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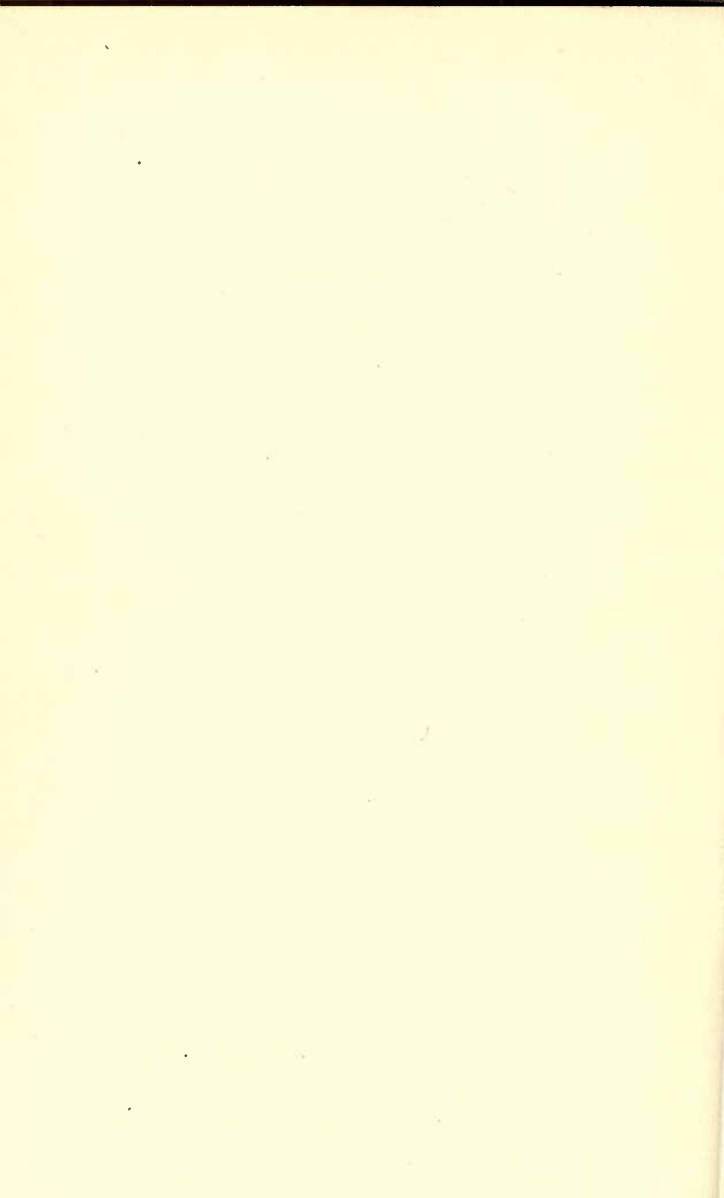
Hugh Fraser Mackintosh

Toronto, Ontario.

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JESUITS!

By PAUL FÉVAL.

BX
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1879

From the Tenth French Edition,

By T. F. GALWEY.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

It happened one day that a Wolf and a Lamb came at the same time to quench their thirst at a clear running brook. The Wolf, that was further up stream, having a mind to quarrel with the Lamb, asked what he meant by disturbing the water and making it so muddy as to be unfit to drink. The Lamb meekly replied that there must be a mistake, as the water he was drinking came down to him from where the Wolf was. "You are a rascal anyway," said the Wolf, "and I hear that you slandered me six months ago." "Really," said the Lamb, "that, too, is a mistake, for it is not so long since I was born." But the Wolf, finding himself unable to argue with any success, fell into a great rage, and, growling between his fierce teeth, "If it was not you it was your father, and that is all one," sprang upon the innocent creature and made a meal of him.

No doubt there will be many a knowing smile at the comparison of a Jesuit to a lamb, as though the comparison in this wise were manifestly absurd. Yet the same incredulous smiler would have his suspicions violently aroused if he saw a mild and unresisting old man dragged to the bar of justice by a gang of

common ruffians and law-breakers. Well, it is a notorious fact, that the most selfish, as well as the vilest of men, from the sardonic aristocrats, who battered in the infamous luxury of the Bourbon courts, to the inhuman wretches who made a carnival of horrors under the Commune of Paris in 1870, have been outspoken and bitter enemies of the Jesuits.

Thank God, we Americans have been exempt from the violent outbursts that have periodically shaken Europe during the last hundred years. And we are bound, as thoughtful men, to turn a deaf ear to the often repeated and as often refuted charges that are made against the illustrious Company of Jesus, when we remember the character of its traducers and remember, too, that this Company has had in France alone, either as members or as pupils, such men as Descartes, Corneille, Kircher, Montesquieu, the great Condé, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Jean Baptiste Rousseau, Boscovich, aye, and Voltaire himself. Our own Charles Carroll of Carrollton was proud to owe his education to the Jesuits.

M. Féval is a prolific writer and needs no introduction to those who are acquainted with the French literature of the day, but for the benefit of such as do

not know him, it may be as well to say that he is the author of Les Mystères de Londres, Les Contes de Bretagne, L'Homme de Fer, Châteaupauvre, and more recently Les Etapes d'une Conversion. M. Féval, until lately, was not what would be called a clerical—far from it. As he himself says, he was an intimate friend of Eugène Sue, and his first connection with the Jesuit controversy was as an antagonist of the Society.

The Author's description of the foundation of that Society is skilful and picturesque, as might be expected from so experienced a writer, but it is true to history, and cannot be read without a better appreciation of the noble career of the much vilified organization.

The saintly heroism of Francis Xavier, the keen, persevering devotion of the wonderful Ricci, the quiet, courageous and single-hearted missionary work of the Society in Asia and America, are all strikingly pictured. Choiseul in France, Pombal in Portugal, Aranda in Spain, and the smaller diplomatists of Parma and of Naples, are faithfully portrayed, perhaps as they never were before.

The Translator is sanguine enough to consider the work a complete answer to one class of the accusations

that are wont to be made against the Society of Jesus. If the English translation shall prove at all comparable to the French of the original—which is hardly to be hoped—the reader will not doze during its perusal.

The Translator begs to remind the reader that the book being originally addressed to Frenchmen, therefore, largely overlooks the cruel and wanton persecutions directed against the Society of Jesus throughout the British dominions in former days. The many strictures on the animus of the encyclopædias relate of course to those of the Author's own country, but they will be useful to remember when consulting works of reference in other languages.

T. F. G.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, November, 1878.

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JESUITS!

A PRELIMINARY CHAT.

They knelt down and Ignatius prayed thus: "O God! grant that the house of Thy servants may be built not for themselves alone, but for others, so that, having given their life for the salvation of men in Jesus Christ, *they may never cease to be persecuted* for Thy greater glory, who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen." And having made the sign of the cross, they arose.

THIS has been a brilliant century. When I came up from my province, I fell into the middle of sparkling skepticism, where the eyes were dazzled by the incessant flashes of wit. My charming companions were engaged in publishing newspapers or in managing theatres.

One of them, the great Boniface of the *Constitutionnel*, was so given to the welfare of his country

as to invent the sea-serpent. I remember Gavarni once said to an intimate friend of this great Boniface and of M. Thiers: "People will go so far one of these days, perhaps, as to think about the good God."

That caused a laugh. It was in the time of Louis Philippe: to speak about God without laughing was considered heroically courageous. The poor God! Why, Béranger's songs had exiled him to Yvetot forever.

When the sea-serpent had died of old age, Roqueplan was the first to suggest that the Jesuits might take the place of the illustrious beast with great advantage.

"Gloomy characters, and they're worn out!" replied the giant Boniface, whom posterity will never properly appreciate.

But Jérôme Paturot was no longer amusing, and the feuilleton-novel was just beginning to appear. Good-natured, portly Doctor Véron wanted a sensation. He said nothing to Boniface, but set himself to thinking. He it was who had concocted the *Pâte Regnault*, invented the *Revue*, and governed the Opéra. He was a man of science and was not a raw doctor. His specialty was fattening ideas which he bought lean in the market.

Jesuits! that name, which is gathering in sound, and is heard everywhere now, is intimately associated with my first hopes of fortune, with my earliest literary recollections. I believe I was predestined to write a book on this subject, which renews its youth, for I began one a good while ago and I am now thinking of writing at least two. If it is true that there is a legend to every book, *habent sua fata*, then the story of mine will perhaps seem strange.

II.

I was still young in literature ; I ran wildly about after popular success, and I won it to a degree ; I had my day, like another, in the society of my associates and friends, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, Frédérick Soulié, Eugène Sue.

This last had just published the Wandering Jew, which, after all was merely an idea of Roqueplan's fattened by Dr. Véron and baked according to orders. Dr. Véron had nothing against the Jesuits, nor had Eugène Sue. Dr. Véron was a thorough-paced *bourgeois*, with a double chin and a triple belly ; he had a lively horror of revolutions, and in the interest of his business he helped revolution without being aware of it : an extreme conservatist, he yet dealt in all the materials that build barricades ; he was like those unyielding manufacturers who unpave the streets of the city, burn palaces, and profane churches ; not with their own hands, great God ! Oh, no, they are too prudent for that ; but by the manufacture of petroleum, which they sell every day.

A man of intelligence, too, though he had small regard for spelling; of some wit; giving remarkable dinners, and disapproving, as perhaps unnecessary, of any assassination of an Archbishop. He has left nephews.

Eugène Sue was very different. Though far below Balzac as a painter, or Alexandre Dumas as a story teller, he had an undeniable skill in the presentation of his characters. For a moment he had been admitted to the exclusive society of the *Faubourg St. Germain*, and he showed himself vain of it; why he left it I cannot say, but his portraits of that society are so dark and spiteful, that the idea of some personal difficulty naturally arises: Prince Eugene, too, is said to have passed over to the enemy from a fit of the pouts.

Eugène Sue was one of the most pronounced aristocrats I have ever met: a real Sybarite, who was tortured by the fold of a rose-leaf. When the enormous success of the *Mysteries of Paris* had given him over to the democracy, Doctor Véron said to him: "There is a fortune to be made in attacking the Jesuits." And he laid a hundred thousand-franc notes on the table.

That is the history of the Wandering Jew, related by Dr. Véron, himself, in the *Constitutionnel*, and

that was the lofty philosophy which directed the contrivance for mowing Jesuits: Doctor Véron afterwards freely confessed that the dearly bought scythe had mown nothing at all, unless it might be the subscribers.

And now let me relate an anecdote about myself. At the height of the din caused by the *feuilleton* and its children, who were laying about with their rods on the bushes supposed to contain St. Ignatius, I had a visit from the manager of a very great Parisian journal, who said to me, too: "There is a fortune to be made with the Jesuits."

When I objected that the *Constitutionnel* had got the start, he shrugged his shoulders, and replied: "It is old, worn-out matter, nothing but an appeal to the old hatred of priests. We want something different, and I have bought a warehouse full."

And he added in a tone of confidence, "I have a room full of DOCUMENTS: five manuscripts relating to Father Guignard and to Jean Châtel, a thundering exposure of the Gunpowder Plot, the details of the persecutions directed against that unfortunate Abbé, St. Cyran, cooped up in the castle of Vincennes, two unpublished volumes of the first Arnauld, heavy, but full of spleen, a proc-

lamation of Titus Oates, a dispatch of the Duc de Créqui, a letter of Fénelon's, three of the Regent's, and two good ones, there they are! of the Cardinal de Noailles: and I've got all of the Pombal business, a wonderful affair! Ah! that scoundrel of a Malagrida! and that poor thing, the Marchioness of Tavora! but perhaps it was the other woman. An immense portfolio belonging to Choiseul, containing the consultations of the Jansenist lawyers, and more than a hundred lines of notes in Madame de Pompadour's own hand, authentic, and enamelled with gay little smirches! what do you think of it? And a very funny, really moral note from Louis XV, with an entire page scrawled by the historical quill of M. de Chalotais, of which Voltaire said: 'That trifle is stronger than Archimedes' lever, for it has upset the world, without a point of support!' We shall give a *fac-simile* of the page, and at the foot a portrait of the quill. In fact, I have a treasure, a mine, a quarry! and I offer you ——."

But hush! It is of little moment what he offered me: I was not worth much. I was only twenty-five, and vainer than any peacock you could find. I was carried away by excitement and even by scandal, which I very innocently took to be glory. I knew the Jesuits only through *Provinciales* and

the Encyclopædia: I accepted the offer with a lively determination to mow more thoroughly than Eugène Sue had done, or at least to glean all that his engine had left standing in the field of Loyola.

Behold me then, at work! and with a will! And truly the manager of the great daily had not misled me, for he had treasures of papers, cases of pamphlets, and great heaps of what he took delight in calling "documents." All day long, the men of his establishment made journeys between his office and me with fragments of Jesuits under their arms, in baskets, in napkins: our manager came with his pockets full; and in addition to all this, he wrote me letters that were so heavy as to have four stamps; the post-office would carry nothing heavier!

Our manager was not a great scholar, but he was so good-natured! and so positive! and so savage in our undertaking! I remember an expression of his, written on a card accompanying some scribbling attributed to Mme. de Pompadour: "—— traced by that hand of velvet (*velours*) which atoned for Latude, by caressing Voltaire!" Well, he was drawn in a vague, sad sort of way towards style! But *velours* was written without s. He and I worked like negroes for a month: he especially. I am not sure but his ter-

rific passion was directed more against Eugène Sue and the *Constitutionnel*, than against the Jesuits. He became so embittered in the work, that he used to fancy every morsel of Jesuit served out to appease the craving of the *Constitutionnel's* subscribers, was a palatable tid-bit that Doctor Véron had snatched from his mouth. "Let us begin to appear," he said to me with tears in his eyes, "let us begin at once, or there will be nothing left!"

What a mistake! There was still something left, and something will always be left, for after thirty years have passed, four or five hundred thousand Frenchmen and Frenchwomen breakfast every morning on the meats which were first cooked by Eugène Sue, and have since been stewed and made over into hash in the miserable little skillets which replace his generous kettle of Christian flesh.

At the end of a month, I wrote to our excellent manager one fine spring morning: "I am going to Brittany, and I have thrown the sheets of *our* book into the fire. Pardon me for returning your 'documents' and your money, but I find that I undertook in a trifling way, and ignorantly, a task that does not become an honorable writer, and though I am utterly indifferent as far as religion goes, I am as careful of my literary honesty as I

am of the apple of my eye. Understand, I am not attacking others' honor or honesty: opinions are free: I speak for myself alone.

“I have delayed longer than was necessary perhaps in writing you this, but I was anxious to keep my promise if possible. I have found out by reading your own ‘documents,’ that I had undertaken to calumniate for so much a line, men who are not only innocent of all crime, but are useful citizens, benefactors of mankind, soldiers of science, peaceful conquerors, apostles, heroes, saints whose only fault is having excelled all other bodies of men in bringing out by the strength of their arms, their sweat, their blood itself, what is perhaps the most astonishing work of civilization in modern times. All this I have read in your own house in one of D’Alembert’s beautiful pages. Certainly such a task cannot be suitable for me.”

I wrote those lines thirty years before my conversion.

You shall see that our manager was not a difficult man. While I was busy with my trunks, he burst into my room like a bombshell, and, almost before he was over the threshold, broke out:

“Bravo! You are on the right track! You see things from an original point of view! We shall

make the sensation of the day! At all events, they will not accuse us of keeping in the wake of the *Constitutionnel*! You know the religious sentiment is not dead. Why, my wife hankers after holy water, and I think a man can never be much out of the way in trusting to the feminine instinct. So here goes, then, for our new manœuvre. Change direction to the right! and then forward along the whole line! But then we shall have to be serious about this! We must not indulge too much in playful humor. We shall turn the *Provinciales* inside out! But no offensive language, mind; that sort of thing has had its day! a dignified impertinence! And documents! Facts, my boy, facts! some wit, the Devil himself! powder, torpedoes, a few martyrs, not too many, you know; a great many good-looking people, the deacon Paris, if need be. And soldiers, headstrong fellows, but honorable! Excitement! passion! drums and trumpets! Ten volumes! or fifteen! or twenty! That funny little note of yours can be put in as a sort of introduction. I'll give it back to you, so that you can fix it up, and spice it, and lengthen it a little. I tell you what, I think this is a capital idea. A young writer sets himself to work to destroy those modern vampires, the Jesuits, who have been so awkwardly attacked by

an organ of the old school of liberalism, giving its readers their fill of worn-out lies and exploded calumnies, and who suddenly discovers—I mean the young writer—that Rodin is a noble exponent of the principles of '89, and that Father d'Aigrigny was playing with Eugène Sue when he passed himself off for a meek sufferer. It is a great idea! it is magnificent! Of course it don't agree exactly with the politics of our paper, but then we must try to keep a little on all sides at once, and, besides, a little bit of paradox is always agreeable—and here is the title: *Rodin's Revenge!* Ten thousand dollars for advertisement! Walking-signboards on all the boulevards; a direct challenge to Voltaire! We shall send up advertising balloons that will shower our prospectuses broadcast! Béranger will be an old song! We shall have troops of equestrians to distribute our dodgers! And the clergy will be with us! And little circulars, neatly got up, you know, with an engraving, must be left at every house in the Xth *arrondissement!* And perhaps we can get the Jesuits themselves to work for us—they're a deep lot, you know! They will give us one of their gallions, loaded to the water's edge with quadruple pistoles, worth 87 *francs*, 38 *centimes* apiece, and a draft for five hundred thousand rupees

on one of their banks in Camboge, or Bimilipatum, or Ellisheepoor. What do you think of that?"

All this was said with a laugh, so as not to compromise himself too much, even with me. But you know the laugh of an editor-in-chief, who is beating the bushes and not very sure whether an elephant or a hare will pop into view. Under his irony there was an emotion that could turn into enthusiasm. His paper was a great one, but new. He could set his sail to any wind, that was likely to be a favorable one. And, of course, the principles of '89 have never interfered with a speculation; quite the contrary.

While he was indulging in his cackling, there was passing before my eyes all that I had found in his "documents": the humble and magnificent procession of those great men who, since the first years of the XVIth century, whether conquerors or martyrs, have bared their breasts to all sorts of lies, and tyrannies, and opposition, and ferocity, and beastliness, and I asked myself, how could any one make up the character of that evil-minded little monster of a Rodin out of the knightly Loyola, or Francis Xavier, the miraculous apostle of tenderness; Canisius, the oracle; the brilliant Laynez; Cardinal Toledo, who gave absolution and the crown of

France to the best of our kings; Matthew Ricci, who overcame the impossible; Claver, slave of the slaves; Francis Regis, Ravignan—but why name them? There is not room enough for them here, and indeed the list of their heroic names would take many a page; names of statesmen like Bellarmin, names of orators like Bourdaloue, names of savants, of fathers of the Church, of luminous masters; true friends and benefactors of youth, who put the spirits of darkness to flight, though the imps made use of the old trick of crying “Stop thief” as they scamp-ered away.

I asked myself, what sort of rage is it that makes the enemies of truth deceive the herd, and what sort of curse has seized the crowd that they depend upon the orbs of blind men, instead of turning their own eyes towards the blazing light of evidence.

I said to myself, it would be of some use, and easy enough, too, to call out “take care” to the fools who are hoodwinked with the rags of sophistry and are reeling and staggering in the mud of their ignorance as they wend their way to the *cabaret* to take part in its enlightened discussions. It would be useful; there is not a poor wife of one of those unfortunate men, who devour the dry crusts that are left for their little one’s nourishment, because the philoso-

phers have robbed them of their heart when they took away their God, not one of those women but would thank me. And how easy it would be! undeniable facts are plentiful; they talk, they cry out, they glitter in their beauty under the brushwood that has been systematically thrown upon them. And it would be opportune, for Diogenes has been too long strutting about with his lantern, at high noon, denying the glorious daylight. And there would be something admirable in running the risk of being stoned to death by cynicism, by absynth, by the burlesque song, by the enormous varieties of small trades which deal in vice, in crime, in enervation, in defeat, and which would have to shut up shop if, by chance, Tom Goodfellow should awake some morning with a clear head and a pair of eyes of his own.

All these things passed through my mind, and I confused, as you see, the cause of the Jesuits with the cause of God, which was, which is, and which always will be the cause of the poor man, even in spite of the poor fellow himself and his poisoners.

And yet I let our manager go away full of his notion, though perfectly impartial, ready to profit by the right or by the left, without love, hate, or conviction, but possessed by an enthusiasm ever ready

for anything black or white according to the wind, the tide, and the *opportunity*; an image of the wonderfully empty activity which is the very life of our day, at once so intelligent and so cramped.

I refused to take sides, for the wrong out of honesty, disgust, and manly honor; for the right out of cowardice. I was afraid.

III.

I was afraid of falling into bad odor with the people who dispense success, and I worshipped success; my only God was success. I was afraid of my enemies, but, above all, I feared my friends. To make known all the testimony unwillingly favorable to the Jesuits that I had found, while bent on their condemnation, amid the heap of papers livid with their adversaries' hatred, would have been to "compromise" me for ever.

My disposition is such that I cannot do things by halves. Had I inserted only the tip of my finger, I should have thrown myself in bodily. With my disposition and the recklessness of my age, at that time, I saw that I would be defiantly insulting a consecrated iniquity, which had grown into "public opinion" since the time of Pascal, the great unfortunate tool of the Calvinistic treason that dwelt only half-concealed beneath the solemn robes of the "solitaires" of Port Royal.

This lie, or if we must be polite to those who insult us, this error, thanks to the different layers of

opposition that had become a solid residuum forming guano during three centuries, had acquired what might be called an official sanction; for the opposition always becomes the government in the course of time, to teach simpletons that it is in opposition for no other purpose than to become the government, and that the high sounding phrases by which it pretends to attack the ills of society contain nothing at all but the insanity of a few ambitious fellows who overturn the State in order to be able to put on an embroidered coat in place of the felon's suit they have deserved! this lie, said I, or this error, approved in the palaces of kings by their favorites, their ministers, by their parliaments, by a portion happily small of the clergy, by poets, lawyers, philosophers, by conceited marquises, by hangers-on, in a word, by the opposition of the palace, the bureau, or the alley; by all those who delved at revolution knowingly, or ignorantly, had appeared to liberal people with the form of something so holy as to be unassailable. From the doctors who calumniate in immense volumes too heavy for a weak man to lift, to the devil-may-cares who penny-a-line their insults in the daily papers, who bake them in small ovens for the news column, who dress them out in caricature array for the humorous periodicals, every one

gave the obligatory kick to the Jesuits, just as every one is vaccinated, just as every one takes his chance in the conscription. I had seen this often; not to spit on the Jesuit was indecent.

When a miserable pleasantry has reached that monumental state of "respectability," it is better than a dozen and a half of maxims, because of the countless army of fools who are gulled by it, and because of the regiment of less honest men, the jokers who have concocted it and have set it afloat, and who consequently watch its course with an interested devotion.

I was afraid of the journals I contributed to, I was afraid of my readers, whom I liked, and who liked me. It made my flesh creep to think of the amount of popular prejudice.

But how often between that hour of my flight and the moment when I surrendered to truth and the duties it imposes, how often has the proposition of our facile manager taken hold of my thoughts? I continued to think of the Jesuits in spite of myself: I read with a strange eagerness whatever bore upon the Jesuits. When they were *well* attacked, I was pleased to a certain degree: for it seemed to countenance my prudence, but then in the storehouse of my recollections I always found, in spite

of myself, some "document" to thwart the most plausible attack: and it must be confessed, that what fell into my hands was mostly poor rubbish. The trade of slapping at the Jesuits is so profitable that the publishers accept a pamphlet from any pair of paws: they no longer condescend to examine, and when one of the filthiest of the literary scavengers is at a loss how to buy a dinner, he has only to write JESUITS at the head of his "copy," to entice some unprincipled bookseller first, and then one or two thousand readers, who make a specialty of conning the bookstands every morning for fresh information on the new *crime* of the Jesuit. It is so profitable a sort of work that princes of the pen are not ashamed to be found in this rich gulch, plunging their arms with their sleeves rolled up into the brook whose bed is covered with precious metal so easy to reach.

Nevertheless God sought me out. My wandering path happened once upon a time to cross the straight and beautiful way on which was walking Father Olivaint, crowned a martyr shortly after by some misguided ones belonging to that people of Paris whom he loved so ardently and had worked for all his life. My two eldest sons had been confided to the Jesuits, and the other two followed as soon as

they were old enough. Did I understand then the greatness of the Institution? I think not, for in fact I still knew the Jesuits only through the hymn which their calumniators in empty rage chanted in their praise. I needed something better than that, I was dozing in my wordly prosperity, I needed misfortune to awaken me, and a sorrow that should scald my eyes with tears. The misfortune came: an unaccustomed sorrow fell upon me without warning, threw me to the earth, and in that solemn moment when the soul hesitates and shivers, called on one side by repentance and life, on the other by revolt and death, I was assisted by a Jesuit who touched the crucifix to my pains and lifted me out of despair.

And one day, the happiest of my days, I knelt in a chapel of the Jesuits before a tomb where repose the mortal remains of that man so mild, so humble, that proud spirit, that apostle, that Jesuit Pierre Olivaint who was between the altar and me and was praying for me at the moment when I was receiving pardon from my God in the sacred host.

I have said that before: here, there, everywhere; do not blame me for saying it over again, it would be of no use. I will say it, and say it again in the thankful joy of my heart until the last hour of my life.

My conversion constitutes my nobility, my glory, and my triumph in this world, and it will be my salvation in the one to come. And I gather with a pious care whatever relates to my conversion. I have already made one book about it, and I shall make others, repeating: *Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est*. Is it not my right and my duty to chant the *Magnificat* of my conversion?

God, sovereign saviour and helper, thou dost not lead all hearts by the same means; thou dost offer to every spirit, long before the time of need, a way of crossing the abyss, suitable to his nature. I was frivolous and keen: thou didst throw in my road this little adventure both frivolous and keen, this affair of "documents" contrived to crush thy servants, and which tossed about by the hand of a mercenary (I mean my own hand) looking for weapons and munitions for a bad cause, suddenly revealed the truth flashing amid the calumny so laboriously collected and concentrated.

I think nothing could have struck me so forcibly as that *coup de théâtre*. Fabricating catastrophes and surprises, I found myself face to face with a surprise and a catastrophe that had been arranged by God's own hand. I was not yet converted, because I did not desire conversion, but I was warned. The artil-

lery borrowed by me from skepticism, Jansenism, Protestantism, and nihilism, from all who take the thirty pieces of silver that they cannot carry beyond the grave, had done like the Chinese cannon we read of, which spit fire at the breach. That much I had found out even before engaging in the fight, merely while learning how to use the weapons. And I so easily discovered the poor quality of these arms that I can never bring myself to believe in the good faith of those who use them.

Certainly we have a right to allow for prejudice, stubbornness, blindness, hatred, all the passions that weaken our miserable nature, but there is evidence so loud that the ears must be stopped up that do not hear it, even if one has put out his own eyes so as not to see. We belong to such and such a party, or are under the influence of such a set of opinions, and it is no longer *noblesse oblige*, it is, alas, "business is business!"

Corner one of those people, for instance, who is prating about the nuns shutting up girls in their convents, and they will willingly confess that they are only indulging in harmless metaphor.

The only thing inconvenient about all this, is that at the next martyr's day some of those sisters will have to suffer for these metaphors. So far I believe

they have omitted to shoot any of the sisters : it is an oversight. If you only knew, gentlemen, you who denounce piety, what an enthusiastic hymn of mercy these brave women will sing in your behalf on the day when your pens that, in the Chinese fashion discharge in the rear and on the side, shall have violently opened, though in spite of you, the gate of the heavenly paradise for them.

As we are in the mood for a few minutes chat, my dear friends, of former days that I still love, and that I pray for tenderly morning and evening without asking the least thanks from you for it, I remember how indignant, how grieved, above all, how frightened you were six years ago, just after the terrible events that stupefied Paris, France, and the whole world. I think I can say that the assassination of the hostages (even including the Jesuits) caused you a feeling that was almost akin to horror, and you indignantly protested when the logic of some of us pointed out the connection between those disasters and the charming wit of your articles.

You were displeased. You would not acknowledge that the chassepot of a drunkard reeking in blood was aimed with greater precision because your essays had indicated the game to be brought down.

And yet for three months your articles took a certain tone—indeed, they took a tone that was almost edifying.

Of course I can understand how it was. When a child, I happened to set fire to our house, as I was playing with some matches, and, for three months after, matches caused me a good deal of repugnance.

At the end of three months, like you, I opened the match-box again. Well, you may believe me if you choose, the same cause produced the same effect, and something was burned at our place. Fortunately our house was insured. My friends, is France insured? If I were in your place, I should be certain of this before playing with fire.

IV.

Thirty years have passed since that excellent, skilful director of the great daily proposed to me to put the Jesuits in the pillory, or set them up on a pedestal to be hooted at, according to my preference. I have spent thirty years, not in making this book, which I entitle *JESUITS!* with an exclamation point, but in summoning up courage enough to write the first line of it.

Would to God that I had spent this better half of my life in letting light on the subject to the extent of my poor ability! But I have sown my long road with light pages that have been the sport of the wind. In them the name of God is dubiously honored, religion receives an empty respect, and there is scarcely one of those pages that I can read with unmixed pleasure. I have lost too much time. Thirty years! Jesuits! How often, and for how long a time I have lightly used that word, before considering it as the greatest title of honor that can be given a servant of Jesus.

I use it here in its opprobrious sense, humbly and proudly accepted, containing the outraged name of God and much more insulting to God than to the men of God. I call my book *Jesuits!* just as I should call it *Thieves!* or *Felons!* just as Voltaire called Jesus or His Church *infâme!* It is still the thrice holy name of the Saviour of men, spit upon in the presence of men, and with the approbation of men, by the descendants of those who founded Christianity in spite of themselves, when they nailed Christ to the cross.

Whatever is done against God is for the glory of God.

I care not if I am charged with confounding matters that are independent of one another, or with making the Church, by confusing two inseparable causes, bear the weight of that miraculous "unpopularity" of the Company of Jesus.

Is not this unpopularity, indeed, the greatest popularity that the centuries have had to love or to hate next to the very glory of God, and the holiness of the Church?

And may we not even say that, to a slight extent, it is a part of the very popularity of God and of the Church?

I am ready in advance to withdraw from this book every word that shall not have the entire approval of the common Father of the faithful, but I know in advance, too, that God and His Church are masters, who do not disown their servants. The Jesuits are neither God nor the Church; they issue from the heart of the Church to carry the standard of the Heart of God at the front, and on the flanks of the Church.

As heavy as may be their cross, made of glorious insults, and borne in the presence of the world's contempt, yet what is that cross and the insults that weigh it down, compared to the Cross of the great *Infâme* drinking shame and sorrow such as must be the shame and the sorrow of a God!

The Company of Jesus attracts most of the enmity for the Church because it bivouacs nearest to the enemy and has from its beginning formed the outposts of God's army. It has a large share of the heritage left to the family of Apostles, by Christ's own words, a precious threat, and a terrible promise,* because it was expressly instituted to oppose its

* "Blessed are you when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake; rejoice and be exceeding glad, because your reward is very great in heaven:" *St. Matthew*, v, 11 and 12.

naked breast to the revolt brought forth by the double apostasy of Luther and of Calvin, one a brutal rebel, the other a despot and a persecuting fanatic of the stake and faggot: both prophets and workers of convulsions that are unsettling the earth in our own unfortunate day, just as if the cruel barbarism of science and intelligence, the intoxication of effete civilization, was determined to work more ruin than that robust barbarism of our first ages, which, in spite of its horrors, was at least the fruitful progenitor of modern nations.

On the contrary, nothing can be expected from the negations that surround us. The deluge of strong, ferocious men that engulfed the Lower Empire brought chaos, it is true, but it was a confusion teeming with sap and riches that Christianity utilized by its teachings; to-day the flood brings nothing but Prussian brass and American gold, selfishness, book-keeping, a chilling fever, and the puffed-up emptiness of hate.

It is undoubtedly a sorrowful thing to see ancient nations, dazed by mathematics and deceived by protocols, so industriously preparing the great jubilee of universal war: a mingling of millions of men who will massacre one another by unthought-of mechanical inventions.

This is what comes of wisdom without God. Materialist politics, whose maxim is the one used by despairing power, "After me the end of the world," has no expedient left but to drench the frontiers in blood *in order to keep its place in the interior.*

Europe waits, Europe trembles; ah! but Europe is occupied, for in spite of her fears, she speculates, she trades, she treats, she votes, and sometimes she reasons, all because she must live; when she suffers from weariness she may amuse herself by the sight of the big cannons.

What magnificent cannon! It has taken ten centuries to bring them to their present high condition and nothing better will ever be made,—till next year.

Is that all? No, I have just said: the cannon will enact the part of the famous organ of Barbarism in *Causes Célèbres*, which sang "Malbrouck" outside, while Fualdes was being assassinated within.

Then what are these sounds that are to be drowned by the monstrous organ of war in Europe and in Asia? What is going on inside those great houses called kingdoms, republics, or empires? Whom are they deceiving?

That is the secret of the eternal comedy which every one knows and every one ignores. Kings are

very skilful and tribunes are very eager ; truly the most murderous arm in all this is not cannon.

But why, then, cry out "Jesuits!" and what place amid the rattle of war or of revolution is there for a book which speaks of neither the arms of the tribunes, nor the arms of the soldiers ?

Look closely, listen attentively ; beneath and above these hoarse sounds other voices wail and cry out. God punishes but he will not slay before the last fixed hour, and there is one empire that shall never perish, that of Faith : the Church.

To the end of time the Church shall fight its rugged and glorious battle and will never be utterly victorious, but she will never be vanquished : *Non prævalebunt*. Just as she appears cast down for all time she will arise more valiant than ever and more than ever full of life.

In an opposite direction to the impiety and madness of our century, another movement is taking place. It does not become me to speak lightly of the importance of this movement, which, only begun, has already done so much ; its capabilities may be judged by the anger and the fury it evokes. The Company of Jesus, ever exposed to the first fire,

has had to feel the first attack excited by this movement; again they are assailed with charges a hundred times refuted, and yet always repeated since the day when the parliament of Paris, that was so kind to Henry III's assassin, erected opposite the Palais de Justice, the famous pyramid declaring the Jesuits convicted of the crime of assassination on the person of Henry IV.

Henry IV was well, thank God, and in no humor to put up with this pastime of the austere hypocrites who covered up their real felony by a false parade of devotion. He knew his parliament, and he knew the Jesuits.

Henry IV became the barrister for the innocent Jesuits and the judge of their criminal judges who listened with bowed heads and pallid faces to his eloquent summing-up and his rigorous sentence.

Never was Henry IV more of a king than on that day; never did he better display the sturdy reason of his language at once keen, manly, clean, and thoroughly French. Why is there not a picture in the Louvre to immortalize that striking scene which more than others showed the first steps of the Bearnese after recovering his authority. The children of Henry IV reigned for nearly two centuries after his death. The Bourbons had plenty of time

to set their painters in ordinary at work to depict that sovereign act of justice, so proudly, so eloquently wrought out that it has for three hundred years won the admiration of all historians, the enemies of God and of kings.

But no, the canvass of our museums are covered with other subjects, and in the Louvre the dazzling debauch of color led by the brush of Rubens is wholly occupied with the gods of fable. These are represented leading to some pagan altar that young Florentine, who brought us a dark future in the folds of her bridal robes.

Pictures, like poems, celebrate only success, and are the slaves of success; they are only dedicated to what flatters the prejudices of the herd. A triumph of Jesuits! Where is the unlucky poet or painter to dare the extravagant task? As for Jesuits, it is proper to strike, ridicule, calumniate them: that is the rule of success, and the well-trod path to glory.

Some one has said the greatness of deeds and of men is exactly measured by the hatred aroused by these men and these works, and this is undeniably true. Nations seem to have lived out their history in the series of ages only to put the truth of this maxim beyond a doubt. In all pagan antiquity there were but three unanimously acknowledged as "just

men," and almost in the Christian sense. They wore a crown of hatred, and were very properly chastized for their insufferable virtue.

The first, Aristides, was driven from his country like a malefactor, as an example; as examples, and like malefactors the other two, Socrates and Phocion, were put to death by hemlock.

For twenty centuries or more these anecdotes have been told, and a certain melancholy morality is derived from them. I have read in a book intended for youth this bitter reflection on Aristides: "It is lawful to be lame among people who are well formed; that is liberty; but in a nation of cripples no one should appear without a crutch, which also is liberty."

The contrary would be impertinence and even oppression: it is the cripple's right to see none but cripples.

Aristides deserved death: he was a Jesuit before the time of Jesus. He is not entitled to pity. It is the Athenians in this case who deserve compassion. Aristides went into exile, and his exile magnified him. Socrates and Phocion drank their punishment, and their punishment glorified them. But the Athenians slipped down that decline up which nothing could raise them, for civilizations once dead do not rise again.

Nations die utterly when they die at all.

Oh! certainly, Aristides had need of no advocate, Plato defended Socrates only after his death, and Demosthenes would only have weakened while attempting to defend the cause of Phocion. If any eloquent or generous person had raised his voice during that trial, celebrated in the glory and misfortune of Athens, it would not have been for Socrates, or Phocion, or Aristides, but for the Athenians rushing on to their ruin.

Thus, too, with the cause of the Just of the just, Christ, condemned one day by the wicked Jews and ever since crucified over and over again by all the wicked of all nations. Neither Christ nor the Church of Christ needs an advocate.

They who plead in defence of God and of the Church are in reality defending the true interests of the persecutors of God and of the Church. They raise their voice in the universal agora and cry out: "Athenians! have pity on Athens."

Thus, also, in the case of that sacred batallion of the Catholic army: the Company of Jesus. No one has a right to defend it for itself, because the hero who founded it was careful to stipulate in the contract made by his sublime ambition with the omnipotence of God, that persecution ought and would be

the agreed price, the necessary equivalent, the enduring emolument of its untiring effort: so that any truce would be an insult, any relaxation a breach of agreement.

Ah! this is unlike the stipulations that enter into contracts between individuals or nations! Let us not attempt to explain the folly of the cross, but let us see what it compasses in regard to human welfare.

In the supernatural order of ideas is not the interest, the welfare, the salvation of men hidden behind every epithet apparently intended to express an attribute of God?

There is only God for the spiritual man, for the saint, for the martyr, and that is why the saint is holy, but with God there is nothing but mankind; the martyr in dying for God serves mankind only by the wonderful reflection of merit. It is God who first had the folly of the cross.

What Scripture designates by the strange, proud phrase, "the glory of God," is only the redemption of man.

The eternal God who by the most impossible of miracles suffered death, died only for man. When people kneel and kiss the ground—I am speaking of those who have the precious treasure of faith—what do they do if not to beseech God to give them more

faith and to bestow that supreme gift on those unfortunately deprived of it? Our Father who art in heaven, what do we ask you if not that "thy kingdom come?" And what is thy kingdom if it be not the accomplishment of Jesus' dying wish: heaven's pardon of earth?

In the beginning there was a great chastisement for the crime of the first disobedience. A veil covered the sight of the man and woman exiled from Paradise. This veil which shut out the view of heaven did not prevent them from seeing earth, but they no longer had that sense that makes the easy comparison between the few hours of time and the billions of years which are but a speck in eternity.

In the blindness of their fall they chose the little To-day rather than the immeasurable Ever. And the absurdity of this choice was felt for ages by mankind and by the religions of mankind.

Jesus came, man raised his eyes above the earthly horizon and was taught that he has a providential mission to reconquer lost immortality in a contest that will not end here below. "O God!" says the prayer that accompanies the mingling of the water and the wine in the Holy Sacrifice, "O God who hast wondrously established the dignity of the human creature and who hast raised him up more

wondrously, grant that through the mystery of this water and this wine we may have a part in the divinity of Him who was willing to partake of our humanity. . . .”

He was willing, but fifteen hundred years after the nativity of the Word made flesh, there were born men who refused to be any longer partakers of His divinity. A riotous and troublesome beast breaks away from the cloister and entices ignorance and misery to make the ancient bargain of its divine birthright for a mess of pottage. And it seemed for a moment as if the whole universe was about to grovel upon the coarse fare reeking in the trough of apostacy.

Then was born another man, who did not begin as a monk, but as a soldier, and having been wounded in a heroic struggle was visited by God, while extended on his bed of suffering. He was the son of that military obedience and discipline that gain battles. He saw the evil and devoted himself to good, in the firm conviction that he would be met by the allied enmity of all for whom he offered his life; for this is peculiar to all the imitators of Jesus Christ; like Jesus Christ they ascend Calvary, willingly and knowingly.

