

"Reflect," let us say, closely following them up, "you are not surely so blind as not to see what is passing around you. Lay hold on the anchor of safety which Rome offers you, if you indeed believe it strong enough to resist so many impetuous waves. The torrent is constantly widening and gaining force. The loss of even a single moment may afterwards be to you the source of vain regret. Call upon those who alone are powerful to save you, by raising against these raging waters an insurmountable and eternal barrier. *Alone* (*non contando che su di voi*), what could you do against the impending catastrophes? Take refuge, then, with us; come with minds prepared, and we will teach you to tame this mass before whom you are now trembling; we will enable you to associate these

people in the gigantic work of their own metamorphosis—a work which could never be executed but by the aid of expedients such as ours."

I know, by experience, that this sort of language is of certain efficacy. No sooner shall a few of these personages be converted, than others will imitate them; and when there shall be, by these means, a few breaches made in Protestantism—whether these conversions proceed from genuine motives, or whether they be determined by advantageous offers, which shall not be spared if the person be worth the trouble (*ne val la pena*)—we may certainly reckon that the people, allured by these conversions, will not long resist the yoke of pure authority, and then we shall know how to make them pull steadily. For, I would not have it lost sight of that our chief concern must be to mould the people to our purposes. Doubtless, the first generation will not be wholly ours; but the second will nearly belong to us, and the third entirely. Yes, the people are the vast domain we have to conquer; and when we are free to cultivate it after our own way, we will make it fructify to the profit of the *impoverished granary**

* Here two words escaped me. I thought I heard the two syllables *rito*, and I imagine that the words pronounced must have been *granario impoverito*. It was a movement of hilarity, mingled, as it struck me, with some murmurs, which rendered these words unintelligible. But the Irishman, it is evident, took little pains to veil his thoughts. He had just compared the people to a vast plain, destined to be conquered and ploughed. It is become almost proverbial in Italy, and I heard it said by several aged priests, "that the granary of the holy city is impoverished." This is an allusion to the enormous loss on *indulgences, dispensations, &c.*, which Protestantism and modern ideas have occasioned to the treasures of the Vatican.

of the holy city. We shall know how, by marvellous stories and gorgeous shows, to exorcise heresy from the heads and hearts of the multitude; we shall know how to nail their thoughts upon ours (*inchiodare sui nostri i di lei pensieri*), so that they shall make no stir without our good pleasures. Then the Bible, that serpent which, with head erect and eyes flashing fire, threatens us with its venom whilst it trails along the ground, shall be changed again into a rod as soon as we are able to seize it; and what wounds will we not inflict with it upon these hardened Pharaohs and their cunning magicians! what miracles will we not work by its means! Oh, then, mysterious rod! we will not again suffer thee to escape from our hands, and fall to the earth!

For you know but too well that, for three centuries past, this cruel asp (*crudele aspide*) has left us no repose; you well know with what folds it entwines us, and with what fangs it gnaws us!

We may recognise in this language a mind embittered and rankling with resentment against the English Bible Societies. He must often have encountered them in his path, and felt enraged at their influence. His savage expressions were received with a dry and forced laugh, quite different from the spontaneous gaiety before exhibited.

V.

The next who spoke seemed, from the tone of his voice, to be advanced in years. I can make no guess as to his country. His manner was grave and sedate.

My brethren, as to the Bible, be advised by me. For our greater good let us avoid—let us carefully avoid this

ground. If I may tell you, openly, what I think of this book, it is not at all for us; it is against us. I do not at all wonder at the invincible obstinacy it engenders in all those who regard its verses as inspired.

You are aware that, when once entered upon theological studies, we must of necessity make some acquaintance with the Bible. For myself, although in company with numerous fellow-students, mere machines accustomed to confound the text and the commentary, as if they were one and the same thing (an illusion which, to confess the truth, is extremely useful to us), it was yet impossible for me, endowed as I was with some capacity for reflection (as proved by my presence here, amongst the small number of the elect)—it was impossible for me, I repeat, to be so absurdly credulous as not to distinguish the text from the commentary, by which its sense is almost always distorted. In the simplicity of youth I fully expected, on opening the New Testament, to find there laid down, *totidem literis* (*in lettere cubitali*), the authority of a superior chief in the church, and the worship of the Virgin, the source of all grace for mankind. I sought with the same eagerness for the mass, for purgatory, for relics, &c. But in every page I found my expectations disappointed; from every reflection that I made resulted doubt. At last, after having read, at least six times over, that little book which set all my calculations at nought, I was forced to acknowledge to myself that it actually sets forth a system of religion altogether different from that taught in the schools, and thus all my ideas were thrown into confusion (*ne rimasi al sommo scompaginato*).

The penetrating eye of my confessor perceived the

agitation of my mind, and I was consequently obliged to disclose to him my distress and difficulty. "Ah, reverend father!" I said to him, "I expected to find in the New Testament each of our different dogmas fully developed and dwelt upon in accordance with the value and importance which we are accustomed to attribute to them. What is my surprise to find there nothing at all like what we deem the most essential in our doctrines."

Without allowing me to proceed any further, he inquired, "Have you communicated your thoughts to any of your fellow-students?" "No," replied I, "I have suffered much—but alone." "That is well," he said.

From that moment he kept me apart from all the other students, and having repeatedly sounded my conscience to its very depths, he one day addressed this question to me, "My child" (I was at that time about twenty-three years of age), "if I were to place in your hands the Geography of Ptolemy, or that of Strabo, who lived about two thousand years ago, and if I were to say to you, Point out to me in these books the name of a single city of all those which have been since built, what would be your answer?" "I should say that it was impossible, since those cities did not then exist." "Exactly so; and the case is absolutely the same with the New Testament—the book of primitive Christianity—as with the Geography of Ptolemy or Strabo. All you seek there had its rise at a far later period."

At these words of my superior I looked upon him with stupefaction. He pressed me affectionately to his bosom, and said, "Do not distress yourself; you shall be a young man set apart. You are worthy to penetrate further than others. Jesus Christ himself, as you must have remarked,

spoke to the multitude only in parables; but, in private, he interpreted these parables to the apostles, saying to them: 'To you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom,' that is to say, to possess the key of these secrets; but he carefully avoided using this language to the vulgar. Do you think a child in the cradle is equally advanced with a grown man? No. In like manner this book is but the embryo of the church. Forms, new doctrines, the hierarchy, the power of the popedom, all these great things which have transformed the church into an ocean, as it were, have been the effect of gradual progress, a progress which has often, indeed, been impeded, often interrupted, but which we are destined to bring to its consummation."

Afterwards, in order to neutralize my impressions, he placed in my hands Dupuis, Boulanger, Volney, Voltaire, and some other writers. By this means, and by degrees, a new order of ideas was established in my mind, and I became in the end capable of rising to the loftiest views of our order.

I have related this anecdote, which is entirely personal, merely to put you on your guard against too much confidence in reckoning, like the heretics, upon a book which unfortunately abounds in arms against us, not for us.

Consequently, let us lay down this principle: in public to act as if we had nothing to fear from such a book, but rather as if it were favourable for us; in private, to describe it as dangerous and hurtful, or, where this would not be prudent, to declare that it is the germ, of which Catholicism is the complete and majestic development. We shall thus provide ourselves with an arsenal a thousand times better stored than the biblical arsenal of Protestantism. We shall

thus elude a crowd of difficulties, and at the same time keep up the controversy between ourselves and the Protestants—the very thing we want; for as long as the present state of things continues, as long as the mass perceive that our disputes lead to nothing decisive either way, they conclude that if there had really been anything in the Bible which positively condemns us, it would, in the course of three centuries, have made itself fully apparent.

Meanwhile, let us be watchful to place our best workmen in the most important points. While these good automata aid us to lay stone upon stone, under the direction of our initiated members, our edifice will rise on foundations so solid as to withstand all shocks hereafter.

As to our texts, let us select them from the old legends of the Bollandists. Should certain of our practices or doctrines be questioned, why then let us heap miracle on miracle, let us repeat the old ones and make new, so as to throw a glittering veil over the pope, the Virgin, purgatory, mass, our ecclesiastical vestments, our medals, our chaplets; let our miracles be like an inexhaustible water-course, keeping up a perpetual motion in each wheel of our immense machine.

Let the heretics and the philosophers cry out against us as they may, we will take no pains to silence them, we will make no reply; so they will tire themselves out, and in the end they will let us alone. At the same time, I am quite of opinion that we ought, by every possible means, to secure the aid of modern thinkers, whatever be the nature of their opinions. If they can be induced to write at all in our favour, let us pay them well, either in money or in laudation. Provided that the universal edifice goes on

constantly increasing, what matters it to us what workmen, or what implements, are employed? There are some who have become very zealous Catholics because, as they say, we know how, with our images, our paintings, our wax tapers, and our gold, to produce a highly picturesque effect in our chapels! Others are converted because ours is the only church which possesses a pool, always ready, in which he who is soiled by sin may wash himself clean!

Thus, you perceive that we are provided with an infinite number of baits, to take all sorts of people; be it ours to become expert in the choice and in the use of them.

VI.

He ceased. The speaker who succeeded him appeared younger. I cannot say whether he was an Italian or not. Our language is pronounced in so many different ways, that it is difficult to judge of a speaker's native country by his accent, more especially when we cannot observe his features. This speaker began by unfolding some perfidious theories, and his style was at first feeble and careless. I was astonished at his incoherence, but by and by he was put on his mettle by an interruption, and his style suddenly became terse and compact.

I know that we are accused of fearing the Scriptures; wherefore I am, at this very time, occupied in composing a little book, in which I point out a very easy method of enriching our oral instructions and our writings by Scripture texts. For example:—

"Whosoever hates not his mother, his father, his brethren, his sisters, and who is not prepared to sacrifice

for the church whatever he possesses, is an unworthy disciple of Jesus Christ."

"If the church is a visible body, the simplest common sense requires us not to deny it a visible head."

"The Catholic people is successor to the people of God; consequently heretics and philosophers are the enemies we are bound to exterminate, and the powers which do not yield obedience to the Holy See are so many Pharaohs."

"As, under the Old Testament, the voice of the tabernacle was the voice of God, so, in like manner, the voice of the pope is the voice of God, under the New Covenant."

I might quote to you a thousand other examples, with their application; but the specimen I have just offered you will prove that we also, as well as the heretics, can present ourselves with a phraseology altogether Biblical.

As to our manner of proceeding with Protestants of all sorts, it must necessarily be very varied. My advice is this, that we should keep a register of the most obstinate and dangerous amongst them, and chiefly of their ministers. This register, in which their individual characters should be noted, would serve to warn our missionaries of the rocks and quicksands in their course; they would know beforehand with whom they had to do, whom to avoid, and whom to venture upon, according to the measure or the particular nature of their respective talents; this would be of admirable use in sparing us many defeats and unfortunate mistakes.

For my own part, in addressing those who appear less hostile and more manageable, I argue thus:—"Is it not

apparent that we alone combine all the advantages that your sects possess separately. You can, therefore, lose nothing by your conversion; you gain, on the contrary, the advantages of becoming spectators of such imposing solemnities as must needs, sooner or later, captivate your very hearts.

"Our church styles itself catholic, or universal; this is why it employs sensuous vehicles proportioned to the intellectual faculties of each individual. Look upon Catholicism, then, as opening to mankind the most splendid feast. You know in what consists the merit of a table—in being laden with dishes adapted to every taste, and in displaying all the most delicious productions of the earth. Now, all men are not constituted alike. One man sees God through the medium of the fine arts and poetry; another can only discern him under a gloomy and austere aspect; a third beholds him in a sweet and radiant atmosphere; and others see him through the cloud of dim and mystic reveries. For all, however, there is one centre of unity, namely, Jesus Christ; and on this point we have not a shadow of disagreement with you. What, then, should hinder you from entering into the most perfect communion with us? Would it not be folly to require that all men should arrive at the same point by one single road, when it is the property of a divine religion to lead them thither by a multitude of different ways? Perhaps it may be repugnant to you to see God in the man to whom you confess yourself, in order to obtain absolution? But consider that a people left to itself, unrestrained by a visible power which supplies the place of the invisible, would soon become brutified, forgetting the horror of sin;

or, on the other hand, would become desperate, no longer hearing a voice which says, 'I am God who absolve thee.'

"You would prefer, would you not, that a friend should be your priest? Enlightened minds seek the commerce of enlightened minds; well, doubt not that Catholicism offers you a multitude of priests, who, knowing with whom they had to do, would never dream of imposing acts of humiliation upon you. As to our devotional practises, it is not necessary to take a part in them, further than for the edification of the simple *(per l'edificazione dei simplici)*. The church has too much perspicuity not to know how to make a discreet use of many of her different rules, so as to adapt them to all shades of intelligence, from the depths of ignorance to the heights of genius. Since her table is so richly provided, would it not be absurd that this very abundance should be the source of dissensions? No; restraint of this kind has never entered into the spirit of our system. Unity, that good thing beyond all price, is dear to us, but we know that sacrifices must be made in order to preserve it; we know that reciprocal tolerance is necessary in the different guests seated at the same religious banquet, where the choice of meats is free, without any one having the right to constrain his neighbour; and, by this touching and amiable forbearance, all are equally nourished and satisfied.

"Remember St. Paul, who forbids us to despise the weak; who will not that he who believes himself permitted to eat meat should trouble another who believes that by eating herbs only he renders himself agreeable to God. It is to you, Protestants, that St. Paul addresses himself

when he says, 'Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died.' Would that he had added, 'Destroy him not in exacting proudly that he should conform to your individual taste.'*

"There are to be found in the kingdom of God different lights—from the pale light of the smallest star to the brilliant glory of the sun.

"Apply this same spirit to different doctrines; to that, for example, which gives you so much offence by placing all power in the hands of the pope. Doubtless this doctrine may be so explained to educated minds as to place it in a more elevated point of view, and even to give it the appearance of something rational and just; but, for many reasons, it must be preached to the common people in all its downright crudity (*in tuttala sua crudità materiale*).

"By degrees, as you are capable of comprehending the extended and noble views of our church, you will also perceive why she canonizes such totally dissimilar individuals—the being absorbed in an eccentric mysticism; the man who daily disciplines his body till the ground is sprinkled with his blood; and him who has revelled in luxuries and pleasures, when his position rendered them

* There would be no end if we were to point out the continual efforts of the reverend fathers to wrest the meaning of the texts they quote. St. Paul, having to do with weak consciences, accustomed to ascetic maxims, and wishing still to respect them, without prejudice to the new principle he was labouring to establish, thus speaks:—"For one believeth that he may eat all things; another, who is weak, eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, and let not him who eateth not judge him that eateth."—Rom. xiv. 2, 3. Things are greatly changed since St. Paul's time.

attainable and legitimate. The reason is simply this, that human nature is multiform.

"All things are good, all things are holy, when they are in their right place, and when men do not seek to intrude upon every one their own exclusive principles. Is it difficult to perceive that this mode of conduct is both generous and sublime?"

After having thus argued, but at greater length, I change my tactics; I analyze Protestantism even to its most trifling details. I show from whence it came forth; I display its shameful variations, the pernicious example it has given, the consequences of its freedom of inquiry, and its miserable outward dryness, betokening its inward sterility. Then I exclaim, "See one of our grand processions! every one occupies his peculiar rank; for our church, even in her grand solemnities, loves not to eclipse the honour due to any state or condition.

"You are astonished, perhaps, to see us adore the Host, surrounded with glittering magnificence. We, too, are not ignorant that God is everywhere; and that He demands the heart alone, is not a discovery of your pretended reformers. But tell me, I pray you, when have the people been able to comprehend all these chimerical abstractions? Has there not at all times been need of certain signs to serve as steps, as it were, by which men might ascend to the ideal of religion?

"Thus the church, perceivingthat the Lord's Supper, in its primitive and vulgar simplicity, was ill adapted to excite devotion in the people, decided at last to concentrate upon the Host, by the mass, as upon a palpable and perceptible point, all the splendour they could give it. The church

has signally succeeded, by means of frequent exhibitions of the august sacrament, and by the pomp of her ceremonies. The multitude, carried away by what is visible, is moved and softened, and adoration succeeds to admiration.

"Without these Catholic means, is it not to be justly feared that the number of those who never raise their hearts towards God would increase to an alarming extent?

"On the other hand, the enlightened man, the true philosopher, who has really no need of these material forms, would not, surely, attempt to impose his own spiritualism on beings whose destiny it is to remain material and gross. He will be content with admiring the ingenious resources of Catholicism, and he will thank God for having enabled the church to find means so adapted to awaken the piety of the stupid and ignorant mass.

"Thus, under the roofs of our temples, *children* and *men** tend to the same point, thanks to the divine and inexhaustible fecundity of the true church, which, as St. Paul says, makes itself all things to all men, in order to gain, if it be possible, the whole world, without, however, sacrificing the truth, by thus temporising."

* Under the name of *children* the father no doubt designates the lower orders, whom they design to keep under the yoke of superstitious practices; whilst by *men* he means those who disdain these practices, but who, adroitly veiling this, deserve the name of true philosophers. I have known priests, and even Protestant ministers, who reject many doctrines which they publicly preach; amongst others, everlasting punishment; and these, they say, Scripture authorises them to reject, but they maintain them as a check upon the people.

VII.

From the first words of the discourse which follows, I had no difficulty in recognising the unctuous voice which had put so many insidious questions to me, during my examination. This was the present general of the company, Father Roothaan. I felt at first considerable agitation, so that I lost two or three phrases, which were however unimportant, and which I have supplied in order to complete the sense.

The most fatal thing that could befal us at the present moment would be the change from a gay, glittering, scenic religion, to an argumentative Christianity, opposed to pomp and show, an *iconoclastic* spirituality; I mean by this term, a faith destructive of Catholic forms. You all know that these are the powerful shield which covers our plans. But if the poetic charm should ever be broken, if people should begin to seek inspiration in the apostles, or in the primitive apologists, then our *bark*, beaten by impetuous winds, would run great risk of sinking, with all the immensity of its treasures. Revolt would become general. The glorious edifice, the work of so many ages, would be assailed and torn to pieces by thousands of profane hands. It would become the order of the day to trample under foot all that might fall under the reproach of being borrowed from idolatory. This time, there would be no mercy shown, nothing would be spared. Discouragement and terror would then stalk through our ranks, for we could not rely for the suppression of these movements on the strong hands of certain powers, which we had not yet sufficiently engaged in our interests. As soon as the fatal word should have gone forth, that nothing had any value in religion but

what is spiritual and biblical, the hierarchy would instantly fall to the ground. All hope would be over for the priesthood, when the people should acknowledge no other guide than a little book. To whom should we then turn, on whom should we found our expectations, in a desertion so general; what remedy should we seek to cure so horrible a malady in the blood? (*per guarir nel sagnue un si oribile male.*)

Not that there is the least symptom of the approach of such a danger. On the contrary, Protestantism is becoming decomposed; it is falling to pieces; we are beginning to gain from it some men of note, and there are even some high personages whom we have succeeded in convincing that, if they continue to uphold Protestantism, they are lost.

But it is not enough for us to be aware of a great apathy amongst our ancient enemies; we must do all in our power to augment it.

The proof that faith in an abstract being is powerless to constitute a solid and durable union—that it cannot form a vast body which shall be animated, as it were, by one mind, is, that scarcely three hundred years have passed since the first effervescence, and Protestantism is already wearing out and sinking into decay. Yes, we are destined to insult its last agonies, to march over its broken skeleton and its scattered bones! Oh! let us hasten this dissolution by our strong and united efforts! Let us preach to the timorous Protestants that deism and incredulity are corruping their various sects, that God is, at length, weary of heresies, and that he is now, in our days, about to exercise upon them his terrible and final judgment.

Let us, meanwhile, carefully avoid entering into an open and serious strife with the Protestants. We could not but lose ground by it; and it would call too much attention to the subject. People who are greedy of novelty would be enchanted to see such a combat opened. Let us prefer a secret war, which though less brilliant, is more sure to bring us the advantage. Let us shun too much light. Let us content ourselves with pulling down the stones of the Protestant citadel, one by one, instead of venturing to carry it by storm. This would be neither prudent nor useful. Let us pour contempt upon this inglorious, naked, cadaverous religion; and let us exalt the antiquity, the harmonies, and the wonderful perfectibility of our own.

But we must, above all things, be provided with a store of arguments to parry the objections which the Protestants are so prone to bring forward, and which are founded on the vices and crimes of the ancient clergy and the popes. A difficult theme, I admit, and one which merits a special theory; for after all, what have we to allege sufficiently adroit, subtle, and cogent, to enable us to retire with honour from these discussions with which we are so often pestered? If we could but meet them armed with some good replies, the question might, at least, be maintained in suspense. You well know that the ground upon which the Protestants are most harassing, is the middle ages, which they are pleased to call the dark ages. Unfortunately, on this subject our best writers do but too often furnish our adversaries with arms against us!

O Rome! how many anxious toils, how many pangs of mortification, dost thou cost us! What an overwhelming task it is to have to suspend a veil of glittering embroidery

between thy chaos and the nations!"—(*un ricamo brillante tra il tuo chaos ed i populi!*)

(These words came forth like a flash of lightning. It is impossible to give an idea of the contrast between this sudden burst, and the usually calm and smooth manner of Father Roothaan.)

"We have, however, one source of rejoicing . we cherish at the bottom of our hearts this principle, that whatever does not unite with us, must be annihilated; and we hold ourselves ready to make, as soon as we shall have the means, an energetic application of this principle. Protestantism, on the contrary, completely disarmed itself when first it preached the doctrine of toleration, and declared that to persecute for the sake of religion, is a violation of the gospel. O yes! this is well for those who are satisfied with small things, but not for us who aim at greatness which shall eclipse and annul all other greatness.

VIII.

The Irishman here took up the discourse so promptly that he seemed to have been waiting impatiently for an opportunity to break in. There was no speaker whom I found it so difficult to follow.

I will tell you, brethren, by what means we can mould and train up the true Roman Catholic in the midst of the heretic sects. With devoted bishops, and with a clergy whose tactics have been perfected by a serious course of study, we may prepare for the people such instructors as cannot fail to accelerate the progress of our ideas. All will go well with us, provided we can obtain that the Catholic

from his very childhood shall abhor the breath even of a heretic, and shall firmly resist all insinuations, all books, and all discourse of a religious cast coming from them; carefully preserving towards them, at the same time, a polite and gracious manner. In other words, he must make a show of much sociability towards the Protestants, but he must avoid all intellectual contact or communion with them. This is what we must inculcate as the only condition of success in every exercise of our ministry, whether by catechism, confession, or conversation. This is our only chance for reuniting what is broken, strengthening what is weak, and magnifying what is small.

Every bishop must rigorously act upon this principle—be gentle, but inflexible. Let him know how to assume the demeanour of a lamb, if he would spread around him a perfume of sanctity which shall win all hearts; but let him also know how to act with the fierceness of a raging lion when he is called upon to protect the rights of the church, or to reclaim those of which it has already been despoiled by the tyranny of governments. If the bishops and the clergy, however, know how to do their duty, these rights shall all resume their paramount supremacy.

One of the dangers upon which our system may strike is the policy of Protestant governments. They have assumed the art of affecting a desire to do us justice, and profess even much condescendence towards those whom they disdainfully denominate Papists. It is their design to break down an isolation which it deeply imports us to maintain; were they to awaken sympathy and efface the limits of separation, our plan would be ruined to its very base.

My brethren, let us defeat such manœuvres, cost what

it may, by manœuvres more skilful and more active. I will name one which I have sometimes known to succeed, and which I consider efficacious. The confessional must be our field of action, wherein we must undeceive all who are in danger of being taken by so perfidious a bait. Let us convince the faithful that silence towards us is a crime; that it is fear and not good-will that actuates their tyrants; that he who has penetration enough to see through these wiles, so far from believing that there is affection and kindness in them, perceives nothing but a deep design to weaken our force and to loosen our bond of religion. These governments are well aware that an alliance with Catholics would, sooner or later, enable them to dispute the right of Catholic princes to govern populations which have nothing in common with them. We must, therefore, repeat to the faithful at the confessional, and this under the seal of the most scrupulous secrecy:—"Refrain sedulously from sacrificing all your future hopes to a vile temporary interest, or you will prepare for your children a worse slavery than your own! Heresy is on the watch, to see you bow your heads under the yoke of her execrable doctrines. Remember that, in former times, it was the custom to cover with flowers the victim which was led to the altar. Woe to you if you fall into indifference! For then the mound which protects you will be broken up, and you, pure waters as ye are, will pass away into a pestilent and fetid lake!

"Reflect, that if you give way you are lost. Would you really suffer yourselves to become the dupes of men in power, who seek only to deceive you? The exaggerated respect which you show for their seeming virtues, the silly

esteem for their persons with which they seek to inspire you, will be your ruin. The caresses which they lavish upon you kill your faith; for what is the purpose of their intrigues? To render you base and irreligious. For us, who penetrate beneath their outside seeming, our strict duty in the confessional—in this sanctuary, where nothing but truth is spoken—in this tribunal, which is the inviolable asylum of the church, and which heresy in her craftiness would gladly destroy—in this sacred spot, where we occupy the place of God himself, our strict duty is to enlighten you on your true interests, on your rights, and on the character which you ought to assume in order to escape their snares."

We know but too well, dear brethren, how many stones are scattered over those mixed and bastard countries. Let us take the trouble to search for these stones and collect them—it may be slowly and painfully—into one heap. Of this heap we will form one mass, one huge rock, which shall daily become more ponderous, more rugged, more irresistible, until its whole crushing mass shall fall upon the head of heresy!

Let us also send abroad our mysterious words,* which shall cast forth vivid flashes of our doctrine, to dazzle, attract, and draw converts together. We want some of these burning brands to put themselves into contact with such as are nearly or quite extinguished. Let us multiply the pious hands which will busy themselves in seeking out

* He no doubt meant by these *words* the eloquent speakers amongst them, and he adds the epithet *mysterious* in the same sense as the president, who says, a little further on, "*Inviluppati di misterio dai piè fino al capo, restiamo impenetrabili.*"

these lifeless logs, heaping them together, and re-lighting them. It is the Protestant revolt which has thus scattered them, and left them to grow cold. Let them, I say, be again collected into heaps, and let the bishops and the body of the clergy reanimate these vast Catholic braziers; let them inflame them without ceasing, for small flames rapidly become great ones, and great ones become fearful conflagrations! Yes, yes; let these avenging fires unite, and become one vast furnace, until at length we shall have no more need to envelop them in mystery; and then the destroying element shall purge out the wicked, and fitly baptise all sects, until the church alone is left standing above their ruins.

