

THE JESUITS:

THEIR MORAL MAXIMS,

AND

*PLOTS AGAINST KINGS, NATIONS,
AND CHURCHES.*

WITH

DISSERTATION ON IRELAND.

BY

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P R E F A C E.

THE influx into our country of an order of men whose principle is the negation of all principle, and whose moral code is the subversion of the moral law, forms, in the author's humble judgment, a source of no small danger to the nation.

Cast out of all kingdoms for their execrable maxims and their treasonable practices, the Jesuits bestow themselves upon us. They change their soil, but not their nature. They come to pursue in their new home the intrigues which drew upon them expulsion from their old. Our law denies them the unobstructed entrance and unchallenged residence which they claim. There appears, however, no intention of putting the law in force. What, then, is to be done to counteract the evils sure to arise from the presence of men who have always and everywhere been the disturbers of the public peace? We can but expose their arts, and put the unwary on their guard.

"Beware of false prophets who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." Never was the description more applicable, or the warning that accompanies it more needful. The Jesuits come to us in the name of Him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." They call themselves the "Companions of Jesus." The name is but "the sheep's clothing." Let us apply the test. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Their teaching is "the doctrine of devils," and their deeds are the works of "Apollyon, the Destroyer."

The Jesuits themselves bid us "beware." Their own chosen symbol is a meet exponent of their character and history—a mastiff, with a burning torch in its mouth, rushing onwards to set the world on fire.

But it may be said, "What great harm can come of it? The Jesuits, after all, are but a few among many." There is a parable here much in point. There was in olden time a husbandman who had a field which he sowed with wheat. But while he slept there came an enemy who sowed tares in his field. They were, per-

chance but a few handfuls : nevertheless, the tares sprang up and choked the wheat.

Should any reader be of opinion that the author has seen the hand of the Jesuit in certain political events, where only an over-suspicious imagination could have discovered it, he may be reminded that, since the following pages were written, it has been found that the adviser of M. Joubert, the leader of the Boer insurrection—an affair which has occasioned the loss to Britain of much treasure, and blood, and prestige—is an Irishman, who was educated by the “Society of Jesus.” To humble and cripple our empire is a first object with the Jesuits at this hour. “They aim,” as said one who flaunts on British soil a “red hat”—that open symbol of revolt against the sovereign of Britain—“to subjugate and rule an imperial race.”

The author cannot send forth this little volume without reiterating once more, most humbly, yet most earnestly, his immovable conviction that the Government of Britain and the government of God are, at this hour, proceeding on lines directly antagonistic, and that either we must change our course or the Most High must alter His if a great catastrophe would be avoided. If both keep advancing in the direction in which each is at present moving, a terrible collision is inevitable. Divine Providence is weakening and bearing down the Papacy in the world at large ; we are strengthening and propping it up. Yet we seem to hope that we shall come scatheless out of the inevitable shock, or may even win the day in our struggle with the government of the Omnipotent.

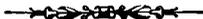
God raised up Britain and gave her greatness beyond the measure of all former empires. For what end? That she might subserve the interests of the Gospel, as embodied in Protestantism. This is our first duty as a nation. The neglect of it is our first sin, no matter what other duties we make ourselves busy about. The laws of God's providence being what they are, we cannot retain our supremacy, or, it may be, even our existence, and neglect our great mission. But let be what may, the fate of our empire, whether it part in twain or dissolve in ruin, one thing is certain, Protestantism shall survive and triumph.

EDINBURGH, *March*, 1881.

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THE JESUITS.

CHAPTER I

The Jesuits and the Reformation.

THE Jesuits were called into existence to stem and, if possible, roll back the tide of the Reformation. Advancing over all opposition, this great religious revival, not yet half-a-century old, had acquired a strength and a breadth truly amazing. From the little Saxon town of Wittemberg it had spread itself out on the east and on the west, on the north and on the south, and now it occupied the vast territory which extends betwixt the shores of the German Sea and the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, comprehending the powerful kingdoms of Saxony, Pomerania, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, and Transylvania. Of states lying farther to the west, the Reformation had been welcomed by Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and the Netherlands. Its career among the Teutonic nations had been one unimpeded continuous victory. In a marvellously short period, the night which for ages had brooded over Germany had been chased away, and a countless multitude of men, of cities, and of nations, were rejoicing in the light of the new day.

On the west of the Rhine, in Latin Christendom, the march of the Reformation had been equally rapid and equally triumphant. The mountains of Helvetia, so inaccessible to the phalanxes of Austria, had opened their gates to the Reforming host. The half of the cantons of Switzerland had embraced the Protestant faith. On the shores of the Leman, beneath the shadow of the Alps, the movement had found a new centre and a second chief. From the feet of Calvin, evangelical champions were daily going forth to win spiritual victories and extend the area of the heavenly kingdom. The south and west of France were Protestant, and the supremacy of the Reformation in that great country at no distant day seemed all but certain. The brilliant roll of states which had rallied themselves beneath the banner of the new faith had lately received an important accession in the two great kingdoms of England and Scotland. Of the countries of Western Europe only two, Italy and Spain, now remained with the Pope.

It had come to a crisis with Rome. She had treated the movement, when it first broke out, and for some time thereafter, with contempt and indifference. It had been announced in the halls of the Vatican that a German monk of the name of Luther had risen up against the Church. But who cared for that? The name, destined soon to be one of terror, had then no significance. The dominion and glory of Rome were beyond the reach of a hundred Luthers. His outcry might awaken a little stir in the remote Germany, but long ere it had crossed the Alps his voice would die away in silence. Pope Leo, from his lofty seat on the Seven Hills, looked down with derision on the puny attempts of the poor monk. As well might Luther try to overturn the Alps as think to shake the stable dominion of a Church which, upheld the authority of kings, and defended by the puissance of

armies, had prolonged her sway through sixteen centuries. Nevertheless, before the movement had passed its initial stages, it became evident even to Rome herself that her dominion was beginning to totter. Nations were fleeing from her. Every post was bringing tidings of some new defection. The stars of her firmament were falling. While darkness was gathering in her sky, on the earth around her was dismay, and perplexity, and portents of direful change. A great calamity impended over her who had "sat a queen" and believed that, however it might be with other monarchs, she should see no sorrow. The crowns of earthly princes might perish, the Tiara was eternal. The thrones of the world might be cast down, the chair of Peter would stand immovable to the last age.

The first attempt to suppress the Reformation was by force of arms. A warning had come down from ancient time that "they who take the sword shall perish by the sword;" but in the moment of pressing peril which had now arrived the warning was forgotten or disregarded. Rome, alas, knew no other weapon; nor for centuries had she employed other in the suppression of her heretical adversaries, as was but too terribly attested by the plains of Southern France and the Valleys of the Waldenses, where the Protestants and Protestantism that were before Luther's day lay buried in the ashes of burned cities and the blood of slaughtered nations. The weapon which had suppressed these revolts of an earlier day would, Rome doubted not, effectually quell the more audacious uprising of the present time. The sword was grasped. The trumpet of war was blown.

Spain was by far the mightiest of the European kingdoms of that age. Its dominion, which began where the day rises and ends where night descends, embraced a world rather than a kingdom. It was this prodigiously powerful State that step-

ped down into the arena to do battle for Rome. First under Charles V., and next under Philip II. ; its whole power was put forth to crush the Reformation. The conflict was long and fearfully sanguinary. Million after million of gold ducats—for Spain was wealthy then—did Charles and Philip lavish on the enterprise ; one mighty army after another was swallowed up in their terrible battle-fields ; martyrs by the thousand were dragged to the stake ; but the attempt, though made with all these rare conditions of success, was abortive. The Reformation remained unconquered. It rose triumphant over soldiers and executioners, over scaffolds and battle-fields ; and Rome was at last convinced that she must equip other combatants, and forge other weapons—not indeed throw away the sword altogether, but join therewith an instrumentality more subtle and ethereal, if she would succeed in arresting a movement which threatened to sweep away what yet remained to her of her former greatness and glory. It was now that the Jesuits were brought upon the scene.

CHAPTER II.

Jesuitism.

JESUITISM was no new discovery or invention of Ignatius Loyola, though his name stands conspicuously connected therewith. The seed of Jesuitism was in the Popish system, and had been so from the beginning. It grew up and developed by equal stages with the system in which it was held. The first sowers of this evil seed were the Popes of early days, and their coadjutors. When they forsook the objective rule of the Divine Word, and chose as their guide an authority variously known as reason, the inner light, philosophy, they started on a path of which Loyola in the sixteenth century

reached the goal. Then followed the scholastic divines. Their theorisings, their speculative interpretations of Scripture, their bold subtle casuistries, in short, their attempt to master supernatural truth by an intellect which, in the conceit of its fancied strength, refused to accept the aid, or submit to the authority of the Divine Word, quickened the seeds which the early doctors had sowed. Under the divines of the middle ages Jesuitism flourished as a theology, or rather as a philosophy. One of the greatest Jesuits who lived before the age of Jesuitism, was Thomas Aquinas. He elaborated the principles which Loyola and the casuists of his school formulated into a system. But it was not till the sixteenth century that the harvest was reaped. In that century a fully developed Gospel and a matured Popery came together. The clear effulgent unveiling of the first, necessitated a corresponding development of the last. The Reformers went to the source of truth in the Scriptures, and by their full and systematic exhibition of what God has therein been pleased to make known, they led Christianity forward into the light, and showed to men the divinity of her origin, and the beauty and strength of her principles; so, in like manner did the Romanists fall back on the fundamental principles of their system, till then only partially known to themselves, and stating and defining them more clearly than heretofore, they disclosed to the world the blackness and deformity of Popery, and the tremendous destructive power that is wrapped up in it. Loyola, of all men, helped to this issue. He came to this Vine of Sodom, and gathering the clusters of her now fully ripened grapes, he expressed their juice into his cup, and presenting that deadly wine to the nations, he bade them drink and lie down in their moral and spiritual stupefaction.



CHAPTER III.

Luther and Loyola.

As the two systems, the good and the evil, a developed Christianity and a matured Popery, come together, so, too, did the two men who were to stand at the head of these respective systems. Luther came first into the world, Loyola arrived only three years later. Their births, so near in point of time, were separated by a vast social distance. Luther was a miner's child, and drew his first breath in an humble cottage on the Thuringian Plain. Loyola, whose proper name was Don Inigo Lopez de Recaldo, was the son of a Spanish grandee, and first saw the light in the castle of Loyola, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, where his father kept court, with the customary ceremonial, of the feudal barons of these days. This was in the year 1491. Nature had endowed these two men with qualities not unlike. Both felt the stirrings of a great enthusiasm,—the miner's son under the cold sky of Germany not less than the young grandee in the warm and impulsive air of Spain. But the renown which the future was to bring them was to be of a kind, and achieved in a way wholly different from that which either pictured to himself. It was through darkness, discipline, and great suffering that both were to come to the fulfilment of their early dreams.

There are few contrasts in history so striking and instructive as that which is seen in the lives of these two men. Its study would repay a longer consideration than we can here give it. It places us beside the fountain heads of the two mighty movements—the Reformation and Jesuitism—which continue to this day, beyond all other influences, to mould the condition of the world. Far separated by distance of place, and totally unaware of the existence of each other, as were these two men, there was, nevertheless, a secret link establishing a certain relationship

between them, and a Power shaping for both an apparent similarity of destiny. Their careers were wonderfully alike, up to a certain stage, when they diverged—diverged not for time only, but for the eternities also.

To begin, each chose that particular path of life that fell in with his genius. Wisdom, or what was then reputed wisdom in the schools, had the chief attraction in the eyes of Luther. What more exquisite pleasure could be his than to fathom the depths or soar to the altitudes of the scholastic philosophy, that wondrous product, as he then esteemed it, of the intellect of the past ages. How would his genius revel in this vast field, where each new day would bring a fresh discovery and a richer delight! And then to leave his name inscribed among the teachers of mankind and the lights of the world! This was glory! And compared with such glory how stale was all that riches or rank or conquest could bring him.

Arms was the choice of the young Spaniard. In the battles of the warrior only could he hope to find those fierce delights that should have power to stir his spirit. Spain was then engaged in the effort of expelling from her soil the warlike but infidel Moor. Here was a field which promised to Loyola enough of toil, and tumult, and danger to warm his blood, and afford scope for the display of his military daring. Forsaking the soft delights of Ferdinand's court, at which till now he had lived, he clad himself in armour and went forth to seek adventures. A more fiery and fearless soldier there was not in all the armies of Spain. His feats of valour were the admiration and the boast of his countrymen. The court, the camp, the city resounded with them. Each new battle brought an addition to the laurels with which he was already crowned, and spread yet wider the fame of his name. The aspirations of both—Loyola and Luther—were in course of being fulfilled. Loyola was rapidly rising to the proud position of the first soldier in Spain, and to be the

first soldier in Spain was to occupy no second place among the champions of Christendom. And Luther, in like manner, hiving knowledge night and day through the studious years, had gained for himself brilliant distinction in the schools. His was the first name in the university of Erfurt; and now he saw opening to him the gate which led to the offices of the State and the dignities of the Church, where he hoped to leave a name that would shine like a star in the future of his country's history. All was going well with the two. The goal was near; in a little it would be reached, and their dream of earthly glory and happiness would be realised.

CHAPTER IV.

Discipline and Divergence.

It was at this stage of their career that a hand was put forth, and a sudden arrest was laid on both. Each became the subject of a solemn and awful dispensation, which said to them plain as articulate speech, "No farther can you proceed on this path. Henceforward the current of your life must be diverted into another channel." As Luther, one day, was returning to Erfurt, from a journey which he had made into the country, the heavens suddenly grew black; an awful tempest broke over him, the thunders rolled through the sky, and flashes of unwonted brightness blazed all round him, and to add to the horrors of the scene, a bolt struck a companion who was journeying with him, and laid him dead at his feet. Luther expected every moment to appear before the great tribunal. Trembling and horror fell upon him, and he stood riveted to the spot. When he emerged from the cloud his whole thoughts and purposes had undergone a change. He had been baptised in the cloud and in the fire.

It was in the battlefield that Loyola underwent his great change. He was fighting at the siege of Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre, and whilst contending against fearful odds he was wounded, and laid senseless, and almost lifeless on the field. He was carried to a hospital to be cured, where he endured months of excruciating pain, relieved by periods of intense mental excitement and visionary rapture, produced by the "Lives of the Saints," which were given him to read, and which he greedily devoured in the solitude of his chamber. Thus were both men, in the full tide of their success—their honours on the point of blossoming—laid hold upon, and brought in a moment to the grave's brink.

For some time longer the lives and experiences of the two continued to run in a similar channel. To Luther the contest of the schools shut out, and to Loyola the din of battle hushed, how changed were now their views! The honours of learning and the reward of arms, contended for but yesterday as brilliant prizes, were to-day, the gilding rubbed off, despised as baubles. In the stillness of their cells they were brought face to face with the realities of that eternal world, to the boundary of which they had been so suddenly and unexpectedly brought. If the lightning's bolt or war's missile had strayed but a hair's breadth from its appointed path, as might easily have happened, and they had, in very deed, passed over that boundary, where or what would they have been now—now and for ever? This was the thought that forced itself upon them. They had looked Death in the face. And the image of death had called up the remembrance of sin: and the remembrance of sin had awakened conscience. "Oh! now began the tempest in their soul." Night, dark night came down upon them. In the blackness of that darkness they could hear the sound of approaching footsteps. As they listened there was something that told them that these were the steps of a Being of unspeakable

purity and majesty, and they shrunk with an instinctive dread from meeting Him. Nearer and yet nearer came that awful visitant, whose form they could not see, but whose terror they felt. Conscience spoke and said, "It is the footsteps of the great Judge which you hear: it is the living God who is approaching; He bears the sword of justice, and on whomsoever that sword falls it strikes him with eternal death." "Oh, my sin, my sin!" we hear Luther exclaim, as he looked round and round, and could see no way to flee, and yet could not abide that awful coming. What shall he do? Where shall he hide himself?

It was not on Luther only that these terrors fell. Though parted from him by wide continents, Loyola was joined with him in this sore agony. The same cry with which the cell at Erfurt resounded, broke from the lips of Ignatius Loyola amid the mountains of Spain. In his cave at Manresa,—how solemnising to think that it was so—did the founder of the Order of the Jesuits experience convictions of sin, and feel the stings and terrors of an awakened conscience. Guilt, like a mountain, lay upon his soul. He descended into that "Valley of the Shadow of Death" where there is no water-spring, no dawning of the day, no living thing, save "the worm that dies not." He entered into that prison in which even souls on earth may at times be shut up; that abode of dolour and black despair, which none can describe save those who have felt it, and than which there is no more dreadful state under heaven, or in the universe, unless hell itself, and it is more dreadful because it is eternal.

The courage which had never quailed before the embattled hosts of the Moor, melted as wax melts before the fire, at the dreadful things which he now apprehended; and that strong bodily frame which had served him so well on the battlefield, and enabled him to perform such feats of prowess, was dissolv-

ing under the pressure of his inward anguish. Pale and emaciated he wandered amid the mountains, till at last his failing strength would not permit him to leave his cave, and he was one day found fallen on the earth in a swoon, and taken up half dead, and conveyed to a monastery.

Yet one stage further did Luther and Loyola keep company together. Stricken with the consciousness of sin, and feeling the need of expiation, both set about the work of making themselves holy; neither of them seeing as yet, that the righteousness that justifies, is not *within* but *without*, and is the work of another. The scourgings, the fasts, and the penances that Luther underwent in his cell at Erfurt we all know. A similar expiatory course did Loyola prescribe himself. Fleeing from the cheerful light of day, he buried himself in the gloom of the mountains of Manresa. Rags, dirt, and an iron girdle set with prickles, were the staple of his expiations and penitences. To these he added seven hours each day on his knees, and prayers at midnight. On one occasion he passed three days in confessing the sins of his whole past life; and deeming the enumeration not sufficiently full he made a second confession in which he gave a place to all omitted transgressions. He was rewarded with short-lived intervals of peace. Anon his heavens would o'ercast, the thunders and lightnings would return, and the suffering in his soul recommence. Again he betook him to the scourge and the fast, assured that in due time these would open to him the gates of a stable and blessed peace. And as he anticipated so did it happen to him. So at least, did he persuade himself. Awakening one day as from a long and troubled dream, he said to himself, Why should I permit myself to be overcome by vain fears? I will dismiss these terrors. And at the utterance of this strong resolve the black past rolled away, and a future full of sunshine rose upon him.

This marks the point of divergence in the path of these two men. Luther turned to the Bible. In that Book he saw the righteousness that justifies; not that which the sinner works in himself by the scourge, or earns by floods of bitter tears, but that which Christ has wrought for him on the Cross. Seeing this, he went to his Saviour, and laid his sins on Him, and obtained forgiveness, and with forgiveness a new life. The same evangelical road which had been opened to himself, Luther opened to others. Hence the Reformation.

This road Loyola never found. He missed the way to the Cross. He laid his sins on no one. He bore them himself. Other satisfaction he offered not to the law of God than fastings and confessions. When he judged that he had fasted enough, and confessed enough, he then by a fiat of his will banished the remembrance of his sins. But to be rid of the remembrance of sin is not to be delivered from its guilt. To *forget* is one thing, to be *forgiven* is another. Forgiveness—that forgiveness which proceeds on the ground of a perfect righteousness and an infinite satisfaction—that forgiveness which remits the penalty to the transgressor because it has been borne by his surety, Loyola knew not, nor cared to know. He was his own sin-bearer. He never looked at the actual realities of his case. He chose to dwell in a world of delusions and fictions. His peace had no solid basis. He never submitted his mind to the teaching of the Bible. And as he slighted its instructions in the all important matter of his reconciliation with God, turning haughtily away in the pride of his own righteousness, from the great sacrifice of expiation, and by the strength of his own will, not the cleansing virtue of the “blood,” compelling peace—delusive peace—so throughout the whole of his future career, he surrounded himself with fancies and self-deceptions, and was guided, not by the Scriptures of truth, the alone source of a true illumination of

mind, and of right aims, but followed solely dreams, visions, and voices. Hence the monstrous opinions he propagated, the unrighteous ends he pursued, and the revolting and fearfully inhuman means he took to accomplish them.

Luther submitting to the Word of God, which is truth, and filled with the Spirit of God, which is love, led the nations out of their prison-house. Loyola, full of pride and rebellion, and hating the truth, strove by every Satanic device, and by every unholy and cruel weapon to compel the nations to return to their prison, and lie down in their old chains.



CHAPTER V.

The Enrolling of the Jesuit Army.

WALKING by the rules of knight-errantry, and not by the precepts of Scripture, which says, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve," Loyola, his night of terror past, and the day of peace now risen fully upon him, hung up his sword and shield at the shrine of Mary, and took a vow to be her servant and soldier. He would go round the world doing battle in her cause, and offering to all blasphemers and impugners of her deity the alternative of "conversion or the sword." The Church of Rome was the Church of Mary. Mary sat enthroned on its altars; and when Loyola thought of this his zeal flamed fiercely up against the infidels of the East and the heretics of the West, who held but in light esteem, in fact, treated with contempt, the claims of her whose crossed and sworn champion he had become. By the help of his good sword, he would bring these opposers to the feet of Mary, or sweep them from the earth.

At this stage of his career, he had a vision shown him, in which he plainly beheld two cities or camps, and two armies

engaged in mortal combat. "These gloomy towers and dungeon-keeps on the left," said a voice to him, "which murky clouds overhang, are the strongholds of Babylon. You see her dark warriors mustering phalanx on phalanx at her gates. These shining battlements on the right are Jerusalem, and these soldiers in bright armour, posted on her walls, are her defenders. You are the chosen captain who is to lead in this great war. Go forth and conquer, thou mighty man!" So spake the voice in the ear of his imagination.

Loyola thought right to begin in the east. To cleanse from Saracenic pollution

"Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter tree,"

and rescue from the keeping of the infidel the "holy sepulchre," was an enterprise which fascinated him by the romance which attended it. But when he arrived in Jerusalem, after a long journey on foot, for he was penniless, he looked not quite the great captain he gave himself out to be. The Superior of the Convent, before whom he presented himself, took leave, despite his protestations of a Divine commission, to doubt whether God would send a deliverer in rags, and whether the man who stood before him with a strange fire burning in his eye was he. Disgusted with his reception, Loyola shook the dust from his feet as a testimony against the men who were willing thus tamely to bear the yoke of the infidel when they might, if they chose, have deliverance from it, and forthwith returned to his native Spain.

This untoward commencement of his mission by no means cooled his ardour or shook his resolve. It only convinced him that the predestined field of his future triumphs lay in the West, and that what he had been chosen to crush was the hydra of

Lutheranism. But he knew that the disciples of the great Western heresiarch were cunning dialecticians, and logic was a weapon with which he was not very familiar. But reflecting that some skill in this kind of fence was indispensable, he put himself to school to acquire it. A man of thirty-five, he sat down on the same bench with the youth in the public seminary of Barcelona, and began resolutely the study of Latin. From thence he passed in succession to the university of Alcala, or Salamanca, and, in 1528, of St. Barbara in Paris, devoting himself at these famous resorts of scholars to the prosecution of the science of theology. He now began to diversify his studies by occasional addresses delivered on the streets, where his passionate harangues never failed to draw round him admiring crowds. These doings brought him at times into collision with the authorities, and even made him to be suspected by the Inquisition. The man and his aims were as yet a mystery. Closer observation, however, soon satisfied both the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities that he was no Lutheran, and he was left undisturbed. All the while he tenaciously pursued his course of severe study and rigorous penance, his austerities and labours cheered at times by enchanting visions and edifying voices, which promised him garlands of never-fading glory in the future. The world saw in him as yet little besides the crazy student and visionary, but the time was drawing nigh when he would drop the mendicant and stand forth as the generalissimo of a great army which he himself was to create, and with which he should fight and conquer in the greatest battle of the age. These were the hopes that sustained him.

He had schooled and disciplined himself, he must now make a beginning with his army. There lived under the same roof with him two youths, also students of theology at the College of St. Barbara, in Paris. The one, Peter Fabre, a simple but enthusiastic youth from the mountains of Savoy; the other,

Francis Xavier, the scion of an ancient and noble house of Navarre. The three were inseparable companions, and Loyola had easy opportunity of spreading out before them, in all its grandeur, the project he was revolving. Where on earth was there glory compared with that of routing the hosts of heresy, and restoring to the Church her former boundless dominion? They listened till they caught his fire; and yearned to share with him the glory of the enterprise. The names of Fabre and Xavier were the first to be enrolled in that army which future years were to see so prodigiously multiplied. By-and-by they were joined by six others, and now the infant Jesuit-host was swelled to nine. They were few, and yet they were many.

They were enrolled, but they were not yet fit for service. They must be drilled. Loyola made them pass through an ordeal of spiritual and bodily discipline, similar to that which he himself had undergone. He made them go daily to confession and mass. He exercised them with severe bodily penances—scourgings and macerations. He compelled them to fast for days on end. The winter was unusually severe. The Seine was a mass of ice. The ground was covered with snow; and a bitter wind swept the streets of Paris, but no relaxation of penance would Loyola allow his disciples. Not one in their number of lashes would he forego, nor abridge by a single hour the length of their abstinences. They must fulfil the number of their days. On the 15th of August—the day of the Assumption of Mary—the little troop, emaciated and worn, we may well believe, but with the light of a great purpose beaming in their eyes—proceeded to the church of Mary, Montmartre, and there swore to prosecute eternal war with heretics, and sealed their oath by receiving the sacrament of the mass. This was in 1534. The name they took to themselves was that of “*The Companions of Jesus.*”

They next set out for Rome, in the hope of obtaining the approval of the Pope. The regulars "black, white, and gray," being already so numerous, it might be doubted whether there was room for a new order. As Loyola drew near the Eternal City he was cheered with a vision which assured him that this time he should not have to shake the dust from his feet over the rejection of his suit. The little troop entered the gates of Rome elate, and threw themselves at the feet of Paul III. The pontiff smiled graciously on them; their offer of service pleased him well, for it was a time of need with the Pope, and the new champions swore to obey him as soldiers obey their general, and to give their service without asking so much as a penny of wages. Paul III. issued his bull on the 15th of September, 1540, and the "Order of Jesus" was constituted.