This soldier was the first Jesuit, and the father of the Jesuits. He found the device of the Jesuits, in his deep, burning love of humanity.

“For the greater glory of God,” cried he, when first setting out on his crusade against Protestantism which nursed the weak pride of man and opposed the all-powerful humility of God.

Ad maiorem Dei gloriam! It was a loud cry and was heard alike by hatred and by love. It soared as high as the purified soul could rise. It rose like burning incense towards the heavenly throne, but it swept about, too, on the level of the earth, because the few words of this device translated into the universal language of Christ mean: “For the greater happiness of man!”

It was the truth, the whole truth, as regards what may be done here below for the human race, since the greater glory of God is but the richer and more complete redemption of man.

When, then, will it be understood that to serve God, our friend above, *amator noster*, is to contribute, every one according to his strength, to the masterwork of God, which is the redemption of men! We cannot serve God, because nothing can be added to ALL THINGS which God possesses.

We do not defend the imperishable Church; we do not plead the cause of the Jesuits, who *have a right* to persecution made necessary by the very agreement at their institution.

What we serve, what we defend, and what we plead for, is the greater good of men in God.

V.

It may be that my language seems lofty, but it is because I am setting down, as well as I can, noble thoughts that are far from being of my own conception. But I shall descend to earth again, and in a few words unfold the plan of this book, which shall be as a preface to a more considerable work for which I have gathered the materials.

In the account-currant that balances the humble elements of my life by debit and credit, I am in debt for this work to a creditor, who is "my conversion." I have said, and I repeat it, the recklessness of calumny against the Jesuits has done a good deal for me, for it has enlightened me, at least, in moments of doubt, as to the good faith of the enemies of God.

I know very well that most readers are not eager for enlightenment, and that there are some who are unwilling to be enlightened at all, but what Beaumarchais (who was well informed in these matters) said about calumny, can equally apply to truth;

there always remains a little something of the truth once spoken, and I shall be generously rewarded for my effort if, out of a thousand readers, there should be one who, walking in uncertainty, as I have done, between evil that kills and life-giving consolation, shall be determined to the side of life by my book.

I am in debt—I shall pay. But how? Am I going to try a vehement and serious refutation of falsehood? It has been done over and over again, and well done. And with what result? I don't know. I have been told that it has passed a few arm's-lengths above that frolicsome audience which plays the game of stopping its ears whenever its babyish prejudice is not pampered.

This is not encouraging, and, besides, to speak with violence, there must be a feeling of astonishment, of excitement, of indignation; now, I have no astonishment; the only thing that can astonish men who know the world is, not to hear the voice of calumny; I have some emotion, but it is tempered by habit, and does not go beyond the limits of my little patience; I can pardon a troublesome buzzing.

As for indignation, alas! where shall I vent it?

Can I forget that once upon a time I was ready to make my voice heard in the concert that I now complain of, and to howl like the wolf I was trying

to be, not at all *gratis*, but for a sum of money, which I gave back, it is true, but with much grief?

Can I forget above all that in place of restoring the thirty pieces, I should have earned them with a loyal rascality had not my conscience been offended by the odor of others' calumny, which my skilful manager had piled up on my table as "documents"?

But wait! I am really ashamed to admit it, but it was not even the grossness of the calumny that annoyed me. I thought it "ridiculous" to do as those others had done, and go only as far as one might go with the credulity and consent of readers; this flattered the contempt I had for my neighbor before learning to love and respect him; my only ambition was to go further than any one else in this impertinent way. The blows of a bludgeon did not suit me, for I was desirous of dealing still heavier ones; but, as was always the case with me, and I confess it here by way of penance, I was taken up with the little side of the comedy.

I, who without any effort, had swallowed untruths as large as a house, false testimony of immorality, of murder, of ferocity, of ignorance, and even of heresy, stood still, astounded like Robinson Crusoe when he found a foot-print in the sand of his lonely isle, as I came to the end of a sentence at the bottom of Pascal's *9th Provincial Letter*.

I remember it distinctly. In that famous 9th letter, so full of perverted sense, of dislocated, interpolated, and even falsified texts, Pascal takes up books of "easy devotions" in general, and those of Fathers Binet and Barry in particular. It is very witty, though a little drawn out, very perfidious and stuffed with generosity. One cannot help seeing its frankness! As for good faith, Pascal never makes light in this respect, and is even more strict than Voltaire!

But there was a *postscript* which said quietly: "*Since writing my letter, I have read Fathers Barry and Binet. . . .*"

At first, it is true, I paid no attention to this postscript as was natural; for Robinson Crusoe must have reflected a little before the simple mark of a heel could make his flesh creep.

I was going to pass beyond, when reflection underlined the candor of the phrase: "SINCE WRITING MY LETTER, I HAVE READ FATHERS BARRY AND BINET. . . ."

There is nothing in that, do you say? Ah! I agree with you. Nothing, less than nothing! At most only the distraction of an honorable heart led into a shameful path, and in an unguarded moment betraying its natural honesty.

And yet, in spite of myself, I again read the phrase which this time appeared to be printed in immense characters: "SINCE WRITING MY LETTER, I HAVE READ FATHERS BARRY AND BINET. . . ." And I finished Pascal's book, the whole collection of Jansenist juggleries, with bursts of laughter.

Is it my fault if gaieties of this sort strike me more forcibly than heavier villainies? No one can put aside his own nature. That adorable *postscript* set fire to all the other "documents" which had been scorching a long while on my table.

Pascal! the great Pascal, the Pascal of the *Thoughts* had skinned those unlucky Fathers Barry and Binet in the dark; he said so himself in the *postscript* without the slightest remorse and even with a certain pride in the task he had accomplished!

Pascal who wrote those splendid pages on death! He boasted in his *postscript* of having when a judge tied the rope about the victim's neck before hearing the accused's defence!

Listen! I thought a great deal of Pascal before that, but his *postscript* entitled him to my lasting gratitude, and I regard him, seated on the dead body of the Jesuit puppet he massacred, as one of the most active instruments in giving me that light

as to the Company of Jesus, which was, glory to God! the prelude to my conversion.

No one, in fact, will deny that Pascal is not only the greatest, the most Christian, the most eloquent, but also the keenest, the hardest, and the cruelest of all the Jesuits' enemies, and without slighting the talent of their more modern executioners, who have carried the cruelty of the *Provinciales* to assassination itself, it can be affirmed that since Pascal nothing has been said against the Jesuits which Pascal had not said and better said. It was a providence for a mind like mine, which is rather dull and indolent and only open to trifles, to perceive Pascal careful to add a *postscript* to his 9th letter, that would have done so well without it, just on purpose to slap me on the shoulder and tell me with a bewitching good nature: "I, who am the most conscientious of this drum-head court summoned to exterminate the Jesuits, use my authorities in that way; I begin by chopping my man into small pieces, and afterwards look over the papers in the case at my leisure; this saves time!"

Never certainly was there a happier or more striking proof of the uselessness of attempting to convince those who shut their eyes and stuff their ears.

It has not been proved that Pascal, as said in a Jansenist legend, had divined Geometry himself before having opened Euclid, for there was a copy of Euclid in his father's library, but it is clearly proved that Pascal, according to his own boast, constructed, arranged, and bent the sails on those very wind-mills, which he called Jesuits, so as to attack them with mighty strokes of his pen. He made them or received them ready-made from the hands of some Nicole, or of some Arnault; he colored the caricature which this Arnault or this Nicole had roughly outlined, in his bitter and painful humor; he clothed it in his own style and all the warmth of the fever that killed him when he was so great, so young, so unfortunate, turned to the sorrowful result of being a tool—a golden tool!—in the disloyal hand of heresy!

I pity Pascal above all men, because my admiration of him is full of tenderness, but I cannot admit the objection that, "It matters little whether one reads before or afterwards, provided one reads." Those who *read afterwards* have "taken a position." They are no longer looking for the truth, but for a makeshift that will give their position the appearance of truth.

Those who "read afterwards" take their places amongst those very deaf people who do not wish to hear. And I have all the more suspicion of them that the very paradox of the cause they champion constitutes the popularity of their pleading. Whether it be a cause they have chosen purposely or one that they have taken up unintentionally, the great ease of their success attaches them to their work. They keep on; do not count on their hesitation; they find error too convenient and too profitable.

And do not count, either, upon their being held back by the coarseness of certain means, for it is the grossness of these falsehoods that pleases the gluttony of their customers, who devour large slices and swallow great bumpers; and nothing is poured out so easily or so easily gurgles down the throat as sophistry. It is a mathematical law that the boldness of calumny cannot exceed the prowess of credulity.

Now, do you know what these students can give to amuse their doctors? They can give them the money they lack themselves, the success they will never gain, and they, obscure as they are, can give them glory! There are many of those who can do nothing for themselves but can do everything for the tavern-keeper who makes them drunk, for the

mountebank who makes light of them. You do not suppose that the professor, the tavern-keeper, or the mountebank is going to abandon his bread, his votes or his glory, to go chasing the truth which brings neither votes, glory, nor bread? Expect nothing of the sort: it would be against nature.

Hope only in God, but pray in peace. For nineteen centuries there has been the same spectacle of error always triumphant and always dying, to reappear, it is true, but ever in a new form, while truth remains fixed, the same truth, for there is but one truth against millions of errors.

That is enough. Let us pray in peace, even if the thousand errors should be reinforced by another thousand, for they pass away and our one Truth is eternal.

VI.

For whom then am I going to write?

I am going to write for those who have not yet taken a "position," for young people, for men of the world, and also for triflers like myself, undecided, as I was for a long time, and indifferent, between error which they are not well acquainted with and truth which they do not care to know.

I do not know if I shall be read, but I hope so.

For some, my bad books of former days will serve as a passport to this book, and that at least will be good. With others, ill-will may awaken some curiosity, for certain poor little pens already accuse me of having returned to God as a speculation . . . How truly those little pens speak, O Lord! What a great fortune I have gained by humbling myself beneath thy feet! But I have no desire now to sing the canticle of thanksgiving that fills my heart. It would be too long and I have only a few lines to indicate the scope of my work. But I will add that

the insinuation against my honor is a lie: it will bring me readers.

Is it not strange and amusing to see an honorable man, in the decline of his life, displaying himself in all the trickery of hypocrites? I look for this, and I hasten to strike while the iron is hot.

This book, providing its execution is equal to the conception, will be a wide sketch, and will compass in a general way what will form my large picture, "The General History of the Jesuits," which I shall complete if God gives me strength and life. I must begin by fixing the principal lines and regulating the perspective. This, then, will be a simple sketch, drawn in outline, or, to speak plainly, a rapid summary, since it will be all in one volume, but from this general view I intend to make certain capital facts project beyond their plane; precisely those facts which have ever been the theme of calumniators, and which are, as it were, the legend of calumny.

The exclamation point following my title is a promise to lay some stress on the constant assaults with which the hatred of three hundred years crushes and sometimes slays the Company of Jesus, that always rises again; it seems to me proper to choose the most striking of the crimes laid at the door of these eternal defendants, so as to exhibit them under

a somewhat dramatic form before proceeding to appeal the whole case.

I remember reading in Gioberti, that melancholy Christian and sorry politician, a page full of the Italian emphasis, but eloquent and original, where that mortal enemy of the Jesuits, in Plutarch's fashion, compares Ignatius Loyola and Julius Cæsar. Gioberti gives the preference to the founder of the Company of Jesus, but only so as more distinctly to mark the pretended decline of the children of Ignatius in analogy with the real decline of Cæsar's successors.

I shall say nothing of the parallel itself, for I have no fancy for anagrams, acrostics or parallels.

Cæsar was a mighty soldier : he passed the Rubicon. I do not know whether he founded anything. Brutus slew him. It is wrong to assassinate Cæsar or any other human creature. But I know that Ignatius founded something humble, though gigantic from its cradle, and which, instead of declining, has continued its growth.

I know that this thing won over to God, for all time or transitorily, the Indies, China, America, millions of souls, hundreds of millions of souls, and I know that the Judaic effort of Protestants and their commercial propaganda have thrown many of them back into error, but not all.

I know that this thing has been for three centuries and still is, in spite of unceasing attempts to break it down, the most powerful of all instruments of education.

I know that from the day of its birth this thing was calumniated, as in the time of Pasquier, as in the time of Pascal, as in the time of Voltaire, as in the time of Gioberti, as in our own time, and by the same calumniators, because the everlasting Church of Jesus Christ always attracts the same implacable hatred and envenomed anger.

The Church of Jesus Christ is an army "directed* by a supreme pontiff, conducted by its thousand bishops, flanked by its hundred religious orders, among which in the front rank figures" this thing we are talking of, the foundation of St. Ignatius, the Company which, "born in an age of conflicts, has been the best organized of all for battle."

"It exists only for conflict, and this is its merit before God and its significance in history."

What conflict? The conflict of authority with revolt, of liberty with oppression, of order with chaos, of good with evil: the true, the great, the only conflict.

* Mgr. Freppel, *Etudes religieuses historiques et littéraires.*

I know, too, that this conflict is neither less general nor less desperate to-day than it was in the XVIth century. Now as then, it is not only the Church, but the whole fabric of society that is threatened, and certainly, if a comparison must be made, our own age is much more diseased in a religious, social, and political view than was that even of Luther and Calvin.

I know that our country to-day has two urgent, vital needs: the need of learning obedience which gains battles; the need of learning the God it has forgotten, which is victory itself.

I have under my eyes the golden book where Father Emile Chauveau enumerates the pupils of the schools of St. Geneviève slain on the battle-field during our late disasters. Considering the whole number of pupils, the number of the victims, of the chosen rather, is truly and gloriously out of all proportion. Every one has remarked it.

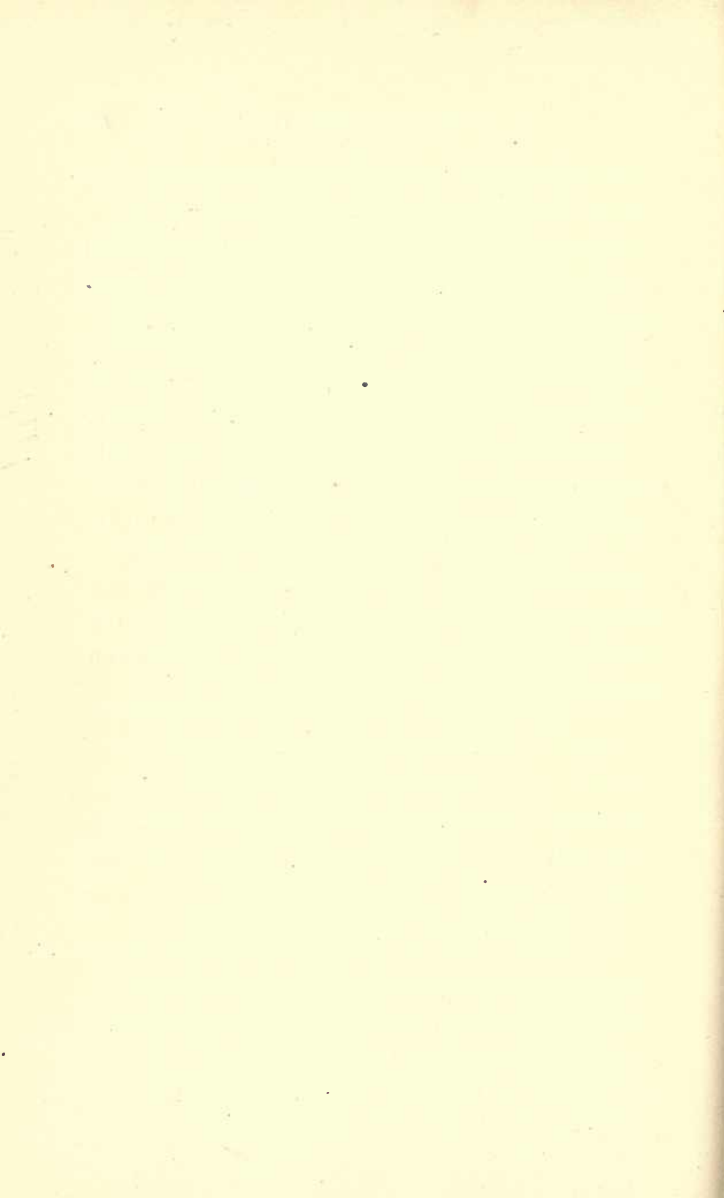
It may be said "It is chance." No. There is no chance. "Then it is good luck." . . . Ah! certainly, yes! and the grace of God, but be sure such luck is not for those who stick to their bed. It is only for those who seek it.

I know, too, that if our country is dying, it will die from these two diseases: lack of religion, lack

of discipline; and from a third ill which adheres closely to the other two: lack of devotion.

We are "practical" and devotion is not business; we are skeptical and devotion lives on faith; we are gay, always gay, even to the fanaticism of weariness, and devotion, I affirm, would amuse no one in those giddy crowds who are inhaling the poisonous atmosphere of luxury and misery in our halls of pleasure.

I know all this and this is why I desire to relate the history of those who live for religion in absolute discipline, in absolute devotion,—trying to earn the great happiness and the great honor of having my name bandied about in ridicule by the hatred of passers-by, as I proclaim the glory of this title, the horror of God's enemies because it contains the name of God: JESUITS!



THE FIRST VOW.

VERY early in the morning of Assumption-day, in the year 1534, a cripple, who, in spite of his infirmity, had a quick, energetic step, descended the great Rue St. Jacques, in the University quarter. He was dressed as a poor scholar, though he seemed to have reached middle life; but instead of the ink-case which usually beat about the breeches of those of his state, he had only a rosary at his side. To a good new rope passed under his worn-out cloak, hung his canvass wallet; an excellent weapon for the wayfarer at night in Paris, and better than sword or staff, for the tramps seldom attacked beggars.

Just as our scholar was going along by the parapet of the deserted bridge, three o'clock sounded from the belfry of the Saint-Chappelle.

He turned his eyes up the Seine, bordered with dark houses, and with the sign of the cross saluted the square pile of Notre Dame. There was no glimmer on the horizon to indicate the coming of dawn.

It was the hour when all Paris is asleep, whether in the XVIth, or in the XIXth century. While crossing the *cit * and threading the alleys that surround the markets, he met not a living soul until he reached the *Porte de Montmartre*, near our Rue du Mail: the first houses of the Rue Neuve Ste. Eustache, were built a little afterwards along the road on the exterior of the wall, whose crooked line it still preserves.

The barrier was shut. The night-watchman asked the cripple: "Where are you going?" And the cripple replied, "I am going to the chapel of Saint-Martyr, to celebrate the feast of Mary ever a Virgin."

The chapel of Saint-Martyr, situated a good deal below the parochial church of Montmartre, and whose crypt still exists beneath the pavement of the Rue Marie-Antoinette, occupied the exact place of the altar of Mars, where St. Denis, the patron of Paris was dragged and martyred along with his companions, Rusticus and Eleutherius, on the 9th

October, 272, for having refused to sacrifice in the temple of Mercury, the god of thieves, of merchants, and of another class of men whose name is not written in any language.

The watchman said: "You have plenty of time before the hour of the first mass! Turn to your right, by the way of the Poissonniers, for the main road is blocked up by the people who are at work on the water of the Porcherous."

The Ménilmontant or Porcherous brook which now runs under the ground, at that time crossed the high-road of Montmartre, near our Rue de Provence. It used to be partially dried up in summer, and its stagnant waters bred pestilence. The cripple followed the Poissonniers road, crossing the thickets, where a little city of philosophical taverns was to arise in the XVIIIth century under the name of New France, and reached the eastern side of Montmartre, through the fields which then stretched out between the village of Chapelle-Saint-Denis and the hamlet of Clignancourt, at the point called Fontanelle, and also Goutte d'eau, corrupted into Goutte d'or.

There was yet no sign of dawn, but the moon, slanting to the horizon, threw an uncertain light upon the fields where the spire of the abbey, erected

by Suger, arose from the midst of the plain against the black hills of Montmartre, and facing the four round towers of the Noble-House of St. Ouen, whose bells were constantly ringing because its masters, the Knights of the Star, instituted in 1351 by King John, were obliged to assemble there once a year on this day of August from Prime until after Vespers of the next day.

Our cripple also, though he now carried a wallet, had been a knight in his time, but for a long while he had been living in humility, far from the glories of the world, so that it was not for him that the bells of the Noble-House were pealing. He was destined to found an order of knighthood differently illustrious from King John's.

He reached the summit of Montmartre by the steep path of Fontanelle.

The night was still dark. Arrived at the uppermost point, taken up by the cemetery, just where they are now digging the foundations for the basilica which the vow of France has promised to the Heart of Jesus, he stopped, out of breath, and looking about him, said: "I am first at the meeting-place," and he took some repose, not sitting or lying down, but extended upon his face to say his rosary.

There was silence on that naked crest where the summer-night's breeze passed, calm and soft. Not a sound. The village of Montmartre, whose new houses were on both sides of the church, still slept. Nothing appeared on the rounded surface of the slope between our scholar and the cemetery, except some black immovable objects; rocks, no doubt, such as those which strew druidical fields.

The clock of the church struck four, and at once the peals of the abbey summoned to the office of Matins.

Then one of the rocks stirred and lifted up—then another—then all. There were six, and the lame scholar standing up in his turn, said: "God be praised, I thought I was the first and I was the last."

The rising sun threw its rays upon six young men gathered about our more aged scholar, who seemed a master in the midst of his disciples. We must no longer call him scholar, for all the rest, except one who was a priest, wore the dress of that little nation of students who followed the course of the University of Paris.

The priest alone had the complexion of a Frenchman: all the others, including the cripple, wore on their brown faces the mark of the Spanish race, which at that time shared with us the dominion of the world.

Francis I was king, Charles V, emperor. Columbus, not a great while before had discovered an unknown half of the earth.

Alexander Farnese, under the name of Paul III, replaced Leo X, at Rome, on the throne of St. Peter.

In this year 1534, Luther was fifty; Calvin, thirty-three. The cripple, through whose brown canvass wallet some crusts of the bread of charity protruded, had reached his forty-seventh year.

But why mention the age of this poor man between the ages of Luther and Calvin? Because this poor man alone was greater and more fertile in good than Luther and Calvin united were terrible and fertile in evil.

His name was Ignatius de Loyola.

It was plain that he was a soldier. The mark of his unconquerable valor could be seen through the humility of his conversion.

But he was a thinker, and his aquiline face bore the broad clearness of predestined heads.

There was much of the eagle in his profile whose haughty lines barely showed the immense softness which, with the help of God, he had forced into his heart full of the fever of war, on the day when the light had come upon him like a thunderbolt. Although his face displayed a generous elevation, the beauty of his soul shone most in his eyes; his glance quelled and attracted at the same time, because it had at once power and tenderness.

Thirteen years had passed since that bloody night at the siege of Pampeluna when he was found conquered in his victory, after a *mêlée* of twelve hours, where he had fought and raged like a lion.

These Loyolas, lords of Oñez, were of Cantabrian race and as hardened to battle as the steel of their swords. Ignatius, a brilliant captain, formerly page to king Ferdinand, young, ambitious, proud, beloved, at first rebelled against the hand of God which held him to the bed when he could hear the din of war. It is said that he asked those who were watching his sick bed to bring him some knightly romances so as to soothe his pain, and that they brought him stories of the martyrs, and among the rest the acts of the first, the greatest of all martyrs: the Passion of our Lord.

There is a tradition in Guipuzcoa that Ignatius was then in love with a beautiful young girl of great wealth, whose hand had been promised him. When he had finished the Passion according to the apostle St. John, he tore her beloved image from his heart, and pressing against his lips a medal of Mary, the Mother of God, he dedicated his soul to the service of faith and his body to the chastity of the crucified God, saying: "I shall be a knight of the real love and a soldier of the only glory."

We are not to take the life of a saint as an exact model for a man of the world. Each state of life has its own holiness. The saints are God's workmen and they owe him their whole work-day. Those who remain in the world must fulfil their duty to God, but without neglecting what they owe the world.

Ignatius, unwilling to make this division of his labor, quitted the world and gave himself up utterly to God's work long before binding himself by any public and solemn promise. First of all he put himself in a state of voluntary indigence by aban-

doning all his wealth to the poor, and he separated himself from the world by breaking the dearest of ties. This was his "vigil of arms," and we must not lose sight of the fact that he entered upon his apostolate as a knight.

Having bid good-bye to the glory of battles, which was his profession and his delight, to the love of his betrothed, to the noble house of his parents, to his dear friends, to his beloved relatives, he set out with streaming eyes but a firm heart. On the way, he gave to the poor, not the half of his cloak, like St. Martin, the apostle of charity, but the whole of his cloak, all his goods and his horse. As for his sword, he reserved that to hang up on a pillar of the monastery of Monserrat, near Manresa in Catalonia, whither he was on his way as a pilgrim.

In that monastery he made his general confession which lasted three days; then, clothed in a canvass sack, he withdrew into the famous grotto, where he had his first ecstatic revelations, in the intervals of the rambles afar which he made on foot to beg bread for his poor.

There he saw in their germ his *Spiritual Exercises* and the plan of his *Constitutions*, that is to say, the work of his grand life.

He saw something else: the need of being a man of science in order to teach truth and contend with error.

But the glorious captain of yesterday, before sitting down on the forms of a school among little children, wanted to gratify his strong desire of pressing his lips on the tomb of the Saviour. Alone and on foot he set out with the grace of God, and through charity got passage on a ship from Barcelona, reached Rome, whence, after kissing the feet of the Holy Father, Adrian VI, he again took up his wallet, crossed Italy, begging his bread on the way and reëmbarked at Venice on a galley which landed him on the island of Cyprus.

From there he reached Jaffa, thence the Holy City, after a journey which had taken him nearly a year.

Had it not been for a fortunate obstacle which Providence set in his path, his whole future mission would have been stopped there, for the land trodden by the footsteps of Jesus was so dear to him that he determined to live and die in it; but the delegate of the Holy See who exercised authority over pilgrims, commanded him to return to Europe, and Ignatius for the last time moistened the Redeemer's footprints with his tears, on Jebel-Tor, at the blessed hour of His Ascension.

Seven months afterwards he was entered as a scholar in the lowest class of the University of Barcelona. Persecuted for his wonderful piety, which seemed to be sorcery, several times imprisoned, driven from Barcelona to Salamanca, from Salamanca to Alcalà, meeting injustice with the silence of resignation, he left Spain and took up the road to Paris, whose University was the first in the world.

At the time of his arrival in France in the early part of 1528, Ignatius, born in 1491, was thirty-six years old. He was courageous enough to begin his humanities over again at the college of Montaigu, then at Sainte-Barbe, and in spite of the obstacles which his pious life, the depth of his meditations, and the apostolate he was already trying, opposed to his elementary studies, he made some progress, but persecution had followed him across the Pyrenees.

It happened that a professor of Sainte-Barbe, John Pegna, accused him, not of being a sorcerer, as had been done in Spain, but of drawing the scholars into mystic reveries which took them from

their studies; wherefore, he condemned him to be publicly flogged in the hall.

Ignatius submitted with a humility that astonished the principal of the college and led him to examine for himself.

Ignatius underwent the examination just as he had accepted the punishment, and it was noised about that there would be an exemplary flagellation.

The scholars disliked him on the account of his perfect life. It was like the announcement of a feast-day. A great crowd was already gathered in the large hall where the execution was to take place and testified its impatience, like the audience in a theatre anxious for the curtain to rise, when the principal appeared.

He held, or rather drew Ignatius by the hand.

He passed through the cruel, curious ranks. The one who appeared to be a culprit followed, pale and with downcast looks.

The principal stopped in the middle of the hall and, to every one's great astonishment, his eyes were full of tears.

For a moment he stood still, undecided and as if overcome by his feelings, then suddenly pressing Ignatius to his bosom (others say he fell upon his knees), he cried out: "This man has not only let

himself be wrongfully accused without complaining, but in return for the good he has done, was cheerfully ready to suffer the injury of an unjust punishment. I have discovered the conscience of a saint and you see it before you !”

Up to that time, the least malicious of Ignatius' companions had ridiculed his zeal in leading souls to God : they had thought the part of a director of consciences unbecoming to this stranger living on the charity of passers-by, and whose face had become wan before he had taken any degree in science or letters, but everything was changed after the incident we have just related : many hearts came to him.

Ignatius repulsed no one, but he attached himself to few. Do not be astonished, for he was making a careful selection from all who came to him : he was choosing those who were to be *Jesuits*.

The first of the chosen was a very young man, open and mild, named Peter Lefèvre. He too, from the heart of Savoy, had come as a pilgrim, to take orders, and was already renowned for his great learning. Ignatius made himself at once his master and his disciple : his master in faith, his disciple in studies : and thanks to this devoted preceptor's help the difficulties he had found on the scholastic way

were removed. He was graduated master of arts and at last could enter the class of theology.

Lefèvre had the tender friendship of a scholar of his own age, Francis Xavier, belonging to a noble, but very poor family of Navarre; he had a warm heart, a sparkling eloquence, a lively wit, but was utterly given to earthly ambition. Ignatius undertook to convert him, and the discourse that historians put in his mouth seems to come down from evangelical heights: "Xavier, of what use will it be to gain the universe and lose your soul? If there were no other life than the present one, no other glory than the glory of the world, you would be right to think only of raising yourself among men: but if there is an eternity, why confine your desires here, and why prefer what passes away to what will never end?" Ignatius found it hard to conquer that soul, but it was his finest conquest.

At this time neither Lefèvre nor Xavier knew that they were enrolled as captains in an army without soldiers. So far Ignatius' thoughts belonged only to God.

The third and fourth came together from Spain with the intention of giving themselves to Ignatius, who was becoming famous without seeking fame. James Laynez and Anthony Salmeron, the latter

scarcely more than a child, were met with open arms: the master's first glance discovered the mark of genius in their young faces.

Then came Alfonso from the village of Bobadilla, and the Portuguese, Rodriguez Azevedo.

With the exception of Xavier, who taught philosophy, all six were so poor that they lived on alms. But Ignatius, already the father of this family, stretched out his hand for his children. He had not let them guess his projects, and yet they looked to him for something great.

Lefèvre was ordained a priest.

A little later Ignatius kept himself apart in solitude in order the better to give himself to his meditations. Without the use of words a current of thoughts passed between him and his friends who put no question. One day, however, Xavier asked him: "Have you nothing to say to us?" Ignatius, whose eyes were full of tears, embraced him and answered nothing.

The 13th of August, 1534, the day before the Eve of the Assumption, he ordered all to fast and confess next day: then having told Lefèvre to be at the abbey in advance in order to prepare for the Mass he was to celebrate on the morning of the 15th of August, in the crypt of Saint-Martyr, he added:

“Let all of you be on the summit of Montmartre before daybreak, in the field behind the church, below the cemetery. I shall be there and I SHALL SPEAK TO YOU.”

Those who on that morning gathered about Ignatius de Loyola at the meeting-place, were Peter Lefèvre, a priest, Francis Xavier, James Laynez, Anthony Salmeron, Nicholas Alonzo de Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriguez d’Azevedo, scholars. All were to have great, though unequal parts in the glory of their master.

The oldest, Lefèvre, was twenty-four; the youngest, Salmeron, had barely reached his eighteenth year.

Ignatius de Loyola kept his promise, no doubt: he spoke in the midst of that group of elected souls who listened to him attentively. The great recollection of the Apostle of the Gauls surrounded them on this mountain where the living God replaced the dead gods of paganism, buried beneath the earth.

The glance of the rising sun silvered the royal vane of St. Denis in the distance, and in the foreground rested kindly on the humble church of Montmartre which had been the temple of Mercury, but had been purified and baptized in the blood of martyrs.

As far as the eye could reach, all was loneliness. The awakening of Paris, shrouded in mist, gave out no other sounds than the voice of its bells, recalling the sweet glory of Mary, the mother of Jesus, alike to those who loved her and to those who hardened their hearts in forgetfulness.

Paris was far from Montmartre in those days; it was already called a large city, yet it was in the middle of the plain, like a flock of houses nestling around the black towers of Notre Dame.

It terminated on the east at the gardens of St. Paul, widely separated from the Bastille that seemed with its wheel-like towers a heavy chariot wending its way to the donjon of Vincennes; on the west it stopped at the Louvre, on the south side at the enclosure of St. Germain-des-Prés, on the north side it ended within some hundred yards of St. Eustache, and nothing indicated that it would soon overflow its crenelated walls and inundate the surrounding country.

All this was faintly seen through the fog, the fog of Paris, its breath, beneath which the gilded crosses sparkled feebly as they received a mysterious kiss of light through the veil.

It was calm, but something of a hidden threat escaped from this repose.

Ignatius spoke: what did he say?

Those who desire to hear can catch his words through the distance of time. They resound in his works, and his writings have immortalized them.

When he had exchanged the Christian salute with his companions, he paused, and then made known his thoughts in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And through the church windows came the sweet chant of the recluses who were celebrating the praises of the Lord. . . .

“ You are impatient, my brothers and my children, because you have been waiting for me for some days, but for fourteen years I myself have waited in patience. For fourteen years I have raised my eyes to heaven and lowered them to the earth,

seeking what heaven is preparing for the world, and what the world is meditating against heaven.

“The present time will make a long page in history. Peace to those whose names shall not resound in the midst of this noise. Ours shall all be encribed there; those of some with their blood. . . .

“One after the other, Selim and Soliman have threatened Europe; the crescent prevails in Rhodes, no longer under the standard of Jerusalem. We have seen Christians in the service of the Turk; we have seen kings conspiring the fall of their own throne, and in the height of the astonishment caused by these facts which frighten reason, a loud voice in Rome is denouncing corruption in the cloister and falsehood that stands at the altar. What can astonish us after this? Where will the chastisement end? What is God’s desire? Who understands the language of His anger?

“There is the apostate Luther, a man of brutalized genius, of an enslaved mind, taken captive by the senses, with the appetite of an ogre, the strength of a bull, and the cruelty of a wolf: a deep shame, but a shining lesson, teaching the world that heresy is not the revolt of reason, but the uprising of the flesh.

“Covetous Germany has bounded at his voice, raging in sacrilege, in theft and in murder. Princes

head the riotous mobs who in the end will trample crowns beneath their feet. In sacking cathedrals they teach how to demolish palaces. The instruction will not be thrown away.

“Hell triumphs insolently, it is the orgy of the human beast who accuses the Holy Virgin of immodesty, and the true God of falsehood; they suppress the Mass, that is to say, Jesus; these men who call themselves Christians and more than Christians, since they pretend to reform Christianity, throw down the insulted Christ and His dishonored Mother from the altar.

“These are the ‘Reformers’ in arms against each other, accusing one another of disloyalty, the only truth they speak; there is Carlstadt who slaughters infants’ souls by depriving them of baptism; there is Munzer, the furious leveller, finding in a falsified gospel the law of theft, the confusion of mine and thine, the antique folly of the division of land; there is John of Leyden, the dramatic prophet, preaching community of all things, even of women: a masterpiece of Satan, who in him parodies royalty, the priesthood and even martyrdom! There is Zwingli, the austere maniac, whose inheritance Calvin will appropriate . . . but why go over the names? It is hypocrisy, blasphemy, pillage, ravage, slaughter; it is the substitution of time for

eternity, the festival of great words that cover the shame of men and the disgrace of things; it is REFORM, red with wine and with blood, leprosy dressed up as a panacea!

“The Turks deceive no one, the Turks are barbarians, themselves deceived by a false prophet; they have denied nothing; but Luther, Carlstadt, Munzer, Zwingli, John of Leyden, knew Jesus, and have betrayed Jesus; they have sold him for their interest, their passions, their inordinate thirst of power, of renown, of enjoyment; they have willingly made themselves the apostles of pride, the servants of the enemy of mankind.

“Thus the enemy rejoices; he laughs and into the midst of the horror he introduces an ill-omened gayety that recalls the time when the Lower Empire scoffed at its own agony. Christiern makes a prelate of his barber; Henry VIII, the beau and the headsmen, between the assassination of two of his queens, finds the time to reform also, and to write pamphlets where he calls Rome a prostitute, because Rome has refused to wash the nuptial bed that he had steeped in blood and shared with a harlot.

“For they are all the same; each of these reformers accuses the Church of the crime or crimes which he has notoriously committed; wickedness drags in-

nocence before the tribunal with cries of indignation ; the assassin shouts ‘murder!’ the pilferer, ‘stop thief!’ Judas denounces treachery ; Henry VIII is scandalized! He dips his pen of former ‘defender of the faith’* into the mingled blood of women and priests and he finds in calumny a rest from the labors of the executioner.

“Is that all? Would to God it were! We are in France, and Paris lies beneath us. Will the eldest daughter of the Church assist her mother by the valor of her arms against the dangers that threaten her upon all sides? She can. I hope she will.

“You and I are children of that magnificent University of Paris, the honor of science, the pride of letters, and like me you have heard these sounds, so timid at first—something shrill but furtive, like the hissing of a snake in the grass—and which, year by year, increase in volume till they seem like the voices in the air that presage the coming of tempests.

“The deep avowed shame of the sects beyond the Rhine has not yet reached here ; Paris cannot be a resort of lansquenets, and the absurd spectacle of

* Henry VIII, before his apostasy, bore the title, *defensor fidei*, given him by Rome, and still proudly borne by his successors.

Wartburg, the Protestant Sinai, where the tipsy Luther conversed with the devil as Moses did with God, would only suit Germans; nor does the cold epilepsy of the North, where the pagan soil so long refused to admit the roots of the Cross, prevail here; and still less the immovable arithmetic of London merchants reckoning the profits of having a Pope of their own, one who would divide the patrimony of the Church with them and be at once king, professor, purveyor, sovereign pontiff, handling the sceptre, the censer, the axe, with one hand, equally skilful at the pupil's desk or at the headsman's block, English enough to establish an English faith, baptized under the name of Anglicanism, English morals, an English modesty, and an English truth, just as those other honest merchants of Carthage invented the Punic faith—no, these things are only good for the English.

“France desires other sophistries, and above all care in the manner of their presentation. She must have an appearance of examination, the phantom of logic, and a toy of some sort to amuse her under the name of liberty.

“She, perhaps, will go further in the way of political follies than all the others, because she is stronger and more lively, and fevers are in proportion to the generosity of temperaments, but so far she has not

set out, and her witty good sense is proof for the present against the disgusting bait that is hanging on the fish hooks of heresy.

“But wit, the dear, dangerous wit of the French, has its weak side. There are women, vice, the attraction of the art of writing and saying things. The pen is woman, so is the word. . . . It is women who open the gates of France to evil.

“The king’s sister, Marguerite, shelters and warms in her bosom the dangerous viper, the really strong workman, who will give heresy its philosophical mask and its disguise of moderation; John Calvin who has already reformed Luther and will be reformed by thousands of others, for the history of Protestantism will have only one line, or rather one name continually erased and rewritten; reform, that is rebellion: reform of reform, rebellion against rebellion, heresy against heresy, a mob of schisms increasing and multiplying in the midst of schism, just as weeds spring up in the bad farmer’s land. . . .

“. . . . I have promised to build a chapel (do not be astonished, for we shall build many, and even churches!) in the very place where the first Lutheran profanation was committed against the Virgin in Paris. It happened under my eyes in the Rue St. Antoine, and you will know the place when you see

them digging the foundations. The sacrilegious mob was guided by a page of the Duchess of Etampes, the king's friend; and she reforms too, not her impure life, but the ancient honor of her race, by selling her treacherous faith and her duped king to English intrigues.

“In France error grows by the favor of these two women, sitting on the very steps of the throne and endowed with God's gifts. Impious books circulate in the schools and the first of Calvin's printed blasphemies was sent, in a gilded binding, to the woman who could slip it into the king's private apartments. Through her pleading the king made the Lutheran, Nicholas Cop, rector of the University of Paris, and this man, who from having been Calvin's master, has become his servant, thanked the king by publicly preaching not only against the Vatican, but even against the Louvre. . . .

“Is that all? No, indeed. This very year Calvin, who has not Luther's bravery, and whose burdened conscience constantly threatens him with the phantom of personal danger, fled from Paris. Whither? To the court of Nérac, to Margaret of Valois, queen of Navarre!

“And from there they are trying to carry error into Catholic Spain! while on the other side, the

poison setting out from Switzerland and crossing Savoy penetrates Piedmont, which has ever been hostile to the Holy See. It is spread about by Renée, the duchess of Ferrara, a daughter of Louis XII, almost as much out of her head over Calvin as Margaret of Valois herself, and she is giving her hand to John Valdez, the favorite of the viceroy of Naples, whose emissaries are stealing into Rome!...