IX.

The accent of the next speaker betrayed the Frenchman.

All that our friend has been saying is perfectly just. Nothing ought, in fact, to distinguish us in appearance from other men, provided we bear always in our hearts the programme of our deliverance. We must seek to work up all things together for the triumph of our church, and thus we shall prepare for our descendants a magnificent destiny.

Yes, the Catholic's exterior may be sociable, but let him not the less cherish within him concentrated rage and unconquerable antipathy. The final success of our work depends, I do not hesitate to say, on the realization of this type.

But to find men capable of realizing it, to multiply

them, to cover all Europe with them—how is this to be accomplished? He who shall rightly answer this question will merit altars and statues. Worthy will he be that we should ascribe miracles to him, and that we should declare him the celestial patron of the people, the man who shall solve this arduous problem. What must we do to recruit such an army, organize and discipline it so as to make it exclusively subservient to the triumph of our ideas?

To isolate those whom we may have gained over, to allow them no other aliment than the bread and wine of our table, and by degrees transform them into raging lions —this must be our main pursuit.

We have, however, an immense variety of motives and interests with which we may work. To certain men, we must offer bribes of earthly good; to others, we must promise crowns of eternal life; some may be incited by the progress of the general welfare; others are capable of desiring to promote the glory of the church, and the spread of the true faith over all the earth.

Could we but flatter ourselves with the hope of seeing the political and the religious lever both swayed by one hand, as in the middle ages and in remote antiquity! Nevertheless, we have incontestible means of influencing all classes. In fact, what system has ever existed, in any age, so powerful as the church to multiply or change means of action? It is true that the religious orders are at this moment broken, and almost morally annihilated; but still they exist as bodies, and all we have to do is to reanimate them with the breath of our own life.

This is what we must also do for confession! May this institution endure as long as the sun! As long as it

continues to exist, I defy all earthly powers united to deal Catholicism a mortal blow!

Could we but complete this institution! for it is perfectible. As yet it is but in its infancy. Could we but imbue all the clergy with a knowledge of its secret virtue! What a prodigious empire might it not acquire to the church! What an immense source of profit! What store of souls it might gain over to us! What partizans! What treasures! What an innumerable army it might place at our disposal, and what superiority it would assure us in the day of battle!

Should we not have found the fixed point desiderated by the mathematician of Syracuse?

Confession! What scope for genius beneath its impenetrable mystery! Gentleness and terror there play their part by turns. Volumes might be written on the power and the uses of this instrument, which are as manifold as the various affections and propensities of human character. It ought to become in our hands the miraculous rod wherewith to terrify Egypt, its Pharaohs and its ministers, until Protestantism, which has itself lopped off its own right hand, shall have fallen an easy victim to us.

As for the Protestant aristocracies, we must neither be open with them, nor yet veil ourselves so as to excite their suspicions. It may be even necessary sometimes to risk an avowal, if by an avowal, adroitly let slip, we can find means to strike a master stroke. For example, we might address them in some such terms at these:—

"Yes, certainly, our methods for sounding the hearts of those who are confided to us, and above all of subjugating the sentiments of the young, may appear startling; but

examine the subject a little, and you will acknowledge that if you were to imitate us, your governments would be more stable. Only lend us a helping hand, and we will show you how to come at the statistics of each individual head. In this respect, at least, we are your masters. In your religion you leave people's minds to themselves, which produces, as you well know, all kinds of revolutions and many catastrophes. Adopt confessors. Let your youths submit their thoughts, from their earliest years, to a director of their conscience. Think of the immense influence of principles which men of the sanctuary deposit in a youthful breast! Show yourselves favourable to that clergy which, bending over a soul thus subjected, reads it as if it were an unsealed letter. The clergy would be grateful to you. Let it have an interest in serving you, so that it may warn you opportunely when the tide is rising or falling in each country, and enable you to turn public events to your own profit. Doubt not that if this alliance of religion with politics could be brought to bear on the whole human race, the latter would universally become as wax in your hands, to mould it as you pleased, and stamp it with your own seal."

It is needless to say that language like this is not to be proclaimed from the house-tops; it is to be adroitly insinuated into the ears of such as might be of vast utility to us, when struck by such glimmerings of light. Let them once begin to fall in with these ideas, and help to bring them into vogue, and then it will of course be our task to transform these stout auxiliaries into our very humble servants (*in servi umilissimi*).

I shall soon be prepared to lay before you an elaborate paper on this subject, which I have here but slightly touched.

X.

The Jesuit who spoke next expressed himself in the purest Italian. Nevertheless, the construction of his phrases, and the lucid precision of his method, induced me to think that he also was French. The cast of his phrases was so much after the French manner, that I had scarcely an effort in translating his speech.

The stiff-necked heretics of whom he speaks are the Protestants of the higher classes, not the vulgar.

It is chiefly as to the anarchic tendencies of free inquiry that we should attack those stiff-necked heretics, and I have often spoken to them thus:—

"If there is anything utterly inexplicable to reasonable people, it is your conduct. You allow free inquiry in religion; is not this equivalent to permitting, legitimizing, nay, even provoking it, on all political questions also? If you admit of so great a licence in a matter altogether divine and immutable—a matter so profound and abstruse as religion is, even for the learned few—is it not the height of inconsistency to hope to enslave the minds of men by forbidding them all inquiry into a subject so thoroughly human and variable as politics? On the one hand, you expect to exercise sovereign and unquestioned authority, whilst, on the other, where God and the church are at stake, you assist in shaking off the yoke of an authority a thousand times more sacred and more necessary! Surely it would be impossible to conceive a contradiction more palpable and absurd.

"Its consequences are obvious. When, for mere temporal advantages, several princes had encouraged the revolt

against the church, the same disaster soon fell upon themselves. They had to endure, in their turn, an examination still more severe than that to which Rome had been subjected—an examination of their dynastic rights, their codes, their actions—an examination which took place by the glare of a fearful conflagration, and which sent them to perish ignominiously on the scaffold like highway robbers.

"Such are the fruits of free inquiry. If it multiplies everywhere its pestilential pulpits, the usual effects will inevitably follow. Hence I draw the following conclusions:—

"If ever the aristocracy of our church shall be laid low, all other aristocracies will perish likewise.

"If ever the Catholic church be decapitated, all other monarchies will share the same fate.

"If ever the purple of our cardinals be profaned and torn into rags, all other purples will be rent in like manner.

"If ever our worship be despoiled of its pomp and grandeur, there will be an end of every other pomp and grandeur on earth.

"We will not flatter you as courtiers do; we will tell you the whole truth, in the hope that, for our mutual benefit, you may arrive at these simple and sure conclusions: if the Roman church lives we shall all live with her; if she perishes, none of the grandeurs which have hitherto, in fact, been supported by Catholicism will survive the downfall of that infinite grandeur, the foremost of all, and before which the universe has so long prostrated itself. But if, on the contrary, you make common cause with us, in the

endeavour to rally the people around the ancient banner, if your arms, whilst they yet may, drive them back to their forsaken ways; then, in the place of infinite disorders, we shall have the union of the two powers, which shall go on daily increasing until it become perfectly consolidated.

"Give us, then, your sympathies; turn your faces towards us; throw discredit on Protestantism; and let Catholicism, enthroned by your aid in the opinions of our times, lift up her head, spread her dominion over the whole world, and completely subdue it. And this will inevitably take place, if men of high station will fearlessly declare themselves converted; provided (and this is very important) that their change can in no way be attributed to motives of interest.

"Can you, indeed, deny that the present rage for innovation has arisen from the movement occasioned by Protestantism in throwing the Bible before the senseless multitude? The first thing, therefore, to be done is to bring them back from the Bible to Catholic authority, which retrenches from this book only what is hurtful, allowing free circulation to those portions of it alone which ensure good order.

"How comes it to pass that so many shallow minds make bold to fashion their own set of opinions? Is it not because you have abolished all subjection to the tribunal of consciences, which alone watched over the thoughts, and put a bridle on the lips? Consequently, this tribunal must be restored, and in order that every one may respect it, the great must be the first to bow down before it; nor will this submission in any way humiliate or abase them. Amongst the precious advantages to be derived from it, is not their

part a rich one? You can little imagine what the church has in store to reward services of such importance."

Here a slight murmur of derision caused a moment's interruption.

"For, when once our renovated cult shall have regained all that heresy has snatched from it, Catholicism, which disdains the paltry spirit of Protestantism, will open wide the gates of her temples, that each rank, each estate, may there shine in its respective place. Being herself great, she naturally sympathizes with all that may add to her splendour. Those are madmen or fools, who, by their scheme for despoiling the churches of whatever could give them an imposing aspect, have made the nakedness of poverty conducive to that other mania of universal equality.

"Lend us then, we implore you, your aid to put down every obstacle to the mutual understanding of the two authorities—the church and the throne. It is only when these two authorities shall be regarded as divine dogmas, and when they mutually sustain each other, that they will have sufficient power to sweep away all this chaos of dangerous questions which converts society into a tumultuous sea. What glorious results will follow, on the other hand, from this happy union, this fraternal alliance! The church and the state, rendered valorous by this union, shall trample under foot the two hydras, mother and daughter;* the fire shall consume them, and their ashes shall be scattered to the four winds!"

* Protestantism and Revolution.

XI.

There was a pause of some moments. A conversation took place, so general and unconnected that it was impossible for me to seize its meaning. But Father Roothaan soon resumed the discourse, and his first words, no doubt, related to this short conversation.

To this effect I would remark that we shall establish nothing firmly unless we begin with those who are to direct others. It therefore appears to me essential to regulate the initiation, by forming various grades in it (*stadii*). I say regulate, because we must never risk our light but upon sure grounds, and after a rigid scrutiny of the dispositions of the person to be initiated. A ray too much, sometimes, instead of enlightening (*imbaldanzire*) him to whom it is communicated, serves only to dazzle him and lead him astray. We thus lose some excellent and active instruments, from having imprudently attempted to enlarge their mission. Let us know well beforehand with whom we have to do.

We must not, however, suffer a reasonable cautiousness to degenerate into excessive distrust. Let frequent essays be made in order to acquire extreme delicacy of tact, and that discernment of the inner man by which we may assure ourselves of a person's secret thoughts. It is well to begin by complaining of the evils with which the church is oppressed, and then to insist on the necessity of strongly attaching the inferior clergy to their bishops, in order that they may aid each other in seeking a remedy. The conversation being thus opened, it seldom fails, if adroitly followed up, to bring out the true character of the indi-

vidual under examination. After having thus sounded him, a word may be hazarded on the urgency of uniting men distinguished by rank or talent (always supposing that he is himself of this class), in order to raise up a dam against the torrent, and ultimately put the church in possession of her ancient sceptre. And if his replies denote that he is capable of understanding us, the means to be employed in attaining this great end may next be hinted to him. He may afterwards be wrought upon by letters, and if he shows himself apt, some sparks may be imparted to him of the vast idea which animates us.

Yes, there are doubtless many on whom these words, prayer, religion, church, glory of God, conversion of sinners, exercise a magic power. There are others for whom there is a divine meaning in the words abolition of slavery, reformation of abuses, love of humanity, instruction of the people, universal charity. Well, let us sing in all these keys (*cantiamo su questi tuoni medesimi*), and let us not be sparing of the characteristic terms of their language. Let us say that Catholicism alone knows how to inspire philanthropy and heroism, and proofs of this will not fail us. But, under cover of all these forms, we must never lose sight of our final project.

Assuredly it is for our highest interest that a pope should be elected who is fundamentally Catholic; but if the greater number insist on a rational pope, be it so, on condition that they will aid us in placing the reins in his hands.* And we will not be sparing of our eulogiums on those men who take the lead in all parties whatsoever, in

* All power, spiritual and temporal.

order that we may, in time, convert them into instruments for our own use.

But this is not enough. To ensure success to our efforts, we require instruments well proved, and of a nature to resist all seduction. We must, on recruiting them, gain them over to our doctrines by whatever is most flattering to their desires. This is the surest way of making zealous and prudent propagators. Let all courts, and particularly those of heretic princes, be provided with some of our most vigilant sentinels, who must be wholly ours, although belonging, in appearance, to the Protestant sect; in order that nothing may escape us, whether to our profit or our disadvantage, of all that passes in the cabinet and the consistory. We must hesitate at no cost when it imports us to gain possession of a secret.

I, too, earnestly desire a solution of this most difficult point—how to isolate the Catholics without their appearing in any way to be isolated. I confess that this appears to me almost impossible to be attained amongst the common people, because they have not been, like us, from their early years subjected to a fixed and inflexible discipline. Nevertheless, we can fashion men to what form we will, when powerful interests do violence, as it were, to their minds. The bishops, as well as the clergy, must learn the necessity of realizing this plan. But since a knowledge of the means of execution is indispensable, it must be our task to select them and inculcate them. Our business is to contrive:—

1st, That the Catholics be imbued with hatred for the heretics, whoever they may be; and that this hatred shall constantly increase, and bind them closely to each other.

2nd, That it be, nevertheless, dissembled, so as not to

transpire until the day when it shall be appointed to break forth.

3rd, That this secret hate be combined with great activity in endeavouring to detach the faithful from every government inimical to us, and employ them, when they shall form a detached body, to strike deadly blows at heresy.

Let us bring all our skill to bear upon the development of this part of our plan. For myself, it is my intention to devote myself especially to it.

When we shall once have become familiar with these schemes, and when our store of expedients shall have been sufficiently augmented, I doubt not that the system which now seems crude and confused, will assume a very different aspect. We shall have brought it to a degree of perfection, such as our present vague and obscure notions can scarcely foreshadow.

It is fortunate for us that the catechism of each diocese contains the precious element upon which our dogma is founded—that God is to be obeyed rather than men. These simple words contain all that we require for the papacy. If we teach (and who shall prevent us from doing so?) that the pope is the vicar of God, it follows that the pope speaks absolutely in the place of God. It is the pope, then, who is to be obeyed rather than men.

This is the bond of which every confessor must make use, in order to bind the faithful indissolubly to the chariot of Rome. Even in the Catholic States doth not the pulpit bear this inscripion of servitude: "*Usque huc venies, neque ultra?*" But happily this is not the case with the confessional. That place is not profaned by any such insulting restrictions. There God reigns supreme, and, from *the*

great dogma, the clergy (as long as it shows itself the worthy and legitimate organ of the pope) derives the privilege of being obeyed as God himself.

The catechism thus explained, so as to support the chief developments of our doctrines, we must from time to time hint that the rights of the Holy See may be momentarily forgotten, God so permitting, in order to punish the blindness of the people; but that these rights can never be annulled, since it is foretold that they shall one day revive in greater lustre than ever.

Now, one of the means which I judge proper to promote this spirit of isolation and proud self-reliance which is so important to us, is the transmission by declared participation of the all-powerfulness of the papacy, not only to the hierarchical body, but to the faithful, in their relations with those obstinate heretics; on condition, however, that they never lose sight of its indivisible unity. What a flattering attribute! what a fertile scource of religious exaltation! Could anything be conceived more adapted to knit our forces together and render them invincible?

One thing we cannot be too earnest and indefatigable in proclaiming, namely, that the Catholic religion alone possesses the truth and the life; that he who holds it is at peace with his conscience; that its orthodoxy does not depend upon its chiefs or its priests; that, were they monsters of wickedness, their shame and punishment must be upon their own heads; that their crimes could only be looked upon as those clouds which sometimes obscure the brightness of the sun; that the stability of the church, its holiness, and its virtue do not depend upon the characters of a few men, but on that prerogative which it alone possesses,

of being the centre of unity; that it presents the sign of salvation, on which we must fix our eyes, as did the Israelites upon the serpent in the desert, and not upon the failings of the clergy! If a divine liquor is poured from vessels of clay, instead of vessels of gold, is it on that account the less precious?

Only let such arguments as these be seasoned with vivid eloquence, and take my word for it that even those who pass for enlightened people will not fail to be taken (*tolti*) by them just like the rest.

Let us also persist in declaring that if Catholicism gains the victory, and becomes free to act according to the spirit of God, it will work out the happiness of mankind; that, consequently, to labour in order to break the chains in which the world and the powers of the world have bound it, to devote ourselves, soul and body, to its emancipation, is to make so many sacrifices for the propagation of the holiest doctrines, and for the noblest progress of humanity. Can the triumph of the cause of God lead to any other end than the final triumph of the most generous principles that have ever warmed and stirred the heart of man?

I, too, am of opinion that it is advisable to make frequent use of the Bible. Does not a prism reflect all existing colours? and can our system fail to reflect one single idea of all those which pass through men's imaginations? No; to set aside the Bible would be to tarnish our beautiful prism. I will suggest a few instances of the mode in which it may be used.

Let us preach that from the union of the children of God with the children of men, sprang the monsters and giants who called down the deluge upon the earth. Let us

remind our hearers incessantly of the captivity of Babylon, the bondage in Egypt, the conquest of the land of Canaan, of the ark, the splendours of Solomon's temple, the authority of the high-priest, his superb vestments, the tithes, &c., &c.

Even these few examples, you see, furnish us with texts innumerable, wherewith to foster the spirit of antipathy and separation, and to hallow all the sensuous and gorgeous parade of the church.

The Christian allegories may be turned to good account. We may say that God designs for extermination, like the Canaanites, all the nations that obstinately refuse to enter into the unity of the church; and that the vicar of Jesus Christ is appointed to execute these judgments in due time. Let the Catholics commit themselves with implicit trust into the hands of the sovereign pontiff, who is their only guide; God will hasten the day, when, not to speak of the happiness which awaits them in another life, he will make them the sole arbiters of all things here below.

Let us, on all occasions, impress upon the people, that if they will only be united and obedient, they will become strong, and will receive the glorious mission of striking down the power of the impious, and scourging with a rod of iron the nations inimical to the church, until they be brought at length to implore remission of their sins, and pardon for their revolt, through the intercession of him whom they hear so often blasphemously designated as Antichrist.

Towards the end of this discourse, Father Roothaan seemed to me to be deficient in his usual lucidity. There was a want of his accustomed assurance. It might be inattention; it might be that he was in haste to finish. No sooner had he done so than the Irishman again took up the discourse.

XII.

There is no reason why we should take too desponding a view of our position with respect to the Protestant States. Trust me, the age will have to pay dear for its much-loved liberty. Let us, however, claim our just share in it. That many-headed monster named Civil and Political Equality, Liberty of the Press, Liberty of Conscience,—who can doubt that its aim, its ultimate aim at least, is the destruction of the church? But never shall this proud divinity fulfil the vows of its enthusiastic adorers! Never shall it be able to arrest our march! Firstly, We will strive to obtain the same rights as those enjoyed by the Protestants: an easy conquest! We have only to awaken the good sense of the Catholics on this point, and to repeat to them without intermission: "What tyranny! Are you not as slaves? Attack their privileges; overthrow them! It is the will of God!" Secondly, When this equilibrium shall have been obtained—since not to go forward is to go backward—let us push up the faithful higher and higher, over the shoulders, over the heads, of these heretic dogs *(di questi cani d'eretici)*. Let us aim at preponderance, and in such a manner as to be ever gaining ground in the contest. Thirdly, By new efforts, by an irresistible energy, the faithful shall at length come forth conquerors, and place in their mother's crown that brightest and richest gem, THEOCRACY.

But what strikes me as most urgent, at the present time, is to create a language whose phrases, borrowed from Scripture, or from the Bulls, shall convey to the uninitiated nothing beyond their ordinary meaning, but which shall

contain, for those who are initiated, the principal elements of our doctrine. This device is so much the more specious as, by its means, we might officially propagate our ideas, under the very noses of governments *(à la barba de' governi)*, unknown to them, and without the least hindrance. Those who are furnished with a key will be able to explain this language, on all proper occasions, so as to make known the will of Rome. It will generally suffice, for this purpose, to lift up a part of the veil with which the church is forced to cover herself, to escape much inconvenience in her present state of slavery. In this way, each word may be made the envelope of a vast political idea.

It will also be very profitable to our cause if we augment the number of those who comprehend us, and if we can succeed in enrolling in our ranks the compilers of the briefs and decrees which issue from Rome.

At this moment the father abruptly recurred to his favourite thesis.

Strike, strike upon this rock: Independence of the Catholics in every heretical government! There is a burning thirst for this independence! and you will see what splendid fountains will spring forth from it.

All Catholic serfs must take those of Ireland for their models; and the manner in which Ireland behaves towards her cruel step-mother, England, will teach them what conduct to pursue with the Protestant sects and states that encompass and overbear them. But I positively declare, that we have no chance of success, except by means of associations, powerfully combined, which shall have their chiefs, their own peculiar language, an active and well

organized correspondence, and all sorts of stirring writings. For these purposes, it is not enough to have at our disposal men of talent and men of action—we must have gold to keep them fast to their work. Aye, give me gold—plenty of gold ; and then, with such able heads and such resources as the church commands, I will undertake not only to master the whole world, but to reconstruct it entirely.

The triumphant tone of his voice was here suddenly checked, and he resumed, as if correcting himself.

When we aim at results so magnificent, a little boldness may be allowed us ; but we must not be madly bold.

Yes, it is just, it is necessary to keep in view that, although there be men ready to give their wealth and their lives for the deliverance of the church (this word, the church, has such a magic influence over their minds!) yet nothing would be more dangerous than to explain too clearly *what the church is, and what it would have.* Their feeble vision could not bear the full blaze of the mighty reality which is hidden under so many folds of the religious veil. The moment they discovered the *political* element their arms would sink powerless, their eager zeal would vanish, and these athletic combatants, so prompt to serve us, would suddenly turn their weapons against us. It is by no means rare to witness these sudden changes, when persons full of zeal, but at the same time simple and of limited views, have been in communication with one of our brotherhood, who may have overstepped the bounds of prudence. Let us all then carefully fathom the characters of those with whom we have to do, and let every attempt we make be based upon strict examination.

The experience of some years has also taught me that sounding words go much further with vulgar minds than the best supported arguments. With well informed and cultivated persons we may venture upon abstractions of a seductive character, but it will save us trouble to remember that the common people may be wrought upon by *talk* which would appear contemptible to men of cultivated minds.

And now, learn what is the baptism of fire, which, at each confession, I used to pour on the heads of my penitents in Ireland.

"Poor people!" I said to them, "how have they degraded you! they esteem you less than brutes. Look at these great landlords! They revel in wealth, they devour the land, they laugh at you, and in return for the wealth they draw from you they load you with contempt. And yet, if you knew how to count up your strength, you are stronger than they. Measure yourselves with them, man to man, and you will soon see what there is in them. It is nothing but your own stupidity that makes them so powerful."

Such was pretty nearly the substance of all my discourses to them. And when their confession was ended, I added, "Go your ways and do not be downhearted; you are white doves in comparison with those black and filthy crows. Take them out of their luxurious dwellings; strip them of their fine clothes, and you will find that their flesh is not even as good as your own. They do you gross wrong in two ways—they sully your faith and degrade your persons. If you talk of religious rights, the rights on which all others depend, yours come down to you direct from Jesus Christ; as eighteen centuries—and what

centuries!—are there to testify for you. But *they!*—who is their father? One Luther, or Calvin, or a brutal Henry VIII. They reckon, at most, three centuries; and these they have dishonoured by numberless crimes, and by the blackest of vices! The Catholics alone are worthy to be free; whilst the heretics, slaves every one of them of Satan, have no rights of any kind. Impious as they are! did they not stigmatize as false the religion of their fathers? a religion which counted more than fifteen centuries. In other words, they declare all their ancestors damned, and believe that they alone are saved."

Permit me, reverend fathers, to give you a summary of the maxims which I have laid down for my own guidance. I say to the Catholics who live in mixed countries:—

"Nothing can be more monstrous than the injustice you endure; you are not heretics, you therefore suffer not only your persons but your faith to be enslaved, in being subject to the rule of heretic princes. Not only have they no right to compel you to this subjection, but God wills that you should employ all your efforts to shake off the yoke.

"To despise the vicar of Jesus Christ is to despise your Saviour; for if Jesus Christ said of the apostles, 'He who despises them, despises me,' how much greater is the crime to despise him for whom Christ especially prayed, and whom he himself commissioned to confirm the other apostles in the faith.

"Does it not follow from these declarations, that whilst the whole human race is involved in error, the pope alone is divinely preserved from all error?

"It is from pride alone that heresy persists in maintaining its place beyond the limits of the church. It is

not proofs it wants to convince it of its errors; there are proofs more than sufficient to overwhelm it with shame and disgrace.

"Do you know why it is that Catholicism has not yet succeeded in rendering the whole world happy? It is because human passions wage perpetual war against it; it is because Catholic kings themselves love their crown better than their faith. Be this as it may, it is the pope, and the pope only, who, by the will of God, possesses the secret of pacifying and uniting all men."

As regards the Bible, I am quite prepared to maintain the happy idea of representing it only as a primitive and unfinished sketch; whence we may justly say that it would be folly to expect the church to be now what it was originally; as well might we expect a man to retrograde to his cradle.

Let us, also, do our utmost to weaken and destroy in the minds of the people certain dangerous impressions which are apt to be made upon them by the virtues and the integrity of the heretics. Let us say to them:—

"However honest they may appear to you, it is next to impossible that their intentions should be pure; and as to their sins, they remain with them, and accumulate fearfully on their heads, deprived as they are of those means of salvation which the church alone provides, and by which alone we can be rendered pure in the sight of God; whereas the Catholics, if unhappily they go on from fault to fault, and even become black as coal, will most assuredly be saved. Surrounded in their dying hour by every aid and encouragement, they will revive as a flame, provided they do not persist to the end (which is scarcely possible) in rejecting

confession, indulgences, and masses, for the redemption of their souls; these are means of grace of which the church, our good mother, is liberal towards those who, by their devotion and zeal, are worthy to be numbered amongst her children."