CHAPTER VI.

The Training of the Jesuits.

THE bull of the Pope, after all, could effect but little. It could add another Order to those already at the service of Rome, but that was nearly all it could do. Beyond the score or so of men who now stood before Paul III., the Order was yet to create. The genius and enthusiasm of Loyola alone could do this. These few individuals he would multiply into an army of thousands; and he would breathe into them such a spirit as was demanded at that hour by the perils; and, we may add, the despair of the Papacy. Loyola would have no half-hearted and timorous soldiers in his army. Every offered recruit he would pass through the fire of a terrible ordeal; and only on finding that he stood the test would he enrol him in the ranks of a host as yet undistinguished, but destined to achieve, in

due time, a name that would fill all lands with its terror. The age was one of great mental and moral daring. Uplifted by great principles, and enlarged by sublime aims, and with a great question in debate, men on both sides were girding themselves for toil and suffering, and even for the most horrible deaths. They made light of dungeons, and racks, when they stood between them and the object to which they had devoted themselves. Loyola and his company knew their age, and they resolved to meet its spirit with a spirit of equal devotion and heroism. The work to which the Jesuits were called was beyond measure difficult. They must do what Charles V. had failed to do with all his armies and executioners. But in proportion to the difficulty of the work so must be the length and severity of the preparation for it: and so too the glory of its achievement.

The Jesuits needed a threefold preparation. They must be disciplined in body, disciplined in mind, and disciplined in soul. They must undergo a physical training, an intellectual training, and a spiritual training. Let us bestow a glance at each of these.

They had to be trained in body. On a physical frame, wiry, hardy, and capable of great endurance, must be grafted their qualities of mind and soul. They would have to do the errands of Rome in all climates, and under all outward conditions. They would be required to serve her in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness; amid the ice of the Pole, and under the burning sun of the tropics. This was no service for the sons of luxury. It was no service, in truth, for any one, till first he was master of a body hardened and braced by proper training. Loyola had undergone such training in his own person, and the servant in this respect must be as his master. Long fastings must teach him to endure hunger; the gnawings of the iron girdle, or the frettings of the hair shirt, must teach him to

despise pain ; and exposure to all weathers must brave him to do battle with the hail and lightnings of the sky, the crested surges of the deep, or the sands of the burning desert. To all these endurances did Loyola inure his disciples. The warriors who followed Alexander into the then unknown regions of India, and the soldiers who marched at the command of Napoleon into the frosts and drifts of a northern winter, were brave men and thoroughly disciplined ; but they were not drilled and hardened to the pitch of Loyola's army. The phalanxes of the Macedonian, and the legions of the Corsican, would have shrunk from tasks, and turned back before dangers against which the troops of Loyola advanced with an unshrinking firmness, and a never-failing courage.

Loyola trained his followers intellectually and socially. He taught them to be willing to serve Rome in all conditions of life : in honour and in dishonour, in good report and in bad report ; and to accept, with equal readiness, the most splendid post or the most despised position which the interests of the Church might require them to fill. Their vocation, he reminded them, was more truly grand than that of any other of the servants of the papal chair ; its importance must be its reward meanwhile : its solid and enduring recompense would come hereafter.

They must acquire a knowledge of all trades and handicrafts ; they must study sciences and arts ; they must speak all languages. We do not mean that this vast range of accomplishment and capability was exacted on the part of each individual Jesuit, but only on the part of the Order. It must be in itself an epitome of Society. The Order must be able to send forth men for all departments of life—for the plough, for the loom, for the factory, for the bourse, for the school, for the bench of justice, for the army, and for the Church. Its members must wear an infinity of shapes, play an infinity of parts,

and disperse themselves so widely among professional pursuits, as to make it impossible to be believed that they were all moving on one point, and all obeying one head. Some were to counsel kings, others were to guide the consciences of ministers of state, others to lead armies, others to declaim in parliaments, and others to harangue at country fairs. They were to preach all theologies—Lutheranism, Calvinism, Arminianism, Anabaptism. They were to be Mohammedan dervishes, Indian Fakirs, and Chinese Pundits. By these counterfeits they would open their way into all circles, and into all countries, and be able to mould and guide opinion, and yet the quarter from which the inspiration came should not be known. Their mission, on which all their efforts were made to concentrate, was to quench the liberties of the new age, corrupt the Churches of the Reformed Faith, undermine the thrones of disobedient kings, convulse non-catholic nations—in short, to break down the world, and, having broken it down, to build it up again, and assume the government of it.



CHAPTER VII.

Spiritual Drill of the Jesuits—Their Oath.

BUT this which we have described was only the outward preparation of the Jesuits. They needed an inward and spiritual training. This, after all, was the main thing. For of what use to them would be those powers of body, and those capacities of intellect, if the soul lacked power to call forth these energies, and direct them to the accomplishment of the great objects of the order?

The Jesuits were to do battle with men filled with the Spirit of God. Loyola well knew that the rank and file of Roman-

ists were worthless for such a combat. They would go down in the first onset. He must have men similarly attempored in soul with those with whom they were to do battle. With the Spirit that comes from above he could not fill them, but he could inspire them with his counterfeit.

In this Loyola showed vast knowledge of the human heart. All candidates for admission into his Order he made to pass through a make-believe of conversion. He shut them up apart, that in the silence and partial darkness of their solitary chamber, they might fix their minds, day after day, in close and steadfast meditation on certain prescribed subjects. They were first to dwell in thought on the sins of which they had been guilty. They were next to turn their contemplations on the torments of hell; and to aid their imagination, pictures of the place of woe were hung upon the walls of their apartment. Seen in the dim light, these representations were sufficiently suggestive. Having dwelt long enough on Death, and the solemn scenes that come after it, they were bidden next turn their thoughts to more agreeable subjects. They were to admit the light, and surround themselves with flowers and perfumes; and they were to strive to realise that just as the body was now encompassed with emblems of beauty and joy, so the soul in like manner had entered within the gates of the new paradise. Here was a *travestie*, stage by stage, of that work of conviction by which the Spirit of God leads the sinner to the Saviour. This was not the awakening of conscience, it was simply the excitement of the imagination: that excitement was brought on by the application of such stimulants as seclusion, darkness, and vivid representations of the place of woe. These in their turn led to ecstasies and visions, and those who were visited with these transports regarded themselves as the special favourites of Heaven. This begat in them pride, and that pride kindled in their bosoms the fire of a fierce

fanaticism against the adherents of that false faith which they had been chosen, as they believed, to combat and crush.

To give the members of his "Order" the utmost conceivable liberty of action: that no tie or sense of obligation, whether springing from Divine or from human authority, should fetter them in waging their great war, Loyola released them from every law save that of the "Constitutions" which he framed for them. These "Constitutions" Loyola had compiled by immediate inspiration. The Virgin descended to dictate them to him, so did he affirm. The members of the Society of Jesus were to know no other code, and obey no other authority. The "Constitutions" were to them in the room of the Bible—in the room of Christianity itself. They were to see in their Superior only Christ. They were to hear in his commands the voice of God, and obey as they would God Himself. They were to be in the hands of their General, as a staff, or as a corpse.* They must raise no question, even in the innermost recesses of their heart, touching the rightness or wrongness of any command that their General might lay upon them. They had but one duty in reference to it, even to hear it, and execute it. Conscience consigned to a sepulchre; even Self laid in the tomb: the man, if a being without reason, without will, without liberty, could be dignified with that name, now entered the fated circle, and henceforth knew only one thing, the prosecution of that thrice-accursed work which he had been chosen to do. But that work, in his eyes, was the grandest mission that could be assigned to mortal. Its accomplishment would earn for him eternal renown on earth, and the yet more brilliant reward of crowns and sceptres in paradise.

* *Cæca quadam obedientia. Ut Christum Dominum in superiore quolibet agnoscere studeatis. Perinde ac si cadaver essent, vel similiter atque senis baculus. Ad majorem Dei gloriam.—(Constit. Jesuit, pars VI., cap. I. Ignat. Epist., &c.)*

Fairness, however, requires that we should say that the "Constitutions" enjoin the members of the "Order" not to commit sin unless it be necessary! "Necessary to commit sin!" exclaims the unsophisticated reader. Yes, if it be done for "the greater glory of God." So is it written in the "Constitutions" which Mary descended to dictate to Loyola. In Chapter V. of Part VI. of the "Constitutions," we find the following rule: "No constitution, declaration, or order of living can involve an obligation to commit sin, venial or mortal, *unless the Superior command them in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, or in virtue of holy obedience.*" So then, there are cases in which God may be more glorified by our doing what He has forbidden than by our keeping what He has commanded. The judgment of the "Superior" decides unerringly in all such questions; and when he issues his fiat, the Jesuit is to esteem the act he enjoins a virtue, even though in the codes of the world it should be denounced as a crime, and the doer of it adjudged to be rewarded with a halter!

It remained to give the finishing touch to the Jesuit. Trained in body, disciplined in mind and soul, self surrendered; taught to see only God in his General, and to obey him as a staff obeys the hand in which it is held, there remained but one thing more—one other fetter to be wound around the already sorely manacled man—the awful oath—namely, to "the omnipotent God," and "the Heavenly Hierarchy," &c., which every novitiate was compelled to swear on the threshold of the order, promising prompt, unquestioning, unconditional obedience to his General in all things. With this adjuration resting upon him, he entered and took his place in this army of the dead—dead as a sword is dead when it rests in its scabbard, but alive as a sword is alive when grasped by the hand of a strong man. Yes, "a sword," as has been well said, "whose hilt is at Rome, and its edge everywhere."

We stand amazed at the vastness of this conception. It had birth in the brain of an enthusiast, a self-deceiver, and yet what a perfection and completeness belong to it! What patience, what cool practical sagacity, what organising skill, and what insight into the strength and weakness of human nature, do we see Loyola bringing to the task of carrying out his conception! It is, too, perfectly adapted to its end. All proposals of popes and emperors hitherto had fallen miserably short of the crisis. Loyola's idea was the only one that met the emergency that had arisen. Rome was lost had not Loyola come forward at this juncture with his "Order of Jesus." The conception, bating its monstrous impiety and iniquity, has a depth and a breadth which dazzles and awes, and even stupifies one, appearing but the greater the longer it is contemplated.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Arsenal of the Jesuits—Probabilism, &c.

WHAT armour did Loyola provide for the soldiers whom he sent forth? We have seen what great pains he bestowed on their drill. It was to be presumed that his labour and care on their behalf would not end here. Soldiers without weapons! An army without an arsenal! No; Loyola did not leave his work half done. Weapons in store did he provide, such as were meet for the cunning hands and strong arms of his soldiers—weapons to slay not the body but the soul.

Let us visit the arsenal of the Jesuits. We look round upon its walls with a feeling of amazement and awe. Here hang sword and spear; here hang buckler and shield; here, in short, is a countless array of dreadful instruments, which have been welded in the fire and hammered on the anvil of an infernal logic. Behold the arms of Rome's mighty men! With these

her warriors have done battle in time past against the armies of the living God, and from this storehouse will they harness and equip themselves for the battles of the future.

Surely, we exclaim, as we survey this dreadful artillery, Loyola did not fashion with his own single hand all these deadly instruments! No! the task was too great for any one man. A hundred forges have blazed, and a hundred Vulcans have toiled to fabricate these weapons of war. Loyola was followed by artificers more dexterous and cunning in this kind of work than himself. Escobar, Sanchez, Bauny, Saurez, Molina, Le Moine, Filiutius, Lessius, Mariana, Leymann, Caranuel, are a few, and only a few of the renowned doctors of the Jesuit school—the Vulcans who furnished this arsenal. Their Tomes contain a system of ethical and theological science such as the world never saw before, and such as it can never see surpassed or even repeated. Here are sophisms, prevarications, subtle *distinguos*, logical spells and incantations, pleas, justifications, and a vast variety of inventions wherewith if a man arm himself, and know to use them aright there is nothing which he may not do. He may change falsehood into truth, convert villainies into virtues, violate every precept of the Decalogue, and yet contract no guilt; commit the most abominable and monstrous deeds and yet suffer no pollution and feel no remorse; swear and yet not bind himself; in short, he can banish virtue and vice from the world. Of all the revolutions which have been upon the earth this is the greatest. It is a second golden age which the "Order of Jesus" have inaugurated, for let their maxims be universally adopted and acted upon and there can be no more sin, and consequently no more suffering on the earth.

Let us take down a few of the more notable of the weapons that are displayed in this arsenal, and spend a few moments over them.

The first great maxim of the Jesuits is that "the end justifies the means." This may be styled their battle-axe. It is a weapon of truly dreadful force. We know of nothing so strong that it cannot dash in pieces. A few blows from it will suffice to batter down all the fences of law and authority, whether those of earthly sovereigns, or of the eternal King. The Jesuits have not merely formulated the maxim in words, it pervades the whole of their moral teaching, it is enwrought with all their casuistry, and it has been a hundred times exemplified in practice.

We must explain. It is not every "end" that justifies the "means." It is only the "end" of the Jesuit. This, however, hardly limits to any perceptible or practical effect the application and force of the maxim.

What is the "end" of the Jesuit? He makes answer. It is the "greater glory of God." Finely and piously spoken. But stay. Who and what is God to the Jesuit? The "Church" to him is God. She represents God, and acts for God on the earth. But the "Order of Jesus" is the noblest, the worthiest, and the holiest Order in the Church. Nay, practically, the "Order of Jesus" is the "Church." The two are convertible terms, for what is the Romish Church of to-day but a great Jesuit club. The Pope sits in the "chair" and wears the "tiara," but the General of the Jesuits stands at the helm and steers the vessel. It is the mouth of Leo that promulgates the decree, it is the pen of the General that indites it. The "Order of Jesus" and the "Roman Church," they are one. Whatever then promotes the wealth, the influence, the renown, of the Order of Jesus, promotes the wealth, the influence, the renown of the Church; and whatever promotes the interests of the Church promotes the "greater glory of God."

Whatever then is done by the General of the Jesuits, acting *ex cathedra*, or whatever is done by any member of the Order,

acting by instructions from his provincial, is covered by this maxim "the greater glory of God." How many kings have died for the "greater glory of God." How many oaths have been broken for the "greater glory of God!" Be the action ever so small, or ever so gigantic; be it the assassination of a single victim, as that of William of Orange on his own threshold, or that of an hundred thousand victims, as in the St. Bartholomew massacre, the Jesuit has only to pronounce over it the cabalistic phrase, "the greater glory of God," and straightway the monstrous crime becomes a holy deed.

Let us put back this weapon into its place, and take down this other. Here it is. What do they call it? They style it *Probabilism*. Probabilism is the second grand maxim of Jesuit casuistry. It is truly a two-edged sword, and with it the man who wields it cannot fail to cut his way wherever he has a mind to go—right on through all the codes of earthly jurisprudence, or even the statute book of Heaven. But what need of this other maxim, seeing the former gave margin enough, surely? Have we not here a superfluous liberty of *transgressing*—we beg pardon—of *acting*? No, not at all. Should one fear to commit himself to the former maxim, and hesitate to take the just latitude it allows him, here is another which will enable him to reason the point with himself, and so quiet his doubts by teaching him a most ingenious way of solving them. How considerate on the part of the good fathers; and, also, how obliging. Truly, they are most sincerely desirous that those they guide should feel perfectly at their ease regarding their way.

But what is Probabilism? Let us imagine a case:—The reader has, we shall say, a rival. This rival is a man of brilliant parts, and his own more moderate abilities suffer somewhat by contrast. May he put forth his hand and rid himself of this annoyance? Or the reader, we shall suppose, dwells hard by

one who is the owner of a fine estate. It brings him a large yearly revenue. He would like much to be the possessor of his neighbour's well cultivated lands. May he appropriate them by force? The law of God says he may not; and human law also says he may not; and that should he attempt to do so he must pay the penalty on the gallows. The action, therefore, is probably wrong, and must not be thought of.

But stay; the reader is a disciple of the school of Loyola. Does not, he says, the first maxim of our Order say that "the end justifies the means." On this principle may not the business be safely taken in hand? Let me imagine some good and noble end to be served thereby. I would be a more useful and honoured man were my rival out of my way. I would make a better use of those acres were they mine than their present owner does. I would give larger alms to the poor, I would present richer offerings to the Church. May I not do the deed? Would not this maxim exonerate one? Yes. Still he is not, we shall suppose, quite at his ease on the point.

Well, he comes to the second maxim—he tries the question by the doctrine of Probabilism. He consults, we shall suppose, seven doctors of the school of Loyola. He asks whether, with these good objects in view he may make away with his rival, or whether he may take possession of the estate? Of these seven guides of conscience, six, we shall suppose, condemn the proposed action, and one approves. It is a settled point in Jesuit theology, that if one single doctor approve an opinion or action, it becomes by that approval probably right, notwithstanding that a majority of doctors may condemn it; and it were hard to name an opinion or deed of which some one of the numerous casuists of the Jesuits has not pronounced approval. Well, then, the case before us stands thus:—One doctor approves, it is probably right; but six condemn, it is more probably wrong. The man has it in his power to choose

between these two opinions. He may decline the more probable, and act on the less probable. That is, he may, with a safe conscience, do what is probably right, though at the same time it is more probably wrong. A wondrous rule! How safe and pleasant to live among those who hold themselves at perfect liberty to act on this rule—that is, to do what is probably right, but more probably wrong.

We come now to the third grand maxim of the Jesuits, the doctrine of INTENTION, to wit:—This weapon is one of a thousand! A genuine *Toledo*, I warrant you! No razor hath a sharper edge. The man who arms himself with this trusty blade will clear his way right onward, where another would be caught and held fast in the thorns of scruples, and objections, and all manner of casuistic difficulties.

One skilled in the happy art of *Intention* may violate all the precepts of the decalogue, he may be, as a Romanist writer says of Pope John XXIII., “guilty of all the mortal sins, and a great many others,” and yet he may die as innocent as the babe unborn. How, you ask, can this great thing be? It all lies in directing the *intention*. This wondrous art is based on a high spiritual doctrine of ethics. If while the hands are busied in some villainous deed you shall keep your mind steadfastly fixed on a theme of holy meditation, you will preserve your soul undefiled, and your virtue untarnished, despite the foul business which occupies the hands. Now, for the exposition!

The seat of sin is the soul, say the casuists; it is not the bones, the muscles, or the nerves which are the sinners. It is the intention with which the act is done that communicates to it the quality of virtue or of vice. Hath not the law so determined? It says—“Thou shalt not covet.” But may I not appropriate my neighbour’s vineyard without indulging the feeling of covetousness in the heart? I keep steadily the while

before my mind the noble and devout uses I mean to make of what I purloin. And may I not remove a rival or an enemy out of my path without indulging that hatred which the law denounces as murder? Yes, I may, provided I piously think the while of the good to myself, or to the Church for which the act of killing him opens the way. But if one is so wicked as to steal from sheer greed, or to kill from pure hatred, he is a base person, with such a one we will have nothing to do. But it would never do to hold one responsible for what the hands, or the feet, or the tongue may do, while the man himself is absent, in a sense,—is sitting apart, meditating on holy things. The rightness or wrongness of an action lies in the motive.

An admirable system of morality is it not? This brilliant product of the higher exegesis leaves far behind the Law given on Sinai, and the Sermon preached on the Mount. It has at last emancipated the world from the bondage of the ten commandments, and brought it into a liberty so ample and complete that nothing more can be wished for, nor, indeed, can anything wider be conceived of.

A word on the Jesuit method of swearing truly and falsely at one and the same time. Nothing would seem more difficult and yet nothing is more easy. It all lies in *imagining to yourself*, but not *saying to others*, that you did not say such a thing, or do such an act in certain circumstances, as at the North Pole, or before you were born; or inserting in your oath certain words spoken to yourself but not audible to others, which entirely change the sense of the oath. You can thus swear truly,—truly to yourself, falsely to all the rest of the world.

The three rules explained above admit of the widest possible application. Hardly is there an act a man may do in the whole course of his life which may not be changed for the worse by them. All his relations to God and to his fellow-

men they invert, and, by consequence, the *duties* springing from them. The frauds, false swearings, purloinings, robberies, calumnies, murders, blasphemies, seductions, treasons, and all abominable crimes which would flourish under the reign of these maxims, can be easily imagined without our specifying them. These maxims would fill the world with Jesuit morality, but empty it of truth, justice, honesty, and uprightness.*

CHAPTER IX.

*Small Arms—Theological and Moral Maxims
of the Jesuits.*

WE have visited the arsenal of the Jesuits, and have surveyed with a sort of terrified wonder and awe the forces which they have called into existence, and which they here keep stored up for the prosecution of that great war in which, accounting it but a small thing that they should subdue the earth, they have proposed to themselves an aim no less lofty than to scale the heavens and bring to an end the reign of the Eternal King.

Besides these greater instruments of war, we find in this magazine a vast variety of what we may term "small arms." In these last we have the principles of the Jesuit science formulated into practical maxims, and ready for use by the rank and file of the host whenever the case or occasion may arise to which these maxims have been made applicable. The greater

*The author has given a full historical account of the Jesuits, including their Constitutions, Organization, Moral Code, &c., in the Fifteenth Book of his "*History of Protestantism*." He has there been careful to give the *authorities* on which his statements are based. He begs to refer the reader, who may wish to pursue the subject, to Vol. iii., Bk. xv., of the above-named work.

instruments, the principles or sources of power, to wit, are designed for the "mighties" of the Jesuit army. They only are able to wield these heavy weapons. But here are the subordinates provided for. Here are lighter arms for their feebler hands. Here is the question or case of conscience and with it the rule or maxim that regulates it. The Jesuit need never be at a loss if only ordinarily versed in the casuistry of his "Order." He has but to ask, What does this father write? How has this doctor decided? What rule has he laid down for the solution of this case? And having ascertained the opinion of these fathers, he is to follow it. Let us run our eye over this spiritual directory, and out of a great multitude of maxims let us select a few as samples of the whole.

As regards the doctrine of sin, the Jesuits, while retaining the *word*, have taken away the *thing*. They have put sin out of the world. Following the line of the Decalogue, let us mark how one, guiding himself by their teaching, may do the forbidden act in each one of its ten commandments and yet commit no sin.

How do they fear the great and dreadful name of the Lord our God? The Jesuit Bauny, in his "*Som. des Pêches*," teaches:—

"If one has been hurried through passion into *cursing and doing despite to his Maker*, it may be determined that he has only sinned venially." "If through invincible error," says Casnadi, "you believe lying and blasphemy to be commanded of God, *blaspheme*."

As regards duty to parents, Escobar teaches in his "*Moral Theology*" :—

"Children, if their parents, being often besought and entreated, refuse to comply, may steal away to relax their minds, as far as custom or their dispositions permit."

"It is no injury," says Bauny, "done to the paternal power a man hath over his children for another to persuade his daughter to run

away with him, in order to a clandestine marriage against her father's consent."

As regards calumny, a wide margin indeed is allowed.

It was maintained in the public *Theses* of Levain, in 1645, that "it is only a venial sin to calumniate and impose false crimes, to ruin their credit who speak ill of us." "That it is not any mortal sin to calumniate falsely, to preserve one's honour, is no doubt a probable opinion," says Caramuel, "for it is maintained by above twenty grave doctors, by Gaspar Hutrado, &c., so that, if this doctrine be not probable, there is hardly such in all the body of divinity."

As regards *promises*, the Jesuit teaching provides that one may keep or break them as one has a mind.

"Promises oblige not," says Molina, "when a man hath no intention to engage himself when he makes them. Now, it seldom happens that a man hath that intention unless he be bound by oath or contract, so that when he says simply, *I will do such a thing*, it is conceived he will do it if his mind alter not; for no man will on that account deprive himself of his liberty."

Sanchez has taught a doctrine which must administer great relief to all prevaricators.

"It is permitted to use ambiguous terms, leading people to understand them in another sense from that in which we understand them ourselves."

Great latitude and licence have been extended to the administrators of justice.

"Considering justice simply in itself," says Escobar, "a judge may lawfully take a sum of money to give sentence for which of the parties he pleaseth, when both have equal right." "If a judge receive a bribe to pass a *just* sentence, he is bound to restore it, because he ought to do justice without a bribe; but if the judge be bribed to pass an *unjust* sentence, he is not obliged, in conscience, to make any restitution."

Not less explicit is the opinion of John Baptist Taberna—

“If a judge has received a bribe for passing an unjust sentence, it is probable that he may keep it. . . . This opinion is defended and maintained by fifty-eight doctors.”

It would hardly be possible for one to be guilty of simony, as it has been defined by the Jesuit maxim.

“Simony,” according to Valentia, “consists in the receiving of a temporal good as the just price of the spiritual; if, therefore, the temporal be demanded, not as the just price of the spiritual, but as the motive determining the man to confer, there is no simony at all, though he look on the possession of the temporal good as his end and expectation.”