“In the eternal city the Vicar of Jesus Christ sits abandoned on his throne, his hands extended to heaven; he sees the deluge rising, rising, sweeping away everything in its fearful course, threatening to invade the heart of Catholicity, the last rampart of faith, of authority, of truth.

“. . . . This is not news to you, my children and my friends; the evil is so glittering that all can see it with closed eyes, for the rays of its infernal light pierce the eyelids. What I have desired to show you is the number and the strength of the battalions that are leagued against faith. A like gathering of

men has never been before. Will faith be overcome?

“It cannot be.

“Who will defend it? Jesus. Where is the army of Jesus? At Rome and in France.

“Is the army of Rome numerous? No.

“Is it strong? Yes.

“And the army of France?

“It is here, count it!

“Six young men and a cripple, who will be an old man to-morrow; seven souls in all.

“The army of France has but one Frenchman. Do not despise it, for with the help of God it will do great things.

“While you were waiting for me, rebuking my silence, in the humility of my prayer I was raised to those heights whence one can look out upon the future. I read our history in Jesus’ secret. God accepts us for his soldiers. He showed me the wide field of battle where the other standard marches against his standard. I saw that.

“I saw the whole world come down into the arena; I saw you, I saw myself. . . .

“I do not ask if your will is for war. What good? I know that your will is abandoned to the will of God. . . .

“And I know you are the ‘Companions of Jesus;’ you shall have that name, understand me: you will not take it, God gives it to you. . . .

“. . . . You shall have hours of triumph so splendid that jealous hatred will rise up about you in a whirlwind, just as water boils and hisses about the red iron it is tempering.

“And you shall have disasters so fearful that your enemies will set their heel upon what they take to be your dead body.

“But you shall not strike, and yet they shall be cast down. . . . You shall never strike.

“Your law is not to strike, and you shall conquer by this law.

“. . . . How is the enemy called?—His name is Revolt.

“Where is Revolt? In Heresy which is Falsehood.

“How are Revolt and Heresy to be attacked? By Authority which is Truth.

“Where are Authority and Truth? In the Church with Liberty, which is the right to live and die ac-

ording to the law of God, in order to be born again in the glory of God.

“Is the Church attacked? Yes, on all sides.

“Does the Church need any defense? For herself, no, for she is sure of life from the promise of Jesus Christ. In the interest of what is not the Church, yes, and above all in the interest of the active enemies of the Church, who will either come back to the Church or will die, for out of the Church there is no salvation.

“We do not wish them to die.

“Then how defend the Church, that is to say, the possibility of salvation for those who do not know the Church and for those who persecute the Church? By opposing obedience to revolt, self-denial to selfishness, free sacrifice to the slavery of gross passions which always demand greater indulgence; that is to say, by making Christians.

“How are Christians made? By the word of Jesus Christ, recalled to men, and taught to children and to infidels.

“The reign of brute force will never finish; the sword will be broken only by the cannon, and that

will prevail till a more brutal force dismounts it; but opposed to these inert powers that blindly serve the justice of God and the wrongheadedness of man, another power is appearing, called thought.

“It is only of yesterday, though the Scripture is 1500 years old, but it is our age which is beginning to cast written and spoken thought upon the earth to feed the appetite of the mob.

“Wickedness ever wakeful, while goodness slumbers, has seized this thing, which is right enough in itself, and, by means of it, has resuscitated the Judaic idol and the altars of the heathen gods.

“We must not permit the betrayal of defenceless ignorance by this perverted knowledge.

“We shall not fight with the sword, but with the word; we shall preach to men and instruct children; we shall make Christians by preaching and teaching.

“I who have had lessons from all of you, and am the least learned among you, have at least the science of the humble, and you have chosen me to direct your hearts, if not your intelligence. Why? Because you have seen the name of Jesus flaming like a torch in my conscience.

“I have studied at Barcelona, at Salamanca, at Alcalà, at Paris; what have I learned? The language of doubt, but in me there was no harbor for

doubt. Jesus came and my trust in God has grown by the doubts of man.

“I have admired orators and men of learning, and have drunk the philosophy or the poetry that poured from their lips, yet at the bottom of my soul I have said the prayer of our Father in heaven as it was taught to the apostles by the Man-God Himself. That is infinite poetry and everlasting philosophy.

“I have heard the Scotchman, Buchanan, who sings like Virgil; the profound Iatomus; the vast Gombaut; the universal William Budé; Danes, and his master Lascaris, who could have discoursed with Plato in the pure language of Homer; Ramus, so keen to point out the shortcomings of Aristotle, and so unable to see his own weakness; always those noble minds spoke a lofty language, but above their full sounding tones I heard the voice of my God teaching me to believe, to hope, to love and to abandon my soul to the wonders of his mercy.

“And each day I loved, I hoped and I believed more and more, tasting the joys of faith in the very midst of the boldest denials, understanding the happiness of hoping all the more for the learned discouragement that surrounded me, and making the canticle of my great love be heard above the wailings of their hatred.

“For every blasphemy is a cry of pain coming from the torture of remorse.

“From the thrice blessed time when God visited me as I lay wounded on my pallet, I have been seeking my way, the road that is to lead me to the end I so passionately desire; the greater glory of God, that is to say, the most complete salvation of man.

“On this road my soul has made three halts.

“In my grotto at Manresa, I dedicated myself to alms and prayer, those powerful weapons of the first hermits. I was still ignorant of the disease of our time, yet something murmured in me: ‘It is not enough.’

“The Mother of Jesus, whom I had constantly besought, inspired me to visit Calvary; on my way I heard terrible threats in the name of Luther. The hope of battle arose in me.

“That was the second station on my journey.

“And the battle was the one I spoke of a little while ago; a battle where we give no blows, and which is decided in the enemy’s favor, the supernatural battle of charity.

“And already I thought: ‘How few will believe in the sincerity of such an effort which upsets the equilibrium of human virtues! Nothing for nothing, is the world’s law.’

“And I already heard the great cry that was to go up around me: ‘Hypocrite! hypocrite! hypocrite!’

“That is the hardest insult to bear. My captain’s pride still exists in the corner of my heart. ‘Hypocrite! hypocrite!’ may I live to swallow this insult; may I die buried in this cry, my Lord and my God, and may my shame be thy glory!

“Nevertheless, to preach as well as to teach, one must be instructed. I studied, and while studying, I heard the same mysterious voice as at Manresa, murmuring the same words: ‘It is not enough.’

“O Virgin! said I, Immaculate Mother, what more must I do? Shall I never know the will of my divine Master?

“... Here I am stopped by respect, happiness and sorrow. It has been thus whenever the revelation of the mysterious and wonderful facts of my time of trial has come to my lips. . . . O Jesus of piety and of pity, the treasure of the poor, the glory of the humble, from the very day when I first touched the hand of Peter Lefèvre, who was to be the first one consecrated among us, my strength grew, my hope enlarged, and the idea of our association having arisen in me, I no longer heard the voice saying: ‘It is not enough.’

“It was enough; with the idea of association a plan took shape in my thoughts.

“I am a soldier and could dream only of an army. Besides, did I not remember seeing in my first ecstasies those great multitudes who walked in the shadow against the light of the Cross, and the mystic conflict of the two standards in the boundless plain?

“My army existed, though I was still alone with Lefèvre to whom I had said nothing.

“You came, one after the other, my friends and my children, and I enlisted you without your knowledge. Others offered themselves, but I stopped at the seventh.

“The present hour requires no more. What the future asks God will tell.

“We are seven against millions of men who are unfaithful to God. The millions of men who are faithful to God will, perhaps, not be with us.

“We do not know our friends and they do not know us; but we know our enemies and we shall make them know us.

“ We have neither authority nor mission, and we have but one right, that of giving ourselves and asking nothing in return. Our strength is in the absence of all strength. We desire not arms, subsidies, ramparts, nor anything perishable.

“ We shall have everything in Jesus Christ.

“ We shall go as our divine Master went through Judea, with open hands and bared breasts. We are to-day what I was when alone yesterday, the Company founded to carry the Cross of Jesus.

“ Each of us shall fall by the wayside, crushed by the fearful and sweet weight of that burden, but what matter? The work shall live and grow—I know it.

“ The Company of Jesus shall triumph in Jesus, through Jesus.

“ It will stop the desertion that is desolating the temple, it will fill up the great gaps in the ranks of the faithful.

“ Do not doubt it; so it will be.

“ Antiquity had a sublime fable: Orpheus going even to death in search of his love. We shall do as Orpheus; the Company of Jesus will seek out the victims of apostasy in the apostates' hell; it will snatch those dear souls from death, by going to the lowest depths of the abyss; it will try, may it suc-

ceed! to save the soul of the apostate itself from the greatest of misfortunes!

“Already some of the wanderers are hesitating and inquiring the right way; we shall point it out to them, that is not much.

“But there are great numbers of little souls, the children, the well-beloved children of whom Jesus said: ‘Suffer them to come unto me,’ we shall take the children by the hand and lead them to Jesus; that too is but little for the present, but is a great deal for the future.

“But in darkness beyond the Ocean there are other multitudes of souls as impossible to number as the sands of the seashore. . . . Xavier, your eye is brightening; I know your great heart bleeds when it hears of the demon’s heavy yoke that weighs upon the Indies, upon Japan, upon China, upon the African countries, upon America, in a word, upon the larger half of the world. . . .

“You shall go, Xavier; we shall go, the Company of Jesus will go; it will purchase with the blood of its martyrs as many souls as the Church has lost in the shipwreck of the Reform, the double, and the triple; so that the fold of the Good Shepherd will be full to overflowing. . . .

“ . . . Let us praise God. We are the army of God. I say ‘we are,’ for the work is founded; it has existed since the time when my thoughts no longer belonged to me alone and passed from my soul into yours. This is our birthday. Here is the cradle of our power. The age of this power will count for mankind from the fact that gives sanction to it; for ourselves it dates from this very day, consecrated to the Immaculate Queen of angels. We know that from the present hour we are the soldiers of prayer, of renunciation and of charity.

“Every army must have a general, we shall have a general who will be our earthly chief. Nothing in the world will be vaster or more complete than his authority, unless it be our liberty.

“And this liberty and this authority will be together perfect obedience, which is the only remedy that can break the fever of the time.

“The obedience I speak of can be defined only in naming Him to whom it will be due, in the same measure and by the same title from our superior-general as from the last one amongst us. We shall seek our supreme Chief not here below, but in heaven: it will be thou, O Jesus Christ our Saviour!

“All authority amongst us shall come from thee, and shall be exercised in thee; all obedience shall be directed to thee.

“To obey thee, O God, is to be free, and to command in thy holy name is to obey.

“The tree of faith, the tree of the Cross, has two symmetrical branches, authority and obedience: both bear the same fruit, liberty.

“To command, to obey: two sides of the same sacrifice! two meanings of the one word, level Jesus, Lord, under thy level he who commands is the more humble. He is a servant among servants: he belongs to those who belong to thee, and thus only, O God Saviour! in thee, through thee, the self-denial of power and the devotion of obedience unite in the embrace which gives life to liberty. . . .

“We are seven to-day: to-morrow, we can be a thousand. Our earthly chief must be strong in the hand of our divine Master, under the eye of the common Father of the faithful.

“Our house shall not be built for human interests, and yet our house shall prosper, even in a fashion that is strange to the calling and the intention of the order, but which may be necessary according to the times, for the fulfilment of its providential work.

“I know that, I see it, and affirm it.

“I know, I see, I affirm that the earthly chief of our order, the general of our peaceful army will be mighty among the great ones of the earth, from the very depth of his humility. It must be, it will be so. Therefore, you shall choose him ‘*intimately united to God*,* so that from the fountain head itself, he may be able to obtain an abundance of the grace, that through him is to spread out over our whole body.’

“Moreover, by his example he should preach the practice of all virtues, and ‘above all, the *splendor of charity*:’ in him should be seen ‘interior mortification, exterior modesty, circumspection of words, a severity tempered with sweetness, an invincible courage’ inspired by the word of the apostle St. Paul: ‘when I am weak, I am strong.’ *II. Cor.* xii, 10.

“As for what is called force in human language: science, intelligence, discernment, prudence in business, God will provide, because our chief shall be the ‘servant whom the Lord has named,’ *quem constituit Dominus*, to govern the family. . . . He seems to be above, but he is really beneath. The family bears and weighs down upon him, and he

* St. Ignatius, *Constitutions*, Part IX.

can say: 'Thou hast placed men upon our heads, Lord, *imposuisti homines super capita nostra. . . .*'*

"The authority that we are going to confide in Jesus Christ to this head of the family will look so high and so wide to outsiders, that it will be said: 'Nothing similar has ever existed, it is a drove of slaves led by a tyrant;' and others will go still further: '*He is a despot seated on corpses!*'

"*They are singular slaves who acknowledge no one above them but God!* †

"And whoever attacks the religion of Christ will see a movement among those corpses!

"No, they who will talk thus will be mistaken or utter a calumny: in our house there shall not be tyrant, slaves, or corpses. There shall be only free and living Christians.

"In fact, election shall guaranty the origin of this magnificent, vigorous and extensive power, and throughout its whole duration it shall be supported, balanced, and checked by the glance of the whole assembled family. There shall be no courtiers about him: advisers, helpers, judges! His works shall be

* Words of Fr. de Ponlevoy, quoted in the admirable book of Fr. de Gabriac, *La Vie du P. de Ponlevoy*, p. 137.

† St. Ignatius, *Constitutions*, Part VI.

the application of certain and stable laws, not of his own making, and which he shall be unable to elude or abolish.

“He shall be able to do all things, it is true, for good, but he shall be able to do nothing for evil.

“He shall be able to do all things :

“For the greater glory of God,

“For the better service of souls,

“For the sanctification of his brethren,

“For the sacrifice of himself.

“He shall be able to do nothing against truth,

“Nothing against justice,

“Nothing against charity.

“Above himself there shall be that power which people will call absolute: God, the vicar of God, the exterior law, that is the State; the interior law, that is the Rule—and the family itself, obedient, but sovereign.

“We are the army of authority, we shall have authority. We desire it to be greater than has been exercised in any reünion of men here below, but we desire liberty: and we shall have it as sincerely and more fully than any human society, because we shall be nothing in our house where God shall be all.

“Jesus Christ is our beginning, our middle, and our end.

“ We see Jesus Christ in our general, our general sees Jesus Christ in us: *Christus omnia in omnibus*.

“ Thus our heavenly Master has given me a heritage for you which is the Rule of Jesus, vast enough to contain at once perfect authority and perfect liberty, as much as is becoming to the sorrowful passage of man here below.

“ I see that, I know it, I affirm it. . . .

“ We are seven, we can be a hundred thousand. The Rule, permitting authority, kept from any excess by the counter-balance of liberty, to exercise its uttermost power across our ranks, however dense and deep they may be, will fill our whole body with that life and that force which war calls discipline, a lessened and adapted form of absolutism which is obedience. For discipline our army of peace shall have that abandonment of self which man owes only to God, and which we shall willingly transfer to a man who shall be for us a figure of the Son of God.

“Now is the hour of all times to oppose a dyke of our breasts to the murky flood. Prayer suffices no longer, we must work. Others assembled in other days to imitate Mary of Bethany in her pious contemplation at the feet of Jesus. Happy were they; let us praise them, let us not imitate them.

“We ourselves shall be the children of Martha. We shall be priests as well as monks, and we shall do the work of priests. Study, the confessional, the pulpit, the school, and the alms-giving of spiritual as well as temporal bread: such will be our task!

“Opposing the present evil, preparing future good, preaching in the very thick of schism and wherever truth is attacked, going to the confines of the earth in search of ignorance and error, teaching the little ones how to spell, adults to believe, young people to think: men, women, all, to love God, their country, and their family; counselling mercy to the mighty, resignation, the companion of hope, to the weak, generosity to the rich, pardon to the poor, teaching all the holy law of charity; such is our life!

“To revolt, we shall oppose our vow of obedience; to eager selfishness, our vow of poverty; to ambition and pride, our vow of humility.

“ We shall accept money from no one for praying, celebrating, preaching, or teaching, and we shall be reproached for this, for we shall have other enemies than the enemies of the Church.

“ Despite the absence of any stipend, our poverty shall erect immense dwellings and shall scatter large alms.

“ This will be astonishing, and we shall be accused for it. We shall march on, with lowered heads, regardless of insult, and those who outrage us we shall love as ourselves for the love of God.

“ My friends and my children, it is hard to do this, and it is especially hard to believe in it. The law commanding us to turn the other cheek is unnatural and so repugnant to the heart of man that when man sees it obeyed, he will insist upon seeing nothing but hypocrisy in the impossible sacrifice, or cowardice in the heroism that he cannot understand.

“ No man will admit that without God’s help it needs a thousand times more valor to drink the bitterness of insult than it does to strike down the man who insults you.

“ Amongst men we shall be considered swindlers for our miracle of poverty ; hypocrites, for our miracle of charity ; cowards, for our miracle of humility.

“ Glory to God !

“Even our death will not disarm ridicule or insult; it shall be said of us as was said of our divine Master, Jesus, that ‘we have played our parts to the end, and that our last sigh is our last falsehood.’ Glory, glory to God alone!

“We are the companions of Him who is glorified by opprobrium. Praise to the Lord! Just as our indigence will be wealth, and our cowardice a supernatural courage, so our abasement will be incomparable power.

“Kings and nations will come to seek us out under the feet of our enemies. Lord, save us from pride, whether on the steps of the throne or in the depth of our misery! Glory to God! All glory to God! To the greater glory of God! . . .”

. . . . He knelt down, and the six imitated him.

None of them had yet spoken.

Ignatius raised his clasped hands and said in Latin:

—Jesus most patient,

The others replied in the same language:

—Have mercy on us.

—Jesus most obedient,

—Have mercy on us.

—Jesus meek and humble of heart,

—Have mercy on us.

—Let us pray.—O God, who, by the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, hast illuminated the souls of thy servants with the light of the Holy Ghost, grant, if it please thee, that their dwelling here below may be built for all and not for themselves, so that having given their life for the salvation of men in Jesus Christ, they may never cease to be persecuted for thy greater glory, who livest and reignest, world without end.

—Amen.

And having made the sign of the cross, they arose.

The day had now dawned. The people of the neighborhood climbed the different paths on their

way to mass at the abbey-church. Ignatius and his children went to the left of the church, across the field that descended from the cemetery, to the martyr's chapel whose situation we have described and whose environs at that time were entirely uninhabited. Alone they entered the crypt that had been prepared for the holy Sacrifice. Tradition fixes nine o'clock as the hour when Father Lefèvre celebrated mass.

"After having fasted and prayed together," says Crélineau-Joly, "they met on the 15th of August, 1534, in a subterranean chapel of the church of Montmartre,* where piety believes † that St. Denis was beheaded. It was the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin. Ignatius had chosen that day so that the Society might be born in the very bosom of Mary triumphant. There, these seven Christians . . . to whom Peter Lefèvre, already a priest, had given communion with his own hands, make a vow to live in chastity. They bind themselves to a perpetual poverty; they promise God that after finishing their course of theology they will go to Jerusalem . . .; but if at the end of a year, it is not possible for them to

* A slight error.

† And impiety too; witness Dulaure.

reach the Holy City (on account of the war), they will cast themselves at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff* to ask him existence as an order and to receive his commands."

That was all: the Company of Jesus was founded.

* Hist. de la Compagnie de Jésus, t. I, p. 26.

THE FIRST FATHERS.

WITH God everything is foreseen; but as there is no haste in His eternity, everything moves in Him with ripe gravity. Between the first thought conceived or rather received by inspiration in the grotto of Manresa, and the first word spoken on those predestined heights of Montmartre which overlook Paris, and from the top of which the wonderful temple vowed to the Heart of God will warn the world to-morrow, there was an interval of fourteen years.

It was only five years after the word at Montmartre, in the year 1539, that Pope Paul III, having examined the abridged formula of the *Constitutions* of the new order, presented by Ignatius of Loyola, compared by his infallible scrutiny the world's menace with the promise of heaven; the

danger with the succor; the opening ray of that light with the victory of darkness; and exclaimed: "*Hic est Dei digitus!*"*

It needed another year before the promulgation of the bull *Regimini militantis Ecclesiæ*,† which canonically instituted the Company of Jesus.

Those who are astonished at these prolonged delays may be answered by the text itself of the *Constitutions*, where Ignatius takes as much leisure and uses as many precautions to make one Jesuit as he does to create the entire Company.

St. Ignatius' respect for his work, as far as it was an instrument destined for the special and immediate service of Jesus, is a beautiful thing and worthy of consideration. No order had demanded such a luxury of long and difficult proofs to assure the vocation and to test the capacity of its members.

In his plan really indefatigable effort and patience plentifully exercised are the helps and the witnesses of God's grace. There everything comes from God but by the hard work of man.

Let us count: it takes a two years' novitiate, *without studies* (which supposes a considerable amount of previous study), to reach the grade of "scholastic"

* "Here is the finger of God." † September 27th, 1540.

or scholar, and in this grade two years are given to rhetoric and literature, three years to philosophy and the sciences, and at least one year to the regency;* then come four years and sometimes six years of theology, and finally the year of the last probation, a definite trial undergone in retreat, after which one is admitted to be "professed," or a perfect member of the Society of Jesus; which gives, according to Fr. de Ravignan, cited in M. Ad. Archier's excellent book, a minimum of fourteen years for the real novitiate,—in remembrance perhaps of the similar lapse of time which separates Manresa from Montmartre in the life of St. Ignatius.

Another evidence of the studied slowness that presided over the first operations of Ignatius and his children, is that between the vow of Montmartre and the visit to the head of the Church, Ignatius admitted but three new recruits into his Company, which increased the total number of the affiliated to ten. The three new companions, who after awhile were to be not less celebrated than their seniors, were Claude Le Jay of Annecy, John Codure of Dauphiny, and Paschase Brouet of Picardy.

* The professorate exercised by the young religious.

With their rosary about their neck, and a canticle on their lips, along with Lefèvre, Xavier, Laynez, Rodriguez, Bobadilla, and Salmeron, they accomplished that long pilgrimage on foot across Protestant Germany which brought them to Venice where Ignatius awaited them, and whence, after seeing the impossibility of reaching Jerusalem, they set out for Rome and the Pope.

There, notwithstanding the Holy Father's goodwill, they met serious obstacles, and it looks as if the strange and stubborn repugnance which was ever to check the efforts of the Company of Jesus, began with the Company's birth, or even before it.

At that time Rome had a justifiable mistrust of certain religious orders, whose decay had furnished many pretexts for the rebellion, and whose apostate members, deserting the army of faith, helped to swell the ranks of heresy. The evil was so great and the fall so deep in many of the cloisters, that the same Cardinal Guidiccioni, of whom Paul III said, when learning of his decease, "My successor has just died," had advised the suppression of all but four of the orders.

To this prelate, who was the principal light of his counsels, the Pope entrusted the examination of Ignatius' *Constitutions*, and appointed two commis-

saries to assist him in the task. Guidiccioni, from fear of the evils of the time and not from an examination of the new work, replied: "It is not a time to institute new orders," and his opinion carried his two assessors.

And in fact, it was not the time to recruit when, in the ordinary way of human logic, a general suppression was taking place.

But there was something in these ten men that was not human. Instead of protesting against their decision, they praised God, and offered themselves to whoever would take them for the service of God, asking nothing, and walking with the same step in the route of their resolute faith.

They separated obediently, and went to encounter the sectaries in close conflict: Lefèvre and Laynez, to Parma; Bobadilla, to the island of Ischia; Le Jay, to Brescia, attacked by the plague; Paschase Brouet, to Sienna, where the revolt broke out in the convents of the nuns. Codure went to Padua, Francis Xavier and Rodriguez, to Lisbon, to hasten the preparations for an expedition destined to immortalize the name of the Apostle of the Indies.

It came to pass that Cardinal Guidiccioni, was constantly surrounded and urged by echoes of the humble renown of these industrious workmen labor-

ing everywhere at the same time. Truly, like John the Baptist, before his birth, the Company of Jesus, leaped and was felt in the womb of its Mother, the Church!

At last the learned cardinal who, like Zachary, had been a little incredulous, opened his eyes. He examined Ignatius' work, which he had been wrong to repel without reading, and as soon as he had examined it, still, like Zachary, he intoned a canticle.

The man who was the first to proclaim the necessity of suppressing most of the religious orders, and of lessening those which might be retained, openly declared it to be good, opportune, and "indispensable" to authorize the Company of Jesus, in order to oppose corruption within, and resist attacks from without.

The bull contained a clear and exact summary of the *Constitutions*, and thus gave great breadth to the Holy See's approbation. Ignatius' thought was sanctioned not only in its entirety, but in its details, and the institution became, as it were, a creation of the Church herself.

Upon the promulgation of the bull, they proceeded to the election of general. The service of religion kept most of the members far from Rome. Those who were absent voted by writing. The others, Le Jay, Salmeron, Laynez, Codure, and Brouet assem-

bled about Ignatius. Three days were given to fasting and prayer to implore the light of the Holy Ghost, and on the fourth day, by the unanimous voice of present and absent, Ignatius of Loyola was elected General, or "preposed," to use the terms of the bull.

Ignatius might have expected this, and yet he was frightened by it. Disobeying for the first and last time, without altogether refusing the charge imposed, which would have been a direct violation of the rule instituted by himself, he at least contended with all his might against the unanimous will of his brethren, and required a new election which resulted as before.

At this he burst into tears, for he thoroughly understood the extent of his responsibility—but he consented. He was then entering on his fiftieth year, and had been four years a priest.

"On Easter Sunday, April 17th, 1540, he accepted the government of the Company of Jesus. The 22d of the same month, after visiting the basilicas of Rome, Ignatius and his companions arrived at that of St. Paul beyond the walls. The General celebrated mass at the Virgin's altar, and then having communicated, turned towards the people. In one hand he held the sacred Host, and in the other the formula of the vows. He pronounced this formula

in a loud voice, binding himself to obedience with regard to the missions as specified in the bull of the 27th of September. Then he placed five Hosts on the patena, and approaching Laynez, Le Jay, Brouet, Codure, and Salmeron, who were kneeling at the foot of the altar, he received their profession and gave them communion."*

“What did I see during the seven years that I lived in the house of the Jesuits? The most laborious and frugal life, the whole time taken up with the cares they bestowed on us, and the exercises of their austere profession. I affirm that thousands of men have been brought up like myself; and therefore I never cease to be astonished that people should accuse them of a corrupting system of morals.” These words were written a long while after the foundation of the order, and I quote them here because it has been often said, that if the Company of Jesus had a brilliant beginning it soon gave way to demoralization.

* Crétineau-Joly, t. I^{er}, p. 50.

The Jesuits had been fighting in the front rank of the Church's army for two hundred years, when Voltaire wrote those lines in the month of February, 1746. They do honor to Voltaire, and they do no more than justice to the Jesuits who were attacked on all sides by calumny.

Voltaire "never ceases to be astonished" that people should calumniate them. He is easily astonished. Everywhere, but especially with us, those who are accustomed to following the current and to directing the movements of philosophical and political passion, ought rather to be astonished that such men can cease to be calumniated.

It is the practice with their accusers to exempt the birth of the Institute from their charges, and to treat the founders with a show of courteous impartiality. The first years were fine, and pure, and great, that they admit; only that the sequel did not keep the promises made at the beginning, this their accusers affirm and regret.

We shall briefly relate the history of this sequel, just as we have in a few words set forth the simplicity of the facts which brought about the conception and birth. Only before continuing this narrative, destined at times to turn into a historical discussion, we beg to call attention to a strange fact:

Each epoch of the Jesuits' social life receives, sometimes from one and sometimes from another of their sworn detractors, a little of the *satisfecit* accorded to the innocence of their cradle; each episode of the great drama they have played as an order, has its apologists amongst the ranks of their bitterest adversaries, and we are thus startled every moment by hearing some Protestant, or philosopher, or even atheist defending the Companions of Jesus from some particular iniquitous charge of which they are the victims; so that if we should string together these special defences, these acknowledgments of partiality, these generous rebuttals of stupid prejudice, we should have a very strange but particularly curious and complete panegyric of Loyola's posterity.

Every one has done like Voltaire. Every one, after having condemned and ridiculed the Jesuits in general and abundantly, has exclaimed some fine day when hearing too gross an error or a count in the indictment whose absurdity was beyond bounds, "Stop! all the rest is true, but *that* I cannot believe!"

Now as *this* is *that* for the one critic and reciprocally for the other, this and that are beyond belief, that is to say all is beyond belief!

By looking closely, you will find apologetic bribes even in the archives of Port-Royal, though they are

furnished with a better assortment of insults than the Encyclopædia's shop itself.

And if it is thus with men who are assailants by profession, what shall we say of men of the world? . . .

I hesitate here and dare not be so positive.

When it comes to the indifferent, we must always look for less honesty than where there is passion; something fickle and willingly treacherous, politely called prudence, but, frankly, mere poltroonery.

You will never hear one of these indifferent people, who are so wise in their own business, defend the Jesuits unless moved to it by some interest of his own. The wise ones of this sort abandon the Jesuits for good nature's sake and "for the good of religion."

They know the story of that good Russian mother who, seeing that her sledge was followed by a pack of wolves, from time to time threw over one of her little ones "to save the others."

They have been told that this good mother having thus thrown over the last of her children, herself escaped the danger.

It is not true. They have lied to these people. I say, upon my honor, that mother was eaten up, and she deserved her fate.

The wisdom of the wise people I am talking about is called interest. Interest is composed of a little religion, not much, of whatever honesty they may have, of the rank they occupy, of the fortune they enjoy, and of the existence to which they hold quite naturally.

The wolves are around them, and pursuing them, here as well as in Russia.

If they throw the Jesuits to the wolves, there remain religion, honor, rank, fortune, life; and even if they should fling away religion, there would remain honesty, which, along with fortune and rank, may suffice to live on.

If the wolves should attack honesty. . . .

Listen! honesty is a vague thing as generally understood? And there are so many kinds of it! And then we must bribe the wolves.

Rank, indeed it is growing serious! It is time for a little courage. We must defend our rank, if we can.

And people will die rather than lose their fortune!
There is the word: **THEY WILL DIE!**

They will die from the first concession which encouraged the wolves.

Nevertheless, for the indifferent, as well as for believers, and even for atheists, what is a Jesuit?

He is a monk.

And what is a monk?

He is a man who, in order to draw nearer to that God he believes in, of his own choice makes certain sacrifices, willingly accepts certain duties laid down by a rule and assured by vows that are consecrated by the solemn approval of an authority recognized by law in Catholic countries, under the name of the Church.

What is more legitimate in a human point of view? What more clearly lawful use can a citizen make of his liberty? Under what pretext, by what right should he be hindered or restrained in the exercise of that liberty?

You think it useful and proper to seek the goods of the earth, it is your right; it pleases me to shun them, it is my right.

You think it useful and proper to found a family, found it, you have the right; as for me, I am willing to renounce the joys of home out of devotion to God and my fellow man, my right is equal to yours.

You think it useful and proper to keep your full independence, that is permitted; I am afraid of mine and set bounds to it, is that forbidden?

Certainly not, unless it is intended to conjure up so ridiculous and hateful a tyranny, that for examples of it we are compelled to turn over the leaves of the worst and most unclean volume of our annals.

So speaks common sense, reason joins in the chorus, faith assents, the Church approves. And what says history?

Does it deny that the modern life has come from Christ?

No. History shows us the first Christians of Jerusalem laying their goods at the Apostles' feet in order to live in common and in poverty; the Egyptian deserts peopled with cenobites; the East sanctified by the men of the desert; the West by the children of the Austins, of the Benedicts, of the Brunos, of the Dominics, those fathers of families of workmen who have enlightened Europe, civilized barbarism, polished rudeness, preserved the treasure of literature, revived the arts, founded cities and filled the world with benefits, and upon whom the world has lavished its scorn, and its ignorance, and its ingratitude's hatred.

As a monk, then, the Jesuit is neither a novelty nor a monstrosity. There were monks before him.

But, say they : “ he is a monk *sui generis*, having a special end, a manner of being that is peculiar to him ; tendencies, obligations, customs, which distinguish him from all other monks. . . .”

To be sure ! he is a Jesuit, not a Carthusian, Benedictine, or Franciscan, just as a cannoneer is a soldier, a cuirassier also, and a hussar too, without its following that a cuirassier is a hussar, or a hussar a cannoneer, or a cannoneer a cuirassier.

The Carthusian in solitude prays for the world he has left, the Trappist sanctifies the noble and rugged labor of the fields by his penance, the Benedictine spends his life in the arid researches of science, and it is well ; others go beyond the sea to civilize the barbarism of Asia and Africa, the savages of America and of Oceanica, or, with not less valor, they battle in Europe for truth against error, for the liberty of souls against man’s despotism and the tyranny of the passions : is this wrong ?

The Company of Jesus has never denied that it has a particular destiny.

It is its glory to have been instituted with a precise and clearly defined end. It is a sacred battalion, or it is not. It boasts that it is.

We have seen that beginning with the XVIth century, there was an overturning of ideas ; the spirit

of revolt, like a violent wind, breathed upon the world, and, after first agitating the Church, it disturbed political institutions and the very foundations of society.

These great storms, whose effects we still feel, have famous names in history; they are called Protestantism, Jansenism, Philosophism, and the Revolution.

Luther, armed with his mutilated Bible, rises up against the Church, and gives the astonished world the spectacle of his victory, rapid as disaster always is, and as unreal, in seeming, as a bad dream.—But Luther finds the Jesuits in front of him, and his victory wanes.

Jansenius poorly conceals the cloven foot of his hypocritical and bastard Protestantism between the pages of his contraband *Augustinus*. The Jesuits bar his route, and he cannot pass.

The philosophers of the XVIIIth century tear the Bible to pieces, undermine tradition and prepare to “strike down *l'infâme*.” The Jesuits move into action . . . they fall, betrayed by the royal authority they were defending, but the earth quakes after their fall, royal authority is engulfed, and God deposed appears to turn away His eyes, so as not to see the queen of nations dishonored in the horrible red mud of the saturnalia that defile history.

Was God conquered? No. Was *l'infâme* crushed? No. The one is as impossible as the other,—but the Jesuits?

Ah! certainly the Jesuits can die, they do not partake of God's eternity nor of the Church's immortality in time.—But they live. Do you want a proof of it? Count their enemies. Would there be so much lively hatred around a tomb?

Now I understand this hatred and the people who harbor it. It is natural and almost legitimate for Protestants to hate the Jesuits; and this is easy enough to understand among the obscure remains of Jansenism, and also for the worn-out posterity of the XVIIIth century philosophers, and above all for the unfortunate flood of those who are eternally deceived and who are incessantly worked upon by industrious politicians,—but the others? who are not Protestants, Jansenists, philosophers, politicians, or the dupes of politicians?

Will they ever understand that there are times when Truth, fleeing in its sledge, has no right to cast before the wolf God, the Church, or even the

Jesuits, because once the wolf has eaten, he will eat again!

The Jesuits, however, ask mercy from no one. Fearless in the knowledge of their duty, they resolutely render to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar and to God what belongs to God.

Why should they fear, who are born for danger and are the children of the promised persecution?

They must live to fight, and death dissolves all vows, even that of heroism. And because they CANNOT FEAR TO DIE they shall live.

If there were need of proof of the necessity of Ignatius' foundation, it would be found in abundance in the rapidity of its first development. The Companions of Jesus were ten, the bull of institution limited their number to sixty, and only a few months passed when the Sovereign Pontiff was obliged to undo this limitation, the last vestige of Cardinal Guidiccioni's "prejudicial" repugnance.

The narrow scope of this book will not permit us to do full homage to the holy career of the first ten Jesuits, all of them eloquent orators, unequalled pro-

fessors, accomplished theologians, remarkable writers, zealous apostles of charity, doughty defenders of truth; for we could scarcely follow each one of them along his route before we had entered upon the general current of events along with the Company.

Loyola, the centre and soul of the Society, almost disappears, as far as personal works are concerned, right after his exaltation. His activity is great but is lost in the common movement that he directs. He had said in his Constitutions: "The general's duty shall not be 'to preach,' nor to turn himself into a soldier, but 'to govern.'"

James Laynez, a man of admirable mind, who seems, with Lefèvre and Xavier, to have had the most intimate part in Loyola's confidence and to have been his collaborator, indefinitely drawing up the Rule, was sent first to Venice, where the struggle that he opened against heresy so aroused the popular enthusiasm, that crowds slept at the doors of the churches so as not to miss his preaching. After driving error from Venice he won the same triumphs at Padua and at Brescia.

I happened one day to look for the name of Laynez in an otherwise respectable historical dictionary recommended to youth, and I found it, incorrectly

spelled, below the name of the singer Laïs who had a very fine article. Only two lines were given to Laynez. And yet he was one of the lights of the Council of Trent, before illumining the colloquy at Poissy, and his noble humility in refusing the cardinal's hat, so often an object of passionate ambition, perhaps deserved to be mentioned.

Peter Lefèvre followed Ortiz, the ambassador of Charles V, who was returning to his master, and the disputants of Germany constantly avoided any encounter with him because of the reputation for science and eloquence that had preceded him. But he had heavy toil, followed by considerable results, for he succeeded in strengthening the faith of those Catholics who had been disturbed and unsettled by the contagion that surrounded them; he was the court-preacher at Ratisbon, where many conversions followed his preaching; he continued his apostolate in Spain, and having returned to the banks of the Rhine, he was made professor of Holy Scripture at Mayence, where he lectured with a splendor and an authority that checked the archbishop-elect of Cologne, Hermann de Weide, whose imminent desertion would have drawn away his flock. Wonderful effect of eloquent charity! With the flock, Lefèvre saved the shepherd.

He has hardly won this double victory before he sails to Portugal, and again journeys over the entire peninsula and founds the college of Valladolid. The letter calling him to the Council of Trent finds him overcome with fever in the midst of his labors. "It is not necessary to live," said he, full of the predominant thought of his Order, "but it is necessary to obey," and in spite of the prayers of his pupils, he delayed not till he was in Ignatius' arms at Rome, where he came to die joyfully.

Le Jay and Bobadilla replaced Laynez in Germany, and like him, both refused the honor of the episcopate. It was Le Jay who answered the Lutherans, when they threatened to drown him in the Danube: "If I reach heaven, what matters it whether I go by land or water?"

They were even witty.

Salmeron, too, the Benjamin of the brethren of Montmartre, made his way across the invading hordes of Protestantism. After Lefèvre's death, with Laynez he was chosen papal theologian to take part in the discussions of that council where the Roman Church was to show itself as strong and as lively as ever.

Le Jay sat there, also, as theologian to the bishop of Augsburg.

Scarcely born, the Company saw its humble children sitting among the princes of the Church, and they were not unworthy of their place among the chosen, for the bishop of Modena wrote: "Fathers Salmeron and Laynez have discoursed so splendidly on the Eucharist, that I think myself happy to be living near those learned and saintly Fathers." *

A book made up of nothing but the history of the ten first Jesuits, would be a good one, and would everywhere have to do with the great ecclesiastical events of this portion of the XVIth century: to say nothing of Francis Xavier.

On Francis Xavier one might write a poem that would be the epic of charity, but we have barely space to make a mere sketch of that wonderful life.

At the beginning, or rather before the Order was constituted, Xavier and Rodriguez had been called by John III of Braganza, king of Portugal, to make the Gospel known beyond the ocean.

We remember Ignatius' words to Xavier, speaking of the missionary's joys and dangers: "Xavier your eye is brightening. . . ." The apostolic vocation of the young scholar of the University of Paris had

* *Hist. de la Compagnie*, Ad. Archier, p. 39.

continued to grow from that time. He received the order for his departure enthusiastically, and would have undertaken the journey without the necessary raiment had not Loyola put his own cloak upon his shoulders.

Although a learned doctor he had preserved all the impulsiveness of childhood. This union of frank vivacity and serious wisdom lent a powerful charm to his presence, and there seemed a something about him that was above nature. John of Braganza tried to keep him at the Portuguese Court, for the young apostle's zeal had won all hearts to God, but the treasures of his speech were for neither princes nor courtiers.

On the 7th of April, 1540, he set sail on a vessel of the Indian fleet, five months before the signing of the bull. Fathers Camerino and Mansella embarked with him.