You will easily perceive that, if it is good to exalt, in the estimation of Catholics, these precious prerogatives, it is well also to draw from them all possible advantage for our cause. Thus let us tell them that, if they desire to be absolved by the church when on their death-beds, they must love her, and do much for her, in order that she may do the same for them. Tell them that the only way to please her is to hate whom she hates, to be united with her, to combat for her, and to raise her from the state of humiliation in which the last three centuries have held her.

Initiated fathers! Great are the hopes I build on the energies of our Ireland. I regard her as our champion. Let us only be careful to anoint her effectually with our oil, so that in wrestling with her tyrant she may always slip from his grasp. In how many folds may she not entangle the British she-wolf, if she will but listen to our counsels! Rising slowly from the tomb, under the breath of resurrection which is already upon her, she will strangle in her strong gripe the mysterious vampire which has sucked her blood for many a year. What may we not make of an idiot, savage, and famishing people? (*d'un popolo idiota, rozzo e affamato*). It will prove our Samson; and with its irresistible jaw-bone it will grind to dust myriads of the Philistines.

During my residence in Ireland I began a pamphlet which I am now finishing, in order to present it to our

chosen vessel,* that it may serve him daily for a breviary. All difficulties are there smoothed, all advantages calculated—the spirit of the nation, its wants, its resources, its strength, what excites it, and what encourages it, are there laid down and fully reasoned upon.

The father seemed to have finished, for here he made a pause; but suddenly, with a voice totally changed, in a manner unusually deliberate, and with a remarkable stress on each word, he made this singular profession of faith:—

I believe that God looks down with derision upon humanity after having abandoned it to all the absurdities of its own caprice.

I believe that morality, principles of conduct, all our theories and all our systems, are merely effects of times and places, which alone make men what they are.

Let a nation, or a caste, feel the attraction that lies in the prospect of a great and magnificent advantage, let it not want the means to ensure itself the possession of this advantage, and immediately, in the eyes of this nation or caste, justice ceases to wear the same countenance, or to prescribe the same code as before in any one phase of its existence. Were justice really as unchangeable as books assure us, she would urge her dictates in vain—she would not be listened to; all her remonstrances would be despised; each party, each body, each sect would stick to the justice of its own making (*alla giustizia di sua invenzione*). Such ever has been, and such ever will be man. The weak will never cease to be slaves of the strong. Let us try, therefore, to belong to the latter class; strong in intelligence and in action, strong in wealth, strong in

* O'Connell, doubtless.

partizans, strong, in a word, in resources of all sorts, for it is only thus that we may hope to crush our enemies under our feet.

The fathers seemed to acquiesce in the principles professed by the Irishman, for no objection was heard.

XIII.

Another father then spoke, and though his Italian was correct and his accent faultless, it is most probable that he was a German. It is well known that in their colleges the Jesuits exercise their pupils in making speeches in different languages, so that they often acquire great perfection in speech and accent.

We require to have certain centres from whence our devoted servants may diverge, both in England and in Germany. Bavaria and Ireland naturally present themselves as our two strongholds. Who can deprive us of them?

As to Germany, we must make up our minds to regard it as possessing a character altogether peculiar, seeing that the Reformation has imbued it with prejudices which seem almost insurmountable. We can have no hope that a pure Roman church will soon make its way there. Who knows how long we must be content to suffer many portions of our Catholic church in that country to remain almost Protestant? Be it so; but at least let them remain attached by some strong link or another to Rome. Let us not lose what is good by striving too impatiently for what is better. Let us rather study what are the actual signs of the times. Let us go into such and such parts of the country, and endeavour

to introduce there our religious practices, beginning by such as are least obtrusive, if we see an opening for them; but at the same time, taking care not to expose them to too great a number of adversaries.

There is one argument which I have found singularly efficacious in obtaining the concurrence of men in power. I have observed to them that Protestantism is a reaction of matter against spirit; for with what did Protestanism begin? With expunging voluntary torture from the catalogue of the most heroic and exalted virtues; whilst, without foreseeing the dreadful consequences, it has dignified the enjoyment of the most seductive pleasures of this life, and thereby produced boundless mischief. "For our part (I have thus continued), what we show forth is, Christ naked and crucified; we declare that hunger, thirst, privations, scourging, contempt, abandonment, debasement even, are so many merits for which Heaven is prodigal of rewards. 'Happy those who suffer! happy those who are without consolation here below!' we continually repeat to the poor and the wretched; and if, at confession, they complain of the bitterness of their lot, we picture to them the Son of God himself without a place wherein to rest his head, bearing his cross, crowned with thorns, bleeding from the scourge, led to death like a lamb to the slaughter, and still forbidding to hate and to curse.

"Such is the model we place before the common people in our sermons and at the confessional, and thus do we change them from raging lions into resigned and timid sheep. Besides all this we dazzle them by the prodigious quantity of Lives of Saints which we set before their eyes—saints who have been canonized, who are now

resplendent with celestial glory, who have fasted and mortified themselves, voluntarily undergoing the most severe sufferings, in order to gain a glorious seat in heaven.

"Weigh all this well, and you will be prepared to acknowledge that the Roman church alone is able to guarantee you against the principles of revolt, that by such teachings as these it can stifle and destroy them in their very germs."

The speaker here made a slight pause; and then, as if an idea suddenly occurred to him, he resumed in a calmer tone.

What if we organized a special committee to watch over the tendencies of the history and literature of the age? Encouragement might be adroitly given to any writer who would place a few flowers on the bust of one or other of our popes, or who might be disposed to defend certain parts of our institutions, or our calumniated religious practices. In time, we should see a great increase in the number of these apologies; and there is no doubt that if a few writers of note were to open the way in this direction, others would soon follow in their track, without requiring either pay or prompting from us.

If we could but operate a change in public opinion with respect to the history of the church, its dogmas and ceremonies, so as to bring the people to regard these things with less repugnance, how many obstacles would be thereby removed! We suffer rich benefices to be devoured by a host of Sybarites who do us more harm than good—why should we regret a few sums expended for a purpose so eminently useful?

How many ruins might be repaired through the instrumentality of the multitude of young poetic enthusiasts, or of those literary men whose presumption or itch for novelty keeps them perpetually scribbling.

XIV.

In the short pauses which took place between the speeches, I hastily made a few marks by which I might distinguish the speakers. In this place, however, in turning over a leaf, I blotted a line—so that I have nothing to say as to the Jesuit who broached the extraordinary doctrines which follow.

As long as the human heart shall remain what it is, believe me, dear colleagues, the elements of the Catholic system will never be exhausted, so abundantly fruitful are they! I will bring forward a convincing proof of what I say, although I am aware that, on the subject of the fair sex, you are Doctors in Israel.

One of my friends had the good fortune to see, at his knees, a lady, still young and beautiful. Her husband, an aged and very rich man, doted on her, and made it his sole study to please her. She, on the other hand, was a perfect specimen of that class of women who love religion—but love pleasure no less. Roaming from confessor to confessor, she had always had the ill fortune to fall into the hands of confounded Jansenists. All these had enjoined her to detach herself from *her dear painter!* Our brother, perceiving that she was devout to enthusiasm, knew at once how to deal with her case. The lady expressed herself nearly in the following terms:—"I could not endure to

remain for whole years without receiving the sacraments; my heart would continually tell me that I was a heathen and a child of perdition. Was it my fault if they gave me in marriage at an age when I was incapable of reflection? He whom I love is the most irreproachable of men; and for myself, this attachment is my only fault. What use to me are the good things of life if I must be wretched as long as I live? For the love of the Holy Virgin, reverend father! do not be so hard as my former confessors have been! His pictures* are almost all on religious subjects; there is not a great ceremony in the church at which he is not present, as well as myself—too happy, both of us, to take a part in these ravishing solemnities! Alas! you know not, perhaps, reverend father, what it is to feel such love as this!"

Our friend, after having given free course to this torrent of amorous eloquence, gradually soothed his penitent by assuring her that religion is no tyrant over the affections—that it demands no sacrifices but such as are reasonable and possible. "If you are of opinion," said he, "that your health is suffering from the effect of melancholy, I can point out to you a way by which you may relieve your conscience. All those priests who have thus distressed you understand nothing whatever of matters of faith; they interpret Scripture by the letter, whereas the letter killeth, as the apostle says; but the interpretation, according to the spirit, giveth life. Listen to a parable, which will smooth all your difficulties:—

"Two fathers had each a son. These youths had a passion for the chase. One of the fathers was severe, the

* The paintings of the *dear artist.*

other mild and indulgent. The former positively forbade his son the enjoyment of his favourite pursuit; the latter, calling his son to him, thus addressed him:—'I see, my son, that it would cost you much to renounce your favourite sport; meanwhile there is only one condition on which I can allow you to indulge it; namely, that I may have the satisfaction of seeing that your affection and zeal for me increase in proportion to my indulgence.' What followed? The young man to whom the chase had been forbidden followed it in secret, and at the same time became more and more estranged from his father, until all intercourse was broken off between them; whilst the other redoubled his attentions to his father, and showed him every mark of duty and affection."

You will, no doubt, admire both the parable and the tactics of our friend. He thus concluded his address to his fair penitent:—"It is for you, madam," said he, "to take the latter of these two youths for your model. Be always amongst the first at your devotions; let the house of the Lord witness your presence on all holy occasions; and since you are rich, let it be your pleasure to adorn it richly, like your own dwelling. The Magdalen, to whom the Lord forgave much because she had loved much, proved her love by her actions; she broke the most precious of her vases to bedew him with perfumes. In like manner, do you take as much interest in the holy spot where Jesus Christ every day dwells bodily, as you do in adorning your own person."

The delight with which the lady heard these words was boundless. "Oh, yes, indeed, indeed," cried she, "all that you say is clearer than the light of day. I vow that I will never again have any other confessor than you."

It is almost incredible what this lady afterwards lavished on the church in ornaments, censers, crowns, and robes for the Virgin. She placed herself at the head of different confraternities; and several other ladies, in circumstances similar to hers, were easily induced to follow her example.

Let this serve as a lesson to us. Too much rigour dries up the tree; but indulgence is like the rain which nourishes it and makes it bring forth fruit a hundredfold (*e gli fa produrre de' frutti al centuplo*).

Here followed a noisy interruption of some minutes, and it was evident that the remarks which were made were rather highly-seasoned. I was astonished, and I am still astonished, that men who affect so much gravity in public can allow themselves thus to make a jest of conscience. The president, however, soon put a stop to these ebullitions of gaiety, remarking that he was led by what he had just heard to communicate a perfectly novel idea. This *idea*, which he was about to submit to them, had often dwelt on his mind when contemplating the subject of celibacy, and the calamities which its renouncement would bring upon the church.

I have to remark, that Father Fortis, if it were indeed he who presided at this conference, and Father Roothaan, his actual successor in the generalship of the Company, seemed to take a livelier interest than the rest in the fate of the Catholic theocracy; and they were perpetually devising new schemes to secure its safety.

XV.

One measure, at which I have indeed already hinted, and which must be brought under discussion, is in itself calculated to produce admirable results: it is one which would have for its object to relieve priests from the too heavy burden of real celibacy (*d'un vero celibato*). You

well know that if ever a breach is opened on this side, if ever a considerable portion of the clergy (urged on by the secular power which might be interested in such a change) should demand the right to marry, the whole hierarchical edifice would crumble away stone by stone, until nothing remained of the church. If once this question came to be generally entertained, the dispute would grow hot, and everybody would be asking, "When did ecclesiastical celibacy begin?" Its history would be investigated; and the marble covering which has been lying for ages over its mysteries, would be wholly removed. Scruples, remorse, and reaction, would spring up and spread like an epidemic. Rome would resist most certainly, for the very foundations of Catholicism would be in danger; but a growing irritation would everywhere find some object to fasten upon—inquiry would proceed to other matters besides celibacy—and in all probability a formidable league would be formed which would address this question to the pope: "Where are your titles to command the church and the clergy?" Thus there would be revolt upon revolt, and the Holy See, beset on all sides, would have to sustain the sorest fight it had ever waged.

It is therefore highly expedient that we should connect with the celibacy of the clergy as many interests as possible, like so many spokes of a wheel round its axis. For I repeat to you, brethren, if this institution should come to be overthrown, where is the dogma that will long survive it? As, in a house of cards, the fall of one single card is followed by that of the whole construction, so, should celibacy fall to the ground, down will fall confession, mass, and purgatory; all pomp will vanish from our worship—all

glory will depart from our priesthood; and the mines from which we have drawn such rich supplies, will be henceforth closed to us. Maintain celibacy, and our course will be one uninterrupted triumph; suffer it to fall, and what a destiny will be ours! We shall be, as it were, transfixed with wounds, shamefully mutilated, our every project torn to pieces in our hands! *Quod absit!* we must, however, expect all this, if, by some powerful measure, we do not prevent so great a calamity.*

Since we are occupied in forging so many revelations and miracles, would it not be possible (great things proceed sometimes from small beginnings) to compose a little work which should breathe the purest perfume of sanctity, and which should at first be cautiously and secretly circulated? It might be conceived in some such terms as these:—

"The Church is entering upon dangerous times. Upon its fall, or its consolidation, hinges the end or the continuance of the world. An era of glory yet unheard of will open for the clergy, if it will lend an ear to what God reveals to it by Saint ——" (this revelation must be made in the name of some saint of recent date). "The strength which the clergy will derive from it is immense. It will teach them supernatural secrets, to throw down heresy, and to build up the degraded priesthood on the ruins of the profane, bestowing on it, at last, its imprescriptible title of *royal*. It is Jesus Christ himself who establishes this new compact

* Others have thus expressed the same fears. "The duration of the Catholic confession," says Archbishop de Pradt, "depends upon the celibacy of its priests; let the one fall, and the other perishes with it. It would be an act of suicide in the Church of Rome to give up this stronghold."—*Du Jesuitisme ancien et moderne.*

with the shepherds of his flock, in order to prepare them, as valiant and invincible soldiers, for the struggle which is near. In former times, the Almighty sanctified simultaneous and visible polygamy. This was in order to people the earth; it was meet that all other considerations should yield to this. In later times, God condescended to permit this state of things to continue, even when the earth was covered with multitudes of people. Now, that the time seems to have arrived to render the church the universal sovereign, and to give it a glorious triumph over all its enemies—now, the Almighty, who does what he wills, in heaven and on earth, without control or question, from any power human or divine, abolishes for the clergy, for all monks, and all nuns, of whatsoever denomination, *real and true celibacy*, and for this reason, that it cannot but be hurtful to those who, called to destroy the armies of Satan, require for the success of this work to be as closely and as intimately united as if they were but one soul and one body. Wherefore God establishes, henceforward, instead of the ancient continence, a successive and invisible polygamy (*una poligamia successiva e invisibile*), and he requires only an interior and spiritual celibacy. But so precious a concession is only made in favour of those who resolutely undertake the task of labouring for the re-establishment of the church, and who spare no sacrifice in order that she may be adorned and glorified as becomes the spouse of God, and that she may finally take up her stand above all principalities, dignities, and powers, so that all things may be put under her feet: seeing that there is nothing, belonging to Jesus Christ, which is not equally due to the church.

"It hence follows that the right to have a *sister** after the manner of Saint Paul (for the title of wife belongs only to those who are externally and indissolubly married)—it follows, I say, that this right can only be granted to those labourers whose zeal in the holy cause is constant and heroic. It would be, in fact, a monstrous injustice, if these men might not enjoy so dear a privilege with an untroubled conscience. But it is, at the same time, highly important that all those against whom the church has any cause of complaint, should be impressed with the conviction that they could not usurp this privilege without committing deadly sin.

"The draught of water, which refreshes and strengthens, given to those who are actively engaged in the Lord's harvest, and are fainting under the excessive heat of the sun, was a prophecy of the mysterious contract which God has reserved for our times."

I have been for some months absorbed in this new and important theme; I am therefore prepared to enter upon its development with all the seriousness it merits.

To open such a view as this to the church hierarchy, would fortify, as by a triple wall of brass, a point of Catholicism so really weak, and so frequently attacked. I have not the least doubt that our idea will gain ground if

* The text is here perverted; here it is verbatim: "Have we not power to take about with us a sister-wife, as do the other apostles, the brethren of our Lord, and Cephas?" (1 Cor. ix., 5.) *Brother* and *sister* were synonymous with *Christian;* as to the word *wife*, Pope Leo IX. himself acknowledges that it here signifies a married woman. The word γυναικα has the same signification in Greek as *femme* in French. (*Leo* IX. *Dist.* 31, can. *omnino.*)

we can manage to form a sect, at first very secret and select, which should adroitly insinuate this good news into convents and nunneries, and into the heads of certain churchmen. Some resistance there will be of course, but finally all will agree upon the propriety of what is at once so agreeable and so advantageous in many ways. You well know, besides, that we have nothing to invent in this matter, since numerous connections of the nature we would advocate are already in existence. But as they exist at present, they bring no profit to the church; on the contrary, they are hurtful, inasmuch as they bring many a conscience into trouble; whereas the authorization that I would give them, would take away all remorse, and would provoke an increase of zeal and industry. By virtue of this plan, men and women would co-operate to one end, each at his or her post, according to the established rules; whilst, thanks to this metamorphosis, the only scruple which could disturb them would be the fear of not rendering themselves worthy of such a privilege by a sufficiently entire devotion to the church.

If you will now consider the certain results of this secret dogma, you will find them of immense importance. But the most consummate prudence will be required in guiding and propagating the plan in question. The hospitals *à la Saint-Roch** must be multiplied, and monks and nuns of all kinds must learn to combine three indispensable qualities,—first, outward austerity; second, moderation in their pleasures, and the most intimate mutual agreement; third, an indefatigable zeal for the conquest of souls—a zeal which never says, "It is enough."

* It was long before I learnt the meaning of this term. I will explain it in a later part of this work.

You know the proverb, *Varietas delectat.* This presents a further guarantee of the immense fruitfulness and of the solidity of such a theory; especially if, having vanquished all opposition, it should one day obtain an altar in the hierarchical sanctuary. Let it once obtain one, and no power on earth can ever remove it from that seat.*

XVI.

The Jesuit, whose revelations on the most delicate of subjects the reader is about to peruse, and who, further on, gives others not less curious, touching the dignitaries of Rome, had, in all probability, long resided in that city, with which he appears to be intimately acquainted.

All that I have just heard is perfectly true. And, in order to convince yourselves that, even in this respect, we have abundant materials; that, in point of fact, we have nothing to do but to legalize, or, more properly speaking, to consecrate what already exists pretty nearly everywhere, I beg of you to fix your attention on what I have to suggest to you.

* Cardinal Bellarmin, a Jesuit, was the first to promulgate the germ of this audacious idea respecting celibacy. He says: "For those who have made a vow of continence, it is a greater crime to marry than to give themselves up to incontinence." (Bellarmin, *De Monachis*, lib. ii., cap. 30.) Innocent III. (*Extra. de Bigamia*, cap. 34) says the same thing. Saint Paul says, on the contrary, "*Honorabile connubium in omnibus:* Marriage is honourable in all." (Heb. xiii. 4.) "*Melius est nubere quam uri:* It is better to marry than to burn." (1 Cor. vii.) The apostle excepts no one, and admits of no prescription.

No doubt you are all more or less acquainted with the things of which I am about to speak, but perhaps some of you are ignorant of certain particulars.

I refer to the Sisters of Charity; charming women, who owe it to *us* not to forget that "well-ordered charity begins at home." I have visited and been intimate with many of them in different countries. They are very accessible and very confiding; almost all whom I have known have spoken to me of their secret sorrows. I have listened to their complaints against priests and monks,—as if they expected our hearts to be as tender and as ardent as their own! It is my opinion that these are the sort of nuns adapted to our own times. I wish, indeed, it were possible to lighten the yoke of all the rest *(allegerire il giogo dell' altre)*, who are condemned unnecessarily and uselessly to see nothing all their lives but one little patch of sky and one little patch of earth; and what is still worse, to remain always shut up together, seeing the same eternal faces, without any possibility of removing to another convent, even when such a change appears reasonable. I would have the cloister abolished altogether, so that there might be less difficulty, less ceremony in approaching them. What a spring of cheerfulness for the poor hearts of these maidens! What an opportunity for them to vary, if not their pleasures, at least their griefs!* The Sisters of Charity have this advantage.

* There was more prudence in the fifth century. Pope Leo the Great made a decree, cited in the Roman Breviary, a decree with which few persons are acquainted, and which will surprise many:—"He decreed," says the Breviary, "that no nun should take the veil until she had given proof of her chastity during forty years. *Sanxit ne monaca benedictum capitis velum reciperet nisi quadraginta annorum virginitatem probasset.*"—(11 *Api. in fest. S. Leon prim. papæ.*)

You know that good professors, skilful in this kind of chase, capture these poor little creatures when they are in the depths of terror and anguish. It is when they find themselves betrayed and forsaken, when the ground seems to fail from beneath their feet, and shame and remorse overwhelm them, that they eagerly accept the proposal to become Sisters of Charity. Young, for the most part, and having long deluded themselves with dreams of blissful love, they fall at last into despair. But their eyes are soon opened to the nature of the new state upon which they have entered; beset by priests of every age they soon forget their fine resolutions. They are as yet but at the very entrance of their spiritual career, and already their fortitude is shaken by the temptations of the flesh. As they find a sort of pleasure in dwelling upon the misfortunes which have decided them to become nuns, they have scarcely finished pouring their romantic tale into the curious ears of priests or monks ere they have already laid the groundwork of another. This time, however, they feel certain, the character of their new friends considered, that the web they are weaving will be of golden tissue.* If the clergy were discreet they would not make a capital object of a pleasure which they ought to take lightly as a passing indulgence. Always joining the *utile* with the *dulce* they should, however, profit by these critical moments to incite the woman to acts from which the church may indirectly derive advantage; for women can far outdo us when love and religion have warmed their imaginations. It is our business to know how to feed this double flame. Our best

* A passage, occupying about a line, has escaped me here, and I am unable to supply it.

plan would be to impress upon our sisters that, where there is a want of constancy on our part, it is a chastisement for their want of zeal. Mountains alone are unchangeable. We should, moreover, never form a new connection without an express condition, on the part of the newly elected one, that she shall perform prodigies. But it happens, alas! too often, that men to whose lot they fall show no consideration for these frail vessels, and unexpected consequences expose them to inconveniences of the same nature as those which induced them to take refuge under the religious garb. But wise precautions may keep all scandal at bay; a sum of money, a temporary abandonment of the dress of their order, and a prompt obedience in removing to some other place, will always prevent affairs of this sort from transpiring. In their new residence they will be sure to find some new sister who will aid and console them; for where is there one who has not been, or who may not be exposed to the same difficulties?

Here an interruption took place. I heard the voice of the president, and then a confusion of voices. There seemed to be a sort of calling to the question. The orator continued in these terms:—

The essential point to which I would draw your attention is this. We must labour to multiply in all places initiated confessors, who may be able not only to augment the number of these sisters by persuasion and argument, but who may adroitly take advantage of their critical position, in cases such as those which I had first to mention to you. In fact, when they return to their religious duties, after the pains of maternity, disgusted, as they say, with the ingratitude of men, it is then we require aged and

experienced priests, who, in proving to them the vanity of all human things, may totally change their ideas, and urge them, by the aid of severe penitence and heroic labours, to acquire unheard-of merits. At this period, also, the perusal of the life of some female saint, who has been a model of holy enthusiasm, who has been eager to incur suffering, and loss, and ruin, in order to serve her fellow-creatures, will have a wonderful effect.

There are in our strangely complicated existence moments which pass fruitlessly away, for want of being seized opportunely. I remember with what cheerfulness and ardour I devoted myself, whilst yet a novice, to the most disgusting functions of the hospitals. I confess that I should now be utterly incapable of these acts of self-denial; but it is not less true that, such as I then was, I rendered myself useful to the Company. I contributed my part to thicken the layer of good which can never be too deep to cover *— that which a blinded world—incapable of appreciating the grandeur of our work—always stigmatize as—bad!

I have beheld these our sisters in their field of action, devoting themselves with assiduous care to the relief of the most infamous galley slaves, and this in places and scenes so repugnant as to astonish the proudest heretics and the coldest infidels. And I, who knew so deeply and so well the subtle springs which move these delicate creatures, I have felt something stirring in the bottom of my heart at the sight of their constancy and their courage.

* To cover—*much evil.* This is the word which naturally suggests itself. In order to avoid it, and yet feeling himself bound to finish the sentence, the Jesuit lengthened out word after word, and his circumlocution was so awkwardly managed that his colleagues found it impossible to maintain their gravity.

The secret of all these things is this:

In order to induce them to prolong such sacrifices, to persuade others to imitate them, and to determine them if they waver, we must take the opportunity, when no strange ears are within hearing, and particularly at confession, to dwell upon such ideas as these:—"It is true that you have a hard struggle to overcome all that is most repugnant to your nature; but the angels, who behold you, envy you your future crowns in heaven. Persevere, for if even weakness, or even crime, has stained your consciences, from the day that you entered here, your charity, like fire, has wholly purified you. Henceforward you are white as snow; Jesus Christ looks upon you as his well-beloved spouses; he calls you his doves, his perfected ones; and the oil which you daily burn in your lamps is so abundant that it can never fail you. If we judge of you by your exterior, what so feeble as your frames! if we look within, what is there to be compared with the strength of your spirit! If it were not for your sakes, avenging thunderbolts would fall upon the earth! But God takes pleasure in you; you are the dearest objects of his love; he looks upon you and he becomes disarmed. Oh! beware how you cut short a time so precious; remain at your post of honour, where the heretics look upon you with stupefaction, avowing that they have never beheld such devotedness in their own impious sect. Pursue, then, your heroic career; for when you shall have accomplished your generous martyrdom, you will find yourselves in possession of such a treasure of merits, that you will be for ever lifted above the frailties and the faults which are, in this life, but too inevitable."

It is easy to imagine what power this species of eloquence

gives us over the better part of that sex which is not less complex in character, nor less enigmatical than ourselves, but generally more credulous. When they have once tasted the nectar of these flattering eulogiums, some of the most ardent and impressionable amongst these women may be brought to plunge into the intoxication of mysticism, and by a strange miracle to transform the vague mobility of their minds into something fixed and constant; we may convert them into beings destined to remain altogether inexplicable to those who are ignorant of our secrets; beings who are, in fact, medals of honour which Catholicism can place, with pride and exultation, before the eyes of its silenced and confused enemies.