The case of fraudulent bankrupts has been very tenderly considered.

“May he who turns bankrupt, with a safe conscience, retain as much of his own goods as is requisite to maintain himself handsomely; *ne indecore vivat?* I, with Lessius, affirm he may,” says Escobar.

Even thieves have been very kindly handled by the Fathers. Vasquez, a “very grave” doctor, says—

“If one saw a thief going to rob a poor man, it would be lawful to divert him from his purpose, by pointing out to him some rich individual, whom he might rob in place of the other.” “It is lawful to steal, not only in extreme necessity, but also in such necessity as is hard to be endured, though it be not extreme.”

The rights of the wife have received, at the hands of the Fathers, a very liberal interpretation indeed. Escobar says—

“A wife may gamble, and for this purpose may pilfer money from her husband.” He further concedes to her the right of having recourse to the same expedient to buy her clothes, or get other things she stands in need of.

With a not less indulgent eye do the Fathers regard larceny on the part of servants.

Valerius Reginald teaches that "Domestics, if they take anything without consulting their masters, being rationally persuaded that it is no injustice to them, *commit no crime.*" "Servants are excused both from sin and from restitution if they only take an equitable compensation, that is, when they are not furnished with such things for food and clothing as are usual in other houses, and which ought to be provided for similar servants." It is not all gain, however, on the part of the pilferer. The peccadillo has to be owned in the confessional, and a small sum paid for absolution.

It is hard to say what limits the Fathers have put on homicide, murder, and assassination, or whether they have put any.

The science or art of assassination is thus explained to Pascal by the Jesuit :—"By the word *assassins*, we understand those who have received money to murder one ; and, accordingly, such as kill without any reward for the deed, but merely to oblige their friends, do not come under the category of assassins."

Again—

"By the universal consent of the casuists, it is lawful to kill our calumniator, if there be no other way of averting the affront."

Again—

"Priests and monks may lawfully prevent those who would injure them by calumnies from carrying their ill design into effect, by putting them to death."

Again—

"A priest may not only kill a slanderer, but there are certain circumstances in which it may be his duty so to do."

The right of assassination *politique* has been established positively by Emmanuel Sa, Alphonse Salmeron, Gregory of Valence, and Anthony Santarem.

"Either," say they, "the tyrant possesses the state by a legiti-

mate right, or he has usurped it. In the first case, he ought to be deposed by a public judgment ; after which, every individual may become the executor of his own will. Or the tyranny is illegitimate, and then every man of the people may kill him."

"It is permitted to every man to kill a tyrant," says a German Jesuit, Adam Tanner ; "who is such as to substance." "It is glorious to exterminate him."

Does Jesuit morality permit or sanction the murder of kings? The Jesuits, if the question should be put to them, would stoutly reply that it does not : and that, on the contrary, they condemn and abominate regicide. How then do we reconcile this with the undoubted fact that Henry III. and Henry IV. of France, and other monarchs, were assassinated by monks, who were afterwards canonised for the good deed? Nothing is easier than to reconcile the historic fact with the Jesuit denial. Whether the explanation shall be equally satisfactory to the class of persons more immediately interested, is another question. The reconciliation is this, in brief : When a king falls from his obedience to the Papal see, he falls from his legitimate right to the throne ; he is deposed by the Pope, and is no longer a king. In these circumstances, his assassination is not regicide. A decree of Urban II. in the Canons, says :—"We account them not to be murderers who, in the ardour of their zeal for our mother the Catholic Church, against those that are excommunicated, shall happen to kill any of them." Cardinal Tolet lays down this maxim :—"That to kill a king that is deposed is not to kill a king, but a private person." These wholesome principles are a little more explicitly explained by the Jesuit Saurez, in his "Defence of the Catholic Faith," in which he says—"that a heretical king, after sentence given against him, is absolutely deprived of his kingdom, so that he cannot possess it by any just title, but becomes a tyrant, and consequently he may be killed by any

private person." And, once more, Escobar maintains "that a man proscribed and outlawed by a temporal prince, may not be killed out of his territories ; but he who is proscribed by the Pope may be killed in any part of the world, because his jurisdiction extends over all." * Father Paul, the historian of the Council of Trent, says that there were not fewer than fifty conspiracies formed against Henry IV., so that he lived in continual fear and danger of his life. The above doctrine suspends a poignard above every non-Catholic throne. It may not fall, but it is not more certain that there is such an institution as the "Chair of Peter," and such an order as the "Order of Jesus," than that such poignard hangs there, and will fall the first moment it is "expedient." The Syllabus of 1864, since pronounced infallible, tells us (Prop. liv.)—"That kings and princes are subject to the jurisdiction of the Church." And we gather how far this "jurisdiction" may go, not only from Pius' declaration (Prop. xxiv.) "that the Church has the right to employ force," and that "she possesses temporal power, direct and indirect ;" but still more from his declaration (Prop. xxiii.) that "the Roman Pontiffs never exceeded the limits of their power, nor usurped the rights of princes." This compels us to turn back to the past, with its long, sad series of tragedies—kings deposed, princes and statesmen assassinated, communities devoted to massacre, and cities given to the flames, in all of which their authors, the Popes, ever kept, Pius IX. assures us, within the limits of their just authority. We should do dishonour to our reason did we not hold that the "Church" that justifies all these atrocities in the past, is prepared to enact them over again in the future—time and place expedient.

* *Can. Excom. Caus. 23, qu. 5, c. 4.* Tolet—*Instr. Sacerd.*, lib. iv. c. 48.
Saurez—*Def. Fid. Cath.*, lib. vi. c. 4 and 14.

We give at full length, the process said to be used by the Jesuits in consecrating regicides, extracted from a process printed at Delft, by John Andrew (Bruce's *Free Thoughts*, p. 155). It shows with what solemn and awful forms they consecrate murder and murderers; and scruple not to invoke the Holiest and most dread names to overawe the reason, stupify the conscience, and kindle into a raging flame the fanaticism of their unhappy tool, and so fortify him for the deed he has been chosen to do. While harnessing him for the blackest acts of hell, they have the art to persuade him that he is being joined in fellowship with the cherubim and seraphim of heaven.

“The person persuaded by the Jesuits to assassinate a king or prince, is brought by them into a secret chapel, where they have prepared upon an altar a great dagger wrapt up in linen cloth, together with an *Agnus Dei*: drawing it out of the sheath they besprinkle it with holy water, and fasten to the hilt several consecrated beads of coral, pronouncing this indulgence, that as many blows as the murderer shall give with it to the prince, he shall deliver so many souls from *purgatory*. After this ceremony they put the dagger into the parricide's hand, and recommend it to him thus:—‘Thou chosen son of God, take the sword of Jephthah, the sword of Sampson, the sword of David wherewith he cut off the head of Goliah, the sword of Gideon, the sword of Judith, the sword of the Maccabees, the sword of Pope Julius II. wherewith he cut off the lives of several princes his enemies, filling whole cities with slaughter and blood;—Go, and let prudence go along with thy courage. Let God give new strength to thine arm.’ After which, they fall down on their knees, and the superior of the Jesuits pronounces the following exorcism:—‘Come, ye cherubims, ye seraphims, thrones and powers! Come, ye holy angels, and fill up this blessed vessel with an immortal glory! Do ye present him every day with the crown of the blessed Virgin Mary, of the holy patriarchs and martyrs. We do not look upon him now as one of ours, but as one belonging to you. And thou, O God! who art terrible and

invincible, and hast inspired him, in prayer and meditation, to kill the *tyrant and heretic*, for to give his crown to a Catholic king ; comfort, we beseech thee, the heart of him we have *consecrated* to this office. Strengthen his arm, that he may execute his enterprise. Clothe him with the armour of thy Divine power, that, having performed his design, he may escape the hands of those who shall go in pursuit of him. Give him wings, that his holy members may fly away from the power of *impious heretics*. Replenish his soul with joy, comfort, and light, by which his body, having banished all fear, may be upheld and animated in the midst of dangers and torments.' This exorcism being ended, they bring the parricide before another altar, whereto hangs an image of James Clement, a Dominican friar, who with a venomous knife killed King Henry III. This image is surrounded with angels who protect and bring him to heaven. The Jesuits show it him, and put afterwards a crown upon his head, saying, 'Lord ! regard here the arm and the executor of thy justice : let all the saints arise, bow, and yield to him the most honourable place amongst them.' Afterwards he is permitted to speak to none but to four Jesuits deputed to keep him company. They are not wanting to tell him oft, that they perceive a Divine light that surrounds him, and is the cause why they bow to him, kiss his hands and feet, and consider him no more as a man but as a *saint* ; nay, they make a show as if they envied the great honour and glory attending him, and say, sighing, 'Oh that God had been pleased to make choice of us instead of you, and given us so much grace, that, as you, we might be translated into heaven without going into purgatory.'"

CHAPTER X.

The Organisation of the Jesuits.

LOYOLA, to whom the Papacy owes so much for the help he rendered it in its hour of sorest need, took his recruits one by one, as we have seen, and passed them through an ordeal,

longer and more severe than any by which conqueror ever trained his troops for enduring hardship, and achieving victory. If the result of the tests to which Loyola subjected them was satisfactory, he enrolled their names in his corps, but not till they had attained the age of thirty. At thirty years Christ entered on His public ministry, and it was deemed becoming that "the companions of Jesus" should not begin their public service till they had attained the same age. The nineteen years going before, they were to spend as *novitiates*. In this too, they were required to conform themselves to Him who disputed with the doctors in the temple, at the age of twelve, but did not begin to preach till after an interval of nineteen years. The period of Jesuit novitiate has since been shortened to nine years—still a long period when we take into account the disciplinary austerities and mortifications in which these years are passed. A few sentences will enable us to sketch the organisation which Loyola gave the Jesuits. This will help us the better to understand the almost omnipotent power which is wielded by the "Ironsides" of the Papacy.

At the head of the body was placed a "General." He ruled by a code, the "Constitutions" to wit. But as the "Constitutions" were kept secret, and the "General" had the power of interpreting and altering them, his own will was his law. He could make the constitutions speak what he pleased, and he could do what he would. He was the first of Autocrats, the wearer of the Tiara not excepted.

Under the "General" come six grand divisions or principedoms. These six divisions cover the space betwixt the Indus and the Mediterranean. The kingdoms and nations inhabiting the region so bounded constituted the civilised world of the sixteenth century. The "General" stood with his dragon-foot upon it all. The governors of these six principedoms formed his staff or cabinet.

These six principalities are sub-divided into thirty-seven Provinces. Over each is placed a Provincial, who exercises vigilant oversight over all within his province. These thirty-seven provinces are further sub-divided into houses, colleges, residences, each under a rector or provost, by whom its members are supervised and its affairs directed. From the head downwards, the Jesuit body is a closely knit mechanism, moved by one will, and working for one end. It is a mechanism which has a prodigious capacity of concentration and expansion. It can focus its powers on a single country, or on a single man, or spread them out over the earth, and take cognisance of all human affairs.

Since the first partitioning of the world by the Jesuits, and the distribution of their cantonments over it, the globe has been vastly enlarged. The progress of discovery has added the magnificent realm of America on the west, and the scarcely less magnificent territory of Australia on the south, and it has, moreover, brought nearer to us some of the remote countries of the East. The America of the Red Man, it is true, is older than the Jesuits, but the America of the Saxon race has come into existence since their day. These changes were not likely to pass unobserved by the "Order." They saw in them prospective enlargements of their own empire—territories to be subjugated and brought under the sceptre of their General. They planted them pretty thickly with their "Missions," thus surrounding their six great princedoms, which occupied the old world, with a zone of "missions" or "stations," which cover all the newly-added regions of the globe. No country on the face of the earth has been left uncared for by the Jesuits. The vineyard which they cultivate is the world.

From time to time, little companies of a dozen or a score depart from Paris or Rome for these distant mission-fields. True to their first pledge to serve the Papacy without fee or

reward, they do not ask so much even as the expenses of their journey. A loaf of bread and a bottle of wine stowed away in their wallet; a solitary sou in their pocket, and a staff for their hand, are all they receive when sent forth. With this slender equipment they set out with a beaming eye on their long and hazardous way, cheered by the prospect of future brilliant triumphs, or, should they fall in the field, of rewards yet more glorious in Paradise.

The whole condition of the vast empire of which he is monarch, is laid before the "General" at short and regular intervals. From every Provincial there comes to him once a month a full and minute account of the state of matters in his province. Every head of college, residence, and mission, is bound to send in a similar report once a-quarter. The "General" sees by a thousand eyes and hears by a thousand ears. He is thus able intently to watch the progress of the battle at all points, and to know what is going on in every part of the field. He knows where to advance and attack, and where it is prudent to make his troops fall back. He knows every single soldier almost in his vast army, his virtues, his failings, his capabilities. Has he any special work to do? he knows where to find the man to do it. Is it necessary to glorify the Papacy by martyrdom? he knows even where to find one willing to mount the scaffold.

What an organisation! Shape monstrous and dreadful! Its dark wings stretched out to the ends of the earth, and its iron strength gathered up in its one autocratic head at Rome! Where on earth is the cause that may hope to withstand the swoop of so terrible an embodiment of force and wickedness? No cause but one can see the face of this terrible power and live—the cause even in which dwells the Spirit of the Eternal God.

CHAPTER XI.

Spread of the Jesuits in Germany, Poland, &c.

LET us track the progress of the Jesuits over Christendom, and survey the trophies—how truly ghastly!—which they have left behind them. Their victories were sung of long beforehand, in doleful though graphic strains. “O thou enemy: Thou hast destroyed cities; their memorial is perished with them.” But we are made to hear the tread of the Avenger following hard behind; for instantly the sacred lyre rings out, “The Lord shall endure for ever. He hath prepared His throne for judgment.” And passing on to the closing book of Revelation, we are shown the emblematic execution of that vengeance, when the seven golden-girded and white-vested angels come forth, and pour out their vials “filled,” we are told, “with the wrath of God, who liveth for ever and ever.”

The Jesuits made their first appearance in Germany about the time that the Lutheran Reformation had attained its climax. From that hour the Reformation began to go back in all the German countries. The plan pursued by the Jesuits was the following. Their best men they sent to the university seats, and colleges such as Ingolstadt soon fell entirely under their influence. They established small detachments of their order in the chief cities, and there they opened pretentious seminaries. The rest they distributed as schoolmasters over the country districts. They professed a boundless zeal for education, and gave themselves out as experts in the art. Their aim was to draw the youth, and especially the sons of Protestants, into their schools. In this they succeeded. They took care to have a few brilliant examples of their teaching ready for display, but the bulk of their pupils were as

far beneath as the others were above the average of attainment. It was the form not the substance of knowledge which they communicated ; training the memory, but dwarfing the judgment ; concentrating their attention on a few, and neglecting the many. They found out the art of teaching without educating.

They drilled their scholars in punctuality and obedience. They taught them to observe the fete days, to recite *aves* and *paters*, to walk two and two in processions, and to wear crosses and other popish emblems. The wearing of rosaries, says Ranke, was the first sign of the ebb of the Reformation in Germany. They meant no harm, the Jesuits said, by teaching their Protestant pupils these innocent arts. Perhaps so ; but in twenty years the sons had forsaken the faith of their fathers, and a new race of Romanists had risen up in the German Fatherland.

But the most melancholy theatre of their tactics was Poland. The ruin of that once cultured and Protestant country lies at the door of the Jesuits. There, too, the school was the great instrumentality with which they worked. They began by sending forth a few brilliant Latin scholars, but before many years had passed letters were extinguished, eclipse fell on the national mind, and the light of Poland was turned into darkness. The Jesuits made court to the rich ; they ingratiated themselves with the municipalities ; they drew castles and lands into their possession, built magnificent colleges and convents, and with the spoils of the nation made war upon the nation. At length there was no access to court but through their good offices ; and in the distribution of public honours they took care that their friends should have the lion's share.

While the polished and *clever* Jesuit was busy in high places, there were others equally *clever* in their own way, who operated at the other extreme of the social scale. In the guise of pedlars,

jugglers, and mediciners, they perambulated the country, haranguing at fairs, acting passion-plays, mingling in mobs, throwing out incentives to riot; and the outcome of these violences was not unfrequently the wrecking of a Protestant chapel, and the enforced flight of its pastor.

If they could not drive away a Protestant minister, they assailed him with lampoons and calumnies. The peace of cities was now in their power, and when the public order was disturbed, the magistrates had to come with a bribe in their hand and solicit the good fathers to interpose their authority and allay the tumult. By these arts they made themselves at last the rulers of Poland. Its prosperity and trade decayed; its military spirit ebbed away; its political influence was extinguished; and the neighbouring powers rushed upon it, conquered, and ultimately partitioned it.

When the German countries, and in particular, Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary, had by these intrigues been disunited and split into factions, the Jesuits adventured on the last and crowning step. They brought in the armies of the Catholic League, and set up the Inquisition. After this the work was not long adoing. The tragedies that followed belong to the historian. They are among the saddest scenes in European story. The flourishing Protestantism of Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, and Transylvania, first smitten by armies, was finally trodden out by inquisitors. The wide space between the Elbe and the Carpathians, the theatre, till that destruction fell upon it, of art, of letters, of cities, and of men, was converted into a comparative desert. Cities sacked, fields covered with the slain, Protestant churches in flames, the gallows groaning under its load of victims, scaffolds swimming in blood, and chained gangs on their way to the galleys,—such were the spectacles which presented themselves throughout that wide expanse, offering appalling testimony to the unsparing vengeance

which the Jesuits can execute on those who sin against the "Church" by the profession of an obnoxious creed.

Having finished in the east of Europe, the sons of Loyola turned their attention to the west, where the Reformation from its centre in Geneva was extending itself over the countries of France, Switzerland, England, Scotland, and the Low Countries. We must follow them thither.



CHAPTER XII.

Intrigues of the Jesuits in England, &c.

WE begin with Sweden. In 1576, at a critical moment in the reformation of that country, two Jesuits, Florentius Feyet and Lawrence Nicolai, arrived at Stockholm. They gave themselves out for Lutheran ministers. They came furnished with a license to preach high Calvinism, with the view of bringing back the Swedish flocks to the deserted fold of Rome. The strangers, who spoke an elegant Latinity, appeared very devout, and the simple, unsuspecting pastors admitted them into their pulpits. At the university of Upsala, they spread out their nets, and by lectures, disputations, and conversations, succeeded in bringing back, now one, now another to the Romish faith.

Cardinal Hosius, the leading Jesuit of Poland, instructed them "to extol faith to the skies, to declare that works without faith were profitless; to preach Christ as the only Saviour, and His sacrifice on the cross as the only sacrifice that saves."* This accomplished, some way would afterwards be found of setting Mary by the side of Christ, and the sacrifice of the mass

* "Geijer," ii. p. 217, *apud* D'Aubigne's "Reformation in Europe," vii. p. 408.

by the side of the sacrifice of the cross. As soon as the king, John III., and the principal Swedes had been won over, the Jesuits threw off the mask. They no longer gave themselves the trouble of professing Calvinism, either high or low. The deprivation and exile of ministers, the fining and imprisoning of laymen, were found speedier and more effectual methods of conversion. Happily in the end they did not succeed.

Jesuit foot first touched the soil of England in 1549. Edward VI. was then on the throne; and the country, under its young master, counselled by Calvin, was seeking to free itself from the yoke of Rome. Two Jesuits, in disguise, hastened across from Holland, their lessons already taught them, to prevent, if possible, the threatened loss of so great a kingdom to the Papal see. They began to preach the tenets of the Anabaptists, and to proclaim the advent of the Fifth Monarchy or Kingdom of the Saints, a doctrine which had deluged many parts of Germany with blood. The *scare* of anarchy was thought the likeliest to frighten England from entering the path of the Gospel.*

There soon came arrest upon the English Reformation from another quarter. On the demise of Edward, Mary ascended the throne. It was no longer necessary for Jesuit, or other agent of the Papacy, to wear disguise of any sort. The most open and violent measures were those which found most favour with the Queen and her counsellors. But these evil days came at last to an end, although, alas! not till the flower of the English reformers had died at the stake. But why should we grieve for their deaths? Had their blood not watered it, would the Reformation of England ever have attained the goodly stature which it reached in the Puritan age?

* Strype's "Life of Archbishop Parker," p. 70; "Foxes and Firebrands," pt. ii. pp. 10-13.

With Mary in the grave and Elizabeth on the throne, the masks and disguises which had been laid aside were once more brought forth and put on. There came now to be two populations in England; the one walking openly in the light of day, the other veiling in darkness and mystery their real characters and designs. The Council of Trent had already accorded large discretion to the Jesuits, having considerate regard to the risks they ran in prosecuting their mission, and the fact that Christendom, lapsing into heresy, must, by all means and devices, be saved. "Your habit!" said the Council, "think not of it; no dress is forbidden you that may conceal you. Are you required to swear? scruple not to do so: no oaths are unlawful that can forward your object. Know you not that the Church can release you? aye, even though sworn on the Bible: for what is the English Bible? has not the Pope annulled that version; and what more authority has it than a story-book?"*

They were permitted, or, rather, exhorted, to frequent the churches of the heretics,—that is, of the Protestants. They were to give good heed to what was there preached—they it would not hurt; and as soon as they had mastered it, and learned the way of setting it forth, they were to give themselves out for clergymen. This would probably bring them an invitation to edify others by their gifts. Fairly installed in the Lutheran, or Calvinistic, pulpit, they were, but with great caution, to adventure on a slight change or admixture of doctrines; and next, but still with wariness, they were to add to the ceremonies; "there being, as the Council are agreed on, no better way to abolish that Church of heresy, but by mixtures of doctrines, and by adding of ceremonies, more than be at present permitted."†

* Mason's (Protestant Pastor of Finglas) "Researches in Records of University," Paris. "Foxes and Firebrands," pt. ii. pp. 29, 30. Lond. 1682.

† Mason's "Researches," *apud*. "Foxes and Firebrands," pt. ii. p. 31.

These Jesuit ministers, in Protestant clothing, were not all to preach after one way. In Calvinistic countries they were to preach Lutheranism ; in Lutheran countries they were to preach Calvinism. In countries, such as England, where both Calvinism and Lutheranism were professed, they might preach either, or Anabaptism ; or, in short, any tenet that might serve to make Protestantism odious, and divide its disciples.*

These men, who put on and off a religion as they would a cloak, and who had to resolve themselves every morning whether they should that day be of the Calvinistic persuasion, or of the Lutheran persuasion, or of a third creed, as if this latitude of action were not enough, had even ampler licence allowed them. Among the papers of Lord Burghley that came into the hands of Sir James Ware, was a letter from a confidential agent of Queen Elizabeth, dated "Venice, April 13th, 1564." This paper gives an account of consultations held in that city in a conclave of Cardinals, Bishops, and Jesuits, with the view of devising measures for undermining Queen Elizabeth's throne, and ruining the English Reformation. Among other devices, it was resolved to give indulgences to Romanists in England to fill "any office or employment—either ecclesiastical, military, or civil,—and to take such oaths as shall be imposed upon them, provided that the said oaths be taken with a reserve to serve the Mother Church of Rome whenever opportunity serveth."

It is well known that, for some time after the Reformation, the Romanists were permitted, *by dispensation*, to attend the Protestant Parish Churches in England. It does not follow in every such case, that the Romanists listened to a Protestant pastor, seeing *dispensations* were given to priests to take orders in the Church of England, and enter her pulpits as Protestant ministers. Of course, every care was taken to conceal the

* "Foxes and Firebrands," pt. ii. p. 30.

odious artifice, but not always with success. Several cases came to light at the time, and have been handed down in history. One day, in 1568, a man named Thomas Heath preached in the pulpit of Rochester Cathedral. He inveighed severely in his sermon against the Prayer-book. It hurt his conscience as being too little Scriptural. He professed a high Calvinism. After sermon, a letter was found in the pulpit which he had inadvertently dropped, addressed to him by a leading English Jesuit resident in Madrid. It revealed the fact that this zealous Protestant was a Jesuit in disguise, although he had spoken against his "Order." On searching his lodgings at the Queen's Arms, Rochester, "there were found," says the "Episcopal Register of Rochester," "in one of his boots, his beads and several papers, among which was a licence from the fraternity of Jesuits, and a Bull, dated, the First of Pius Quintus, to preach what doctrine that Society pleased for the dividing of Protestants.*

Only the year previous (1567) another "zealous Protestant," who passed by the name of "Faithful Cummin," drew attention upon himself by his unwearied labours in the cause of religion. His activity, however, had no result save that of widening divisions and inflaming animosities among Protestants. When brought before the Queen's Council to give an account of himself, the good man expressed great surprise to find that so zealous a Protestant as himself should be suspected. "He had spoken as much against Rome and her Pope," he said, "as any of them. He was let go on bail, but not daring to wait the issue of his trial, he broke his bond and escaped beyond seas. He gave out that he had been warned of God to go abroad, that he might instruct the Protestants of foreign lands; but he took care, before setting out, to borrow a sum of money from his Protestant friends to defray the expenses of his journey. This

* "Foxes and Firebrands," pt. i. p. 40. Lond., 1682.

man was afterwards found in the frock of a Dominican friar; and, finding his way to Rome, the Pope, rewarding him good for all the ill he had spoken of him in England, made him a gift of two thousand ducats.*

We notice, next, the revelations of Malachy Malone made before Sir John Perrot, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Primate of Armagh, and others, in 1584, and afterwards transmitted to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and Council. The document was found among the private papers of the Queen's Secretary, Lord Burghley (Cecil), by Sir James Ware, and afterwards published by his son, in "Foxes and Firebrands." Malone was originally a Carmelite friar, and in this capacity he resided some years in Spain and France. While in Paris, he occupied himself in making researches in the archives of the University, with the view of informing himself touching the secret policy of the Popes for arresting Protestantism. He found that a leading feature of their tactics was to employ Jesuits, in the garb of Reformers, to sow dissensions in Protestant countries. In the course of his inquiries his eyes were opened to the wickedness of the arts pursued by the Papal See, and, renouncing the Popish religion, he embraced the Reformed faith, and died in the communion of the Protestant Church. While in Paris, he made the acquaintance of Father Ludovic Freak, the agent employed by the Council of Trent to carry their instructions to the Jesuits of France. Father Freak, pleased with Malone, made him the bearer of certain papers of instructions to Shane O'Neil, who was then projecting an insurrection in Ulster with the promised help of France and Scotland. Among the papers which the Carmelite friar, who had not yet renounced his frock, carried to Ireland was a Bull of Pius V.—the same Pope who is so prominently associated

* "Foxes and Firebrands," pt. i. pp. 13-30.

with the St. Bartholomew massacre. Among other things, the Bull said—"We further will and authorise the wise and learned of our ecclesiastics, expert in divine science, to labour, endeavour, and devise all manner of devices to be devised to abate, assuage, and confound these heresies repugnant to our sacred laws, that thereby these heretics might be either recalled to confess their errors and acknowledge our jurisdiction of the See of Rome, or that a total infamy may be brought upon them and their posterities by a perpetual discord and contention among themselves, by which means they may either speedily perish by God's wrath, or continue in eternal difference to the reproach of Jew, Turk, heathen, nay, to the devils themselves."