He arrived in the roadstead of Goa in the month of May of the following year, after a long and dangerous voyage, during which he had excited the piety, the courage, and the gayety of all. It was during this voyage that he first got the name of "Holy Father," which was always afterward applied to him alike by Mahommedans, idolators, and Christians.

The name of Christian, beautiful and glorious in itself, was not calculated to win the confidence of the unfortunate conquered people. In the native's mind the name of Christian was joined to greedy, cruel, dissolute, vicious; aye, criminal traffickers.

The oppression practiced by the Portuguese merchants in India was carried to a hideous excess, and it seems as though Europe extended her conquests in all directions only to spread the leprosy of her sordid and corrupt avarice.

Xavier preached to the merchants before preaching to the savages, and said to them: "In the name of God do you wish me to ask those people, who have no other fault than their blindness, to become like you who are full of iniquity?"

There are certainly no more difficult subjects for moral teaching than those colonies of covetous adventurers sent forth during the last four hundred years by our old civilizations, to seek their fortune in the Indies or in the New World, and above all others, the adventurers from the Peninsula, Spanish as well as Portuguese, had deserved their evil renown; but there was a victorious emotion in the words of Francis Xavier, and a strong irresistible persuasion in his heart, that drew the traders of Goa, who were at first irritated at his audacity, though

they ended by surrendering. A repenting fever broke out in that Babylon, and among the many miracles of Xavier's apostolate, this was certainly the greatest.

To convert a Portuguese trading station in the Indies was more difficult—contemporaries deemed it so—than to conquer all barbarous India for the faith.

As soon as Xavier had overcome this obstacle all ways seemed easy to him, and he could smile and say, as he stood in the midst of the murderous priests of Sivah themselves: "With the help of God I have conquered the merchants of Goa!"

With one bound he landed at Cape Comorin and entered Paravao by a miracle. A dying woman was cured by the mere touch of his crucifix, and thousands of the natives gathered around him "listening to his signs," understanding his unknown language. He had presaged the magic of the cross, and he now saw its prodigies; his crucifix talked for him while he was learning the Malabar tongue, and many a day after he had acquired the language, when he was overcome by the fatigue of his incessant preaching, he would sound his famous little bell with one hand and brandish the image of the martyr-God in the other, and would be surrounded by entire vil-

lages who bent their heads under the waters of baptism.

It frequently happened to him—so great was his fatigue—that he could no longer raise his arms to pour the blessed water on the forehead of the troops of catechumens, who came at the end of his rich day's work.

His heart swam in torrents of joy and the song of his gladness broke from his lips; he underwent cold, heat, hunger, disease; his naked feet were torn by the thorns and briars on his way, but he complained of nothing, or rather he enjoyed everything; he kept on his way tireless and invulnerable; on the earth he walked as if already in heaven.

At night, instead of resting, he spent the time instructing those who were to be his helpers, and sometimes a sudden stillness would come upon his simple audience; every one held his breath, and a merry, good-natured sign would be made from one to another, as if to say: "Don't waken him! . . ."

This was because the "Holy Father," overcome by fatigue, had closed his eyes in spite of himself, and his sympathizing class—young savages who were learning to be martyrs—lengthened as much as they could the chance moments that relieved their beloved master from his labors.

So great a respect and so lively an admiration surrounded him, that he was compelled to destroy the idea held by his disciples that he was a God!

In the meantime his whole mission grew with marvellous rapidity. At the end of two years the crop of auxiliaries that he had planted was almost ripe. At Goa, which was his headquarters, he founded a seminary; his first priests are now ready; to-day he can attempt what seemed impossible yesterday, and now he penetrates still further and further, for he is no longer alone. In the Trevancor, in a few weeks, he baptized ten thousand *with his own hand*.

"You shall not strike," had said Ignatius. By the veneration of the crucifix Xavier put armies to flight, and when an idolatrous village stubbornly refused to hear him, he asks of God the power to raise up Lazarus, and it is given him.

After this miracle, attested in the acts of St. Francis Xavier's canonization, all the Trevancor became Christian.

Ignatius was at Rome when his tenderly loved son's letters came, announcing his triumphs and asking for soldiers to help him gain another lot of victories.

Ignatius made haste. The recruits were embarked at Lisbon, but Xavier did not await them. He presses forward again; see the grace that follows him: he is at the island of Manar, then at Meliapore; he reaches Malacca, besieged by the king of Asham, and his presence there is better than an army. . . . India belongs to him!

India no longer suffices him. A mysterious finger points him to Japan; he hastens there, accompanied only by three missionaries. It was then nine years since he had left Europe, and he had not rested a day.

His arrival in India had been modest; the ship that landed him at Firando in Japan was saluted by all the artillery in the roadstead. That, however, was not a certain augury of success. It is true obstacles did not appear at once, for Xavier reached the capital and there preached unmolested, but the strange character and profoundly corrupt manners of the Meaquins, for a moment disconcerted the man who had never before been checked; he regrets India, and it needs all the valor of his resignation to harden himself for the work which seems to him impossible. He redoubles his efforts.

At last, God who has heard his prayers and seen his tears fits the recompense to the sacrifice: after

two years of suffering that cost him his life, Xavier is master of Japan.

Will he stop here? No. He will never stop. He changes his route. He has turned his eyes towards that great unknown: China. Before entering on this gigantic campaign, he returns once more to Goa, where he finds that India numbers half a million of Christians. "Glory to God! this is a fine harvest, let us sow other fields." And he embarks for China.

But wonderfully great as was this apostle, formed after the pattern of those who first enlightened the world, God had assigned his task and appointed his repose. The voyage was to be a sorrowful one; as ever, Xavier labors hard but is at last overcome; after great pain he is put ashore in a dying condition, in a land that is not China. His hour has come, and his companions surround him weeping; he presses his crucifix to his breast and dies singing the last strophe of St. Ambrose's canticle: "*In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in æternum.*"*

* "In thee, Lord, have I hoped; I shall never be confounded."

He was forty-five, his apostolate had lasted twelve years. His memory is honored by the Church among the greatest of the saints.

Of all Francis Xavier's missions, the Japanese one was the most productive of martyrs, for thousands of the native faithful and more than a hundred Jesuit fathers there bore witness to the faith by their tortures.*

Ignatius survived Xavier four years; he was the last of the three scholars of Sainte-Barbe. He shed tears of sorrowful joy on learning of his brother and friend's beautiful death.

His work took on the proportions of an empire. To mention only his distant conquests, three years before Xavier's death, just at the moment when he was carrying light into Japan, six members of the Company of Jesus landed in Brazil, and worked with so good an effect, that their popularity everywhere overbalanced the hatred aroused by Portuguese commerce. Acting as mediators between the two barbarisms, one civilized and the other uncivilized, the Fathers had less trouble with the cannibals than with those whose appetites craved gold, for they were at last able to abolish the atrocious feasts of the man-

* The Church honors thirty-six of them as martyrs.

eaters, but they could not cure the inextinguishable thirst of wealth that consumed the Europeans.

The Portuguese colony of San Salvador ruled by the cannon, but the noble and learned Father Anchieta's companions won all by love, and more than once the men of the cannon, suppliant and frightened, took shelter behind the men of charity, who never refused them protection.

Later on, the Portuguese metropolis was to take revenge for so many benefits lavished on its colonists, and it was at Lisbon that the sinister slayer of the Fathers (*matador dos Padres*), Sebastian de Pombal, in the height of the philosophical XVIIth century, was to wall up their dungeons and put the torch to their faggots!

In 1553 the ascendancy of the Company in South America was so great that Ignatius created a "Province of Brazil," as he had already created the "Province of the Indies" for the East.

At the same time, Ignatius sent a holy embassy to Fez and to Morocco, to negotiate the liberation of slaves. Ah! hatred had fine play, and the character of the Jesuits was becoming plain in its hateful grandeur.

Other Jesuits penetrated Ethiopia and reached Congo, to find or to make Christians. For a while

the kings of Abyssinia were Catholics, but the Protestant missionaries came, and the country was plunged back into idolatry.

God forbid that we should misjudge the consciences of Protestants in general. We are only stating the obstacles they have so often opposed to the spread of the true faith, and the utter uselessness everywhere of the efforts made by their poor copies of Catholic missions—and this in spite of the enormous material resources at their disposal.

The apostles make a vow of poverty and they succeed; the bible distributor has millions of wealth and fails.

Ignatius was more than sixty years old. Despite the care he took to hide his life he was illustrious among the men of his time. From his cell he exercised great influence on events, and though he did not assist in person at the Council of Trent or at the colloquy of Poissy, though he never crossed the threshold of princely palaces, his mind and his word were everywhere, in the public eloquence of assemblies and in the closed cabinets of kings and rulers.

He had accomplished more than he had promised, and on all sides he was abused by the Church's enemies, and denounced as the real stumbling-block of the Reformation.

For a moment, he desired the repose that laborers enjoy at the end of their day.

But those who venerated him, reminded him, and not without a little severity, that he who has engaged his life must expect no rest before death.

He obeyed. He rested. He died General of the Company on the 31st of July, 1556.

During his life he never said "I have done," but "I have seen." He had seen heresy not conquered but completely checked in its fearful progress, and he had seen infidel countries adding more souls to the communion of the faithful than the combined labor of all the false prophets of that century, so fraught with strange convulsions, had taken from it.

He had seen reform, real Catholic reform, everywhere at work in the Church, already producing admirable results.

To find what part he bore in these great affairs, we must not consult him or his religious posterity. This would be to use a suspicious testimony. We must turn over the mountain of "documents" gathered by hatred and dislike. Here the abuseful language of a wounded enemy glorifies the soldier who has given the wound; each insult is an honor; Loyola and the Jesuits of his time have the patents of nobility in the writing of Protestants.

Twenty-two years less two weeks after that morning of Assumption when we saw the crippled beggar climbing the ascent of Montmartre all alone, at the moment when Ignatius, an old man, and still a beggar, though not alone, gave up his great mind and his beautiful soul to God, he could see, with the great sight of the saints, thirty houses, eighty colleges, more than a thousand Fathers and a hundred thousand scholars, bearing his sign and scattered over the surface of the earth.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSIONS.

BEFORE entering upon this history in France, it is just as well to finish with that great movement of evangelization splendidly begun by Francis Xavier, continued by the heroism of his successors, and which was to last as long as the order itself.

Xavier died without crossing the mysterious barrier that separated China from the rest of the universe. In 1556, and the first of all the Jesuits, Melchior Nuñez, contrived to make an entrance along with the Portuguese merchants. He reached Canton, a great city whose wealth filled him with astonishment.

Xavier, no doubt, had spoken of this step, but Xavier had the gift of miracles. With a prudence imitated for a long while and with good results, Father Melchior refrained from all public preaching,

fearing that he might close this door that jealous distrust had only half opened. Chinese law and customs sharpened the wits.

In 1563, five Jesuits accompanied the Portuguese embassy and were equally reserved.

Matthew Ricci was the first to get as far as the court of Peking, and he not only began but spread afar the evangelization of the Celestial empire, where the Company of Jesus was to gather so many heroic palms.

Ricci was a pupil of Father Valignani, the sinologue missionary, or rather the grammarian of all the extreme Eastern languages. The history of this education and of the care taken by Valignani to prepare his young apostles for the conquest of martyrdom, is one of the most touching and curious pages that can be read.

In his *Histoire de l'Ordre de Malte*, an old but attractive book, the Abbé de Vertot relates an adventure of Dieudonné de Gozon, the future grand master of Rhodes, who, to make sure of his victory over a certain monster, a dragon or serpent, that he had promised to expel from the island, had a likeness of the dreadful animal constructed, and accustomed his pack of hounds to dash upon this image. Up to that time all the daring fellows who had attacked

the monster had been devoured, because it was covered with scales stronger than any cuirass. This armor was of a bronze color and defied the lance; the knight Dieudonné had observed a bare place under the belly of the dragon, a large spot of a pale yellow, and he conceived a stratagem which Abbé Vertot very reasonably proclaims ingenious.

He made a hole under the belly of his image, of the same shape and size as the yellow spot, and he closed this hole with a door painted exactly the color of the spot. This door opened by a balance weight. When all this had been done, the knight let his pack of hounds go hungry, and placed quarters of meat inside the counterfeit monster. The hounds, as may be imagined, were no sooner near the pasteboard dragon than they snuffed the pleasant odor of what was inside, and threw themselves upon the yellow door, which, after a slight resistance, gave way and admitted them to a cheerful repast.

For a whole month the knight repeated this exercise, until at last the pack had formed a sincere affection for the yellow door that opened to their breakfast. At the end of the month the good knight let his hounds go hungry for three days and then he led them, not to the counterfeit, but to the real dragon, which vomited fire and smoke as was its

habit; to this the dogs paid no sort of attention; they were looking for their breakfast.

And when the monster, in one of his movements, displayed the livid spot on his belly, they recognized their yellow door and entered.

I do not know whether Father Valignani, before Vertot's time, had any knowledge of this exploit, but certainly his plan of campaign, laboriously arranged, has some resemblance to the knight Dieu-donné's.

He too trained a pack, a pack of heroes to penetrate the entrails of a monster whose body was defended by scales: China, that land of unreality, of strange impossibilities, an unchanging enigma, shut against the eager curiosity of all the rest of the world, so that the imagination of the romantic poems had pictured it as a vast enchanted palace girdled by a wall of steel.

Father Valignani's pack was hungry, hungry for merciful devotion, civilizing efforts, science, combat, martyrdom. The monster, steel-cased from head to foot, had a weak place, a yellow spot, somewhat hidden under its belly, but which nevertheless was a door and might be opened.

This defect in the Chinese cuirass was a growing thirst of knowledge, an inborn curiosity, a practical

but subtile disposition for everything pertaining to mathematics, astronomy, physics, or even philosophy.

The whole life of Father Valignani, an apostle-maker as Warwick had been a king-maker, was passed in front of this closed door, seeking the means of opening it, and of firmly establishing those who might at last succeed in making an entrance.

Is there not something absolutely wonderful here? And where else but in the institute of the Jesuits, original in its greatness, could we find a like employment of special aptitudes.

In our own days, Charles Fourier, a man of undoubted talent, but of no influence because he ignored God and God's morals in constructing his ingenious child's-play which he called a phalaustery, imagined that he had discovered a theory of the culture of vocations in the sphere of social utility.

He had not read St. Ignatius, who to be sure did not claim to be an inventor, and wasted no precious time in building houses of cards, but who by prayer won from heaven that sacred fire: the science of hearts. Before, as since Fourier, the Company of Jesus had run and still runs its skilful fingers up and down the key-board of attractions and aptitudes, with a view to universal peace and final salvation.

Among those whom Father Valignani prepared for the strange and difficult fencing, which no one before could have dreamed of, the young Fathers Pazio, Ruggieri, and Matthew Ricci issued from the ranks, perfect instruments, Ricci above all, who in every respect was a masterpiece of education. If anything can be more astonishing than the recital of the intelligent and minutely suitable preparation, it is the admirably correct, bold, and precise use that was made of these gymnastics in the epic struggle begun by Ricci, and continued by his successors.

Xavier, the image or the reflection of Christ, had his hands full of prodigies; he was the genius of enthusiastic piety; he commanded men and things from the heights of his love; what he might have done in China if God had permitted him to land there, sanctified by his long victory in India and in Japan, cannot be known, but Xavier was dead. It was necessary to replace the divine talisman which he had had from heaven by human prudence, aided, of course, by grace from above, without which all labor is in vain.

For that reason, though less supernatural than Xavier, Ricci excites a more lively interest, through the episodes of his Christian odyssey. He is a man; he contends with the Chinese empire, that gigantic

trifle, a creation of all the world's chimeras; if we may say so, he is at once apostle and adventurer, St. Paul and Robinson Crusoe, sublime, industrious, keen, bold, artful, playing with the eclipse like Christopher Columbus, slighting no detail, using the high road, while noticing the diverging paths, fearless in prosecuting his way, but turning back without delay, if needful, to try another route.

He knows everything: all that is known to the Chinese, to insinuate himself; all that the Chinese do not know, to make himself master. He is a doubly keen Jesuit, having his own clear perception and his master's ready wit. He has a parry for every thrust. He knows the tongue of the literati better than the literati themselves, and as to the philosophy of the screen, he is equal to Confucius!

He has the mandarin's geography at the end of his fingers, he is familiar with their earth as square as a tile asleep in space under the protection of the emperor, the son of heaven; he knows what gratitude this earth owes to the celestial Van Lie, the same emperor who, from the innermost of his palace, obligingly sustains it, and by his goodness of soul, prevents it from being lost in the abyss, but he knows still better the real earth which Europe has

journeying through space, and the sun, and the planets, and the whole worldly system known at Paris, which is very plausible, and perhaps true.

At his choice—and this is important—he can revel in the outlandish sense of the literati, or suddenly astonish them with unexpected revelations. As far as the unexpected goes, he has brought treasures with him. If he wished, instead of announcing Christ, he himself would pass for a God, merely by using the first book of Euclid, adapted for the bonzes.

After much time consumed in getting across the threshold of the empire, he is at last naturalized. He writes to consult Father Valignani, then at Macao, as to the choice of an official dress; he is that far! Considering the country, it is a question of the first importance, and his former master replies to put on the long gown and mitre of the Chinese literati.

The choice is good: Ricci adopts it and thus, after many strange and heroic adventures, arrives at Nankin where he marks the future position of a house of the Company, then at Peking itself, and one day he is admitted to visit (supreme honor!) certainly not Van Lie himself, who could not of course for a minute abandon the square earth for

fear of its destruction, but Van Lie's empty throne, which amounts to the same thing, and gives him an influence equal to that held by mandarins of the highest grade.

Do not suppose that he lingers too long on so fortunate a road! Without being at all responsible for it, a rumor gets about that the "Son of Heaven" admits him during the night to private interviews, where together they discuss the weightiest matters, among others the shape of a new helmet which is to put the Tartars to flight without a battle. This rumor, starting among the people, gets to the court; as no control is possible over an invisible and dumb emperor, the incredible fact happens that, the Great Minister of the Empire himself, believing what is talked of everywhere, seeks the friendship of the pretended favorite and becomes his most obsequious servant.

But where is God in all that? And the word of God? What has become of the apostolate in the midst of these strange adventures?

It is unnecessary to say that the apostolate is in all this, and nothing but the apostolate. These adventures are on the flanks of a column where the apostolate is certainly advancing.

It required extraordinary prudence and numberless roundabout methods before beginning to preach. Here nothing is like elsewhere. Everything is understood, played with, discussed, avoided, and yet everything is welcome. The point is to live alongside of all this and to utilize these materials. The subtlety of the Chinese mind is taken by the evident grandeur of evangelical morals, but it admits Christ only with caution, and then as far as the cross, not at all.

This childlike yet ancient people, this aristocracy, half polished, half barbarous, where every mandarin is at bottom a clown, does not like the humility of the cross. They may admit all the rest; but not this. It is not Chinese. No Chinese would have suffered that. A Chinese disembowels himself without much hesitation, but he would never let himself be nailed to a cross.

And how could the Chinese adore the God of the Christians, if he transgressed the received and venerated decorum?

For a long while this obstacle was absolutely insurmountable. Ricci had won in everything else, but Chinese obstinacy disputed this ground steadfastly. Great pride may become humble, but not so puerile vanity, and the very life of this fantastic

people is made up of boasts, competition, tricks, all intended to satisfy its childish vainglory ; it subsists on gigantic drollery, on microscopic monstrosities which astonish logic, disconcert reason, and at every step on the road that seemed to be level, opens ridiculous and terrible abysses.

However there were already very great results. Churches arose ; seminaries were filled before being completed. Bonzes carried the Holy Sacrament, and converted mandarins were counted by hundreds.

There were Chinese apostles, true, invincible confessors, among whom Paul Sin, the admirable orator, the great mandarin Li, and many other brilliant ones. They were men of that antique stature whose virtue and wisdom would have done honor to the primitive Church. If we were elsewhere than in China, I should say that one of the greatest and finest Christianities of the earth was here, but we are in China, the home of the nightmare, where one is ever liable to a sudden and disagreeable awakening.

The awakening came. And as everything happens contrariwise among this people of extravagant originality, where even strangers are soon taken with the fever of the impossible, the awakening was to a persecution that came not from the bonzes, nor

from the governors, nor from the mandarins, nor from the emperor, but to a persecution, I say, that came—I shall not leave it for you to guess, you could not—that came from ecclesiastical authority!

The Church, infallible at its summit, has frequently had incapable servants at various points of the ascent. This weakness is lost in the glory of the whole, but it has existed, and still exists.

In the year 1606, which was the eighteenth of the skilful and happy apostolate of Matthew Ricci, the ecclesiastical authority was represented in those far-off parts by the vicar-general of Macao, where there was a college of the Jesuits. The rector of this college having been chosen arbiter in a dispute between the vicar-general and a Franciscan friar, decided in favor of the latter. In the excitement of his anger, the vicar-general published an interdict against all the Franciscans and all Jesuits of the city and within the city's jurisdiction.

At the same time, taking advantage of Chinese fancies, the Jesuits were denounced to the authorities at Canton as building citadels and summoning the Portuguese and Japanese fleets to invade the country.

It needed not so much. Entire provinces arose against the Christians! A terrible massacre is related, and Father Martinez dies in torture.

It was only a violent but passing gust of wind. Ricci soon ruled the storm, and a short time afterwards established a novitiate-house in the middle of Peking.

When God called him to Himself four years later, the entire population of the capital followed the cross that rose above his funeral procession, and Father Schall, the successor of that really great man, well managed his inheritance.

Adam Schall, not less illustrious than Ricci, was mixed up with all the revolutions of the era just opening for China, and which ended in a change of dynasty. At his death, the Jesuits had a hundred and fifty public churches, and thirty-eight houses or colleges in China.

After the second persecution, which we shall pass over in silence, out of respect for an illustrious order, another prosperous era began under Fathers Verbiest, Gerbillon, Parennin and Gaubil; and these long years, filled with the scientific and literary labors of the Chinese apostolate, became the glory of the Church and the admiration of the learned of Europe.

It must not be supposed that the Jesuits' great efforts in China had led them to abandon India. They had at one time Mogul, Ceylon, Bengal and Coromandel. At the end of the XVIth century their seminary at Goa sends out its young confessors beyond the Ganges, and even as far as the Indus.

Robert de Nobili, a nephew of Popes and of Emperors, becomes the apostle of the Brahmins, while others evangelize the Pariahs. The most illustrious of them, the blessed John de Britto, who was a son of the viceroy, reddens Madoora with his blood. Bengal, Thibet, Tartary, Syria, Persia and Armenia, see the cross planted and hear the gospel preached by Jesuits. With them the faith penetrates the deserts of Africa, the empires of Abyssinia and Morocco, along the coasts of Caffraria, the Mozambique and Guinea.

But they especially desire to bring the New World under the beneficent yoke of Christian civilization. There they have to encounter, not the ferocity of the savages only; their most envenomed enemies are Calvinistic, English and Dutch corsairs; alas! and Frenchmen, too, not less cruel than the redskins, massacre every Jesuit who falls into their hands. The order is given. Calvin himself has been careful to point out the Company of Jesus as

the principal and mortal enemy. He does not say: "Kill this one or that one," but he says: "There is the obstacle, remove it!"

And he was faithfully obeyed! Thus, on the 15th of July, 1570, the blessed Ignatius d'Azevedo and his thirty-nine companions, destined for the mission of Brazil, perished in sight of Palma. Thirty others, a few days afterwards, shared their fate.

The Company of Jesus owed seventy-one martyrs to heretic rage. It was the pirates' crusade. Sourie, Capdeville and others enriched themselves with one hand as they skimmed the sea, while with the other they won the Calvinistic heaven by murdering missionaries wherever they met them.

But not all the missionaries fall beneath the blows of pirates who were dissatisfied with Roman morals. Those who escaped their cutlasses and the Indians' poisoned arrows, dashed across the deserts in another crusade. There were some left for the holy war, and it was these who conquered Canada for the Catholic faith and for France; these heroes of religion and of patriotism who died for God and for France, in heaven enjoy the glory of being forgotten by that land, and, therefore, I shall, at least write the names of Jogues, Baniel, Brébeuf, the noble auxiliaries of Champlain. . . .

Who has not heard of the Catholic governments of Paraguay, those famous "Reductions" lauded by Robertson, Albert de Haller, Buffon, Montesquieu, Raynal and Chateaubriand, of which Voltaire said: "The establishment in Paraguay by unassisted Spanish Jesuits, seems like the triumph of humanity." We shall have to speak again, unfortunately, of Paraguay and of the cruel reward meted out to the Jesuits by Voltaire's contemporaries.

At Carthagen, in South America, the Jesuits performed other wonders of charity. Just as they had become Pariahs in India to convert the Pariahs, and Brahmins to convert Brahmins, the blessed Peter Claver became a negro, and more than a negro, the "slave of the negroes," in order to raise these miserable victims of European avarice to the sentiment of religion.

One must read his history to understand the distance between philanthropy and charity. The philanthropists of free America have liberated the blacks, and they have done well. But where is the American that would take the hand of a negro? In New York men and women object to the admittance of negroes into public conveyances as if they were unclean animals, whose presence would poison

the atmosphere. The liberty that has been given them does not remove their degradation any more than have done the tiresome romances that sought to win them the pity of Europe.

Claver has not the right to emancipate them, but he awaits them in the places where they are brought like cattle to be sold. Ill and poor as he is, and dying of fatigue, he loads himself down with provisions he has begged, and he nurses them, washes their faces and their feet, and kisses their tears, exclaiming: "O my brothers! O my friends! O my dear masters! what do you wish me to do? Do not fear to ask anything of your servant, even his life, for I belong to you; you have bought me in Jesus Christ: I am Peter Claver, *the slave of the negroes for ever!*"

Then there is Father de Rhodes at Tong-King, Father Cabral in Thibet and in Népaül, Fathers Medrano and Figueroa in New Grenada, John de Arcos at Caraccas.

It was there that the Jesuits were accused for the first time of "commerce," because they furnished their neophytes, at a slight advance, with merchandise which the real traffickers would have sold at usurious rates. That was a crime which will never be pardoned them. It is a dangerous thing to come

between the trader and his prey. Neither evidence nor time can assuage the rancor of those who have been *injured* by having their exaggerated profits cut down, and you will still find people to tell you that the Jesuits maintain immense but invisible fleets which traverse the ocean with devouring speed, bearing unknown tributes from absolutely mysterious correspondents.

When a Jesuit engages in trade—and there is one unlucky and too celebrated example—the Order puts him under interdict, cashiers him, expels him, and ruins itself to pay a debt it has not contracted.

Nevertheless, the Order must suffer for it.

We shall relate the orgy of iniquity known in history as the trial of Father de la Valette.

The Jesuits do not trade. They give, but do not sell. They have neither warehouses nor fleets. They let people act and talk.

In their own books you will find no testimony to their zeal, their courage and their stubborn charity. They rarely deny even the most dangerous accusations, and it is to their enemies we must go for refutation of the absurd calumnies against them. “It is a remarkable thing that those authors who have the most severely blamed the licentious manners of the regular Spanish monks, all agree in honoring the

conduct of the Jesuits. Governed by a more perfect discipline than prevailed among other orders, or restrained by the need of preserving the Society's honor, so dear to each of its members, the Jesuits, whether of Mexico or of Peru, have ever maintained an irreproachable regularity of manners." It is not a Jesuit nor even a Catholic who says that.*

That, the thought of a Protestant, an honorable man and intelligent writer, is very different from the vile inventions that appear in our journals and our books!

Before Choiseul's ministry, when the suppression of the Jesuits, which Montalembert, after Montyon, has called "the greatest iniquity of modern times," was consummated, the following was the general state of the missions founded by St. Ignatius' disciples among the infidels in various countries of the world: the Portuguese Jesuits, who in the 72 years, from 1551 to 1623, had sent 662 missionaries to the Indies, and 222 to Brazil, or at the rate of 12 a year, in 1616 numbered 280 in the province of Goa, and 180 in that of Brazil; this latter afterwards (1759) had 445.

* Robertson, *Hist. of America*, tome X, p. 27.

The mission of Japan in 1581 counted 150,000 Christians, 200 churches, 59 missionaries. In China, about 1680, the one province of Nankin contained more than 100,000 Christians. In the Indies, in Madura, Father Laynez baptized (1699) 15,000 idolators in six months.

In 1763, America had 526 Jesuits in Peru; 572 in Mexico; 195 in the New Kingdom (Carthagena la nuova); 209 at Quito; 269 (564 in 1767) in Paraguay; 242 in Chili. At Marañon, in 1667, Father Vieyra da Silva organized 50 Christian villages along more than 400 leagues of coast.

The missions of the Levant, founded by Henry IV, and revived by Louis XIV, propagated French influence along with the Catholic faith in Greece, at Constantinople, in Persia, at Smyrna, throughout the Archipelago, in Armenia, Crimea, Chaldea, Syria and Egypt.

That was the prosperous and ever growing situation of the Company's missions at the time when cautious and violent tyranny, on the faith of the Pombals, of the Arandas, and of the Choiseuls, in one moment destroyed those foundations which had cost so much industry and so many years, extending over the world and worthy of the name of an empire! The mind is astounded that men so petty, so disas-

trously powerless to produce or to preserve anything, should yet have been able to annihilate so gigantic an institution!

We shall say nothing here of the Portuguese, the Spaniard, or the Frenchman, because in a little while they will come under our special study. And they are worth the trouble, not for what they have produced, because their work is null, but for the immense moral and material wealth, destroyed by the blindness of their hatred.

While some of the Jesuits diffused Catholicity among pagan and barbarous nations, others struggled to bring back to obedience the European heretics and schismatics, in revolt against the Church. We have seen Lefèvre, Le Jay, and Bobadilla, three of the original Jesuits, the first to confront the innumerable army of apostates and rebels who filled Germany with murder and sacrilege. They are soon followed into the arena by the blessed Peter Canisius,* one of the noblest figures of the Order,

* Born at Nimeguen, May 8th, 1521, died at Freiburg, in Switzerland, December 21st, 1597, beatified, by Pius IX, August 2d, 1864.

a man of attractive eloquence, profound science, and of inexhaustible resource in polemics. The Lutherans themselves said of him: "There is no way of resisting the truth which this man announces!"

But above all things he abounded in charity. Every day Canisius and Salmeron, both Professors in the University of Ingolstadt, leave their chairs to take care of the sick in the hospital, or to instruct little children in school or even in the public square.

Their natural reward was persecution. Canisius wrote to Father Laynez, who had become General of the Company of Jesus after Loyola's death: "Our enemies are striving by calumny to take away a reputation which I do not intend to defend. They are doing the same honor to all the other Fathers. Soon perhaps they will pass from threats to blows and to the most cruel treatment. May heaven grant that the more they try to injure us, the more we may repay them with charity. They are our persecutors, but they are our brothers. We must love them on account of the love of Jesus Christ, who gave His blood for them, and because they sin, perhaps, through ignorance."

I cannot help remarking here, that these beautiful thoughts and the discreet manner of expressing them

constitute what is called *par excellence* "Jesuitism," that is to say, apparent hypocrisy.

Jesuitism is merely charity, insulted by those who live so far away from it as never to have seen or heard it.

However, intellects were convinced, and above all many hearts were touched. "The Jesuits," says another Protestant writer, Doctor Leopold Ranke,* speaking of their labors in Germany, "lacked neither zeal nor prudence. You see them spreading out successively into all the places that surround them, drawing the masses. Their churches are the most frequented. Is a Lutheran found anywhere, well versed in the Bible, whose teaching has influence in his neighborhood, they employ every means to convert him, and they nearly always succeed, so habituated are they to controversy! The electoral prince of Mayence, Schweichardt, Maximilian of Bavaria, the archduke Ferdinand, all of them eminent men, were pupils of the Jesuits' school, so skilful in provoking vast and lofty thoughts in the minds of their disciples. These princes were themselves reformers, and they had accomplished through their faith the restoration of religion."

* Vol. IV, p. 49 (French edition.)

Do you wish to see, now, what part those who are so readily called "obscurantists" played in the history of superstition? Here is an extract from the biography of Father Frederick von Spée,* one of the most renowned writers of his time. Indignant at the frequent abuses which then followed the criminal prosecution of sorcerers, he courageously undertook the defense of the victims against blinded judges and a fanatical public. The impression produced in France and Germany by the publication of his book, *Causa Criminalis*, was such that despite popular credulity and the error of the courts, the absurd and bloody legislation that for centuries had governed Europe fell at once into disuse.

Shortly after (1635), Father von Spée was at Trèves when the Imperialists captured that city, occupied by the French. The Jesuit by his zeal and courage saved that great city from pillage and snatched the conquered from death. To him four hundred Frenchmen owed liberty, provisions, clothing and permission to return to their fatherland. But contagion came after the war, and Father von Spée did not follow those who withdrew; he remained to take care of the sick, and, at forty years

* Born at Kaiserwoerth, near Dusseldorf, in 1591.

years of age, he died standing, in the field of honor of charity.

In the reign of Henry VIII, Salmeron and Paschase Brouet travelled through England and Ireland to strengthen and console the Catholics who were subjected to an odious prosecution. But it was needful to oppose a lasting help against the permanent danger. During Elizabeth's bloody reign, whose edicts recall those of Nero and of Diocletian,* a mission of twelve Jesuits was organized under the orders of Edmund Campion and of Robert Parsons, both formerly Oxford men. Their heads were at stake, and they knew it. "We have so much to do here," wrote Father Parsons, "that we often have only two hours to take a little repose."

And the illustrious Doctor Allen asserted that in the space of one year (1581) the Fathers had gained more souls in England than they could have gained elsewhere in their whole life. "It is estimated," added he, "that there are ten thousand more Catholics than last year."

* Example: From the 15th of July to the 31st of August, 1580. *fifty thousand Catholics* were arrested, indicted, punished with confiscation, transportation, and a great number with death.

But blood is needed to fertilize the labors of apostles. Edmund Campion spilled his. After him several of his brethren won the palm of martyrdom: John Cornelius, Robert Southwell, Henry Walpole,* Thomas Bosgrove, Roger Filcock, Francis Page, Henry and Thomas Garnett, Thomas Holland, Rudolph Corby, Henry Morse, Richard Bradley, Cansfield, Cuthbert Prescott, Edmund Nevil. . . . The martyrs were hung to the gibbet, then cut down *living*, to be quartered, after having their bowels torn out. *Ibant gaudentes*,† as one of the companions of Peter Olivaint was to say three hundred years later, in 1870, when on his way to execution. Their canticle is silent only when their heart ceases to beat.

Voltaire said of their executioners: "The absurdity of these fanatics was joined to madness; they were at once the most foolish and the most dangerous of men." It is with real joy that we cite that great mind to whom God had given all things, except the priceless gift of faith. He made many false accusations against the Company of Jesus, but many, too, are the pages where his pen does them justice.

* He had three brothers and a cousin in the Company of Jesus.

† "They went rejoicing."

The cruelty of the fools who slew was overcome by the patience of the wise who knew how to die, and after that long and frightful persecution, thanks to the labors of the apostles and the blood of the martyrs, the Catholic faith obtained the "freedom of the city" in England, and again flourished in the "Isle of Saints."

The proof that Protestantism, so completely victorious at first, was losing ground, is in the fact that the countries of the north of Europe all hesitated at the same time. The "plague of the Jesuits," as the preachers called it, attacked those kingdoms where Christian had put a mitre on his footman. Father Anthony Possevin* preached in the place where Gustavus Vasa had broken the images of Mary, and the people came at the sound of his voice; kings also. He penetrated to Stockholm, received the private abjuration of the king of Sweden, John III, and then went to Moscow. There the confessor shows himself a diplomat of the first order; at the Kremlin he negotiates peace between the Czar John IV and the Poles, and then gladly giving up this brilliant rôle, he returns to Padua to resume his modest functions of professor and preacher. But we

* Born at Mantua, in 1534.

have no right to wonder at this absolute obedience, practiced with the utmost humility ; it is the rule, and, in this case, humility was especially productive, for from the hands of this master came Francis de Sales.

Less than fifty years after the death of Possevin, two of his brethren, aided by that illustrious pupil of the Jesuits, René Descartes, converted the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus to Catholicity. Doctor Ranke, whose impartiality we have already done honor to, writes: "The activity of the Jesuits reached into all the provinces, among the races of Livonia ; in Lithuania, where they were obliged to combat the ancient serpent-worship ; among the Greeks, where often the Jesuits were the only Catholic priests ; in Poland, where hundreds of religious of the Company of Jesus dedicated themselves to the revival of Catholic faith."

Here again, however, their work bore the seal of the Cross: Andrew Bobola,* cruelly martyred by schismatic Cossacks, became a new patron in heaven of Catholic Poland.

* Born in Poland, in 1590. put to death for the faith at Yanov, May 16th, 1657, beatified by Pope Pius IX, October 30th, 1853. The martyr Olivaint has written a life of this martyr.

We shall finish this rapid sketch of the missions in the two worlds by a few words on the labors of the Jesuits in the great Catholic nations of Italy, Spain and Portugal, the countries of Germany that remained faithful to Rome, and, finally, the Low Countries and Austria; we shall treat of France in a special chapter.

And first, one of the most hostile writers against the Company of Jesus, the apostate Huber, of Munich, passed a correct judgment on two of those nations: "The Order," says he, "in a short time gained great advantages over Protestantism; the *renovating* movement was smothered in Italy, and in Germany driven back to the countries of the North." In support of this assertion, Huber borrows Macaulay's testimony: "'Protestantism,' says the noble writer cited, 'was checked in its victorious march and driven back with a giddy rapidity from the foot of the Alps to the shores of the Baltic. Before the Order had a century of existence, it had filled the whole world with monuments of its martyrs and of its great struggles for the faith.'"

At Rome, at Venice, at Padua, and throughout the Italian peninsula, as well as all over that immense empire which united Austria, Spain, and Flanders under the one sceptre, during two centuries, the

Jesuits exposed error, defended the true faith, reëstablished ecclesiastical discipline, encouraged charitable works for the comfort of the sick and the poor, opened asylums for suffering, for want, for repentance, and for old age, and trained the youth to that lovely virtue which we admire in Aloysius Gonzaga, and in Stanislas Kostka.

Altars, too, arose on all sides to honor the saints whom the Company of Jesus had filled with its spirit; Rome venerates St. Ignatius and St. Francis de Borgia; Naples, St. Francis de Hieronimo; Spain, the blessed Alfonso Rodriguez; Belgium, the blessed John Berchmans; Holland, Catholic Switzerland, and the Tyrol, the blessed Peter Canisius; France, St. Francis Regis,* etc.

And how did these men reach the summit of Christian perfection? By the exact, the heroic observance of the rules of their institute, by the practice of obedience as defined by St. Ignatius, by constant labors, by fidelity to the spirit of that Company of Jesus which has been persecuted, and even, for a time, destroyed, but which no one has seriously dreamed of reforming, because no one has ever been

* Born Jan. 31st, 1597, died Dec. 31st, 1716, canonized April 5th, 1737, by Pope Clement XII.

able to call it corrupt, except the "solitaires" of Port Royal, whom Voltaire himself has answered, and the foolish good people who live by insulting the Jesuits in our time, and whom surely no one will care to answer.

There is, however, a certain vulgar truism which we must overturn on our way. It is the fashion among the makers of the dotting dictionaries, which go on faithfully copying the same worn-out stupidities since the time of the encyclopædic deluge, openly to proclaim the *decay* of those nations which have remained faithful to the Church, and to attribute this pretended decline to the Jesuits. Among the invalids cited are Austria, Spain, Portugal. Yesterday they spoke of Mexico, but they are silent since Juarez.

Why not Italy? And above all, why not Belgium?

Are they quite sure that England is securely hoodwinked? For she begins to perceive heresy at work outside of her, and she has not yet made up her mind that Protestantism is, after all, a profitable commerce to engage in.

One might say a good many things as to the inferiority of Catholic countries. For my part, I do not admit it in any degree, because I do not place human

greatness in the winning of a piece of coin, and because I have no devotion for the god called Dollar or Revolver; but admitting the decline of certain Catholic countries, is it at all to be compared with the horrible internal malady of certain Protestant countries? We need not name those countries, we know them well, and who does not?

And then, were not these Catholic nations Catholic at the time of their splendor? Were they not more Catholic then than now? Have they not fallen little by little, in proportion as they became unfaithful to their beliefs, in proportion as they drank the poison of indifference, of skepticism, and of incredulity? And then, who is so stupid as to believe there is Jesuit influence in all that? Are they to be blamed for the poisonous atmosphere which they have done their best to counteract?