If we can extract fire from two bits of wood, rubbed together, what may we not obtain from these women, assembled together, and placed entirely and exclusively in our hands? Why should we not furnish ourselves with such a chosen band, worthy to be sent on missions of importance, and to become, by the very charm and illusion of their presence, a centre of attraction and a means of conquest?

This subject would admit of amplification; but, not to lose time in digression, I will return to considerations more immediately involved in the subject. Every one will admit that the example we owe to the public, our common interest, our complicity, and the fear of laical observation, must necessarily force us to cover these connections with the most impenetrable mystery. But whence comes it that there have always been relations of this sort ever since priests, monks, and nuns have existed? It is that, in the clergy, if there are some men who make a point of austerity,

even these are desirous of providing themselves in these female nursery-grounds with some *adjutorium simile sibi*, being well satisfied, all the while, to live apart from the world. Now, it is a fact that the arms which they employ to vanquish these interesting creatures are precisely the same as those which we would ourselves consecrate to the purpose. Their only means in fact of making them yield is to say to them: "Provided that your fall is compensated by charity, by devotion and prayers, by an active observance of all religious rites,—in a word, provided that the *good* counterbalances the *evil*, especially when this evil, which does harm to no one, is caused by an unavoidable necessity; then, thanks to the quantity of indulgences amassed, and to the intermediation of saints, whose favour may be propitiated; thanks, also, to many other merits, daily augmented by scrupulous care and pious practices, the part of sin becomes deadened, or as it were annulled, whilst the part of good works remains entire and abundant."

It is then clear as the day that our system, at least in its rudimentary form, has long been at work in the habits and in the hearts even of the clergy, of monks and of nuns; all we have to do is to make it complete by gradually consecrating it; just as when an artist has completed a statue, it is brought forth from his profane studio, and solemnly inaugurated.

XVII.

He whom I last designated as a Frenchman, now spoke again.

The observations of our friend are incontestibly true; but we must not flatter ourselves that we shall easily bring

our short-sighted clergy to accept ideas so bold. I know thousands who would be delighted to put our theory into practice as far as they themselves are concerned, but who would reject the principle as impious. I admit that if we could induce them to enter intrepidly into this course (as to the women, they are easily managed—they never have any other will than that of their spiritual directors), we cannot calculate the immense benefit which would follow for the church. Meanwhile, let me warn you that we should be utterly lost if so grave a secret should ever, by any chance, publicly transpire. Let us, then, act invariably in this matter with the most consummate prudence. If we can but continue to hold together our religious bodies by those strong bonds, the pleasing cogency of which experience has fully demonstrated, what have we to fear for celibacy? It cannot perish; and as long as it keeps its ground, what Catholic institution or dogma can incur any danger?

That naturally leads me to speak, according to the indication of the programme (*l'elenco*), of the radical reform of the episcopacy, the cardinalship, and the papacy, as the last term of our efforts; a reform without which it will be impossible to maintain many others which ought to extend to the heart of all communities and all convents.

Since there ought to be but one model for the whole church, should not the superior clergy feel themselves peculiarly bound to give us their aid in engraving it on every heart? But is it probable that we shall inspire this body with any magnanimous resolutions? Can it comprehend us? Verily, verily, the columns of the Catholic temple are neither precious nor solid. Touch

them, and you will perceive their want of massiveness. They are hollow, and at the first shock—it would need no very strong one—the whole edifice would give way. What shall we then do to prop them up until we shall have gradually substituted for them a stronger range of supporters ? In other words, how shall we organize a totally new plan for the election of such as are fit to sustain us? How shall we introduce into the whole church a rule and a set of maxims better conceived, more rational; so that dignities, riches, and honours, all, in a word, that is worthy of man's ambition, shall become so many recompenses for eminent services rendered to our cause all over the world? If we could realize a species of alliance between talent, ambition, and the most exciting interests on the one hand, and the interests of our system on the other, then, indeed, our progress would become triumphant! We must consequently choose for our purpose, not men of a narrow and pedantic morality, which is always at war with our great projects, but the most advanced of our own initiated members, who shall have furnished, by their admission into our mysterious laboratory, some new links to the chain of our creative conceptions.

It is, therefore, expedient that a great number of the superior clergy, and some of the cardinals, should begin to be acquainted with our ideas, in order that they may feed upon them. This would be a means of preparing materials for the desired change. It is certain that if we could henceforward reckon upon men worthy of the name, whose number should be daily augmenting, whether by reciprocal contact, or by the promotion of such as are able to comprehend them (for those who resemble each other naturally

collect together), it would no longer be difficult, with the aid of these hierarchical heads, and the co-operation of many others sufficiently initiated, to succeed in the important enterprize which occupies us. By thus copiously transfusing our young and ardent blood into the veins of the sacred body, we should by degrees clear it of the corrupt and sterile lees which are bringing on its death.

XVIII.

The impetuous Jesuit who next spoke, and whom we supposed to be Roman, leaves us now no room to doubt that he is so.

What I have heard is excellent, and I vow to you that I would willingly lose my —— * to see at last annihilated, in my own city, that race of commonplace and stupid beings who have been raised so high by the assiduous gratitude of certain matrons. Provided these elect of Cupid and Mammon find themselves in a prosperous condition, and after having lived by intrigue, can enjoy themselves like demigods, in an atmosphere of pomp and pleasure, what care they if a deluge comes after them? Who durst disturb their voluptuous dreams with forebodings of approaching and overwhelming catastrophes? Are these the men by whose aid we can hope to purify the hierarchy in renovating fire? I confess to you that when I examine the monachism of our days, in its cells, and

* If I heard aright, the word which I here abstain from translating completes a Roman oath, which has more than once escaped from holy lips, in my presence, and in my own country.

when I find it so utterly incapable of anything great, the rage that I feel is not so much against it, as against that college of cardinals, from which nothing issues but what is totally unworthy both of the purple it wears, and of the lofty station it occupies. In fact, I see amongst them all, high and low, nothing but a collection of blockheads, who sit there and grow fat (*che imbecilli, che s'impiguano*). It is true that their tongues now and then curse the age which sometimes disturbs their voluptuous slumbers; but who amongst them ever takes the trouble to think for a moment, or to consult those who do think, on the means of extinguishing the conflagration that is devouring all around?

We alone, my brethren, we alone bear the burden of the summer heat; we alone, diving deep into the annals of the world, study the secret springs which have decided the fate of empires; and our hope and courage gain strength from this study.

Permit me now to offer you a wholesome advice. Let our individuality become effaced. Let us be, as much as possible, not men but ideas. It is these which sooner or later get possession of crowns. Let these be assiduously instilled into the cloisters, and into the minds of some of the cardinals and bishops; for, notwithstanding all I have said, there are a few honourable exceptions. When we shall once have gained even a few of those who are the most hostile to our views, there will ere long be beheld conferences such as this in the very palaces of the highest dignitaries, and then it is that partisans will flock to us, and our work will truly prosper. The most sluggish and unwilling will then be forced to follow us.

I am sure we shall all admit the necessity of involving the people in the thickest and most inextricable network of devotional practices, so that they may become docile in proportion to their stupidity. But all this, though not without its value, is not yet enough; what is of all things indispensable is, an active, indefatigable, perpetual concurrence, like this which now animates us collectively; men of large and bold intellects, intent on continually advancing the progress of our work. Unless the church have the aid of a vast brain to elaborate for it a truly Catholic scheme, can it expect ever to see mankind universally subject to one sole chief?

This is the way in which the name of Rome, at present so light, will recover all its preponderance.

As for persons of high birth, I would show them no favour, except in cases where their position or influence might contribute to the more rapid advancement of our conquests.

From the moment I beheld heretical governments stretch forth a hand to aid in the re-establishment of the Holy See, I believed the time was coming when they would at last swallow the bait, and begin to Catholicize their states; but it is only too evident that I was deceived. Nevertheless, a few years ago some Roman princes having accompanied a prince of Germany on a visit to our most celebrated monuments, upon his asking for some explanations on a historical subject, there was something said about certain ferocious beasts being tamed by their masters to such a degree that the said masters did not fear to place their heads within the animals' mouths. I observed to these personages that a narcotic powder, frequently employed, would probably produce these marvellous effects. As this remark was accompanied with a somewhat subtle smile,

the heretic prince understood me, and replied, "Reverend father, have you not some narcotic powder for all those wild beasts?"—pointing to the passing crowds—"for they seem to me very far from being tame." Emboldened by this observation I answered, "From the moment your populations were delivered from the Catholic soporifics, and you yourselves broke so many salutary checks upon them, from that moment they have been as turbulent as madmen. It is just as if the narcotics given to those animals were to be discontinued for a while; their astonishing tameness, which attracts such crowds of curious observers, would then be at an end, and they would resume all their habitual ferocity." This led us on to further discussion, and I have reason to believe that the prince went away convinced of the efficacy of our remedies to cure this very inconvenient popular malady.

But in order that hints of this kind may have more considerable results, we require a greater number of instruments. I return, then, to the necessity of having some of ours initiated in the cloisters, and of getting rid of some of these cardinals without thought, these popes without capacity, and of a host of bishops without nerve or energy, and who are totally ignorant of the spirit of the age. For our plan will be nothing but a dream until we can actually bring about these changes. Before the hierarchy can exercise any imposing influence, it must have in its upper ranks men of power to conceive, and of energy to bring their conceptions into action; men who are capable of reducing other men under the power of a vast and unfathomable political wisdom. Who would then dare to look our system in the face?

I ask you—is there anything approaching to this in the men whose office it is to guide us? Fools that they are! They would have us look upon them as giants! Man's whole strength is in his intellect; but these pillars of the church have nothing strong about them but their animal temperament. What would be the fate of these rotten voluptuaries, these ignoramuses, buried in purple and in *ennui* (*di questi voluttuosi putridi, di questi ignari sepolti nella porpora e nella noia*), but for our unconquerable energy and intrepidity?

We have, then, a herculean task to accomplish: to renovate a triple sphere, as well as the chief who governs it; and when a considerable mass shall have undergone a complete transformation, it is then that a pope who shall bear within him our idea, already ripened and developed, may employ the means and resources which shall have been accumulated by our strenuous exertions during a century, perhaps, or more. Again he may launch forth his anathemas, his interdictions, and his omnipotent decrees, to shake thrones, and to humble for ever the pride and insolence of monarchs.

After these last words there was a sort of pause; and during this interval several remarked upon what they had heard as presenting insurmountable difficulties. I even remarked a general tone of doubt and discouragement. Some, however, asserted that in time all this might be effected. In order to animate them after this short colloquy, the president set about explaining what should be the final purpose of the whole work.

XIX.

I would not have any one despair of the great future success of our enterprise because our beginnings are small. What could be more inconsiderable in appearance than was our Company at its commencement? Yet but a few years had elapsed ere it proved to be full of vigour, and was already become rich and powerful. And, in later times, what throne but owned the mysterious ascendency of our genius?

This short reflection was made in a familiar tone; it was a brief reply to those who had expressed some doubt as to the final triumph which was promised. Then, as though prompted by the picture just given of the vices of the Roman hierarchy, or, perhaps, previously prepared for this subject, he resumed after a short pause, in a voice alternately impassioned, proud, or exalted, but always marked by self-possession. In his manner of dealing with this subject he displayed surprising tact, profundity, and boldness.

From the review which has been taken of the matter, you must perceive that the church, notwithstanding the immense aggregate and the value of its materials, is far from being in the condition of an edifice solidly raised upon its foundations and completely finished. It is still altogether in a rough and disorderly state. If, then, it has narrowly escaped an overthrow on the first shock, let us look to the causes of its weakness. It wanted a skilful and rigorous architect, who would have taken care to examine and prove each several stone; who would have rejected the bad ones outright; who would have sought out the hardest granite

to strengthen the most exposed parts; and would have seen that the whole was united together by the strongest and most tenacious cement. The greatest amongst the popes themselves have never possessed a clear and living light, they have only groped in the dark; and this explains to us wherefore a work, which is in itself gigantic, presents so little homogeneousness and harmony.

If, when the barbarian hordes overran our country and took possession of it; when the Roman empire fell to pieces, and Christianity was driven to change its abstract form for one better adapted to fascinate the imaginations and the senses of the new comers; if, at the moment when the papacy arose out of the universal degradation, it had fallen into the hands of men of large and enterprising views, it would have been able in times so propitious to efface, secretly and by degrees, all records of the ancient state of things, and to blot out every trace of the transformation of the episcopal aristocracy into a papal monarchy. It might have effected this by retrenchments from and additions to the writings of councils and of fathers, employing on this task minds capable of accomplishing it; and then, what a glorious position for us! The great strife between Catholicism and Protestantism would never have arisen, or at least it would wholly have confined itself to the authenticity of the primitive writings.

This work of retrenchment and addition ought to have been confided to a Roman school, well trained to the purpose, so as to imitate with dexterity the style peculiar to each writer.

* * * * * *

Here a few taps at the outer door, which I distinctly heard, stopped my pen. The thought that some one was perhaps seeking me froze me with terror, and drove every other thought out of my head. I did not recover from my alarm until I was aware that the person who had gone to the door to reply had quietly returned to his seat. There was probably too a momentary suspension of the proceedings; for notwithstanding the mist in which I was wrapped for a while, it does not strike me that there is any sensible *lacuna* in my report of the speech.

What was wanting in the ninth century was a pope who should have eclipsed the glory of Charlemagne. Gregory VII. with his gigantic, but too vague ideas; Innocent III. with his marvellous institutions, confession, inquisition, and monks, came too late. Five centuries earlier, some genius equal to his, and ourselves to aid with the vast idea that now engrosses us, would have rendered the Romish church the sovereign arbiter of the whole world. Instead of this, the two centuries which preceded Hildebrand supplied popes madder than Caligula, and more monstrous than Nero, so that it is impossible for us to give a colour to their history which may be deemed—I will not say excusable, but even tolerable. Neither the fourteenth nor the fifteenth century offers a single example of talent and intelligence capable of foreseeing, and consequently of preventing by the abolition of the most flagrant abuses in the church, the horrible outbreak of the sixteenth century. What, in fact, do we see in the two centuries which precede Protestantism? The Roman see occupied either by men of less than ordinary abilities, or by haughty voluptuaries. Such beings ruin a construction rather than help to build it up. They have no prudence to guide them; they exhibit to the people in their own persons a spectacle of turpitude, as if the people were brutes, absolutely

incapable of reflection. Under such popes, with a clergy, bishops, and monastic orders of the same stamp, was it to be hoped that the church should wax great and strong so as to hold nations and monarchs compressed in its great embrace? Can we be surprised that it still remains in a state of abortion in spite of its immense resources?

Dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, he continued:

It is my desire that among ourselves everything be spoken out, and that the whole naked truth be uttered; for it is in the highest degree useful and necessary to us to know and to study it, as it is.

Resuming then his former manner, and even with added emphasis, he continued:

Are we so blind as not to perceive clearly that whatever was done then was done entirely with greedy and interested views, and that the same observation applies also to the present times? Nothing has ever been contrived as subordinate to the execution of a vast plan. You are acquainted with the infamous abuses of nepotism, and its frightful consequences: what a degradation of the papacy! That high and inestimable dignity was no longer coveted but as a means of glutting the mad ambition and insatiable avarice of a few families. Meanwhile, a vast catastrophe was impending, and the veil of the temple was about to be rent in twain. Alas! when those selfish dreamers suddenly awoke and everywhere lighted exterminating fires for heretics, it was too late. Men's eyes were opened, they had learnt to think, their indignation was aroused, the fire of it was in their hearts. The death of a great number of heretics only bestowed on a party already strong and

filled with the most perverse ideas, the dangerous prestige of possessing its martyrs. Thus, by an excess of imprudence on our part, heresy took its stand as a power, to which novelty and persecution gave attraction and strength. How much time was thus lost; and what conflicts was the church compelled to sustain, no longer for the purpose of extending her sway, but simply to save herself from imminent and utter ruin.

Leo X.—that Sardanapalus enervated by Asiatic luxury—did nothing but blunder. Those who succeeded him followed but too closely in his footsteps. At length, the hurricane had almost dispersed the riven planks of the *Bark*, and no one could suggest any practical expedient for keeping them together. All grew pale at the demand for an œcumenical council, and it is certain that that of Trent would have been the grave of Rome but for the ability of our Company. We, resolute and unswerving, succeeded in baffling the multitude of heretics who were eager to attack the very foundations of Catholicism. With History in their hand, they were prepared to question the Bible, the Fathers, the Councils, to trace them from age to age, and explore the origin of each institution, dogma, and practice. What secrets would then have come to light! The symbol of the ancient faith, the primitive mode of solving questions, the progress of the papal power, the precise date of every innovation and change, the immense chaos of past ages, so well covered until then, would all have been exposed to the eye of day. Sifted after this fashion, nothing would have been preserved but what is expressly supported by some text of Scripture; the rest would have been remorselessly burnt as stubble. Nor could the pope have flattered

himself with the hope of remaining an honoured patriarch; this very title of patriarch, they would have told him, was but of recent invention. There was a general conspiracy against it, bent on reducing it to the measure of what it was when many bishops of the east and even of the west despised it so openly, and when Cyprian, Ireneus, and Polycarp held it in so little esteem.

How many bishops, indeed, flocked to Trent with hostile intentions! How far might not their boldness have proceeded, had heresy been permitted to spread freely before them its pernicious erudition? But we intrepidly defended the breach, and the young hydra strove in vain to break into the place.

Thus, after three centuries of indefatigable labour, after we had been as a cuirass on the breast of Rome, her enemies determined to tear us thence, and almost succeeded, convinced that as long as we remained, Rome was invulnerable. But if Rome, in her weakness, bent for a time like a palm-tree beneath the raging winds, she soon raised her head again; and now, let us trust, she has gained an accession of strength that will enable her for the future to defy storm and thunder. Kings call upon us—they feel the need of our narcotic cup for their people; but they shall drink of it themselves also, and deeply! We will not, however, forget to bedew its rim with honey.

The cadence of these last words made me imagine that the conference was closed, when I heard the same chief resume, but with the coolness of a man who recapitulates. His repetition of ideas already propounded, was doubtless intended to give more prominence to certain favourite views which, as the reader has seen, predominated during the meeting.

Two principles—amongst the many we possess—two principles of inexhaustible power and attractiveness ought to hold the first place in our consideration; and this we must continually call to mind.

We must thus argue with men in power, and especially those at court:—Heresy having been the cause of all the complications which arose precisely when church and state were on the point of entering into a happy alliance, the results of which could not but have been solid and most satisfactory, it is of the highest importance that we should at length realize what three centuries of anarchy have postponed. As soon, then, as positive conclusions shall have been laid down, the following should be the two leading principles of a new code, devised for the regulation and conservation of the vast interests of the two powers at length united:—

WHENEVER HERESY SHALL DARE TO DISTURB THE SACRED TRANQUILLITY OF THE CHURCH, WHATEVER MAY BE THE NATURE OF ITS ASSAULTS, BE THEY SLIGHT OR SERIOUS, THE DUTY OF THE STATE SHALL BE TO PUNISH THEM WITH THE UTMOST RIGOUR, AS POLITICAL CRIMES.

RECIPROCALLY, WHENEVER REVOLT SHALL DARE TO DISTURB THE SACRED TRANQUILLITY OF THE STATE, WHATEVER MAY BE THE NATURE OF ITS ATTACKS, BE THEY SLIGHT OR SERIOUS, THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH SHALL BE TO STIGMATIZE THEM IN THE FACE OF THE NATIONS, AND TO TREAT THEM WITH THE SAME RIGOUR AS HERESY ITSELF, WHICH IS TO BE CRUSHED BY TERRIBLE AND SOLEMN CHASTISEMENTS.

After this, we have only to be logically consistent, and since it is a maxim of the schools that *qui potest majus*

potest minus, it will not be difficult to contrive that the spiritual power, the omnipotent divinity of the Holy See, shall entirely absorb the temporal power. Only let them give up to us the *souls* of the people, let kings second us with their encouragement and their wealth, and our hierarchy, at present winding about like a river, shall soon spread wide as the sea, and cover hills and mountains.

But it is mainly important that we should know how to extinguish, one by one, the multitude of phosphoric flames that glitter in every direction. We must have the art to accustom the mass of the people to look up to none but our men (*sic*); and thus we shall train them for the day when, excited by some crying injustice, an increase of taxes, or some such cause of discontent, they shall furnish us with an opportunity to hurl forth a thundering manifesto from Rome, a signal of its rupture with all governments, and consequently of a decisive and final struggle, in which we shall be bravely supported by the innumerable and ardent host which we or our successors shall have so well disciplined.

Would that we might be certain—but at least we can hope—that when that crisis comes, a considerable portion of the hierachy will have undergone a radical and complete change ; that the loftiest thrones of the sanctuary will be inaccessible to men incapable of understanding us; that bishops and cardinals well know how to follow up their brave words with braver deeds; and finally, that, after so many sacrifices, we may have to glory in a man embodying, in his own person, the most enterprising popes of past times, a man wearing one of those heads, in fashioning which Nature expands her compasses to their full stretch.

The artisan, when plying his ordinary labour, is never discouraged by the hardness of the wood or the metal on which he works, because he has at hand such implements as will reduce these materials into whatever forms he pleases. Let us so take care to be well provided with implements. When the ebullition which we are secretly fomenting shall have reached a sufficient point, the cover shall be suddenly removed, and we will pour our liquid fire upon those political meddlers, who are ignorant and unreflecting enough to serve as tools in our hands, and our efforts will result in a revolution, worthy of the name, which shall combine in one universal conquest all the conquests that have yet been made.

For this purpose, let our unceasing exertions be directed to the conversion of souls, and let us so preach that death-beds may be the fruitful source of donations, riches, jewels, and all sorts of legacies. Means of action are indispensable to us, and these means must be as vast as our projects. Let nothing resist us; whilst, enveloped in mystery from head to foot, we ourselves remain impenetrable.

Friends, we must conquer or die! The higher classes are always very inaccessible to the lower ones; let us nourish their mutual antipathy. Let us accustom the mob, which is, in fact, an implement of power, to look upon us as its warmest advocates; favouring its desires, let us feed the fire of its wrath, and open to its view a golden age; and let the pope, Rome, Catholicism, or the Church, let each of these words become for the people the expression of all its rights, the point on which its eye is fixed, the object of its devotion, the moving spring of its thoughts and intentions. A day will come—but it will be too late—when it will be seen that expedients the most ridiculous have given birth

to marvellous effects, and that those who believed themselves wise, were fools.

Yes, brethren! we also are kings! our arsenal is perhaps as rich as theirs, and even, if I mistake not, more efficient. Our chaplets, our medals, our miracles, our saints, our holy-days, in fine, all that immense battery which we have this day passed in review, (*) will be worth as much, I imagine, as their powder, their soldiers, their cannon, and their moving forests of bayonets. All depends upon the skill with which we combine this infinity of means, discipline our troops, and by exciting their zeal and their courage, prepare them for the day which must bring to nothing, or crown with triumph, the long series of our labours. Let them make a jest of our processions round the profane Jericho, let them mock us and the sound of our trumpets, provided that at the seventh circuit, and assuredly it will be made, the walls of the city fall down, and those who inhabit it fall a prey to us.

What, we have to do, then, is to erect again upon its pedestal the prostrate papal colossus. We engineers, here assembled, have to concert a special plan for this purpose, to point out the machines to be used or to invent new ones, to form workmen and place in their hands levers and cables, and then, provided the whole be directed by superior intelligence, success will be infallible.

Such is our task.

* *Ch'oggi abbiamo si bene analizzato;* this expression induces me to suppose that the *analysis* of all these things had been made, the same morning, in a previous meeting; for it appears too precise to relate wholly to what was said in the conference which has just been submitted to the reader.

But the day is closing, and I desire that we may not quit this place before some one, who may have considered the subject more deeply than myself, shall have said a few words on the possibly sinister issue of events, which, seeing the dangers around us, it is indispensable that we should coolly consider, while as yet our minds are undisturbed by any immediate apprehensions of such a result.

XX.

There ensued a brief silence, which the Irishman was the first to break, though in a tone less confident than before. He soon warmed, however, and became quite himself again.

If I venture to respond to this appeal, it is because I was lately present at a meeting of our fathers, in which the subject now in question was amply discussed. The conference closed with the following resolution.

Should we ever (it was unanimously agreed) be abandoned by kings, or should any fatal discovery utterly ruin our projects; should we in vain attempt to recover, if not confidence, at least some standing compatible with the execution of our plan; should we even be forced to crawl along (*trascinarci*) for a lengthened period, in order to reunite our many lost or broken threads—even in this extremity, happen what may, we must resign ourselves to these shackles, and submit to this wearisome delay. But if nothing can reconcile us with the offended Catholic governments, and if even Rome, in the hope of securing her own safety in a mean and narrow sphere, consent to immolate us anew, we must, at the price of every consideration, show

kings and Rome that, even under circumstances so adverse, we can prove ourselves stronger than them all: and this, you are aware, it will be the more easy for us to effect, the further our labours shall have been advanced when the time of trial comes, if come it must. But I feel no doubt (and I could bring forward authentic proofs in support of this), I feel no doubt that, this time, Rome would rather make common cause with us, than consent to remain a degraded and manacled slave, without a hope of ever escaping from the limits imposed upon her. In case of need, poison would deliver us from a short-sighted pope *(il veleno ci liberebbe d'un papa a corta veduta)*, and the next conclave which should be assembled would accord entirely with our views.*

Then, brethren, will the world behold a strange spectacle. Having failed in our endeavour to avenge ourselves on kings by slowly and artfully exhausting their strength, we will take vengeance on them in a manner equally sudden and terrible. In six months Rome would become the incendiary focus of those volcanic spirits who are themselves at present the objects of our hatred; and a bull in which the sovereign pontiff should announce to the people that, deceived in his hopes of seeing good gradually

* Clement VII. having declared to Cardinal Bellarmin his resolution to condemn the doctrine of the Jesuit Molina as dangerous, the Jesuit Bellarmin replied, "Your Holiness will do no such thing." Cardinal Francis Marie del Monte having spoken of this resolution to Cardinal Bellarmin, the latter replied: "I know that he would gladly do it; I know that he is able to do it; but *he will not do it.* If he persists in executing his design, *he will die first.*" Jacques Tagliotti, Jesuit, in his "Life of Cardinal Bellarmin," liv. vii., 2.

prevail over evil, his patience is exhausted—such a bull would give us forces more numerous than the hyperbolical army of Armageddon.*

What a source of agitation in times like ours! Assuredly Catholicism and its ceremonies would be for some time the fashion, but all its illusions would sooner or later evaporate, and we should but have hastened the opening of an era the very reverse of what we have been labouring to introduce. What matters it! let our last cry of despair, let our death be worthy of us! We must not be content to disappear like a dried-up river; let us rather resemble a torrent which breaks every mound and bears down every obstacle; like the elements of nature, which cannot be compressed without bursting out into universal conflagration. Thus would the famous saying be verified, "that the fate of kings is intimately allied with ours," for they would vanish from the earth along with us. Such would be the vengeance of Samson when shorn, blinded, and made to toil at the mill like a vile ass. He would crush them with the last effort of his enormous strength, and bury himself and them in the same tomb.