After this general permission of all disguises and counterfeits that might further the end in view—namely, the dividing and confounding of heretics—special methods were particularised. It was recommended to devise "new tenets, doctrines, and covenants." These strange doctrines, preached from professedly Protestant lips, would evoke loud discords in the heretical conventicle, and furious wars in the Protestant camp. To Rome how grateful the din of these commotions!

Moreover, priests were dispensed from their vow of celibacy. They could marry a Protestant wife, provided thereby they could the better serve the interests of their Church; and this departure from the law of the priesthood was justified on the ground that Protestant marriage was no marriage, and to contract it, with the specified end in view, was no sin, or, at the most, a venial one.

The papers given Malone, and his conversations with Father Freak, disclose further what is one of the main channels through which Rome then obtained, and doubtless still obtains, her knowledge of the secrets of kings and cabinets. At the head convent in the several countries a list is kept of such members

of the Order as are employed in special and confidential service. Each member is entered under various names, so that if his correspondence with his superior is detected under one name, it may still go on under another; or, if danger arise, and it is desirable that he should remove to another country, he effaces his traces by changing his name when he changes his abode.

"But," said the Friar Malone, "why set up so many heresies, seeing their preachers will be forced to rail at the Pope and at Rome. May not mischief ensue thereby to the Papal See?"

"When they rail at Rome," replied Father Freak, "and their hearts be contrary, it is no sin. They may mean Rome, and name it as it was in the ancient Roman days. Also the word *Pope*, for that word in Latin, *Papa*, is as much as to say a bishop, so that he may mean one of their heretic bishops. These mental railings advance the See of Rome in several respects. They breed factions among Protestants. They make Catholics more bitterly hate heretics; and, moreover, while railing against Rome, they are all the while gathering secret information which, on a future day, may be turned to advantage against the heretics."

"But how," farther inquired the friar, "can they hope to come to a knowledge of the secrets of the Court and of the Church of England?"

"We have also provided for that," said the Jesuit Father. "Several of that Church have either a Roman Catholic wife, or the wife a Roman Catholic husband; or they, if both heretics, perhaps keep Roman Catholic servants, which are bound to obey the Mother Church whenever commanded; and of course report the conversations which pass at the tables of their masters."

The Jesuits sent forth on this mission were to make a show of following some trade or profession, literary or mechanical,

as they might incline, not neglecting, however, the main business, which was that of preaching. If it should happen that they were asked how they came by this knowledge of Divine things, they were instructed to reply "by the teaching of the Spirit, and by searching the Scriptures." If farther interrogated why they took it upon them to preach, they were to answer that "they did not *preach* but *teach*, after the example of the sons of the prophets, and certain members of the Church of Corinth."^{*}

But what if the men sent forth to act the part of preachers of diverse doctrines among the Reformed should come to be in earnest and embrace the Protestant faith, and so betray the cause of Rome? This danger, also, was foreseen and provided against. Other Jesuits were appointed to act as spies on these preachers, and to note the first symptoms of apostacy, and make immediate report of the fact to headquarters, where instant steps would be taken to prevent damage to Mother Church.

Passing over similar instances, we shall farther cite here only the words of the historian Fuller. Speaking of the year 1580, he says :—

"Now began priests and Jesuits to flock faster into England than ever before, having exchange of clothes, and names, and professions. He who on Sunday was a priest or Jesuit, was on Monday a merchant, on Tuesday a soldier, on Wednesday a courtier, and so on; and with the shears of equivocation (constantly carried about him), he could cut himself into any shape he pleased. But under all their old shapes, they retained their old nature, being akin in their turbulent spirits to the wind pent in the subterranean concavities, which will never be quiet until it hath vented itself with a STATE-QUAKE of those countries wherein they abide! These distilled traiterous principles into all wheresoever they came."[†]

^{*} "Foxes and Firebrands," pt. ii. pp. 35-46.

[†] Fuller's "Church History," bk. IX. sect. iv. The conspiracies

CHAPTER XIII.

*Intrigues of the Jesuits under James I. and
Charles I.*

THE sceptre now passed from the house of Tudor to the house of Stuart. But there came no pause in the machinations of the Jesuits. Under the Stuart they continued to ply, as assiduously as ever, their arts for embroiling the kingdom, and accomplishing the ruin of the Reformation in Great Britain, which, as matters then stood, would have been its destruction all over Christendom. England still continued to be the chief seat of their operations. It is true they now began to hatch seditions and treasons in Scotland, as for a long while before they had done in Ireland; but the centre of the web they were so busily engaged in weaving was England. There the leading conspirators burrowed in the great cities. The Jesuits of that day thought to carry the three kingdoms at a stroke. They had not then learned that they were aiming at too much at once, that their true policy was to be content meanwhile with one of the kingdoms, and having secured that one, they would be sure of the other two. In a word, they did not yet understand that the road to the throne and government of England lay through Ireland.

Proceeding on this idea, that is, of carrying England by a *coup de main*, they strove by devices of one kind or another to prevent James ascending the throne of England. Failing in

to assassinate Elizabeth, which disturbed the whole of that Queen's reign, and the Gunpowder Plot, in the beginning of the reign of her successor, James I., the author has related in his "History of Protestantism," and does not here repeat.

this, they next attempted to destroy him; and not the King only; with the monarch were doomed to perish the two Houses of Parliament. When this project—the gigantic wickedness of which astounded all men—fell through, other snares, less violent but not less deadly, were spread around King James. He was now inveigled into negotiations for the marriage of his son with the Infanta of Spain. No king of England in our day would be greatly lifted-up by the prospect of such an alliance. It was different then. James was dazzled by it, and he sacrificed for it the interests of his daughter and son-in-law in the Palatinate; an act of egregious folly which drew after it the temporary overthrow of liberty and the Reformed religion in Germany. The proposed match ultimately came to nothing, but not till concessions had been obtained from King James, which opened the door for a vast influx of priests and Jesuits into the kingdom, and a very considerable accession of influence to the Church of Rome in England.

The prospect of a French match, as is well known, followed hard upon the breaking off of the Spanish one. This negotiation prospered, that is, as the king judged of it; but as history has since seen cause to view it, its success was one of the greatest calamities that ever befel the three kingdoms, inaugurating, as it did, a series of evils which ended in the all but total ruin of Great Britain. Before the hand of Henrietta of France could be put into that of the son of James VI., the English Monarch had to renew all the concessions to the Church of Rome which he had been willing to make in prospect of the Spanish marriage. The negotiations were concluded, and the marriage arranged, when James VI. suddenly died. It does not surprise us that the unexpected demise of one who was not much past the prime of life, and who, till then, had enjoyed good health, occurring at a moment when it was so handy for the Jesuits, brought on the Fathers a suspicion that they had

hastened the King's demise in order that his more Popishly-inclined son might come the sooner to the throne.

Charles I. now held the sceptre. By his side sat a daughter of France. The strong intellect of the wife ruled the weaker mind of the husband. Henrietta knew how to make the councils of Charles take the shape she wished, and was careful to guide them into a channel conformable with the interests of that Church to which her house had been so long and so ardently devoted. The nation was troubled. All could see that confusion and darkness were at no great distance. The noon of Elizabeth was fast fading into twilight; and in that twilight, the Jesuits, like birds of night, began to come forth, and make their presence audible by the congratulations which they exchanged with one another at the prospect of being able, by their arts, to divide and conquer. About the time that the first Parliament of Charles I. met, a Jesuit club was arrested in a house in Clerkenwell, and among their papers was found the following letter addressed to their Superior at Brussels. The letter is given at large in Rushworth's "Collections," and exhibits a spirit elate with joy at what filled other men with grief and sorrow. It is as follows:—

"We hope as much in this Parliament as ever we feared any in Queen Elizabeth's days. We have planted the sovereign drug Arminianism" (it is a favourite cultivation of the Fathers, who have taught the plant to flourish in most of the climates and countries of Christendom), "which we hope will purge the Protestants from their heresy. I cannot choose but laugh to see how some of our own coat have accounted themselves. You would scarce know them if you saw them; and it is admirable to see how in speech and gesture they act the Puritan. I am at this time transported with joy to see how happily all instruments and means, as well great as less, co-operate to our purpose."

England had become, in that age, the main rallying-ground of the Jesuits. According as their schemes should prosper

here, so would triumph or failure attend them elsewhere. The centre of the plot in England was the Pope's Legate. He had the utmost confidence of being able to carry over Charles I. to the Roman Communion. The letter which Charles, when Prince of Wales, had addressed to Pope Gregory XV. fully justified the hope which the Legate entertained. The Prince, in that letter, avowed himself of the same religion with his then prospective father-in-law, the King of Spain, and said that as he had never "encouraged novelties against the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion," he would "for the time to come employ himself to have but one religion and one faith." And with something approaching the solemnity of an oath, he promised "to spare nothing that I have in the world, and to suffer all manner of discomodities, even to the hazarding of my estate and life for a thing so pleasing unto God." With this protestation, which pointed so unmistakably to the restoration of the Papacy in England, whenever the writer should ascend the throne, no wonder that the Papal Legate, and the Jesuit troop round him, looked on Charles I. as already won, and England as virtually their own. They had but to ply their arts vigorously to realise this great victory.

Assurance of success inspired them with energy. Their scheme of working is laid bare in the letter of Sir William Boswell, the agent of Charles I. at the Hague, addressed to Archbishop Laud, and found among his papers after his death. Sir William's letter was received, as marked in the Primate's own hand, on September 10th, 1640, and was afterwards published in Rushworth, and Prynne's "Masterpiece of Popery."

The plot ramified into four branches, and correspondingly four sets of Jesuits were employed to carry it on. There was first an *ecclesiastical* troop. These were to take the Church in charge, and see to the sowing of that inviting field with Popish seed. They looked for a first and abundant crop of dissensions,

and a final harvest of Romanism. There was, second, a *political* party. They undertook to manage the Court and the Parliament. If it should be found that the King and the two Houses were willing to travel amicably along the same road, that even which led to Rome, everything would be done to smooth their way; but if it should be found that one or both were obdurate, and refused to set their faces toward the Seven Hills, a quarrel was to be got up between them, to the end that they might weaken and destroy the one the other.

The third was a *secular* party. To them was given the superintendence of civil affairs; they were to insinuate themselves into high offices, watch sales and bargains, and let slip no opportunity of securing for the Order estates and houses, and so create a landed foothold for the Church of Rome in England. The fourth order was that of *intelligencers* or spies. As servants in noblemen's houses, or in those of ordinary citizens, this class were to lay themselves out for corrupting families, and ferreting out the secrets and affairs of their masters. The programme was a tolerably complete one.

The generalissimo of this army, now attacking England by sap and mine, was, as we have hinted, the Pope's Legate. An hundred spies brought him their secrets week by week. This intelligence he digested and arranged, and sent in a weekly packet to Rome. In his dispatches the Legate made use of a three-fold cypher; the first he employed in writing to the nuncios at the various courts, the second in corresponding with Cardinal Barbarino only, the third when secrets of greater consequence were to be transmitted. The packet was addressed to Monsieur Stravio, Archdeacon of Cambray. Safe across the Channel, the despatch was sent on by the Archdeacon to Rome.

The conspirators assembled almost daily in the house of a Captain Reid, a secular Jesuit, who lived in Longacre, and

held counsel regarding the prosecution of the plot. On the day of the weekly dispatch, usually Friday, they assembled in greater numbers, and the better to throw the authorities off the scent, they came not all after one fashion. Some arrived in carriages, others on horseback, some came attended by a train of servants, and most of them in a lay habit.

On great occasions, the place of meeting was kept concealed from all but a few. The rest were bidden repair to certain inns in the city, and thither were dispatched selected messengers to conduct the members to the place of general rendezvous. Everything was done that could be thought of to prevent surprise.

The Papal Legate wormed himself into the confidence of the monarch. Amply replenished, as all such functionaries are, with the graces of blandness and glozing, the door of the royal closet stood open to the man who was clothed with the Pope's authority. Charles begged his good offices in behalf of his brother-in-law the Prince Palatine. It would so delight the Legate to serve the King in anything! Charles had no occasion to complain of lack of promises, it was only in the small matter of performance that the Legate came short. Despite these assurances in Whitehall, things held their course on the Rhine, and the Principality was sucked into the devouring vortex of the Thirty Years' War, and finally lost.

The Legate took care to be on good terms with Archbishop Laud, and made the Primate aware what great things he could do for him in the high places of the Church. He offered him a "red hat," and with it, of course, a seat among men who claim to be the equal of kings. The Primate deemed it not quite prudent, for the present at least, to exchange the lawn of an English bishop for the purple of a Roman cardinal. The hat was declined.

With certain others the Papal Legate had contracted an even

stricter alliance than with the two great personages we have named. The Countess of Arundel placed all her hours, and all her talents, and her many facilities of getting at the secrets of prince and noble at his service. She met the Legate commonly thrice a day, sometimes at Arundel House, sometimes at Court, or at other convenient places. She took care that her news should not be stale. The Legate had his spies in the King's bed-chamber. Master Porter, while serving the royal toilet with punctilious politeness, kept open, with lynx-like vigilance, his eyes and ears, and made report of all he saw and heard, using his wife as the go-between. What was whispered in the King's bed-chamber was told again at Rome.

There were others who took part in these transactions, and whose deeds done in darkness, history, unwilling that their memory should perish, has since brought into the light. One of the more notable of these actors was Secretary Windebank. He was a sincere Papist, but not an equally sincere servant of his King. Placing his duty to his Church before his duty to his sovereign, he betrayed all his master's secrets to the Pope's Legate. He met the Legate three times in the week under covert of night. He hired a house next to the Legate's, and had a door pierced in the garden wall, that he might continue, with the greater safety and ease, these nocturnal interviews. There was nothing at Court a week old till it was on its way to the Vatican.

Another notable actor in these scenes was Sir Toby Matthew. He was a Jesuit priest of the political order, and a general caterer of news in the interest of the Papal plot. He was a man who never knew what it was to blush. He seated himself at all tables, dispensing, with the utmost *sang froid*, with the ceremony of an invitation. He thrust himself into all companies, and took part in every conversation, and was thus able to report to his master how the current set, and how the

wind blew. Sir Toby did not eat the bread of idleness. Lest the soft seductions of a bed should induce him to prolong unduly his vigils, he threw himself into an arm-chair at night, sunk into an hour or two's sleep, and awoke before day to resume his indefatigable labours. His, he flattered himself, were the shoulders on which rested the success of the plot, and his employers, finding how zealously he laboured, did not seek to gainsay him.

There was no lack of money. Contributions were levied on the Papists all over England, and every one was obliged to give less or more. One widow is mentioned as having given four thousand pounds, a large sum in those days. Over and above the stipulated contribution, the treasury was swelled by donations and legacies from zealots who, if they should not live to see it, died in the hope of England's being once again a "Catholic" kingdom.*

It was a main part of the scheme to embroil all the three kingdoms, and array them one against the other. To these machinations was largely owing the war that now broke out between Scotland and England. The Jesuits egged on the King and Archbishop Laud to extreme measures, such as they knew would wound the honour of the Scots, overturning, as they did, both their religion and their liberty. On the other hand, they sent their emissaries into Scotland to inflame the passions of the Presbyterians. These agents disguised themselves as Covenanters, swore the National Covenant, and then shouted for war. Dispensations, permitting this infamous deceit, were intercepted coming from Rome into Scotland. These pernicious practices had been commenced as early as the times of James VI. Hence the clause introduced into the National Covenant of 1581 to the following effect:—"And seeing that many are

* "Foxes and Firebrands," pt. iii. pp. 120-140.

stirred up by Satan, and that Roman Anti-Christ, to promise, swear, subscribe, and for a time use the holy sacraments in the Kirk deceitfully, against their own conscience, minding hereby, first, under the external cloak of religion, to corrupt and subvert secretly God's true religion within the Kirk, and afterwards, when time may serve, to become open enemies and persecutors of the same, under vain hope of the Pope's dispensation, devised against the Word of God, to his greater confusion and their double damnation on the day of the Lord Jesus ; we therefore &c."*

CHAPTER XIV.

The Jesuits under Cromwell, Charles II., and James II.—The Revolution.

THE cloud which had hung above England ever since the French marriage at last exploded in civil war. When hostilities broke out, and the nation was parted into two camps, the Jesuits in like manner marshalled themselves in two bands. One company espoused the King's side of the quarrel, the other placed themselves under the banners of the Parliament. Those who fought beneath the royal standard affected to be firm believers in the "Divine right," zealous maintainers of Episcopacy, and hearty haters of Puritanism. The others were all for Presbytery or Independency, and held bishops, and in particular the Bishop of Rome, in special abomination. It was edifying to hear with what virtuous indignation the one troop denounced the flagitiousness of the other. "Sons of the Harlot of Babylon" was the taunt flung at the Jesuit Cavaliers by those who served on

* See "Covenant," Stevenson's "Hist. of Ch. of Scot.," Introduction, Spotswood's "Hist.," &c.

the Independent or Covenanting side. The others returned the compliment by stigmatising those from whom it came as "Slaves of Calvin and the Devil." Not confining themselves to spoken invectives, they betook them to the writing of pamphlets.

The more acrimonious and violent of the *brochures* which appeared on both sides proceeded from the pens of Jesuits in Episcopalian or Presbyterian masks. The game was played with masterly dexterity. Its object, of course, was to embitter the quarrel, and render reconciliation betwixt the parties hopeless. The "red fields" that marked the progress of the strife, and the black scaffold, with the royal head rolling upon it, in which it ended, attest how complete was the success that crowned the stratagem of the Jesuits.

Whether Charles I. ever intended to carry over his kingdom wholly to Rome, it is now impossible with certainty to say. Plain it is that the Romanists expected this, and the frightful tempests which they raised around his throne were intended to force him to do so. When they saw that they could not effect their purpose, they destroyed him. Charles could not be other than conscious of the strength of the Protestant principle in his kingdom, and he might think that the right policy was that of conciliation. He would try how much of a Papist he could be without being wholly one, and how near he could bring the nation to Rome without actually compelling it to enter the Roman pale. In short, he hoped to find a half-way house, where the two parties might meet and coalesce, and permit him to enjoy his throne in peace. This was not a policy, but a delusion. Those with whom he was dealing were not men to do their work by halves, or to permit him to halt short of the goal they wished him to reach. This delusion cost him dear. First Strafford perished in the attempt to realise it; next Laud was brought to the block; and, last of all, the King himself

was made to experience how unsparing is the vengeance of that Church when she finds herself deceived in monarchs and statesmen who may have conceded much, but in her eyes conceded nothing unless they concede all.

While fawning at the feet of the Archbishop, let us mark how scurrilously they wrote of him behind his back, and with what malignant joy they contemplated the overthrow which their arts were preparing for him. This appears from a letter, entered in the Society of Jesuits at Paris, a copy of which was sent to Archbishop Usher of Armagh, in 1652.

“We doubt not but to make a great progress in what we have undertaken ; we have put the Mobile out of conceit with Canterbury, the head of their heretical episcopacy, and doubt not in time to perfect our designs through fractions between themselves. It must not be totally arms that can conquer heresy, as you have advised, but separation, which hath prevailed much of late. Many of the common sort are fallen from the heretic bishops, and are for a Synod or Assembly of Presbyters, who shall soon eclipse their pomp. We be encouraging the Independents purposely to balance the scales, lest they grow too ponderous, high, and lofty: and as we shall find them also, we shall encourage the Anabaptists, knowing all these were a distraction to an heretical monarchy.

“We shall hinder the heretics by finding them work at home, and thereby prevent their sending aid for Ireland ; for we have parties of great skill and policy on both sides, as well with the Parliament-crew as with the King ; so that if either take, we are safe, so we do not discover our projects to our adversaries.

“We entreat you to signify unto the convent that we want wise, learned, and subtle scholars to come and assist these new sects, that they may still be at variance, especially amongst the Parliamentaries ; and for the other party with the King, we have equality, and fear them not.

“The old cub, Canterbury, suspects not the Church-Catholic in the least, but is inveterate against the Puritan sort, and they against him, which is a just judgment on him for his inveterate piece

written against Father Fisher. We seem very civil to him, and cherish him against the Puritans, whilst we visit him ; so that he dreams not how the net is spread to catch him." *

When at last their plot was consummated, we find the Jesuits mingling in the mob around the scaffold of Charles I., and expressing their fiendish satisfaction at the ruin of the man who had first raised their hopes and then dashed them. The fact of their presence at the royal execution is attested by Du Moulin and Prynne, but we quote the following only from Mr Henry Fowles' "History of Plots and Conspiracies" :—

"When the late King was murdered, Mr Henry Spotswood, riding casually that way just as his head was cut off, espied the Queen's confessor there on horseback, in the habit of a trooper, drawing forth his sword, and flourishing it over his own head in triumph, as others then did. At which Mr Spotswood, being much amazed, and being familiarly acquainted with the confessor, rode up to him, and said, 'O Father ! I little thought to have found you here, or any of your profession, at such a sad spectacle.' To which he answered, that there were at least forty or more priests and Jesuits there present on horseback, besides himself." †

They confidently expected that the moment the King's head had fallen on the scaffold, England would become a chaos. Instead of anarchy, Cromwell stood up. The little finger of the great Puritan was thicker than the loins of the Stuart. Of the plotters, some fled beyond seas, others shrunk back into their hiding-places ; but some entered the army, and in the guise of military chaplains, or simply of common soldiers, continued their efforts to kindle a flame betwixt the Presbyterians and the Independents, in which both might be consumed. We have a glimpse of their intrigues in the following letter, extracted

* "Foxes and Firebrands," pt. iii. pp. 150-152.

† *Ibid.*, pt. ii. p. 86.

from the Society's records at Paris, and sent to Archbishop Usher in 1652 :—

“ We desire some able assistance from you and other places, as from Italy, Portugal, and Spain ; and also your council and theirs, especially whilst this heretical Synod of Presbyters rule and govern. Truly we find them a perverse sort of heretics to clash with ; for since they have become masters, and conquered the heretical bishops, we find great opposition, and require more assistance.

“ It is not ripe enough as yet to set Anabaptism a-madding at this time, but rather set enmity and variance between Sir John Presbyter (that tribe of John Calvin, their master), and the Independent. Jesu Mary be praised, that tribe holds Sir John tug. We have sent private intelligence unto Patience” (Patience was Fleetwood's chaplain in Ireland, and a great dipper of the people), “ hearing he and that tribe have lately fallen out at New England, encouraging to return ; for here he may better clash with the Presbyterian than with those, being bred up and trained up for that sect, and there be less suspected.

“ I here send you a roll of the names who contend with Sir John's tribe. Mr. Peters, who was once a-going to New England, but 'tis thought expedient and fitter for that cause to retain him at home. Mr. John Lilborne is a stout blade against the heretical Synod, and has written sharply against them. As for the rest of their names, how they be qualified, what points they stand upon, and what new doctrines they have spread, the roll will inform the Society.

“ The Anabaptists increase a-main ; and Peter Pain, who was lately discovered, hath fled from these parts, and is gone into Yorkshire, where he goeth now under the name of T. C. Look into the licence-book, and you will know under what names he was to go in case of discovery.” *

To this we add an extract from information sworn at Bristol, on 22nd January, 1654, and confirmed by Cromwell's Speech in the Painted Chamber, on 4th September of the same year :—

“ That there are multitudes of Romish emissaries and vermin

* “ Foxes and Firebrands,” pt. iii. pp. 155, 156.

now residing and wandering up and down freely amongst us, to seduce and divide the people, by setting up new sects, and separate congregations in all places, and broaching new notions and opinions of all sorts, or old heresies or blasphemies ; not saying masses, praying to saints and images, or crying up the Pope's supremacy, &c., as heretofore.

“ That the Pope's, and these his emissaries, chief endeavours are to draw the people from our churches, public congregations, ordinances, ministers, and religion, and to divide and tumble us into as many sects and separate conventicles as they have Popish orders ; and thereby into as many civil parties and factions as possibly they can, to ruin us thereby.—*Matth.* xii. 25, 27.