Besides, the Jesuits were expelled from most of those Catholic states by the intrigues of those who brought about the feebleness of those states; they were driven out at the height of the prosperity, which they had largely contributed to produce; their valuable help was replaced in those states by ———. But what is the use of saying by whom?

Spain, Portugal, the kingdom of Naples, the duchy of Parma, the empire of Austria, are all

states that expelled the Jesuits. And was their condition bettered?

And France?

If she was improved, why complain?

But if, on the contrary, those states have regretted the departure of the Jesuits, as history affirms, what is the sense of blaming the authors of prosperity with the misfortunes that ensued after their unjust and unwise expulsion?

Let every one be responsible for his own acts!

If what was pure gold in the Jesuits' hands has changed into lead for their despoilers, whose is the fault?

In all that has been said, has the reader discovered or not, the motives of the really extraordinary hatred that surrounds the Company of Jesus?

For myself, I reply YES and NO. *Yes*, for the enemies of the Church; *no*, for its friends.

The enemies of the Church have every reason to hate the Jesuits; the friends of the Church have every reason to esteem and to love them. And it

would not be frank to deny that there is something in our words that tends to confuse the servants with the master, the Jesuits with the Church. The Company of Jesus is nothing in comparison with the Church, which alone has the promise of immortality.

The Company of Jesus could disappear without causing the slightest disturbance of the rock on which the divine edifice reposes.

But "*all the enemies of the Church are ever, and before all, the enemies of the Jesuits.*" That is what emphatically entitles them to the confidence of Catholics. ". . . The Company of Jesus has the unequalled glory of being struck, accused, and calumniated by the united enemies of the Church. A singular privilege, a glorious prerogative, which makes their name the most glorious that it is given to Christians to bear in our times." *

We have just seen them at work outside France. Let us now return home and see what they have

* Count de Montalembert, discourse in the Chamber of Peers, May 8th and June 11th, 1844.

done here; that, in the mouths of the enemies of God and of our country, their name has become the grossest insult applied not only to every priest, to every Catholic, but even to every honorable man, honorably serving his country.

Read the "liberal" journals, enter the liberal clubs, and you will see that they apply the name of Jesuits indiscriminately to employers, proprietors, statesmen of every opinion, to all who know how to read, and not to blackguard. The gendarmes are Jesuits, the prefects, the marshals, the Brothers of Christian Doctrine! The Protestant ministers themselves are Jesuits! the magistrates, Jesuits! the soldiers, Jesuits! Jesuits! Jesuits! Never were men celebrated by such a unanimous outcry against them.

If this is not glory, where is it?

IN FRANCE.

IT was a solemn hour for our ancestors when the lame beggar of the College of Sainte-Barbe climbed the hill of Montmartre before daylight. France, baptized under Clovis, glorified under Charlemagne, beautified under St. Louis, was deeply Christian; but she likewise was deeply agitated by the religious and already political revolution which was overturning Germany, Switzerland and England. Beyond our frontiers, desolation was at its height; within, Calvin was sharpening his weapons. Between the vow of Montmartre and Paul III's bull, Calvin published his *Christian Institute*, and thus founded a sect from which was to come the Huguenots,* that

* 1536.

is to say, civil war, and what was a worse calamity, religious war, *plus quam civilia bella*. Sparks were already flying through the smoke that rose above the hidden fire. A few years later and the conspiracy of Amboise* unmasked the fanatical aspirations of the self-styled "Reformed."

In these times of peril, the growing Company's place could not be doubtful: it accomplished precisely the duty for which its founder had created it; it took up the Catholic cause, which at that time was the national cause. At the solicitation of Cardinal de Lorraine and of several other wise and learned prelates, Henry II had, in 1550, decreed letters patent to the Company of Jesus. But the open or secret enemies of the Catholic faith had too much dread of these new comers not to use every power and every means to prevent their establishment in France. The Huguenots and the politicians worked so well that the Parliament, whose hateful opposition began with the birth of the Order, refused to register the royal letters.

Two years later, a new edict commanded the magistrates to act, but there was new opposition favored by the king's death. Francis II three times

* 1560.

reiterated his injunctions.* Charles IX returns to the charge with no more success,† so great was the spirit of rebellion and of dislike for anything frankly Catholic, among the higher members of the magistracy.

At last, on the 15th of September, 1561, the Colloquy of Poissy to which the Parliament, by one of its subterfuges, had referred the case, solemnly received the Jesuits in France, but under restrictive clauses, which were later removed by Charles IX in 1565, and by Henry III in 1580.

From the very first they had deserved this confidence by their zeal in preaching and in defending the true faith. As a prelude to the long series of successes that were to attend the Order's efforts in education, Maldonat drew a brilliant audience of prelates, nobles and learned men to his lectures in the College of Clermont at Paris; the colleges of the institute were scarcely opened than they were filled with pupils, and "the Protestants themselves recalled their children from far-off colleges to entrust them to the Jesuits," says Ranke. At this time

* *Lettres patentes*. February 12th, April 25th and October 9th, 1560.

† *Lettres patentes*. March 4th and 18th, 1561.

Edmund Auger was struggling with the Calvinists of the south. Having fallen into the hands of the Baron des Adrets at Valence, he continued to *preach* from the scaffold and his executioners were so moved by his eloquence that they spared his life. He was no sooner free than he hastened to Lyons, where a contagious malady was raging, which had carried off sixty thousand people in a short time; he cares for the dying and the poor, revives confidence and saves the city, which follows him in a body to the feet of Mary. Calvin could not have found a single partizan in all Lyons on that day!

The heretics had nothing but violence and calumny to oppose to that zeal and devotion, but they had the help of the University of Paris, alarmed at a rivalry which it thought dangerous. The antagonism was beginning. The University tried to exclude the Company of Jesus from the schools, as it had done some centuries before with those great religious orders which have given the Church such men as Thomas of Aquin, Albertus Magnus, Duns Scotus. The University's case must have been very suspicious, and its struggles against free education devoid of all reason, when the Parliament, with all of its prejudice, having taken cognizance of the matter, twice decided in favor of the Jesuits.

According to the testimony even of du Boullay and of Crévier, the historians of the University, its course of instruction was then in a feeble condition. Studies were almost utterly neglected; and, what was still more disastrous, the looseness of morals among the young people of the schools was only equalled by the absurdity of their ideas and the impiety of their doctrines.

The colleges of the Jesuits were freely opened to all; and along with a taste for literature, reëstablished a zeal for faith and for the practice of a Christian life; and we can say of those teachers what Voltaire said of Father Porée, they "had the merit of making their disciples love literature and virtue."

But the League was formed. That great movement, which was legitimate in itself, since its aim was to defend the religion of the great mass of Frenchmen against a few fanatics, brought many ills and excesses in its train. Relying upon history, we can point to the conduct of the Company of Jesus as a model of prudence in that delicate conjuncture.

Its members admitted the correctness of the principles of the League, which were simply a resistance of the national Catholicity to a Protestant invasion, but at the same time it strove to calm the effervescence of passion and to reconcile interests. Far from

meddling in the struggles of political parties, they were, from the beginning to the end, the apostles and mediators of peace. Outside of Paris their action was of slight importance, for the fifty cities which adhered to the League *contained not one house of the Jesuits*. In Paris, Father Pigenat displayed great devotion, but it was altogether platonic and had not even the encouragement of possible success. His efforts were lost, as was to be expected amid the noise of the tempest, while the fury of the sixteen which he had undertaken to control to the best of his ability, in spite of him, increased in madness, although he did succeed in moderating it more than once at the risk of his liberty, and even of his life; but other members of the Society, accepting a more useful mission, undertook to arrange conferences looking to peace with the Sovereign Pontiff.

At the height of the excitement in Paris, a few preachers, carried away by their zeal, departed from the reserve imposed upon them by their institute; but they were soon recalled to themselves by the energetic measures of the general, Claude Aquaviva. "Tell the king," he wrote to the provincial of France, "how strongly the Constitutions forbid us to take part in temporal affairs."

More than that, he remonstrated very firmly with Sixtus V, who was passionately partial to the League, on the necessary neutrality of the Order.

But the conversion of Henry IV to Catholicity removed the need of the League. Bellarmine, who was then at Paris, being questioned as to the lawfulness of a near surrender of the capital to the king, replied (against the opinion of the University) that it was "lawful to lay aside arms," and that it was "a duty to cease a struggle when there was no longer an object." At the same time, the Jesuits in Rome were laboring to bring about a reconciliation between the king of France and the Church. It is a remarkable thing that the most active and devoted of these benevolent negotiators were an Italian, Father Possevin; a Spaniard, Cardinal Toledo; and two Frenchmen, unjustly banished by the Parliament, Fathers Commolet and Guéret.

Béarnais was not ungrateful. "My cousin," wrote Henry IV to Cardinal Toledo, "I know that after God and our Holy Father, it is to the integrity of your conscience that I owe the absolution" (that is, the removal of the excommunication,) "which it has pleased His Holiness to decree in my favor."

This moderate conduct of the Jesuits, joined to great zeal for the integrity of the faith, was not calculated to disarm the hatred that surrounded them. Better things had been expected from them; the Parliament and the University were unanimously disappointed.

Soon the confidence with which the Holy See, the episcopate and the Catholic people honored them, and the evidences of the favor which King Henry IV began to lavish upon them, all united to exasperate the envy of their numerous enemies. The same fanatics who had armed Poltrot, the murderer of the Duke de Guise, and Clément, the assassin of Henry III, thought to involve the Jesuits in the punishment of Chastel.

It was not easy to do this, on account of the evidence of the facts, the public esteem and the acknowledged sympathy of the king; but public esteem is liable to waver, and the king had a great deal to do. Besides, that epoch offers astonishing examples of parliamentary intrigue.

John Chastel had during ten years followed the course of the University; he was studying law there under Marcellus at the time when he made the attempt on Henry IV. But, *formerly*, he had attended the College of Clermont for a few months as an

extern pupil, and this sorry detail served as a point of departure for an accusation. But how develop it? The Parliament attended to that. Something else was needful, to be sure, but as the Parliament was not exacting, it was satisfied with the few months' externate. "*Huguenots and libertines*," says the historian Dupleix, "launched a thousand execrations, curses and imprecations against the Jesuits; but neither proof nor presumption against them could be forced from the assassin's mouth by the agony of torture." L'Etoile, an enemy of the Jesuits, Sully likewise, as well as de Thou, Mathieu, Cayet, the *Mémoires de la Ligue*, and all the chroniclers, unanimously acknowledge that "Chastel exonerated the Jesuits, and to his last breath declared them unjustly suspected."

Nevertheless, during those months of the externate, the Jesuits might have taught Chastel, in addition to the art of assassination, that of silence. Besides, why so many roundabout ways? "If it is not thou, it is thy brother," the "Jesuits *must* have been guilty," and the Parliament disgraced itself, for the first time, by creating a precedent for the great iniquity of the XVIIIth century.

The Parliament condemned in spite of every appearance and in spite of common sense. That great

body, so often worthy of the respect of history, listening only to its blind passion, did not hesitate at the most hateful of crimes, *judicial assassination!*

An inoffensive old man, who, it is likely, had never seen Chastel, Father Guignard, was living buried in his books in the library of the college. He was arrested, condemned and hanged in the Place de Grève, and the only crime he was guilty of, says L'Etoile, was, "having been born at an unlucky hour!"

But what was the excuse for this summary judgment and cruel sentence?

"Because," replies Hurault de Chiverny, chancellor of France, in his *Mémoires d'Etat*, "the enemies of the Jesuits found, or *perhaps supposed* that there were certain private writings concerning the death of the late King Henry III in Guignard's room." Now, "the judges who condemned him," adds L'Etoile, "were *mostly those who had assisted at the decree of judgment pronounced against the late king in the year 1589*" (that was five years before), "which is a strange thing."

Strange indeed, and almost incredible, if we were speaking of anything else but the condemnation of a Jesuit.

We have preferred to quote writers and chroniclers inimical to the Jesuits, and this was natural; not one honorable writer has failed to condemn this act of repulsive iniquity, but it is curious to study these facts in the books of modern "liberalism." I have a work of the kind, called popular, under my eyes, one that enjoys an enviable notoriety with certain people; it is the *Histoire de Paris*, by Dulaure, and it excites my wonder. This Dulaure is not really a bad man; he would have been better pleased if they had not hanged Father Guignard, and above all if they had not burned his body and scattered his ashes to the wind, which he thinks unnecessary; he has a trifle of pity for those poor ashes, while he insults the man and mildly chides the Parliament.

But he heartily and openly detests the Jesuits! Considering the chaplet of unblushing calumnies he weaves against the Jesuits in regard to this hideous murder of a Jesuit, it seems as though his greatest grievance with the Parliament was that it had left so many Jesuits alive.

His paragraph referring to the decree condemning ALL JESUITS as *corruptors of youth*, as *disturbers of the public peace*, etc., to leave Paris within three days, is full of joy, and he gives a good many pages to the description of the grotesque column, "a monu-

ment to commemorate the disgrace of the Jesuits." This column would rather have perpetuated the infamy of the Parliament had not Henry IV, out of consideration for his amiable presidents and counselors, thrown it down and swept it away.* At the same time that the excellent Dulaure good-naturedly scolds the judicial assassins of Father Guignard, who, after all, was only *one* Jesuit, he approves of the exile of five hundred Jesuits, who, perhaps, have not poniarded Henry IV, but who undoubtedly would poniard him, as they poniarded Henry III!

For Ravailac was a Jesuit, as Jacques Clément was a Jesuit, as all the assassins of kings, from Brutus to Damiens, have been Jesuits. All this is hummed in a sleepy tone to a false air, badly imitated from Béranger.

The blockhead Dulaure lived just before the time of "enlightened" liberalism; in his day there was only the liberalism of mud. Every well brought-up *bourgeois* peacefully helped himself to his meal of Jesuit as was proper, and after finishing Father

* This recalls the monument erected in London in memory of the great fire in 1666, and the inscription on which charged that dreadful calamity upon the "Papists." This monument was allowed to remain until the intelligence of our own times spurned the slander and ordered its removal.—(Translator.)

Guignard, would add, with the malicious smile of the Voltaires of Yvetot: "If Henry IV had not petted the Jesuits, there were ten thousand who would have stabbed him by turns. It's a well-known fact!"

Ah! to be sure; hurrah for light! Of course I have no desire to deprive people of so much "enlightenment" of their Dulaures!

Dulaure tells the truth; not satisfied with having shed the blood of an innocent priest, the Parliament expelled the Jesuits from Paris, "not without the astonishment of many and the regret of several,"* and these upright magistrates loyally appropriated the spoils of the banished. The Jesuits' library, a large and very fine one, was given up to pillage. At the request of messieurs the king's-people, the books were deemed lawful prize, and these gentlemen helped themselves the first.†

"This insult to justice, committed by her representatives, was not only," says the Protestant Sismondi, "*a scandalous iniquity, it was an act of political cowardice.*"

* Chiverny, *Mémoires d'Etat*, p. 241.

† L'Etoile.

Even with the eloquence of such as Dulaure, it is hard to make people think Henry IV a timid man; but everyone knows that he had too great a soul to connive in the least at such like infamy.* As far as he could, he made amends for this crying injustice, and without delay he recalled the Jesuits with pomp, in spite of the parliament's opposition.

In September, 1603, the king signed an edict at Rouen, which reëstablished the Company of Jesus within the jurisdictions of several parliaments. And as the members of that of Paris with their president, Achille de Harlay, at the head, thought fit to present the king with "very humble remonstrances" on this subject, the king replied in these manly and lively words which certainly did not indicate the poltroon:

"I am well pleased," said he to the magistrates, "with the care you have of my person and of my State, I have all your thoughts in my mind, but you

* In 1762 there was invented for the temporary need an *Edict of Henry IV* of January 7th, 1595, which was again invoked in the Chamber of Deputies and at the Court. Proofs abound that this pretended edict NEVER EXISTED. (Among others see *Documents concernant la Compagnie de Jésus*, 1827, tome 1^{er}.)

have not all mine in yours. . . . You pretend to be versed in matters of State, and you understand no better than I do how to draw up a process. Touching the Colloquy of Poissy, I wish you to know that if all had done as well there as one or two Jesuits, who were there very conveniently, things would have gone better for the Catholics. At that time not their ambition but their capacity was recognized, and I marvel how you found your opinion of the ambition of men who refuse dignities and prelacies when offered to them, who make a vow to God never to accept them, and who seek nothing else in this world but to serve without reward all who desire service from them. But if this word Jesuit displeases you, why do you not turn upon those who call themselves monks of the Trinity? . . . For myself I should rather be called Jesuit than Jacobin or Augustinian.

“If, up to the present, they have only been in France by tolerance, God has reserved for me the glory, which I hold as a great grace, to establish them here; and if they were here only provisionally, from this out they shall be here both by edict and by royal order; the will of my predecessors retained them; my will is to establish them here. The University has notably opposed them; but that

was either because they did better than others,* as witness the concourse of scholars in their colleges, or because they were not incorporated in the University. . . . You say that in your parliament the most learned did not study with them; if the most learned are the oldest, it is true, for they had studied before the Jesuits were known in France; but I have heard say that other parliaments do not speak in this way, nor even all yours; and if they do not learn better there than elsewhere, whence comes it, that your University is become like a desert, and that in spite of your decrees they are sought at Douay, at Pont (à Mousson) and beyond the realm. †

“You call them a company of factious people because they were of the League, but that was the evil of the time. They thought they were doing right, and they were deceived like a good many others; ‡ but I choose to believe they had less malice than others, || and hold that the same conscience along with the graces I shall accord them,

* Alas! there is the eternal trouble! What a sharp journalist this king would have made!

† Thus it was, too, at the beginning of this century. When the Jesuits go away, their disciples follow them.

‡ We ought not to ask Henry IV's approbation of the League.

|| Especially Messieurs of the Parliament.

will make them adhere to me as much as and better than they did to the League. You say they attract children of good intelligence and choose the best of them; do we not choose the best soldiers for war? And if you were free from favoritism would you receive any one who was not worthy of your company and to serve in your parliament? If they furnished you with ignorant teachers or preachers you would despise them; they are men of mind and you turn upon them for it! As for the riches which you say they possess, that is a calumny; in all France they had but twelve or fifteen thousand crowns revenue altogether. . . . The vow which they make to the Pope is of no consequence to us. They only make this vow to obey the Popes when they are sent to convert the infidels; and in fact it is through them that God has converted the Indies. You say they enter France in whatever way they can; others do likewise, and I myself entered my kingdom in the best fashion I could; their great patience must be admitted, and as for myself I admire it, for they obtain all things by patience and a good life. And I esteem them none the less in that you say they are close observers of their institute; that is what will maintain them. . . . Touching their opinion of the Pope, I know they respect him highly; so also do I.

As to the doctrine of freeing ecclesiastics from my authority and teaching to slay kings, it must be seen what they say and whether they thus instruct youth. One thing makes me think there is nothing in it: during the thirty years that they have taught youth in France, a hundred thousand scholars who have lived amongst them and like them have gone out of their colleges; let only one of this great number be found who will maintain that he has heard such language or anything approaching what is charged against them!

“Touching Barrière,* though it needs must be that a Jesuit was his confessor as you say, yet it was a Jesuit who informed me of his enterprise, and another one told him he would be damned for daring to undertake it. As for Chastel, the torture could not wring an accusation from him as to a meeting with Varade or any other Jesuit whatever; and if it was otherwise, why did you spare them? For the one who was executed was condemned for another matter, which, *it was said*, was found among his writings. But even if thus it were that a Jesuit aimed the blow, must all the apostles suffer for Judas, or am I to answer for all the thiev-

* The first assassin of the king.

ing, and every other fault, which those who have been my soldiers may commit in the future? If a Spanish Jesuit and Cardinal (Father Toledo) helped me to get the blessing of the Holy Father when I became a Catholic, why do you wish to cast umbrage on Frenchmen, who are my natural subjects? I know what I shall judge concerning them, and I shall let you know what I desire; leave me the management and the conduct of this Company; I have managed and governed more difficult and troublesome ones; obey my will only."

We have reproduced in their entirety these words of a king so often assassinated by the Jesuits, not so much for the purpose of defending the Jesuits, long ago absolved, as of doing homage, as a literary man, to the august writer who spoke so neat, pure and robust a French more than half a century before Bossuet, Pascal and Labruyère.

Never did any one more frankly snatch away the cowardly mask of calumny. It is a speech in the finest style and full of heart.

It was necessary to obey, and the edict of Rouen, in spite of manifest ill-will, was registered by the Parliament on the 4th of January, 1604.

Henry IV did not stop there. In a thousand ways he testified his esteem, gratitude and affection

for the members of the Company of Jesus, and it is difficult to believe that the fear which he had of them could carry him so far as to establish them "in his own house of la Flèche," so far as to give his whole confidence to the famous and learned Father Coton, and finally, that he would go so far beyond the possible bounds of cowardice as to devise them his heart as a last proof of that tenderness which had made him say: "I have loved you since I have known you."

Louis XIII, following the same path as his father, took all their Company "into his protection and safe-keeping, as it pleased the late king to do."* he confirmed the right of teaching accorded to the Jesuits by Henry IV, and he recommended them to the Protestant princes of Europe "as men of deep piety and of great prudence." In 1627, along with Richelieu, he laid the corner-stone of their

* *Etats-Généraux de 1614. Vœu présenté au roi par les deux premiers ordres du royaume.*

church in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine,* finally, royal protection and popular favor so well defended them against the miserable jealousy and hatred of their rivals that, in this year, the number of their pupils was thirteen thousand one hundred and ninety-five in the one province of Paris. What do you think of those "*dark ages*" when the desire of learning was so wide-spread?

And what do you think of these friends of *ignorance*, these *obscurantists*, keeping at the head of education and beating the champions of the Reformation in every encounter, whether religious, moral, or philosophical? Where are the torches to outshine the light of the Bellarmines and the Toledos? Was there at that time an orator more convincing than Canisius? A theologian surer than Molina, who was so basely misrepresented? Molina proved man's freedom under the almighty power of God. It was natural that his generous doctrine should meet the dislike of those false rigorists who find pleasure in making God's service insupportable. Judas has various ways of betraying his master.

* Founded according to St. Ignatius' promise, in the very place where the first sacrilegious attack was made against the Blessed Virgin's images.

And can greater doctrine be cited than that of Suarez, of whom Bossuet said, "in him one hears the whole School"? I do not intend to give an account here of the services rendered to intelligence by the institute of the Jesuits; it would take up too much room, but we cannot pass in silence that gigantic work of the triple Benedictine, John Bolland, the *Acta Sanctorum*, popularly known as "The Bollandists," and which Leibnitz called the Christian encyclopædia. Labbe and Sirmond flourished then, and Petau was the oracle of learned Europe. Aquaviva governed the Order. D'Alembert later made such a panegyric of that general that one might suppose he held him above Ignatius himself. The Company had five hundred and fifty houses, and was divided into thirty-three provinces containing more than twelve thousand religious.

The researches of Fr. Eckel made an enormous step in numismatics; the members of the Company composed grammars and lexicons of nearly a hundred languages and idioms, among them Basque, Bas-Breton, Hungarian, Turkish, Persian, Japanese, Chinese, and most of the savage idioms. Father Lanzi discovered the Etruscan language; two other Jesuits, John Pons and Ernest Hanxleden, made known the mysteries of the Sanscrit and the Telenga

to the learned world. Father Bouvet brought to France the 49 Chinese volumes which were the origin of the collection in *Bibliothèque Nationale*. Finally Kircher, the universal, preceded our Champollion by a long while in the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

As to Jesuit astronomers, mathematicians, geometers, mineralogists, naturalists, geographers, inventors, they are simply innumerable. On this subject one might consult Montucla's *Histoire des Mathématiques*, Lalande's *Bibliographie Astronomique*, Créteineau-Joly's History of the Society of Jesus. Only by way of curiosity I shall cite among the inventors, victims of the *Sic vos non vobis*, Father Francis Lana-Terzi, born in 1631, who discovered aerostation, and another Jesuit, a Portuguese missionary to Brazil, Bartholomew Gusmao, who a century later made the first public experiment of a fire-balloon, before Montgolfier's time. The same Lana invented the planting-machine of which Tall, in 1733, gave himself out as the inventor.

Even the camelia, that worldly flower, and quinine, that illustrious drug, came to us through the Jesuits, as well as the opulent, the chestnut-tree.

But these little things did not interfere with the greater. When the attempt was made in France and

especially in England to erect royal absolutism into a dogma, the Jesuits, with Bellarmine and Suarez at their head, defended the right of the people, showing once more that the great law of obedience established by Ignatius in nowise excluded the notion of liberty. Be very sure that Pascal, whom we are approaching, will never attack those men; he will keep his hands off Suarez, Canisius, Possevin, Petau, Toledo, Bellarmine, in reality he will touch **NO ONE**, for the ridiculous and unwholesome manakin of a Jesuit, which he has fabricated with his own hands in order to attack it, is **NO ONE**.

In going through the record of the Jesuits of the XVIIth century, if the dates succeed in making us dodge the name of Bourdaloue, the immortal honor of the French pulpit, at least we must not pass the name of St. Francis Régis, the dazzling apostle of charity.

That period had great Jesuits by the hundred. Did Pascal not know them? or did he disdain them?

While Pascal was winning easy amusing triumphs by turning the poor modest names of obscure religious into ridicule, did he not hear those glorious names which resounded through Europe?

This Francis Régis was the legend of the time. On a certain Sunday he entered a tavern where some

jolly fellows were indulging in debauch during the hour of High Mass. He preached to them—why did he meddle? They laughed at him. The austere Pascal would not have approved of that, nor yet of the brutal act of one of the young men who slapped Régis in the face. But, after all, how many wanton slaps are there in the Provincial Letters, and without the excuse of liquor!

To the one who had struck him, Régis said: “Thank you, my brother; I have deserved worse than this; but think of your soul.”

Listen! Themistocles did almost as much, and that is his glory; but what a difference; Themistocles was a practical hero; while a saint!—we have nothing to do with those people!

What happened? The poor young men, tipsy as they were, fell upon their knees and asked forgiveness. That’s the way! Jesuits! Kill-joys! In Francis Régis’ place a jolly fellow would have returned the blow and settled the matter without further spite. That is the Yvetot fashion. The God of ordinary people asks no more. Let us be indulgent!

For myself I am willingly inclined to be indulgent! and, strange to say, the Jesuits are too; but Pascal is against this! Ah! Pascal was not at all

a gay dog, nor the Arnaulds, his employers, jolly fellows. Indulgence! Jansenists! they are two words that cannot be at peace together! The Jansenists were disposed to build an addition to hell! Certainly no one would accuse them of ever having turned "the other cheek;" they dealt a blow with a bludgeon in return for a half-playful tip, and their greatest anger against the Jesuits was caused by the indulgent humor of the Jesuits. Francis Régis, the angel of purity, in their eyes, followed a "relaxed system of morals" and an "easy devotion;" and yet he fell dead under his cross!

God forbid that I should taunt or even criticise Pascal's conscience, for certain of his pages, learned by heart in my youth, are still embalmed in my memory. He had the lofty style of great souls, and I know nothing more beautiful than some of his sayings.

Even in the Provincial Letters there are admirable things, but what a poison there is in success! and how the vain-glory of success debases pride. Pascal's first intoxication was caused by the Arnaulds' astonishment and admiration, men who were astonished at nothing and admired no one.

The Arnaulds had tried a pamphlet; they were illustrious for the unmerciful *ennui* that moved

slowly from their pens. They had made use of numerous assistants, and together had concocted so terrible a mess of *ennui* that they themselves were frightened by it, and Pascal too.

Pascal took the manuscript to his room; he corrected it, or wrote something new. Pascal read it to the Arnaulds, and the fatiguing, solemn, mournful Arnaulds fell upon their knees, marveling that their own thoughts had been made brilliant.

And the Arnaulds' expression of astonishment was very lively at finding the simple Pascal worth all the Arnaulds together.

There is nothing so flattering as the sudden astonishment of one's master. Pascal accepted the Arnaulds for a master, and here I ought to say, that all the Arnaulds were not called Arnauld. They were called legion; there was a whole convent of round-head Calvinistic Fathers, a clan, a camp; it was Port Royal.

Pascal was acknowledged by these at once. The Provincial Letters were born. The bastard Protestantism imagined by Jansenius to poison the faith by straining dogma and morals, by denying liberty and good works, by substituting pharisaical rigor for charity, had at last an unhoped for and great apostle!

It must be confessed that in many things astonishment is the half of success. The success of the Provincial Letters was enormous because they astonished the public much more than they had surprised the Arnaulds. Was this really Pascal? Had the man whose heart had sent forth those fiery darts of love, found a treasure of cold and malicious hatred in the same heart? Above all things, it was curious! The great Pascal, the solemn Pascal, suddenly become comical! The dignified Pascal dancing a fandango in the dress of a pamphleteer! Oh, it was mirth-provoking, and his enemies, as was natural, applauded him more highly than his friends. But was there need of all this? And would not the least of the Arnaulds have sufficed to torture Aristides for the amusement of the Athenians?

I have said Jansenism was only disguised Calvinism. I shall add that it was ill-disguised; it was the same error with an additional falsehood. The Abbé de Saint-Cyran, in speaking of Calvin, said to the indignant St. Vincent de Paul: *Bene sensit, male locutus est—he thought well, but spoke badly!* The Arnauld family which had undertaken to translate Calvin into a pseudo-orthodox language, had been Calvinistic for a long while, and still remained so at bottom: Port Royal, disguising its banner, accused

the Jesuits of hypocrisy. That is the eternal tactics of falsehood.

This is the explanation of the struggle begun between the Company of Jesus and the new sect. The Jesuits fought with energy, for it was a vital question for the Church and for France. Struck by the Holy See's anathema, suspected by authority, but openly embraced or secretly favored by a great number of members of Parliament and of the University, the Jansenist heresy, unable to defend its too apparent errors, thanks to Pascal's pen, found means to impute imaginary errors to the Jesuits. The Provincial Letters were merely a diversion, rendered powerful by the author's personality. That is all there was in them.

Why did not the Jesuits reply in the same tone? In the first place they had not a Pascal. But even had they one, they would have blunted the too keen point of his pen.

I smile at the thought of the many smiles that will be caused by this assertion. Not only the Jesuits would not have furnished their Pascal with the abundance of false or mutilated texts which ornament the Provincial Letters, but they would have said to him, "Pardon as St. Francis Régis has done; remember Loyola's words, do not strike. The Com-

pany of Jesus' advocate is forbidden to strike, for it bears the name of him who said to his apostles: "*Odio eritis omnibus propter nomen meum.*"* We are the children of Jesus, and as far as men can accomplish so splendid a duty, we desire to give love in return for all hatred's insults."

Ah! Jesuits, eh! Jesuits! Jesuits! We must crush those serpents!

Louis XIV! Great king, greater *ego*, who absorbed a great century!

Each of the elements composing this glory is immense and would suffice to dazzle an age; with precious blocks, gigantic in size, for material, a pantheon was constructed of the same calm and square proportions as the king, so that at the sight of this monument of imposing symmetry, traced and ornamented to fastidiousness, one is tempted to inquire how the royal architect was able to conceal so much that was superb!

* "You shall be hated by all men for my name's sake."

Henry the Great, at the moment when death surprised him, was about to erect a mountain out of nothing; Louis the Great arranged a handsome and regular colonnade on a level terrace, out of mountains.

Henry IV's desire survived in Richelieu; Louis XIV's testament was rent in pieces over his tomb. Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, Corneille, Racine, Condé, Turenne, without any transition, gave place to the atheistical guests of Philip of Orleans, a man of a good heart, they say, an amiable wit who gave out the first oracles of Voltaire's religion in the midst of his little feasts.

I shall say little of Louis XIV's reign. Perhaps I do not estimate at its just value the great part played by the Jesuits in that time. It is not the sort of greatness I like. I shall merely say that violence against the Holy See is not an invention of our time. The revolution's germ lay in absolutism. He who is accused of having one day said, "*L'Etat c'est moi*," if he did say it, unbridled the thunderbolt.

The Jesuits had the dangerous honor of confessing Louis XIV: it must have been a hard task. It is easy to understand the embarrassment of the guardians of that conscience, at once vast and narrow, which thought that sin was smothered by being

clothed in etiquette, and scandal disarmed by the patronage of majesty.

This king, it is true, showed himself wondrously fine in misfortune, and then it was that the influence of good men was felt. He is rightfully glorious in history; for by the will of Providence, he harbored a whole nation of geniuses; but I am one of those who cannot pardon him for having ceremoniously, solemnly, almost religiously, propped the robust wood of the legitimate throne by illegitimate material, so rotten, that less than half a century later the whole fabric gave way under the chaste sanctity of Louis XVI.

Still less shall I speak of the Regency, an immediate chastisement of Louis XIV's errors.

As to Louis XV, that really unfortunate prince who died in shame, as his ancestors had lived in glory, it is different: here we must halt, for in this reign it is that kings, ministers, parliaments, courtiers, and philosophers, definitively lay siege to the Company of Jesus, the advanced work of the Church's fortifications, and take it by a furious general assault.

It can be said that the war had been going on since the hour of the Order's birth. Everything connected with revolt, sensualism, doubt, incredulity, above all heresy, open or disguised, hated these un-

compromising defenders of orthodox certitude, of obedience, and of pure spirituality.

They deranged the game of the austere comedians of parliamentarism much more than they thwarted the attempts of the open rebels of the pretended philosophy; and certainly there was less venom in the hatred they received from avowed Protestants than in the blind, snuffling rage that dwelt in the hypocritical hearts of the ever disguised nephews of Jansenius; the people Molière has portrayed in *Tartufe*.

Now those false apostles whose crime and misfortune it was, like Judas, to mistrust the Infinite Goodness, and to be scandalized at the emptying of a whole vase of precious perfume at Jesus' feet, crowded about the avenues to the throne. In all the court's, the parliament's, and even of the clergy's oratories—for Cardinal de Noailles had many adherents—you would have found those crucifixes where God is represented with the arms stretched upwards and not extended, to give representation to the blasphemy, calumniously attributed to St. Augustine by the Abbé de Saint Cyran, that "Jesus did not die for all, but for a small number."

Jesus! love! the immense! absolute charity! fencing in his goodness and limiting his mercy!

The Son of the great God, the father of the true, of the only, equality, reducing the divine amplitude of his wings in order to embrace as few souls as possible! What an aberration of upstart pride! An insanity of middle-class pretensions!

For it is impossible not to remark that the bitterest enemy of *aristocracy* is precisely the class that hatches all revolutions; the class of the Arnaulds, that terrible *doctrinaire* middle class, hating what is above it, and what is below, demolishing with one hand, oppressing with the other, and periodically inciting the lower against the upper class—a speculation on which it has subsisted for a hundred and fifty years, and which is killing our country.

Authority which resided in the court, was falling lower and lower in everyone's esteem. The Regency had translated the ceremonious poem of Louis XIV's errors into obscene language. That foul place, the Palais Royal, sparkled with wit, and its walls echoed to atheistical song; the contagion of its foulness was spread over Europe, and Louis XV's infancy breathed the pestilential atmosphere. France was at the head of the gay bastardizing of royalty, and all the other courts followed as closely as they could.

But one king remained; Maria Theresa, and as her interests were not with France, she contentedly

looked on as the descendant of the house of Austria's greatest enemy, the heir of Henry IV, was carried along in the swollen gutter to unknown infamy.

When M. le duc de Choiseul took charge of affairs it was said that for the first time since the foundation of our monarchy a French minister was pensioned by foreigners, and they who said this added that the pension was paid by Austria. Besides, Prussia was paying other pensions, and the proverb "working for the king of Prussia," originated in these times, when a duke and peer, a marshal of France, built a residence with that sort of money, so that the house was called the "Pavillon de Hanôvre."

The level of patriotic pride was capable of falling still lower, for here at Paris, an illustrious writer, the idol of the crowd, in time of war publicly flattered the Prussians without losing his popularity: quite the contrary. It was the fashion among the *poets* to deal unmercifully with our generals by weaving garlands for the victor of Rosbach: not gratis, of course. These poets were not Jesuits.

It is certain that Rome itself felt the universal weakness. And there is nothing surprising in this. Throughout the ages, a prophetic spirit has always breathed about the chair of St. Peter, and the fore-

boding of the convulsion soon to upset the world weighed heavily, no doubt, on the sad heart of the Sovereign Pontiffs. With the clear eye of faith they saw that everything which had been the glory of the European family was tottering, and the kneeling Church beheld with sorrow the waves of shame that were welling up about thrones before washing them away.

One day, Madame de Pompadour, the corrupt patron of the philosophy which sent people to the Bastille for a joke and, without any spite, left them there to scratch the stones with their nails till death freed them, the same woman who helped M. de Choiseul to betray Montcalm in Canada, and to persecute Dupleix in India, as well as to kill La Bourdonnais with disappointment and Lally-Tolendal with the axe—a charming woman, otherwise, protecting bold wits, and in her moments of good humor coquetting innocently with Voltaire—one day Mme. la Marquise de Pompadour was taken with the disturbing idea of *doing her Easter duty*.

Why? nobody knows. Some claim that this wish came from King Louis XV, who in the innermost

of his sad life still preserved a leaven of "superstition."

At all events, Mme. de Pompadour, forgiving God, was going to do Him the kindness to receive Him, but without any preparation, in *négligé*. As for purifying her conscience (M. de Richelieu, thinking no doubt of the Augean stables, had said maliciously: "How can it be done? Hercules is dead!") that of course was as much out of question as giving up her charge whose emoluments were as great as M. de Choiseul earned by his trade.

She inquired into the ways and means necessary to conclude this "affair" which, according to her, would be for the credit of religion. Women of her sort are surrounded by a vile throng of flatterers; every one told her that it was very generous on her part, for she could do without God, and God would be only too happy to enter the good graces of a person of her importance. "The priests," said they to her, "require this and that from those who come to them, but then, Mme. de Pompadour, the 'cousin' of Maria Theresa, of Austria, and M. de Choiseul's patron, of course, will not be treated like a simple princess of the blood. Make your conditions, and they will be accepted in advance."

And notice that the unbridled platitude of these courtiers was much nearer than they thought to the merciful and splendid truth. The Catholic crucifix extends its arms very wide. If Antoinette, wife of Detiolles, Marquise de Pompadour, princess of Neuchâtel, the most shameful of the shameful creatures of that disgraceful epoch, had found within herself a single atom of repentance, the arms of that immense love would have been opened to receive and to welcome her penitence.

Everything was as certain as the gospel in the burlesque affirmations of those court parrots. *God would be happy*, too happy—the great, the eternal God—to be taken into the good graces of this sinner.

And yet there was not a priest in the world who would have required any more of her, poison to the core, crying scandal as she was, than he would have demanded of the poorest and humblest beggar-woman at the church door.

But there was not an atom of heart in the body of that courtesan, old in years and a veteran in infamy. Mary Magdalen had loved exceedingly; Mme. de Pompadour had traded much, hated much, soiled much. She was of Judaic race, and she was attempting to drive a bargain with heaven.

She felt this, and she hesitated.

It is said that in these circumstances M. de Choiseul, the philosopher of state who ruined our colonies, who starved our soldiers in the field, and who reduced our provinces to despair in their attempts to pay the monstrous "appointments" of the favorite—it is said that this man, worthy of profound pity, the apparent cause of all the disasters of France; this man who suffered the degradation of being praised; he who was the minister of kings by the assassins of kings, desired to plant the seed of inextinguishable hatred in the base mind of the fallen woman. He needed that.

He whispered in Mme. de Pompadour's ear the words: "Company of Jesus!" The Jesuits' "relaxed system of morals" which was the famous commonplace of Jansenist calumny, naturally occurred to him. Those whom Pascal had accused of "easy" devotion would know how to smoothe all difficulties and to *arrange everything* for their best interests. It is a certain fact that Mme. de Pompadour sought the Jesuits to ask their coöperation in the commission of a sacrilege.

They say, too, that the Fathers violently and indignantly repulsed the unworthy proposition. This is a mistake; the indignation of the Fathers was

dumb because their conscience was calm. It seems from all the documents that Mme. la Marquise de Pompadour was received with the pity due to her ignorance and moral misery. She was told what every one is told in the tribunal of Penance. If she began and continued a sacrilegious negotiation, as seems to have been the case from the insane appeal which she made to the Holy Father, it appears from the result of that very appeal that she was shown to the door with the same firmness, tempered with kindness, as would have been displayed in the case of any sinful woman so devoid of the simplest religious education as to claim a place at the Bridegroom's feast without having put on the nuptial robe. Nothing less ought to have been done; nothing less could be done.