It is very possible, brethren (continued the Irishman in a fierce tone), that there may be some traitor amongst us, who, to render himself acceptable to some cursed Pharaoh by becoming his Joseph, his informer, may one day escape from our ranks and ruin us. The precautions which we have already taken against such a contingency do not appear to me sufficient, for the wretch who would desert from our body might find means to hide himself from our vengeance, and thus in vain would he have sworn that

* An allusion to a passage of the Apocalypse, ix. 16; xvi. 16.

"*to the last breath of life he would regard the destruction of his own person as holy and legitimate.*"

I therefore propose to you another means of surety, in addition to the former. Let us lay down this rule :—that no one shall be initiated unless he have previously consented that a certain number of our members shall concert together to attribute to him (on probable grounds of course) a correspondence either politically criminal or monstrously obscene; and this correspondence the candidate shall transcribe and faithfully sign, in order that our Company may, in case of treason, have the means of invalidating his testimony by the production of these precious manuscripts. Such documents would, you will easily understand, be of eminent service to us, should other means of vengeance fail us.

XXI.

The president now spoke in these terms.

We will hereafter take this suggestion into our special consideration. Meanwhile, I thank you heartily for this conference; it has been much more instructive than the three former ones, the minutes of which you had better examine—I have them here for your better information; and I beg that each one of you will note down his observations upon them. But let me suggest that during a discussion on mere details it would be advisable not to allow too much predominance to the poetical elements of the question. These elements may be admitted when we have to consider our whole plan in the fullest light, whilst

the analysis of each separate question or problem should present a character as deliberate and cool as that of the synthesis ought to be warm and enthusiastic. I admire these two different kinds of talent, but I have rarely seen them united in the same individual. I have almost always found that those who were eloquent in the one way were mute in the other, and *vice versâ*. Let us strive to combine the calmness of reason with the fire of enthusiasm. Christ, who saw the germ of so many splendid truths, teaches us that in order "to make ourselves master of the strong man, his house and his goods, we must first bind him." Let us, therefore, become perfect in the art of loading the proud and the powerful with chains. Let us lay to heart this maxim as the rule of all our efforts:—one sole authority—that of Rome; one sole order—that of the Jesuits. And since our age does not boast a single mind capable of aspiring to universal empire, for kings have enough to do to retain a hold upon their petty kingdoms which are slipping from their grasp, let it be ours to aim thus high, whilst empty heads are dreaming. *Nulla dies sine lineâ*. Let not any opportunity escape us of observing what are men's tendencies; the better we know them the more useful they will be as instruments in our hands. Let us, at all events, so conduct ourselves that our future glory may compensate for our present abasement; for whether our name be destined to perish, or finally to prevail over kings and nations, let it, at least, be synonymous with the loftiest reach of greatness and daring which the world has ever seen or ever will see. Yes! when future generations read our story, and learn what we have been, let them be forced to assimilate us, not with mankind, but with those

cosmogonic agencies which God only puts in motion when it is his pleasure to change the laws of the universe.

These words—an echo and confirmation of others not less presumptuous, which had already proceeded from the Irishman—show plainly that the modern Jesuits are imbued with no inconsiderable dose of pride. It will be equally clear that it is their project to Jesuitize, besides all the other orders, the papacy itself; and, as the *nec plus ultra* of the metamorphoses they are effecting by their mysterious strategy, to Jesuitize the whole world.

The president having concluded, they all rose and warmly congratulated each other. The scene then closed, they left the room, and I was out of danger.

END OF PART II.

PART III.

PROOFS AND CONCLUSION.

I.

THE Jesuits have always spoken of themselves in terms of the most unmeasured pride.

When their society had reached the hundredth year of its existence, they composed a book in its honour. The symbols which decorate the frontispiece of this work sufficiently prove that they esteem the humblest member of their order as infinitely above the rest of mankind. They call themselves "The Company of the Perfect."* The contents of the volume accord with the arrogance of its emblems.

The Jewish high-priest wore on his breast the jewel called the *oracle*. The order of the Jesuits considers itself, under the New Alliance, as the *oracle* from whence the pope draws his inspiration.

They proclaim themselves "the masters of the world, the most learned of mortal men, the doctors of the nations, the *Apollos*, the *Alexanders* of theology, prophets descended from heaven, who deliver the oracles in the œcumenic councils."

* Imago primi sæculi Societatis Jesu, lib. iii., Orat. i., p. 409.

The epitaph which they composed for Loyola strikingly exhibits their love of grandiloquence, and their overweening pride. It runs thus:—

"Whoever thou art who conceivest in thy mind the image of Pompey the Great, of Cæsar, and of Alexander, open thine eyes to the truth, and thou wilt learn from this marble that Ignatius was the greatest of conquerors."

The epitaph of Saint Francis Xavier is in the same strain.

But how striking the contrast between their conduct and the apotheosis they award themselves! We could say nothing on this subject which has not been proved by numberless publications.

Some of their own generals, even, have made no secret of their dismay at the perverse tendencies of the order. Mucio Vitelleschi, the sixth general, in one of his letters, dated the 15th of November, 1639, cannot refrain from pointing out the loathsome malady that had fastened upon the Company. "There exists," he says, "amongst the superiors of our society an excessive cupidity which spreads from them through the whole body. From this source comes the indulgence which they manifest for those who bring them riches."

Saint Francis Borgia, one of the earliest generals of the order, had before this acknowledged that poison was in its veins. I will not here repeat the numerous testimonies which prove that their casuistry justified crime in all its forms. It is impossible to deny that the doctrines, everywhere to be found in their writings, authorize theft, rape, perjury, debauchery, and even murder; that, when they have judged it expedient to get rid of a king, they have

not shrunk from making the apology of regicide. But what we should be most repugnant to believe, did not their books, approved by the generals of the order, attest it, is the cynical nature of their science on a matter which ought to remain unknown to religious men, vowed to perpetual chastity, and making pretensions to perfect purity.

I shall not enlarge upon this subject, but confine myself to quoting a judgment which conveys the impression made on grave doctors of the church by the perusal of some of the books of the Holy Company. The university of Paris, in 1643, in its *Verites Académiques* (*Academical Truths*), thus expresses itself:

"All that the malice of hell can conceive of most horrible; things unknown even to the most depraved of pagans, all the abominations which could call up a blush on the face of effrontery itself, are epitomised in the book of a Jesuit. The different casuists of this society teach secrets of impurity unknown even to the most dissolute."

What must be the shamelessness in their secret assemblies, if they suffer it to become thus apparent in their printed works? There is the less likelihood of their amendment, inasmuch as whilst others are led astray by passion and temptation, their immorality is a system, founded on an utter contempt of what is right and just.

It is painful and revolting to make these assertions, but the truth must be told. A pope supports it with his authority. In 1692, Clement VIII. presided at a general chapter of the Jesuits; what is the reproach which he casts upon them? His words reveal the spirit, the tactics, and the whole plan of the Jesuits, ancient and modern.*

* *Theatre jesuitique*, part ii. 4.

"Curiosity," said this pope, "induces them to intrude everywhere, and principally into the confessionals, that they may learn, from their penitent, all that passes in his home, among the children, the domestics, and the other inmates or frequenters of the house, and even all that is going on in the neighbourhood. If they confess a prince, they contrive to govern his whole family; they seek even to govern his states, by inspiring him with the belief that nothing will go well without their oversight and care."

The assertion of Clement VIII., made in terms so precise, would be sufficient to command belief; but there are numerous and striking historical facts, which prove that, under pretence of religion, this Company has constantly carried on a plot against nations and their governments.

I will mention one only of all these facts, but it was so notorious in its time, and is one of such weight, that it is as good as a thousand. It is related as follows by President de Thou, an historian of acknowledged probity:—*

"The Jesuits were accused, before the senate of Venice, of having pried into family secrets, by means of confession; and of having come, by the same means, to know intimately all sorts of particulars relating to individuals, and, consequently, the designs and resources of the state; and of having kept registers of these things, which they forwarded, every six months, to their general, by the hands of their visitors. Proofs of these charges were found in many

* Le Président de Thou, in his Hist., liv. 137.

documents, which their hurried flight prevented them from carrying off."

This fact is not denied by Sachin himself, one of the most devoted historians of the Company.*

II.

This is surely enough to make those writers pause who have undertaken the defence of the Jesuits, and have carried it so far as to assert that they do not concern themselves about temporal things, and that the whole world is in a conspiracy to calumniate them. As if the universities, parliaments, and bishops who have accused them of corrupting morals, and leading the people astray, could have leagued themselves together, from age to age, for a purpose so iniquitous. Strange it is, however, we repeat, that, in our times, they have again succeeded in gaining over the bishops, that the more the world shudders at their name, and abhors them, the more warmly the superior clergy espouses their cause, and identifies itself with them. There is now a concert of apologies in their behalf. The new Catholic school is strenuous for them, alleging even that it is the very excess of their virtue which has called down so much hatred upon them, and that this hatred can only proceed from the envious rage of the impious. M. Laurent, bishop of Luxembourg, says in a pastoral letter of 1845 :—

"God has sent to the aid of his church militant *a well organised army*, commanded by a valiant chief; whose

* Sachin, Hist. Soc. Jes., lib. v., No. 15.

name is Ignatius de Loyola. Anathema against all the sovereigns of Europe, who, guided by an infernal instinct, and by the instigation of some self-styled philosophers, constrained the court of Rome to *suspend for a time* this holy order of Ignatius the Great."

In France, of late years, the superior clregy has disseminated many books on the subject of free teaching. Its organs are full of fine-sounding orations in favour of the common right. Nothing can be more curious than their expressions on this subject. They are constantly borrowing the language which they used formerly to stigmatize as subversive of the throne and of the altar. It is true that they were then in the insolence of prosperity, and that their position is since changed. Become feeble themselves, they are compelled to have recourse to the arms of the feeble.

But are they hearty and sincere in all that they proclaim so loudly about right and truth? They have put on the new man too hastily for us to suppose that they have entirely put off the old. Thus, the Bishop of Luxembourg would have all instruction superintended by the clergy, and dependent upon it. The *Univers*, the organ of the French bishops, holds the same views.*

"Since the university has been at work it has only produced incapable and corrupt schoolmasters, and irreligious and impious doctors. The Bishop of Perpignan, following the example of M. de Bonald, demands free teaching. 'My wishes,' he says, 'are in favour of *free competition* in the instruction of youth; *but* I believe that

* L'Univers et L'Union Catholique, 24 Octobre, 10 et 11 Novembre, 1843.

this precious instruction has indispensable need of superintendence. Laws, and *imperative laws*, are necessary to protect society *against the dangers of bad doctrines.* This superintendence ought to combine all the elements capable of rendering it complete and enlightened; and consequently the episcopacy must not remain a stranger to it. In fact, religion has a large share in the inculcation of *the sciences*, OF WHICH IT IS THE FOUNDATION, and the episcopacy ALONE *is a competent judge in this matter*, since *it alone* has been established guardian of the sacred deposit of the faith. Now, has not its bearing on this point been turned aside?"

All the art which the defenders of the clergy employ in their writings, is compressed into these few lines; the writer first proclaims right and justice, and declares himself the champion of free competition; then he asks for *imperative laws against the dangers of bad doctrines.* And who are to judge of these dangers? The bishops. They alone are competent judges of every range of ideas; the sciences are not to advance beyond the limits they shall prescribe. It appears, then, that in their estimation free instruction and common right signify subjection of thought and conscience to episcopal censure and domination.

"Wherefore," cries the Bishop of Chalons,* "should there be two sorts of instruction in one house? If it is yours which ought to have the precedence, why not tell us so? Wherefore compel us to play a part in your colleges which is altogether beneath our dignity?

"By virtue of the royal ordonnance you are to believe that these persons profess the same religion as the pope.

* Idem, 24 Octobre, 1843.

It is true that the catechism says the contrary, but the catechism makes a mistake ; the bishops say the contrary, but the bishops know nothing of the matter. Oh but— Make no objections: the king having heard the council of state, orders you to be convinced."

Are we to believe, then, only what the pope decrees, after having heard the council of cardinals? If it be so, the following is to be our creed :—"The doctrines of civil and political equality are seditious; we cannot hold in too much horror liberty of opinion and of the press, and particularly this maxim, that every man ought to enjoy liberty of conscience;" for such are the very words of Gregory XVI., in his circular of the 15th of August, 1832.

A French bishop has made himself the interpreter of the spirit of the Vatican under the preceding pope. Different religious journals in Italy have applauded his attacks against those innovators who follow up "the mad and impious project of a restoration or regeneration of humanity." The Bishop of Carcassonne declared, in a mandate which followed close upon the circular of which we have just spoken :—"If it (the Romish church) so requires, let us sacrifice to it *our opinions, our knowledge, our intelligence,* the splendid dreams of our imaginations, and THE MOST SUBLIME ATTAINMENTS OF THE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING. Far from us be all that bears *the stamp of novelty.*"

In the primitive ages, the Christian doctors held another language. Tertullian, speaking in the name of the church, thus expresses himself :— *

* Tertullian, Apologet., iv.

"Every law which does not admit of examination is suspicious; when it exacts a *blind obedience, it is tyrannical.*"

III.

The superior clergy has begun to boast of being alone able to realize liberty and right. We have just seen what it understands by free teaching. There is, after all, no secret to discover. The Bishop of Liege declares openly:— "We desire the monopoly of religious and moral instruction, because to us belongs the divine mission of bestowing it." *

Is it not grievous and scandalous to find so many artifices amongst those on whom Jesus especially enjoined simplicity and truth? Their minds have unhappily become perverted by the habit they have contracted of anatomizing vices and crimes; a mass of perfidious subtleties has at length stifled the voice of conscience within them. From hence proceeds their willingness to temporize when interest prompts them; from hence their inconceivable versatility, and their tactics ever changing according to times and places, alternately cursing or blessing, the doctrines of liberty one day, and those of absolutism on the morrow. But it is important to remark that whilst their means are perpetually changing, their end is always the same. When power is adverse to them, or does not favour them as they could wish, they do not shrink from the revolutionary character which, under other circumstances, they consider

* Letter of M. Doletz.

so odious. Thus, whilst they declare it to be the rigorous duty of those who suffer, to submit to their lot without a murmur, they will, from the same pulpit, excite discontent by propounding ideas which they will afterwards reprobate, when they have no longer an interest in sustaining them. I will give one example of this, one example amongst thousands which prove that what I advance is well founded. On the 21st of May, 1845, at Paris, in the aristocratic church of St. Roch, the Abbé le Dreuille thus exclaimed :—

"I am the priest of the people. Labourers do not enjoy the rights *to which they have a claim;* it is time for the rich and the powerful *to render them an account.* Is it necessary to tell them that the working-man has a torch in his hand which a single spark will suffice to light, and that he will presently carry it flaming into chateaux and palaces with cries of distress and of vengeance? Has not experience taught us, that privileges *authorized by the law* are liable to fall *before the justice of the people?*"

The same abbé, whom we believe to be sincerely liberal and a friend to the people, once again preached the same doctrine in the same church. He had been authorized to do so. And since there has never been any repetition of the same thing, is it not reasonable to suppose that the desired effect had been produced?

IV.

We know no writer more intimately acquainted with the occult plans of the Company than M. de Maistre. As Sardinian ambassador at the court of the Czar, he had no

more cherished friends than the Jesuits, to whom Alexander had given refuge, when they were driven out of all other states. Their modern panegyrist, M. Crétineau-Joly, by no means denies that there was a close and intimate connection between M. de Maistre and the Jesuits. "He supported them," says he, "as one of the key-stones of the social arch." *

Alexander, who was addicted to mysticism, and strongly attached to the Holy Scriptures, warmly encouraged the Bible societies. "The emperor," says the writer whom we have just quoted, "had suffered himself to be deceived. Prince Galitzin, the minister of worship, the highest functionaries of the state, the greater part of the Russian bishops, and even the Catholic archbishop of Mohilev, Stanislas Siestrzencewiez, became avowed patrons of an institution, *which was in the long run to strike a mortal blow at the Greek religion and at Catholicism.* There rose up in Russia, in favour of the Bible Society, one of those enthusiastic movements which can scarcely be conceived by those who live remote from the scene of action. Anglicanism was securing a footing from the shores of the Black Sea to those of the Frozen Ocean, and was spreading eastwards towards the frontiers of China. Prompted by Galitzin, the Catholic prelates served as blind instruments in its propagation, and encouraged their flocks to favour this work, of the tendencies of which they were, themselves, wholly ignorant."

The Jesuits knew the danger of placing the Scriptures in the hands of the people; for is it not virtually saying to

* Histoire religieuse, politique, et littéraire de la Compagnie de Jesus, t. vi.

them, Reflect and judge! Such of the innovators as were Catholics were denounced to Pius VII., who severely reprimanded them. Is it not, in fact, an unpardonable audacity, to follow this precept of Jesus: "Search the Scriptures; it is they which testify of me"? The Scriptures, then, speak, and even testify; this, however, M. de Maistre denies; and, doubtless, his judgment has more weight than that of Christ!

"Let others," he exclaims, "invoke, as much as you please, *the mute word;* we live in peace with *this false God,* (the Bible!) awaiting evermore with fond impatience the moment when its partizans shall be undeceived, and shall throw themselves into our arms, which have been open to receive them during the last three centuries."* So then the Bible, submitted to the right of private judgment, is but *a false God, a mute word;* it only becomes intelligible in one single mouth—that of the pope. Moreover, this book is *incomplete;* the little that is found there *is only a germ.* "Never was there a shallower notion," says De Maistre, "than that of seeking in the Bible the whole sum of the Christian dogmas."

The same writer is shocked at the idea of seeking to *verify* whether laws or creeds are conformable to equity, or to the doctrines of the apostles.

"What man of sense," cries he, "would not shudder to put his hand to such a work? 'We must revert,' we are told, 'to *the fundamental and primitive laws* of the state, which an *unjust* custom has abolished; and *this would be a ruinous game* NOTHING BUT WOULD BE FOUND WANTING

* Essay on the Regenerating Principle in Political Constitutions and other Human Constitutions, pp. 30, 31.

IF WEIGHED IN THIS BALANCE. *Meanwhile the people are very ready to lend an ear to such exhortations.*' This is well said; nothing can be better. But behold what is man! The author of this observation (Pascal) and his hideous sect (the Jansenists) have never ceased to play this infallibly ruinous game; *and in fact the game has perfectly succeeded.*" *

This is what irritates him; this is what he cannot bear; he sees no hope of safety but in *compression;* he insists that the altar and the throne should be sacred, and quite above all question. Has he not then, erudite as he is, read how Lactantius, the celebrated apologist, upbraided the Pagan priests? "They make themselves slaves to the creed of their forefathers; they aver that it is to be adopted on trust; they divest themselves of their reason; but those who have enveloped religion in mystery, in order that the people may be ignorant of what they adore, are but knaves and deceivers." †

M. de Maistre himself has said: "Never can error be useful, or truth hurtful." This does not prevent him from maintaining elsewhere, that error is necessary—that it has its advantages—and that truth ought often to be held captive.

"The world," he says, "always contains an innumerable host of men so perverse, that *if they could doubt of certain things*, they could also increase immensely the amount of their wickedness."

Now, we all know that the Bible is styled, from the pulpit, *the Book of Truth*, and that truth has light for its

* Idem, p. 55. † Lactantius, Instit. dio.

emblem. But the Jesuits, applauded by M. de Maistre and by Pius VII., have done their utmost to put the light under a bushel. They have raised every possible obstacle to the propagation of the Bible. "They opposed it," remarks M. Crétineau-Joly, "with a firmness which the prayers and menaces of Galitzin, up to that time their protector and friend, could never overcome. The partizans of the Bible societies became leagued against the Company."* Now, the Jesuits have taken good care not to oppose version to version. They have uniformly opposed every version, and their intrigues on this subject were one of the causes of their expulsion from Russia, on the 13th of March, 1820. Does not this explain, in some sort, the explosion of rage against the Bible itself, which the reader has remarked in the secret conference?

Previously to this period, the Jesuits, as their apologist admits, were at open and bitter feud with the Russian universities. On that occasion they found, says the same writer, a bold defender.

"Joseph de Maistre studies it (the Society of Jesus) in its connection both with peoples and kings. Placing before the eyes of the Minister of Public Instruction a picture of the follies and crimes which the revolutionary spirit has produced, he exclaims, with a *prophetic* voice, which the events of 1812 have justified, not less than those of 1845: 'This sect (the liberal party), which is at the same time one and many, encompasses Russia, or, more properly speaking, penetrates it in all directions, and attacks it to its deepest roots. It asks no more, at present, than to have the ear of

* Histoire religieuse, &c., de la Compagnie de Jesus, t. vi.

children of all ages, and the patience of sovereigns; it reserves its noisier manifestations for a future time.' After uttering these words, the truth of which becomes more and more apparent as the circle of revolution enlarges, and monarchs sink deeper into the fatal slumber of indifference, Joseph de Maistre adds: 'In the midst of dangers so pressing, nothing can be of greater utility to his Imperial Majesty than a society of men essentially inimical to that from which Russia has everything to dread, especially in the education of youth. I do not even believe *that it would be possible to substitute with advantage any other preservative.* This society is the watch-dog, which you should beware of sending away. If you do not choose that he should bite the robbers, that is your affair; but let him, at least, roam round the house, and awake you when necessary, before your doors are broken open, or the thieves get in by the windows.'"

This language is intelligible; the imagery is striking: the Jesuits are, truly, the vigilant watch-dogs of absolute governments, who rouse them from their sleep when necessary, and are always ready to bite those who would invade their repose. Do they not boast of possessing the statistics of everybody's thoughts, and of being alone able to predict the periods of the political tides? Thus M. Crétineau quotes these words of John Müller as profoundly judicious:— "Wise men did not hesitate to conclude, that with the Jesuits fell a common and necessary barrier of defence for all powers."

The rampart of the old order of things being thus overthrown, M. de Maistre gives vent to his wrath in these terms:—

"When we think how a detestable coalition of perverse

ministers, magistrates in delirium, and ignoble sectarians, has been able, in our time, to destroy this *marvellous institution*, and to boast of their work, we are reminded of the fool who triumphantly clapped his foot upon a watch, exclaiming—*I will soon find a way to stop your noise!* But what am I saying? A fool is not guilty!"*

The Jesuits had a good right to the mortal remains of Joseph de Maistre, so they were delivered up to them, and are deposited in their church at Turin.

V.

M. Saint-Chéron, whom we ask pardon for quoting after a writer so distinguished as M. de Maistre, now comes forward as one of the most ardent disciples of the reverend fathers. He calls to remembrance this remarkable phrase, written by M. de Maistre in 1820:—"Providence *is engaged* in raising an army in Europe."† This army must needs have been on the increase. M. Saint-Chéron is, no doubt, acquainted with its chiefs; already he perceives "striking signs of the approach of one of those solemn crises which mark, for ages, the destiny of a people; signs which fore-

* Essay on the Regenerating Principle, &c., p. 49.

† Cited by the Journal des Débats of the 21st of February, 1844.—In 1820 an institution of the greatest importance was founded. The 3rd May, 1844, a pompous placard made its appearance in Paris, announcing to the faithful that an august ceremony would take place at St. Sulpice, *to return thanks to God for the ever-increasing success of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, inspired by God twenty-three years ago.*

token one of those epochs in which sanguinary contests take place." Emboldened by these prognostics, he adds:— "Catholicism is taking its measures to assure itself anew of the sword of France."

It is impossible, however, to be more daring than was De Maistre; he propounds the most formidable views, so that you would say he wrote with a portion of the *secret plan* before him. He lived in a time when the defeats of freedom were too recent to make him at all cautious in measuring his words. His successors are, in general, more anxious to disguise their odious projects. Often blunt and offensive, but always frank, M. de Maistre was too well acquainted with the falsity of the double system he so vigorously defended, to suppose, for a moment, that it could maintain itself under the rule of liberty. He deems, therefore, that the inquisition and the executioner ought to form its corner-stone.

"There must," he says, "be some authority against which no one has the right to argue. *To reason*, said Saint Thomas, *is to seek, and to be always seeking is to be never contented.*"* No discussion, therefore; the right to use it is only sought by those who would reform and remodel all things—an impious and abominable thought; it is, doubtless, desired to the end that "the *crushed party* may have time to raise itself up, through the tolerance which is shown towards it, and may crush its adversary in its turn."

But why should not each party enjoy the same rights, the same liberty? This is precisely the *equality* which M. de Maistre abhors, he who is characterized as *the man eminently religious*, the *model of a Christian*. Accord-

* Delay of Divine Justice in the Punishment of the Guilty. Note 2nd.

ing to his notion, liberty is a privilege which belongs only to nobles and prelates. What, he indignantly demands, is the source of this flood of detestable doctrines? "It proceeds," he answers, "from that numerous phalanx of what are called learned men, whom we have not persisted in keeping in their proper place, which is the second."* This champion of the faith, who has God and religion perpetually on his lips, covers with these sounding words a system of barbarous oppression for all that is most sacred in man: he would have two castes, as masters, holding all the rest in slavery.