“ By this new stratagem, they have gained more proselytes and disciples, and done more harm in eight or nine years' space in the Church and realm of England, more prejudice, dishonour, and scandal to our religion and ministers, than ever they did by saying mass, or preaching, printing, or any point of the grossest popery in eighty years' time heretofore.” *

The restoration of Charles II. was followed by a revival of the hopes of the Jesuits and a fresh outburst of Jesuit activity. Their cry now was for a general toleration. Pius IX. condemned toleration, and taught that rulers sin mortally if they suffer any religion save the Roman to exist in their dominions. But infallible dogmas are true or false as it suits the interest of the “ Church.” In the days of Charles II. the Papists needed toleration, in order to set up publicly the ceremonial of their worship in England, and therefore toleration was orthodox ; and though meanwhile the Protestants would share in the boon, the Romanists looked forward to the day when they should be able to tell them that toleration was a luxury never meant for heretics. The Jesuits strove therefore to widen the breach betwixt the Church of England and the Nonconformists, in

* “*Foxes and Firebrands,*” pt. ii. pp. 144—146.

order that the cry for "toleration for tender consciences" might wax yet louder, and the door be opened for the restoration of the Popish Church. Matters, however, did not progress so rapidly as they wished. Charles II. was in secret entirely with them, but he was too much the sensualist to risk his throne for any religion whatever, and so the Jesuits, hoping to find in his brother James a more willing tool, gave Charles his *viaticum* in what is known to the Italians as a draught of the *Aqua Tofana*, a form in which they have been known to administer the last sacrament to their Popes, when their measures were not quite to their taste, or they were found "to lag superfluous on the stage."

At last they had succeeded in placing a Papist on the throne. Now was the winter "of Puritanic Reformation" to be made "glorious summer." James II. made no secret of being of their Church. He went openly to mass. The air now acquired an Italian warmth, and the productions proper to the Roman clime began to put forth and blossom in England. Crosses and cowls met the eye, aves and orisons saluted the ear. Romanists swarmed in all posts and employments. The dangers of that time, we remark by the way, became the safeguards of the age that followed. The perils that threatened liberty and Protestantism all through the reigns of Charles II. and James II. awoke a spirit which otherwise might have slumbered, and which gave us those immortal works in defence of the Protestant faith which form the arsenal whence all future champions in this fight must arm themselves. There came a second era of glory to England, an after-summer, as it were, of such intellectual brilliance, that hardly was it inferior to the first and marvellous splendour in the days of Elizabeth. These writings, so rich in learning, so irresistible in logic, and so magnificent in argument, silently but powerfully fed the deep springs of piety and patriotism in the nation, and nourished a spirit that in the end

toiled the tactics of the Jesuits, and swept suddenly away the intrigues and labours of long years.

“ Whether the Tudors or Stuarts were in power,
 Whether the Rose was a white or a red,
 England’s great people stood Liberty’s tower,
 England was steadfast in heart and in head.”

DR. MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Wisdom the Romanists have never possessed ; their cunning would seem now to have departed from them. They looked at the surface of society. In especial, they fixed their eyes on the throne. They marked not the earthquake that was mustering below their feet. Suddenly its mighty throes shook England, and when they lifted up their eyes after the first moments of surprise, the Stuart had disappeared, and with him had passed the hopes they had entertained of carrying over the nation to Popery ; and on the throne from which revolution had precipitated James II. sat William of Orange, the representative of Protestantism.

There is another well-marked but unpleasant peculiarity of the Jesuits which we must not pass unnoticed. When they have some special villainy in hand, then it is that they make the loudest professions of amity and goodwill. The welkin at these seasons rings with their songs in praise of peace. The blow is generally the first intimation their victim receives that he has been singled out for destruction. History abounds with examples in point. The annals of France are full of such, and not less the records of England. Oaths and treaties, friendships and festivities, formed the lure which drew the victims of the St. Bartholomew to the fatal spot where the hideous butchery was to be enacted. When the Babington conspiracy was hatching for the murder of Elizabeth and the setting up of a Popish sovereign, the party who had it in hand published a book which overflowed with sweet and charitable

counsels, "that good Catholics were to employ no other arms against their prince but the arms of the primitive Christians, tears and daily prayers." They first attempted to prevent James I. ascending the throne of England, and when they found they could not effect their end, they fawned most hypocritically upon him, styling him, "Most Puissant Prince and Orient Monarch." They continued to sing this syren song till the King and nation were all but drawn into the abyss of destruction. The deeper their plunges into treason, the louder their professions of loyalty. It was while they were devising the Gunpowder Plot that they published the "Lay Catholic's Petition," wherein they protested their fidelity and unfeigned love to His Majesty, offering to be bound life for life, with good sureties for their behaviour. These faithful and loving subjects were all the while storing barrels of gunpowder by the dozen in the cellar of the Parliament House, and fearful lest their good deeds and loving intents should come too soon to be known, they covered them up with billets and faggots. When all was ready to blow King and Parliament into the air, Father Garnet was pleased to talk much of bulls and mandates from his Holiness to charge all the priests and their Catholic flocks in England to carry themselves with profound peace and quiet; and to maintain the deception, he sent a messenger to Rome with a letter, supplicating that commandment might go forth staying all commotions of Catholics in England.

In a subsequent reign, when they had a prince of their own (James II.) upon the throne, with what vehemence did the Papists declaim against persecution, and what an outcry did they raise for a universal toleration and regard for tender consciences, while all they wished for was toleration only for so long a time as should enable them to set up their own religion, and this done, drive conscience and toleration out of the kingdom, as men do wild beasts when they have subdued

a savage country. The memory of every reader will enable him to recall in recent history, similar examples of adroitness in the black art of deception, and of ostentatious professions of charity, and peaceableness, and attention to religious duties, just before some outbreak of lawlessness, violence, and treason.

Let the reader look at the following picture :—

Saint Simon, describing in his "Memoirs" an interview with Père Tellier, the confessor of Louis XIV., writes :—"I saw him face to face between two candles, there being only the breadth of the table between us (I have elsewhere described his horrible countenance), and all at once, stupefied both in sight and hearing, I comprehended, while he was speaking, all that was implied in a Jesuit—a man who, by his personal annihilation, and bound by the vows of his order, could hope for nothing for his family or for himself. . . . And yet with deliberate purpose, and with studied artifice, was about to throw State and Church into the most terrific conflagration, and begin the most frightful persecution for questions that mattered not a jot to him."

CHAPTER XV.

Expulsions and Suppression of the Jesuits.

So long as the Jesuits struck at Protestantism only, the Governments of Europe cared but little for the matter. But when it came to pass that in three-fourths of the countries of Christendom there were no more Protestants to slay, and the Jesuits began to aim their blows at all authority which stood betwixt them and their final goal, which was the assumption into their own hands of the government of the world, the indifference of Governments gave place to alarm. When, after drowning the half of Europe in Lutheran and Huguenot blood, kings saw this "black terror" drawing near themselves, and unsheathing its sword above their heads, they discovered to their

dismay that an "Order" had suddenly risen up in Christendom whose principles were villainous beyond all Pagan precedents, and who, animated by a ferocity, and armed with powers of destruction surpassing the rage of all former desolators of the earth, would inflict deeper and more irreparable havoc upon human society than any which Huns, Vandals, and Turks had ever wrought. When it was seen that these new spoilers would leave neither law nor throne standing in the earth, then there came to be an unanimous consent of the peoples and Governments of Europe against the Jesuits. Nation after nation rose up and chased them beyond their borders—drove them out with execrations. We speak not now of Protestant but Popish Governments. It is not in the power of the Jesuits to affirm that this universal abhorrence of which they now became the objects was the expression of Protestant dislike or retaliation. If pity was shown them in the day of their calamity, it was by Protestants, whose fathers' blood they had shed. And if they received a welcome when no other land in Europe would give them a home, it was from a Protestant kingdom. It is from their co-religionists that this emphatic condemnation of their practices and principles has come. There is not a Popish kingdom in all Europe that has not at one time or other driven them out, and these expulsions now number over fifty. Let us specify a few of the more notable of them, with the reasons assigned for the banishment of their order.

A decree of banishment passed against them in France, 20th December, 1594. The edict declared them to be "corruptors of youth, disturbers of the public repose, and enemies of the King and State." The Parliament of Paris on a monument erected to commemorate one of their many plots to assassinate Henry IV., inscribed this public accusation, "This plot sprang from the Jesuits, who, concealing the most abominable crimes

under the guise of piety, had publicly taught the assassination of kings." Henry III. and Henry IV., as is well known, fell by their dagger.

Their banishment from England in 1602 was on the express ground that "the Jesuits were the advisers of the new conspiracies against the Queen" (Elizabeth). The latter half of that sovereign's life they made bitter to her, and, moreover, kept the nation in a state of continual uneasiness and alarm.

The Senate of Venice recorded sentence of banishment against them in 1616, assigning as the reason for driving them out of the republic that the "Jesuits used the confessional to discover the affairs of families, and the resources and secrets of States, and that every six months the information thus obtained was laid before their general." The Jesuits have always made large use of the confessional. It offers rare facilities for discovering the riches of families, for hatching plots, and for governing states. Like another Eolus, the confessor can send forth from his cave the tempests of social and political revolution. They have aspired especially to be the confessors of kings and statesmen, and to the pressure which they have put upon the consciences of rulers, history owes some of the cruelest edicts that darken its pages, and Europe some of the most terrible tragedies which have reddened its soil. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes—an act the folly of which was as gigantic as its wickedness, and which drew after it a vengeance not less gigantic, seeing it opened to France the floodgates of untold humiliations, sufferings, crimes, and revolutions—the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, we say, was wrung from Louis XIV. by his Jesuit confessor. The blood of his Protestant subjects was the price which was exacted of the monarch for the pardon of his adulteries.

The first of the European countries to admit the Jesuits, after their first institution, was Portugal. Even Portugal had to

request them to leave her soil, accompanying her dismissal of them with an emphatic declaration of how ill they had deserved the hospitality she had extended to them. In a manifesto which the King addressed to his Roman Catholic Bishops in 1759, he declared the three leading features of the Jesuit policy to be "falsehood, murder, and perjury;" adding, emphatically, that their maxims would dissolve the strongest bonds that could be found for preserving the commerce and union of mankind. Even Spain, with all its devotion to the Papal See, found itself at last unable to continue her protection and entertainment of them. One night in 1767, all their establishments in the kingdom were surrounded with troops, and the whole fraternity, amounting to 7000, being secured, were shipped off, and set ashore on the coast of Italy, where, it was presumed, they would feel themselves more at home. So, too, in Naples. The Neapolitan can tolerate most things, but the Neapolitan could not put up with the manners of the Jesuits, and had to request them to begone. In great countries like Austria, and in the Islands of the Sea, as in Malta, in short, wherever they made their abode, a little while sufficed to show that the land was not able to bear them, and that the Jesuit and truth, the Jesuit and peace, the Jesuit and settled order could not exist together. Their steps burned the soil wherever they trod, the air grew dark wherever they came, all joy died in their presence.

While these multiplied humiliations and indignities were befalling them; while nation after nation was rising up and driving them out as the "Cain" of the human family, a blow was dealt them by a hand which they deemed it impossible should ever be raised against them. The stroke caused them the most poignant pain of all. *Et te Brute!* exclaimed the Sons of Loyola as, amazed and stupified, they beheld the Pontiff in the group of conspirators that now enclosed them, and felt the keen edge of his poignard in their flesh. Pope Clement XIII., at

the solicitation of the Roman Catholic sovereigns of Europe, summoned a conclave to enact the "eternal extinction" of the "Order." The Pope died suddenly on the evening of the day preceding that on which the conclave was to meet. The blow that impended over them was thus warded off. The death of the Pope gave life to the Jesuits, but the respite was only for a little while. His successor, Clement XIV., the virtuous Ganganelli, found himself necessitated to carry out the purposed suppression of his predecessor. In the preparatory brief which he issued, he said that the measure contemplated by Clement XIII. was required "to prevent Christians rising one against another, and massacring one another in the very bosom of their common Mother, the Church." On the 21st July, 1773, Clement XIV. issued his Bull, in which he declared the Order of the Jesuits "for ever annulled and suppressed."

Following in the wake of the Pope whose edict had given effect to their own expressed wishes, the princes of the Popish world declared the Society of Jesus abolished in their dominions, and these troublers of the world appeared to have passed finally and for ever out of existence. The very Mother out of whose bowels they had sprung, was compelled to confess that she had given birth to a progeny that would devour her, unless she should find some means of ridding herself of them. Clement did the bold deed, knowing that he risked his life in doing it. On laying down his pen after affixing his name to the Bull of Suppression, he gave vent to the presentiment that oppressed him. "I have signed my death-warrant," he ejaculated. A short while thereafter, he read on the doors of St. Peter's Church the words—"The Holy See will be vacant in September." Clement was then hale and vigorous, but it soon became apparent that the prophecy written on the portals of St. Peter's was not to fail of its accomplishment. The gentle, but deadly, touch of a hand he could not see, was laid on Clement. From that hour he began

to droop and waste away. No medicine could stay the ebbing tide of his life. It was being dried up at the fountain. His features became livid, his eyes glassy, his limbs shrunken, his belly swollen; the very bones began to rot and moulder beneath the loose covering of dried and violet-spotted skin that enveloped them. A ghastly spectacle! truly, as he tottered through the halls of the Vatican, on days of ceremony, or climbed up the steps of his throne, like one from the grave come to sit in the chair of Peter. In September, 1774, as the mysterious writing had bodefully announced, Clement XIV. died. They took his poor remains, and swathing them in spices, the perfume of which however, failed to drown the rank stench of the mephitic poison with which the corpse was saturated, they put him in his coffin—no tear ever bedews the bier of Pope,—and carried him to the vaults, in the dimness and silence of which his predecessors repose, of whom, few had reigned so well or died so miserably. If such things were “done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?” If even Popes are not spared when they offend against the “Order of Jesus,” what monarch, or statesman, or offender of any degree may hope for impunity if within the reach of the long arm of the Jesuits? Italy is not the only land which is blessed with fountains and springs, the waters of which possess the rare properties of the far-famed *Aqua Tofana*.

CHAPTER XVI.

Resuscitation of the "Order," and Renewal of their Plots.

WE have seen the Jesuits suppressed. For how long? “For ever,” said the Bull of Pope Clement XIV. Not for a year; not for a century; but for “eternity!” And the monarchs of

the Popish world, thinking that they had seen the last of these troublers of Europe, re-echoed the "eternal" of the pontiffical bull in the sentence of banishment which they severally passed against the "Sons of Loyola." "But though cast out like dogs," as one has said, "the Jesuits grow young again like eagles!"

"Surgimus plures toties cadendo."—BALDE.

The "eternal" of the Papal Bull lasted only till 1814. Even during the forty years that the Bull was in force, there is good ground to conclude that the Jesuits had passed out of sight only, not out of existence. During the second half of these forty years, the awful tempest of the French Revolution had been shaking Europe. On every side was heard the crash of thrones and altars. It was these terrors rather than the Bull of Clement which kept the Jesuits in their hiding-places. They sought shelter in the caves and dens of the earth, from the wrath of Him who sitteth on a mightier throne than that of the Pontiff. But when the storm had passed, and Rome again opened her gates to receive her Pope, the fallen altars of Papal Christendom were set up as aforesaid, and the Jesuits as necessary adjuncts were invited to come abroad and show themselves in the light of day. Pius VII., by a Bull dated, 7th August, 1814, formally restored the "Order."

They were not only revived, they were revived in greater power than ever. The Pope judged that the Jesuits were the agents the times and the work to be done specially needed. Pius VII. leaned upon them, and the jealousy which had hitherto existed between the "Order" and the Papal chair was henceforward at an end. In an incredibly short time they overspread Europe. Their colleges and schools arose in the various countries, and their swarms were further multiplied by the formation of Sodalities, such as "St. Vincent de Paul," "Brothers of the Christian Doctrine," "The Mailita of Jesus

Christ," and numerous other fraternities and sisterhoods, which affiliated with the Jesuits, and working under their direction, vastly strengthen their influence. The power of the Roman Church is now in their hands, and by a thousand instrumentalities they touch the springs of human affairs, and bring about startling events, without the world's knowing whence have proceeded the *phenomena* that surprise, perplex, and distract it.

Since their restoration in 1814, their action has been on a larger scale than before. They still move in the old grooves, so far. A select portion of the "Order" lay themselves out to seduce youth, pollute the public literature, divide families, and corrupt Churches. They work small at the same time that they work large. They eat into society as the moth does into a garment. They come forth as the locusts, not at first in a cloud or swarm, but as a straggling vanguard, and alight in little bands, and soon the moral verdure of a country begins to be spotted. They do not disdain the triumph of a single convert, especially if he be a man of wealth, or title, or professional eminence. But they aim at loftier things. Their greater labours these fifty years past have been undertaken in the wider sphere of politics.

They justly recognise the present era as a great formative one. The world is in a state of transition, the nations are taking on a new mould, and society is putting forth new and mightier powers. This state of things, in one view, is full of danger to them, in another it is full of promise, according as they shall play their part, and succeed by skilful and cunning management in recasting the world in a mould and fashion that shall be answerable to their purpose, which is, to be its masters. And consequently there is not a political current flowing at this hour in Europe, from one side of it to the other, which they do not intently watch, and labour with their utmost strength to regulate and control.

As regards the form into which they will suffer Europe finally to settle down, their choice lies betwixt two extremes. The one is Despotism, the other is Communism. The first would suit their purpose best, the old "Divine right," namely, its fountain being, of course, the chair of Peter. But if this cannot be, anarchy could also be made to fall in with their views. One thing they hate, abhor, and condemn, and will continue unchangeably to hate, abhor, and condemn, and that one thing is, the *via media* of constitutional government. Next to heresy, constitutional government is, in their eye, a supreme unmitigated abomination. They are, at this hour, bending all their efforts for the overthrow of constitutionalism in every country in which it exists. For this end they maintain an irreconcilability between the Vatican and the kingdom of Italy; for this end they plot the overthrow of the Republic in France; they intrigue to break up the German empire; and, above all, they scheme, with a most unhappy measure of success, to make parliamentary government a bye-word and a scandal in Great Britain. They have again and again cursed the constitutionalism of England. They denounce it as the main source of the political plagues which are infesting the world. Here is what the *Univers* of Paris said a few years ago :—

"England is the true enemy of Christendom; a revolution-machine whose safety-valves open to dart disorder over the rest of the world! Of all the manufactures of England, the pest of revolutionary ideas is the most cultivated. A Socialist zone commences at the Atlantic, advances through Belgium, Switzerland, and Piedmont, to the extremity of the island of Sardinia, cutting Europe in two; it is the vast workshop full of English high engineers, where the gunpowder is prepared to blow up the social edifice built by Christianity."

The Jesuits show their usual craft and sagacity in the plan they pursue. They have marked for destruction first our

political liberties. It were madness to attempt meanwhile and at once the suppression of our Protestant faith. That attempt will come in its own order. First our nation must be split into factions, our Parliament must be disgraced, our Government must be made to rest on the army, or remain helpless, and when our political defences have been trodden into the dust, then will come the supreme battle for our religious liberties.

There is hardly one of the great movements of the past thirty years in which the Jesuits have not had a hand. They revived in Otaheite the persecutions of the Middle Ages. They assailed by violence the evangelisation of Madeira; they threw its leading missionary, Dr. Kalley, into prison, refusing to accept of bail, and if he had not succeeded in making his escape, they would have dragged him to the scaffold. The scenes in Madagascar, and the massacre of the Evangelicals at Rimini show that the old hatreds are still alive, and only wait a fitting opportunity to burst out on a larger scale. The Government of Russia has proved by undoubted documentary evidence that it is the Jesuits who keep the fires of sedition burning in Poland, and who have instigated plots against the life of the Czar. It has come to light that the Crimean War was of their making. They forced Napoleon into it by the cry of the holy Sepulchre in danger, and Napoleon drew Britain into its destructive vortex. The Mexican expedition, which ended so tragically for Maximillian, was planned by them. The dignitary who accompanied him as counsellor in the administration of the empire which they promised him, had only the melancholy duty of ministering to him on the scaffold.

It is beyond doubt that the Franco-German War was of their origination. Their design was to tread out the Protestantism of Germany, to turn the political scale against the Protestant nations, and restore once more their old ascendancy in the

councils of Europe. For this end they craftily fanned the jealousies and passions of the French people against the Germans ; they kindled into a white heat the fanaticism of the Empress ; and then went forth the fiat *à Berlin*, followed by the one awful month of battles in which the Napoleonic empire perished—its terrible and sudden crash astounding the world.

Their project had failed ; the Empire was in the dust ; but the Jesuits knew neither to abandon hope, nor to relax their efforts. In the field of ruins to which they had reduced France, they began to work afresh, for the reconstruction of the nation on the basis of a thorough submission to the Papal See. They placed at the head of the Republic a tool of their own, but this was only a provisional arrangement. They looked forward to the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy, and began to pave the way for the accession of Henry V. An army of forty thousand priests were employed as teachers in disciplining the youth. To open the door for the Bourbon, they revived the mouldy doctrine of the "Right Divine" of kings. In the public schools they sneered at science, they perverted history, they expatiated on the wickedness of Constitutional and Republican government. In short, a race of Frenchmen was being reared without intelligence, without honour, without patriotism,—fit only to be the bondmen of a foreign priest. The pit was being dug for the liberties of the country. As soon as the Republic became mistress of itself, it said this state of things must have an end.

We trace in France, a strong and steady current of legislative edicts from 1762 downwards, flowing in the channel of the repression, and indeed abolition, of the religious orders, and honouring the Jesuits with special prominence among the orders forbidden to exist, save with the formal permission of the Government. Even under the old monarchy, these hostile

edicts had begun to be launched against this obnoxious Order. The Parliament of Paris abolished the Society of Jesus in 1762. This abolition was renewed in 1764, and again in 1767, and again in 1777, and once more in 1790. These repeated blows, falling so swiftly, seemed to have stunned, but not extinguished, the Jesuits. In 1826 we find them again lifting up the head, exciting the alarm of the French Chambers, and drawing down upon themselves the denunciatory edicts of the legislature. After this they again pass out of view till the alarm their appearance had caused had subsided. But in 1845 we find the Chambers again thundering against them, invoking the old laws, and engaging in efforts to disperse and exterminate them. France has pursued her enemy with a fire of edicts for a century past. But scarcely has she returned her sword into its scabbard, and addressed herself to the work of consolidating her liberties, than straightway her old adversaries, swarming out of their dark retreats, are upon her to undo all that she has done, and pull down all that she has built up.

This brings us to the Bill of M. Jules Ferry of last summer. This Bill was a renewal of the old battle against the Jesuits. In the course of debate, M. Jules Ferry advanced some weighty reasons why it should pass into law, and he triumphantly justified the arrest which it proposed to lay on those who were undermining the foundations of the State. "The Jesuits," we find him saying, "were in permanent conspiracy against the existing institutions of the State, and their position in France is illegal." He characterised their teaching as being of a dangerous character, hostile not only to Republican institutions, but also to modern society. He described the sort of text-books which they were putting into the hands of their pupils, and the nature of the political and moral doctrines which they were instilling into their minds. "These works," said M. Ferry, "distinctly taught the Divine right of kings, and advocated the

carrying on of religious wars. They attacked the Revolution, and glorified the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes ; they calumniated Neckar and Turgot ; they rejected the principles of the national sovereignty ; and they taught that France was beaten in the late war because she had deserted the Pope. In these books universal suffrage and trial by jury were denounced as vexatious institutions ; liberty of conscience and of worship were condemned, and the liberty of the press was asserted to be a principle that has never been admitted by a wise Government. In short, they outraged everything that France loved and respected, everything she admired, and everything that constituted her national greatness."

The Bill was passed, as our readers know, and the Jesuits were driven out with the entire acquiescence of the nation, the Bourbonists excepted. It is instructive to mark that their expulsion is not the act of a hostile minister, or an unfriendly cabinet ; it is the deed of a nation—the nation of France. It is not the act of one generation only of the French people, it is the act of successive generations, all of whom have investigated the principles of the Jesuits, and have watched the working of these principles on the country, and have recorded it as their solemn verdict, and repeated that verdict again and again through a whole century, to the effect, that the Jesuits are the foes of liberty, the enemies of knowledge, the corruptors of morality, and the destroyers of society, and that as such their continuance on the soil of France is impossible.

It adds not a little to the significance of this affair to reflect that this is the verdict of a Popish nation ! It is not Protestant England but Popish France that has sat in judgment on the Jesuits, that has solemnly recorded her verdict against them in her statute-book, that has kept that verdict there unaltered during a long century, that has again and again acted upon it, and that once more proclaims that she cannot with due regard

to her liberty and morality permit this Order of men to remain on her soil. The judgment of England would have carried weight ; that of France is crushing. But the crushing weight of this judgment falls on a far larger confederation than the Society of Jesus. It is the principles of the Church of Rome on which France has sat in trial, and on which she pronounces this condemnation. The condemnation of the Jesuits is the condemnation of Rome. It is that so-called Church weighed in the balance by her own sons and found wanting—so grievously wanting that neither liberty, nor knowledge, nor morality, nor even society, can exist along with her.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Jesuit in Families.