As full of clemency as this refusal might be in its form, Mme. la marquise did not forgive it, and the destruction of the Jesuits was sworn. History is full of great catastrophies produced by the pettiest of causes.

We have already spoken of the establishments or "reductions;" those model little republics, founded by the Fathers, and which, according to Protestant philosophic and other writers, brought back the Golden Age to those far-off countries. Fénelon had

them in his mind when he made the picture of Salente, and later, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, after Jean-Jacques, found in them the principal features of his charming *Études de la nature*. The Reductions of Paraguay and of Uruguay which Pombal was to destroy, were especially celebrated; but there were others likewise in the Antilles. No one, certainly, would have dreamed that this work of civilization, universally appreciated and praised, would become the germ of disease and death for the Company of Jesus.

It was so, however. Mme. de Pompadour's rebuff was an occasion not to be lost, and the directing minister seized it gladly. Let us listen to the Protestant historian Sismondi: "The mission establishments, where the converted Indians labored for a common fund, were administered by the Fathers; and these religious had been obliged to undertake an immense economic administration; they had to see to procuring food and clothing for an entire people. . . . * Father de la Valette, a Frenchman, the business manager of the missions at Martinique,

* "The intervention of the Jesuits was especially needed to protect the ignorant Indians from the cupidity of European traders." Ad. Archier, *La Comp. de Jésus*, p. 257.

was involved in great mercantile interests there, but several of his vessels were captured by the English in 1755, before any declaration of war, at the same time that they surprised the whole merchant marine of France.”

Here was the point of departure, calmly set forth by an historian, who cannot be taxed with partiality for the Company. Afterwards, it is true, matters were aggravated.

The English government's conduct was the result of its contempt for Choiseul's administration.

The foreigner's foot was on our neck, and England thus rewarded the pliancy of our kneeling ministry. The responsibility of the misfortune to the merchant marine in general, and the Martinique fleet in particular, rests on the administration, which, far from assisting the numerous victims of its stupidity, treated it in every way with the utmost rigor.

Father de la Valette,* despoiled of an enormous sum of which he was but the administrator, was inexcusably wrong in disobeying the *Constitutions*. He speculated to fill up the void in the now empty

* He was earnestly defended by the colonial authority. He was descended from the elder brother of Jean de la Valette, the Grand-Master of Rhodes.

common treasure-chest, and his speculations were unfortunate. His creditors attacked and brought the Company into the case.

But before passing judgment on this matter, where the customary partiality of the Parliament, when the Jesuits were concerned, sought and found a pretext for at once flattering the favorite's recent anger, and the minister's inveterate hatred, we shall quit Paris and cross the frontier into Portugal, where Pombal, the "Great Marquis," fought that first battle with the Company of Jesus which was to have a disastrous influence on the situation of the institute in France and in the entire world.

And we are glad to be led by the chronological order of events to take a look at the royal tiger before going on to inspect the wolves and the foxes which, together, formed the pack that hunted saints and martyrs.

POMBAL.

“WHAT seems very strange,” says Voltaire, “in their disaster,” (the disaster of the Jesuits,) “is that they were proscribed in Portugal for having departed from their institute, and in France, for having conformed to it.” *

Strange is taken here in the sense of curious, gay, and amusing. And in fact, all philosophical Europe was greatly amused at this affair, though, at the same time, it did not hesitate to speak harshly of the butchers who were spilling blood, and to indulge in sarcasm at the expense of the silly idiots who were throwing down an edifice which for two centuries had been the bulwark of royalty.

* *Siècle de Louis XV*, t. XXII des *Œuvres*, p. 354.

Glad as the *Encyclopædia* undoubtedly was, it could do no less than scold a little. It was the journalism of that time. A little pity was not unbecoming, nor a little bit of justice either with those self-elected judges who were ever ready to prattle on all sorts of cases at short notice. It gave an appearance of impartiality to their pleading; and it is kind, easy and agreeable to mourn for a slain enemy. Crocodiles weep.

In one of the principal squares of Lisbon there is a statue of King Joseph Emmanuel, the son of John V. At the foot of the statue is his minister, Don Sebastian de Carvalho y Melho, Count of Oeyras, Marquis of Pombal, whom the liberal school of Portugal compares to Cardinal Richelieu; these pleasantries do not violate international law. We must not judge a country by the square miles it contains, and if Portugal is small in extent and population, it is great in its history.

The annals of Portugal contain more men than would fill all the squares of illustrious Lisbon with statues: kings, navigators, generals, poets; Camoens, Albuquerque, Gama, Cabral, Henry, John, Pedro; and the empire of Brazil is its work, like itself, built up by the hands of the chivalrous race of Bra-

ganza. Her merchants were fortunate, bold and powerful, her fleets covered the seas, her colonies were spread over the world, her nobility is one of the proudest and most ancient of Europe; and if her ancient influence is considerably diminished, it is because no Catholic nation has ever escaped unpunished which courted Protestant pity or that wonderful English disinterestedness that tends to create Irelands everywhere.

There are countless crumbs of the Portuguese cake in the immense pockets of her generous friend, England. Certain sorts of protection cost but little, and there are many Portuguese who believe that it will be long before Portugal recovers from the showy strategic agony which Arthur Wellesley made her suffer, in order that he might obtain a string of titles, numerous pensions, his belly full of English glory, and, at last, be called "His Grace, the Duke of Wellington!"

Without at all twitting or blaming those who compare the Marquis of Pombal to Cardinal Richelieu—for these patriotic mistakes are worthy of respect—I take the liberty of being astonished that the Portuguese had chosen to erect statues on the banks of the Tagus to the king who permitted and the minister who notoriously attempted to betray their country

by setting Calvin's furred cap down upon the noble brow of the children of Aviz. Were not the Portuguese Anglicised enough without that?

I am not sure that we should harbor resentment for this against Joseph of Braganza, for most of his thinking was done in the brain of his minister; but it is certain that Pombal had formed this project, that he had begun its execution, and that he was only stopped by the determined if quiet resistance of the Portuguese to any abandonment of the Catholic faith. Throughout his life, Pombal worked for the English while pretending to be an enemy. Never did Portuguese more haughtily oppose (in appearance) the invading caresses of England than he, and yet he had in his portfolio the famous project of marriage between the Princess of Beira and the Duke of Cumberland, which would eventually have made the latter heir to the crown of Braganza.

It does not follow that Pombal was devoted to the English; he was devoted to no one; he was greedy of power, and he sought it by any and every means. What is certain, is that the Jesuits were opposed to English domination in Portugal and, consequently, to this marriage. "The Duke of Cumberland," says the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, "had flattered himself with the hope of becoming king of Portugal. I

have no doubt he would have succeeded, had not the Jesuits, who were confessors to the royal family, opposed it." *

And he adds, "That was a crime that could never be forgiven them." †

Here we already have one motive of Pombal's hatred for the Jesuits; he intended to import Protestantism into Portugal, and in all conscience the Jesuits could not agree to that: first grief.

But Pombal had other reasons for hating the Fathers. First of all he was so excessive in his passion for the philosophical doctrines that the small knot of atheists who ruled the encyclopædic school at Paris, more than once were forced to deny him as a compromising ally. M. de Choiseul, who was to end by following him, step by step, along the road of persecution, began by laughing at him in company with his protectress; and his sister Mme. de Grammont pleasantly asked the Ambassador of Spain (where, by the way, Charles III was having Pombal's pamphlets burned by the executioner), "Does the great marquis of the little country always have a Jesuit astraddle of his nose?"

* *Testament politique*, p. 108.

† *Ibid.*

In the second place, Pombal had flattered the Jesuits very much at the opening of his career, going so far as to have his second son wear the habit of their Order; he was spiteful against them for his own platitude. In the third place, the Jesuits were very powerful; as the Maréchal de Belle-Isle has just told us, they heard the confessions of all the members of the royal family.* People like the Marquis of Pombal are jealous of every power, and envy is the most vital element of hatred.

Finally, ancient and modern moralists have asserted, that every man who does evil detests his victim; as an example, the instinctive and incurable aversion which the spoliator feels for the one he has despoiled. Now the Marquis of Pombal was the sworn despoiler of the Jesuits, and he had ruined *per fas et nefas* their magnificent establishments of Maragnon, of Uruguay, and others, as history says, not without soothing his conscience by a considerable addition to his personal wealth.

By this enumeration, which is not at all complete, we see that the great marquis had numerous and

* Father Joseph Moreira was confessor of the king; Fr. Timothy de Oliveira, of Maria, Duchess of Braganza; Fr. da Costa, of Dom Pedro of Portugal.

solid reasons for abhorring the Company of Jesus. The first of these excuses, in point of time, was the Jesuit habit put on his son to win the good-will of Father Moreira, the king's confessor; the most important was the destruction of the establishments of Uruguay, and the violent expulsion of thirty thousand Christians from Parana in order to facilitate the working of the gold mines of which, according to Pombal's belief, the Jesuits had been enjoying the benefit, and which turned out to be a pure chimera.

This was some years before la Valette's case. The French court made light of the great marquis's disappointment, but this court was soon to begin a less sanguinary but a more unreasonable war against the Order. Pombal did not forgive the Jesuits the terrible misery he had brought upon the earthly paradise of their poor Indians, nor the absence of gold mines, nor the witticisms of Mmes. de Pompadour and de Grammont.

At the moment when he entered the ministry he was a man of fifty, worn out in private conflicts and by a life of unceasing political efforts which had not always prospered. He had other enemies than the Jesuits. In his younger days he had offended the high nobility by outraging many venerable sentiments, and above all by publicly marrying one who

was called a girl of blue blood (*sangre azul*.) Perhaps he had to put up with too much haughtiness on this score. He took horrible vengeance for this, and if he is compared to Cardinal Richelieu by his admirers, on this account, they certainly do him injustice. Pombal deserves the prize of honor for ferocity and should be compared to no one.

In France he passed for a skilful minister. His fine conduct during the earthquake at Lisbon had been remarked, and excepting the Jesuits, whose devotion at that time became legendary, no one showed more spirit and courage than he. M. de Choiseul, in spite of the witticisms which he aimed at him to amuse the king, held him in some esteem, and hoped that "the good Carvalho," as he called him, would some day or other rid the universe of that annoying Jesuit, whom all the philosophers and all the Jansenists ever seemed to have "astraddle of their nose."

The Uruguay matter and the hostile attitude which Pombal was the first to assume against the Holy See, were not calculated to disappoint that hope.

From 1750 to 1758, Pombal did not quite break with the members of the Company who were still in favor at the court, and he employed himself in great efforts to win the nobility. He did not suc-

ceed. The nobility hated him and it was right; but it despised him, and there it was wrong.

During the night of the 3d or 4th of September, 1758, in the midst of an utter calm, without their being the slightest political circumstance to cause or explain such an act, an attempt at assassination was made on the person of the king of Portugal. Joseph had been reigning for eight years. He was in the forty-third year of his age. His manners were no worse than those of the princes of that time; his character was devoid of wickedness; on several occasions he had shown an honorable care for the public welfare.

As a king, he partook of the weakness common to so many kings and willingly let others do his thinking; he saw with others' eyes; he submitted easily to the influence of his minister who had succeeded in inspiring him with an uneasy jealousy of his brother Dom Pedro, who was a young prince, well liked by the people. This Pedro of Braganza had too many partisans in Lisbon; the king had not enough. It is the everlasting story of the brothers of kings, Pedro among the number, whose adventures are constantly shaking the confidence of their elder brothers. And this gives a fine opportunity

for a favorite to win credit, for an unwholesome atmosphere of mistrust is breathed in the neighborhood of thrones. Constantinople is the only place that finds a remedy for this uneasiness; the sultans bowstring their brothers and all is quiet.

For a long while Pombal worked upon the weak mind of his sovereign by vague insinuations. At first he feigned that he himself was threatened with assassination, and in the summer of 1754 he had Joseph sign a really extraordinary decree, providing "for the case that a minister of state should be assassinated."*

Nevertheless Joseph was never considered a fool—utterly. There are shades. The above-mentioned decree assimilated the future contingency of the above-mentioned assassination to the crime of *lèse-majesté*, and a magistrate, the senator Gonzales Cordeiro, was charged to make a "continual and unlimited inquest" regarding the matter of this dream.

Do not smile! Ah! The number of prisons was trebled at once and still room was lacking. Forty

* It was said, in this decree of the month of August, 1754, "that a minister of state might be assassinated by some one's contrivance." (Crétineau-Joly, t. V, p. 124).

years before Paris, Lisbon had its reign of terror. Informers went about in the city earning the promised reward for the arrest of every man *who wished* to assassinate the minister of state!

The philosophers of the banks of the Seine were almost displeased, and when the rumor of these excesses reached Paris, they accused the philosopher of the banks of the Tagus of improving on the mistakes of the Inquisition, but Pombal was not disturbed by these critics. He was only at the beginning of his road and already his enemies were falling like sheep. I repeat: the Portuguese nobility were wrong to despise that man.

He was able for everything, decrees, libels, disturbances,* searches, proscriptions, confiscations; he was writer, statesman, locksmith, executioner; he had talent, great talent; and he belonged to the side of "generous ideas" for he was combating the Church!

His axe was generous, his torch generous, his suspicion generous; everything on that side is generous, even hypocrisy married to ferocity!

As might be expected, in spite of the fantastic precautions of the decree of 1754, the Marquis of

* Witness that of Oporto, gotten up in favor of the English while the minister ostensibly was opposing English influence at Lisbon.

Pombal was not assassinated at all. At the end of four years, the decree having produced all that was possible in the way of arbitrary arrests, exile, condemnation and spoliation, weariness began to appear among the hired informers, and the *fidalgos* began to breathe again when the nocturnal attempt occurred on the 3d of September.

The king went out from the Tavora hotel and returned to the palace, not in his own carriage, but in one belonging to a rich man of the small nobility, named Antony Tejeira. At a crossroads two pistol shots, others say four, were fired at his majesty by *some one unseen*. Who was this *some one*? Was it not the very author of the decree himself? The king was struck on the right arm. It was about two years after the stabbing affair of Damiens. . . .

Jesuits! What a magnificent opportunity! Against every appearance of truth, against common sense, Damiens' knife had been charged with being a Jesuit,* the nameless pistols were made to be a Jesuit against all certainty.

* Voltaire wrote, refusing to compromise himself in the shamelessness of this accusation (letter of March 3d, 1763): "My brothers, I have not spared the Jesuits, but I should raise up posterity in their favor were I to accuse them of a crime from which Europe and Damiens have exonerated them. I should be only a vile echo of the Jansenists. . . ."

In the presence of these men whom he had checked in the cherished path of their triumphant devotion beyond the sea, whom he had pillaged, insulted, persecuted in every possible manner, Pombal felt himself so guilty that in the innermost of his heart he could find repose only in their death.

Jesuits! he raised that high-sounding cry, which never fails to awaken every evil passion, just as the very name, the divine name it envelopes. And he invited the Jews to the eternal feast of Calvary.

But as he detested the great family of the Portuguese nobility almost as heartily as the great family of Jesus, he was anxious to kill two birds with one stone, to massacre all his enemies at once.

Hence the thick cloud which constantly shrouded that case where Pombal was at once accuser, judge and executioner. It seemed difficult to implicate the Jesuits, who were the confessors and friends of the king, as well as of the whole royal family, in an attempt against the life of the king. What interest could impel them to the crime? "*Reus is est cui prodest delictum,*" said the pagan wisdom of the Romans, "Look for the culprit in him who profits by the misdeed."

Pombal, who was a doctor of the University of Coimbra, knew this maxim, and perhaps saw that it would condemn him before posterity. To be sure, the writers hostile to the Catholic faith were petting him somewhat, as became their trade, out of thankfulness for the many Jesuit heads he had struck down, but they showed neither warmth nor sympathy. Beneath the praises heaped upon him in obedience to the *Mot d'Ordre* there was a vague repugnance—a certain reserve which M. de Choiseul, Mme. de Grammont and even the Encyclopædia experienced in touching the excessively red hand of this state butcher. He was an ally to be treated with caution, for he was capable of bringing shame upon those whose shameful task he was performing. His pretended enemies, the English, were the only ones who really and heartily embraced him.

But is it necessary to accuse Pombal of being the *some one* of the pistol shots? Certainly not, if by that is meant that he wished to kill his master; he had too much to lose by his master's death, as the sequel will show. But if it is meant that he could risk a bold comedy destined to work on Joseph's timid spirit, there is nothing historically opposed to this, and it is an opinion that arises above all from the savage duplicity attaching to the memory of the

“Slayer of the Fathers.” As his bloody business required this pistol shot, some have held that he had it done, for the criminal prosecution, which was exclusively his work, is an impudent model of darkness and subtlety.

But real knowledge of the events is opposed to this presumption as well as to the opinion that the attack was the result of a simple mistake. According to this last version, the king, riding in Tejeira's carriage, was mistaken for Tejeira, and thus received an assault meant for another. It was on this theory that Pombal indicted the unfortunate Duke of Aveiro, who was reserved for a frightful punishment.

The truth is to be found in the popular opinion, related with slight alterations, in Pombal's own memoirs. This it is:

Joseph of Braganza, a timid sort of Louis XV, also had gallant adventures, though less scandalous, for in this respect no court was equal to ours. The familiars of the palace of Alcantara alone knew that the king's promenades were often directed to a noble and spacious residence whose vast gardens extended to the mouth of the Tagus. The master of this dwelling was the old Marquis of Tavora, one of the first of the Portuguese nobility, and

who passed for the chief of those particularly called *fidalgos*.*

Pombal had been refused the marquis's daughter for his eldest son, and he had met the same affront from other families. He was not forgetful.

Rightly or wrongly, it was said that the king, by his persistency, had insulted the young and beautiful Dona Teresa, Marchioness of Tavora, daughter-in-law of the marquis, and wife of his oldest son. In France, court manners had fallen so low that such a thing would have been accounted an honor, as sad examples in our history prove, but in spite of the skeptical contagion which was gaining way in Lisbon, the old Portuguese blood still maintained its pride.

I am far from saying that the young Marquis of Tavora did right to punish the king who had insulted him; on the contrary, I say that the king who insults deserves pity, and more than any other man since he is more criminal, being more powerful; but I say that outside of God's commandments, which equally reprobate the crime of the seducer and the husband's vengeance, Tavora, according to

**Hidalgos* in Spain. This name, common to all noblemen south of the Pyrenees, seems under Pombal's ministry to have taken a political significance.

the fierce law of Portuguese honor, was creditor of his king's life. I am not judging the case, I am seeking for its facts; as a Christian, Tavora should have pardoned; as a *fidalgo*, according to the code of the *fidalgos* and the jurisprudence of the fearful Peninsular resentment, he was bound to strike the king even.

It is probable that he struck. The exception made in favor of the young Marchioness of Tavora, in the midst of the wild cruelty inflicted on the rest of the family, at once proves the injury that was done and the vengeance exacted. And there is another noticeable proof in the interest *sui generis*, which the French ambassador, in obedience to an express order from his court, took in keeping the young woman safe and sound, while he gave not the slightest thought to the husband, whether guilty or not, martyred in the depth of his dungeon, nor to the innocent father, nor to the admirable mother, dying in their tortures. All Louis XV is there, and his age.

And I add, that in all this, there is not the smallest room for the Jesuits, except what Pombal made for them by force.

All writers have remarked Pombal's silence during three long months after the assault. The catlike side

of his character is manifest. He is a tiger-cat and like all beasts of the sort, he creeps before making the spring upon his prey. He bounds upon his victim that is sleeping unawares.

On the 12th December, after sunset, mounted patrols scoured the city while numerous detachments of infantry took position in the narrow streets of the noble quarter. Lisbon wanted to know what feast was to be celebrated, for people no longer thought of the carriage affair, which many in fact did not believe in at all, and this was the case with the French court where M. de Choiseul said: "It is one of Carvalho's jokes!"

Towards seven in the evening, a squad of soldiers preceded by familiars, came to the principal entrance of the Tavora mansion. All the other doors had, in the meantime, been quietly guarded. Summons was made in the king's name, and at the same time torches were lighted.

The king had more than once sought admittance to that knightly dwelling; the king was not bad, in spite of his slavish weakness; the king did not know what was happening at this hour; we must think so, out of compassion for his memory.

The door opened. Soldiers and familiars entered and spread all over the house, which they treated

like conquered territory. All human creatures, from the humblest servants, to their masters, were seized, and all taken to the new prison which Pombal had built under the college of St. Anthony.

He built a great many, and not in vain, certainly, for at one time Lisbon counted more than four thousand political prisoners. Our '93 was beaten in advance, and such an exhibition of captives in a capital which then contained not 150,000 inhabitants, goes far beyond any other ill-omened curiosity of history. Our encyclopædias of liberal education, are right in saying that Pombal was not an *ordinary* minister.

Eleonora, the elder marchioness of Tavora, the same who had denied the hand of her daughter to Pombal, was torn from her husband and her children and shut up, from pity perhaps, in the vault of a convent. The other women, servants and ladies, gentlewomen, were piled up in the bottom of penitentiaries, where they were guarded with the strictest secrecy.

Servants and gentlemen, the men disappeared as though the earth had closed over them.

Thanks to the honorable, but rather exclusive solicitude, which M. le duc de Choiseul, in obedience to Mme. de Pompadour's "humanity," dis-

played in his letters to M. de St. Julien, the French *chargé d'affaires*, at Lisbon, we are able to say that the interesting marchioness Dona Teresa, was treated with exceptional kindness. At this Louis XV was highly pleased.

At least one voice (St. Julien's) declared that the unhappy young woman had earned neither Choiseul's insulting attention, nor Pombal's infamous mercy. Moreover, it is said in the same letters, that Pombal was enraged at the mildness shown by some of his underlings to the unfortunate captives.

Besides the Tavoras, a great number of other *fidalgos* were arrested that night; among them, Don José de Mascarenhas y Lancaster, Duke of Aveiro, and cousin to Dona Eleonora, and who passed for the chief of the nobility; a Souza, and a Melho, the first a relative of the king, the second a relative of the minister, Don Miguel de Atonguia, etc.

On this same night too, some Jesuits were "caught"; among them Fr. Hyacinth da Costa, confessor of the prince Dom Pedro. A great stupor fell upon Lisbon, and a greater fear. The expression "state of siege" had not yet been invented, but the thing existed. No one but mercenary soldiers were seen in the streets, and the king no longer went out of his palace. A heavy hand weighed upon the

city. Whoever uttered a doubt as to the guilt of the persons arrested, or betrayed the least feeling of pity, was at once seized. Among these strange prisoners of state, whose extravagant number I have mentioned, were almost as many artizans as noblemen.

Nevertheless, the likeness of some judicial form was needed, for the people were looking on and the king was an honorable man. Pombal resolved to play the farce of an inquest. It was played. He was losing caution and sense: his brain was crazed by the drunkenness of hatred.

According to Portuguese law, the accused has a right to be tried by his peers; the Duke of Aveiro and the elder Marquis of Tavora were both grandees of Portugal; Pombal refused them this right. Nor did he bring them before the ordinary tribunals. He did what Protestants have always reproached authority with doing, only to have recourse to it whenever opportunity is offered, from Henry VIII and Calvin down to Robespierre. He created a sort of revolutionary tribunal, without legal warrant, which he called the "Court of Mistrust"* (frank fatality of names!), and he naturally formed this

*The name existed before Pombal.

tribunal, as is always done, from his own creatures, among whom were two of his colleagues, Da Cunha and Corte-Real.

AND HE HIMSELF PRESIDED!

As it was not altogether an affair of the Jesuits yet, the Encyclopædia was somewhat angry at the sight of these monstrosities. The philosophers of Paris loved the nobility as long as they lived. M. de Saint-Priest, that other just judge, is at great pains in his *Histoire de la Chute des Jesuites* to establish the "bad effect" brought about in the philosophical world by these astounding follies of Pombal.

Because of a community of generous ideas people desired to help him, but he was really going too far, and M. de Saint-Priest even let this phrase escape: "The victims were pitied and the execution laughed at." From such a pen the avowal is significant, and yet, is it enough? "Laughed at!" Choiseul's corner was for a long while accustomed to do that. At Mme. de Pompadour's, Pombal was looked upon as a beast more laughable than ferocious.

This was wrong, as you shall see; I have already said so in regard to the Lisbon nobility. Pombals must not be disregarded; it is not safe to laugh at hyenas.

Minister and all as he was, Pombal, not satisfied with presiding in the court of *mistrust*, undertook the prosecution, something certainly unheard of, and which brought out the protests of the two most respectable legists of Portugal, Freiro, and Bucallao the senator. Going still further, Pombal drew up the sentence, which still exists, *written with his own hand*.*

And what means were used in this philosophico-diabolical prosecution? Distorted and even imaginary evidence, shameful threats, torture, aye, above all, torture, and be sure you have correctly read this: torture never fails of success. It is something hateful in the hands of real judges, but in the claws of actors, who profane and caricature justice, it is admirable.

The respectable dictionary for the use of young people, to which I have already made some grateful allusions, says, in speaking of Pombal, that he served his country with passion (truly!), that he was a skilful minister (to be proved!), but that he showed *a too ardent* leaning to philosophical ideas.

Why too ardent? One cannot be too ardent in the pursuit of what is good, and he went no further than torture.

* Crétineau-Joly, tome V, p. 153.

It is true, this torture brought about a judicial carnage whose recital makes the hair stand on end, but it was for a worthy motive: the torture and the carnage led to the extermination of the Jesuits. Let us not forget that! Jesus said of the sister of Lazarus: "Much will be forgiven her because she has loved much." Why should not our encyclopædia-makers say of our philosophical minister: "Not only many but all things shall be forgiven him because he has much hated?"

I am surprised—but why meddle? These disturbances are family quarrels between the big people who have made encyclopædias and the little ones who are going to make them.

The Tavoras and the other culprits were silent under the agonies of the extraordinary and liberal examination, but the unhappy Duke of Aveiro was overcome by the torments. He was a very great nobleman, but had not a robust heart. Half-dead, as he was, he accused his fellow unfortunates of all that was desired, and he accused also—the Jesuits!

It is true, he retracted as soon as he recovered his senses, but Pombal held on to this evidence, and refused to countersign the retractation.

Sentence of death was given against the relatives and friends of Tavora 12th January, 1759. Pom-

bal, in dread of the people's indignation, had the scaffold set up at night in the square of Belem, outside the city, and it was guarded by two regiments of mercenaries. The platform, lit up by torches, was eighteen feet from the ground. The soldiers so blocked the square and the river bank that the spectators took refuge on the river itself, which was full of boats. From these there went up groans and curses.

Thus passed the whole night of 13th January.

At daybreak the Duke of Aveiro's servants appeared, were fastened at one of the corners of the scaffold, and *burnt alive*.

The elder Marchioness of Tavora then arrived alone, a rope about her neck, a crucifix in her hand, and attired in apparel that was ragged from the instruments of torture. Pombal must have been there somewhere, for his *Memoires* relate *de visu* the horrible and sublime scene—but where was the beautiful Teresa who alone had the tender pity of Louis XV and his minister Choiseul? She had just drawn down a thunderbolt upon the noble house that once upon a time had taken her as a well beloved daughter, and this thunderbolt had insulted her by sparing her. We, too, pity her—and pity none but her.

Who would pity Dona Eleonora, pressing God against her heart as she raised her head covered with gray hairs? The executioner attempted to tie her feet. She said to him with anger: "Man, I beg thee, do not forget who I am; touch me only to kill me."

The executioner knelt before her; it is Pombal himself who has written that.

Dona Eleonora took off her ring. She was of those races who pay for a service rendered; even the last.

"Here," said she to the executioner, giving him the ring, "all work is worth its hire; I have only this, and give it you that you may do your work well."

The executioner arose and did his duty. When this worthy blood had reddened the machine, the others, first the old Marquis of Tavora, then the husband of Dona Teresa. Poor woman! Do you think I am in jest? No; I pity the woman who, out of respect to M. de Choiseul, was *spared!*

Then followed other children of Eleonora, the oldest not yet twenty, her son-in-law, and, as some

say, *his* daughters, then a long line of the officers and servants of her household, who died like Christians and like true Portuguese.

The last was the unfortunate Duke of Aveiro, whose legs could scarcely bear the weight of his body. He was fastened to the wheel, his shoulders covered with rags, through a stupid refinement of vengeance.

This Pombal was hard to satisfy. If ministers who are in the other world can be aware of these things, the great cardinal, who slew magnificently, must smile at the insulting comparisons that are made with him here below.

As for vengeance, the dying Aveiro poured out bumpers of it for his enemy, who could quaff it in little swallows, for the unfortunate man took a good while to die. For nearly an hour, he struggled with the wheel that slowly broke his bones, and the pitiful cries of his agony were heard even in Lisbon. Pombal, in his *Memoires*, relates with a sort of satisfaction that the Duke was hereditary Grand Master of the king's household, President of the Palatial Court, a grandee of Portugal, of the first class, etc., etc. The house of Mascarenhas began with George, the natural son of John II, called the Perfect.

Then they set fire to the machine, the scaffold and and all, and the charred bodies were hurled into the Tagus.

Certainly, the "dark ages" offer few examples of so wisely planned a carnage. The preparations were perhaps a little confused, and a little less *generous* carelessness might have been desired in what took the place of a criminal prosecution, but the execution stands above all praise: it is absolutely complete, and I speak of it with all the respect due to a masterpiece.

But why are the encyclopædias silent about it? Do they not believe it, even when vouched for by the testimony of Pombal himself?

And would it not be just by the recital of this splendid action to soften the reproach addressed, in a friendly manner, to this same Pombal, of having leaned too much to the enlightened ideas of his age?

But the fact is, Pombal was a compromising favorite. That mother of dictionaries, the encyclopædia, would have pitched him overboard, had he not atoned for his massacre of *fidalgos* by his hecatomb of Jesuits. Happily for him, blood washed out blood.

After what goes before, it matters little to know that the Great Marquis kept in prison all those friends and relatives of the victims who had not shared their fate; that he levelled their abodes and palaces, and that by his order *salt was scattered* over the places, where they had dwelt. The blazons of the Tavoras, and of their pretended accomplices, were effaced in the Knight's Hall of the castle of Cintra, where their escutcheons are still veiled in black like the portrait of Faliero, in the ducal palace of Venice.

This last is a remarkable fact, because for long years the iniquitous judgment of the 12th of January, 1759, has neither force nor virtue. In fact, Pombal lived long enough to feel in this world the weight of God's hand. During his lifetime, by an order of the high court, given solemnly the 7th of April, 1781, all his victims were rehabilitated, and by the same order Pombal himself was punished.

But this late and insufficient judgment came not until after the death of Joseph, who never shook off the yoke of his tyrant. In this respect, indeed, Pombal very distantly resembled Richelieu: his king was his slave.

When he had thrown down walls enough, the great marquis set up a monument worthy of him-

self: a great pillory, which, by an especial privilege, was reserved for the members of the high nobility.

It would be a mistake to suppose that, by this time, the measure of his vengeance was full. Pombal's vengeance went further than that, and the fact is worth noting.

Much later, in his implacable old age, he made use of the last breath of his dying political credit to force a granddaughter of the great Eleonora, Marchioness of Tavora, into marriage with his son, the Count of Oeyras. Does not this recall those nuptials of fabulous times whence sprang the ancient tragedy? But the ways of God often lead across all human logic. From that dreadful union was born peace and happiness. That mingling of the blood of persecutors and of victims, which in our ordinary reckoning should have been barren, or, at least, productive of only the most unlucky fruit, brought forth a thriving progeny.

Reconciliation overcame the tragical animosity, which filled the two races with hatred, and there now remains naught but the honor of a numerous and tenderly united family.

We should like to have done with the Marquis of Pombal, but so far he had reached but one of the two objects of his hatred: the nobility. The other

and principal one still shunned him. It may be said that the massacre of the *fidalgos* helped to strike at the heart of his true enemy, the Company of Jesus.

He was filled with a savage joy when the agony of torture wrung from the unhappy Duke of Aveiro his accusation against the Fathers. As soon as he came to himself, and within the very hour that he made the charge, he begged in vain to be let make a retractation. Pombal immediately signed an order to imprison ten Jesuits, among whom were the Provincial of Portugal, Henriquez, Fathers Malagrida, spiritual director of the Marchioness Eleonora; Oliveira, confessor of Maria, Duchess of Braganza; Suarez Mattos, and also Joseph Moreiro, notwithstanding he was royal confessor.

Father da Costa had been several days in irons, and was the first to undergo torture because Pombal secretly hoped he might be made to acknowledge something tending to compromise his penitent, the Prince Dom Pedro.

Malagrida as the confessor of the Marchioness Eleonora, Mattos as the friend of the Ribeiras and the Atonguias, Father John Alexandre as having come back from the Indies in the one ship with the Tavoras, were condemned to death by an order of

the 12th of January, but did not suffer their penalty at the same time as the massacre in the square of Belem. Pombal drew back a little to make a better leap, just as he had done after the attempt on the king's person. The tiger was gathering himself on his haunches.

The tiger's second and greater bound was made in the shade, during the night before the 16th of February. All the houses of the Company in Portugal, colleges as well as residences, were surrounded at the same hour by familiars escorted by soldiers, and thus all the Jesuits of the kingdom upon awakening were prisoners.

All the Jesuits of the kingdom were accused in a body and indiscriminately of having dabbled in the regicidal plot, and to give an idea of the unfortunate king's slavish condition, it may suffice to say that neither Joseph nor the queen could *obtain permission* to see Father Joseph Moreiro, for whom both one and the other bore the tenderest affection.

Besides the general accusation, most of the Fathers were accused of having been the secret counsellors and friends of the conspirators, and of having fomented their hatred and aroused their discontent, either in the tribunal of penance, or in the intercourse of daily life.

So vague an assertion was supported by a still vaguer foundation. All rested on *a visit* made by the Duke of Aveiro to the College of St. Antony: a visit, besides, that was plausibly explained by the duke's obligation, according to the laws of courtesy, to assist at a philosophical thesis sustained on that day by a young relative who was the heir of a great house. Plainly Pombal took small care to hide his audacity, since with so flimsy a pretext the names of three Fathers were inserted in the same sentence of death along with the Duke of Aveiro, the Tavoras and so many others.

Among the condemned Fathers was the legendary Gabriel Malagrida, whose martyrdom we shall relate.

No Jesuit climbed the scaffold in the square of Belem. It was not till the 28th of June that the minister gave his order for a general proscription. For months they had been crowded in new and old prisons and subjected to the most shameful treatment. The Slayer of the Fathers, as he had been called for a long while in Uruguay, had fully won this title. At the time of the persecution directed against the Company's establishments in South America, many of the professed and a number of novices or brothers, besides a host of native Christians who belonged to

Jesus' family, had reddened the fields of the New World with their blood: those fields which their labor had fertilized and which the violence of the Portuguese agents reduced to barrenness. But those were only weak essays and must not be taken even as a far-off rehearsal of the bloody drama that was to be enacted in the mother-country.

Pombal was intoxicated by the ill he was doing; his cruelty was bringing delirium to his brain; everything looked red to him, and a ferocious apoplexy was turning his head. Others before him, and away back in ancient times, had used the prison as a deadly instrument of torture, but he so improved upon what had been done before his time that eight hundred wasted beings came out alive from his dungeons, which had swallowed up nearly *ten thousand victims*.*

Historians have reproduced several letters from these prisoners, more to be pitied than the living dead in the Piombi of Venice. Not all of them are from Jesuits, but there is one letter that is intensely Jesuitical, and it has been celebrated for the admirable meekness that breathes in every line. It is signed

* The official report of the inquest, at the time of the revision of the case under Queen Maria, gives 9,640.

by Father Lawrence Kaulen who adds to his name, "Captive of Jesus Christ." It is dated in the prison or fort of St. Julian at Lisbon, October 12th, 1766. For seven years at that time, the innocent man, or saint rather, had been in irons, never uttering a complaint, and praying day and night for his tormentor, who was well pointed out to God's mercy : Dom Sebastian de Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, etc.

But why should Pombal and his friends believe in such things? This forgiveness even in the middle of torture is not likely, and I am afraid there may be some malice in the provoking pleasure, I feel in being set down for a hypocrite, when I exalt so notorious a lot of hypocrites !

Jesuits ! Jesuits ! Jesuits ! assassins who never assassinate but always are assassinated ! proud men, who kiss the earth ; men of ambition, who make a vow to accept neither place nor honors ; calumniators who drink calumny, who swallow it without denial, and who render good for evil ; incredible Jesuits, impossible Jesuits, heirs of the divine infamy, I cannot understand you quite, for one should be a saint to penetrate your consciences, but I understand you enough to admire you passionately and to feel what is perhaps a culpable pride in sounding your praise as high as my voice will reach.

I do not ask your famous secret; I think I know it; my crucifix has made it known to me; but I beg of you, Jesuits, O Jesuits, hated by all respectable writers and tenderly loved by me who am no one, speak low, in my ear, I shall not repeat it: tell me, ye murderers of kings, who protect and love you, why did you not plant ten, twenty, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand of your historic poniards into the breast of Pombal!

Was this, too, because of your incurable dissimulation?

Is it in order better to abuse the universe, O ye astonishing jugglers, that ye slay your friends and spare your enemies?

Pombal lasted eighty-two years. While you were firing your pistol at that poor miserable King Joseph, your penitent, were you slyly, treacherously, Jesuitically, giving Pombal pills to prolong his life?

I confess to having felt impatience and even anger in reading Father Kaulen's too fine letter, in which seven years of horrible imprisonment have awakened not the least resentment; quite the contrary. I ought to have knelt down before that superhuman greatness of soul; I believe in it fully and regret the proud satisfaction I feel in believing in it, and the almost contemptuous pity those who do not believe

in it cause me. I ought to have done so, and I do not say I have not.

But across my admiration as a Christian something of manly feeling passed, and I asked myself if the heroism of martyrs has a right thus to encourage the cowardice of persecutors.

Must the miraculous charity of the saint go so far as to arouse the boldness of the impious?

There are times when I find myself thinking that the Jesuits did not sufficiently resist the Marquis of Pombal, that there was too much meekness on their part and on the part of the Church herself, both in respect to that man and to his less bold imitator, Choiseul, and all the bloody apes who followed in the way of murder and spoliation.

“Sublime meekness,” an eminent writer has said: yet I am not sure, but there may be at times too much of this sublime meekness.

Father Lawrence Kaulen’s letter was quoted in full in the *Journal de la littérature et des arts*, published by the Protestant Christopher de Murr. It produced great effect in Europe, and was soon followed by Pombal’s fall. It was written from the depth “of a dark and noisome underground dungeon, where the clothes rotted from the damp,” leaving the prisoner almost naked; “the jailer very

hard, and doing his best to increase the suffering" of the unhappy prisoners already broken by long torments, "*offered liberty and the best sort of treatment, on condition of abjuring the institute* —." It is needless to say that no one abjured.

In that prison of St. Julian, where was wanting everything, care for the sick, aye, the consolation of the Host, air, clothing, even the bread that was so doled out as just to hinder those patient ones from dying; in those dreadful dungeons, where everything was niggard except the profusion of cruelty, there were "twenty-seven Fathers of the province of Goa, one of the province of Malabar, ten of that of Portugal, nine of Brazil, twenty-three of Maragnon, ten of Japan, twelve of the province of China," in all eighty-two. "In this number were one Italian, thirteen Germans, three Chinese, fifty-four Portuguese, two Spaniards, and three Frenchmen." The Frenchmen were released, not, be it understood, by M. de Choiseul's government, but through the queen, Maria Leczinska, in person.

Of these eighty-two, thirty-seven Fathers died martyrs in that very prison. Out of seventy-three in the dungeons of Azeitao, thirty-one died from hardship. The *Matador dos Padres* earned his name in Europe as well as in the New World.

In the endless lists of the martyrs are to be found three of Pombal's cousins, Christopher and John de Carvalho, who died in the dungeons of Azeitao, and Joachim de Carvalho, who died in the prison of Almeida. There is one Albuquerque, four da Costas, one da Cunha, one Fonseca, one de Castro. The very incomplete list is in the Protestant de Murr's Journal.*

If to these victims be added those who perished at sea, in the bottom of the ship's hold, and in other prisons, the number will exceed seven hundred, as stated by Father Oliveira in his memoir to Queen Maria.†

Other Fathers, after the order of proscription, were cast into merchant-ships without provisions, to be abandoned on the Italian coast. More than two thousand of the Fathers are estimated to have been thus driven out from Portugal, Brazil and the other Portuguese colonies, and this was only because the prisons were too full to hold any more.