"It is not to science that it belongs to guide mankind: it has none of the necessary powers for this purpose. It belongs to prelates, to nobles, to the great officers of the state, to be the depositaries and guardians of the truth; to teach the nations what is evil and what is good, what is true and what false in moral and spiritual things: *none others have any right to reason upon matters of this nature.* They have the natural sciences to amuse themselves with—of what do they complain? As to the man who speaks or writes so as to take away a national dogma from the people, *he ought to be hung as a common thief.* Why has so great an imprudence been committed as to grant liberty of speech to every one? IT IS THIS THAT HAS UNDONE US. Philosophers (those at least who assume the name) are all possessed with a sort of fierce and rebellious pride which takes nothing for granted; they detest all distinctions of which they do not partake: all authority revolts them, and there is nothing out of their own sphere which they do not hate.

* Soirées de St. Petersburgh, enbutun VIIIme.

Leave them alone, and they will attack everything, even God himself, because he is their master. Is it not these very men who have written against kings and against him who has established them! Oh! *if, when the earth shall be settled*——."*

M. de Maistre here suddenly checks himself. He has, however, said enough to betray his gigantic hopes that the old system shall be re-established, that free inquiry shall be abolished, that all independence shall be impossible for the people, and that priests and nobles alone shall reign.

He quotes this saying of Cardinal de Retz: "He who assembles the people stirs them up to insurrection." The commentary which he makes upon it is worthy of himself.

"A maxim," he says, "the spirit of which is unimpeachable. The laws of fermentation are the same in morals as in physics. It arises from contact, and augments in proportion to the mass of the fermenting matters. Collect a number of men rendered *spirituous* by any passion whatever: you will shortly have heat, then excitement, and presently delirium will ensue, precisely as in the material process, where the *turbulent* fermentation leads rapidly to the *acid*, and this is speedily followed by the *putrid*. Every assembly is liable to the action of this general law, if the process is not arrested by the *cold* of authority, which glides into the interstices and stops the movement of the particles."†

Consequently, meetings of the people must be interdicted. But, at least, the people may have the right to represent themselves by deputies? See what one of the boldest defenders of the Jesuits says on this question.

* Idem. † Du Pape, p. 96.

which is only accepted by reason, and discusses points of faith, is good for nothing but to undermine thrones; therefore does M. de Maistre desire that this error, the fruitful root of many others, should be extinguished by kings themselves.

"Help me," he says, "with all speed to make it disappear the more quickly. It is impossible that considerations so important should not at length make their way into Protestant council chambers, and be stored up there, to descend after a time like fertilizing water into *the valleys*. There is every inducement for the Protestants to unite with us. Their science, which is now a horrid corrosive, will lose its deleterious qualities in allying itself with *our submission*, which will not refuse in its turn to derive light from their science. This great change must, however, begin with the sovereigns."*

None are so much interested as the great in the demolition of Protestantism; other classes may be called to aid them; the Protestant clergy alone is to be excepted.

"Several manifest signs," he says, "exclude this ministry (the Protestant clergy) from *the great work*. To adhere to error is always a great evil; but to teach it by profession, and to teach it against the cry of conscience, is the extreme of evil, and absolute blindness is its inevitable consequence."

We have, then, a right to distrust doctrines which are an evident source of wealth and domination for those who teach them; the ardent zeal with which they are inflamed is to be justly suspected.

* Du Pape, p. 476.

VI.

In 1804, at the very moment when kings were struggling under the grasp of their conqueror, and plotting useless coalitions, Pius VII., so far from surrendering a jot of the ancient Roman supremacy, wrote thus to his nuncio, at Vienna:—

"THE PRINCIPLE OF THE CANON LAW IS THIS:— That the subjects of a heretic prince are liberated from all duty, all fealty and homage towards him." "Those who are at all versed in history," he remarks, "cannot but be acquainted with *the sentences and depositions* pronounced by pontiffs and councils against princes who persisted in heresy."

"In good truth," concludes Pius VII., "we are fallen upon times of great calamity, and of such deep humiliation for the spouse of Jesus Christ, that it is not possible for her to practise many of her *holy maxims*, nor even expedient for her to bring them forward; and she is, at the same time, forced *to interrupt the course of her just severity against the enemies of the faith.*"

Thus we are warned. Rome (unless Pius IX. accomplish a complete revolution in its traditions) is not less tenacious of its canonical rights than are kings and nobles of their prerogatives. They protest that God is the author of these. Absolution is holy, the theocratic system is sacrosanct. It has never been destroyed, it is only suspended until the passing away of these times, so calamitous and humiliating to the church, for days of glory are promised to her. Then, every sovereign who shall be

heretical, or even of suspected faith, shall either be converted or deprived of his throne; the *holy maxims* of ancient times shall revive, and a *just severity* against the enemies of the faith shall renew its course.

VII.

It is not without reason that M. de Montalembert, while defending the Jesuits against those who reproach them with their vow of absolute obedience to the popes, is astounded at this accusation, and remarks that the bishops still make oath of absolute submission to the pope, in clauses and terms the most precise, strong, and comprehensive; and yet this important oath has never, till now, been a subject of accusation. Let us attach to each word its proper value, and we shall perceive that everything in this formula combines to render the pope the absolute chief of the world, as well temporal as spiritual, and that we must not therefore be surprised that the bishops spare no efforts to make the ecclesiastical jurisdiction predominate over every civil jurisdiction. Before he receives the mitre each bishop swears thus :—

" I will do all that in me lies to pursue, defend, increase, and strengthen the rights, honours, privileges, and the authority of the holy Roman church of our lord the pope and his successors.

" I will humbly receive the apostolic commands (the orders of the pope), and I will apply myself to their execution with the greatest zeal and the strictest punctuality.

" I promise and swear that I will WITH ALL MY MIGHT

PERSECUTE and combat all heretics, schismatics, and rebels to our lord the pope." *

As for the priests, every one knows that they are bound to swear implicit obedience to their bishops. It is exactly the same with the different orders and religious congregations. The Jesuits are, therefore, not the only ones bound by vow to labour for the restoration of Rome's sovereign power, and for the subjection of temporal rulers. What distinguishes them from other orders is their perfect accordance with theocratic principles, and the unremitting energy with which they follow them up to all their consequences. They it is who sustain the burden of the strife, and spur on the combatants.

Just now, indeed, the superior clergy, though never ceasing to extol the Jesuits, find themselves compelled to use language somewhat more liberal than formerly. But who will believe that these manifestations are genuine? Has not Father Roothaan himself but lately declared that his order applauded the tendencies and the acts of the new pope? Does he not loudly protest against those who have written that in Piedmont and Sicily, as well as in the Roman States, the Jesuits are striving to turn away princes from encouraging progress? Is he not indignant that they should be styled *retrograde*, and they should be accused of favouring the system of Metternich?

* Juro, honores, privilegia, et auctoritatem sanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ et successorum prædictorum conservare, defendere, augere, promovere curabo. Mandata apostolica humiliter recipiam et quàm diligentissime exequar. Promitto et juro me hæreticos, schismaticos et rebelles domino nostro papæ OMNI CONATU PERSECUTURUM et impugnaturum. *Ex pontificali Romano, capite de consacratione episcoporum.*

"Our Company," he says, "is a religious order, solemnly approved by the church. Its sole object is the glory of God and the salvation of souls; its means are the practice of the evangelical counsels, and the zeal of which the apostles and apostolic men of all ages have set it the example. *It knows no other means. It is a stranger to politics;* and has never allied itself with any party whatsoever. Calumny may be pleased to spread perfidious insinuations, and to represent the Jesuits as mixed up with political intrigues; but I defy any one to point out to me a single priest, amongst those who are subordinate to me, who has departed on this point from the spirit and the formal prescriptions of our institution.

"Will any one pretend to insinuate that the Jesuits of the Roman States have made an alliance with Austria? Surely this would be attributing a singular importance to these men of religion! But this supposition is so contrary to common sense, reason, and evidence, that it does not even require to be refuted.

"The Company of Jesus, like the church, has neither *antipathy* nor *predilection* for the political constitutions of the several states. Its members accept *with sincerity* the form of government under which Providence has marked their place, whether a friendly power encourages them, or whether it merely respects in them the rights which they enjoy in common with other citizens.

"If the political institutions of the country they inhabit are defective, they quietly endure their defects; if they are in course of improvement, they *applaud every amelioration;* if those institutions grant new privileges to the people, they claim their just share of this advantage; if they

become open to more extended and liberal views, the Jesuits profit by this to give more extension to works of beneficence and zeal. Everywhere they bow before the laws; they respect public authorities; they are endowed with all the feelings of good and loyal citizens; they partake with these their obligations, their burdens, and their rejoicings.

"It is as contrary to truth as to public notoriety that the Jesuits are *in a state of permanent conspiracy* against the august pontiff whom the whole universe salutes with its acclamations. To love, venerate, bless, and defend Pope Pius IX., to obey him in all things, to applaud the wise reforms and ameliorations which he shall be pleased to introduce, is for every Jesuit a duty of conscience and of justice, which it will ever be grateful to him to fulfil." *

Up to this day, then, history has been nothing else, with regard to the Jesuits, than a perpetual calumny—a diabolical conspiracy. Thus, we are not to accept any historians but such as are sanctioned by them. What has been seen in past times, what is seen at present, is not to be believed; the most authentic witnesses are to be sacrificed to the immaculate purity of this innocent order. At Lucerne, at Freiburg, in the Valais, in all places where they have succeeded in establishing their influence, however heavy may be the chains with which they have laden the people, however intolerable the compression which they have established, we are to call it all the reign of social rights and of true liberty! Well; let us say nothing more of the past, which pronounces against them such terrible

* L'Ami de la Religion, No. 4434.

condemnations; let us look at what is close to us—let us see what is their favourite *régime;* let us see, amongst other laws exhumed from the dust of the middle ages, what decrees the Grand Council of the Valais, acting under their direction, has pronounced against *illicit assemblies, blameable reports and speeches,* &c. Here follows the first article:—

"A fine of from twenty to two hundred francs, and imprisonment for not less than a month, nor more than two years, or one of these punishments only, shall be inflicted on those *who shall utter scandalous words against the holy Catholic and Roman religion,* or against public morality; this sentence does not regard *blasphemers who shall be punished according to the criminal laws;* likewise on those who introduce, *placard, expose, lend, distribute, or possess knowingly, or without authorization, writings or infamous books, or caricatures, which attack the holy religion of the state or its ministers* . . . . The said objects, moreover, shall be confiscated. In case of repetition of the offence, the highest amount of the fine and the longest term of imprisonment may be doubled."

The *Sémeur* makes the following observations on this article:—

"A citizen of the Valais happens to give it as his opinion, that such or such a miracle, proclaimed by the reverend fathers, is apocryphal:—scandalous words against the holy Catholic, apostolic, and Roman religion; fine and imprisonment for an offence so heinous! He ventures to assert that certain *curés* do not set the best possible example:—most scandalous words, which must be punished by the maximum of fine and imprisonment! He goes, perhaps, further; he disputes the title of the Virgin Mary

to the adoration of the faithful, and maintains that the Roman church is at variance on this point with the New Testament:—this is more than scandal, it is a *blasphemy*, and blasphemy is a crime in this exceedingly well-governed canton. Our citizen of the Valais, with rash temerity, affirms that the morality of the Jesuits is sometimes very immoral:—blasphemy in the highest degree, and an ignominious punishment must be awarded for so heinous a crime!

"Is it conceivable that a law of this nature should be promulgated in 1845, on the frontiers of France and of Italy, in the very face of a press which takes note of all these atrocities; whilst the Jesuits wish to make it appear that they are prepared to admit a certain liberty? Is it comprehensible that they should offer to all Europe the spectacle of this ignoble thirst for despotism, this base and odious impudence, for which no name is strong enough in any known human tongue? Our country (France) was justly and deeply enraged against *the law of sacrilege*, which was abolished in obedience to the unanimous voice of the nation, after the days of July. But what was this *law of sacrilege* compared with the law promulgated in the Valais on the subject of *scandalous words* against the Catholic religion or its ministers? It was mildness, gentleness, and tolerance itself. It was only called into operation on the occasion of an offence committed in a place of worship during the exercises of religion, or of a direct attack upon a minister of the church. In the Valais it was enough to have uttered scandalous words,—and where? In the street, in an inn, at home, perhaps before strangers! Did the Inquisition go farther? What do I say?—did it go so far?

"We thought that the ordinances of the eleventh century, which prescribed that the tongue of the blasphemer or the heretic should be pierced with a hot iron, no longer lived but in history, as monuments of atrocious barbarism. We were mistaken; the Jesuits will not suffer anything that is cruel or infamous to perish: they may hide it for a time, they close their arsenal when the tempest roars, but let sunshine come forth again and they bring out their chains, their instruments of torture, and their merciless steel.

"Tell us, after this, of the generous principles of the Jesuits and the Romish priests! Boast of your love of liberty! Tell us for the thousandth time that you, and you alone, know how to respect the rights of nations and the progress of humanity! Advocate democracy in your sermons and in your journals! We know you too well, and shortly there will not be one reasonable man to be found who does not discern, under your borrowed mask, your insatiable tyrannic instincts!

"If there were any sincerity in your liberal maxims, you would at least express your indignation against such laws as those which have been promulgated in the Valais; you would attack the abominable enterprises of the Jesuits; but which of your journals is capable of such honourable frankness? The *Univers*, and the *Ami de La Religion*, and all the ecclesiastical gazettes, will keep silence, and on the morrow, even, these same papers will not be ashamed to reproach their adversaries with being inimical to liberty!

"Comedians! comedians! the wretched piece that you are playing will soon come to an end! beware of its denouement!"

VIII.

Just as I had finished these lines there was discovered in the Bibliothèque Royale a manuscript, containing on the subject of the Jesuits some pages which were not intended for publication, and which possess a curious interest at the distance of two hundred years from the date when they were written. They are by Thomas Campanella, well known by his book on the *City of the Sun* and other works, but still more celebrated for afflictions which would have subdued any other soul than his. His testimony comes forth opportunely after having remained buried nearly two centuries. Campanella's pages may be considered the complement of the *Secret Plan;* we learn from them once more by what occult mechanism some thousands of men dispersed over the face of the globe succeed in exercising an almost incredible power. I pass over pages of the celebrated Dominican, which contain only what would seem a tedious repetition of facts and artifices already divulged in books that have obtained great notoriety; and will only remark with Campanella, who adduces historical facts in proof of his assertion, that the Jesuits only exhibit great zeal for the pope's infallibility when it serves their own plans, but that they make not the least account of it when it speaks in a tone of authority to impose restraints and rules upon them. Let us hear the author.*

"Their father-general resides constantly in Rome, all the others yield him absolute submission. He has selected

* *Instruzione a' principi intorno alla maniera colla quale si governano i Padri Gesuiti.* Bibl. Royale de Paris, No. 636.

some fathers who are called assistants because they continually aid him. There is at least one of these for each nation, by whose name he is called, one being styled the Assistant of France, another of Spain, a third of Italy, a fourth of England, a fifth of Austria, and so on for all the other provinces and kingdoms. Each of them has for office to acquaint the father-general as to all events of state which take place in the province or kingdom, for which he is assistant; and this he does by means of his correspondents who reside in the provincial towns of the said kingdom. Now these correspondents inform themselves with scrupulous care as to the character, inclinations, and intentions of the sovereigns, and by each courier they acquaint the assistant with whatever facts have recently occurred or been brought to light. These are immediately communicated by the assistant to the father-general, who thereupon assembling his council, they proceed together to perform an *anatomy of the world*, and scrutinize the interests or the projects of all christian princes. After having weighed all the documents, they agree among themselves to favour the interests of one prince and thwart those of another, making everything turn to their own advantage. Now as the lookers-on more easily detect the sleights-of-hand committed than those who are playing the game, so these fathers having under their eyes the interests of all princes, can very accurately appreciate the exigencies of times and places, and put in operation the most decisive means in order to favour a prince whom they are sure they can make use of for the realisation of their own interested views.

"The Jesuit fathers confess a great part of the nobility in the Catholic States, and often the sovereigns themselves;

whereby they are enabled to penetrate every design and resolution, to know the dispositions of princes and subjects, and to lay them before the father-general or an assistant.

"Anybody of the least penetration may easily convince himself how many perplexities they can cause to those princes whom their own interests, the sole and exclusive motive of their actions, point out to them as adversaries.

"Secrecy is necessary in state affairs: a state is undone when its secrets are divulged. But the Jesuit fathers, that is to say the father-general and his assistants, whether by means of the confessional or of the mutual consultations held by the correspondents who reside in all the chief towns of Christendom, or through other adherents, of whom we shall speak presently, are exactly and minutely informed of all the decisions come to in the most private councils; and they know the forces, revenues, and expenditure of sovereigns, better in a manner than the sovereigns themselves. All this costs them only so much postage. At Rome alone, as the post-masters attest, their postages for each courier amount to 60 or 70, and often to 100 gold crowns. Being thus profoundly acquainted with the interests of all sovereigns, is it not in their power to weaken the credit of any one of them with the rest, to ruin any sovereign they please in the estimation of his people, to make the latter his enemies, and to instil the leaven of revolt into the state—and all this the more easily, since by means of confessions and consultations they penetrate into the most secret thoughts of the subjects?"

After this follow details respecting the various classes of Jesuits, laymen and priests, and their auxiliaries in sundry occult functions. "They have them," says Campanella,

"in every kingdom, province, and court." Their choice falls on shrewd and adroit men, whom they recompense with pensions, benefices, or high offices.

"The fourth kind," he says, "is that of the political Jesuits, in whose hands is the government of the whole order. They are of those whom the devil has tempted with that temptation which Christ endured in the wilderness, *hæc omnia tibi dabo;* and they have not shrunk from the offer. They have made it their task to constitute their company a perfect monarchy; and they establish it in Rome, the centre of confluence for almost all the affairs of Christendom. There resides the chief of these politicians—that is to say, their general—with many others who profess the same maxims. Being informed beforehand, through their spies and numerous correspondents, of all the affairs of the greatest importance which are pending at the court of Rome, and having their minds fixed upon those issues which accord with their own interests, each of them is assiduous in attendance on the cardinals, ambassadors, and prelates, with whom they adroitly ingratiate themselves. They talk to them of the affair in question or about to be brought forward—represent it under such colours as suit themselves—and do this so cleverly, that they make their hearers believe black is white. And forasmuch as first impressions, especially when they are derived from clerical persons, usually leave deep traces on the mind, it follows that extremely important negociations, conducted by ambassadors, princes, and other eminent personages of the Roman court, have often not succeeded as princes would have desired, the Jesuits having forestalled the influence of the princes or their agents by their insidious statements.

"The same artfulness which they use with the Roman prelates, they exhibit also in their dealings with sovereigns, either directly or through the medium of the Jesuits of the second class who are away from Rome. Thus does the greater part of the affairs of Christendom pass through the hands of the Jesuits; and those affairs alone succeed to which they offer no resistance.

"They formerly supplicated His Holiness Gregory XIII. (on the colourable plea of the good of the Church) to enjoin all legates and apostolic nuncios to take, for companions and confidants, Jesuits whose councils should guide them in all their actions.

"By such manœuvres, and by that knowledge they have of affairs of state, the principal Jesuits have acquired the friendship of several temporal and spiritual princes, whom they have prevailed on to do and say many things for their advantage. Hence have resulted two great evils.

"The first is, that, abusing the friendship and kindness of princes, they have not scrupled to ruin many rich and noble families, by usurping their patrimonies. They have enticed into their order such of the pupils in their schools as were most remarkable for their talents; and very often, when the latter have become useless to them through infirmities or other causes, the Jesuits have turned them off under some pretext or another, but without restoring their property, of which, during the period of profession, the order had taken care to become possessor.

"The second evil is, that these fathers are sedulous to make known the friendship and intimacy they enjoy with princes, *and give it out for still greater than it really is*, in order to engage the sympathies of all the ministers, and

thus excite everybody to have recourse to them for obtaining favours. They have publicly boasted of their ability to create cardinals, nuncios, lieutenants, governors, and other functionaries. There are some among them who have even made bold to affirm that their general can do much more than the pope; and others have alleged that it is better to belong to their order than to be a cardinal. All these things have been said publicly; and there is scarcely any one who, in conversing familiarly with them, has not heard them give utterance to the like sentiments.

"Amply provided with resources of this kind, they affirm that they can favour or disgrace whomsoever they please; and covering themselves with the cloak of religion, the better to secure belief, they often succeed in their designs.

"It is not long since one of the leading Jesuits, speaking in public to one of the leading sovereigns in the name of his Company, began with these audacious words, founded on the notion that they are a Power:—'*Our Company has always maintained a good understanding with your Serenity*,' &c.

"These reverend fathers make it their business to have it believed that all those whom the prince favours in any manner whatever have been their favourites; and, by this means, they acquire more mastery over subjects than their monarch himself. This is highly prejudicial to the latter, both because it is inconsistent with every interest of state that ecclesiastics so ambitious and politic should have so much power over the will of ministers as to be able, if they please, to produce treason or riots; and because, through their influence over the ministers, their adherents, they

introduce sworn Jesuits into the prince's service as councillors or secretaries; these, again, intrigue until they induce the prince to employ some Jesuits as confessors or preachers, and then all together ply their task as spies and informers, rendering a minute account to the general of all that passes in the secret councils. Thence it happens that certain projects get wind immediately, secrets of great importance are discovered, yet no one can tell who is the traitor, and sometimes suspicion falls on those who are not guilty."

"As from different plants the alembic extracts an unguent capable of curing many sores; as the bees suck honey from many flowers, so the Jesuit fathers draw profit from the infallible knowledge they have of all the interests of princes, and of the facts which occur in all parts, being skilled to the use of speech, so as to obtain their profit through the good or evil fortune of others, but more frequently through the latter than the former. Often, too, they prevail with princes, whose dispositions they have already sounded, by hinting at the possession of great means to enable the latter to accomplish their designs and crown all their desires. But when by the help of princes they have succeeded in their views, judging that if they aided those princes to rise too high, the latter might one day do them a mischief, they begin, as lawyers do with their causes, to protract and delay everything, and, with surprising artifice and cunning, they turn the cards, and finally ruin the designs they had themselves suggested.

"From all that has been said, it follows that the Jesuits never act with the least honesty towards any princes whatever, lay or ecclesiastic, and that they aid them only as far as their own interests require. It also follows that their

aid should never be accepted by princes, and still less by prelates, because they are equally ready to bestow their attachment on everybody, and make themselves Frenchmen with the French, Spaniards with Spaniards, and so forth, according to circumstances; and since, provided they compass their own ends, they care not though it be to the detriment of this one or that, the enterprises in which the Jesuit fathers have meddled have rarely had a good result.

Moreover, knowing the interests of all princes, and being exactly informed of all that is daily transacted in the most secret councils, those who profess themselves partisans of France propose to the king, and his principal ministers, certain conditions of importance, which the political fathers transmit to them from Rome. Now, as they do the same with regard to Spain and other countries, there ensues such a jealous distrust in the hearts of princes that the one no longer puts any faith in the other, which is immensely prejudicial to the public tranquillity and the general welfare of the Christian world, such distrust rendering very difficult the formation of a league against the common enemy, for peace between the princes themselves is insecure.

"Sometimes we see a person afflicted with a dangerous disease; he shrieks out piteously; every one thinks him in great danger, but no one can guess the nature and origin of the disease. Thus every one complains of the Jesuits: one, because he is persecuted by them; another, because they have dealt dishonestly by him; but still the evil goes on, and it is not easy to apprehend its cause. Now, that cause consists in their huge desire to aggrandise themselves evermore. To accomplish this, they will stop at nothing, whether it be to displease everybody, or to deceive princes,

or to oppress the poor, or to extort widows' fortunes, or to ruin the most noble families; and they very often sow the seeds of suspicion among Christian princes, in order to have opportunities of mixing in their most important affairs.

"To demonstrate how excessive is their passion for aggrandisement, I might adduce numberless proofs from experience. In the time of Gregory XIII. had not the Jesuits the audacity to solicit of the pope the investiture of all the parochial churches of Rome, in order to lay the foundations of their monarchy? But what they could not obtain in Rome they have at last recently obtained in England, where they have procured the election of an arch-priest, bound by oath to their Company. This man, far from protecting the clergy, is like a ravening wolf to all the priests who wish to be independent of the Jesuits, and drives them to despair, forbidding them to converse together under severe penalties. Almost all the English clergy have become sworn Jesuits, and none are now received in the colleges but those who pledge their words to become Jesuits; so that should that kingdom return to Catholicism, England would give birth to an effective Jesuit monarchy, since the ecclesiastical revenues, all the abbeys, benefices, and bishoprics, the arch-priestships, and the other dignities, would be conferred on none but Jesuits.

"If now, when they have no temporal jurisdiction, they exhibit to the world such great and scandalous disorders, what would they do if unhappily one of them were elected pope? In the first place, he would fill the sacred college with Jesuits, and by that means the pontificate would remain for ever in the hands of the Company. Moreover, the sacred college being moved only by its

interests, and possessing the papal power, might they not endanger the states of several princes, especially those most contiguous to Rome? The Jesuit pontiff would bestow on his order the investiture of some towns or of some temporal jurisdiction, in which it would adroitly maintain itself, to the great injury of other princes. When the sacred college was filled with Jesuits, the latter would be the arbiters of Christ's whole patrimony; and like the dropsical patient, whose thirst increases as he drinks, the more greatness they acquired the more they would covet, and they would cause a thousand troubles. And as there is nothing so susceptible of changes as states, these fathers would put in operation all their artifices and resources, and would strive to disorganize everything in order to realize universally the form of domination which is dearest to them; and by this means they would become *real monarchs*.

"Were I ordered to write what I think the best to keep the Jesuits within rule, without doing them the least injury, but on the contrary procuring them the greatest advantage—for I would fain make them real monarchs, not of this world, which is but vile clay, but of souls, which are Christ's treasure—I should be ready to do so with charity, and with all the strength it should please the Lord to grant me."

IX.

I shall be asked, perhaps, do I think that any one has ventured to suggest elsewhere than in the occult committee the startling project of dispensing priests, monks, or nuns,

from real celibacy? If it were so, it would still be very difficult to obtain tangible evidence of the promulgation of such a doctrine. Though I am of opinion that in its most audacious extreme it must have remained unrealized, I still believe that something of the kind has gone abroad; and if I am not mistaken, I have met with some tokens of its existence.