THOUGH France is the more noted instance of Jesuit banishment, it is not the only one. The Fathers have been chased from Germany, from Belgium, from Italy, and from Switzerland. This has assembled them in England, which once more has become the European focus and rallying-ground of these inveterate plotters and inextinguishable incendiaries. It seems bootless to discuss the question of admitting them, seeing they have already been admitted. Had that question been still to be discussed, we should have put it to the Popish nations—“Shall we admit these men?” The answer would have been “No: we have driven them out of our own territories, although of the same faith.” We would have put that question to history. History would have returned an emphatic “No;” and it would have enforced that “No,” by pointing with its warning finger to the black indictment against them, over which, in its leading events, we have rapidly gone.

We have been accustomed to welcome the refugees of all countries, without question asked touching their political or their religious creed. So say many. But these men are neither political nor religious refugees. It is not against this Government or against that ; it is not against this religious creed or against that that these men are in revolt. They have burst the bonds of human society ; they have razed the foundations of eternal morality ; they are rebels against all Governments, offenders against all creeds. As such, they can claim the protection of no law, and the asylum of no country. They who have renounced all obligations, have thereby forfeited all claims. The denial of all the rights of others is the annihilation of their own.

But, it is again urged, to what practical end forbid the admission of the Jesuits? You may as well try to shut out the winds, or frame an edict against the entrance of evil spirits. We grant that the Jesuit can pass, whenever it suits him, into another shape, and become as viewless as the winds, or as the spirit whose step no one hears, and whose form eludes every eye. You banish him in his character of priest to-day, he returns to-morrow in the guise of a pedlar, or of a shoemaker, or, it may be, of a foreign scholar or count. It does not follow, therefore, that it is wise to leave our law wholly inoperative. It is some defence to the citizen to have it declared that these men are unlawful intruders into our country ; and that their residence in it is in violation of the statute. Besides, whatever difficulty may exist as regards the individual Jesuit, there is no difficulty as regards those formidable organised fraternities which are planting themselves down east and west, north and south of our country ; and are rearing their palatial edifices on the shores of the English Channel, on the banks of our Highland lochs, in the heart of our great cities, beneath the shadow of cathedral, and amid the quiet pastoral scenes of our rural districts, displaying, to

the astonished eyes of the uninitiated, mansions sumptuously furnished with couches and marbles, with the rich fabrics of the loom, and the *chef d'œuvres* of art, and the not less sumptuous outside garnishings of lawns, fountains, and shady walks, attesting the bounteous care with which the "Church" provides for the delectation of the men who have devoted themselves to her service, and who, the better to discharge it, have taken upon them a vow of poverty.

Over the neck of our law hundreds of Jesuits have already entered our country, and hundreds more are to follow. What recompense will they make us for the hospitality we are extending to them? The same which they made to the Protestants of Poland, to the Huguenots of France, to the Puritans of England in a bygone age. Making a loud boast of their zeal for education, and their special talent for imparting it, they will first tax us for the erection of their schools, and then they will seek, by the lure of a free education, to draw our youth into them. What an elegant latinity, what a polished manner will they impart to our young gentlemen, to the admiring delight of many a proud mother and many an equally fond father! What perfect masters in the science of tact—that first of all the virtues in the opinion of many—will the Fathers show themselves in the drawing-room! What paragons of gentility! How courteous! how bland! Not for a world would they offend the taste or hurt the feelings of any one! How ready with the right compliment, at the right moment, and how prettily said! How overflowing in charity to all mankind, and in particular to the Protestant portion of it! What a power to read faces, and with what an unerring instinct will they find their way to the frivolous, to the sentimental, and, above all, to the rich, that is, to the weak side of such. How delightful to listen as they talk on art, on fashionable literature, on foreign travel, and similar topics, but never on thorny

theologies. How prodigiously have Romanists been misrepresented! will the easy-going Protestant exclaim. What could more enliven an evening party than the presence of such amiable, accomplished, and well-informed gentlemen? "We are delighted," will mine host and hostess say, on bidding them adieu for the night; "let us see you often."

After these playful preludes will come serious business. At the second or third visit from these gentlemen and ladies in masks, some one member of the family—one is enough to begin with—will be singled out as the object of special attentions. We shall suppose that the party to be operated upon is a lady. Her foibles and partialities have been previously noted, and her new acquaintance suddenly surprises her by displaying a passionate fondness for the very same objects which are favourites with her. It may be a picture, or a poodle-dog, or a canary bird, or a new novel, or some art or study—it matters not what; it is a link of sympathy; it is the needle that draws in the thread of religious discussion. Cautiously the subject of the differences betwixt the Popish and Protestant Churches will be approached. "What a number of sects you Protestants form," exclaims the Romanist, playing on mere names, and ignoring the substantial agreement in all cardinal points in the Protestant world. "Let us see, quite a host, some score, some fifty, some hundred denominations. Which of all these is the right one? which of you has the true religion? Ah, well, thankful I am," he will piously ejaculate, raising his eyes, "that I do not dwell in that Babel." When it is seen that the thrust has told, then is the moment for bringing into view the unity of the Roman Church. "We are one," will the Romanist exclaim with an air of exultation; "one over all the earth! A grand old indestructible unity." And yet Rome is the real Babel. The word "Church" covers a multitude of motley and conflicting opinions, controversialists, and orders, held

together simply by the force of Papal authority. Such is her "Church" surveyed within, but viewed from the outside it appears, not what it is, a great confusion, but a great unity.

Following up his advantage, the party attacking continues:—"We are the Old Church. You Protestants date from only the sixteenth century. Your religion had no existence till the days of Luther. We, on the other hand, are the ancient Apostolic Church, which Peter planted at Rome. See the line of our Popes coming down from the first age. They are a glorious army of many hundreds; all these eighteen hundred years have they been governing the Church from their chair on the Seven Hills." What an imposing vision does this call up before the mind. Placed alongside a picture like this, combining so many elements fitted to inspire awe, Protestantism begins to look verily but a new and diminutive Church. "Can I," says the Protestant whom this gorgeous creation has dazzled, "can I be wrong in joining myself to this Church of the ages? Am I not safe in trusting my salvation where so many before me have trusted theirs?"

This is deception the second, and it is a greater deception than the first. What is this Church of the ages but a *phantasmagoria*, like that which a magician may summon up, or like that delusive show which the great Deceiver spread out before the eyes of the Saviour. Touch it with the finger of history, it vanishes outright. Its pastoral staves and golden mitres, its conclaves and cathedral domes, all tinted and glorified with the light of eighteen centuries, go down in darkness—are swallowed up in sudden night. That is the ancient Apostolic Church which possesses the ancient Apostolic doctrine, let its seat be where it may, at Rome, at Jerusalem, at Geneva, or at London.

"And then," continues the man who is doing battle for Rome, "how bald and cold your Protestant worship! Come with me, I will show you worship that will kindle your emotions,

and bear up your soul on wings to the third heavens. Here are anthems, and lights, and incense, and priests, in garments of glory and beauty, like the priests of old, celebrating mysterious and solemn rites. That is worship. And then to aid your feeble devotion, here are symbols to suggest to you holy things and holy persons, here are images to help you in prayer, nay, here are saints, once sufferers on earth like yourself, now in glory, their sympathies awake, and ready to help you with their intercessions." The person of sensuous disposition, like the child to whom some garish show has been exhibited, is ready to leap up at the sight, and think that here there is indeed gladness of heart. What a mistake! In the midst of all these lights and symphonies, there may be darkness in the soul—the darkness of death. Where there is no communion of the soul with God, there can be no joy—there is despair and death.

"If thou knewest the gift of God," it was said of old to one, who till then had never thirsted save for the water of earth, "and who it is that saith to thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." It is the living water only that can make glad the heart. But the "living water" Rome, alas! has not to give, and the gorgeous ceremonial which she offers instead, is but a poor substitute,—it is but the water of earth.

"But," continues the Tempter, who sees his victim still halting dubiously on the threshold of his "Church of the ages," "are you not running a desperate risk in venturing your soul upon the credit of a Book? I am amazed at your boldness. Come, I will show you a far stabler and broader foundation. Here is the great Catholic Church. Has it not been promised that the Holy Spirit will abide always in the Church? Is she not, in virtue of the perpetual inhabitation of the Divine Spirit, infallible? As a helpless child, come and throw yourself upon the bosom of that mother. Once within her arms you are

safe. Why run the tremendous hazards attendant on judging for yourself? Can you be sure that you know the true meaning of the Bible? May you not have misinterpreted it? Here, in the Church of Rome, you have the doctors and fathers of all ages instructing you in the true sense of Scripture. Why set up your own interpretation of it in opposition to their unanimous teaching? Are you wiser than them all? Submit yourself, if you would avoid fatal error, submit yourself to their guidance. They will show you the safe road."

This argument commonly succeeds in vanquishing the person on whom it is urged, even when he may have resisted the previous ones. "My judgment," says he to himself, "is weak. I am ill-informed and ignorant in these matters. Why should I reject the assistance offered me? Is it not pride to set up my own opinion in opposition to the sentiments of the doctors and fathers of the Church? Is it not a becoming humility to defer to these holy and learned men who are so much wiser than I am, and so much more able to judge for me than I am to judge for myself?" Besides, by the time this stage of the discussion is reached, the person is commonly so shaken and bewildered in mind by the novel aspects in which so many matters have been presented, and the consummate sophistry and art, the elaboration of centuries, which has been brought to support error, that he surrenders without farther parley.

Yet in all this long train of deceptions there is, perhaps, no greater deception than this. For the unanimous concord and agreement of the fathers and doctors of the Church, in their interpretation of the Bible does not exist. There is really no such thing. It is a fiction of the Romish controversialist. Each doctor has given his own interpretation of the sense of Scripture, and the interpretation of one doctor is often in flat contradiction to the interpretation of another doctor. Every Christian, the very humblest has as good a right to interpret

the Bible for himself as the greatest and most learned of all these doctors. "A right," did we say? It is his duty. Salvation is the personal concern of every man, and each must ascertain the sense of Scripture for himself, with the promised help of the Spirit who inspired it; and no one is at liberty to shirk that responsibility by throwing it upon the shoulders of another; no not upon the shoulders of the consociated doctorship of the Church.

Even granting that such "unanimous consent and concord," as Rome offers us for our guidance, did exist, of what value or use would it be? It is, after all, but the private judgment of, say, ten thousand fallible doctors. But ten thousand *fallibilities* do not make an *infallibility*. We need infallibility as the basis of our hopes for eternity. We have such a basis in God's infallibly inspired Word, and nowhere else. In that Book God speaks directly to man. And when man turns away from God speaking in his Word to listen to the "Church," he shifts his faith from a Divine to a merely human foundation. He abandons the Rock for a quicksand. He forsakes those "testimonies" in which is "eternal righteousness," for the varying and fallible opinions of man.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Jesuit in Scotland—European Outlook.

AFTER the above fashion does Rome carry on her work of seduction in families. How does she proceed on the open stage of the world? She employs the same tactics, but with a wider application, and with an eye to a larger issue. When it is a single individual who has been marked for destruction, the Jesuit, well skilled in his craft, begins, as we have seen, by awakening doubt. The first doubt opens the door for the

second; and the man is led from one degree of scepticism to another, till at last, his faith overthrown, he is fain, in his loneliness and helplessness, to throw himself into the arms of the Church.

When it is a Church or a nation that is to be overthrown, the battle is ordered in the same manner. The first blow is levelled at that one great principle—for there is such in every society—which is its mainstay, and this cannot be better done than by sowing the seeds of diverse and strange doctrines. The Sons of Loyola, now flocking to our shores, will not spare to sow such seeds. We may not see that seed as it falls; its sowers will pass through the land at the dead hour of night; but such seed does not usually lie long under the clod, and the work of these sowers will speedily notify itself by the din—music how sweet to them—of our dissensions and wranglings, which will break out on all sides.

There are two institutions in especial to which the Jesuits will lay siege. These are the Press and the Pulpit. They will strain every nerve to possess themselves of both, and work them for their own ends. The press of Great Britain is already manipulated by them to an extent of which the public but little dream. Not a few newspapers have a Jesuit on their staff as editor, or “contributor,” or “reporter.” The reporting force of the kingdom is, to a considerable extent, made up of Romanists; and the *esprit de corps* is such that a newspaper may, unaware to itself often, be influenced against a cause, or an individual obnoxious to Rome, although it may have no Romanist in its service. There are names the *Times* dare not mention; there are causes, true and noble, it dare not advocate. There are British authors as well as Irish farmers who are “Boycotted.” The author speaks from documentary evidence when he says, that the identical Jesuit has been traced through successive disguises in the journalism of the metropolis: now assailing violently in his own proper character of Papist; and

now in the guise of a pious Methodist, whispering into the editorial ear, in oily phrase, how much he was pained by such and such an article in his columns, it was so lacking in the sweet grace of charity. The whole English press of the world is supervised, and the word is passed round how writers, speakers, and causes are to be handled, so that everywhere its verdict may be the same, and applause or condemnation dealt out just as it may accord with the interests and wishes of Rome.

The Pulpit, we may be sure, will not be overlooked. We have seen how often, in the days of Elizabeth, the Jesuit face showed itself beneath a Puritan vizard in the pulpits of England. Is there any reason why the Jesuit should not in our day don the English surplice, or the Genevan gown? We know of none. There is not a creed in all Scotland which he will not profess, nor an ordination formula which he will not swear, and, consequently, there is not a pulpit of any denomination in all the land which he may not enter. Thus he will be able to plant "diversities of doctrine," than which there is no surer way of disturbing the peace of congregations, and raising furious wars in Churches. Strifes and divisions are the weakness of Protestants, and the strength of Rome.

The Jesuits are famous as confessors. The reason is obvious. The confessional is a "window" through which to explore the secrets of families and neighbourhoods. It will be diligently worked in Scotland, and the whole land searched out by the quiet probing of its far reaching antennæ. These strangers will soon know better than ourselves the social and monied condition of our aristocratic families, the estates that may be secured on advantageous terms; the rich widows and dowried young ladies, whose persons they may deposit in a convent, and their wealth in the coffers of the Church. "How sweet," it will be said, "to have a friend to whom you can disclose your infirmities and sorrows." Yes; but the confessional is

a device for emptying purses as well as relieving burdened consciences.

To young barristers and medical practitioners "the Fathers" will hold out the bribe of a large practice, provided they join their Church. They will contrive to place their friends in all manner of posts, offices, and employments; and some of them they will hoist up to the high places of their profession, that they may be able, for the good of the Church, to turn the scales in favour of clients. They will plant their spies at our tables in the persons of domestic servants. The tyranny will come very close to us: it will enter our homes, and seat itself at our hearths; and what is spoken there, "a bird of the air" will carry and repeat elsewhere.

They will disseminate their emissaries in our factories and workshops, where their business will be to foment quarrels between employers and employed, and bring on trade-disputes and strikes. It is even possible that they may adopt the plan to which they resorted in France. In that country, they formed themselves into a large mercantile and trading establishment; and after contracting debts to the amount of several millions, they generously offered to their creditors to discharge their obligations to them in masses. This device would accomplish the twofold end of enriching themselves and convulsing the commercial world of Britain. Their tactics will be to distract and weaken us along the whole line of our national life.

Scriptural religion and earnest piety will be assailed by scoff and sneer. Its professors will be attacked by lampoons and calumnies. A laugh is better at times than an argument.

A little longer, when matters shall have ripened, the same questions now in so fierce debate in Ireland will be raised in Scotland and England. We, too, have a land question looming in the distance. The Romanists have made up their minds that all heritages lost to them at the Reformation shall return

again into their possession. The bull of Benedict XIV., part of the canon law, declares these estates to be the rightful property still of the Roman Catholics ; and the bull of Pius IX., *Apostolica Sedis*, excommunicates all who retain these lands, or the revenues of ecclesiastical or conventual institutions. Were these bulls enforced, but few acres would be left to many a landlord, and to some none at all. But their enforcement will be attempted one day. The late Dr. David Laing, about a year before his death, showed the author a letter which he had received from a Catholic nobleman in England, making inquiry touching the quondam titles of the monastic property in Scotland. This looks as if the recovery of the Church lands had already been taken in hand. We have an "Ireland" in all our great cities ; for what are the masses of Romanists located there but an Ireland on a small scale ? And these will form a foothold when the time is ripe for agitating the restoration of these lands which the Pope and the canon law have solemnly pronounced to be still the "Church's." "The flames" of this agitation," said the *Aurora*, the Papal organ, recently referring to the Irish question, "must one day or another break out, and may extend to edifices deemed secure."

"One of the most powerful and dangerous of the affiliated Jesuitical Societies is that of St. Vincent de Paul ; it has its branches in all parts of the world, and is computed to comprise 700,000 members. Its object is ostensibly to benefit the poor ; but it is, in fact, a religio-political organisation. Frederick Ozanam, the founder of this Society, stated at Florence in 1855 :—'*Our chief object is not to assist the poor—no, that is for us only a means. Our object is to keep them steadfast in the Catholic faith, and to propagate it among others by means of charity.*'* This society has its local, central, and general

* Works of F. Ozanam, published by his Society. Vol. viii., page 43. Paris : Lecoffre et Cie, 1859.

councils, quarterly meetings, conferences, fêtes, and pilgrimages; it has passports and circular letters for its members. It adapts itself to all classes and conditions—addresses itself to the scholar, the soldier, the mechanic, the apprentice, the labourer, to the mother and the daughter, and for all of whom it issues a suitable publication.

“This body, which has proved to be dangerous to the well-being of every State in Europe, is putting forth prodigious efforts in this country, and notwithstanding the law forbids the residence of Jesuits in England, numerous affiliated societies, together with a Provincial of the Order, exist here in defiance of the law. The British Government even pays large sums of money annually to schools and institutions conducted by Jesuits, who were considered, even by the Pope, Clement XIV., unfit for such an office.”*

There is another danger before us, not much thought of at this moment, because it bulks but little in the public eye, but which in a year or two will develop into very formidable proportions. Jesuit missions will be set on foot. Little troops of propagandists, under various names, and tricked out in various habits, will perambulate the country, delivering plausible addresses, and exhibiting ceremonies and performances to which the people of Scotland have not been much accustomed these past three centuries, and therefore the more likely to draw crowds to witness the novel spectacle, to see the strangely appressed men, and to hear what they have to say in their own behalf. The Jesuits, we must bear in mind, have different names. The great “Order” includes, by affiliation or other devices, the “Redemptorists,” “Brothers of the Christian Doctrine,” “Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Virgin,” “Adorers of Jesus,” “Fathers of the Faith.” Of these confraternities, we have had a few pioneers planted in Scotland for

* Monthly Paper of Protestant Alliance, London.

some years,—such as the “Redemptorists,” who have erected for themselves a palatial residence on Kinnoull Hill, whence they look down on the “Fair City” and the Scottish Tiber. They have been content hitherto to abide in quiet. It is good policy. They must establish for themselves a character for inoffensiveness ; and by acting the part of good neighbours, show the Scottish people what a bugbear those attempted to frighten them with, who said the Fathers had come to attack the religion of the country. Meanwhile they are learning the ways of the land, ascertaining the weak points of their neighbours, and diversifying their religious duties in their sweet retreat by now making a proselyte, and now acquiring a death-bed gift. But this period of masterly inactivity will not last very long. Scotland is an inviting field of operation. It has lain fallow during the summers of three centuries. It is high time to turn up its soil with the Roman plough, and sow it once more with the true seed of which the Great Husbandman of the Seven Hills, with provident eye to such emergencies, always keeps a plentiful store. In the Papal pharmacopœia this seed is labelled “*the finest of the wheat.*” There are some who doubt this, however, seeing there is an old Book still extant, the name of which it is not polite to mention at Rome, in which this seed goes by the name of “*Tares.*” This by the way.

Accordingly, the Fathers, by-and-by, putting aside for a time the breviary and other manuals of devotion, and grasping the pilgrim’s staff, will organise themselves in little missionary bands, and go forth to propagandise in the towns and villages of our land. If nothing else shall be accomplished by these pious expeditions, this at least will be gained by them, they will accustom us to sights to which our paganised eyes have long been unfamiliar. As dwellers in *partibus infidelium* the Scots have grown rude, and hardened, and profane as very heathen. They are mockers at holy crosses, and holy garments,

and holy men ; they have forgot to uncover in the presence of shaven priest and corded friar, they know not to kneel when the image of saint is carried past, or to throw themselves in the dust when the host is brought forth. They despise relics, making no more of a skull of St. Peter, an arm of St. Paul, or a finger of St. Andrew, or one of the legs of the ass on which Balaam rode, than if they were rotten bones raked up from the nearest churchyard. They even go the horrible length of ranking the priestly charm and the juggler's trick on the same level, and attribute an equal potency to both. It will be something to redeem men from a state of hardened impiety like this, and the missions shortly to be set on foot may be expected to do so. The Scots will be taught a little veneration for things which, though they have much rottenness, have also much holiness. But more than this, much more, it may be reasonably hoped will be gained by these missions.

First of all, the thing is a novelty, and will have all the interest which novelties possess, and receive the attention which the populace seldom fail to give to what is new and, at the same time, strange. Here are dresses, actors, musical oratorios, and scenic exhibitions, in short, a stage play of a very refined character in the room of the old stage play, which has gone somewhat out of fashion. And then comes the chief consideration that this is "religion"—religion in a very attractive garb. Those who have hitherto been unable to find a religion to suit them will find this one entirely to their taste, and be ready, of course, to embrace it.

But, farther, these missionaries will be careful to preach no unpalatable doctrine. They will not have a word to say on the "infallibility," the "excommunication," or "purgatory," or any of the outstanding doctrines of their Church. They will be equally careful not to attack the cardinal doctrines of Protestantism. The words "heresy" and "heretics" will not once

drop from their mouths. They will do their best to sink the differences betwixt Popery and Protestantism, and to show that the Reformers misunderstood the teaching of Rome, at least exaggerated her errors, and so misled the people; in short, that there is no question touching matters of saving import at issue between the two Churches, and no reason, did charity but more abound, why the two should not again be one.

Moreover, they will preach what to the uninstructed Protestant will appear Protestantism, and even Calvinism. There is nothing to hinder a Romish priest, proceeding on the lines of the Council of Trent, preaching the doctrine of justification by faith. He does not even need a dispensation from the Pope to do so. And thousands will not know the difference, but will believe the Popish doctrine to be the same with the teaching of Paul and of Luther, while all the while the two are essentially and eternally antagonistic. We have long ceased to wear the armour our fathers were so skilful in the use of, and which hard necessity, the peril of both body and soul, compelled them to adopt. Of the crowds who will flock to hear these novel harangues—it is so exciting to play with edge tools—not a few will return shaken in mind, and some fatally snared and taken. They little know how keen an edge Rome gives her barbs, how much her sheer sophistications look like solid arguments, till the arrow has entered and cannot be plucked out again. Then a process of spiritual demoralisation will set in. Variances will show themselves in families, dissensions will break out in congregations, and the ecclesiastical framework of Scotland will be shaken and disjointed. To create such a state of matters is always the first object with the Jesuits.

Even while we write, we see that this very work has been inaugurated in Scotland. We quote the following from the public prints.*

* *Edinburgh Daily Review*, 3rd March, 1881.

“During the past fortnight, what is known in the Roman Catholic Church as a “mission,” has been conducted in the Assembly Hall here (Montrose), by Redemptorist Fathers from the Kinnoull Hill Monastery. The services have been largely attended by members of all denominations. At the concluding meeting, Father Hall gave a brief address. He thanked the Protestant community of Montrose for the courtesy with which he and his brethren had been treated. While passing along the streets in their priestly robes, there had not been the slightest approach to insult, even by the youngest and most thoughtless portion of the community. He did not think that in any town in the country he would have been able to say the same. He had also to thank the large numbers of Protestants who had attended the services for the respectful attention they had given to the enunciation of Catholic doctrines. He thanked those who had attended for their generosity, and stated that, owing to the liberality of Protestants, the whole expenses of the mission would be defrayed by those who had attended the meetings.”

Montrose wears the halo of a double glory,—a classic, and a religious one. It had the distinction of possessing the first public school in which Greek was taught in Scotland—a language peculiarly abhorrent to the priests, seeing all who learned it became heretics. Montrose, moreover, furnished a George Wishart, and a Walter Mill for the stake, when the Gospel was fighting its way into Scotland through burning piles. It gave an Andrew Melville in the next age to do battle with a monarch who was attempting to trample under foot the liberties which the Reformation had won for our country. These three deathless names connect themselves with this old town. But Montrose would seem to feel that she has not yet been pardoned by Rome for these services, and she is in haste to wipe out the stain, and cover the offence, by welcoming the vanguard of the enslavers of our country, even as she gave leaders to the glorious army of its emancipators in past times. If she offended Rome by becoming the early patron of Greek literature, she can now say that she has atoned for

her grievous fault by giving an equally early welcome to the men whose services to letters have been commemorated in the distich—

“A second deluge learning did o’errun,
And the Monks finished what the Goths begun.”

And if in the days of old she sent forth her sons to fight the battles of liberty and religion, she has now made expiation by being the first of the Scottish towns to open her gates to the men who come to champion the good old cause of ignorance and slavery. Her repentance, we doubt not, will be noted and appreciated in the proper quarter.