Among those who remained captive was Father Moreira. The queen, Joseph's wife, humbled herself, it is said, so far as to beg, to shed tears in behalf of the unfortunate friend, who for so long a time had directed her conscience; but Pombal was absolute master. ●

* Année, 1780.

† Journal de Murr, t. X, p. 149.

Pope Clement XIII protested. Pombal shook the spectre of a schism, ready to break out in Portugal, before his eyes and the Pope was silent. In gratitude for his silence, Pombal insolently dismissed his ambassador, and confiscated the goods of the Jesuits.

There are certain "imaginative writers" who, in telling this sad story, have made Pombal the victim and the Jesuits the executioners. When these last are concerned no falsehood need frighten. But the fact is, instead of striking, they did not even parry a blow. It can be said that the Jesuits in Portugal were defended only by the Holy See, which fought in a fatherly manner, but feebly.

As for them their only strength was in dying.

Among the Slayer of the Fathers' victims, the most illustrious was Gabriel Malagrida, whom Pombal, by an excess of irony and despite his generous ideas, delivered, to employ his own style, to the "faggots of the Inquisition," and who in fact was burnt at the stake on the 21st of September, 1761, in the square of the *autos-da-fé* of Lisbon, Of him

Voltaire has said with real indignation, in his *Siècle de Louis XV*:* “the culprit was burnt only for having been a fool,” which is a calumny slipped in under the guise of pity. Malagrida was no more a fool than was Francis Xavier. To be sure a few lines above, in order to characterize Pombal’s conduct in this infamous affair, Voltaire had said: “An excess of the ridiculous and of the absurd was joined to an excess of the horrible,” † but he might have scourged the assassin without insulting the martyr.

This fool was one of the most glorious missionaries that Portugal had produced. He was seventy-three, and had passed forty years of his life in savage countries in leading souls to the happiness of God, and it was he who, in the reign of John V, replied to that prince’s courtiers who wanted to know by what right he “troubled the peace” of the poor Indians with ideas of another world: “By the right which Jesus gave me in dying for them.”

If you think those courtiers rather old for their time, for the century had not reached forty, and they spoke like pupils of Raynal, I can only reply that courtiers have always been philosophers, just as philosophers have always been courtiers. Hardened by

* Tome XXII des Œuvres, p. 35.

† Ibid.

the narrow petty task marked out for them by their selfishness, courtiers have always set down for fools all who busy themselves in others' affairs, not for their own behalf, but for the sake of the others themselves.

This pagan wisdom looks upon everything, outside of interest, as excessive, immoral, and dangerous to the philosophical notion of liberty; this wisdom, simpering its utilitarian platitudes, accuses charity of extravagance.

For the "practical minds" of our time, Malagrida must have been a fool: may God grant us his folly! God keep us from the proud reasoning of the mathematicians, who can reckon algebraically to a hair's breadth the distance of their small hearts from the sun, and yet cannot resolve the childish equation between the few sad hours of our human life and the incommensurable eternity.

From his earliest years, Malagrida had been that sort of a fool. An adventurer of the faith, he had explored countries, where others make their fortunes, only to win poverty, and in the delirious atmosphere of the golden countries he had only taken the fever of charity.

Forty years! Are there many gold hunters who continue to delve the earth for forty years? He had

added to his treasury thousands of souls, and still the thirst of his sublime cupidity was unsatisfied. He had suffered all that a human creature could suffer; he had been hunted in the woods; the savages had bound him to the torture-stake, and a hundred times he had entoned, with an ever deceived joy, the canticle of death.

He had worked miracles like Francis Xavier, he had converted whole countries, and the odor of his sanctity had crossed the sea. His body was covered with so many wounds, that the men charged with disrobing him for the last suffering gave up attempting to count the innumerable scars of the soldier of Jesus Christ. Yes, yes, we were wrong to dispute with Voltaire. Voltaire was right: this saint was a fool. This no practical mind will deny.

In 1749, he was called by his superiors from the missions of America, because King John V, who was dying, asked for him. Pombal, who was then an ambitious but unsuccessful man, and was wrapped up in his own selfish projects, must have shrugged his shoulders at the old king's fancy in sending for this fool from afar. It is said he was jealous of the fool, and that it was then his implacable hate began. Would he have been able, however, to take the fool's place at the dying man's bed?

Pope Benedict XIV said, in speaking of John V's death and of the fool: "Happy the king who has had an apostle's hand to support him in his last step!"

Malagrida went back to the desert in the very hour that Joseph Emmanuel's accession called Pombal to power.

Pombal was already minister some time when John V's widow declared her wish to die in the fool's arms. Joseph ordered the recall of Malagrida, and Pombal was afraid, for his war against the Jesuits was already begun in the colonies, and the apostle, coming back from the missions, could bring fearful testimony in this matter. Pombal tried to prevent this return, failed, and the destruction of the saintly old man was sworn.

There is a fact vouched for by several historians: On different occasions, when Gabriel Malagrida's fearless zeal had brought him face to face with death, he who spoke of these things with the assurance of a prophet, said: "God has promised me that I shall not fall beneath infidel blows. I shall have *the supreme happiness of the supreme ignominy*. I shall end in a Christian country, surrounded by Christians, who will applaud my agony."

Pombal was aware of this prophecy. One day, when he was talking to his brother, Paul Mendoza

Carvalho, the minister of his spoliations in Maragnon, he said, laughingly: "The reverend Father shall have what he desires." And he began that dark work that seems like the masterpiece of a demon, that long, patient and truly infernal effort, by which a saint, known for such throughout Christendom, a real defender and propagator of the faith, a prophet, honored in his lifetime by the veneration of the Head of the Church, and endowed with all of heaven's precious gifts, was to be turned into a miserable creature shamefully fallen, a heretic, a regicide, an imposter, a corrupter, a vile and impure plaything of the brutal illusions and idiotic nightmares, which emanate from the spirit of darkness!

I repeat it, this was a demon's masterpiece. This was Pombal's masterpiece.

Against common sense, Malagrida was at first implicated in the case of the Tavoras. This was merely a pretext for shutting him up in a dungeon.

Once there, it matters little what abominable cruelties are inflicted upon him twenty feet underground. During two years the unfortunate old man is the property of Pombal, much wiser than the Indians in all the modes of torture.

But does he lose his reason under the atrocious weight of his torments? In the dark night that

surrounds him like that of hell, do they play the game of apparitions, of phantoms, of devilish voices speaking in the depth of the shadow? Do those hateful cries resound, the inhuman awakening of the captive spirit, whose secret, it is said, the jailer of Louis XVIth's son discovered in the Temple? Do they, in a word, madden that great mind which had known the language of God? And does God, for His own greater glory, permit the repulsive exaggeration of that torture so that his servant, inoculated with the strange dementia, should write, he who was dying in complete darkness, with his paralyzed fingers, without pen, without paper, without ink, should write two immense volumes which give the lie to his faith, his life, his death, his entire self!

The mind refuses to believe it.

And where are those books: the *Reign of Antichrist* and the *Life of the Blessed Saint Anne, dictated by Jesus and His Holy Mother*? No one has ever seen them.

The titles are known and some absolutely extravagant extracts.

Does not all this look like Pombal? In all conscience, which is the easier, to believe in these two immense volumes, the work of a saint, and which do not exist, or to believe that the extracts were fabri-

cated by the fabricator of so many fabricated pieces, and who pushed his boldness so far as once upon a time to fabricate a false brief of Clement XIII?

The extracts, however, were gotten up by a master-hand. One must needs have the talent of the pen to be compared to Richelieu, the founder of the French Academy. It was a superb piece of idiocy and of immorality. Some believed in the madness (spiritism had not been invented), others in the degradation. Throughout Portugal a sneer of disgust was given to the man whom all Portugal had nearly adored. No one partook of the insulting pity that was displayed by Choiseul and the Encyclopædia, and when Pombal produced his mass of stupid blasphemies before the tribunal of the Inquisition, all Portugal clapped its hands.

The tribunal of the Inquisition, however, refused to pass judgment for it saw through the fraud. A brother of the king was Grand Inquisitor.

Do you think Pombal hesitates? No, he is stronger than the king's brother, since his grip is on the king's throat. He cashiers the king's brother and in his place names — who? Paul Mendoza Carvalho, his own worthy brother. But the new chief of the Holy Office needs pontifical institution. No matter: Pombal makes himself, confers institu-

tion and all moves as if on wheels. Was I right in telling you it was a masterpiece?

“Strangled first, then burnt by the executioners’ hand so that the tomb itself might not have his ashes!” Thus spoke the sentence of the fabricated inquisitors. Do you recognize Pombal’s emphasis? “tomb,” “ashes!” He had great talents!

In the evening of the 21st of September, in the presence of all Lisbon solemnly called together, the aged, the illustrious, the holy apostle of the faith, his hands tightly pinioned, a gag in his mouth, surrounded by all the ridiculous and hideous figures of demons which Pombal, “too much inclined to the generous ideas of his age,” had gathered in the vaults of the Inquisition in order to provoke hooting and insult, in a word, in all the equipage of the bloody comedies of the middle ages, exhumed by a philosopher, Gabriel Malagrida appeared upon the scaffold.

How? with disordered hair and wandering eyes, no doubt, with the mien of the hatefully degraded and mentally deranged man who had written the *Reign of Antichrist*?

Not at all! Accounts are plentiful and all establish the venerable serenity of the condemned martyr. He had the modest and joyful air of one who was going to consummate the sacrifice that was to realize

his prophecy or rather his passionate desire. At the moment of dying, he made an effort to bless the crowd, and his countenance was suffused with a light so heavenly, that the word "miracle" was murmured through the crowd, exalted by a religious terror.

His last words upon quitting the prison were, (the Jesuit!) to forgive his assassin.

On listening to the account of his death, Clement XIII said: "He is a martyr at the feet of Jesus Christ."

Voltaire, who was not strangled and was not a fool, is not reported to have felt that supernatural calm in his last moments.

And Pombal? Pombal imprisoned the people who had uttered the word miracle, and remained absolute master of Lisbon, which the queen of France called the "city of dungeons."

A few years afterward, on the 24th of February, 1777, poor King Joseph died, and at once an immense cry arose against his minister.

I draw no conclusion from that fact: popular clamors, in my opinion, prove nothing.

Pombal was driven out of his place and the prisons opened, giving up the unfortunate innocent people who had been buried, languishing in agony

in their underground tombs. The queen, Dona Maria, took no revenge on Pombal who had oppressed her. She only desired for justice' sake that his political procedures might be reviewed. Most of them were declared unjust and, among others, the orders in the cases of Aveiro, the Tavoras, and Malagrida. As a result of this late and useless act of justice, condemned to numerous restitutions and pronounced a "criminal" by the very mouth of the queen, who certainly was merciful on this occasion, Pombal went into exile and died in the castle of his name. Despite his son's request, he refused the last sacraments.

This man, endowed with remarkable faculties, who had been so powerful during a great part of his life and who died in obscure misfortune, had aroused hatred almost everywhere and especially in his native place. The inhabitants of the little town of Pombal were unwilling that his body should be buried in the church; the Marquis of Villanueva, minister of state, would not permit the mortal remains of his predecessor to be brought to Lisbon, where a pompous tomb awaited them, built by Pombal himself in the days of his power. The body was quietly put into a coffin, covered with a pall, and deposited in the convent of the Franciscans at Pombal.

Events are patient in Portugal, as witness that sculpture in the square of Lisbon still showing Joseph Emmanuel's minister at his master's feet, after such a striking condemnation. Pombal's coffin remained for fifty years above the earth and literally without sepulture.

Here comes in a curious fact on which we need bestow no long eulogies, for it is easy to forgive the dead. What was fine about it, however, was the dying Malagrida's prayer for the triumphant Pombal.

The fact which I consider curious is this: In 1829, at the time of the official return of the Jesuits to Portugal, Father Delvaux was charged with the reinstallation and was heartily assisted by the government and the people. He left Lisbon with a full escort and began his journey through the diocese of Coimbra. But let him speak for himself:

"—Pombal," said he in his letter of report, "is the first town of the diocese of Coimbra, on the way from Lisbon. Now, the bishop had sent word to all the parishes that we were to pass through, to receive us in triumph, and, as a result of his letter, I had actually to tear myself away from the ovation to get to the convent of the Franciscans." (Let us not forget that Pombal's unburied body was there deposited.) "I made haste there, nevertheless: it

was a need of my heart. I celebrated mass there. I cannot describe the emotion I felt in offering the victim of propitiation, the Lamb who prays on the cross for his executioners, in offering it, I say, for the repose of the soul of Sebastian Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, *corpore præsentē!* *

“For fifty years it had awaited in the passage the return from exile of that Company he had so harshly condemned, and whose return, besides, he himself predicted.

“While I was satisfying this duty, this religious duty, the triumph which they forced us to accept, or rather endure, filled the whole town and its neighborhood. All the bells were ringing. The prior-archpriest came in procession to lead our Fathers to the church where everything was illuminated. It was like a dream.—”

If, only, the sad remains of the once powerful man could have spoken! I repeat that, in my opinion, greatness of soul was easy on that occasion, but I add that in turning over the history of this Company, so proverbially vindictive, according to the dictum of a certain class of literature, I find in this affair only the well characterized example of *Jesuitical vengeance*.

* “The body being present.”

CHOISEUL, D'ARANDA, TANUCCI.

A SIMPLE GLANCE.

I HAVE given considerable importance to the Lisbon drama, because the "Great Marquis," if not the most dangerous, was at least the most popular among the political enemies of the Company of Jesus; just as for the average reader Pascal personifies the enemy of the Jesuits in polemics.

I am indeed far from comparing all the political adversaries of the Company to Don Sebastian de Carvalho, the Slayer of the Fathers, and am still less ready to honor most of the slanderers who have vilified the Jesuits, by noticing their mediocrity, for they have not the lofty genius of Pascal, but it is certain that those two men, otherwise very different, had in common that persecuting hatred which St. Ignatius, in founding the Order, begged at God's

feet and obtained. It would be hard to say which of the two did the institute the more harm or the more good, since we cannot give the name of *harm* absolutely to what is the very essence of the work as well as the special grace attached to its creation.

Nevertheless, in studying the grouping of facts, it seems likely that Pombal's furious attack, which opened the breach for so many other attacks and apparently decided the battle, was merely an isolated blow, and that this minister of a small country was at the same time unaware of the great Protestant league's tactics, drawing all the kings to its help, and of the giddy plan of the Bourbon princes united in a family compact to shake off what they called the *yoke of the Church*.

The fault was not altogether with these Bourbons; an almost irresistible movement drew them on; we must charge it above all on their short-sighted surroundings, who could not see three steps ahead of them; on their courts, those swarms of buzzing noble flies; on their parliaments, clothed in false gravity, steeped in Jansenism; on their ministers, who were half philosophers, and while dreaming of the wildest chimeras were butting their heads against an impending ruin.

It is a remarkable thing that all those unfortunate kings agreed in reposing their confidence in ambitious men, without principles and without faith: Choiseul, Alba, d'Aranda, Tanucci, du Tillot, four examples of the same infidelity! And there was an agreement too, between these pretended "great minds," who worked their own downfall with an activity, a haste, and a passion really worthy of pity!

But may not as much be said of the Protestants themselves, and excepting a few who had the foresight and the malice of the demon, may we not equally reckon among the blind the entire host of philosophers and half-philosophers, the professional destroyers of the state, who at bottom are crazy devotees of class privileges once they have climbed a few rungs of the golden ladder? Is it possible to picture the disgust that would have been felt by Voltaire could he have seen, were it only in a dream, the bloody and filthy hands of the revolution which was his offspring?

No, none of those men understood the people. All played their poor game of an aimless disquiet, striving for the injury of those who were above them, heedless of those below, insulting those who sought to keep them in the right but detested way,

indifferent to God, or mocking God, or hating God ; all of them ignorant, even the learned among them ; all tainted with the selfish leprosy of that age which laughingly accepted the end of the world, if only the end of the world would wait until the day after their death (and it came): all singing, sneering, railing, blaspheming, doubting or pretending to doubt, to be in the fashion, respecting nothing, not even their mothers, to so low a state had woman come and so empty had become the nuptial tie which is the human sanctity of the wife !

Never was there a time so barren or so careless of God, never an hour so plainly marked with the seal of agony and of final impenitence.

For an instant I have regretted my inability to treat as it deserves the question whether the Jesuits, and above them the Church, would have done better had they resisted. But why should I? The hand of Providence is everywhere visible there. The end of the century appeared like an undignified old age, broken by vice, infirm enough to excite disgust, and which is suddenly seized with a convulsion. It cries out in a trembling voice and then is silent. It has lived its life.

Now let us hear the professors who compile encyclopædias. They say that this dead beast was “ the

old world." And they point out something that they fancy is rising in its place as the "new world."

This is all very well in a figurative way, but be not taken by the puffed-up obesity of big words which do not contain sense enough to fill a cavity as small as a pin-head. Let these wind-bags fill themselves up with the emptiness of their words. They do less harm than might be thought, for without them there would be just as many good-natured simpletons who would concoct theories of their own to reduce all things to the compass of their prejudices. Nothing died, nothing was born. The old world is still the world, so is the young. Both live through the same ages, and these burials and baptisms of worlds are merely pears to quench the thirst of the makers of phrases.

There was a birth in Adam's time, and a baptism in Christ's, and between the two a deluge which will not come again. The most that can be said in this regard is that the world is undergoing crises for which there is one remedy: faith.

There is the truth; we are very old. Here is the question:

Did the Revolution revive faith? Perhaps so. Then blessed be the Revolution even in its deepest shame!

Did the Revolution lessen faith? Then may it be accursed even in its undoubted greatness!

But I do not believe that faith was lessened, and I have plentiful evidence of its progress. God is indeed among us so unfortunate and humiliated, though we are, more than He was among our luckier fathers: God is more bitterly attacked among us, and He is better defended—since we must employ these inappropriate expressions to designate the immortal battle of doubt against faith, and that great combat of the standards which the ecstasy of Ignatius saw in the mystic plain.

God holds us in His hand. There is a movement in our lethargy aroused by His anger, which is as fertile as His mercy.

It is the seedtime, and the master of the house is at work. As ever, part of the seed falls by the roadside and the birds are fed by it, part among the rocks, and is blown about by the wind; part among thorns which choke the growing stalks, and finally, a part falls on good soil and will return a hundred fold.

But see how the enemy, in an evil hour, comes to the good soil itself and treacherously sows tares among the wheat.

* * * * *

Do you suppose that since the time when M. de Choiseul's workmen sowed the beautiful fields of France with so abundant a crop of tares that for a season the harvest was choked and the people smitten with a sort of epilepsy; do you suppose, I say, that the tares have continued to flourish in the soil where they were so treacherously planted? Indeed, no. The tares have disappeared, especially the Jansenistic tares which M. de Choiseul and his associates were so tenderly careful to introduce. Aye, that evil invading plant, Jansenism, is dead. Illustrious Jansenism, favored by the nobility, the clergy, parliaments, the middle classes, the government, has so utterly gone out of sight that the rising generation is unable to get satisfactory information about it in the encyclopædias. Who has ever seen a live Jansenist?

And yet this thing which died out within a century, leaving no trace, once upon a time enjoyed enough of unlucky power to derange great minds and stifle the beating of generous hearts. Hateful and blind instruments of Protestantism, which itself was hood-winked and following along an unknown road, the Jansenists, hating alike the Protestants and the philosophers, revived the coalition of the Pharisees and Sadducees, spoken of in the Gospel,

in order to overthrow the object of their implacable jealousy, the Company of Jesus.

They were around the throne, they filled up the parliaments, they held the public offices, and their austerity did not keep them from knowing Armida's isle, where that old enchantress, Pompadour, led the king's precocious decrepitude astray. Around that miserable woman, whose name we have too often pronounced, was formed the league, including the prime minister, the parliaments, the University and the Jansenists, one of whom, a man of severe virtue, François de Fitz-James, bishop of Soissons, was the first to demand the suppression of the Company, though, at the same time, he made this strange reservation: "We willingly do the justice of acknowledging that there is no order of the Church whose members are more regular and more austere in their manners."

Pascal, at least, insulted them.

But let us hear the Protestants. And first Schlosser, professor of history in the University of Heidelberg: "The various courts of the house of Bourbon, not seeing that they were going to leave education in very different hands," (different from those which had previously held it,) "united against the Jesuits."*

* Schlosser, t. I.

This blindness of royalty was heartily amusing to the philosophers. D'Alembert actually cried out for joy. Schlosser adds, in speaking of the Jansenists: "By means often equivocal they had destroyed the esteem enjoyed by the Jesuits."*

And Schoell: "The Jansenists with a show of great religious zeal, and the philosophers, while talking loudly of philanthropy, worked to upset the pontifical authority. But to overturn the ecclesiastical power, it was necessary to isolate it by taking away the support of that phalanx which had ever been devoted to the defense of the pontifical throne." There is historical truth in these avowals. A few lines further on, Schoell says again: "The imprudence of a few of its members furnished the arms for combating the Order, or, rather, to persecute an Order whose existence depended on that of the Catholic religion and of the throne, was considered as entitling one to call himself a philosopher."

There is German frankness.

"In their hands were the future generations. Nothing hostile to the Holy See or to religion could succeed as long as the Jesuits were there. The Jesuits were unassailable in their faith. A conspiracy was formed against them; they were called

* Cours d'histoire, t. XLIV, p 71.

guilty because they refused to take part in the schemes that were enveloping the Holy See and the monarchies." *

And, strange to say, monarchies put themselves at the head of the plot gotten up against their firmest defenders! *Quos vult perdere*, says the poet in Jupiter's time. God takes the senses away from those whom Providence has condemned. Kings were at work preparing their suicide.

Just as the dark news from Portugal was arousing public curiosity in Paris, amusing the court, stimulating the parliaments to a like procedure, and suggesting to M. de Choiseul the means of accomplishing his end without exactly reddening his delicate fingernails in blood, there came the affair of Father Lavalette. The matter was simple enough at first, but ended in catastrophies which, although certainly not brought about by the Company, were yet not treated with any energetic remedy. Father Lavalette was culpable as a religious, if not as a man. To meet losses which were not caused by the chances of honorable warfare, but by one of England's † many

*Crétineau-Joly. *Hist. de la Comp. de Jésus*, t. V, p. 180.

†Some writers have asserted that the seizure of Father Lavalette's vessels was a *Protestant blow*, but it was simply an *English blow* and was the result of old habit. *Fides anglica mercurialis fides*.

flagrant crimes against the law of nations, Father Lavalette first stretched the Rule and then went quite beyond it. He became a merchant and even a speculator.

The proof exists that Father Visconti, the General of the Company, from the first took the severest measures against him. *Visitors* charged with judging in the case and furnished with the most extensive powers set out at an opportune time but everything seems to have conspired to bar their passage: war, tempests, captivity, death. When Father de la Marche, the fifth or sixth visitor named for that purpose, arrived in the Antilles, with a safe-conduct from the British government, the trouble had already lasted seven years. Father de la Marche, assisted by the principal members of the Company dwelling at Martinique, gave the celebrated judgment condemning Lavalette to spiritual and temporal interdiction, and Lavalette acquiesced in the judgment, declaring, besides, that he had acted alone, without any authority or counsel from his superiors.

This he reiterated in London after having been expelled from the Company, and he held to this statement in spite of many efforts made in the course of the trial to induce him to change it.

Then Father de la Marche's judgment itself went a great way in destroying the credit of "Father Lavalette's banks," as they were called. The amount of operations, they were engaged in, were considerable, while the closing of the depôts by diminishing values and increasing the amount of useless material, widened the deficit to the proportions of a disaster.

Still it was only a money ailment, which could be cured by money. The General's first impulse (it was a good one) was to pay all the creditors indiscriminately, although neither by its Constitutions nor in law was the Order responsible; but members of the French bar counselled him to delay payment, and to have Father Lavalette's bankruptcy declared "so as to have a claim against the British government."

Here we must acknowledge greater perfidy than even in the conduct of the English; for several members of the parliament, when sounded, supported this advice with great warmth. The trap was half-opened quietly. Mme. de Pompadour did not stir, M. de Choiseul pretended to be looking the other way, philosophy turned its back to laugh, and all Paris, taken up with an edict that was going to put seventy captains on the suspended list, sang a badly rhymed song which threatened, in the king's

name, to take his "Company" away from "Captain Jesus" too.

The king was sleeping.

One morning the parliamentary trap closed on a scrap of parchment, and at once an uncommon movement was known to be near. Mme. de Pompadour, M. le duc de Choiseul, the philosophers, the Jansenists, the parliament, the court, the city, stretched their neck to see who was going to be the first caught.

It was but a trifle, and yet it was everything, and the king was three-quarters aroused by the joyful shout that went up around his throne, "THE JESUITS" IS IN THE PARLIAMENT.

Under the pretext of judging the Lavalette affair, the parliament, carrying out a plan long ago arranged, ordered that a copy of the Constitutions of the Order should be brought to the desk. The king quite opened his eyes for an instant—but he at once fell asleep again.

"Mme. de Pompadour above all things wished to win a reputation for energy, and she believed she

had found the means by showing that she was able for a *coup d'état*. The Duke de Choiseul was influenced by the same smallness of mind. Moreover, they were both eager to turn away public attention from the events of the war.* That is Sismondi, and is not bad for a Genevan, especially as the events of the war which was bravely fought by our generals and our soldiers, but directed from Paris with the wildest folly, were such as could not be easily forgotten.

I cannot close the quotation, however, without repeating what Sismondi says about the undivided glory of the favorite and the minister: "They hoped to earn popularity by flattering at once the philosophers and the Jansenists, and to cover the expenses of the war by confiscating the goods of a very rich Order, and thus save being reduced to reforms, etc." †

Would you rather see the good Lacreteille? His text is almost identically the same: "The Duke de Choiseul," says he, in his *Histoire de France pendant le XVIII^e siècle*, "and the *Marquise de Pompadour* were stirring up hatred against the Jesuits. The *Marquise*, who had never been able to prove her claim to energy of character, was anxious, by de-

* *Histoire des Français*, t. XXIX, p. 233.

† *Id. ibid.*

stroying the Jesuits, to show that she understood a *coup d'état*. M. de Choiseul was no less jealous of the same honor. The monks' goods would cover the expenses of the war and save the need of having recourse to reforms. The flattering at the same time of two powerful parties like the philosophers and the Jansenists, was a sure means of winning popularity.

I hope no one will accuse me of serving up "clerical" prose to my readers!

Neither the Calvinist Sismondi, nor Lacretelle, who was the declared enemy of all those whom he called "monks," in derision, was very eloquent, but it is impossible for two minds, whether ugly or beautiful, to coincide more exactly in their terms. As they were contemporaries, it is hard to say which one copied from the other.

But let us hear M. de Choiseul himself. Louis XVI did not like M. de Choiseul, and once at least he showed the aversion he felt as an honest man and a Christian, in what may be called a terrible manner: but it was not regarding the Jesuits. A long while after the Lavalette case, when Louis XVI was king, M. de Choiseul wrote in his *Mémoire justificatif*: "—— the king has been told that I was the author of the Jesuits' expulsion. It was a mere

chance that brought about that affair, and it was completed by what happened in Spain —. At the end of a disastrous war, and overloaded with business, it was a matter of indifference to me whether a community of monks continued to exist, or were destroyed.”

“No man needs plead guilty to his own crime.”

Once the Constitutions were in the hands of the Parliament, it took no further care of Lavalette’s creditors, “who were never completely paid,” says Cretineau-Joly, “not even after the confiscation of the Society’s goods.” And the same author adds in a note.* “The Martinique house and the lands of Dominique, the personal property of Lavalette, were bought by the English conquerors for *four millions*.” Why did not the Parliament make good the outstanding liabilities which amounted to no more than two millions, four hundred thousand *livres*?

It was very fine to talk about the interests of the creditors! Lacretelle and Sismondi have already told us that this was only a pretext. To please the philosophers, it was necessary *ecraser l’infâme* a little, and to please the Jansenistic Athenians, Aristides

* *Histoire de la Compagnie de Jesus*, t. V. p. 204.

must be exiled and "pay the expenses of the war!"

The king stirred at last, although it was very late. He referred the matter to his council. The king's council gave an opinion favorable to the Jesuits, and the bishops of France, who were assembled at the king's request, replied unanimously (less six Jansenistic votes), by a magnificent eulogium of the institute.

But the king could not stay awake long; as soon as he had closed his eyes, Mme. de Pompadour gave a signal to M. de Choiseul, who repeated it to the Parliament, and on the 1st of April, 1762, all the Jesuit colleges were closed.

D'Alembert gayly announced the matter thus "At the end of March, the sad news of the fall of this colony, (Martinique,) was received. But by way of a diversion, and to entertain the French people, just as formerly Alcibiades was ingenious enough to cut off his dog's tail, etc., etc.)* In the height of his joy, he was a prophet, and he continued: "Everything looks rosy to me! I can see the Jansenists dying an easy death next year, after having brought a violent death on the Jesuits this year." The Jansenists are dead indeed, but forever, and the Jesuits still live.

*D'Alembert, *Destruction des Jesuites*, p. 168.

Nevertheless, all was not said yet. The clergy of France made its voice heard at the foot of the throne: "—— Sire,* to you religion recommends its defenders, the Church its ministers, Christian souls the holders of the secrets of their conscience, a great number of your subjects, the venerable masters who have educated them, the whole youth of your kingdom prays for those *who form their minds and their hearts.*" These last words touched the main point of the question, and the Archbishop of Narbonne, who was charged with presenting the *prayer of the clergy*, showed its force. The Dauphin, a man of intelligence and of heart, left nothing undone to acquaint the king with the danger, the dreadful danger of leaving the education of youth to chance, in times of such peril. It must be said that this danger was then appreciated by every one; only, while it was an object of fear to the friends of the throne, it raised the hopes of the conspirators and of the still more numerous lot of reckless ones who were rushing headlong to the abyss into which civilization was to tumble.

There was no name for the Revolution yet, but every one felt that it was coming, and every one felt,

* *Vœu du Clergé de France.*

too, that by destroying the Jesuits the last check would be removed that kept the world from sliding down the declivity. To drive out the Jesuits was to give up the new generation to a chaos of hopes, of doubts, of falsehood, of unwholesome ignorance, of undisciplined science, of ambition, of treachery, of selfishness and of impiety which were uniting in what were called "the new ideas," with the stubbornness of caste, the prejudice of sect, and the passion of privilege peculiar to certain bodies, such as parliaments and Universities.

The day will come when history, properly written and freed from the declamation that blurs it, will establish the clearness of this axiom; that the Revolution, *in its beginning*, was only a fever of castes, a conspiracy of sects, and a revolt of privileged classes in which the people were for nothing. * * * *

There was no need of the Revolution to help the progress of affairs, as far as that progress was possible under the divine permission. Beyond the measure of that permission, progress is false and ironical, as is clearly shown by the periodical and constant retreats of the Revolution which is still in existence and perhaps will never cease to be. Those who have lived long enough to understand events,

know that intelligent revolutionists do not believe in the Revolution.

We should be still further along in the uncertain way called progress, and which is at least marked by splendid trophies of material conquest and of physical science, if the revolutionists were not so careful, from time to time, to assassinate Louis XVI, to play so many other mad tragedies, and to go out on the roofs and cry out that these are the idiots, or savages, to be dreaded or taken care of, and thus bring about the needed reaction.

* * * * *

But what have they all, Voltaire among the rest, what have they been able to put in the place of God? There is something grand in steam, something dazzling in the electric telegraph, and there is a fairy-like enchantment in the dark box where a play of the sunlight turns out photographs for a song.

But is all that God?

Where is the really human invention? I repeat the word: where is the philosophical notion that we owe to the revolutionists?

There is nothing! In this respect they are poorer than the boldest of the heresies whose pitiable corpses strew the ditch along the high-road of Catholicity.

There were heresies that lasted for centuries, and there are some that still exist for the world's punishment, but as for these devotees of matter, these mathematical positivists, these seekers of the binomial that will take the place of God in their empty church and of liberty in their slavish republic, as for these, there is *nihil*.

Nothing, nothing! All who have lived fifty years have seen a thousand of these frightful or ridiculous utopias go by, have seen them unblushingly display their vapid obscenity, posting their placards, waving their banners, crying their disgusting wares, like Cheap-Johns at a fair, only to be pushed out of the way by the next equally senseless novelty.

And what is at the bottom? The shop.

The shop of the nations who, not believing in the disinterestedness of the real apostle, become the apostles of all sorts of absurdities, in order to win reputation, influence, or money; and this is a shop, too, of castes, of sects, of privileges; this shop was patronized in the XVIIIth century, by the court of France, alas! by Protestants, by the Jansenists, by the parliaments!

Have we a right to say that to oppose this contemptible invasion of *bourgeois* charlatanism, which was then so new and yet so powerful, must we say

that there was nothing able to oppose it but the Company of Jesus? Certainly not. The Company of Jesus is only a battalion of the Church's great militia, and the Church holds its providential prowess independent of the Company of Jesus and of all that is not an essential part of the Church—but as we have spoken of an army with respect to the Church, we must not leave out an important element of every army: the soldier.

In the Church's army there were possibly as good soldiers as the Companions of Jesus, there were none better, and their strength was enhanced by that wonderful discipline that was admired by their adversaries. On account of this discipline which massed them on the centre of the Church, they were as the heart of the Church, and the Church's enemies who were also massed, launched themselves against this heart. If the Church did not die, it was because it is immortal.

Not only did the Church not die, it was not even shaken, but everything which was not the Church,

and which lived through the Church, without knowing it, and even denying, thrones, castes, parliaments, all—all trembled, fell!

The severest chastisement that can be inflicted on the memory not only of M. de Choiseul, whose partiality weighed so heavily on the conscience of the parliament, but on the parliament itself, is the full publication of the decree which expelled the Jesuits. Molière's humorous genius could never have invented the enormous absurdity of the terms, which are an unequalled monument of bad faith, of ignorance, and of weakness.

The parliament was an illustrious body, and if we use the word *ignorance* in relation to it, it is not because we are unaware that it contained juriconsults who were the greatest in France, and probably in Europe; but their voices were drowned in the clamor of the young courtiers, acknowledged creatures of that Pompadour whose pestilential influence penetrated everywhere, and besides, it is certain that Theology, suddenly dragged by the shoulders into the semi-pagan sanctuary of Themis, was ridiculously interpreted by the most astounding pedantry. The appearance of the *petits-mâîtres* of the *salons*, disguised as fathers of the councils, would suggest nothing but masqueraders in the carnival, had not

the consequences of this masquerade been so disastrous.

On the 6th of August, 1762, the parliament having decided this great case in one vacation, and having neglected or almost neglected the foundation of the case, gave a judgment which, by its very length, is proved to have been prepared in advance, and which declared: "The Society called the Company of Jesus, inadmissible in any polished state as being contrary to natural law, subversive of all authority, spiritual and temporal, and tending, under the specious veil of a religious institute, to introduce into the Church and into states, not an order which really and only aspires to evangelical perfection, but a political* body whose essence is a continual activity in order to obtain, by all sorts of ways, direct and indirect, secret and public, at first an absolute independence and then the usurpation of all authority."

This is vague, though emphatic, and against common-sense, since the Order, subversive of all "spiritual" authority, was defended at once by the infallible testimony of the Holy See, the unanimous

* At first the word "secret" was inserted, and the president Rolland had compared the Jesuits to the Freemasons who were causing some noise since Damiens' attempt.

voice of the apostolic council, and by all the clergy of France with the bishops at their head.

What follows is more useful, for it particularizes the misdeeds of which the Jesuits are accused: "Simony, blasphemy, sacrilege, MAGIC, WITCHCRAFT, *astrology*, irreligion of all kinds, *idolatry* and superstition, *immodesty*, *theft*, parricide, homicide, suicide, and regicide."

And all this not only practised but taught, *with the approbation of their superiors and generals!*

Where was the Béarnais, who knew so well how to deal with the hypocrisy of parliaments! If there had been, I do not say a Henry IV, but even the half, or only the smallest fraction of a king on the throne of France. Alas! it was only Louis XV, between Pompadour and Choiseul!

The Jews, says the Gospel, were at some pains in finding lying testimony against our Saviour. The parliament of Paris seems to have had some difficulty too in getting up its unequalled decree, for the same Rolland, mentioned just now, when he properly attacked the Jansenists for having frittered away the succession of his uncle Rouillé des Filletières, in their austere goblets, bitterly complained that he "*had spent more than sixty thousand livres of his own money in the affair of the Jesuits,*" and he added with

not a little candor: "Truly the efforts I made with regard to the Jesuits, who would not have been *snuffed out* (delicate expression!) had I not devoted my time, my health, and my money, to the work, deserved better than the wasting of my uncle's estate!"

So it was especially to please the Jansenists! Well, it is true, and the unfortunate President had reason to mourn.

What a shameful, pitiful comedy! The parliament that had contained a d'Aguesseau, a Lamoignon, a Molé! Pombal at least would have shouldered the thing himself, and not have dishonored the justice of his country!

But let us go on with the pretended reasons for Choiseul's decree: we must read them to be able to believe in their existence. "Their doctrines have at all times been favorable to the schism of the Greeks; subversive of the dogma of the procession of the Holy Ghost; favoring Arianism, Socinianism, Sabellianism, Nestorianism; unsettling the certainty of all dogmas concerning the hierarchy, the sacrificial rites and the sacrament; overturning the authority of the Church and of the Apostolic See; favoring the Lutherans,* the Calvinists and other innovators of

* Who would have thought it?

the XVIth century; reproducing the heresy of Wickliffe; renewing the errors of Tichonius, of Pelagius, of the semi-Pelagians, of Cassian, of Faustus, of the Marcelluses; adding blasphemy to heresy; insulting to the holy Fathers, to the Apostles, to Abraham, to the Prophets, to St. John the Baptist, to the Angels; outraging and blaspheming the blessed Virgin Mary; unsettling the foundations of the Christian faith; destructive of the divinity of Jesus Christ, attacking the mystery of the Redemption; favoring the impiety of deists; flavored with Epicureanism; teaching men to live as beasts, and Christians to live as pagans; offending chaste ears; nourishing concupiscence and leading to temptation and to the greatest sins; eluding the divine law by false sales, simulated societies and other artifices and frauds of that class; palliating usury; leading judges to prevarication; apt to foment diabolical artifices; troubling the peace of families; adding the art of deceit to the iniquity of theft; shaking the fidelity of domestics; opening the way to the violation of all laws, whether civil, ecclesiastical or apostolic; offensive to sovereigns and to governments, and making the life of man depend on vain reasonings and systems; excusing revenge and homicide; approving of cruelty and of personal

revenge; contrary to the second commandment of charity, and stifling even in parents and children all feelings of humanity; execrable, contrary to filial love; opening the road to avarice and to cruelty; tending to produce homicides and unheard-of parricides; openly opposed to the Decalogue; protecting massacres; threatening magistrates and human society with certain loss; contrary to the maxims of the Gospel, to the examples of Jesus Christ, to the teaching of the Apostles, to the opinion of the Fathers, to the decisions of the Church, to the certainty of life and honor of princes, their ministers, and their magistrates, to the repose of families, to the good order of civil society; seditious, contrary to natural law, to divine law, to positive law, and to the law of nations; smoothing the way to fanaticism and to horrible carnage; disturbing the society of men; creating an ever present danger to the life of kings; doctrines, whose poison is so fearful and so well attested by their sacrilegious effects that they cannot be viewed without horror." Phew!!!

Never, certainly, have our most anti-Jesuitical journals concocted so pitiable a piece of pleasantry as that. Nothing equals the wonderful absurdity of the decree but its infamy.

But there was one thing more infamous than the decree itself, and that was the useless rigor employed in its execution. The king was as sad and dejected as he was capable of being. The Dauphin foresaw the unlucky future and died soon afterward. The accusations indulged in by the public against M. de Choiseul concerning that death have not been proved, but Horace Walpole wrote (October, 1765): "The Dauphin has infallibly but a few days to live. *The philosophers are full of joy.*"

Lacretelle, on the contrary, bears witness to the great mourning that took place in Paris. The philosophers and the people knew how ardently the Dauphin was working for the reëstablishment of the Jesuits, who were, in every sense of the word, popular, and who were sustained, besides, by the queen, by Stanislas of Poland, and by the king himself, if the king counted for anything. The king had written to M. de Choiseul: "They have always been hated by all heresies." Choiseul knew modern history too well to deny that, and certainly it was no reason why he should love them.