Nothing is more common than the licentiousness of the clergy, at least in Italy, where little pains are taken to conceal it; for the heads of the church are the less disposed to visit it with punishment, since the impunity they extend to it seems a sort of compensation for the total sacrifice of freedom to which the clergy are still doomed.

I knew a lady, a widow with one child, who was frequently visited by a clergyman of staid habits and irreproachable character. No one in the world would have presumed to entertain the least suspicion as to the nature of their intercourse, so extremely respectful was their behaviour towards each other.

One day, just as he had left the house, I paid a visit to the lady—a charming person, whose beauty was of the kind peculiar to that period of life at which youth is past, but decline has not begun. The moment I set eyes on her I was greatly surprised to see patches of white powder scattered over her bosom and shoulders. The venerable clergyman wore hair-powder.

Unwilling to hurt her feelings, but regardful of her interest, I led her to a looking-glass, where she blushed in great confusion. I entreated her to pardon my boldness, assured her of my discretion, and at last put her at her ease. She then confessed to me that she tenderly loved

that grave and austere man, whom any one, to look at him, would have supposed insensible to such a passion; but she assured me that under a rough bark he concealed a warm and loving heart.

Of course I did not allow so good an opportunity of putting questions to escape me. I asked her, in the first place, how her reverend friend reconciled his vow of chastity with his conduct.

"It is true," she said, "the church must have priests who are not married, for otherwise the clergy would lack authority and prestige; and besides, confession is perhaps still more necessary than preaching (astonishing remark!); but if celibacy were abolished, there could be no more confession. On the other hand, how can men help loving? A man does not put off human nature when he becomes a priest. Now, there is but one way of reconciling these seeming contrarieties: and that is to love, and even with all the ardour of the senses, but without compromising the clergyman, making, if necessary, the greatest sacrifices—except, she added with a smile, that of not loving—in order not to expose the priesthood to the contempt or derision of the multitude.

"As for our affection, it is no obstacle, we are very sure, to sacred duties: far from being so, it excites us to fulfil them with more devotedness. Perhaps you will be surprised if I tell you that he whom I love regards, as a recompense from God for his zeal, the possession of a mistress who so well understands her position, and conducts herself with such prudence."

When I remarked to her that I could not understand the vehement indignation with which the individual in

question professed to regard such faults, and that this appeared to me an instance of bad faith and hypocrisy, she made answer that he acted in perfect sincerity; for he believed firmly that the clergy ought to take care never to afford the laity grounds for scandal; what incensed him was not the fact itself (since he knew well that every man, priest or lay, was irresistibly impelled to an attachment for some woman), but the levity and indifference to the interests of the church shown in the neglect of precautions against discovery, which are less difficult to take than is commonly supposed.

Some years afterwards the lady's lover reaped the reward of his piety, decorum, and prudence, being appointed a bishop. His mistress accompanied him to his diocese, where he had no sooner arrived than he took measures which to many priests seemed intolerable. It was seriously believed that he was an enemy to the sex, and one of those whom nature has created incomplete. One of my friends, who was among the victims of these inexorable reforms, wrote and told me that he was living on bread and water in a convent, as a punishment for a *liaison* of which he had made no secret, and that he could not tell when his penance would end. He was not aware that I could deliver him forthwith. A sharp note addressed to the lady, in which I strongly reprobated the rigour displayed in the case, produced the desired effect. I saw her some time afterwards. She defended the prelate's conduct, and thought he was right in not tolerating those thoughtless and awkward persons who exposed the church to such serious disadvantages. You know well, she said, that his lordship is not so unjust as to desire that his priests should surpass human nature; but he thinks he has a right to insist on prudence

and circumspection for the honour of the church. And then, as she had picked up a smattering of Latin, she quoted to me (from St. Paul!) these words, which the bishops are constantly repeating to the clergy: *Si non caste, saltem caute*—If not chaste, at least be cautious.

X.

Let us now refer to Section XV. of the *Secret Sitting*, in which mention is made of the hospitals *à la Saint Roch*. This passage would have remained for me a dead letter, but for a fact which cast a strong light upon it.

When very young, I had been placed as a boarder with an ex-Capuchin, Father Evasio Fantini, who was every moment beset by crowds of penitents of every rank and condition. What I saw and heard early excited in me reflections which were not without influence on the bent of my mind. At a later period I passed some time with the old man during my vacations, and used to accompany him in all his walks, delighting to hear him call up his recollections of the cloisters, of which he was a living echo. He took pleasure in making me acquainted with everything that passed in them to the minutest details, with a frankness and kindly simplicity worthy of his age. What I learned from him was more useful to me, towards judging of monks and the monastic system, than all the books I have since read.

One evening at Casal Monferrat, as we were returning home from a walk, we observed an extraordinary bustle and excitement, and soon learned that faint cries had been

heard issuing from underground in a girl's boarding-school; masons had been employed to search the spot, and a new-born infant had been found in a disgustingly filthy state in the privy of the house occupied by D. Bossola, a parish priest of the town. D. Bossola and his servant-woman were proved guilty. I will not repeat all the observations uttered among the crowd; it was not safe for priests to be seen there at such a moment, and we hastily came away. The priest was sent to a convent, and his accomplice was incarcerated. And, by-the-bye, there was much talk some time afterwards of the interest shown for her by the clergy; she received visits, was comforted, aided, protected, and treated with the most assiduous kindness.

Just as Father Fantini and I were quitting the spot, we were accosted by a reverend Jesuit father, who had just stepped out of a carriage, and learned the whole story. He was angry, but for reasons we were far from suspecting.

"Never would such things happen," he said to us, "if the clergy, and especially the bishops, had an ounce of brains" *(un' oncia di sale in zacca)*. "Those who wielded power, religious or political, were all a pack of asses. It ought to be impossible for such dangerous scandals ever to be made public."

"What would you do to prevent it?" said the old ex-Capuchin. "You Jesuits are men with grand secrets; but amongst them all you have not yet found a remedy for a great evil. You have not a secret for effecting that a man shall not be human. I have been confessing both sexes for fifty years; the confessional is my main business. Now, up to this time my penitents have always been in the same tale; one most obstinate sin holds the sceptre and

sways all the rest; and if God will not pass the sponge over it, hell will be paved with nothing but tonsures, and peopled only with celibataries."

The Jesuit smiled, shook his head, and said he did not understand.

"Leave human nature as it is," he said; "men will not reform what has been made by an artificer who will suffer none to correct him. As for me, I think nature very good, especially on that point on which people so foolishly affect to consider her bad. One thing alone is important in the matter—namely, to know clearly whether it is intended that the church shall subsist, or shall share the fate of many another buried cult. Confession is the prime mover of the church; and without celibacy there is no confession."

I replied to him that it is not an easy thing to make celibacy and the confessional go together; that it is not easy to contrive that the candle shall not take fire when the match is applied to it.

"Too true, alas!" said the old man immediately; "the lamb will remain safe and sound under the wolf's tooth, before the young priest, with his passions glowing, can remain long without burning in the furnace of the confessional."

"The evil," said the Jesuit, "is not where you see it. No one is afraid of burning in the furnace; and the candle," he added slily, "likes to be lighted and relighted as long as it lasts."

"I begin to understand you," said the old man. "Thou becomest thy name: Jesuit!" (For venerated as he was by all, Father Fantini said *thou* and *thee* to everybody, from

the peasant to personages of the highest birth.*) "What you complain of is solely that the priest's honour suffers, that confession is jeopardised, and even in danger of total wreck."

"I say, by all means pluck the rose," said the Jesuit; "but no pricking of the fingers! And to explain myself precisely, I will ask why means should not be taken to make it impossible that a priest should ever meet with mischances and be exposed to obloquy? Might there not be provided in every province establishments, in which the sex which suffers most from the results of human weakness might find a refuge free from care or fear, or any of those consequences which make it so often repent of having yielded?"

"Why, you don't mean to say," exclaimed the old man, "that you would have a seraglio established in every district, to which none should have access but monks and priests, and where they should find accomplices comfortably boarded, lodged, and clothed at the expense of the church?"

"Not exactly that, but something like it," was the reply; and then the speaker looked on us with a scrutinizing glance, as if he hesitated to proceed. As for me, the reader may imagine my curiosity to know what he was driving at. All I did to lead him on was to let him understand that, although the octogenarian stood out against him, he would not find me invincibly opposed to his notions.

"Still," said I, "it would be favouring and encouraging

* The Translator, however, thinks it better to drop, after the first phrase, a form of expression which in English does not imply familiarity.

a passion which, even when it encounters obstacles or consequences apparently the most likely to check it, still rushes forward with undiminished audacity and blindness. What would become of it if every obstacle was removed and every untoward consequence was rendered impossible?"

"Had not David at least twenty wives?" he replied. "Whenever he was smitten with the beauty of a daughter of Eve, did he not make her his concubine? Would not any one who should now imitate him be regarded as the most abominable of libertines? And yet is it not written that David was a man after God's own heart? Other holy men had a greater number of women. Solomon is not blamed for having had a thousand, but only for having taken them from among the heathen, and for having been beguiled by them to worship their gods. Why, then, should it be a crime to know one woman, when in former times, notwithstanding the oppression thence resulting for the woman, God was not offended with those who indulged so copiously in that respect?"

I will not repeat all he said on this subject, for it would be necessary to enter into a labyrinth of theological questions. But what strongly excited my attention was his mention of a Hospital of St. Roch, existing, he said, at Rome. The rules of the institution, which he explained to us in detail, are such as to secure any woman from the usual unpleasant consequences of female frailty. These regulations seemed fabulous to Father Fantini; but the Jesuit insisted so strongly on the reality of what he had been telling us, that for my part I did not hesitate to believe him. He met all our objections without flinching.

I myself was afterwards assailed with the same objec-

tions in Switzerland, when I offered an explanation of the passage in my text wherein mention is made of a Hospital of St. Roch. Fortunately I was able to put them entirely aside by means of a testimony that leaves no grounds for suspicion.

In the following passage, written by M. Poujoulat, that writer has unwittingly done me a great service :—*

"One very admirable abode of charity is the arch-hospital of St. Roch, intended for pregnant women who wish to be delivered in secret. They are not asked either their names or their condition, and they may even keep their faces veiled during the whole time they are within the walls. Should one of them die, her name would not be inserted in any register, numbers being invariably used in the establishment instead of names. Young women, whose pregnancy, if known, would bring dishonour on themselves or their families, *are received at St. Roch several months before their time*, so as to prevent the shame and despair that might drive them to infanticide. The chaplains, physicians, midwives, and all who are employed in the establishment, *are bound to strict secrecy, which is enjoined under the severest penalties;* WHOEVER SHOULD VIOLATE THIS LAW WOULD BE ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL OF THE HOLY OFFICE. Every provision is made that nothing which occurs within St. Roch shall transpire out of doors. The arch-hospital is managed by pious widows. All strangers, be they who they may, are absolutely excluded; none but those who are employed in the hospital are allowed to cross the threshold. After their confinement,

* *Toscane et Rome*, Correspondance d'Italie, par M. Poujoulat. Bruxelles, 1840; Lettre xxii.

the patients can leave the house at any hour of the night they think most favourable, *and dressed in garments that disguise their gait.* The house, too, is isolated, and all around it is solitude and mystery.

"What can be more generous, noble, and christian, than these pious cares to spread the cloak of pity over the errors of frailty!"

The suppression of foundling hospitals certainly cannot take place under existing circumstances without serious inconveniences; before they could be dispensed with, nothing less would be requisite than a fundamental change in the system of society. As for the institution of St. Roch, there is, after all, nothing in it very generous or very christian. In what interest has it been founded? Who are the authors of its regulations? They are an immense number of celibataries, who have but too strong an interest in concealing by any and every means the vast evils of a false celibacy. What is really surprising is, that those who profess themselves the guardians of the public morals, and who inveigh against vice and debauchery as a consequence of the incredulity of the age, should be the very persons who display such ingenuity in inventing the most efficacious means for screening the licentious from public observation. What a sublime effort of piety it is to rid oneself of every thorn, and to enjoy the perfume of the rose without fear, as the Jesuit expressed himself! That same cloak of pity, spread with pious care over the errors of frailty, would have been called an abominable invention, had it been woven by other hands.

"The sacred groves," said our Jesuit, "must by all means be rendered inaccessible to every profane eye,

and the rash intruder must be laid low by the avenging thunder."

The ex-Capuchin, pursuing the same imagery, and alluding to a great number of monks and priests whom he had long confessed, replied—"As for what you call the sacred grove, I have handled a great deal of its timber, and found it all rotten and worm-eaten: the worm was always the same. It is a very bad sort of timber, indeed."

"It is one," said the Jesuit, looking particularly at me, "that can be made to shine like the purest gold."

When he was about to quit us, I asked his name. "Is it his name you ask?" said the old Capuchin; "but do you not know that a Jesuit of the superior grades, who is on a mission, must have at least as many different names as there are hours in the day? What a child you are! He has come to feel our pulses, and that is a reason the more why he should invent a name on the spot." Upon this, the Jesuit opened the door and left us, with a sardonic smile exclaiming, "It is no lying proverb that says, '*There is nothing simpler and slier than a Capuchin.*'"

"I know a truer one," retorted the old man, "and that is, '*It takes seven Capuchins to make a Jesuit.*'" We parted with a hearty laugh on both sides.

But to come to the fact I alluded to just now. The Rev. Mr. Hartley, an Anglican minister, to whom I had imparted the *Secret Plan* in Geneva, after having come to me three or four times to read it, told me he did not doubt its authenticity; that to suppose it my own work would infer my possession of qualities and conditions of which I was entirely destitute; but that he thought I had let myself be tempted to add to it the pages concerning

celibacy, by way of a climax to all the rest. "This part of the work," he said, "does not appear to me to be credible."

"So strongly," replied I, "do I share in your opinion as to its improbability, that I have been a hundred times tempted to suppress it. Had I invented the *Secret Plan*, I should never have ventured to go so far."

I then narrated to him everything concerning the *Hôpital St. Roch.* I could not enumerate all the objections with which he assailed me, and with such force as to silence me completely. There were moments, even, when I fancied I had been made the dupe of a forged tale; and I was quite appalled when I contemplated the picture which my reverend friend drew of the consequences flowing from those regulations of the Hospital of St. Roch, which the Jesuit so much admired.

The Anglican minister was not favourable to the publication of the *Secret Plan.* Though he believed that the tactics described in it were real, and was convinced that to them Jesuitism owes its most brilliant conquests, yet he too, like many others, thought it imprudent and dangerous to initiate the multitude into all these stratagems. He again attacked me keenly on the pages which he averred were my work.

"Supposing such an institution existed," said he, "could any man of sense believe that it could have remained occult? Would married persons have abstained from denouncing it, or at least holding it up to public derision? It would thus have become known, and would have broken down before it could have made any great way. Think how long Rome has been visited by legions of English, who

explore and anatomise it more closely than the Romans themselves. Consider how much ridicule and opprobrium is cast on our clergy for having rejected celibacy; what finer opportunity could they have had to lay bare, to the disgrace of the Romish clergy, the expedients by which they secure themselves against all scandal? Yet not a word has ever been written to that effect. Had I no other argument than this, I should deem it invincible; but there are others besides of a higher order. I know how institutions, evidently bad, come to be submitted to through the force of centuries, heedlessness, the tyranny of habit, or potent interests. But most of them sprang up in barbarous times, and were formed little by little. Now, as for the regulations in question, if they existed, we should have to admit that they were the work of our own times, and that they had been planned, not piecemeal and gradually, but in one bulk, for the sole purpose of giving free course to the vices of the clergy! And who are those who should have proposed to themselves such an aim? Not one, or many priests, but the whole body of the prelates, with the pope at their head. I cannot bring myself to attribute to them such consummate depravity as this would infer. However I dislike Rome, I cannot possibly believe that a numerous body of men who respect themselves, who are watched by the public, and have formidable enemies, could conspire together to systematize the impunity of debauchery, and even take extraordinary pains to put it at its ease! Why, it would be a vast brothel, under high protection, and screened from infamy. The encouragement to crime would here be flagrant. You would have done better," he concluded in a tone of severity, "not to put forward this fable.

The crimes of Rome are weighty enough without inventing others to charge her with. These objections stand like a wall of brass, which nothing can shake."

Any one who had seen me would have been sure that my cause was lost. I really knew not what to say, so exceedingly strong did his arguments appear even in my own eyes. As for the pages of the *Secret Plan* that relate to celibacy, had the world argued against me, of course it could not have made me believe that a thing belonged to me which did not.

Some months afterwards, when turning over several new works in a bookseller's, I lighted on M. Poujoulat's, and found in it the passage I have quoted. How great was my delight! I hurried off instantly with the volume in my hand to Mr. Hartley, who was just returned from a journey to Nice. Before conquering him in my turn, I wished to resuscitate the question. He appeared vexed at my audacity, and pressed me with objections still more pointed than those I have already reported. I let him enjoy his triumph, and my defeat appeared consummated. Logic, common-sense, and rules, were all for him. Meanwhile, in order to make him fully persuaded of the credit due to the authority on which I was about to base my proof, I made him read certain passages in which M. Poujoulat speaks of his relations with Gregory XVI., his docility with regard to the censorship, and his unbounded zeal for the triumph of Catholicism; after this, I laid before him the passage quoted above.

He was stupified. He read it two or three times, and at last confessed that he was forced to yield to evidence, and did not conceal from me that until then he had looked

on me with great distrust. He frankly acknowledged his injustice, and exclaimed, "This Rome! this Rome! it bewilders the reason. We cannot apply to it any of the known and ordinary rules of judgment: it tramples on them all; it makes real what seems impossible; and we may well say of it that truth is stranger than fiction."

One is fortunate when he can refute his antagonist's arguments in this manner. One plain fact suddenly demolished an immense fabric: the wall of brass fell to the ground.

But do we not at this moment witness events, for good and for ill, which, if they had been predicted yesterday, would have been rejected as incredible? A pope is intent on progress; a government born of revolution is making itself the support of the Jesuits in Switzerland; frightful crimes are committed in high places; and the official regions are flooded with a corruption, the possibility of which would have been utterly disbelieved seventeen years ago.

XI.

Had it been announced some months ago that there was about to appear a book proving that the conclave in which Ganganelli was elected pope, had been a sink of venality and simony, in which nearly all the courts of Europe and a considerable number of cardinals had dabbled, and that Ganganelli had been elected only on condition of abolishing the Jesuits, no one would have believed the assertion, although the author had affirmed that he had

seen and *read* the documents proving all this turpitude. Yet we are constrained to admit no less, now that M. Crétineau Joly comes forward with his proofs to establish this strange fact.

"When I had finished," he says, "I stood aghast at my own work; for above the throng of names that jostle together for mutual dishonour, there is one which the Apostolic See appeared to cover with its inviolability. Princes of the church, for whom I have long cherished a respectful affection, entreated me not to rend the veil that concealed *such a pontificate* from the world's eyes. The General of the Company of Jesus, who had so many strong motives for being interested in the discoveries I have made, added his entreaties to those of some cardinals. In the name of his order, and for *the honour of the Holy See*, he besought me, almost with tears in his eyes, to give up the publication of this history. Even the wish and authority of the sovereign pontiff, Pius IX., were invoked in the counsels and representations of which my work was the object.

"To a Catholic, how painful it is to detect princes of the church in *flagrant acts of lying and venality;* still more painful to see a sovereign pontiff timidly resisting the iniquity he encouraged by his ambition, and annihilating himself on the throne, *when he had done so much to ascend it.* But does not such a spectacle, which no doubt will never be repeated, does it not inspire a sentiment of sorrow which history cannot help recording? Is not the crime of the supreme priest equal to the crimes of the whole people? Does it not surpass them in the eyes of the Eternal Judge?

"The world swarms with writers who have the genius

of evil: to us there remains only the boldness of truth. The moment is come to speak it to all. It will be sad both for the Chair of St. Peter and for the Sacred College, and for the whole Catholic world." *

We are free to admit everything except the tears and supplications of the General of the Jesuits. It was rather he, we think, who believed that the time was come for drawing from their concealment documents long collected, and that it was he who "excited the writer to unveil the mystery of iniquity," and to make known that when the Company was abolished, "then was seen *the abomination in the temple.*" Vainly would M. Crétineau Joly put the order of Jesuits out of question in this matter; it is a stratagem which we see through. It is to no purpose he exclaims, "I must boldly declare that there is not only want of agreement, but complete disagreement between the author and the Fathers of the Company of Jesus." † This is going too far, and pointing out the battery by dint of too much pains to mask it. His efforts to maintain that the original manuscripts did not come to him from the Jesuits, are equally unfortunate. Who more than the Jesuits could possess the art of insinuating themselves everywhere, inveigling, and employing thousands of agents all over Europe to get hold of secret papers carefully put away and kept in all the chanceries, and the most mysterious diplomatic correspondences? For it is in these terms M. Crétineau himself characterizes the documents he has in his hands, and the almost insurmountable difficulties of getting possession of them. It is amazing and inexplicable that

* Clément XIV. et les Jésuites, 1847, pp. 7-11.

† Défense de Clément XIV., p. 8.

those who were the most implicated by these documents did not make haste to destroy them immediately after the conclave; for whilst they existed, personages of the highest rank, including even a pope, were exposed to the danger of being rendered infamous in history. Here are two enigmas which shock the reason, and which it would be exceedingly difficult to admit if the fact were not indisputable.

One is tempted to believe, from the manner in which M. Crétineau Joly defends himself, that far from its being his intention to prove that he does not derive all these original manuscripts from the Jesuits, it is, on the contrary, his aim to let that fact be understood; for the argument he uses to put the Jesuits out of question, implicates them more than ever.

"At what period, or by what mysterious ramifications," he says, "could they have deceived or suborned all the ambassadors, all the conservators of the archives?

"No doubt," he says, speaking hypothetically of the Jesuits, "they have possessed these documents since an unascertained period; why did they never make use of them during their suppression?

"The Jesuits, then, have not furnished me with any of these documents, for the very simple reason that such pieces could never have been in their archives. They have done all in their power to stop the work; but they have failed, because I have thought that in conscience I ought not to keep the light under a bushel." *

So then M. Crétineau, an ordinary individual, has been able, alone and unaided, to accomplish that very difficult

* Défense de Clément XIV., p. 32.

thing which would have been impossible for such a company as that of the Jesuits.

Having given these proofs that he is not the "liege man of the Company," he is more happy in his replies to those who have attacked his book as a romance.

"If," says he, "the letters of Bernis (one of the cardinals in the conclave) stood alone, without any other warrant than his word, we hold that doubt would be allowable, and we should doubt; but it is not he alone who, for the amusement of his idle hours, invents all these events, histories, and simoniacal projects, of which he makes himself the echo, the accomplice, or the censor. Outside the conclave intrigue marches with head erect, backed by ministers and ambassadors whose correspondence strikingly coincides with the romance which some would fain attribute to the cardinal. But these diplomatic correspondences show as much as possible a common bond and centre; they dovetail, in the cabinets of Versailles, Vienna, Madrid, Naples, and Lisbon, with other dispatches which contain the same plans and avowals.

"THE SIMONIACAL CONSPIRACY IS MANIFEST. Bernis and Cardinal Orsini repudiate it at first, but afterwards they join in it; and if this immense process were tried before a jury of bishops, or merely of upright men, do you suppose that after examination of the documents cited in the work, *the election and the reign of Clement XIV. would not be regarded as one of the sores of the Apostolic See?*"*

Let us take note of this language: it will be of importance to remember it. A little further on he protests that,

* Défense de Clément XIV., pp. 37, 38.

notwithstanding all he has been saying, "it never entered his thoughts to invalidate the election of Ganganelli." His defence is nothing but a series of legerdemain, of subtilties and sophisms, denying on the one hand what he affirms on the other. But indeed the cause he defends makes all these contradictions inevitable.

"In my eyes," he says, "and by the documents I have published, Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) *has never been sullied with the crime of simony*, properly so called. Ambition led him astray. A victim to the position in which he placed himself, he has incurred the eulogy of the enemies of unity —a eulogy which for a priest, a bishop, *above all for a pope*, acting in the plenitude of his apostolic authority, *is the most disgraceful of condemnations.* This pope, whose name becomes popular only at moments when the enemy's batteries are playing upon the See of Rome—this Ganganelli, who is deified whenever revolutionists affect an air of compunction *in order to arrive the faster at their ends*— I have represented struggling with the calamities he accumulated round St. Peter's chair; and I have felt for him the pity due to his private virtues and his misfortunes. There is a wide difference between this sentiment and desertion of the cause of justice. The memory of Clement XIV. had always been attacked and extolled without convincing proofs. Now, public opinion may, in safety of conscience, hear and determine this great suit. When the time shall have come, I will speak out the rest.

"There were attempts at simony," he says again, "on the part of the ambassadors, ministers, and Spanish cardinals. Terror, intrigue, and motives of family interest, were assiduously employed to sway *some* cardinals in the con-

clave. Ganganelli was lured away by ambition beyond his duties and *his most secret wishes:* he desired the papacy, thinking perhaps that his heart was set on a work beneficial to Christendom; *he entered into a sort of an engagement.* If this does not constitute simony—and we are firmly persuaded that it does not—let us add, nevertheless, that *such a manner of acting* in a prince of the church *borders very closely on scandal and corruption.* Furthermore let us add, that the words of the cordelier to Cardinal Castelli *are an evidence of knavery* which everybody will condemn." *

The last lines of this fragment are glaringly inconsistent with the first; concession follows concession, until at last we have it admitted that Ganganelli's conduct borders very closely on scandal and corruption, and that he displays knavery. Would the reader have more? The same writer beholds in him only "a pope who made cunning his ladder." And this he calls a sort of an engagement. There is not even a trace of simony, he says. Wherefore, then, such bitter reproaches, as though he had been the worst of popes? If he was under no formal and explicit engagement, then his brief was his free act and deed; and in suppressing the Jesuits, he was really actuated by the grave and imperative motives he alleges. The abolition was, therefore, the work of five years' reflection, and of the conviction arrived at by this pope, that the order was dangerous to the church, and would finally hurry it to destruction. Ganganelli would thus be the most innocent of all concerned, and quite unconnected with all the villanous schemes and

* Défense de Clément XIV., p. 40.

infamous manœuvres. The venal compact is, nevertheless, proved in the most irrefragable manner: it is the very basis of the book, and that book is nugatory if Clement XIV. was not a party to the compact. Now, the words of the same writer, on which he rests all the importance of his book, are clear and precise, and they do implicate Ganganelli.