There is another cloud hanging over us, and not *us* only, but over all Christendom. We refer to the steady growth of Communism, and other forms of political and social revolution in all the countries of Continental Europe. We had the fact publicly proclaimed to us as one of startling and ominous significance by an able and experienced diplomatist at the recent meeting of the Social Science Association in Edinburgh. “Communism,” said that authority, “is the reason of the enormous armies maintained at this day by the Continental Governments,” and we were warned, moreover, that in the presence of so formidable a foe, daily growing in numbers and strength, not one of these Governments dare reduce their overgrown armaments. If these Governments will return to their obedience to the See of Rome, the Jesuits will exert themselves to the utmost to extinguish Communism, and make all safe and stable around the thrones which it menaces with overthrow. But if these Governments shall maintain their present attitude to the Vatican, if they persist in declining the concordats and canon law of Rome, they will be left to reckon with the Communists as best they may. Help from the Papal See they shall have none. Nay, the Jesuits, in the end of the day, will make common cause with

Communism, and will use this new-sprung force to wreak their vengeance on those Governments which have lifted up the heel against their liege lord, and obstinately refuse to return to their obedience to a ruler who claims to be the moral and political sovereign of all Christendom, the king of all its kings. They are working all round Europe to bring on confusion, not doubting for a moment that out of this chaos will emerge their long-cherished dream of a Universal Catholic Monarchy. Is it then wise in us to make our soil free to men who will use it as a foothold to plot the downfall of all the European Governments, not excepting Britain itself?

Last of all there comes a warning from the Vatican. Not later than the 24th of October last, the present Pope, who has been so lauded for moderation, found it in him to deliver himself on the question of the Temporal Power. Although Pius IX. had risen from the dead his words would not have been more stout. Leo XIII. claims that whole temporal principedom over Italy and over Christendom which Pius IX., in so many allocutions, and most solemnly and irrevocably of all, in the *Syllabus*, claimed as the rightful prerogative of his chair. Moreover, Leo warns us that he will never rest till he has conquered what he accounts his rightful position. This is a declaration of war against Italy in the first place, and against all the Governments of Christendom in the second. It is a declaration of war on the part of a king whose million-host, outnumbering ten times the army of any other monarch, stretches from side to side of Europe, phalanx on phalanx, and waits with no little impatience the hour when, Communism grown strong, and weighing down Germany, the great powers embroiled in the Eastern Question, and Great Britain, caught in the straits of a great war, the word shall go forth, and the Papal host, swelled by Communists, atheists, and the multitudinous foes of established order, will open a conflict with Christianity and Liberty all round the world.

This gives added significance to the question of the admission of the Jesuits into Great Britain. Admit the simoon if you will. As it sweeps along over our land it will strip tree and field and lay their blossoms in the dust, but the next spring will restore their perished honours. Admit the plague if you will. It will make many a corpse, it will dig many a grave, and call forth on the highway the mournful pomp of many a funeral procession ; but a few years will pass, and again the merry laugh of boyhood and girlhood will be heard on our streets, and new forms, stately and stalwart, will arise to fight our battles, and plough our fields, and carry on the business of life. But let the Jesuit enter, and it will be the dread spectacle seen by the Apocalyptist when he beheld, and "Lo, a pale horse, and he that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him." It is not the bodies of its living men merely that the Jesuits will trample into the grave. It is the manhood, the virtue, the patriotism, the piety of the land which he will waste and trample down. All that is lovely and noble and good will wither and die under the sirocco breath of Jesuitism. If then our law cannot or will not give us protection, it becomes only the more our duty, by unmasking the principles and arts of the "Order," to do whatever it may be possible to do to bar the entrance into our country of an order of men who are the banded foes of that purity that sits at our hearths, of that liberty that is enshrined in our law, of that holy faith that is taught in our sanctuaries, and of that imperial sway that is exercised from our throne.

CHAPTER XIX.

**Ireland : Its Half-Century's Drilling in
Ultramontanism.**

IRELAND has been variously spoken of as the "Isle of Saints" and the "Poland of the West." These are modes of speech which attribute moral qualities and political conditions so widely different as to make it hardly possible for us to accept them as a truthful description of the same country, at least at the same era. There is an odour of sanctity about the first which it is difficult to reconcile with the flavour of revolution which invests the second. And yet if some considerable latitude in point of time be allowed us, it will be easy to show that both designations are perfectly applicable to the sister island.

In the early ages, that is, in the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh centuries, Ireland was the seat of a pure Scriptural Christianity, and the home of a people renowned for their civilisation and their many virtues. The fame of their schools, of their learned men, and their humble and holy pastors, was spread throughout Christendom. Ireland in that age was the "Isle of Saints," saints not by the oil of Rome, but by the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

But the blissful youth of the sister country has receded far into the past. The golden age has been followed, alas ! by the iron one, and the "Isle of Saints" of the seventh century is the "Poland of the West" of the nineteenth. Do not start, kind reader, as if we were about, after the fashion of the hour, to exhaust the whole vocabulary of declamatory vituperation in denouncing Saxon injustice and Saxon oppression. We shall have to speak of tyrants, it is true,—tyrants who have gone forth in the garb of the patriot and the mantle of religion, greedily to make a spoil, and cruelly to tear in pieces, weeping

crocodile tears the while over their victims—tyrants who have laboured to rear their own vile ascendancy upon the ignorance, the enslavement, and the woes of a once-enlightened and noble people ; but that tyrant is other than the Saxon. Ireland is the “Poland of the West” because, like the Poland of the East, it has to lay its ruin mainly at the door of the Jesuit.

As in the case of an individual patient, so in that of a nation, when stricken down, the first step towards a cure is to ascertain what really is the malady. Ireland is the prey of some secret and virulent distemper. What is it? Our statesmen and politicians have been keeping their wits on work for more than half-a-century, to find out Ireland’s malady. It has baffled them all. The riddle remains unread. How many volumes have been written, how many speeches have been delivered, how many committees of investigation have sat, how much philosophy and philanthropy have been expended in the task of searching out the hidden cause of her mischief. It is a mystery to this hour. When statesmen speak of the little island in the Atlantic, parted from us by a “silvery streak” of sea—“alas ! so narrow ! would it were a thousand times broader !”—it is with awe, seeing in Ireland a Sphinx an hundred times more terrible than the Sphinx of classic story, and who, like her prototype propounds her riddle to each successive British Cabinet, and on their failing to solve it, tears them in pieces. What is the reason of this ?

One may miss the solution by too much as well as by too little ingenuity. Our statesmen have been digging fifty fathoms down in search of what is on the surface. They have been looking to the ends of the earth for what lies at their feet, and which they might have for the picking up, would they but condescend to stoop. They have been exhausting the mysteries of state-craft, and the powers of philosophy in discovering what any man who has sense enough to count his ten fingers could

tell them. Why is this? The truth is, our statesmen do not wish to find out this secret. They know very well where and in what it lies, but they sedulously avoid turning their eyes in that direction lest they should see it, and be compelled to confess it, and forced to grapple with it. That is the reason why the case of Ireland is still a mystery.

True, at first sight, Ireland's case is a frightfully complicated one. It would seem as if all the furies which delight to vex and torment nations had come trooping to that shore, and taken up their abode on this unhappy island. Only let us think what an assemblage of diverse and hideous ills we find here. Here, keeping out of view the northern quarter of the island, is the ignorance of the Zulu, the filth of the Hottentot, the slavery of the Turk, and the lawlessness of the Kurd. Here are undrained bogs, unploughed lands, hovels of mud, as if tools were yet to be invented; here are agues, fevers, famines, and men steeped to the lips in poverty, clothing themselves with rags, and subsisting on the coarsest food. Here are secret societies, unlawful oaths, prowling assassins, rapines, seditions, treasons, conspiracies, and murders. Here the cry of suffering goes up night and day; and here a spirit of vengeance, like a great furnace, burns continually. This is the Ireland of the present hour. The evils that make up this deplorable picture are so numerous and so diverse, that one despairs of being able to trace them all to one root. And yet, to one root may they all be traced.

Let us take an individual patient. From head to heel he is one hideous blotch of running sores. You cannot touch him with the tip of your finger without giving him exquisite pain, so covered is he with disease. But the skilful physician will tell us that these open wounds, loathsome and painful though they be, are only symptoms, that the disease of which they are the outcome is one, and that its seat is within. Ireland, blotched

all over with manifold mischiefs has one great malady, and that malady is the cause of all the "wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores," with which from "the crown of the head to the sole of the foot," like another sunken land in olden time, it is covered.

The whole case of Ireland may be stated in a few words. A system dominant over conscience and reason, a system at war with industry, order, and liberty, binds down the people in serfdom and misery. The priests of that system are discontented because they are not dominant, and the peasantry are insurrectionary because misled by priestly declamation, they mistake their oppressor, and cry out against England. The evils of Ireland are multiform and manifold, but their root is one, and that root is Popery.

If the reader should doubt it, we crave his attention to the following brief statement of historical facts. In 1796 an order arrived from the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda at Rome, to the effect that a thorough training in Ultramontanism should be provided for the people of Ireland. Rome was then planning those efforts which she has ever since been steadily prosecuting for restoring her dominion in Christendom, so deeply shaken, first by the Revolution in England in 1688, and next by the Revolution in France in 1789. She thought best to make a beginning with her project in Ireland. That country was an advantageous point from which to attack the heresy of the sister isle, and restore the authority of the Papal chair in England, and so restore it in the centre of the world. But first Ireland's own Popery must be consolidated. It must be recast in the sterner mould of Ultramontanism. In order to this two measures were adopted. First, Maynooth was established as an Ultramontane School; and second, Dens' Theology, a system of thorough Ultramontanism, was adopted as the training-book in Maynooth. Cardinal Cullen used

Scavini and Gurry as text-books. These were a compend of the theology of Liguori, as Dens' was of Thomas Aquinas.

Passing over political steps taken outside of Ireland, we come to the year 1831. By this time most of the Irish priests were Maynooth-bred men. In that year two injunctions were issued to the priests, as appears from the Dublin Diocesan Statutes. The first was to the effect that every priest should have in his possession a work on Moral Theology, and that every day he should read and study a chapter of it, in order that being himself well instructed in the laws of the Church, he might be able to direct the consciences of his flock by these laws. The second injunction was that all the priests of Ireland should assemble in conference, each body in their own diocese, four times every year, and undergo examination by the bishop on the portion of Dens, or of the canon law previously prescribed for their study. Here we behold a mechanism, than which nothing more complete and thorough can be imagined for writing the canons and dogmas of Rome on the mind of the whole priesthood of Ireland. To the daily study of these canons in private are added four public drillings in the year. Under such a training what could the Irish priests become but a phalanx of thorough Ultramontanes?

But the operation did not end here. The priest, having made proof of his own thorough proficiency in canon law by standing an examination upon it before his bishop, and by maintaining it in debate with his fellow-priests, was sent down to his parish, charged with the task of summoning his flock into the confessional, and indoctrinating every man of them in the same anti-social and anti-national dogmas. These were delivered to them as the truth of God, on what they most surely believed to be a Divine and infallible authority. We behold here the canon law of Rome in the process of being engraven on the mind and conscience—wrought into the life—of the whole Popish popu-

lation of Ireland. We see priest and people marshalled into one great Ultramontane host.

There never was contrived and set agoing a more powerful and complete instrumentality for enslaving a people than this. No noise accompanies the working of its mechanism. The world neither hears nor sees it. Nevertheless, day by day, and year by year, it pursues its work with noiseless, pauseless diligence, and that work is to build up the temporal sovereignty of the Pope in Ireland, to establish canon law in the room of British law, and to bind down the people in slavery by the most effectual of all methods, even that of enslaving the conscience.

The man who was the first to bring fully to light this conspiracy against the nation and liberties of Protestant Britain was the late Rev. Robert J. M'Ghee. His startling discovery of the "Secret Diocesan Statutes" of the Romish Province of Leinster laid bare the treason of the priesthood. These statutes, with the whole documents bearing on the case, Mr. M'Ghee deposited in the University Library, Cambridge, the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and the library of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1840. Upon the requisition of the Lord Lieutenant, noblemen, and gentlemen of the county of Huntingdon, these documents were carefully examined and verified, and Mr. M'Ghee's printed "Report" on them ratified by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and subsequently by eminent authorities in Oxford and Trinity College, Dublin. The "Report" thus verified and attested was a compend of the documents lodged, showing the Papal laws surreptitiously set up for the government of the Irish people, and the machinery by which the Pope contrives to make himself the real ruler of Ireland.*

* The Church of Rome: Her Present Moral Theology, Scriptural Instruction, and Canon Law. A Report on the Books and Documents of the Papacy. London, 1853.

To no one are these documents better known than to our present Premier. The humble rector now rests his honoured head in his quiet grave, while around that of the powerful minister rages the Ultramontane tempest which Mr. M'Ghee foretold would one day most surely come.

We have seen the machinery constructed for the indoctrination of priests and people in Ireland, but a yet more important question remains. What was the subject-matter of that indoctrination? The subject-matter of indoctrination was the whole body of Roman law which has been published by the Hierarchy, and put in force in Ireland for the government of its people. These include some of the most tyrannical canons on the statute book of Rome, and, among others, some which she dare not publish and put in force in some Popish countries, because their Governments have forbidden them on the ground that they would subvert the authority of the sovereign and destroy the liberties of the people—in short, upset everything in the kingdom. But the greater tolerance of the British Government has suffered to be published what other Governments have placed under ban, and the consequence is that Ireland is more rigorously ruled by Papal law than most Popish countries on the Continent. It is this whole body of law, including the very worst of Rome's statutes, which is being graven, as with a pen of iron, first on the consciences of the priesthood, by means of their daily readings and annual conferences and examinations, and next on the consciences of the people by the regular catechisings and indoctrinations to which they are subjected by the priest in the confessional. Shall we sow the wind, or permit it to be sown, and trust not to reap the whirlwind?

But what is the sum of these laws? In what practical issues do they gather up themselves? Well, then, the practical bearings in which the Papal laws in force in Ireland take issue are, in brief:—That the supreme sovereign of the country is the

Pope : that the highest law—the only one really morally binding—is canon law : that Protestants have no right to live in the country, and no right to own an acre of it : that the soil of Ireland is the inalienable heritage of the Irish people, being Romanists ; and that, despite all changes and transferences of it, however sanctioned—by sale, or bargain, or Act of Parliament—it ought to be restored, unconditionally, to the Church, so far as she formerly possessed it, and to the Irish people, being descendants of the Romanist families that owned it in former ages. This is the sum of what is taught the priests in their four annual conferences, and which the priests teach the people month by month in the confessional.

There are laws also in force in Ireland bearing on the subject of heresy, setting forth the punishments which the “Church has decreed” against “this stain,” and the measures which she has a right to employ to compel heretics to return to the bosom of their “Mother.” But we confine our selection to those canons which illustrate the case which we are discussing—Irish agitation, to wit. The laws which we have cited are what form the daily schooling of the Irish people. There exists an overwhelming amount of evidence in proof of this fact. But no man with wit enough to know in what quarter of the sky the sun rises, can fail to perceive what the effect of such teaching must be on the contentment, the good order, and the loyalty of the people of Ireland. The Irishman is brought into conflict, at every point, with the state of things around him.

As regards the point specially prominent in the present Irish agitation, namely, the occupancy, or, rather, ownership of the land, it is important to remark that it is a question on which canon law has very distinctly pronounced. The general question touching the restitution of landed property, which had been owned by the Church or by her lay members, is ruled by a Brief of Benedict XIV., endorsing a decree of the congregation

for the propagation of the faith, issued in 1630. This Brief sets a hedge round all such property, and warns "pirate, infidel, and heretic" (Protestant) that it is at his peril should he appropriate a single acre of it; and should he dare violate the pontifical prohibition, he is commanded to restore, promptly and unconditionally, what he has impiously seized. This is one of the edicts in force in Ireland. But, further, the Bull *Urbem Antibarem* declares that property taken by heretics from members of the Papacy, whether clergyman or layman, is not to be protected by any covenant or prescription, but is to be restored to its original possessors. But the Bull of Pius IX. *Apostolica Sedis*, quoted in a previous chapter, pronounces excommunication on all who retain such properties. And this comfortable doctrine the priests fully accept, and are careful to tell the people what are their rights under this Bull, and how carefully the "Church" guards for them the heritage of their fathers. "There has been no concordat," says the Popish bishop of Kerry (Dr. Moriarty), "ceding the property of the Catholic Church to the British Crown, or sanctioning its secularisation. The Church does not allow a state of limitation to bar our claim. Our right is in abeyance, it is unimpaired."—(*Tablet*, 30th March, 1867.)

The canon law then lays an eternal entail on all lands that do now or ever have appertained to "the Church," or to her members. It erects an infallible barrier around all such lands to prevent their ever passing into heretical, that is Protestant, ownership. To be sure the Pope, in the plenitude of his power, may lift off this entail; though even that is a moot point in Papal theology. But the fact is undoubted, that in the case of Ireland he has not done so. The original gift of this land to the Irish by its Maker has not been recalled by his vicegerent on earth. The everlasting entail is there still, covering mountain and bog, corn-field and grassy meadow; and though it has not been able to prevent its seizure by heretics, it curses

the usurpation, and holds those who have been guilty of it to be robbers and tyrants. The *de jure* landlord—the true owner (always supposing him not to have forfeited his rights by lapsing into heresy)—is the peasant whom you see cultivating his potato plot, or digging his winter's fuel in the neighbouring bog. He is the owner of a mud cabin, a well-fed pig, and a numerous family not quite so bounteously nourished as the aforesaid pig, the co-occupant of his cabin. To these goods and chattels he adds the further acquisition of a picturesque wardrobe, and if we include the inevitable shillelagh, we complete the catalogue of his worldly possessions.

But, if he has little in hand, he has much in prospect. He is, in fact, a great land-owner in disguise. The acres, waste or cultivated, which he surveys from his cabin door, are his, and his right to them is secured by title-deeds, more ancient by far than those of the proudest noble in the land. So has he been taught from his youth up. The truth of what has been so taught him he never for a moment doubts. At church or market, lying down or rising up, his dream is ever of a great era of jubilee, when this "state of limitation," as Dr. Moriarty has ingeniously phrased it, shall come to an end, and there shall come to himself and his co-religionists a great forthgoing from this "house of bondage," and every man shall enter into his original possession. Meanwhile every day that passes over him, and every repetition of the priestly lesson bring with them an accession to the bitterness of the bondage in which he believes himself to be held, and fan into a yet fiercer flame the vengeance that burns within him against the spoilers and oppressors who have robbed him of his inheritance, and are living in idleness and splendour, while he has no dwelling but a hovel, no clothing but rags, and no board at which to seat himself and his family save one, which, instead of satisfying their wants, only mocks their hunger. And not less does he

detest and curse the laws which throw their sanction over this robbery and oppression.

We behold here the root of Ireland's miseries. With these facts before him—and we repeat that the proof of these facts exists in overwhelming abundance—can any man doubt that we touch the source of all her mischiefs? The Secret Diocesan Statutes of Leinster, the Diocesan Statutes of Dublin, the numerous documents of similar character which Mr. M'Ghee deposited in the English universities and in Dublin university, to remain there the monuments of the conspiracy of the Papal Hierarchy against the throne and nation of England, as the censers of Korah and his company were laid up in witness of their rebellion, the eighth volume of Dens' Theology, which the Irish bishops published in 1832, and which is not what it bears to be—for Dens never wrote a line of it—but a compend of Papal Laws in force in Ireland, the subsequent utterances of Cardinals Wiseman and Manning on this point, the more recent declarations of Popish priests on platforms and in the press, form a body of evidence, so distinct and unequivocal as to the laws in force on the consciences of Irish Papists, and the indoctrination which for a generation the Irish peasantry have been receiving, that the attempt to gainsay our indictment neither can nor will be made. When we think of what has been going on in Ireland these fifty years, the course of nature must change and a miracle must be wrought to sever the link betwixt cause and effect before anything else can happen in Ireland save just what has happened, even a state of things which the *Times* describes as “a more frightful picture of triumphant anarchy than can be found in any community pretending to be civilised and subject to law.”

Here, then, are the “rights” of the Irish people, as they have come to view them, and as they have been instructed in them by their priests. First, the soil of Ireland is entirely and

exclusively theirs, and ought to be restored unconditionally, that is, without the payment of the smallest sum as purchase-money, or the imposition of any obligation of annual rent. And, second, they claim that Ireland be left in their exclusive occupation, and that every Protestant, and every Englishman not being a Romanist, shall quit the island. This is the undeniable fact. There is no use in our shutting our eyes to it. The people of England and Scotland may be assured that, in the end of the day, they will have to look at this fact, and deal with it, and the sooner we do so the better for ourselves and the better for Ireland. Both the Land League and the priests tell us, without affecting almost any disguise, that, short of this point, there can be no settlement of the question, no cessation of the agitation. They do not pledge themselves to stop even here, but, short of it, they certainly do not intend to stop. This secured, it would become a new point of departure for effecting the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. So, too, says one whose eminence as a historian, and whose possession of "a personal knowledge of more than forty years of the people and the country," give great weight to his opinion. In his supplementary chapter to his new edition of his "English in Ireland," Mr. Froude writes, "The land tenure is not the real grievance in Ireland; it is merely the pretext. The real grievance is our presence in Ireland at all."

CHAPTER XX.

Ireland: Its Many Maladies and its One Cure.

BUT we are reminded that there are more things than one wrong in Ireland. Priestcraft is not the only scourge of that unhappy country. There are other grievances besides which afflict it. This we frankly admit. It is not one thing, it is every thing that is wrong in Ireland. Landlords are at fault. Of the landowners of Ireland, how many are absentees, spending the revenues of their estates out of the country. They are strangers most of all on their own lands, and would not know the faces of their tenants, even though they saw them. There are other landlords who live, indeed, in the country, but who shirk the duties of their position, never dreaming that they were sent into the world for any higher purpose than to hunt, to shoot, to fish, and to enjoy themselves. And then there are landlords who tyrannically use the right of eviction against their tenants. Not a few of those who bought their lands under the "Encumbered Estates Act," have been chargeable with this harshness and cruelty. They had bought their properties as a profitable investment, and a profitable investment they intended to make them. "They bought cheap," writes Mr. Froude, "because the land was burdened with paupers; they flung them out to sink or swim, to live or die. Where a tenant, by his own labour, had drained and fenced, had built cabin and cattle-shed, and had made bog or mountain grow grass to feed cows, his rent was raised on him, or, he too was ordered to go."

The land laws, too, are no more immaculate than the landlords. In the class of cases just cited, the law is seen giving the improvements not to the tenant who has made them, but to the landlord. This was a crying grievance. But this grievance

was partly remedied under the Land Act of 1870, which gave better protection to the Irish tenant than the English farmer enjoys.

There are faults, too, on the side of the Irish farmers. Some are skilful and industrious, and, it may be, draw down eviction upon their heads by the very thing which ought to shield them from it, even the augmented value of their farms. But they are the exception. The greater part of Irish cultivators are unskilful, slovenly, idle; under them it is deterioration that is taking place, and the landlord has simply to choose between the eviction of his tenant, and his own inevitable ruin.

Further, it was a tremendous error on the part of the Irish nation to permit itself to become dependent for the staple of its subsistence on one single root, the potato. This was a short-sightedness which none but savages, one would think, could have fallen into. The awful consequences were seen when the potato disease broke out in 1846. When that calamity visited Ireland, there were believed to be nearly nine millions of inhabitants in it. Of these there were two millions who did not possess so much as a potato field, and who, even in ordinary years, had to be supported by charity. In 1846, the food of three-fourths of the population was suddenly swept away, and few tragedies even in the tragic history of Ireland, are so appalling as that which followed. Of the Irish people some millions had to flee to America, and some millions more, without food and without the means of emigrating, succumbed to the famine, and sunk into the grave.

One other thing, a normal source of calamity and suffering to Ireland, do we here specify. There is a physical law, according to which greatly impoverished races multiply their numbers at a prodigious ratio, as if nature were making an effort to ward off the extinction that threatens them. This law has

been found to be operative in Ireland, endowing the Irish race with a prolificness that constantly pours a stream of population upon their soil which is beyond its power of sustaining. The consequence is that when the potato or other harvest fails, the famines of that land are attended by a mortality that is truly dreadful.

We are next reminded of the "penal laws" for a short while in force against Ireland. This is a subject which has two sides. A rapid cursory glance at the history of the country since its connection with the British crown can alone set the matter in its true light, and furnish the reader with the facts necessary to enable him to judge candidly of this matter.

Down to the middle of the twelfth century, Ireland maintained both its ecclesiastical and its political independence. Its people were governed by the descendants of their ancient kings, and its Church neither professed the creed nor submitted to the jurisdiction of Rome. Who robbed it of this independence? The Catholic Irish do not care to hear of this affair, but history makes no secret of it. The man who enslaved Ireland was the Pope. He usurped the rights of its Church, and he brought in the arms of a foreign power to crush its civil independence.