Let us listen to a great voice, Lamennais, speaking at half a century's distance (1820): "They knew it," (the devotion of the Order to religion and to humanity,) he writes, "it was one reason for destroy-

ing the Order, and it is one reason why we should pay it at least the tribute of our regret and our thankfulness, which it has earned by so many benefits. Aye, indeed, who could count them all? The immense vacuum in Christendom once filled by these men, as eager for sacrifice as are others for enjoyment, will be long apparent, and it will be long before it is filled. Who has taken their place in the pulpit? who shall take their place in our colleges? Who, in their stead will carry the faith and civilization, along with the love of the French name, to the forests of America or to the wide dominions of Asia, so often sprinkled with their blood? They are accused of ambition; no doubt they were ambitious, and what body is not? Their ambition was to do good, all the good that lay within their means; and who does not know that it is this which men are often the least disposed to forgive. They desired to rule everywhere; and where did they rule, if not in those regions of the New World, where for the first and last time were realized under their influences dreams of happiness such as we can only pardon in the poet's imagination? They were dangerous to sovereigns; is it decent for 'philosophy' to make them such a reproach? However it may be, I open history, I see accusa-

tions, I look for the proofs and find only complete justification."

This page, taken from *Reflexions sur l'état de l'Eglise de France au XVIII^e siècle*, preceded but a little the reëstablishment of the Jesuits, which had actually taken place, but without having been sanctioned by the "eminently Christian" government of the Bourbons. At the Restoration, Choiseul's shadow again walked the corridors of the ministry.

Thus all the doors of the administration were half-opened, to admit the turbulent *bourgeoisie* that called itself the Revolution in 1830.

But let us go back again to the end of the XVIIIth century, to Spain, where Choiseul's shadow has followed us over the Pyrenees. Nothing could quench the thirst of hatred that was burning that man, and Sismondi, after being astonished at the speed with which the persecution of the Jesuits spread from country to country, explains it thus: "Choiseul *

* *Histoire des Français*, t. XXIX, p. 369.

was carrying on this persecution on his own account, as a personal affair. Above all he persisted in driving them out from all the states subject to the house of Bourbon." This was because Choiseul liked the Bourbons no better than the Jesuits. He was mining, he was sapping the throne as well as the altar. His rodent tooth could gnaw the gilded wood of the throne, but it grated against the stone of the altar. The throne needed the Jesuits, that is to say, education, and after the whole generation that followed the expulsion of the Jesuits had been poisoned, the throne tumbled down.

The altar, which needs no support, remained standing, miraculously erect in the midst of the ruins.

Choiseul, the principal workman at the humiliation of France, an impersonation of anti-Catholic rage, Choiseul, more injurious than Voltaire himself, and more culpable because he was at once more responsible and more interested, Choiseul labored in vain, *non prævaluit*: his efforts brought about an unforeseen disaster that terrified his last moments, but in his last moments he saw the lamp of the sanctuary still burning far above disaster, and the altar glorifying God by the incense that rose from it with the prayers of the martyrs.

Non prævaluit: he had done nothing. *Non prævalebunt*: they shall do nothing. Nothing can prevail against the Church, which is the rock of Jesus Christ!

In the singular memoir which M. de Choiseul, disturbed, but not at all repentant, in the following reign addressed to Louis XVI, and which we have already quoted in part, he accuses "what had happened in Spain" of having alone determined the fall of the Company in France. Besides the fact that dates contradict this childlike and unstatesmanlike justification of a man whose career was filled with the ruin and desolation he had brought upon his country,* M. de Choiseul's statement is upset by the facts. Not only was the conduct of the French minister not determined by "what had happened in Spain," but it has been proved that the French

* The history of this minister, as given in the encyclopædias, is a masterpiece of the kind. There is displayed a man of good education (which is not a lie), endowed with talents (which is true), a *friend of letters* (he wrote many to foreign parts), a skilful administrator (like the famous steward who sold his master's castle), and enquiring young men are sent away without the information that this honorable man, this M. de Choiseul who expelled the Jesuits, had largely added to England's colonial fortune, served Austria without hurting Prussia, fattened Pompadour, betrayed Canada, lost India, ceded Louisiana, starved France, etc.

minister, if not the author, was at all events the instigator of what had happened in Spain.

In fact, Charles III in nowise resembled either Joseph Emmanuel or Louis XVI: he was a man, a king, even a Christian, and we remember that far from being an enemy of the Jesuits in system, he had had Pombal's first pamphlets against the Company ignominiously burned. It needed a craftily laid scheme to drive such a prince to an excess of most furious persecution against that very Company: to manage the intrigue, what is popularly known in our theatres as the "villain" was needed, a man "endowed with talents," like Goethe's Mephistopheles.

The villain entered.

Here historical facts are so colored that impartiality can be depended on only by having recourse to non-Catholic pens. The least phrase quoted from a writer friendly to religion would be suspected. Let this recital be written, then, from one end to the other by Protestant ink.

In Madrid, in the year 1766, more than three years after France had struck the "*ci-devant* Jesuits," as they were called by the parliament, there took place a rather savage disturbance, known as the "hat" riot (*sombreros*.) It is unnecessary to exam-

ine the seeming and trivial cause of the broil whose secret origin was at Lisbon and in Paris. For a moment the royal authority was set at naught, and Charles III, barely protected by his Walloon guards, had perforce to retire to Aranjuez. The Jesuits, still more popular in Spain than in France, and enjoying the public gratitude, quieted the riot which neither the Flemish regiment nor the guard had been able to put down. Unhappily, the reconciled mob accompanied them to their houses in triumph, crying, "Long live the Fathers."

Charles III had some good qualities, but he had all the pride, jealousy and spite of a Castilian. He had fled; the Fathers had controlled the people who had put him to flight. In the height of his anger, word reached him from Paris that "the Jesuits had less trouble in putting down the riot than *they had in exciting it.*"

Long before this, M. de Choiseul had won Charles III's good will by according his ambassadors the precedence of the ambassadors of France. What belonged to France was always cheap for M. de Choiseul, who was as lavish of our honor, as of our finances.

After the affair of the *Sombreros*, a ministry friendly to M. de Choiseul (and, above all, to the

Encyclopædia,) was established at Aranjuez itself. The chief of this cabinet was a distinguished diplomatist, Don Abarca de Bolea, Count of Aranda, whom the Lutheran, Schoell, represents as made a fool of by the exaggerated praises of infidel Paris. His colleague, the Duke of Alba, was a real veteran of philosophy and unscrupulous as to the means he used in striking the *infâme*, for another Protestant, Christopher de Murr, shows him to us * fabricating *false* letters which he charged on the Jesuits.

Beginning with Pombal, all the Company's persecutors were of like morals, as we shall establish *heretically*. According to C. de Murr, the Duke of Alba, on repenting, gave Charles III a written declaration of the falsehoods he perpetrated in the affair of the Jesuits. Besides, he declared before the Bishop of Salamanca, the Grand Inquisitor, that *he had fomented the riot of the SOMBREROS on purpose to impute it to the Jesuits.*

Here we are, then, among an absolutely unclean lot, though these Spanish philosophers, far from being, like ours, of the common people, had more quarterings than they could find room for on their escutcheons.

* Tome IX du Journal, p. 222.

But something more than the Madrid riot was needed to destroy the sympathy of a fervent Catholic like Charles III, for the Company of Jesus. A third Protestant, the English historian Coxe,* describes a romantic movement which brings M. de Choiseul on the stage again: "In 1764, the French ministry undertook to complete the downfall of the Jesuits in other countries, especially in Spain.—Choiseul charged them with every fault that could be disgraceful to their Order. He did not scruple to circulate apocryphal letters under the name of their General and other superiors, and to spread odious calumnies against some individuals of the society."

These calumnies, indeed, were rather against the king and against his mother, Elizabeth Farnese, the wife of Philip V. They remind us of the letter under the name of Ricci, General of the Company, fabricated by the Duke of Alba. The intrigue was well laid, and Coxe, misplacing the responsibility, charges M. de Choiseul with having impugned the legitimate birth of Charles III, by Father Ricci's pretended correspondence.

* *L'Espagne sous les rois de la maison de Bourbon*, tome V. page 4.

I believe the fictitious character of these letters has been denied by no historian, whether friendly to the Jesuits or not. But, one Protestant accuses the Duke of Alba of their fabrication, and another, the French minister. The matter is hardly worth examination.

Coxe speaks of another forged letter in the name of the Father General: * "A letter was fabricated, supposed to be written to the Spanish provincial from Rome. This letter ordered him to stir up insurrections; it was sent *in such a way as to be intercepted*; † it spoke of the great riches and property of the Order; it was a bait for its abolition. But the principal cause of their expulsion (the Jesuits) was the success of the means used to make the king believe them to have been the authors of the Madrid riot, and that they were fomenting other machinations against his family and his person. Charles from a zealous protector, became their implacable enemy—he hastened to *follow the French government*, and drove the dangerous society from his States."

* *Ibid*, p. 9.

† All these ancient devices are known to the "liberals" as Jesuitical!

Thus, ashamed of having fled, ashamed of having been helped, ashamed to see his birth taxed with illegitimacy, the haughty son of Philip V was pricked like a bull on all sides; the *picadores* of Paris and Madrid who were harassing him understood their work. The apocryphal letters might just as well have been dispensed with, his wounded vanity was all that was necessary.

A fourth Protestant, Ranke,* adds, however: "Charles III was made to believe that the Jesuits desired to replace him by his brother Don Luiz," just as the Jesuits desired to replace Joseph by Dom Pedro in Portugal; when one sort of perfidy works well, why change it?

A fifth Protestant, Sismondi,† goes further: "Rumors of plots and of calumnious accusations, as well as apocryphal letters, which *were intercepted as was intended*, succeeded in deciding the king."

Finally, a sixth, the Englishman Adams, although apparently unwilling to wound propriety (English propriety), believes that the crimes and evil intentions attributed to the Jesuits are doubtful, and he declares it "more natural ‡ to believe that a party

* *Histoire de la papauté*, IV, 494.

† *Histoire des Français*, XXIX, 370.

‡ *Histoire d'Espagne*, t. IV, p. 271.

hostile, not only to their establishment, *but even to the Christian religion in general*, brought on a ruin in which governments took part all the more willingly that they saw it to be for their interest." Let us stop at these half-dozen Protestant witnesses; but there are more.

Pombal, with his natural boldness, had usurped the hand of justice and had constituted himself a magistrate; Choiseul, who was a better comedian, stood concealed in the wings where he could regulate the exits and entrances of his parliaments on the judicial boards of Paris and of the provinces. The Count of Aranda was not so deliberate. A few lines signed, "I, the king," and all was said.

With this letter of change, obtained through the error of a king who was driven mad by the thirst for vengeance, the Spanish minister went to work and surpassed M. de Choiseul in great and petty cruelty. There was a manifest emulation. The *hidalgo* wanted to rival the nobleman, and to show the gentlemen of the Encyclopædia that Ignatius Loyola's own country, when chemically treated with "liberal ideas," could go to the same excesses as the land of Vincent de Paul drugged with philanthropy!

And the Count of Aranda had not presumed too far on his own merits. He displayed the valor of

the Cid, in that campaign of persecution against unarmed religious, who ardently prayed for their executioners.* Omitting the wheel, the gallows, and the faggot, which were more in the line of Pombal's talents, Spain pushed philosophy to the furthest and most revolting limits, and in one day cast six thousand priests into the holds of vessels, most of which were condemned and out of use, and which shipped water in every seam. Some of the hulks had to be discharged again because they threatened to sink before even spreading a sail.

As in Portugal and in France, fine promises were made to the members of the Company in case they would abjure their vows. Is it necessary to say that these promises were in vain? Out of six thousand religious in the peninsula and the colonies there were barely a few, and their very small number astonishes the Protestant writers we have quoted.

We shall not speak of the victims' patience, nor of their tormentors' useless harshness. What good would it do to describe it? They each did their best, but we must say that the indemnity allowed to the Spanish Jesuits by Spain, which confiscated the immense wealth of the poor, was at least not so

* Jesuits!!!

ridiculous as the alms thrown to the French Jesuits by Choiseul's parliaments. Each Spanish Father received one hundred dollars a year in place of the twenty, eighteen and twelve *sous* a day allowed to the Fathers with us, where the treasury was benefitted to the extent of more than sixty millions. After all, however, no one was robbed but the poor.

Pope Clement XIII, who loved Charles III, defended the Jesuits here as he had done in France and in Portugal, but with the like ill success.

Ferdinand IV, the Bourbon of Naples, of course had a philosopher for minister. Bernard, Marquis of Tanucci, had been a factotum to Charles III when this last was king of Naples. When Charles III put on the Spanish crown and gave up the Neapolitan one to his brother Ferdinand, Tanucci continued as factotum to Ferdinand. The encyclopædias mention him as one of the most determined enemies of the Church, and therefore worthy of consideration. Tanucci, having dictated his little "I, the king," to Ferdinand, still hardly more than a child, was for a moment thought well of in the good circles of Paris,

and was compared to Pombal himself for the excellence of his brutality to the Fathers whom he drove out in a soldierlike manner.

There was, besides the one at Naples, still another little Bourbon, the Duke of Parma, who, like every one else, had his *minister, marquis, and philosopher*, Du Tillot, Lord of Felino.

This uncommonly obscure statesman has no other glory whatever than that of having driven out the Jesuits of Parma. That is enough. The encyclopædias set down his name, thankful for the grain of sand which he contributed to the revolutionary heap. He was the cube-root of Choiseul.

From the depth of their honorable misfortune, the descendants of the most illustrious royal race in the world, when they study the past so as the better to know the future, curse the names of these great and small traitors who brought more evil upon nations even than upon kings.

All was done: the Jesuits' only asylum was in Rome.

Then all those ministers of deceived, sleeping or hoodwinked Bourbons, Choiseul, d'Aranda, Tanucci, Felino, in complicity with Pombal, held the knife at the Pope's throat. That is not too strong an expression: did you suppose that Louis XVIth's martyrdom was not an expiation?

The Pope, an heroic and saintly old man, resisted, but he died because the measure of the bitterness that shortened his days was full.

He died, and with his last look, full of prophetic sadness, saw the degenerate children of St. Louis trembling on their Catholic thrones.

And Lorenzo Ganganelli, elected Sovereign Pontiff, tore up the bull of Paul III.

The Society of Jesus fell without offering any complaint, dying, as it had lived, in ABSOLUTE obedience.

This is perhaps the greatest and finest page in the Company's history. I might say that I reserve it for my other more extensive and complete book, but that would be a falsehood: it is a page I shall never write.

In fact, my respect for the chair of St. Peter is boundless.

A LAST WORD.

AT the opening of his great and excellent work, brimming with facts, Crétineau-Joly, like a witness in court, declares himself nor friend, nor admirer, nor adversary of the Jesuits. The Jesuits are for him what Vitellius, Otho and Galba were for Tacitus.

At the end of my hasty and incomplete little book, I declare, on the contrary, that I admire the Jesuits and love them. It is not necessary to be indifferent in order to be impartial, and far above the neutral virtue of impartiality stands the mistress—Truth.

I have spoken the truth: the truth which by the sovereign law of justice obliges us to scourge persecuting evil and avenge persecuted good. It is needless for a Christian to prove that he has no human interest in lying: his interest is God's law which has said, "Thou shalt not lie," and all human interests united could not excuse the transgression of that law.

It is good and wise to unfurl our standard. Frankness is the highest of abilities. I add, that to unfurl

our standard, loyally to display our colors, is the very condition of impartiality. By saying, I love the Jesuits and condemn their enemies, I show the sincerity of my heart, and I take away everything which might obscure the meaning of my opinions.

And by so doing, I am driven to a solid foundation for my verdict.

In this book I have principally desired, after making a rapid outline of the Jesuits' luminous work, to sketch the dark and crooked labors of their enemies; I have desired to show to what an extraordinary degree the people who have turned the word *Jesuit* into a symbol of insult, were themselves the exact and striking counterpart of the monstrously disloyal creature that they called a Jesuit. This is an original side of the case.

Protestant writers have shown the philosophical or Jansenistic Tartuffe lavishly making use of every rascality, every trick, every infamy, that he had laid to the charge of Loyola's posterity.

Pombal is a tigrish Tartuffe, not limned by Molière; but M. de Choiseul who seeks to involve the Jesuits in Pompadour's *case of conscience*, is a white-handed bravo, who can handle Elmira's robe without leaving red finger-marks; he belongs to comedy, and his nearest approach to melodrama is the chopping off the head of Lally-Tolendal.

During the rest of the week he chops off the tail of Alcibiades' dog, to amuse the Athenians, while he ruins and dishonors Athens by the torture of them who had brought her glory and riches.

He is indeed the original of the Tartuffe described in the encyclopædias and is naturally an enemy of the Jesuits. He has looked into his conscience, as into a mirror, and having seen no more complete a piece of hypocrisy in the world than himself, has had a mask made in his own likeness and underneath has written *Jesuit!*

And it was not for Socinianism that the Jesuits were driven out, nor for Arianism, nor for Sabelianism, nor on account of Tichonius, whose wonderful name set Paris laughing at the Parliament's decree, nor even on account of St. John the Baptist, nor of Abraham; the Jesuits were driven out because it was necessary for Choiseul and Pompadour—Mr. and Mrs. Tartuffe—to play their farce and thus gratify their contemptible little malice, and at the same time magically get away with a few millions.

Are these things any the less true for being said by a man who hides not his contempt for the vile comedians, who slander their victims, nor his admiration of the saints who pray God for the salvation of their executioners?

There was a sudden recoil ; when the Jesuits were gone a wide void was seen, but principally in preaching and in education.

This disaster was felt throughout the earth and for years. An exclamation of surprise and of sorrow is heard not only in Christian literature but in philosophical works and in the writing of universities. Chateaubriand agrees in sentiment with Fontanes, Joubert talks of it in the same strain as De Maistre, Lamennais as Voltaire, and Frederick of Prussia as Lally-Tolendal.

“It is an irreparable loss to learned Europe!” That is the declaration, the complaint of the intellectual world. Ah! but this is far, very far from the accusations of “ignorantism,” of “obscurantism!”

“Among them,” says Voltaire, “were writers of rare merit, men of learning, orators, geniuses.”* “The Jesuits,” added D’Alembert, “have won success in all kinds of learning: eloquence, history, antiquities, geometry, literature, grave as well as agreeable; there is hardly any class of writing in which they have not had men of the first merit.” †

* *Dictionnaire philosophique*, word *Jésuites*.

† *Destruction des Jésuites*, p. 36, 37. It is true D’Alembert adds (same work, p. 207) this remarkable acknowledgment: “The Jesuits were regular troops assembled and disciplined under the standard of ‘superstition.’ They were the Macedo-

Frederick II, writing to Voltaire that "this order had furnished France with men of the greatest genius," declared that he wished to "preserve some of its precious stock so as to be able to supply those who might desire to cultivate so rare a plant." *

Lalande was not sparing in his eulogium of the Jesuits; he charged their enemies with "having destroyed a society which presented the most astonishing reunion ever seen of science and of virtue."

"Carvalho (Pombal) and Choiseul," added he, "have destroyed the finest work of man, to which no sublunary establishment will ever approach, the eternal object of my admiration, my gratitude, and my regret." He declared that he "had once upon a time had a desire of entering that Order, and regretted not having followed a vocation which" he "owed to innocence and a taste for study." †

nian phalanx which it behooved Reason to see broken and destroyed. The Jansenists are but Pandours whom Reason WILL HAVE BUT LITTLE TROUBLE IN OVERCOMING, WHEN THEY ARE ALONE." The Jesuits driven out by them and drawing them down in their own fall, can address their father, St. Ignatius, in this prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Thus philosophy was decorating their good friends, the Jansenists' tomb in advance with these flowers of mockery, and this after they had pulled the philosopher's chestnuts out of the fire.

* *Ceuvres de Voltaire*, t. LXXXVI, p. 286.

† *Journal des Debats*, 3 Février, 1799: quoted by De Maistre, *Considérations sur la France*, appendice, p. 164.

And Lally-Tolendal: "—The destruction of the Jesuits. . . . was the most arbitrary and the most tyrannical act that could be performed; it resulted in the disorder that follows injustice, and an incurable wound was inflicted on public instruction." *

A collection of these severe judgments against the murderers of the Order could be displayed here, the judgments of men of the most diverse opinions, signed by names the most various in their celebrity, and a collection as well of the most emphatic praise given to the labors of the institute.

There would be found Jean Jacques Rousseau, Lamartine, Diderot, Talleyrand, Silvio Pellico, Jean de Müller, Macaulay who has written eloquent pages on this subject, Chaptal, Fontanes, Dumouriez, but why name them? This collecting of phrases is a tiresome and unfamiliar trade to me; the awkward use which I should make of so many citations would weary my reader's patience. I shall transcribe only these lines of Kern, the Göttingen professor, thus ending a sort of concordance of Protestant judgments on the Company: "The greatest minds and the noblest hearts have at all times shown themselves favorable to the Jesuits. Thus Frederick the Great, when asked for their expulsion, replied: 'I know no

**Mercure* du 3 Janvier, 1806.

better teachers for my Catholic subjects.' . . . Catherine, Francis Bacon, Hugo Grotius, Pierre Bayle, Leibnitz, Lessing, Herder, Ranke, Beckedorf, have all declared in favor of the Jesuits, while the vilest minds and hearts have always cruelly attacked them." *

In Germany, Kern is one of the lights of education.

But the mourning caused by the news of their destruction is nothing to the great trouble which it brought to consciences and which went far in hastening the downfall of kings. Ignatius Loyola had created the Order in the XVIth century with the special and openly announced end of opposing imminent revolution, and, in fact, the Revolution had fallen back before the new Order.

It is not I that say that, but the Revolution, or Revolutions rather: from the one that broke out under Luther to the one that ended with Marat. No partisan of the Jesuits has ever held them of an importance ascribed to them by their enemies, not only in the past, but also, and above all, in our own day.

* *Widerlegung der langitchen Behauptung einer geetzl. Sünde.—Anbefhlungunter den Jesuiten, 1824.*

What! now? Is it possible that they are not dead, after being so effectually slain by the axe, by the wheel, by exile, by famine, by the use of all the various tortures known before their time or invented expressly for their extermination? Are they like those tropical trees that become thick forests as soon as they are cut down? Have they the gift of immortality?

Their downfall shook the world and dug an abyss. At their funeral there went up a concert of wailing and of applause that resounded in both hemispheres, and yet when I pick up any daily paper, a descendant of the philosophical gazettes, I see that nothing has changed, that they are still there, that they are still enslaving families by their hateful power, that they are oppressing the clergy, that they are ruling at Rome, threatening Prussia, magnetizing Turkey, and that they find time by their really infernal trickery to bring about wonderfully dramatic marriages between all the mysterious young heiresses of mysterious millions and all the former Papal Zouaves!

They have a few more colleges than formerly, and in their colleges a few more pupils. And, as Henry IV said, those pupils *belong to them*: you may exile them to America, those pupils will follow them!

It is fascination, witchcraft, and we can fairly say

that the more these honest newspapers foolishly attempt to proscribe, to *reason*, to howl, the more obstinate will the fathers of families become in their choice.

And I solemnly declare that if the honorable gentlemen of the penny journals should some day found a college, (and why not?) in order to avoid their teaching, I would willingly send my children to the Jesuits at Timbuctoo!

There is a goodly number of us, poor fathers, in France, who are of that mind. There is no disputing about tastes.

What, then, profited all those malodorous enormities, the collaboration of Choiseul and Pompadour, the league of pious Jansenists and philosophical atheists, poor President Rolland and company's loss of money, the cruel and outrageously comical decree of the Parliament, M. de la Chalotais's toothpick,—and Pombal's wild atrocity, and D'Aranda's great "I, the King," and Tanucci's little "I, the King," and Felino's microscopic "I, the Duke," and so many impure intrigues and so many cowardly barbarities?

Nothing.

Is not that perhaps the reason why the Jesuits never lift their pen in self-defense? They die, and what matters it to them? The greater glory of God survives.

Their defense is not with themselves, it is with all who are unwilling to see a renewal of those disasters which the fall of the Jesuits always precedes and announces. They have been made to bear the weight of the cross. That is their happiness and their honor. When the riches which they have accumulated for the patriotic works of instruction and alms-deeds are taken away from them, when they are deprived of their wealth, their famous wealth, which belongs not to them but to labor, to civilization, to evangelization, to education, of their wealth which they themselves never need, rich as they are in their vow of poverty, when all has been taken away they toil in misery and are the more blessed.

But then their toil profits us the less—and whose is the fault?

Their gain is ever the same; God does not change the price of a day's work.

The day will come when those who are called conservatives, to whatever party they may belong, who are all so well agreed in their eagerness to have their children educated by the Jesuits, the day will come when these men will understand that the Jesuits' wealth is their wealth, and their children's wealth, that the existence and the liberty of the Jesuits are their children's education and future: that is to say, the future and the morality of a considerable part

of France. When conservatives understand that, perhaps they will defend those who are not allowed to defend themselves.

On the 7th of August, 1814, Pius VII reëstablished the Company of Jesus throughout the universe. The Company of Jesus obeyed that command which told it, as Jesus had told Lazarus, Arise and walk!

But did it come out of a tomb? Not at all. The Order was dead in the fulness of its obedience, but the members of the Order were alive and we have striking testimony of it in history. In the year 1775, a year after the death of the unhappy king, who had M. de Choiseul for a minister, in the face of all Paris, the University, the Parliament, and philosophy, Father Beauregard "a Jesuit," went up into the pulpit of Notre Dame, and we shall see that he had the voice of a living man! He spoke, or rather prophesied, thus: "It is against the king, it is against religion that the philosophers are arrayed. *The axe and the hammer are in their hands.* . . . Your temples, O Lord, will be stripped and destroyed, your solemn feasts abolished, your name blasphemed,

your *worship proscribed*. To the psalms of praise that were wont to be heard in these sacred aisles, succeeds the song of the lascivious and the infamous. . . . And thou, obscene divinity of paganism, thou comest even *here* to take the place of the Eternal God, to sit in the throne of the Holy of Holies and receive the perjured incense of thy blind adorers!"

Was it possible, eighteen years before the time, more clearly to announce the accession of the *Goddess of Reason*, worshipped in the likeness of a Pompadour of the gutter at the very hour when members of the parliaments were expiating in their blood the support they had lent the enemies of the altar and the throne?

Non prævalebunt. Impiety labors in vain: the Jesuits are not immortal, but they do not die. They have the promise of an endless martyrdom, and they must live in order to suffer. Open a place in your ministries for a Choiseul and even for a Pombal, aye, and even for those savage productions of the children of nihilism who by a mysterious reversal of Darwin's method succeed in begetting apes: Jesuits will be led to the scaffold, some unfortunate wretch of Paris will drive the willing and joyous Pierre Olivaint to heaven, stabbing him in the heel with his bayonet, and twenty muskets which dare not fire upon the enemy, will

find courage enough to work assassination in a lonely and cursed street.

Very well : this is as it should be : Olivaint falls in the eternity of life. But is there anything in that like death ?

Perhaps at this very moment his murderers are living on the warm breath of his prayer, for he is praying for them, and the unhappy wanderer who tore the flesh from his heel on the road to Calvary, has a powerful intercessor for the mercy of the Lord !

In such deaths there are countless treasures of life, not for the Jesuits, for whom life is nothing, but for France and the world.

So that the sacrifice having been offered, our wounded country has arisen again—and goes along on its perilous way across yawning abysses, as if miraculously balanced by the deadly influence of crime and the life-giving worth of the martyrs.

They are preaching, they are teaching, they are sacrificing themselves, therefore they are still alive. “So you are a *bachelor*,” said a witty and skeptical friend of mine to his son, whom he had unwillingly entrusted to the Jesuits to please the wishes of a Christian mother, “but what have they taught you ?”

The child recollected that he used sadden his worthy father by a precocious spirit of rebellion. He replied: "They have taught me to honor you and to love you." My dear associate in literature did not perhaps become a partisan of the Jesuits, but there were tears in his eyes as he related that incident. And his second son was confided *willingly* to those masters who without neglecting other studies teach respect and love. Then they are still alive!

I shall not add that they teach *virtue* also, for that is something likely to cause ridicule; and besides, it is quite certain that not all the Jesuits' pupils are saints. Voltaire was their pupil, and lived in a shameful time, still it was even then allowed to speak of "virtue" without exciting laughter. We have made great progress since then, and if I am bold enough to speak of virtue, I may say that I find the word in Voltaire, who uses it freely in speaking of his masters.

He attacks them, it is true, but with his hat off.

The smallest fault of Voltaire's posterity is, that it has never read Voltaire, nor Rousseau, nor any one else who is worth reading: it reads the daily papers. Voltaire and Rousseau made the Revolution, I do not gainsay it, but on the other hand the Revolution made them, and the obligation was about the same

on both sides, for the Revolution as little knows what it is doing in worshipping Rousseau and Voltaire, as Voltaire and Rousseau knew what they were doing in preparing the Revolution.

Voltaire, not to speak of his fawning, was a most determined aristocrat, and Rousseau himself was an eloquent opponent of democracy in *great countries*. At the most, he might have tolerated the democratic republic of Monaco.

But to come back to the Jesuits. While the posterity of Rousseau and of Voltaire in its pot-house French launches out invectives, insults and threats against them, Voltaire employed his admirable French in deploring their suppression, (a suppression, it is true, assisted by that same admirable French,) and Rousseau, in still grander language, "peremptorily refused to mingle in the hateful plot," which united the bigots of Jansenism with the fanatics of atheism against those soldiers of the true God, whom he respected without loving.

But all this has been written a hundred times, and it is time lost to write it. The pot-house reads the daily papers which serve it with its Jesuit (such as Pombal used to have astraddle of his nose) well minced and spiced in a prose so redolent of garlic that it would have nauseated Voltaire or Rousseau. But it is in the pot-house taste, and that suffices.

There is something deeply miserable in this corruption of a whole people by two or three thousand scribblers devoid of all honest conviction. One might say that they have lost all their senses but one: their instinctive mania against priests. The priest, or, in their language, the Jesuit, is for them the last bulwark against the onset of the daily paper. They believe that if the Jesuit were out of the way there would be no trouble in being rid of the army, the magistracy, property, capital, the arts and literature, and that the daily paper would become the government.

Perhaps they are right, for that thing has already happened for a moment. The experiences of this age which began in blood are not yet complete: there will be more martyrs. I say, this age, because the world's epochs are not limited by centuries, but by groups of facts. The cycle we are living in, this era of so much greatness and of so much dishonor is just eighty-four years old. Our epoch began in '93, and we are dying from the politics of the daily papers just as our fathers died from the philosophy of the encyclopædias.

Philosophy, a diseased flux of intelligence, reached the masses by intelligent falsehood. Journalistic politics, which is a paralysis of the heart and a monstrous inflation of eager selfishness, pours out for its

customers a nameless beverage, a mixture of covetousness and hatred, of rage and of promises which are not even new, for they make part of the quack prescription used by the demoniacs of the XVIIth century, when Luther inoculated the world with the great disease. The casks of this Protestant beer were already broached throughout Germany, in Switzerland, in England and elsewhere, at the moment when Loyola and his companions made the vow of Montmartre. It was against the Revolution then really beginning that the compact was signed; the Revolution, having at last become flagrant, has every reason, then, to abhor its eternal adversaries who arrested its first step, who held it in check for hundreds of years, and whom, one day, with the unlooked for help of kings, of nobles, of magistrates, it crushed by surprise, whom it saw dying and whom it again finds standing erect—living even after overwhelming defeat!

So the daily paper, less learned than philosophy and disdaining metaphor, does not cry: "Let us destroy *l'infâme*," but all unite in, "Down with the Jesuits!"

Yet it is so plainly and completely the same thing that people who are independent of all parties are beginning to reflect.

Just as *l'infâme* in fact comprised the throne and all that was about the throne, so "Jesuit," as used by the journals, comprises the Church first and then

all that is left standing near the Church, even if it does not belong to the Church, even if it neither loves nor honors the Church, and even if it is to a certain degree hostile to the Church: that is to say, the administration, every administration, the government, every government, academies, property, and philosophy itself, everything, everything which belongs not to journalism or the pot-house, everything which is not the blind and empty instrument of destruction.

Everyone sees that, even the most near-sighted.

And indeed we see an incomplete though serious effort making at last. It is a movement that has been delayed until the last moment, and has been aroused only by the sight of near danger. Those who are called *conservatives*, not because they are united in defense of well-established principles, but because indeed they have something of a material sort to conserve, like the passer-by who is unwilling to have his purse snatched away, those conservatives, I say, have cast glances at each other, have looked about them at the rabble who have nothing to conserve and who are eager to grasp all; and just as the rabble has united to plunder, the conservatives seem inclined at last to unite for their own protection.

It is astonishing how long their eyes have been closed.

For it is late.

And time presses.

And perhaps the fear which has drawn the new confederates together is not the best sort of a bond. Their interests, which are diverse, cross each other and will cause a vexatious chafing on the march. Then they do not come from the same place, they are not seeking the same end, while their enemies are united in a terrible homogeneity that is almost as strong as the unity of the Good, of which it is the negation, since they are held together by the bonds of Evil.

There is a principle in that! negative, it is true, but absolute.

God grant that the tardy and rather brittle league of conservatism may find its principle! The effort in itself is good; it has already produced the good result of drawing a line of demarcation between those whose interest it is to destroy and those whose necessity it is to preserve, so that for the moment, there are only two parties in France: those who are eager to kill, and those who are unwilling to be killed.*

* There is, to be sure, a third category: the insane genteel: those who cast themselves into the enemies' ranks from fear of the battle; it is said they are numerous. But what must we say of Jocrisse drowning herself to escape the rain?

But is that enough? In my opinion, no. Coalitions resulting from interest are not lasting, and are like houses whose stones are not set in mortar. Interests displace one another, distrust one another, and offend one another. . . . But that is matter of notoriety. Men are seeking a common ground on which to unite "respectable" interests; fears agree well enough together, but hopes show their teeth.

This phrase "respectable interests" dates from long ago; I do not criticise it, but I ask what epithet is henceforward to apply to self-denial? Is that to be contemptible?

And my question is not an idle one. I am not a "practical" man, but I have closely watched the history of my own time, and have, in like manner, studied the history of past times. I have always seen that only self-denial was useful to the country and to itself, while interest, even when respectable, destroyed itself and destroyed the country.

Carthage was full of respectable interests, and untitled self-denial dwelt in Rome.

But that is not the point. We are looking for a *common ground*, let us not forget that. In opposing self-denial to interest my only aim has been to help the solution of the problem which seems for our epoch a question of life or death.

There is no common ground possible for interests. The African deserts are very large, yet I defy you to place two interests there without their fighting.

On the contrary, all grounds are common for self-denial.

I certainly do not ask interests to give themselves entirely away to abnegation, I say to them only with all the veneration that is their due: "If you are seeking a rallying point—and you must seek it, for your disunion will be your death—do not seek it where it is not. Be as little like interests as you can, and as much like self-denial as possible. In order to overreach one another in your competitions, you are accustomed to concede a good deal to your common enemies; concede no more to them, and amongst yourselves widen the measure of concessions, even beyond what may seem wise and possible. Such sacrifices in time of war are called discipline; no army can exist without discipline, and you are an army: why should you be dispensed from sacrifice?

"Who knows if you have more than one battle to fight? To win it, have discipline. Your selfishness is your weakness. Be disinterested in your own interest.

"And seek, find the tie which will bind you also together; seek for union, find strength. One name, the greatest of all names, is the rallying point for all

that is disinterested, the great centre whence un-
hoped for victories are won, but there are so many
hearts amongst us who have forgotten it! The army
of conservation is almost as indifferent to this name
as the army of plunder.

“It is useful, nevertheless, and more than useful,
it is necessary, supremely necessary that this name
should resound above your combat, for from the time
of Constantine and Clovis this name has lost nothing
of its all-powerful magic. Your rallying point is
Faith; your standard, the only standard under which
millions of opposite wills, of diverse passions, of con-
trary hopes can march without mutual injury, in
peace and reconciliation, your standard is the Cross.
You shall conquer in that sign. Without it you
shall be conquered.

“Your enemies can oppose everything to you, but
God. By what strange fancy do you not oppose God
to your enemies?

“And in the hour preceding the battle do not
abandon any of your own people; not even the
Jesuits, no matter what temptation they may hold
out to you in their hand ‘full of riches,’ * never sac-

* . . . In quorum manibus iniquitates sunt. Dexterâ eorum
repleta est muneribus. . . .

rifice the men of Catholic education to the caresses of the pagan Tartuffe. Recollect the cries of joy that were given by the Encyclopædia, that is to say the Revolution, at the moment when the perverse counsellor of Louis XV, in order to cut down the Jesuits, ruined the growing young crops of the future and destroyed the equilibrium of education in France!

“I do not ignore the glory of the University, but I say that alongside of the palace of doubt we must have the house of belief.

“It is a necessity of conscience.

“Education cannot be abandoned except under pain of death. With us the Company of Jesus constitutes a large half of Christian education. If only the Company of Jesus itself were concerned, I should again repeat that it needs, not you nor me, but it is we, it is you and I that need its help, for our children, for the France of the future.

“Fathers of families, render unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, faithfully, fully, render unto God what belongs to God. In our unfortunate day it often happens that pagan Tartuffe governs us, you know it, you have seen it; render unto him all, it is the law,—but guard your conscience, your faith and the education of your children:

“That belongs to you, because it belongs to God.

“Let atheistical Tartuffe smile, caress, or threaten, be of iron in your right: in your charge is the family and the country. Frenchmen, defend France: fathers, protect your children!”

I have done, and this little book, merely a preparation for a larger one to come, is nearly what I wished it to be. It contains the germ of all the ideas that I shall take up later. It sketches the splendid birth of a great society opposite to the sinister origin of a great disaster. It indicates the straight way followed by an obedience that never went astray; it shows the heroic prayer of Loyola, answered by a miracle of persecution without truce and without end; it shows, too, that the sentinel, bound by the vow of Montmartre, faithfully kept his post and watched along the road by which the Revolution might approach, and that once upon a time, the sentinel having been treacherously dispatched by some of those for whom he was on duty, the Revolution was enabled to capture education and thus effect an entrance.

It says to well-meaning, careless, or timid people: “Be watchful, be brave whenever instruction is con-

cerned, because instruction is the bulwark that will prevent your ruin." It says to them also: "Nations, classes, parties who, from fear of death, give up their sovereign right of choosing masters for their children, die nevertheless, and die the quicker, and die dishonored."

This little book is not even an abridgment of the history of the Company; it is rather a page torn from the history of the ill deeds perpetrated by the enemies of the Company. A few profiles have been outlined of the persecuting statesmen worshipped in the encyclopædias on the same ground as Julian the Apostate, that favorite of the encyclopædias; a few *silhouettes* have been displayed, cut in the likeness of tyrants, who were zealous in their trade, stopping at no falsehood, no matter how gross, at no forgery, at no fraud, and throwing their infamous cloak on to the shoulders of the Crucified One, while they cried: *Ecce homo!* Behold the *infâme!*

That is what a modern writer calls the trick of *misleading the police*, and which he describes thus: "Tartuffe-Judas meets Jesus at the corner of a wood, slays him, rifles him, and then across his chest fastens his own name, Judas." The trick is played and the encyclopædias are happy for centuries!

We have all been young enough to let ourselves be humbugged by the jugglery of Judas or of Tar-

tuffe; we have all more or less set our foot on the dead body of the Just One, transformed into a malefactor by the industry of Caiaphas, of Herod, of Pombal, or of Choiseul, latterly become editors of journals, (sad fall!) And as youth is careless, in spite of all evidence, the name of the real criminal is still honored by hosts, while the daily bludgeon still continues to strike at religion, right, law, authority, liberty, truth, charity, honor, talent, glory itself on the back of the ineffable Victim.

This little book will not change that.

It will be happy if it succeeds, not in teaching, but reminding all those grand things struck by the daily bludgeon, and all those who still serve those grand things that it is no time for sleep or for weakness, that the last possible concession has been made to Judas, and that among the barriers which defend the young generation against barbarism, the highest, the firmest, the most necessary to sustain, **EVEN WHEN ONE DOES NOT LIKE IT**, is the wall of the house of Jesus.

THE END.



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