"*The bargain*," he says, "which gave him to the church, *has hitherto been always denied* by the Jesuits and by several annalists. We have cast an unexpected light on this point; with the documents before us, which we have exhumed, *doubt is no longer possible.*" *

These discoveries have appeared so strange and incredible, that some have even ventured to contest their validity; others on all hands demand the complete publication of the original manuscripts.

I will now mention a curious specimen of the disputes between the cardinals in this conclave into which we have been enabled to peep. The prelate attacked was one of Voltaire's friends.

"Overwhelmed with reproaches, Bernis tried to recover his position by starting personal considerations, and he said, 'Equality ought to prevail among us; we are all here by the same right and title.' Whereupon old Alexander Albani, raising his red cardinal's hat, forcibly exclaimed, 'No, Eminence, we are not all here by the same right and title; for it was not a courtesan that placed this hat on my head.'

"The recollection of the Marquise de Pompadour,

* Clément XIV. et les Jésuites, p. 269.

evoked in the conclave, closed the mouth of Cardinal Bernis. The allusion told." *

Such a cardinal knew too well with whom he had to do not to be able to retort with the same force. But what is really astonishing is, that although it be confessed that the conclave was a downright mart, wherein the movement of the market from hour to hour, and the price current of consciences were noted and recorded—and although, in spite of all efforts to disguise the truth, it is evident that such of the cardinals as sided with the Jesuits were also the subjects of similar temptations—notwithstanding all this, M. Crétineau Joly has yet written such words as these:

"We may assert, that *at no time* did the Sacred College consist of more pious and edifying members. The exceptions in this respect are few." †

The author is deliberately resolved on heaping infamy upon this conclave, and at the very same time proving its almost spotless innocence.

If still stronger proofs are required that Ganganelli must have consented, must have owned accomplices, and bound himself by promises, here, according to the same writer, is what happened immediately upon the pope's accession.

"The distribution of the high functions of the Roman court is made by the diplomatic body. Pagliarini, the bookseller, who, under the protection of Pombal, *inundated Europe and Rome itself* with his pamphlets *against the Holy See and against good morals*, obtained by the brief *cum sicut accepimus* the decoration of the Golden Spur.

* Clément XIV. et les Jésuites, p. 226. † Ibid, 220.

Thus Pombal ennobled him whom Clement XIII. had condemned to the galleys, and he asked for a cardinal's hat for his brother. Every one strove to secure an equivalent for the part he had taken in Ganganelli's nomination; every one insisted on high office, and trafficked on his suffrage to secure a hold on the helm of the church. One would have imagined that the constitutional system had invaded the conclave, such was the throng of craving intriguers and *protégés*. It was the day of self-seeking, the day of wages." *

The elevation of popes by corrupt influences, and even by crime, is no new thing. Although in times of censorship and inquisition, history could not know or relate everything, yet it has recorded scandals, trafficking and bargains, enough to hinder our being surprised at anything. Still they would have us believe that the Holy Spirit *always* presides at the elections of the Roman pontiffs; only, those who thus speak are forced to own that, whereas it formerly spoke by the lips of the clergy and the people, some cardinals have since succeeded in monopolizing it.

In fine, never could one have believed, never could one have dared to suspect, that so many ambassadors, ministers, princes, and cardinals, could have concerted together, without the least shame, to commit the greatest of sacrileges. The conclave in which this took place would still to this hour be regarded as one of the most edifying, were it not that from it issued the pope who abolished the order of the Jesuits. What was necessary in order that a mystery, which had so long remained impenetrable, should be

* Clément XIV. et les Jésuites, p. 330.

unsealed, was that the pride and vanity of a potent congregation should be brought in play. Nothing less was requisite than the interest of such a corporation as that of the Jesuits, in order that the most profound secrets should be plucked from the archives of all the courts of Europe, no one knows how. I repeat, that if all had been said without that mass of proofs which are ready to be produced, the objections would have appeared insurmountable.

One word more, while we are on the subject, as to the strange work of an advocate of the Company of Jesus.

"Full of reverence for the pontifical authority," says M. Cretineau Joly, "we do not pronounce judgment on an act that emanated from the apostolic chair." *

What, you do not pronounce judgment? Your humility and reverence are but contempt. You have declared null and void the suppressing brief, and you abstain from judging? Can any condemnation be stronger? But let that pass.

If there be any fact beyond question, it is that Ganganelli's death was most horrible, that the poison infiltrated into his very bones had dissolved every part of his body, so that all who saw him were terror-stricken. It is known, through the testimony of others beside Cardinal Bernis, "that from the day of his elevation he was afraid of dying by poison." Now the apologist of the Jesuits, taking upon himself to be the biographer of Clement XIV., makes haste to pass over this perilous subject. He makes scarcely any account of the most ascertained facts, but takes pleasure in exhibiting the pontiff as a prey to the

* Clément XIV. et les Jésuites, p. 353.

most poignant agonies of remorse, shrieking out the words, "O God, I am damned! Hell will be my portion. There is no remedy left!" He adds, that the pope soon after his elevation became insane. "His insanity began," says he, "on the day he ratified the suppression of the Jesuits!"* So the pope who gave audience to a great number of persons, whose language excited admiration, and who for five years studied the question of the Jesuits, was only a madman! "In the history of the sovereign pontiffs," concludes the avenger of the Jesuits, "he is the first and only one who suffered this degradation of humanity." Nothing less would have been an adequate punishment for the greatest of crimes.

But now it is the *dénouement*, which, above all things, is worth knowing. It was requisite to renovate the good name of Ganganelli, and it belonged to the Jesuits to do this *for their own greater glory*. The expedient employed for this purpose is not new; recourse is had to miracle, and a legend is invented.

Saint Alfonso Signori has been canonised in these latter days. I have been able closely to observe how this sort of affairs is managed. The theologian Guala, of whom I have already spoken, was among the most active on the occasion, and spared no intrigues or efforts towards bringing about the canonisation. Could this great supporter of the Jesuits abstain from taking part with many others in rearing an altar to one of the greatest friends of the Company? The new saint was bishop in one of the cities of Sicily when Ganganelli died. His name was used, and the story

* Clément XIV. et les Jésuites, p. 331.

was put forth that he remained for several hours entranced and seemingly dead; and that when he came to himself he narrated to some confidential friends that he had just been witness to the pope's last moments; that God had heard his prayers, and caused the pontiff's madness to cease, in order that he might repent; that he had spent his last moments in bewailing his crime, and asking pardon of the Almighty for his suppression of the sons of Loyola, and that he died reconciled to God, and saved.* How indeed could we suppose that God had not received him into grace, since he died reconciled to the Jesuits?

XII.

A third of a century before the French Revolution, a vast change was taking place, as in our day, in the minds of men. Everything was preparing for a decisive crisis. Then, as now, the Jesuits, in their system of teaching, represented the most obstinate immobility, and the most retrograde doctrines. Men craved for more air, light, and life; and the Jesuits and their adherents everywhere strove to stifle these aspirations.

"They held in their hands," the panegyrist himself avows it, "the future generations, and *they acted as a clog on the movement begun.* This order has appeared as the most formidable rampart of Catholic principles. It was against it that the storm immediately directed itself. To

* M. Crétineau Joly, towards the close of his book.

reach the heart of Catholic unity it was necessary to pass over the bodies of the grenadiers of the church."*

Great, however, is the difference between those times and ours. Then the upper classes, intoxicated with philosophy, and knowing by experience what were the designs of the Jesuits, spared no efforts for the abolition of the order. But a pope alone could accomplish their wishes. Now the Company was so identified with Rome, and so indispensable to it, that nothing short of the combined strength of the greatest powers could sever the connection. Even this was not enough; they had already demanded this abolition without success. Two preceding popes had begun by refusing, and when at last they had declared their design to suppress the Jesuits, death had soon cut short their projects. Success was, therefore, believed to be impossible, except by means of a pope created by the princes themselves, and thereby seriously compromised. Now to obtain such a pope it was necessary to manœuvre and use intrigues as potent as those employed by the Jesuits. The cells of the Vatican were conquered by a hostile spirit—by the very spirit of the encyclopedists which had become the possessor of thrones. It was a duel to the death, but the younger combatant was at last the victor. There issued from the conclave a chief of the church better adapted to the spirit of the age, and acquainted with its requirements. And yet he took good care not to abolish the Company forthwith; he waited, and postponed the matter even for several years. He wished, before he struck the blow, to collect proofs of extreme weight, and formid-

* Clément XIV. et les Jésuites.

able by their numbers; but it turned out, as he had predicted, that in signing the brief which suppressed the Jesuits, he signed his own death-warrant.

As for all those monarchs, ministers, and diplomatists, who knew no rest until the abolition took place, fortunately they did not perceive what would be its remote consequences. They rejoiced to see that Rome was about to lose her most valiant and able soldiers. Remembering how their ancestors had humbled themselves in the dust before her, and let themselves be beaten with rods, they believed that they were at last sole masters, that the tables would be turned, that the clergy would become their tools, and receive their orders. On either side there was no question of the people; it was regarded as nothing. But unconsciously they worked for its advantage, and prepared the way for its advancement, whether by the new philosophic ideas with which they inundated Europe, or by overthrowing the strongest bulwark that restrained it. They could not fail themselves to be swept away by the bursting flood. Such blindness was providential.

"Rome discharged her best soldiery," observes M. Crétineau, "on the very eve of the day on which the Holy See was about to be attacked on all points simultaneously. The Jesuits, while *they obeyed* the pontifical brief, thought it was their duty not to desert the post entrusted to their guard."*

Here was a model of perfect submission! The Jesuits alone know how to obey thus. As an institute they were absolutely bound to subsist no longer. But no, it is their

* Histoire réligieuse, politique, et littéraire de la Compagnie de Jésus, vi. 93.

privilege never to be liable by any possibility to be accused of revolt. The less they obey the greater is their submission. M. Crétineau's book is a collection of contradictions, posted by way of double entry, and very regularly balanced.

XIII.

An immense revolution had convulsed the world; Napoleon had in vain endeavoured to turn it to his own profit; but the same ideas which had raised him so high had ceased to support him when they had been betrayed and put in peril, and so he was plunged living into the abyss. This terrible lesson, like many others, taught nothing to those who came from exile to resume the sceptre. The volcano of the new ideas did but smoulder; the Jesuits persuaded the powers that they had the means and the strength to extinguish it. All that was requisite was that they should have the young generation in their hands. They imagined that, as in past times, they should succeed in making God's name a means of propping up the most intolerable abuses and the most iniquitous privileges. But this insensate project was met by a proportionate reaction; the ideas of progression and freedom would not submit to be stifled, and they resumed the conflict—a conflict which M. Crétineau calls an impious rebellion, a work of perfidy and imposture.

"Ever since 1823," he says, "it is not individual malice that seeks to beguile a class of individuals; there is a permanent conspiracy against the truth, and, above all,

against the good sense of the multitude. All means are employed to pervert it."*

Although the thing is known, it is not amiss to recollect what he means by the truth, and by conspiring against it. It is important to institute a comparison between the epoch of which we are speaking and our own; between the undisguised language then held by the upholders of the old system of society, and that which their successors now hold. At the very time when the Jesuits were occupied with the *Secret Plan*, M. de Rémusat thus expressed himself:—

"*The new year, or* 1824. *Questions of a ponderer.* "A grand project occupies the minds of the mighty of the Old World. They would fain bring back the New World to its infant state, and strangle it in its cradle in the swaddling-clothes in which it has been so long kept. The age has been accused, condemned, and anathematised by them. Crowned Europe has conceived the design of proving to the human race that it is wrong to be what it is; to time that it ought not to destroy; to the present that it ought to be the past. And one would almost say that this strange enterprise is beginning to succeed; one would say so, were one to judge from the stifled wail of the oppressed. But raise your eyes towards the thrones, and there you see faces pale beneath the diadems, and anxious eyes incessantly turned to the sceptre, as if to be assured that it has not slipped from the grasp. The anxiety of the victors is the consolation of the vanquished."*

* Histoire réligieuse, politique, et littéraire de la Compagnie de Jésus, vi. p. 178.

† Passé et Présent, mélanges par Charles de Rémusat, vol. i. p. 206.

The same writer thus describes the system with which it was sought to innoculate France in those days :—

" Passive obedience, unlimited submission, in one word, despotism, were pleaded with the best faith in the world. Fear and flattery did not neglect so fair an opportunity to speak like good faith. Never was it more easy to bend without degradation, to be frail without shame ; the slave of arbitrary power became the friend of order ; the absence of every original, or merely independent idea, was preached up under the name of good sense ; we were taught to respect even error, and to regard enlightenment as an abuse of thought. Thus served at once by faith and hypocrisy, leading in its train all the most heterogeneous prejudices, subduing the minds of men by admiration, their hearts by lassitude, their characters by fear, the genius of absolute power set about re-erecting its throne by heaping up the ruins of the old régime on the foundations laid by the Revolution."*

What was the lever put in operation ? It was religion, as though enough had not already been done to render it odious by all the oppressions attempted in its sacred name. A committee was organised. The Jesuits, who had no doubt suggested it, were its managing advisers. The Holy Alliance supported it. Its affiliations ramified through all countries of Europe. M. Capefigue, as quoted by M. Crétineau himself, speaks of it in the following terms :—

" The first organisation of the party was connected with the religious congregations. Under the presidency of Viscount Mathieu de Montmorency and the Duke de la

* Passé et Présent, mélanges par Charles de Rémusat, vol. i. p. 71.

Rochefoucault Doudeauville there was formed in Paris a central congregation, the statutes of which were simple at first, and had for their object the propagation of religious and monarchial ideas. The congregation received every Catholic who was presented by two of its members; it was to extend to the schools and educational institutions, and, above all things, it was to lay hold on youth. When a young man wished to enter the association, his proposers were asked what influence he would exercise. If he was professor or member of a college, it was made a condition that he should propagate the good principles among the pupils. If he had fortune or high station, he engaged in like manner to employ them for the defence of religion and monarchy. Meetings were held twice a-week for prayer, innocent games, particularly billiards, and to report progress. Every Sunday the Abbé Freyssinous preached before a numerous audience, and waged war upon philosophy and the age in his elegantly composed sermons. It was against Gibbon and Voltaire that M. Freyssinous strove with much more pomp than point; and he never failed to exhibit in favourable contrast the then present times, and to commend the beneficent influence of the clergy and of religion, and the necessity of strengthening the altar and the throne. These sermons were well attended. The politicians of the royalist party, some of them epicureans and unbelievers, were assiduous hearers of the abbé. It was a way of putting one's self in a good light. The congregation had branches in the provinces. In those days there was a rage for obtaining admission into the congregation, and the reason of this was simple:—*there was no having*

powerful patronage or lucrative places unless one was a member."*

"Such," says the advocate of Jesuitism, disdainfully resuming the discourse after this quotation, "such is the origin of the occult power so gratuitously attributed to the congregation. That power has existed, it has been exercised, *but absolutely apart from, and independently of the congregation.* The royalist coteries concealed their political manœuvres under its name; the liberal party seized upon that name to frighten France with the noise it wanted to make. The enemies of the church and the monarchy admirably calculated their blows; they depopularised the royalists, and hung a cloak of hypocrisy on the shoulders of Christians. Yet all this was but a part of what was to be done. They annihilated the present generation, but the grand thing was to kill the future."† As for the Jesuits, it is a great mistake to suppose that at that period they concerned themselves about anything else than the interests of religion. They reorganised their houses, and founded new ones with purely pious views, that was all.

The Bourbons, however, who had put themselves in the hands of the Jesuits, paid dearly for their excessive complaisance. The sun of July forced their evil counsellors to keep themselves concealed for a while; but by degrees, as the bright luminary grew dim, they came forth again, and renewed the struggle, but in a reversed manner. For

* Histoire de la Restoration, par un Homme d'Etat, iv. p. 100.

† Histoire réligieuse, politique, et littéraire de la Compagnie de Jésus, vi. p. 187, 197.

now the clergy, finding themselves compelled to fight against authority, yet unwilling frankly to embrace liberty, adopted that Machiavellic attitude which it is partly the object of the second portion of this work to make known. Thus we can account for the embarrassments and the contradictions of their apologists.

Many persons have inveighed against Eugène Sue for having dared to personify the Jesuitic genius in Rodin. They could not bring themselves to believe that a considerable number of men, and those, too, men invested with a religious character, could have concerted together to wear all sorts of masks and play all sorts of parts, in order to secure the services of all sorts of individuals for a work which every one would abhor if he knew its aim and scope. This system of graduated fraud, which it has been thought unjust to attribute to the majority of the Jesuits, have I not proved that it is fair to impute it to numerous writers, to preachers, and to a large portion of the upper clergy? Can there be a doubt that there exists among them a close compact, and a well understood *mot d'ordre*, to mystify not only Europe but the whole world?

XIV.

We have sought to open the eyes of persons who may in good faith be or become accomplices, beguiled by artifices which often impose on the most adroit. We believe we have cast a flood of light into the theocratic sanctuary, and convinced the most obstinate that the dogma of suffocation and oppression, and the most despotic genius, evermore

receive there divine honours, and that at this day the spirit of fraud, deprived of its old weapons, desperately defends its threatened empire by base sophisms and stratagems. Is it not time to purge the church from such foul impurities? But if this radical and divine reform proceeds not from Pius IX., if he lends an ear to those whose interest it is to turn him aside from the sublime task to which Providence invites him, and urge him upon the same erroneous courses as his predecessors, still the first steps he has taken will have immense results in spite of him and against him.

The Jesuits, as we have seen, have commissioned one of their liegemen to write the life of Ganganelli, in order to dismay and stop Pius IX. The dedication of the work is implied in this epigraph, *A bon entendeur demimot*, "A hint for one who can take it."

After all, if, as some begin to fear, the reforms of Pius IX. are to be nothing but administrative ameliorations, and if Rome refuse to institute a religious renovation which is imperatively demanded by our epoch, we possess the means of forcing the Vatican to break silence, and acknowledge, as evangelical, doctrines adequate to the reach and dignity of modern thought. The documents sent forth by the Roman presses, to which we here allude, have been stamped by Catholic authority with all possible marks of approbation.

The following is an epitome of the principles thus solemnly recognised as having been primitively admitted by the church :—The people is sovereign; it is the sole source of all authority; every government which does not submit its deliberations and its acts to the controul of the people is anti-christian. It follows thence that theocracy is convicted

of rebellion. In fact, it is depicted in colours as severe as those which its most implacable enemies have employed to hold it up to execration. It would be impossible to prefer against it a more terrible bill of indictment, backed by a more overwhelming mass of decisive proofs. Its own organs confidentially predict to it that the impatient peoples will be driven to shake off an intolerable tyranny, if they despair of seeing it reformed; and they remind it of the mission it ought to have accomplished, and which consisted in reconciling and uniting men by love and justice, preventing their sufferings by an equal partition of burthens, bestowing its just remuneration on labour, and guaranteeing a real independence to each individual. Instead of this, the most formal avowal is made that this hierarchy, devoured with pride, drunk with pomp, enslaved to its own exclusive interests, has given itself out *for infallible, not being so;* that it has renounced the spirit of Christ, and would neither itself penetrate it, nor suffer others to do so. Therefore it is, that by the same hands is delivered to us the key of initiation into every evangelical work; the true sense of dogmas is unveiled; we now know what we are to think of miracles; reason and faith are astonished that a misunderstanding should so long have sundered them. It is said again and again in the documents we are speaking of that the reign of the dead letter must be abolished, for, as St. Paul says, "*the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;*" and the same apostle tells us that the worship which is not rational is not christian.

We venture to affirm, that the instructions, of which I merely state the heads, are more than sufficient to justify and call forth the largest and most radical reforms in the

religious and the political world, and in the whole organisation of society. They emancipate the spirit of the Gospel from the prison of a fosilised religion.

Did I not possess these weapons of proof, I should perhaps have been forced to abstain from publishing the *Secret Plan.* Those who may remain incredulous as regards it, will be compelled, by irrefutable proofs, to admit a far more extraordinary fact, authenticated by documents that will silence all the cavillings of self-interest.

The fact, which I will make known in a special publication, concerns the seventeenth century and a part of the eighteenth. I will demonstrate that Voltairianism prevailed in Italy during a whole century before Voltaire; that those who attacked mysteries and dogmas with language and sarcasms like his, were not libertines repudiated and condemned by the religious authority, or a handful of *savans* whose incredulity was confined to the circle of the cultivated class; but that the attack on the foundations of religion and morality was made in the very churches, from the pulpit, and by numerous preachers; that the numbers who flocked to hear them were immense, and that they enjoyed the countenance of the bishops and prelates. This horrible disorder was practised in the most celebrated churches of Rome; it resisted the few feeble efforts made to put it down, and was still in existence when Voltaire appeared. The sacred buildings rang with loud shouts of laughter in approval of the most shameless commentaries. The acts of the patriarchs were held up to ridicule; the Song of Songs afforded an ample theme for obscene jesting; the visions of the prophets were turned into derision, and themselves treated as addle-headed and delirious. The

Apostles were not spared, and it was taught that everything concerning them was mere fable. Finally, Christ himself was outraged worse than he had ever been by his most rancorous enemies, and was accused of criminal intercourse with the Magdalen, the woman taken in adultery, and the woman of Samaria. Thus was *absolute irreligion* preached, and for so long a time did this poison flow from the pulpits. The Bible was scoffed at, and Christianity likened to a mythology.

My greatest strength has been derived from the documents I have briefly alluded to; and but for them I should have succumbed beneath the force of Dante's apothegm, which many a time recurs to my mind:—"A man should always beware of uttering a truth which has all the aspect of a lie." But as I could count on such a revelation, a thousand times stranger than the one I myself have just made, I hesitated no longer, being convinced that in our days, more than ever, these words of Jesus must be fulfilled, "There is nothing hidden that shall not be brought to light."

THE END.

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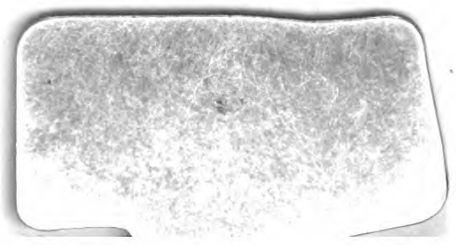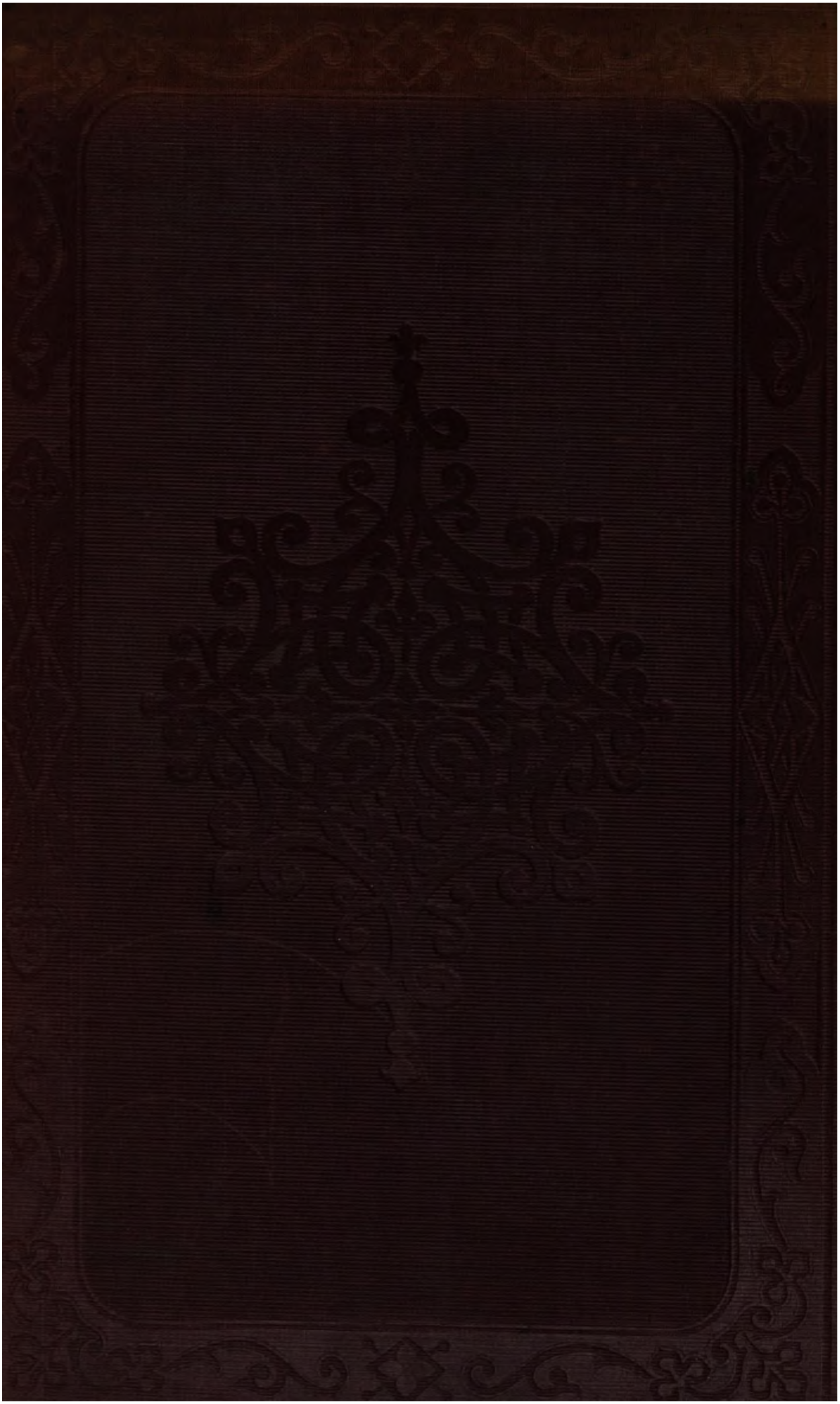
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