Breakspere (Adrian IV.), the one English name in the roll of the world's worst tyrants, in virtue of being God's vicegerent and lord paramount of all the kingdoms of Christendom, claimed Ireland as his own, or, in Papal phraseology, part of the patrimony of Peter, by a Bull dated A.D., 1155. He next sold it to Henry II. of England, on condition that he should pay a penny a-year for each house in the kingdom. The English king, so far, had been no very exemplary son of the Church, but now he crouched down before the pontiff, and consented to hold Ireland as a fief of the Papal See. But the infamous bargain betwixt the king and the pontiff could not be consummated

but with the connivance of the Irish bishops, to several of whom the Pope had recently sent palls. These men, seeing in the affair the prospect of a vast accession of riches and dignities to themselves, entered into secret negotiations with Henry, and before their countrymen were aware that the Pope had sold them to the English monarch, and that the bishops were preparing to betray the liberties of the country, the latter had opened the gates of Ireland to the soldiers of England. At a meeting of the Catholic Association in Dublin, O'Connell, speaking of the landing of Henry II. to take possession of his new territories, gives us both a history and a picture. For once we can join issue with the agitator :—

“It was on the evening of the 23rd of August” (October), “1172” (1171), “that the first hostile English footstep pressed the soil of Ireland. It is said to have been a sweet and mild evening when the invading party entered the noble estuary formed by the conflux of the Suir, the Nore, and Barrow at the city of Waterford. Accursed be that day in the memory of all future generations of Irishmen when the invaders first touched our shores! They came to a nation famous for its love of learning, its piety, and its heroism; they came when internal dissensions separated her sons and wasted their energies. Internal traitors led on the invaders—her sons fell in no fight, her liberties were crushed in no battle; but domestic treason and foreign invaders doomed Ireland to seven centuries of oppression.”*

“The independence of Ireland,” says Dr. William Phelan, “was not crushed in battle, but quietly sold in the Synods of the prelates, those internal traitors, to whom the orator alluded, but whom he was much too prudent to name.”†

This transaction, brought about as we have seen by the

* *Dublin Evening Mail.*

† “History of the Policy of the Church of Rome in Ireland,” p. 3. Lond. 1827.

mutual ambition and treachery of three parties, the Pope, the English king, and the Irish bishops, was the fountain-head of the miseries, which have ever since flowed in a continuous stream upon Ireland. Up till this time, each sept had determined the form of its worship, appointed its clergy, and arranged all its ecclesiastical matters, without control by any authority outside its own territory. Ireland, it is true, was no longer the highly civilised and Christian country it had been in the seventh and eighth centuries. It had been first desolated, and next barbarised by the frequent incursions of the northern corsairs in the ninth and tenth centuries. Nevertheless, it still enjoyed a measure of rude freedom, broken only by the feuds of its rival petty chieftains. But now new elements of discord were introduced. The expectations of no one of the three parties who had been concerned in the great original wrong done the country were fully realised. The English king was not able fully to conquer and occupy Ireland. The Pope's tribute was not regularly paid, and although lands, abbacies, and cathedral seats—in short, wealth in every form was lavishly poured on the clergy, their boundless desires were not satiated, and Ireland became the battle-ground of three powerful and hostile parties, who fiercely warred against one another, but were united in their hostility to the Irish people, who were trodden down into dire slavery and unspeakable misery. The remains of the early Christian Church of Ireland were crushed out. Its adherents were driven into the remote wilds of the country, and finally disappeared in the universal submission of the nation to the yoke of Rome. There followed a night of ignorance so dark that even the memory of the Irish Primitive Church was lost, and Ireland came to believe that she had always been in communion with the Romish See.

Of the three parties into which Ireland was divided, and whose rival hatreds kept it in a state of perpetual distraction,

the bishops were by much the more powerful. The English had little influence beyond the *Pale*—a somewhat circumscribed region lying around Dublin. The native nobles were weakened and divided; the hierarchy stood up strong in their numbers, in their superior mental astuteness, and their now swollen wealth, and the king was unable to check a priestly dominancy, whose licentiousness filled the land with ignorance, turbulence, and crime. The native population, between the two millstones of their nobles and their priests, implored the king to extend to them the benefit and protection of the English laws. The king was well disposed to grant the boon supplicated for, but his intentions and wishes were frustrated, mainly by the bishops, who found their interests to lie in keeping the Irish in hopeless dependence and villainage. Such is a brief but truthful history of Ireland for four centuries. "The great source of Irish misery has been," says Dr. Phelan, "not the *power* of England, but its *want* of power."

We come now to the Reformation. England threw off the yoke of Rome from her own neck, and we would have expected to see her use wise endeavours to break that yoke from off the neck of the sister kingdom, seeing they were her own soldiers who had so largely assisted to rivet it. England, now Reformed and Protestant, had a grand opportunity presented to her of atoning for her great crime in taking part with the Pope in plunging Ireland into darkness. Overjoyed she might have been to recompense its poor people for the ages of suffering that had passed over them since that "sweet and mild evening" in 1171, when her soldiers first landed on their shore, by kindling among them the lamp of the Gospel. England, herself being judge, in that she had renounced the Popish faith as "idolatrous and damnable," would, in so acting, have been bestowing on Ireland both a temporal and an eternal salvation. What a different future would have been in store for both herself and

the sister country. What a prosperity and splendour would have been the lot of both islands had England seized the golden opportunity! She would have cured the vice inherent in the first connection of the two countries, and, wiping from the memories of both nations the crimes and the miseries that had flowed from it, she would have established a new and eternal union between herself and Ireland at the altar of a common faith. Steps in that direction England did indeed take; but viewed in the light of the occasion and of the solemn responsibilities she had incurred to the Irish people, they were glaringly inadequate. She neither (with few exceptions) sent the right men, nor took the right methods, nor went about the matter in the right spirit, nor adopted the right scale. To plant the Reformation in Ireland was worth the forethought, the money, the labour with which kingdoms are established. In truth, there was no conquest in all the earth,—not even that of the largest and richest continent on the globe,—which would have so recompensed England, as she would have been recompensed by the diffusion of the faith of the Bible among the Irish people. But alas! the littlenesses, the intrigues, the selfishness, the worldliness which had poisoned the whole intercourse of the two countries since their connection began, desecrated an effort which, if it was to succeed, must stand forth, not only unpolluted by these stains, but pure and holy beyond the measure of all other causes. The unhappy consequence has been that Ireland is as Popish at this day as it ever was, and that it is more under the dominancy of the hierarchy than during the calamitous era which we have rapidly traced. This is the great sin of which England has been guilty, although the agitator is silent respecting it, and we never find it catalogued in the list of wrongs, injustices, and oppressions which Great Britain is alleged to have inflicted on the sister island. Lesser iniquities are held up to scathing reprobation, but no orator ennobles his

eloquence, or sanctifies and sublimates the passions which he seeks to rouse, by holding up to righteous condemnation this parent iniquity, this deep, this everlasting wrong.

The great evil of a blinding and demoralising superstition remaining uncured after the Reformation, all other evils remained, of course, uncured. The arrogancy of sacerdotal tyrants, the marauding habits of the nobles, the wretched system of agriculture which had descended from times before the Anglo-Papal subjugation, and which abused the fertility of a generous soil, all remained, and with them remained the barbarism of the native population. The history of Ireland, since the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, is little else than a record of great rebellions, which were marked by frightful violences and atrocities, suppressed sometimes with difficulty, but always with a stern severity, and punished by the proscription of the estates of the insurgent chieftains, to be followed by devouring famines, and a deeper plunge of the country into the gulf of misery.

As an illustration let us take what happened at the end of the second great rebellion in 1580. These rebellions were in truth religious wars, not less so than those between the Catholic League and the Huguenots in France. They were headed by the O'Neils, the descendants of the ancient sovereigns of Ireland, planned in concert with Rome, and prefaced by the bulls of Pius V. and Gregory XIII., excommunicating Queen Elizabeth as a heretic, "hateful to God and man;" summoning the crusaders to arms in the holy cause of the Church, and stimulating their zeal by granting them "a plenary indulgence, and remission of all their sins, according to the form which is accustomed to be used for those who war against the Turks for the recovery of the Holy Land." The crusade, though thus blessed, ended in the overthrow of its leaders, and the deeper misery of Ireland. A famine followed the exterminating army,

of which the following description, perhaps the most appalling picture of such horror to be found in any language, is given by Spenser :—

“ Notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country (Munster), yet, ere one year and a half, they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stony heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them : they looked like anatomies of death ; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves ; they did eat the dead carions, happy where they could find them, yea, and one another soon after ; insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves ; and if they found a plot of water cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue there withal : so that in short space there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man or beast.”

Let us glance at the rebellion of 1600. The leader of that rebellion was Hugh O'Neil, on whom Queen Elizabeth had bestowed the title of Earl of Tyrone, and with it the splendid inheritance of that earldom. The parties behind the scenes, the real instigators of the insurrection, were again the Pope and the Irish hierarchy. It is the wont of the priests to put forward a layman, whose is the toil and peril of executing their projects, while they remain in comparative obscurity and safety. Should these projects prosper they reap the benefit, should they miscarry, they slip their own necks out of the halter, and leave their tool to come in their room. O'Neil believed that he was striking for the sovereignty of Ireland, but the pontiff, Gregory XIII., who sanctioned his rising and blessed his arms, had destined the throne to a natural son of his own, or failing this, he would give it to Spain. To kindle the flame of insurrection, the Pope renewed his excommunication of Elizabeth. Let us mark the consistency of the Papal policy. We now see it enjoining what aforesaid : it had condemned. When the

English were invaders it had sanctioned the overthrow of the independence of Ireland, and anathematised resistance to them ; but now, when England's ascendancy had settled down into a regular government, and had been repeatedly acknowledged in solemn covenants, and could not be opposed without treason, the pontiff enjoined resistance as a duty. " We have given thanks to God, the Father of mercies," said Gregory in his rescript to " his beloved son Hugh O'Neil," " who has still left in Ireland many thousands of men who have not bowed the knee to Baal. For these have not gone after impious heresies or profane novelties, but have fought manfully in detestation of them, *for the inheritance of their fathers*, for the preservation of the faith, for the maintenance of unity with the one Catholic and Apostolic Church, out of which there is no salvation."

But, after all, were the Irish to enjoy *the inheritance of their fathers* if their sanguinary piety had proved successful? Gregory had otherwise arranged it. " When the best blood of the sons and the step-sons of Ireland had been drained in mutual carnage," says Dr. Phelan, " Spain was to seize upon the defenceless prize ; new forfeitures were to make provision for a new race of armed colonists ; and the Inquisition was to exercise its holy office in vindicating the island of saints from the imputation of " heresy."

The rebellion came to an end on no battle-field, but in a submission which Tyrone, deserted by many of his followers, found it prudent to make to the English sovereign. Three rebellions had now run their course, and what had they done for Ireland? Several of its counties, trodden by armies, were a desert. The schools which Henry VIII. had planted in it, and which gave a feeble hope of a happier future awaiting that dark land, were extinguished. The native nobility were crushed ; the English crown was still weak, and now the hierarchy, without a rival, stood up more imperious and powerful than ever.

After this comes the colonisation of Ulster under James I. English and Scotch settlers were sent across to occupy the deserted lands, and depopulated cities and villages. The English code was introduced in the room of the ancient Brehon laws. Churches and schools were planted. Trading guilds were formed ; arts, manufactures, and commerce were encouraged, and order and peace seemed at last to have dawned upon the torn country. This fair vision proved an illusion. In the course of forty years, agriculture, commerce, and civilisation had taken root, and begun to flourish, when suddenly a dreadful tempest gathered and burst over the colony and swept it away. This was the insurrection of 1641. It was headed by Roger O'More, and Phelim O'Neil, the two most powerful chiefs in Ireland, and its object was the entire destruction of the Protestant population, the full restoration of the Roman Church, and the recovery of all the forfeited lands. It was marked by indescribable atrocities, and settled into a war of ten years, which left the country in utter misery. The butcheries did not cease till Cromwell presented himself upon the scene. The Irish massacre of 1641, in which it is estimated that a hundred thousand Protestants perished, though it has not received the same prominence in history with the St. Bartholomew of France, attained, in actual fact, the same magnitude of horror. We are not sure that all our readers will have nerve to peruse the extract we here give from Sir John Parson's history of the massacre, which he compiled from the testimony of eye-witnesses, given upon oath.

“ In some parishes 200 families were murdered and destroyed. To many the bloody villains showed so much favour as suddenly to dispatch them ; for others they held a sudden death too easy. They therefore imprisoned some in beastly dungeons, full of dirt and mire, and there clapping bolts on their heels, suffered them to perish at leisure ; others they barbarously mangled and left lan-

guishing on the highways, crying out but for so much mercy, as to be delivered out of their pain ; others they buried alive. In Clonnis, in the county of Fermanagh, there were seventeen persons having been hanged till they were half dead, cast together into a pit, and being covered over with a little earth, lay pitifully, sending out most lamentable groans for a long time. Some were deadly wounded, and so hanged upon tenter-hooks ; some had ropes tied about their necks, and so drawn through the water. The inhuman monsters hung up women. . . . Sometimes they gave their children to swine ; some the dogs eat ; and some taken alive out of their mother's bellies they cast into ditches : some had their brains knocked out ; others were trampled under foot : some were found in the fields sucking the breasts of their murdered mothers ; others were starved in caves, crying out to their mothers rather to send them out to be killed by the rebels. Multitudes of men, women, and children were found drowned ; cast into ditches, bogs, and turf-pits, the ordinary sepulchre of the British nation. Multitudes were inclosed in houses, which being set on fire, they were most miserably consumed. Some were dragged from sick-beds to the place of execution, &c. &c. &c.

“*Quis talia fando,—temperet a lacrymis.*”

The tragedy of 1641 did not close the era of Irish conspiracies and crimes. The history of the country since that period has been much what it was before it—a monotonous but melancholy record of gloomy discontent and smothered insurrection, breaking out at short intervals into open rebellion, to be followed by the pale spectre of famine and the black spectre of death. There is one great feature which has characterised all these paroxysms. Whatever was alleged as the provoking grievance, hatred of the Protestant faith, and a wish to effect its extinction and that of its professors, was sure to come to the surface in the end, and to show itself as the predominant feeling and the real aim of the outbreak. This led to the enactment of what are known as the “penal laws.” These statutes were framed not as punishments but as safeguards. They were erected as barriers against such terrific explosions of rancorous

and murderous passions as we have witnessed. They were mildness itself compared with the sanguinary deeds they were meant to repress. They declared the Papist incapable of sitting in Parliament. They deprived him of the elective franchise. They forbade him to practise at law, and they put certain restrictions upon him as regards education and the right of purchasing and holding heritable property. Some few personal annoyances did they subject him to, light, indeed, compared with those he had been accustomed to inflict on others. Some of these disqualifications may have been unjust—we condemn persecution even of our persecutors ; but in the main they were temperate, and for the time necessary, provisions against a terrible danger. To term them persecution is simply to abuse language. It is much as if one should cry out against the honest traveller, who carries arms of defence on a dangerous road, and accuse him of offering insult and violence to the brigand who lies in wait to rob and murder him.

If it shall be maintained that these statutes, long since repealed, have left their stain on the Irish race in their present degradation, we reply, that degradation must be sought for in other causes. History has a comparison, or contrast rather, which is decisive on this point. Put the French Huguenots alongside the Irish Papists, and consider the two. The Huguenots were under penal laws indeed. They were burned at the stake, they were tortured, they were massacred ; they were slaughtered on the battle-field ; their civil and their religious rights were proscribed ; they were hunted on the mountains, chased into exile, and thrown by hundreds and thousands into prison and the galleys. Two centuries of such treatment could not degrade them, or sink them into crime. They maintained the grandeur of their character and the purity of their virtue in the midst of it all ; and not only so, but, as if purified by the fires through which they passed, they scattered the seeds of Pro-

testantism, of literature, and of art in all the countries of their banishment. Compare this with the condition of the Popish Irish. Look at them in all lands : on the wharfs of England, in the cities of America, on the shores of Australia, in whatever quarter of the globe you behold them, they occupy the same low point in the moral and social scale. They are hewers of wood and drawers of water to the rest of mankind.

And this brings us to the point. Ireland's disease is neither political, nor social, nor agricultural ; it is moral, and till it be recognised as such, we shall never succeed in removing it ; for political or agricultural remedies will never heal a moral malady, and we but lose time and labour in the attempt. All things, as we have already said, are wrong in Ireland ; but one thing is wrong, and that one thing is MAN. In that ruined country, *he* is the greatest, the most melancholy ruin. If we can explain this ruin, we shall be able to explain all the rest ; and we shall wonder no longer over the mysterious wreck of a country which nature has blessed with a soil more fertile, and a climate more genial than she has given to her sister island of Britain. You may multiply hypotheses and explanations without end,—nothing will explain the mischiefs and miseries of Ireland save the moral and religious condition of its people, and the explanation of that condition is to be found in one word—Popery.

There needs no initiation into the mysteries of Statecraft, no researches into physiological or ethical science, no studies even in national economics, to solve the riddle we are dealing with. It is, in truth, no riddle at all. The priest—yes, the priest—has made the Irishman what he is, and the Irishman has made Ireland what it is. We speak, of course, of Irishmen and Ireland so far as they are dominated by the faith of the priest, for outside that dark boundary-line Irishmen are like other people, and Ireland is like other countries, the only difference being,

perhaps, that the land has a richer verdure, and that the people are endowed with a quicker genius. And this marked and striking contrast—we mean between the portion lying in eclipse and the portion lying in light—is an attestation to the truth of what we write. In it we hear the very land itself crying out against the system that has cursed it. Lifting up its voice, it condemns the blindness of man. The Irish earth groans to be delivered from the yoke which Adrian IV. bound upon it, that being brought into the liberty of Protestant lands its imprisoned fertility may burst forth like captive from dungeon, its potato patches be changed into corn-fields, its bogs into arable lands, and the country show itself in the full rich beauty of old days.

We return to the one grand fountain of evil—the well-spring of seven centuries of woes. The priest has touched the Irishman with his torpedo finger, and changed him into a being without conscience, without intelligence, without liberty. All his powers are benumbed. His activities are frozen at their source. Place him upon a patch of earth, and say to him, this acre of land, or these half-dozen acres, are yours, the man, so malignly transformed, is more helpless than the animal. The latter has instinct to direct it. Turn the ox or the pig loose, they will set about searching for their food, and will continue the search day after day, fattening and prospering, and happy up to the measure of their animal capacities. But man has not instinct to guide and prompt him, and reason the priest has robbed him of. He has no forethought, no energy; for you cannot give to a slave the resource and the conscious dignity of a freeman. His spirit is dead; the spring within has not power enough to put the body in action, and keep it in action. The rust of indolence and sloth gathers on him; day by day that encrustation grows thicker; the mould of neglect spreads over all things around him; he has not forethought to do the work proper to the season; the season passes on, and is lost. His feeble powers but extend to pro-

viding what he needs for the passing day, and often do not suffice for that. He is overtaken and crushed by evils which he did not foresee, and for which he had made no provision. His lot is, in reality, less enviable than that of the pig with which he keeps house; for, while it is abroad regaling itself after its own kind, its owner, with higher wants, which he knows not how to satisfy, lies down, discontented and unhappy, to sleep in his rags, and enjoy a brief respite from the evil conditions that environ him.

Such is the individual Irishman. Instead of *one*, let us take *five millions* such—all *automatons*, with some rare exceptions, with no ideas, feelings, and purposes, save what the priest has inspired them with. You have the evil repeated and repeated till it becomes overwhelming. You have the Ireland of the past seven centuries,—the Ireland of the present hour.

But if it be a fact that the ruin of Ireland begins with man, what can be more obvious than that the reformation of Ireland must also begin with man. Let every unfairness, every injustice, be removed. Let everything be done to ameliorate the lot of the Irish people; let the land laws be reformed; let industries and trades be encouraged; but when all has been done, the real reformation of Ireland is still to begin. It is not more land that the Irishman needs; it is more industry and skill to cultivate the land he already possesses. If, instead of his little island of Ireland, you should gift him with the whole American continent, and make him sole proprietor of all the spacious realms that lie between the Atlantic and the Pacific, leaving him the same being, what would he make of this vast and rich possession? He would make another Ireland of it. His new home would differ from his old only in the larger scale of its indolence and filth, and, in process of time, of its suffering and crime. What then is to be done?

We have a remedy to propose, but it is by far too simple to

find favour in the eyes of our politicians and our philosophers. Putting a Bible into the hands of an Indian prince, our Queen is said to have accompanied the gift with the words, "This is the source of England's greatness." Is this a truth, and do we believe it? Then, give a free Bible and a free school to every family in Ireland, and let us take good care that no priest shall have it in his power to nullify the gift by placing the fetter of anathema upon the Bible, and the seal of interdict upon the school. Till we do this, we are but pouring the resources of our legislation, of our philanthropy, and of our money into a bottomless pit.

But, it is said, it is not the priesthood but the Land League that is the author of the present Irish disturbance. So might it have been said of almost every outbreak which has ever occurred in Ireland. Rome is the fruitful mother of mongrel societies which she sends into the world under different names. Her spawn in Ireland is variously known as Whiteboyism, Ribbonism, Fenianism, and now Land Leaguism,—all forming, in fact, but one society.

Let us take the Land League. Observe the numerous links between it and the "Church." Its ostensible leader, no doubt, is a Protestant. The convenience of this for the priesthood it is not difficult to see. But, with the exception of Mr. Parnell, every man of the Land League party in the House of Commons, one "indescribable" excepted, is a Romanist. It is the members of the Popish Church that form those overwhelming land meetings that take place almost every week. Who do we find in the chair? Very frequently a Roman Catholic priest. Who do we find beside him on the platform? Roman Catholic priests. From whom have come some of the most inflammatory speeches? From Roman Catholic priests. From whom have come letters addressed to the promoters of the Land League approving of the object? From Roman Catholic

bishops. *The Universe*, a Popish journal (17th December, 1880), says :—“ Ireland was the scene, last Sunday, of a large number of land meetings. At almost all these meetings a priest was in the chair, and at all several priests were present on the platform.” At a meeting at Claremorres, the Rev. M. Corbet urged the people “ to remember that they themselves had every right and title to the land.” At a meeting (16th August) at Leenane, not far from the residence of Lord Mountmorres, a letter was read from the Rev. R. Rhatigan, Roman Catholic curate of Clifden, in which he stated :—“ I need hardly say I wish you may have a most successful meeting, *which means that you will fix your determination on the destruction of landlordism, good or bad.*” The following is conclusive as regards the power of the priests to repress these crimes, if they chose to exert it. It is reported in the *Weekly Register*. Lord Granard owns some property in the county of Longford, on which were settled some tenants, whom he wished to eject. The bailiffs sent to serve the process of ejection were met by about 3000 persons, “ armed with scythes, pitchforks, and other such like rude weapons.” The magistrate, though accompanied with a body of police, withdrew. Next day he returned with a large body of cavalry, in addition to the police. This did not overawe the mob. The parish priest was sent for. What neither police nor military could do, the priest effected. He advised the mob to submit to the law. It obeyed, and the writs were served. *Lord Granard is a Roman Catholic.*

But the most conclusive proof of all, that we owe this Irish agitation to Roman Catholicism, is the perfect agreement between what has been these years past the teaching of the priesthood, and what is now the demand of the Irish agitators. The two things, in fact, are identical. The priests, as shown in the immediately preceding chapter, have been systematically indoctrinating the people in the idea that the land of Ireland

is theirs, and now we have the inevitable outcome in the cry raised at the land meetings for the "instant and unconditional restoration of it."

Is it the interest of the priesthood that the misery and lawlessness of Ireland should be cured? Its continuance is a first necessity for the priests and their Church at this hour. Order and intelligence could not be introduced into Ireland without uprooting its Popery. But Ireland is the foothold from which Rome attacks the Protestantism of Great Britain, and through Great Britain the Protestantism of the world. The loss of its Popery would weaken Rome along her whole line. At a former era, when Rome was seeking to stimulate the war propensities of the Irish chieftains, she discovered, among her other treasures, an ancient prophecy linking the fate of the Roman Church and the fate of Irish Popery curiously together. In 1543, the Bishop of Metz, in the name of the Council of Cardinals, wrote thus to his son O'Neil:—"Thou and thy fathers were ever faithful to the Mother Church of Rome. His Holiness Paul, the present Pope, and his council of holy fathers, have lately found an ancient prophecy of one St. Lazerianus, an Irish archbishop of Cashel. It saith that the Church of Rome shall surely fall when the Catholic faith is once overthrown in Ireland." It would be curious indeed if it should be found that the Bishop of Metz, in his random vaticinations, had hit upon the truth, and that the forgery of the sixteenth century had become the accomplished fact of the nineteenth, or of some following century.*

Had the three nations been united in one faith, as they would have been had England done its duty by Ireland, the fabric of the British power would have stood up in the midst of the earth a pillar strong enough to sustain the order of the world, and a

* Phelan's History, p. 92.

Pharos lofty enough to enlighten it. May we indulge a moment our fancy in contemplating the vision? We see Britain going forth in her circuit among the nations. She is clothed with magnificence as with a garment. On her head is the diadem of glorious sovereignty. She carries in her right hand the Lamp of Life to chase away the night. She holds in her left the sword of law to plant order and liberty. Her coming is like the rising of the morning star. As she passes onward, letters and arts spring up around her steps, the fetters of the enslaved fall off, and the bowed down arise and stand erect. Wiser than Greece, stronger than Rome, she opens to the nations the gates of a new, a blissful, and a glorious age.

We lift our eyes from this dazzling vision to fix them on a struggling if not dissolving empire. Disasters and humiliations darken the horizon all round, and insurrection rears its head at the centre. British Protestantism has been conducting a series of retreats during the past half century; and Romanism during the same period has been achieving a series of advances. It has won one stronghold after another, and holds them in pledge of final victory. There remains but one other stronghold to be won, and when that has been gained, the victory will be complete. What is that one remaining stronghold? It is the Throne. The Romanists will never rest till the Statute of the Protestant Succession has been repealed. This great war can have no termination but at the centre of our empire, at the foot of our throne. Shall British liberty or Roman tyranny sit upon it? That will be the question. And the nearer it comes to this, the strife, so far from subsiding, as many hope, will become the more obstinate and bitter. When it has come to this, then will come the supreme hour to our empire; and if British liberty is to be saved, it will have to be saved by the sword.